

LOOKING FOR SALLY

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Special Agent Sam Toole of the Central Intelligence Agency was leaving the American Embassy in London in a foul mood. He had been ordered to the British capitol to look for a CIA agent that had been missing for three years and yet the Agencies Station Chief had been reporting him on duty and had been electronically transferring the missing man's pay through his own English bank account. These shenanigans had not been discovered until the Station Chiefs sudden retirement and subsequent disappearance. The missing agent had not been discovered missing for a month until after the new Station Chief took over and the missing agents electronic pay voucher was being rejected by the bank. The only lead turned up about the whereabouts of either the missing agent or the former Station Chief was a folded business card found stuck to an old piece of chewing gum behind an empty filing cabinet in the former Station Chiefs unclaimed effects in the Embassy basement. The card read *Hotel* along with a telephone number which required a twelve digit access code for a call to be completed. The server for the mobile phone service was located in Leningrad and required the caller insert another twelve digit code for a call to be forwarded to them. A dead end?

Toole was drinking a whiskey, neat, in the gentlemen's section of a downtown London pub when he overheard a conversation between two extremely well dressed Englishmen about one of theirs new maid. Discussions concerning domestic help usually did not grab Sam's attention but, one of the men mentioned that the maid came from '*the hotel*'!! The man was complaining about the cost of the cab fare to bring the maid to his London residence from a place called Warts Crossing. Toole immediately went to his phone and attempted to Google this Warts Crossing place. 'Could not locate, check your spelling' flashed on his phones screen. Toole decided that this was some anachronistic local name the Brit's were so fond of. So, it was off to a map shop, preferably an old one. For the next three days Sam tramped from one mold encrusted bookstore and map shop to another until he found a reference to Warts Crossing in a copy of some old registry tome of Essex livestock. In appears that Warts Crossing was the local name of a local livestock auctioning center. With the general locale found, Toole rented a car and took off for the wilds of South East England.

Stopping at a pub in a village also listed in the livestock tome, Sam asked about hotels in the area. The ancient barman looked at Sam as another lost and somewhat dim Yank tourist.

“Well lad, you know your in rural territory, there is not a hotel for miles. In fact....wait a bit. Are you looking for a business retreat?”

Sam was going to dismiss this piece of information but, thought ‘maybe’. “You know, it could be a retreat. I would have never considered a retreat as their business card just refers to it as *The Hotel*’. The old man thought for a minute and said, “Now that you mention that name, I have had customers in here refer to a place around here as a hotel. They were always dressed well and only, like you drank good whiskey.”

Sensing a lead, Sam asked, “Do you have any idea of where this retreat may be?”

Screwing up his facial wrinkles, the barman, shook his head saying, “Just a vague one Laddie. I believe that it is not all that far from here. From what I’ve overheard, there is an unmarked narrow lane that you turn into and follow for about a half a mile and you come to this retreat and it is supposed to be huge but, all of this is hearsay.”

Toole ordered another whiskey and pressed the barman gently but, the old geezer was tapped out for more information concerning his quest. Sam, lamenting the description of narrow lane, which described ninety-eight percent of all country roads in England but, he considered that there just might be narrow and then really narrow. Then he had a flash of insight. He had brought his goodie bag along with him, in it was a drone aircraft. It was summer, so he guessed that he still had six hours of light left. Time to go snooping, he thought. Leaving a five pound tip for the barman, Toole set off to find this retreat place.

Proceeding down the narrow road from pub, away from the highway he had originally turned off of, in less than a half a mile he came to a narrow, narrow lane but, neatly kept and no signage. A quarter of a mile beyond the lane, Sam found a place to squeeze mostly off of the road. Retrieving the drone from the boot of his rental, Sam got the gizmo coordinated with his laptop and set the device flying towards the lane he had passed. He had the drone follow the lane an lo and behold, an immense three story structure with gardens and out buildings appeared. There were several dozen cars parked in a large, paved lot off to one side. “A busy place’ thought Sam. Retrieving the drone, Sam prepared his story and put the old business card in a jacket pocket and drove back to the narrow lane and turned up it.

Sam pulled up to the main entrance, flashed the creased business card and doorman signaled for a valet and a bellman. The valet, sniffing snootily at Sam's rental and drove off with Sam holding the retrieval tag and following the bellman who was handling Sam's single bag with ill disguised disdain. The desk clerk was an impressive blonde, nearly six foot tall in her heels and somehow reminding him of a Barbie Doll. Not having a reservation was not a problem and following the bellman, walked past the bar and restaurant to an elevator. Tipping the bellman a fiver, the bellman became talkative and gave Sam a quick tour of his at least four and a half star suite. The bellman, upon leaving asked Sam if he wanted a maid for the evening. Clueless, Sam replied, no and after taking the man’s card, dismissed him. Going behind the mini bar, Sam poured a whiskey and stood on balcony overlooking one of the

gardens and was mildly surprised to see a blonde woman giving a man with his walking shorts around his ankles an enthusiastic blow job. 'This is one hell of a retreat', thought Sam.

