

What Dreams are Maid - Part 3

For Deadtom

By TheSpiralledEye

Jon had never been so tense in all his life as they drove out of the estate. Seated either side of the back seat in their luxurious car as the driver made his way to the centre of town. Catherine had made him sit on the carpet, still naked and on his knees as she dressed herself. He found himself helpless against her dominance, a mixture of arousal and genuine fear keeping him from disobeying. She had marched him down to Agatha's room and picked out the ugliest, most worn pair of underpants to dress him in, then made him put on what must have been her day off sweatpants and old faded T-shirt. In stark contrast to her elegant pantsuit and pearls; clearly she didn't want Agatha's body looking better than her. Still, Jon couldn't help but notice that even with the ugly trappings, his youthful face and hair was still far more attractive than Catherine's. She may hide her crows feet with concealer but it was getting to the point that no amount of makeup could hide those creases.

He wanted to ask where they were going but thought better than to question her. They rode in stark silence, only occasionally broken by the quiet tapping of his wife's nails on her phone screen. His pussy was still thrumming from residual pleasure from the orgasm, a small amount of dampness leaking through to the worn panties. They were so thin he felt genuinely concerned for the leather upholstery below. If he got turned on there was barely anything to keep his juices from spreading to his clothes or seat. Suddenly, he realised just how many times Agatha must have worn these; for them to be so thin. His pussy was touching where hers had a thousand times, a tiny squirt of wetness dripped from his hole.

"Here we are."

He had been so caught up in his thought Jon hadn't even realised they had stopped. The driver opened the door and he and his wife climbed out, she with grace and poise, he with an awkward scramble. He still was not quite used to these long limbs or the ease with which they could move. He was so used to having to slide along the seat and slowly stand to avoid hurting his aching knees he wasn't sure how to get out any other way.

"Do hurry up, Agatha."

"Yes Ma'am."

He swallowed nervously, taking his place at his wife's side; normally he would offer an arm to her and take the lead but that did not feel appropriate right now. So he stood, awkwardly fidgeting with the hem of his shirt. They were at The Diamond; the fanciest, most expensive shopping centre in the whole city. His wife racked up a massive credit card bill each week coming here and yet never seemed to have enough clothing.

“It’s time we get you some proper clothing,” Catherine announced after a moment, just loud enough that everybody in the vicinity could hear. “I simply cannot have you thinking that is an inappropriate thing to wear in public.”

His cheeks flushed with heat as people stared, a few snickered. In a sea of designer clothing he looked like a slob, even with his pretty face. Poor Agatha, she didn’t deserve this, he hoped nobody would remember her face. Not that his beautiful maid would ever have the money to shop here.

Catherine took him by the wrist and began walking inside; her long, manicured nails sinking into his skin ever so slightly. They were the perfect mix of sharp and blunt; enough to scratch lightly but not enough to do any serious damage. What would those nails feel like inside his still sensitive walls? A shiver went down his spine at the thought; perhaps he could sneak away to the bathroom at some point and finally investigate Agatha’s pussy himself.

As if sensing his thoughts Catherine’s grip on him increased; the idea dissipated as quickly as it had come. There was no way she was letting him out of her sight. A cool sweat appeared at the nape of his neck, soaking into his beautiful blonde locks; what did she have planned for him here? She did not feel like explaining herself, instead marching him through the glittering halls of designer boutiques until they reached one clearly not designed for women of his wife’s...vintage.

The window was lined with manquins in slinky nightdresses and revealing bras. Clearly the sort of thing meant to titillate rather than hold any practical use; his wife was far past the point in her life where she looked attractive in such things and they both knew it. Inwardly, he cringed remembering the day he told her as such. At the time it seemed like such a good idea; she was dressing above her age, it was unseemingly; but now he was sure he was about to pay for those comments dearly.

They walked in and Jon found himself in a veritable forest of clothes; bras, negligees, even a few fetish outfits. Normally he would look at these things with glee, imagining Agatha wearing them. But now he held Catherine a little tighter in anxiety; he wanted to see Agatha wear these pretty things of course, he just never imagined the view would be quite so...intimate. At least not in this way. Catherine approached the desk with a warm smile and greeted the woman behind it.

“We are looking for a special date outfit for my daughter in law,” Catherine said in a sickly sweet voice, “I thought it was high time she got some proper clothes.”

A soft palm cupped his cheek, those nails pressing into the skin just enough to make him flinch. He flushed and looked away as the sales woman looked him over, a sympathetic smile at the fashion disaster before her. She and Catherine spoke in hushed tones for a moment before she disappeared into the racks to find something while he and Catherine made their way to the back. A small change room with a curtain door was before him and she firmly pushed him inside.

