

## Maid to Serve

February 2022 – Chapter Three

The humiliating evening was fast becoming a humiliating nightmare.

Corey had lost track of the number of drinks and snacks and cakes and petit fours he'd fetched for these women. The clock on the wall was nearing midnight, but judging by the thumping music and the loud conversation and the raucous, increasingly tipsy laughter, this party was not ending anytime soon.

And unfortunately, he himself was becoming even more of a party attraction than ever.

"Ooh, such a poor baby," slurred one now, swirling her martini and eyeing him speculatively. "There's so much good food here tonight. But a pathetic little sissy like you doesn't even get to eat solid food, huh? Wassa matter? Aww! Are you too little for solid food, baby? Are ya?"

"Course she is," the brunette chimed in, throwing one arm amiably around Corey's cringing shoulders. "I mean, she's still in fucking *diapers*. She's sucking on a dildo like a fucking baby bottle. I bet she's probably already pissing herself, too. Aren't you? Are you making wet little puddles in your pampers, sissy baby? Hmm?" She broke off and slurped at her glass of zinfandel. "Oh, fuck, I forgot. You can't even talk yet!"

"Ehh, babies her age probably don't even know whether they've pissed themselves," opined another, and Corey stumbled forward as a loud thwack to his enormous rear resounded through the room. "Even if they *could* talk. Hey, sissy! Nod if you've pissed your fucking diaper already." Corey flushed, shuddered... and then meekly, stiffly attempted a nod with his corseted neck.

It was nothing but the truth, after all. He'd already given in to his increasingly frequent urge to pee himself three times, and each time he'd felt the strangely, revoltingly warm urine blossom through the bulging padding between his thighs...

"Ha!" The chorus of laughter around him made him wince, and then suddenly a burst of liquid was flooding once more into his mouth, strong with the burning taste of alcohol. "Oh, that's rich. But what's a pissy little diaper baby gonna do if we give her booze?" He gurgled and almost choked at the taste of the martini, but managed to control his gag reflex while they laughed at his discomfort. "Aww, baby sissy isn't used to that, is she? Bet she wants nothing but milk from his mommy's warm titties..."

“Hey, think Sandra will mind if we get her sissy hubbie here drunk?”

Well, that was only the beginning. Within an hour, the room was spinning, whirling as the beautiful faces and the humiliating feminine laughter rang around him. He wet himself again... and then again... and maybe once more? It was hard to tell when the world was reeling so. Beer, wine, cocktails... it was all a swirl of flavor and burning alcohol, and all he could do was squat there on their laps and gulp gamely away as he desperately fought not to choke...

And then the shock jolted him out of his tipsy stupor with a gargling cry of pain.

“Hey, waddya do?” “Oops, sorry! I must’ve hit that fucking button on her back...” “Oh, yeah! I’d forgotten about that.” “Ooh, I know! Why don’t we play a game with this loser? Two truths and a lie – and she’s gotta do all the guessing!” “Yeah, but Sheila has a vibrator in his ass, too, right? Where the fuck is the controller?”

So it began. Into his left hand was pressed a crayon from some unknown place. Before him was a sheet of paper, dancing and swaying drunkenly before him. And in his ear sounded statement after statement, whispered and laughed and shouted at him in groups of what may or may not have been three. The alcohol was making things very difficult, after all...

“I once fucked my cousin in a closet.” “I lost my virginity to the head of the football team.” “My favorite position is scissoring.” “I can fit a ten-inch dildo down my throat.”

Well, even sober Corey wouldn’t have had the slightest idea of whether any one of these women had done any of these things. But try he did: scribbling an A, B, or C onto the paper before him at random... jolting and whimpering with every sadistic shock to his poor cock that signaled a wrong answer... shifting in uneasy pleasure whenever the vibrator within his ass hummed to life as a reward for guessing correctly...

“Hey, this is boring!” someone announced at last, as he let out a whimpering moan of pleasure at the latest dose of vibrations. “Why don’t we see if we can get this sissy to cum, hey?” “But he’s wearing a fucking cage,” one opined, as hands scrabbled for the vibrator remote. “Bitch, that don’t matter,” another chortled. “Watch and learn, Tiffany! I bet you a whole pitcher of mojitos we can make him cum with just this vibrator. Deal?”

And so it began. Corey, helpless and reeling in his alcoholic haze, sat helplessly encircled by these

women, squirming in unwilling pleasure as the vibrations in his ass purred and swelled within him. His poor cock was caged, trapped tight within its plastic confines and swaddled in the tepid, urine-filled padding of his pink diapers. But his prostate was tingling, coaxed closer and closer to pleasure with every minute that swam past. The female laughter around him... the artificial cock filling his suckling mouth... the taunts and jeers and encouragements for him to make a sticky sissy mess in his pampers... it all combined and thrust him ever close to the brink of a sordid, groveling pleasure the likes of which he'd never even imagined.

He'd never had a sissygasm before. And intoxicated as he was, even later he still didn't quite know with certainty whether he'd even had one. But the shudders and gurgling moans that escaped him, and the convulsive jerking of his poor, lace-clad limbs, and the shouts of tipsy laughter around him... well, it all seemed to indicate one thing. He'd apparently just orgasmed in his diaper. As a sissy. As a helpless, horny, soggy-bottomed, pathetic diaper sissy.

"Okay, you win!" "Girl, mojitos, right? Fuck, you'll have to get 'em yourself – little bitch Courtney here ain't in any shape to mix anything..." "Okay, but the mojitos are mine, right? Which means I get to decide what to do with them!"

Corey trembled and sank limply back into the warm form of the woman holding him, feeling the entire world reeling in a pleasurable, humiliating haze of alcohol and hormones. But just as his eyes were sliding closed, a burst of citrusy alcohol filled his mouth once more, and he gurgled awake in sudden surprise. "Bottoms up, baby," came the voice, and now he realized it came from the woman holding him. "I won these fair and square. And you know what? I think I want you to drink *all* of it."

He twisted in drunken panic, catching sight at last of the disturbingly calm eyes of the dirty blonde. "Shh," she murmured with a tipsy leer. "Only one thing to wash away all that nasty sticky mess. Just lots of pee-pee to soak that pretty diaper of yours. God, you're going to be such a dumb, drunk, pissy little baby before we're done with you..."

Well, under the circumstances what else could he do but comply?

The last thing he remembered before it all faded out to black was the taste of lime... and feminine arms tightening around him... and the feeling of warm pee flooding yet again out into the swollen bulk of his diaper.

*(To be concluded!)*