Knowing that the best place to pick up information was a bar, Sam drained his drink and headed downstairs. Finding an open seat at the main bar, Sam ordered another whiskey from the tall, blonde bar maid. The girl was a looker, dressed in a tight micro mini skirt and sleeveless blouse and like the desk clerk, had a name tag with a first name only. There were blonde waitresses serving the tables, they were dressed in those very becoming French Maid costumes. Sam was beginning to warm to the retreat.

"First time here, mate?" said the beefy man sitting next him.

Sam, smiling replied, "Yes, it's a little overwhelming."

The beefy laughed, "A Yank, are you?" and without waiting for a reply continued, "It's hard to believe, isn't it?"

"Believe what?" replied Sam.

"The birds man, all of these blondes in short skirts and dresses have wankers," snorted the man.

"Oh that," exclaimed Sam, "I was told but, this is amazing." Behind Sam's smile was total disbelief. He looked into the large mirror running the length of the bar and saw numerous attractive blonde women sitting with both men and obvious non blonde women at the tables in the bar room. At all of the tables there were blondes, mostly dressed conventionally, however skimpy their hemlines. There were other blondes in what could best be described as Halloween garb. School girls, ballet dancers, playboy bunnies and other costumes. They all had one thing in common, name tags with a first name only. One other thing that struck Sam, they all had blonde Barbie hair styles.

Sam kept up his conversation with the beefy man and learned that the retreat was referred to as '*The Hotel*' and that its customers were both men and women. All of the apparent help were transvestites and routinely engaged in sex with the guests. The key to how the maids were so compliant was that they were kept in chastity devices and could only be released from chastity by the person who held the key to the lock on their chastity devices.

Sam asked the beefy man what was his favorite past time here at the hotel? "I love to watch football matches on the telly," he said.

Sam looked at him oddly. The man laughed, "I have some favorite maids. The ones whose tongues have been pierced and a barbell inserted. Watching a good match, drinking good beer and have a maid with an enhanced tongue engulf your cock for two or three hours is heaven and to insure a good job, you just fasten their wrist locks to their chokers, that so they can't grab their cocks, a big no, no here at the hotel. Anyway, you get them trussed up proper and they dive onto your dock and lick away. Like I was saying, you then unlock their

little dock prisons, and they are little. They have these little queers on very strong female hormones and I heard that they also gets a little dose of Viagra before they go out with a guest. Anyway, back to my story, the horny little birds pump their pretty heads mightily once you get their cocks out of prison and you roll a condom over they cocks and slowly jack them off. I also have found that inserting a vibrating butt plug up their bums greatly increases their enthusiasm. So there you have it. Pick one with a tongue stud, stick a vibrator up her ass, lock up her hands and rub her cock and the best BJ that you have ever had is busy at work.” With that said, the beefy man ordered another beer and asked the bar maid to show him her tongue.

“Sounds like a plan,” said Sam.

“Oh, that's me fetish. Other lads and lassies have theirs. One thing about it though, do not ever hurt one of the maids. They allow you to spank them, hand only and only six strokes. That's not my cup of tea and have never done it. They are so eager to get their little peckers pulled, you never have a problem with them,” said the man.

The beefy man looked at his watch, “Well lad, it's getting on to game time and I have an appointment with my masseuse, so to speak. It's been grand talking to you, my name is Horace and unlike the maids, my last is McFiddle.”

Sam took Horace's hand and replied, “Thank you Horace, you've been most informative. My name is Sam Toole, from Boston.”

Sam turned back to the mirror and returned to watching. He felt a tap on his shoulder and turned to face an Amazon. The woman was at least six foot three inches tall in her heels and extremely well built as advertised in her skin tight leather cat suit and had an a very pretty maid with her.

“Mr. Toole, am I correct?” she asked with a slight sneer.

“That's right,” responded Sam, “and what may I do for you, miss?”

“Mr. Toole, it is hotel policy that our single guests have an escort for dinner. As you are unaccompanied and a first time guest. Management has as assigned Debbie here to be your escort for the evening.”

Sam eyed the lovely boy/girl and replied, “Well, please thank the management for being so thoughtful. I am sure the lovely Debbie will be an ideal escort.”

The Amazon smiled, “I am called Mistress Tigress, and I will deliver her to your suite. How would you like her to dress for dinner?”

Sam looked at the demure blonde and replied, “Surprise me.”

The Amazon smiled and pulling the riding crop from her knee boots, tapped the girl beneath the short skirt and petticoat of her maids costume. As they left the bar, Sam thought about Horace, getting his nob polished.