“Strip.” Catherine ordered, “Naked as the day you were born. We will start from scratch.”

A quiver went through him at the firmness of her voice; all at once he was back in their bedroom, watching Agatha get pegged. Her face, his face, had been so beautiful, just remembering it now was enough to stain the front of his thin panties with wetness. Catherine scoffed.

“Pathetic, still horny? You really are hopeless.”

“I...I...”

“You what? Don’t get any ideas, Jon. You’re not getting yourself off on my watch. Now strip.”

He whimpered as she stood there, eyes hard and watching him divest himself of the clothes, gathering them up in her arms as he removed each item. Three of the four walls that made up the cubicle were mirrors, he had no choice but to watch as more of Agatha’s beautiful body was revealed to him. Her pert, firm breasts bouncing as he lifted the shirt up and over his head; Catherine had not permitted him to put on another bra and he had been intimately aware of every slight movement those delicious mounds had made. He blushed, ashamed of his hard nipples, yet more proof of his arousal, one he could not hide.

He peeled the panties away from himself; part of him glad to be rid of the ratty things, the other mourning the loss of wearing such an intimate thing. He looked in wonder at his various reflections, watching the smooth, pachy ass in the mirror as it too took on a tinge of pink. The fact that such a beautiful thing had been covered by those worn panties was a

crime. Catherine took them from him, holding them between thumb and forefinger with disgust. The smell of his juices permeated the air and he hung his head in shame, trying very hard not to get more turned on by his own reflection.

“Get yourself under control, I will not have you staining further items. Understand?”

“Yes ma’am.” He whispered, shivering as a gust of cool air wafted over his bare skin as she closed the curtain behind her.

He was trapped, her having taken his clothes with her. He was completely bare, with nothing to do but look at his reflection in the mirror. His sensual, beautiful reflection. It was torture, knowing how much pleasure his new body was capable of, knowing he could give that to the real Agatha some time soon. She must be so horny all the time, that was the only explanation for his suddenly rampant libido. How many times had she secretly touched herself while working? Had he ever been in the room as she silently orgasmed while pretending to dust? Oh fuck, just the thought made him rub his legs together, increasing the burn. A finger slowly crept toward his pussy; maybe if he was quick he could touch himself just a little before Catherine returned. His mind instantly filled with images of this naked body, hand braced against one of the mirrors while his breath fogged the glass, panting heavily as his fingers thrust up into his needy hole. In this little cube of mirrors he could see Agatha’s body from every angle; it was perfect...

“Jon!” He jumped, hand snapping away from his mound as Catherine retired with a pile of carefully folded clothes. “What did I say?”

“S-sorry I just, this body is so pretty.” His voice was high and desperate, how had he fallen so far in only a few hours?

Catherine sneered, closing the curtain behind her and approaching him, she motioned for him to turn around and face the back mirror again before slapping a palm against his plump ass; hard enough to leave a red mark in the vague shape of her palm on the skin. He gasped, the pain mixing into the most delicious pleasure. Somehow, she managed to do it without making much sound to alert the sales woman.

“Bad. Girl.” He squeezed the cheek she slapped, making him gasp and see stars.

Oh. Oooh those words made him so much hornier; judging by the glint in Catherine's eyes, she knew it too.

"No getting off without my permission, understand?"

Jon just nodded and whimpered; his inner walls felt like they were burning. A pile of clothing was placed on the floor at his feet, Catherine gave him a firm look.

"Dress and if I hear so much as a single pleased gasp, know your punishment will be fierce."

He bit his lip and let her go, not wanting to admit how close he had just come to begging for more. Instead, he eyed the outfit with suspicion. Would it be humiliating? What was he thinking, of course it would. The question was, in what way. He sent a silent prayer to the God he did not believe in that it would at least be pretty. Agatha was so beautiful, she could make anything look sexy really, even those frumpy clothes from before. But she deserved only the best; if he was in her body he wanted only the best.

A glance over the underwear atop the pile told him Catherine was feeling merciful in that regard at least. He picked up the bra and panties that she had picked out for him; silk, white silk in fact with tiny bows between the cups and at each hip. Girlish, the sort of thing older women approaching middle age wore to try and feel youthful again. Perhaps an appropriate choice given the little secret only they two knew.

