

Resentment

I remember the first time I saw him. I desired him. He stood a foot taller than anyone else in the class. His skin was like powdered snow and his blonde hair caught the light so beautifully. But what they say about blondes seemed to be true. He couldn't speak a word of Chinese. As he introduced himself to the class he was met with blank stares. His name was Bo and he had arrived from South Africa. His father had been offered a job in Chengdu and so he had moved here and was planning to study in my school. I was captivated by this beautiful idiot.

As he sat down I leaned over and introduced myself.

"I'm Dai Lu. Welcome to Chengdu."

My hand waited in mid air for him to shake.

"Whatever" he muttered into his neck, refusing the handshake.

My face flushed red with embarrassment and anger. Such an arrogant jerk. Blessed with such beauty. The girls around me snickered at my rejection as I put my head between my hands and covered my face.



School Life

I refused to speak to Bo after that. I delighted in his inability to communicate with his fellow students. I had offered him a kind hand, and he had rejected one of the small handful of English speakers in the school. Others would practice with him, particularly girls, but the conversation was shallow and broken. I would often smile to myself as I saw him sitting alone. I imagined him sad and isolated in this foreign land. I looked at his increasingly skinny frame and imagined him unable to eat the local food. I looked at his growing hair and imagined him unable to even instruct a hairdresser. It brought me great joy.

The truth was probably far more banal. From time to time I caught his arrogant smile or suave walk and was pained by the idea he was likely just exercising and changing up his style. Those times annoyed me deeply. This arrogant, beautiful man. This man who had not only rejected me, but done so in front of everyone else. I was sure no-one else remembered, but I did, and I wanted to see him suffer and fail.



Graduation

Graduation was such a proud day for me. I was valedictorian. All my years of focused study and hard work were rewarded. I would soon go to Southwest University of Politics and Law to study my law degree, but for now I could enjoy the spotlight. I gave my speech on the importance of a strong moral foundation and virtue in study. I was met with strong applause and the smiling faces of my parents. They didn't say a thing, but I could tell they were proud. It was a truly wonderful moment.

A truly wonderful moment ruined by him. As I saw him take to the stage to collect his graduation certificate my heart pulled itself into knots. He had graduated bottom of the class, yet still strode across the stage like he owned it. Like nothing mattered. His charming smile, clear skin and long blonde hair taunting me. He didn't even show respect for the event. He strolled across the stage in a t shirt and jeans. Typical. So smug. So arrogant.

I caught myself glaring angrily at him across stage. I tried to reset myself and calm. This is the last time I'd ever have to see him. He would soon be out of my life.

My stomach dropped a little at the thought. Why was I not happier that he was leaving? It didn't matter. He was leaving. That was enough.



A new start

Settling into university was a challenge. I had to move from my parent's house in Chengdu to Chongqing. The dormitory was pleasant, but I was slow to make friends. Between my increased study load, extra-curricular activities and needing to learn to fend for myself, I had little time for social activities. My one moment of peace was meditation. It wasn't taken seriously as an extra-curricular by most of the students, but I found it helped me to keep my negativity at bay. Time to reflect on myself allowed me insight to see how obsessive I was becoming of such trivial things.

One afternoon as I sat in the quadrangle meditating my thoughts were interrupted. My stomach felt weak and my heart began to beat fast. Something threatening was lurking nearby, I could sense it. I opened my eyes suddenly, prepared to dart. Then I saw it, something worse than the tiger I had imagined.

Bo.

Standing there in his dress shirt with his thick, beautiful, long, blonde hair cascading about his broad shoulders.

He strolled so casually, so arrogantly to the instructor.

“Is this meditation?” he asked in English.

I smiled as the instructor could not understand him.

The instructor asked me to translate. I felt furious. Now I had to help this arrogant fool? He was meant to be out of my life.

I obediently translated, trying to keep the resentment from my voice. I failed, as with each exchange between Bo and the instructor I became more and more hate-filled and angry.

I nearly yelled at him as he finalised enrolment in the group. My face had become hot and red.

“Thanks” he added at the end “it’s Dai Lu right? I went to school with you”

I glared back at him not saying a word.

“Laoshi Dai Lu to you” I snapped back.

“Teacher? Is that what it means?” he questioned

“Master. If you want my help translating you accept your place as a junior in this club and address me as master”

“Oh. Ok. Sure thing laoshi Dai Lu”

I sneered at his pronunciation and went back to meditating. I couldn’t focus at all.