Back in his suite, Sam showered and dressed as well as he could for dinner. While waiting for his escort to be delivered, Sam opened his laptop, pulled up the photo of the missing agent, moved it to a Photoshop site and began feminizing the picture. Sam guessed that there may be a couple hundred of these maid boy's in the hotel and he needed to see what facial features could be recognizable beneath makeup, blonde Barbie hair and hormone effects that could possibly make the MIA recognizable. After thirty minutes of mixing and matching, Sam had about a hundred alternate depictions of his target that looked like every other maid in the hotel. A rap on his door and glance at watch, indicating his date was here. Opening the, the Mistress Tigress semi smiled at him and she pulled the blonde boy/girl forward dressed in a sequined, black mini dress, black silk choker with faux gold threads and black lace edging. The faux gold restraining ring sewed into the front of the choker, emphasized the purpose of the choker. Four inch heeled, fuck me pumps and reasonable costume jewelry completed the look.

"She has to be back to a cat mistress by midnight, no exceptions. OK Debbie, enjoy yourself."

Before leaving and almost as an after thought, the Tigress handed Sam a light chain with a small key strung on it. Debbie's eyes followed the key with lust.

Taking the girls hand, Sam introduced himself and asked the girl what he should call her, she barely whispered, Debbie.

"Would you like a drink before we leave?" asked Sam.

Debbie nodded yes. She remained standing demurely almost in the corner of the living room. Sam was curious about her behavior, She was acting in a conditioned manner. Almost waiting to be ordered to breathe. Looking at the gurl, Sam poured her a glass of wine and asked her to come and sit on the couch. Tentatively, she obeyed And sat down accepting the wine but, not drinking it. When Sam offered a silent toast she shyly took a sip.

"Are you afraid of me?" asked Sam.

Debbie, shaking slightly, nodded yes.

Sam, leaning against the mini bar said, "You shouldn't be, but that bimbo in the cat suit should be. I'm here to gather information. I am looking for a missing person and I think that this place has something to do with it. We have a lot of time and a nervous snitch is not a good snitch. I'm going to sit on the couch next to you and release you from your chastity device and while I masturbate you to climax, you are going to answer my questions. If you don't agree to those terms, we are going to have dinner and after dinner I am going to fuck

you and keep you in chastity and send you home. Take your pick, a little fun for you and a good dinner or a good dinner and session of humiliation.”

Debbie scooted to make room on the couch. Sam, took her glass of wine setting it aside, took the pair of padded cuffs he found in the bedroom and clipped Debbie's wrists to her choker.

“Stand up gurl,” ordered Sam.

Debbie obeyed instantly and Sam tucked the hem of her dress up around the now shaking gurl's waist. Inspecting his handiwork, Sam admired the very plump buttocks and was mystified by the smooth crotch of her panties. Sliding the thong over Debbie's ample ass and working the wisp of nylon down her thighs over her garter strap held thigh high stockings. Gently slapping Debbie's calf, she raised a heeled foot and he slid one leg hole, then the next and tossed the fluff aside. Inspecting the now exposed chastity, Sam found key hole that secured the device. It was part of the perforated corset she was wearing. Fumbling with the tiny key, he heard the lock click open and the curved metal tube encapsulating Debbie's small penis, fell away.

“Bend over and spread your legs,” ordered Sam.

Again, Debbie obeyed instantly. ‘The perfect Stepford wife’, thought Sam. Taking the smallish, vibrating butt plug from his jacket pocket. It was wrapped in plastic wrap to protect his jacket from the pre-lubricated toy. As Sam moved the slender end of the device to contact with Debbie's anal ring. The gurl quickly pressed back against it and the bulbous intruder slid into the gurl's anal canal almost effortlessly. Debbie stood erect, wiggling her butt cheeks and the plug settled home. Pressing a button switch, Sam heard the hum of a well plugged sissy. Sitting down on the couch, Sam pulled Debbie down next to him and handed the shackled gurl a condom package. Debbie, with practiced teeth, quickly tore open the package. Debbie, her head resting on Sam's shoulder, had her legs spread and her two inch long, thin penis was at full attention. Sam realized that the condom was too big for the sissy's cock. Tissues it is then.

Laying three tissues upon Debbie's thigh, Sam handed her the wine glass and working his hand around her small waist grasped the desperate erection between his thumb and finger. Slowly masturbating the excited sissy, starting and stopping, Sam began asking questions. A good response earned a tug or two. No response, earned a palm with an ice cube in it. Debbie quickly caught on to the procedure. Starting with asking her age, how long had she ‘worked’ at the hotel, what were her duties and so forth with speed and clarity, earned Debbie her first ejaculation. It only took seconds to get her back into fighting form, however. When Sam asked Debbie about any American gurls working at the hotel, she replied that she only knew of one.

“Did you know her personally?” asked Sam.

