

INVASION OF PRIVACY

BY MAUREEN GLASGOW

I can see now where I made my mistake - or should I use the plural? Nah, I guess not, when the underlying flaw was pride - and what's that saying - pride cometh before a fall?

I'm-was-well off. Own-owned- a residential security alarm company that was poised to go National. My face was well known throughout the county as I ran lots of TV ads with me, personally, extolling all the virtues of my system - promising safety, security - the capability of sleeping safe and secure, protected in your home. All that bullshit.

Not only that? Another perk was the fact that being the sole, undisputed owner of the company, I could hire anybody I wanted and, having an admittedly puny build and not wanting competition? Hired the best looking broads that a salary could buy - and only broads. No guys. Had my own personal harem. Probably should have behaved with more decorum. Not pissed off these women. Though there again, I really didn't know the extent of their pissedoffedness. Thought they loved me for my personality alone.

Another perk? I live in a big house - LOTS of bedrooms, and owned by the Corporation naturally, why should I be the one to shoulder all of the taxes? - in a portion of the county that's well known as being one of the richest areas in the States. Naturally have my own security system installed to protect the house - and the large gate to my driveway. Truthfully? Didn't see the need, or the sense, in running electronic surveillance on the picket fence around the three acres that my house sits in - why get constant alerts of encroachment every time a dog - or coyote - crosses my property line?



The thing is, I was SO security conscious that I wouldn't give the newspaper delivery gal a code that would allow her to drive right up to my door and drop the paper there every morning. Hey! These people change all the time! And anyway, the distance from my front door to the gate isn't that much, so I simply instructed her to throw the paper over the gate so that I could pick it up without screwing around with my system by opening and closing the gate from inside the house. Sensible, huh?

Lori, my wife of about a year (She's my fourth) was up in San Francisco on a shopping tour. I didn't mind. I always put limits on spousal credit cards - and with a strong pre-nup agreement was never too scared of divorce - and I was starting to think of replacing her with number five.

I tend to get up early so that morning, it was around five o'clock when I stumbled up the driveway, still in my pajamas, robe, and slippers. Wasn't caring about my appearance - the houses are all well set apart in my neighborhood - and it was still kind of dark. Naturally, I hadn't secured the house - I was coming back in a minute, wasn't I? Took the paper out of the protective plastic sleeve it comes in and was reading the headlines as I re-entered the house. Used my ass to bump the door closed.

"Well, well, well! The master of the house finally returns!" A deep feminine voice drawled.

I almost jumped out of my skin! There were two women sitting facing me. One of them big and dark haired - short dark hair and kinda butch. She was holding a camcorder, pointed directly in my direction. The other blonde and pretty, not much bigger than me. Nervously, I looked around me. "How . . . where . . . how did you guys get in here?" I quavered.

"Oh dear!" the blonde said, smiling. "It was a fatal flaw in your security system - you! Too lazy to set it when you walked out the door for your paper. Could have even used your remote control, but you just

felt too secure. After all? You live in this rich area and criminals would never think of breaking into a rich guys house, would they? Me and Glad - her name's Gladys, but her friends call her Glad, just skipped over your cute wooden fence, then hid off behind that big bush at your front door. While you walked up to get your paper? We walked in through your open door. Easy!"

"Wh . . .Wh . . .What do you want?" I said, my voice all weak and trembling. "I don't keep much money in the house."

"Money Jill? Did we ask him for money?" Glad said. "He must think that we're robbers!" she asked.

"Maybe I shouldn't have used the word criminals when I spoke?"

Jill laughed. "Put ideas in his pretty little head?"

Incensed at this insult, I started to get angry. "Hey! If you're not criminals? Get the fuck outta here!"

Glad's mouth formed a surprised 'O' as she looked at Jill. "Did you hear that?" Then she turned to me. "That language isn't ladylike, you know. Why don't you apologize to us, please?" "Get stuffed!" I shouted.

"Jill? I think a spanking is in order, don't you?" Glad asked. "Teach our little friend here to be nice?"

"Looks like it," Jill replied. "You or me?"