As he pulled the panties up his legs he marvelled at just how soft they felt against his inner thighs, the way the inner lining cupped his mound was almost pornographic. Perhaps it was his imagination, or the sheer heat coming from his skin but the silk felt warm. It was like a lover's hand cupping his pussy, holding it softly but firmly. He snapped the panties into place; the little bows seemed to accentuate Agatha's wide hips and he posed before the mirror, arms in close as he slowly turned on his toes. He felt so...elegant. The pure white of the panties paired with the bows gave him an almost innocent, cute look. It was almost a crime to imagine the sweet visage in the mirror doing anything naughty. It clashed with the memory of that sexy face in front of the mirror and somehow seemed to compound it. Knowing such a sweet looking body was capable of such debauchery; he bit down on his finger nail, trying desperately not to get wetter. If he stained these panties Catherine would be so upset.

He busied himself with the bra; sighing as he held the soft cups against his breasts. The silk pressed against his nipples but it was so gentle it felt as though his tits were resting in clouds. Perhaps this is what would finally get them to relax; they had been hard for so long

it was almost painful. The bra was strapless and he struggled for several minutes to get the hooks at the back done up, stumbling into a mirror more than once, making Catherine open the curtain to check, smirking and silently closing it again without any offer of help. Eventually though, it was on and as he looked at Agatha, her pale skin, platinum hair now paired with the white bra and panties; she looked as he imagined an angel would. Jon made a vow that when he turned back, he would have her wear these under the maid uniform he bought her and take his time slowly undressing her to be ravished. If he ever got that locket back from Catherine.

“Chop, chop! Come on now dear we don’t have all day!”

“Sorry!”

He had to move faster, tempting as it was to really take his time and soak in just how lovely these garments felt on his skin. He picked up the dress she had laid out. It was gorgeous. White ruffled fabric that was form fitting, with open shoulders and long sleeves that hung low off his wrists. The front was shaped like a bodice, with strings to tighten it across his breasts so that no matter what, cleavage would be showing. He sucked in his breath as he pulled them tight, tying them so as much of his ample bosom was showing as possible.

There had been no shoes on display in the shop that he had seen, so he had no idea where Catherine had gotten them from but there, the final item in his pile sat. A pair of silver lacy sandals designed to have the thin cords wrapped to his knees. He hadn't the foggiest idea how to go about putting them on so he could only guess. Sliding his dainty foot into the shoes and winding the silver cords up as tight as he could, criss crossing them up his legs till he ran out of fabric. He tied what remained in a bow to match his bra and panties, a little in joke for himself. Despite the sandals having a small heel, he still wobbled as he stood.

He took in his visage in the mirrors and smiled, posing seductively so that the bow between his bra cups was viable through the strings that tied the bodice together. This whole outfit was perfect for Agatha; white, the colour of virginity and innocence, but showing enough skin to know that deep down, the woman wearing it was naughty. He stepped out into the show and Catherine beamed.

“Simply *wonderful*, my dear.”

“Why are you doing this?” Jon whispered quietly, “Why dress me up?”

“Because dear, I want you to have the full, Agatha experience. That’s what you wanted isn’t it, you letch?”

She glanced about to make sure nobody was watching before walking forward and hooking a finger under his chin.

“And if you complain at all, I will take you right home and finger fuck you till you can’t take it anymore, film the whole thing and send it to Agatha’s employers so that you’ll never see her again.”

Oh God. No, he couldn’t let that happen! Not to his precious Agatha. Though, the idea of being fingered like that, till he couldn’t take it anymore...it made the heat explode between his legs, finally seeping into his brand new panties. Catherine sneered.

“You’re getting off thinking about me doing that aren’t you?”

“N-No...”

“Yes you are, you whore.”

“It’s not me!” He insisted, “It’s this body! It’s Agatha, she must be horny all the time and now that I am in her body, it’s passing on to me!”

Catherine just rolled her eyes.

“Keep telling yourself that.”

He would! Because it was true...it had to be. Jon was never wrong about this sort of thing, what made him such a great businessman was his people skills, he was amazing at reading people. That’s how he knew, deep down, Agtha was attracted to him too. It was the only explanation, why else would she accept his gifts and keep working for him all this time. He’d seen the sly glances that came his way. Now that he really thought about it, it was obvious! Yes, once he got that locket back and became himself again he would tell her it was okay, their age difference didn’t matter and he would carry her up to his bedroom and plough her into the mattress. He just had to survive this afternoon with Catherine.

“I have already paid for your outfit. Come, my dear.”

She took on the guise of the doting parent once more, showing her poor, low born new daughter the time of her life. Even going so far as to loop their arms together like he had said young women do. It felt wrong to hang off his wife's frame when usually that was her position. Not to mention the sensuality of his outfit; the bra and panties were so comfortable he felt as though he were wearing nothing at all under the tissue thin dress. Even laced up tight he was sure it could fall off at any moment and expose him to the world.