“We shared a bed for six months,” replied Debbie. “Her name, rather the name that they gave her was Sally.”

“What do you remember about her?” pressed Sam.

“Well, she was tall, almost six foot, thin but, mannish looking. She was always trying to wank herself off against my leg but, that was not possible, you know,” said Debbie.

“Anything else that you can remember?” pressed Sam harder.

“I'm cumming,” gasped Debbie. Joe just got the tissues in place as the she boy spurred again. Taking a deep breath, Debbie continued, “Oh yes, she kept babbling about her being her was a mistake and that she worked for the American CIA.”

Not missing a stroke, Sam pressed on, “Just how close to this Sally gurl did you get?”

Debbie nuzzled Sam's neck with her lips, “I would say that we no further apart than six inches for at least six hours a night.”

Confused, Sam asked, “Was that six inches physically?”

“Of course silly, all the gurls here have bed mates. They chain us together, you know,” whispered Debbie.

“No, I don't know,” replied Sam.

“When we get ready for bedtime, which is ten o'clock, unless you are out on a date, like me, right now,” continued Debbie, “We have these black, nearly transparent fly away baby doll nighties that we sleep in. We put th top on and before we step into the party, we have this routine of having to lick and suck on a black vibrating dildo. When the dildo is sufficiently slick, we slide them up our arse.” Sam nearly choked on his scotch at this mental picture.

“Go on,” ordered Sam.

“Once inserted, the vibration switch is turned on and pull up our panties, which are very tight to hold the dildo in place. You know that our uniform shoes have locks on them, don't you?” asked Debbie.

Sam shook his head no, he was approaching mental sensory overload.

Debbie went on, “Well, our shoes are locked on our feet, so we can't take our stockings off. So, there we are, dressed in a very sexy nighty, very high heels, thigh high nylons, waist nipper corset and with a vibrating dildo squirming about up our bum. Then, we're required to put this light steel collar around our necks and clip them together with a short chain and we also clip the bottom front of our corsets together. Do you get the picture?”

Did Sam ever get the picture, two sissies, locked in chastity tubes, chained together, facing each other dressed in sexy nighties and perfumed all the while being tormented by a vibrating dildo parked up their asses. "How do you get into bed?"

"Oh, we kind of hop around in unison and fall into bed. We usually kiss a lot and press our bodies together until we fall asleep," said Debbie, "and we try to hold the dildo against our prostate gland long enough to get a nice squirt into our panties. It's not as good as being jacked off but, it can take the edge off."

"Let's get you dressed and go to dinner," said an astonished Sam.

The restaurant was a great in more ways than one. The various sissy costumes as in the hotel bar earlier, were staid compared to the menagerie in the restaurant. Again, all of the sissies were identifiable by the Barbie blonde and style worn by them. Knowing that they were all males, Sam had come to the conclusion that all of the sissies were wearing wigs. Sam asked Debbie about this and confirmed that when the new maids arrived, they were nearly shorn of all body hair, except the eyebrows. The Barbie wigs were attached with an adhesive that was apparently, permanent. Debbie went on to describe the first time she had her anal opening area shaved. Sam was beginning to understand the CIA's interest in the mind control process that the hotel employed. To Debbie, the scene in the restaurant was normal, school girls, cheer leaders, ballet dancers, Las Vegas showgirls and on and on filled the place.

As Debbie relaxed, especially following her marathon of getting her pud pulled, she became quite the chatterbox. Sam learned that the maids were actually volunteers, recruited by somewhat misleading ads looking for transvestites to holiday in drag at the hotel. Judging by the fear that Debbie displayed, physical discipline was the norm for the maids and Sam wondered why there weren't numerous escape attempts. Debbie told him that she and her then bed mate did, over a year ago. The problem with escape, she confided was that the maids, even when dressed in normal feminine street attire had no money, identification or transportation to leave the hotel. She went on to say that she and her friend had turned themselves in and returned to the hotel. She concluded with her punishment for escape was six paddles on the butt and two weeks without a date, and that being forbidden to date was the worst part of her punishment.

Sam thought about what Debbie described about her self thwarted escape and began to admire the hotel's psychologist even more. They had reduced the maids to having one goal in life, being freed of their chastity and brought to orgasm. In fact, despite having orgasmed several times in past two hours, Debbie was propositioning for more with body language even while she ate. Sam also came to the realization that the technique used on the male maids would not work on female maids, they had too many ways of achieving an orgasm. The chastity tube was perfect.

Returning to his suite following dinner, Sam showed Debbie several computer renditions of the missing CIA operative and she immediately said that they were Sally. "Do you know what happened to Sally?" asked Debbie. - "She was called to Ms. Steele's office and when she returned, was dressed in a nice suit with a very short skirt, however and after several minutes for goodbyes was taken away by a cat mistress.