"Oh, you should do it." Glad said. "I'd probably hurt the little thing." Then she spoke to me. "Now, why don't you just go over Jill's knees. She won't hurt you too much."

It suddenly dawned on me. There were two of them - one a LOT bigger than me. Time to repair some bridges. "Okay. Okay! I'm sorry. Shouldn't have sworn like that. I'm sorry." I muttered. The two women looked at each other, then shrugged.

"Well? That's much nicer," Jill said. "And I for one, really appreciate it. But I'm afraid that you went a little too far. So why don't

we just get this over with. Then we can talk?"

"This is ridiculous!" I said, though not quite as aggressively as I wanted.

Jill smiled prettily. "Look. Come and drape yourself over my knees - I'll give you six spanks on your robe. But if I have to get up out of this chair? When I spank you? It'll be on your bare ass - and you'll cry before I finish."

"There's two of you guys. This isn't fair!" I complained.

"Oh, I don't need Glad," Jill said, getting up out of her chair. "Matter of fact? If I don't have you over my knees in less than five minutes? Glad and I will simply leave - and you'll never see us again."

"But I don't WANT to fight!" I wailed.

"Of course you don't - little sissies don't like to fight," she giggled.

This was too much! With a squeal, I grappled with her and, for the first thirty seconds or so, made a fair showing, but she was lithe and athletic - and surprisingly strong. To my shame and horror, I found myself being easily dragged back in the direction of her chair. When we got there, she took a firm grip of my earlobe. "Drop your pants sweetie," she ordered. "Hurry now!"

I let out a yowl as she squeezed my ear harder. Undid my pajama pant string and let them fall about my ankles. "That's a girl! Now lift up the hem of your robe please," she said.

As I obeyed, she laughed. "Look at that teeny little erection Glad! I think that our little sissy here is enjoying this!" Then, still holding onto my ear, she simply sat down. Squealing in outrage, I followed her and sprawled over her lap. "Gonna be a good little sissy - and take your spanking - like a man?" she giggled. "Please? Don't!" I managed.

"I asked you a question, sissy. Now? Answer it - and smile for the camera please!"

"Yes! I'll be good." I said, "But I won't smile!"

"Okay. Cry then!" she said. And I received the first of a half dozen sharp spanks on my bare end. By the time she was finished, I was crying with the shame and humiliation - which was made worse by her stopping, then taking a hold of my hair and pulling my face up to face the camcorder in Glad's hands. "Going to be a good girl?" Jill asked me. Then gave me a sharp spank when I was slow to answer. "Yes!" I wept into the camera.

"That's better. Don't you feel better now?" she taunted me. "Yes," I said. Anything to appease her. "Want to be friends, Sissy?" she asked. "Yes, Jill."

"Good! Now you have a lovely home here. Want to show us around? Girls like to do that kind of thing, don't you agree?" She helped me up as I nodded.

"Anywhere you want to start?" I asked meekly.

"Why not the bedroom?" she replied.

"Okay," I said, and started to pull my pants up.

She gave my hand a sharp slap. "No!" she said. "Just leave them!"

Then she linked my arm in through hers and started leading me to the bedrooms.

So there I am practically tripping over my pajama pants which are wrapped about my ankles and having to walk in a mincing way, while she's asking me about the photographs and paintings on the wall - and Glad is sniggering behind us as she films our progress.

Finally, we reached the master bedroom.

"Naughty girl!" Jill said, giving me a slight spank on the rear.

"Haven't made your bed yet!"

"I just got up," I said. "And anyway, Angelina makes the beds around here."

"Angelina? That your maid?"

"Yeah. She comes in every day and does the clearing up - and the cooking if we're at home.. That sort of thing."

"Mmm. Let's see your closet," she said.

"Okay," I replied and slid open the mirrored door to my closet.

"No. Not that one! Your other one!"

I was puzzled. "Don't have another one, Jill." "What about this one," she said, sliding open Lori's closet and showing the plethora of colorful dresses and fabrics there. "This looks more like it!" "No Jill. That's Lori's - my wife."

"But wouldn't this nightgown look nice on you?" she said, pulling a pale blue nightdress out on it's hanger. "Stand still, just a minute. Here now. Hold this up against yourself. See how it'll look. Come on now!"