He had never planned to take Agatha's body out of the house, it was going to be his own private adventure but now he couldn't believe he'd been so narrow minded. It felt glorious, to walk the streets watching men and women's eyes alike flick to him as they passed. There was admiration and attraction in all of them for him and he drank it all in. It had been years since he was a young man about town; youthful and handsome, watching women swoon. He had forgotten just how much he missed it. It had been decades since he'd had this sort of attention and he was going to soak it up.

"You think you're so special now?" Catherine hissed, quiet enough that nobody could hear her, "That you're young again? Well guess what. Agatha will get old in time too and then you'll find her just as unattractive as you find me now."

What was he supposed to say to that? Was he supposed to feel guilty? It was simply biology, women were more attractive when they were young. Men had a grace to them in age that women needed makeup and trappings to come anywhere close to rivalling and even then, they often used so much they looked worse. It was the truth but something told him telling Catherine that in this body would be a mistake.

"Where are we going?" He asked instead, hoping to deflect her question.

"On a date." She replied smugly and his heart clenched.

A date? In public? What would people think? Two women together like that and with such a large age difference; no, he could not allow his precious Agatha's reputation to get damaged that way. He had to put his foot down.

"No," Jon pulled away, "I may be...compromised but I can't go on a public date with you like this!"

Catherine laughed, actually laughed, hiding behind her hand as people stared at his outburst.

“Oh Agatha, you’re so funny, my dear. I am just the chaperone, silly.”

He blinked, so shocked that he didn't fight it when she looped her arm through his again and began walking once more. Her grip was just that bit too tight for his liking. If she was just the chaperone, who on Earth was he going on a date with? He suddenly remembered Catherine's insistent texting in the car and began to panic. Had she made a dating profile for him? Set poor Agatha up with some dangerous stranger? Did she seriously think he was so horny he wouldn't be able to say no? Was he too horny? All these thoughts swirled in his mind until they finally arrived at the food court, or what The Diamond called its food court. It was closer to a high class cafe more than anything, with a selection of luxury food brands and cloth covered tables. As they entered Jon froze, jaw dropping open slightly.

It was Peter, a young man he had been introduced to only a few years ago by his son as a friend from college. They had roomed in the same building and Jon Junior had bought him over many times in the last few months to discuss business ventures, stocks and to relax in their pool. At first he had thought it strange, since Jon had his own penthouse but he had assured his father Peter simply enjoyed the old fashioned architecture and aesthetic of his childhood home. Jon had taken it as a compliment but remembering the world now filled him with suspicion.

“Thank you for waiting!” Catherine smiled at the young man, “Sorry we are a bit late, Jon was working poor Agatha to the bone and we didn't want to rouse his suspicions.”

“No problems, JJ has told me plenty of times how stubborn he can be.” Peter smiled charmingly, standing and taking his arm before planting a soft kiss at his cheek.

It was brief but in a way that was worse; it was familiar, relaxed...certainly not the first time he had made such an action. The heat stayed on his cheek along with a dot of moisture. And what did he mean JJ? Surely not Jon Junior, he would never use such a childish moniker!

“I am glad you decided to come home early.” Peter continued, taking his hand and holding it, “I have missed you.”

He looked at Catherine in shock; her smile was mild and her body language casual. But her eyes, they were alight with mischief; just how long had she known Agatha was seeing this

man. *Why* was she seeing this man? Over him? For a moment, he was tempted to make a scene, ruin this relationship here and now but he knew he could not. Catherine would use the locket to expose what he had done to the real Agatha and then she would never speak to him again; any chance of winning her body and heart gone in an instant. No he needed to do this subtly, perhaps put Peter off enough that once the real Agatha came back he would break up with her straight away without her finding out about this mysterious date she never went on. Then, he could be her shoulder to cry on; yes, that was perfect. Catherine was still smiling, she thought she had won. Well she was wrong.

“Is everything alright?” Peter’s brow furrowed at his silence.

Jon got ready to put on a face of cool boredom when a hand came to rest on his bare thigh. It was warm and that heat seemed to trail upwards toward his pussy, still wet and wanting from before. He felt himself blush as his mind went blank, totally occupied with the arch in his loins that was steadily growing all of a sudden; Catherine laughed.

“Our poor Agatha, so easily flustered.” She sighed, “If that’s what a little peck on the cheek does to you my dear, I will be surprised if you ever make it back to Pete’s.”