"Who is this Ms. Steele?" asked Sam.

"She is in charge of the hotel," replied Debbie, simply.

Sam understood his next step and that there was nothing more to be done that evening, besides Sally with the very attractive male maid.

"Debbie, there is a nightgown in the bathroom closet, please go and put it on and return to the bedroom," ordered Sam.

Debbie's eyes lit up, "Should I douche, too?" she asked.

"Absolutely," said Sam.

At eleven thirty, Debbie's wonderful, stud enhanced tongue had just finished Sam off for the third time and with two extended bouts with the maids anal canal, Sam was done in. Debbie dressed and kissing Sam asked, "Are we going to go out tomorrow night?"

"How do I arrange that?" questioned Sam.

Debbie gave Sam a four digit telephone extension number that when answered, a female voice asked, "Reservations."

Debbie asked Sam, "What should I wear?"

Sam replied, "Surprise me."

Sam had called the main desk and asked about arranging a meeting with Ms. Steele. The sissy at the desk told him that his request would be forwarded and that he would be notified whether or not his request would be granted. With nothing to do but wait, Sam walked the impressive gardens for a while and then returned to his suite. He had a message waiting him and it was Ms. Steele's office. It was scheduled for lunch with the big boss. Sam called the number left and confirmed the appointment.

Ms. Steele was waiting his arrival and as he sat down at the table and accepted his pre luncheon beverage, Ms. Steele asked how he enjoyed Debbie's company the previous evening. Sam smiled and replied that it was quite satisfactory.

As their food arrived, Ms. Steele came to the point. "What can I do for you, Mr. Toole?"

Sam explained that he was an investigator for internal affairs for the US Department of the Treasury and was a case of possible theft by mail of a former US government employee. Sam went on to explain the disappearance of an intelligence service employee, working at the American Embassy in London.

Me. Steele listened patiently and replied, "This is all very interesting Mr. Toole but, what does this have to do with this establishment?"

"Me. Steele, the FBI has traced Mr. Pines, the missing person to your establishment," lied Sam, "and I am following their information up. We are most interested in the suspected mail thief but, Mr. Pines is of course, of interest to us also. We would appreciate any information that you may have concerning either or both individuals."

"Off the top of my head, I don't recall the names of either of these individuals," replied Ms. Steele, "however, I will consult with my staff to see if either of these men ever registered here."

"I would appreciate all efforts on your part. Me. Steele," said Sam, "There is one more item that might assist you in your search, Mr. Pines, apparently has an alias. He sometimes is referred to as Sally."

Me. Steele physically blanched, "An unusual alias for a male, I must say."

"Not around here, it isn't," said Sam, quietly.

"Are you inferring something, Mr. Toole?" questioned Me. Steele.

"Yes," said Sam bluntly. "Mr. Pines was also an analyst for the CIA, as the United States and Great Britain share a great deal of intelligence information, MI6, may well be interested in Mr. Pines disappearance."

Ms. Steele's mind was working overtime in the oh shit, mode. "Mr. Toole, I shall endeavor to find any evidence that either of the gentlemen you are interested in ever were on our premises."

"I appreciate that, Mr. Steele. "If, without objection, I would like to stay here at the hotel while you conduct your in house invrstigation."

"We will be pleased for any assistance that you may afford us," replied Ms. Steele.

On the way back to her office, Mr. Steele told Mistress Tigress to get that slut maid, Debbie to her office, immediately.

Debbie was standing in front of Mr. Steele's desk in the perfect, required pose of maids in front of their superiors, which happened to be everyone at the hotel. One foot in front of the

other, hands folded in the lap of the petti coated skirt of her uniform and head bowed, awaiting the axe to fall on her slim neck. The storm front that was Ms. Steele's face barked a lightning bolt at her.

"Slut, I want you to tell me every word, every syllable that you said to Sam Toole and he said to you, last night. Mistress Tigress was glowering over the maid as Debbie began her recital.

"Alright, enough. What did he tell you about himself?" snapped Me. Steele.

"Nothing, Mr. Steele and maids are trained not to ask," whimpered Debbie.

"You can go, slut." Said a despairing Ms. Steele. "Wait, you have a date with Mr. Toole tonight and I want you to be at your best and discreetly, if that's possible, find out if he really is an agent of the American Treasury and what did want you wear on this date?"

"Mr. Toole said to surprise him, Mistress," mumbled Debbie.

"Go to the guests wardrobe to pick your outfit, I will be there to see that you do it right," snapped Ms. Steele. "Now, get out."

Mistress Tigress jerked on Debbie's arm and the cowed maid stumbled out of Me. Steele's office. She grabbed the off balance maid by the puffy short sleeves of her uniform and spinning the gurl around to face her, glowered down at Debbie, "You show this Yank sod a good time tonight and forget about curfew, I want you to wake up in the morning with that prick's, prick in your mouth, understand?"