There I am, standing in the feminine posture eternal - in front of a mirror - holding a nightgown up against my body.

"Yes!" Jill said. "Get these other silly clothes off and put that pretty nightgown on."

"But it's Lori's! Won't fit me!" I said desperately.

"Hush sissy! Get your gown on. I don't want to tell you again!"

Both women sniggered as I took my own clothes off and put the nightgown on. Surprisingly, as Lori's quite a bit smaller than me, it seemed to fit perfectly. It had a scoop neckline with a shirred bodice, a plain though full skirt that fell to my ankles in soft pleats. Jill patted me - well, caressed is closer to the truth - on the backside. Then she went into the closet again - almost as if she knew exactly where to look. As if she knew exactly where she was going. Came out with a flimsy negligee to match. "Here you are, sweetie. Let's get this on, shall we?"

It sounds silly, but once I'd lost my pajamas and robe, it was as if I'd lost any will to resist along with them. Subdued and submissive, I

stood and let Jill fit one hand into the puffy sleeve, pull the garment up onto one shoulder, then fit the other hand in. and hoist the negligee around me. Stood just as passively as she gently tied the fine ribbons at the neckline into a perfect bow. "What shall we call her Glad?" she asked. Glad shrugged, so Jill turned to me. "What name do you like?" "I don't know," I said dully.

"Ah well then. If you don't care? I've always liked Tiffany. That okay by you - Tiffany?"

I didn't answer her, although a shock went through my system. "Tiffany. Last time. When I ask you a question, you'd better answer it. Now if you don't like the name Tiffany - you'd better come up with another nice name." "Can't think of any," I said softly.

"That's alright then Tiffany. Let's make you into a pretty girl, shall we? Just look at all that makeup on your dressing table! Bet you're going to look just adorable when I've finished!"

I fell into some kind of daze as she made my face up, chattering to me all the while - putting a foundation on my face. Then plucking a few eyebrows - then a touch of blush - then eye shadow, then more blusher - then experimenting with various perfumes before she finally had me choose one - then had me touch it behind my ears and on my wrists - then penciling in my eyebrows - then having me sit and apply a light coat of powder to my cheeks.

Then she carefully applied mascara and dark eyeliner - then lipstick. After she had finished with that, she made me pose with the lipstick tube as if I had put it on myself - and made me smile nicely for the camera. "I think she's ready for you now, Glad. Isn't she pretty?"

"Hi Tiffany!" Glad said behind me - with Jill handling the camera now. "Want to be Glad's girl?" With that, she slipped a hand into each of my armpits and lifted me effortlessly into the air, my nightdress wafting seductively about me. Then I was cradled in her arms and being carried over to the bed. Something was strange though - I kept feeling

something nudging me in my back. Couldn't figure out what it was, but after she'd laid me down on the bed and I caught sight of the obscene dildo sticking out from her groin, I knew. "Oh please Glad. Don't put that thing in me," I said, starting to weep.

"Aw Tiffany! I thought you wanted to be friends?" she said. "I do! I DO! But please don't put it in me - please?" "Tell you what? Why don't you just give it a teeny kiss, huh? Kneel up on the bed, like a good little girl - and just give it a teeny weeny kiss?" "And you won't put it in me?"

She looked at me sternly. "You don't give it a nice kiss? For sure I'm gonna put it in you. Now gonna be a good girl?"

"Okay." I said meekly and rolled over onto my knees, facing the end of the bed.

"Move on down now! Scoot down!" she said, smiling confidently at me.

Once I was positioned to her liking, she advanced, the tip of the dildo swaying in front of me.

"Now Tiffany? Just give it a little kiss. Okay?" she cooed. "Just a little one?"

She smiled. "Of course!"

Quickly, I leaned forward. Took my balance by taking a hold of her hips and kissed the awful thing. Backed away immediately. "That okay, Glad?" I asked.

"Not bad, Tiffany. But no foreplay? That would be nice." "Foreplay?"