Debbie nodded in both confusion and terror.

Sam was having a light brunch in the hotel bar, observing the coming and going of the staff and trying to imagine a scenario where Pines decides to become Sally. Pines was over six foot tall, thin and angular in build, long face and not seem to be a good candidate to become a maid here at the Hotel. While most of the male maids were taller and a little broader at the shoulders than a typical woman, this Pines fellow would need considerable help to even pass in a cave.

A maid, a black gurl, with the proscribed blonde hair, delivered his fried eggs, bacon and toast to his table and while she placed the meal, glanced at the photograph in front of Sam and asked, "Is that Sally, sir?"

"Yok know this man.....er....Delores," asked Sam as he read the maids name tag.

"Well sir, I know Sally, who was a maid here for a time and that's Sally, dressed as a man," gushed the ever helpful maid.

"Delores, when is the slow period here in the bar?" asked Sam.

Confused by the question, Delores blurted, "Usually between two and four in the afternoon, sir."

"Delores, I am going have you come to my suite at that time and I will have your key," said Sam.

The maids eyes lit up, "Oh Sir, I would like that, I'm very skilled, if I were say so myself." The wagged her studded tongue at Sam and minced off to resume her duties.

Sam saw a cat mistress hovering in a corner, caught the Amazon's eye and waved her over to his table. "Run along and tell Ms. Steele that Mr. Toole wants that maid over there, Delores, delivered to his suite at two PM this afternoon along with her key. The maid can remain in uniform, thank you." The cat mistress glared at the arrogant American but, did as she was told.

The abruptly dismissed Mistress glared at Sam as she turned to obey his order.

At two PM sharp, a rap on Sam's door signaled the arrival of the new piece to his puzzle. The Mistress Cat, with a frown had the eager maid, Delores in hand and handing the gurl's key to Sam, curtly informed him that she would retrieve the maid and the key at four PM. Shoving Delores through the doorway, the Mistress turned and left. Sam, lightly grabbing the maids elbow, turned her around and unzipped the short uniform dress and it almost fluttered to the floor.

"Come along Delores, were going to have some wine and your going to tell me about Sally," said Sam. Guiding the statuesque black girl towards the couch, unclipped her bra and slid her panties down over the gurls stocking clips and onto her thighs. Bend over, sweetie, he commanded and then slid the lubricated butt plug home. The gurls magnificent, silicon enhanced breasts jiggled convincingly as she wiggled her buttocks, seating the plug comfortably.

'What a great place,' thought Sam, 'No foreplay and eager compliance to even the humiliating activities.'

Delores sat on the couch and finished removing her panties and with her thighs slightly parted, inviting Sam to remove the hated tube. Sam, as promised, returned to the couch with stemmed glasses of white wine. Displaying the wrist cuffs, Sam saw the gurl instantly place her hands over her ample chest and Sam secured her to her choker. With the plug humming in her bottom and her imprisoned penis attempting a futile erection, Sam handed Delores a condom packet. The maid, without hesitation, tore open the package and held out the 'rubber Johnny' and then started to put it in her mouth.

"How sweet of you, wanting to install the condom on me but, sweetheart, that's for you. We don't want a lot of sissy tracks on the carpet, do we now?" Sam took the condom from

Delores and going to a knee, unlocked her chastity and allowed the freed member to expand. As Sam rolled the condom over the now erect and although hormone retarded penis, Delores let out a soft moan.

"It's been awhile, had it," commented Sam.

"Three days, Sir," gasped Delores.

With her erection flying proudly, Delores sat up, loosened Sam's trousers and they fell about his ankles, his boxer's followed and Delores engulfed Sam's hardening cock. Sitting back down on the couch with Delores still attached, Sam told her to stop for a minute, take a sip of wine. Complying, Delores anxiously faced Sam, awaiting further instruction.

"Gurl, this is how It's going to work," said Sam, "You are going to work my wanger with all your formidable skill while I stroke that impressive clitty of yours and ask you a few questions. If I like the answers, I will continue stroking, if not, I will stop. You will continue sucking and when you give me a better answer that I like, I will start stroking again. Do you understand?"

Delores's head bobbed in affirmative .

With Delores working expertly, Sam took another sip of wine and asked the maid, "You met Sally here at the Hotel, correct?"

Delores bobbed faster for a second or two. Sam felt Delores' body stiffen for a second and the gurl spurted into the condom.

"My, my gurl, you have been ignored." Laughed Sam. "Now, was Sally the bed mate of the maid Debbie, when you first met her?" Delores bobbed her head faster. Sam felt the black maids cock recover as he lightly stroked it. The faint hum of the vibrator confirmed the devices assistance in the interrogation.

"To your knowledge, was Sally surgically enhanced while she was here at the Hotel?" asked Sam.

Delores stopped working and lifted her head. "Yes Sir, she got boobs, a bigger butt, chin reduction, Adams apple shave, larynx tightened, tongue stud, brow ridges shaved, nose job and of course, her ears pierced. Then again, everybody has some surgical enhancement" Delores stroked her boobs with her cuffed hands.

Sam told Delores to take another sip if wine and with his hand on the back of the gurls head, guided it back to work. "Did all of this surgery make Sally more feminine in appearance," he asked. Delores' head went into high gear and Sam suddenly erupted into the maids mouth. Waiting for Delores to clean his member with her gifted tongue, Sam processed this information.

Pulling Delores from her duties and manipulating another emission from the maid, asked her, "Was Sally sold?"

"Yes," said Delores, "To an American, I think. Debbie might know, she was Sally's bed mate, I think."

"Put your undies on and come over by the desk," ordered Sam.

Sam watched Delores dress, with a great deal of admiration. 'Nothing like a well built blonde black gurl with a knockout British accent', thought Sam. With Delores in her panties and bra along with the stuff that was locked on, Sam opened his laptop and brought up Sally's picture in the Photoshop program. Delores moved Sam out of the way and took over the keyboard and Sally's appearance began to change on the screen.

After several minutes, Delores stopped, turned to Sam and said, "That's Sally, today."

"Wow," muttered Sam. "I would have walked by her with hard on."

"They do good work here," said Delores, dryly.

"How did you end up here, gurl?" asked Sam.

Delores laughed, "I was a computer programmer and my now ex girlfriend decided to dump me and abscond with my bank account, car and paid for townhouse. She had acquired a sixteen year old pretty, boy toy who happened to excel in chemistry. I was dosed with a compliance drug, one that acts like hypnosis, where you follow commands and was dropped off at the servants entrance to the Hotel. I happened to the right build and size they were looking for and in a week the drug was beginning to wear off but, I had already spent several nights trussed up to another femboy, with a vibrating dildo stuck up my ass, a blonde wig that I couldn't remove, locked into corset and high heels and after a morning of protesting, and two dozen welts on my pristine black ass, suddenly became fond of my morning enema.

Sam stared at the gurl, "What the fuck goes on around here?"

Delores laughed, "You're asking that and for the last hour I've been sucking your cock and you've been jacking me off?"

Delores went on with her story, "Most of the maids were closet transvestites or gay or both. The majority answered a somewhat misleading advertisement and ended up in service here. They have a ritual that usually terminates previous relationships. It's called 'the point' and it involves the new maid being masturbated by former wife's or girlfriend's new boyfriend while dressed in a costume of the ex's choosing. So being jacked off by another man while your ex-wife looks on usually does it ending a marriage. After that, sucking cocks and licking cunts is no big deal. By the way, I haven't been screwed in three days, would you mind fucking me before I have to back to work. I'm all greased and ready to go?"

Sam just shook his head and replied, "Alright sweetie, assume the position."

After Delores was collected by a cat mistress, Sam made a photo paper copy of Sally's new appearance. He then showered and had two beers while awaiting Debbie's arrival. When Debbie walked into his suite, Sam was flabbergasted as the sissy was wearing a nice thigh length, silk LBD with gold lace trim and some very expensive accessories. You could have taken this gurl anywhere. Mistress Jaguar before handing Debbie over told Sam that Debbie had no curfew for the evening and that cat mistress would pick her up in the morning.

Sam offered Debbie a wine before they left for dinner and he pulled the photo copy of Delores' rendition of Sally and showed it to Debbie. Looking at the photo, Debbie confirmed that it was indeed, Sally. Asking Debbie why Ms. Steele would lie about Sally being at the hotel, Debbie replied, "Sir, they beat me but, rarely consult me." An answer that gave Sam another insight into this repressive house of delights.

Sam then asked Debbie if she knew where Sally was taken? Debbie shook her head and said, "All I heard was that she was sold to an American."

Debbie then changed the subject and asked Sam, "You say that Delores made this picture of Sally?" Sam nodded. Debbie then asked, "Did you screw her?" Again Sam nodded. "I am surprised that you got her key, she was on a two week no dating suspension for arguing with a cat mistress."

That peaked Sam's interest, "Is that a common punishment here?"

Debbie face went downcast, "That and a good beating to accompany it."

Sam made a decision.

The next morning, Sam showered with Debbie after she douched, giving her a memento placed deep into her rectum. After the gurl left, Sam called the main desk and asked for an audience with Ms. Steele. He stood in Ms. Steelers office with Mistress Tigress also present.

"I have a computer generated image for you to look at," said Sam. "This is a revised rendition of our Mr. Pines after your surgical team made some rather impressive modifications."