"Yeah. A nice lick or two on the underside. Then maybe an appreciative noise or two?" "Like Yum Yum!" Jill laughed. "Exactly!" Glad beamed. "C'mon Tiffany. Join in the fun!"

It took a few attempts for me to be able to lick the dildo as if I was enjoying it - and both ladies agreed that my appreciative Yum-

Yums, needed work. But, finally? There I was, licking Glad's huge dildo, then kissing it while making noises that indicted that I was enjoying the whole performance. But? It seemed as even this wasn't enough. And? As we advanced? Things seemed to mean less and less to me, so that, finally, any time I see the video now, I seem to be practically drooling at the thought of taking it into my mouth - smiling as I sucked and licked the thing. Finally fitting my lips around it and sliding up and down the shaft, shuddering in pretended delight. Letting out oohs and aahs of happy satisfaction.

But Glad cheated. Once I kept my half of the bargain, she simply picked me up, and turned me around so that my ass was sticking out towards the outside of the bed, lifted my nightgown - and started working some gel into my backside. I squalled some in outrage but a sharp hit on my buttocks quieted me down somewhat. Then her arms were around my tummy, and she was entering me. I started to weep and plead, but although she was very slow, it was inexorable until her groin was hard up against my buttocks - and then she withdrew - then entered - then repeated the process, her groin finally slapping against my backside regularly as she humped me. To my horror, I finally ejaculated. Didn't enjoy it as much as I normally would - but how those two women enjoyed mocking me for the mess I made of my nightdress.

Then it was Jill's turn! After I was given the option to behave and have her wear a small dildo - or misbehave - and take a humungous thing up the ass, I opted for the least painful. Nowadays, looking at the video, I sort of wish I hadn't. It's really humiliating to see me all coy and fluttering my mascaraed eyelashes and practically begging Jill to hump me - then, happily smiling into the camera as she did exactly that. To be perfectly honest, it really wasn't so bad at the time, she was a lot gentler than Glad - and the dildo wasn't as big.

I was allowed to shower afterwards but after I'd dried myself, I was given a full set of scarlet lingerie, trimmed with black lace, to wear. Again, strangely enough, it fitted me perfectly although Jill had to pad the bra cups of course before handing me high heeled shoes for me to

wear. I then had to walk up and down the room, strutting like a model until they were satisfied with my performance. Naturally, Angelina chose that time to come into the house, calling my name as she came in through the front door.

"Angelina?" Glad called out from the open door of my bedroom.

"Si?" Angelina called back, in a confused tone, obviously not recognizing the voice.

"Wanna come up here? Tiffany wants to say 'hi'"

"Teefannee?"

"Close enough! Come up -okay?"

"Hokay!"

Frozen in disbelief, I stood there in my scarlet and black lingerie and listened to the sound of Angelina's footsteps as she approached the bedroom. Then she appeared. The door was open, but she looked confused, her eyes moving to the three of us in the room. Then she actually knocked on the door deferentially, even although she could see directly into the room.

"Tiffany?" Glad said. "Angelina looks shy. Why don't you go and give her a hello kiss? Make her welcome, huh? But make sure you walk properly now! Show off a little bit for your new friends!"

It was Angelina's turn to freeze as I swayed over to her and she stood stock still as I tried to smile and give her an air kiss. "Hi Angelina," I said softly.

"Senor?" She answered.

"Hey Angelina?" Glad called out. "I'm Glad and this other lady is Jill. But did I just here you say Senor? And doesn't that mean you think you're talking to a man?"

Angelina nodded her introduction, then spoke. "But Seniorita Glad? He ees anhombre!"

Both women laughed out loud. "But Angelina? Does he look like an hombre?" Glad asked.

My maid now looked at me, her eyes taking in my shoes, my lingerie, and my makeup. A slight smile crossed her eyes and her lips parted to show her white teeth as she grinned and shook her head. "Why don't you say hi to Senorita Tiffany," Jill suggested. "Senorita Tiffany?" Angelina giggled. "Yes. Don't you think she's a pretty girl?" Glad asked.

Angelina, still grinning, evaluated me with her eyes. Shrugged. "Maybe a leettle." She touched her hair. "Her hair needs work!"