Handing the unretouched photo of Mr. Pines, Sam followed with Delores' modifications. Me. Steele merely said, "I am informed by my staff that a sissy of this Mr. Pines general body size was hired by us. This gurl in the photo bears little or no resemblance to your Mr. Pines."

Sam, not one to be put off by blatant bullshit countered, "I understand that the gurl in the computer image was sold. Are you in the human trafficking business?"

Mistress Tigress moved more to the back of Sam.

Sam, seeing the reflection of Mistress Tigress in the glass of a framed painting on the wall behind Ms. Steele and suddenly moved to his left and ducked. Mistress Tigress sweeping leg kick just missed Sam's head. Expertly balanced, Sam lunged at the cat mistress and took her off balance legs out from under her. Quickly, Sam straddled the now face down Amazon and quickly cuffed her hands behind her back with her own handcuffs. Kneeling on the impressive woman's calves, Sam looked at the stunned Ms. Steele and confessed, "I lied to you, babe. I'm actually with the CIA and I have a proposition for you. Langley would be very interested in your operation here but, I need some samples to show them. So, I propose that you tell me all you know about the American that purchased our Sally and you also loan me two samples of your handiwork, of my choice and I and the Agency will forget about your none hospitality activities."

Ms. Steele snarled, "You realize that we get at least a hundred thousand dollars American for our trained maids and you will never get out of here alive."

Sam laughed, "I hope your backup is better than sweet cheeks here and besides, I signaled a strike team of SAS troops standing by not three miles from here to kick ass and take names if I don't send a recall signal within, let's see. Five minutes."

Steele replied icily, "Your bluffing we closely monitor all electronic transmissions emanating from the Hotel and none out of the ordinary have been intercepted."

Laughing again, Sam asked Steele, "My dear Madam and the moniker fits you, just who do you think you are dealing with?"

All of the time that the conversation was taking place, Sam had his right hand between Mistress Tigress' thighs, massaging her clitoris through her skin tight thin leather cat suit. The Amazon was beginning to involuntarily respond. Sam imperceptibly rubbed his shoe heels together, sending a signal to the waiting SAS team.

"In five minutes, perhaps less, four black helicopters will be hovering over the Hotel. If they don't get a recall signal, the repelling ropes will descend from the choppers and the show will begin. I have a few minutes to wait and Ms. Tigress is just getting warmed up. In fact, I may just take her along, for demonstration and recreational purposes."-

Calling Toole's bluff, Ms. Steele stood pat. Until the unmistakable sound of helicopters churning the atmosphere became evident. A minute later, Steele could plainly see four black helicopters hovering over the Hotel gardens. Steele raised her hands in surrender. Sam lifted the now withering Amazon to her feet and frog marched the woman over to Steele's desk. Bending the hapless mistress over the desk, hand still working between her thighs, listed his demands.

Steele looking the now orgasming Tigress, "You may as take that one with you too, after what I've seen, she's worthless to me."

Debbie was on housekeeping duty and was summoned by Mistress Puma and taken to the guests boutique and found Delores already there. They were told to pick out travelling suits and two days worth of changes, accessories, underwear, shoes, stockings and whatever they felt that they would need for trip. A few minutes later, Mistress Tigress was brought into the boutique by Mistress Jaguar, still handcuffed and she was ordered to do the same. Two hours later, the three freshly outfitted ladies and were to meet with Sam in the hotel bar. The now refurbished maids asked the former Mistress Tigress now simply Lorraine, "What happened?"

Lorraine, prime in her light blue suit, although unused to the rather brief hemline, described her extremely brief altercation with Sam. Determined not to leave anything out, Lorraine told the former maids about the hand job Sam dealt her. Then came the piece de la résistance, "That ass hole, Toole pulled me off of the desk and forcing me to my knees, pinched my nostrils together and when I opened my mouth to breathe, stuck his cock in my mouth, right in front of Steele and Jaguar. The prick came in my mouth and forced me swallow his cum. I've never been so embarrassed in my life. Steele shaking her head and Jaguar laughing."

"Welcome to the club," said Delores dryly.

Sam came into the bar and asked, "Well ladies, are we catching up on old times?" Debbie and Delores began laughing hysterically.

The girls luggage was piled at the entrance, where a very hard looking man, driving a large, black van was loading the bags into the van. The doorman kept a respectful distance.

After two rounds of cocktails in the bar, Sam ushered the two smartly dressed blondes, a salt and pepper pair along with a quite attractive and strangely demure brunette to the van. Sam, opened the passenger side door, stuck his head in and looking at the women said, "I'll meet you girls at the hotel in London. Tomorrow, we take a military flight to Washington. There are beverages in the hamper. Have a safe drive. "By the way, it's a late flight and we can sleep in." As the van pulled away, Sam fingered the two thin chains with the tiny keys. 'If I could only figure a way to lock the Lorraine girl up,' he thought as the van disappeared down the very narrow lane.

END