Meditation

My life lost its centre after that day. The meditation that once helped keep me calm and focused became a point of constant frustration. The fact this smug man had intruded on my meditation was bad enough. The fact that I had to act as his translator was intolerable.

His behaviour aggravated me even more. He was so smug. He started wearing traditional Chinese outfits to meditate. He probably hated Chinese culture. Who did he think he was wearing those outfits? Besides, he looked stupid in them. I gossiped and complained to all of the other members of the group. Few were supportive.

The fact they all took his side and failed to see the justifiable cause of my aggravation further isolated me from the group, which further isolated me from my meditation. My sessions became less frequent. The sessions I did attend were spent ruminating on my hatred for this man. My only joy was a very small group who had taken a dislike to this outsider.

I smiled with delight every time I heard someone complain “he doesn’t even speak the language” or “is he stupid? He’s lived here for 3 years and can’t even communicate”.

Then, one day I heard something that changed my whole perspective. One of the girls giggling behind me commented to her friend “Look at Bo. He has a girl’s name and in that outfit he looks like a girl too”. The whole group around her started snickering. I caught a glimpse of Bo’s eyes and I imagined I could see how pained he was that everyone was laughing at him. I knew what I had to do.



Plan

I met Bo outside on his way to meditation.

“Bo” I said harshly.

“Laoshi Dai Lu” he responded humbly. He must be up to something.

“Your meditation is lacking. I have been watching you. You aren’t doing it properly” I snapped.

“I have been feeling a lot more relaxed, but I’m happy for your suggestions...” he barely finished before I cut him off.

“Shut up stupid”

“Look, there’s no need to...” I cut him off again.

“You want me to translate? Do you? You want more from me you pervert? I’ve seen your eyes on me! Shut up! If you want me to translate for you and to stay a member of the club you better listen to me” I was feeling so powerful and firm.

“I wasn’t looking...”

I burned red with anger and stared angrily until he stopped talking.

“What do you want?” he asked.

“You listen to me. You do exactly as I say during meditation. Understand?”

“Yes Laoshi” he responded humbly once again. I felt a surge of power over him and I liked it. Like I had tamed this smug and conceited man. All his smug superiority. His beautiful blonde hair. He was reduced to obeying me.

“Good. You greet me like this from now on” I held my hands in a prayer motion and instructed him to say “I am here to serve you master”. He obediently followed.

“Now get down and kiss my feet stupid”

He looked hesitantly at me for a brief moment. “No. I won’t do that.”

“Then no more translation! Good luck idiot” I stormed off angry. I had overplayed my hand.



A friend in need

The following days Bo continued to greet me as I had instructed, but I refused to respond. I was angry again. My plan to humiliate him had failed. Someone with less resentment may have been able to tolerate him long enough to humiliate him, but I couldn't hold my tongue around this arrogant man. I hated him. I wanted him to suffer. I wanted him to kiss my feet.

After several weeks he approached the instructor of the meditation class with a problem. After several and long frustrated attempts to communicate the instructor called me over. She asked me to translate. I refused.

"Please laoshi" he pleaded.

I smiled. He was so weak. So insignificant.

"Beg me" I demanded.

He pleaded with his words, burning red with embarrassment.

"You know what you have to do" I said, pointing at my feet.

“Please laoshi. I really just need you to help me with this one conversation”.

I glared angrily.

“If you want anything translated ever again, or to talk to me again, kiss my feet”.

He stood hesitantly with an angry look on his face for what felt like minutes. I smiled broadly as I noticed him starting to kneel down. The meditation students all started to murmur excitedly trying to understand what was happening as he lowered himself to my feet. As he kissed my feet with his beautiful lips I hardly heard the murmurs and shocked laughter of the class above the beating in my chest. I could hardly speak. The rush of power. My knees began to feel weak and I lost my sense of vision. I was looking but saw nothing. My panties became wet and my arms shook. I tried to regain composure as I saw him standing again face to face with me.

“Good. Now you know your place niangniang qiang” I tried to say it firmly, but my voice wobbled ever so slightly as I spoke.

I went to the instructor and dutifully translated his requests. He needed a month off as he was returning home to South Africa. I felt bitterly disappointed.



Waiting

The weeks went by so slowly. I couldn't forget the sheer thrill of making Bo kiss my feet. Nothing in the world compared to it. As soon as I had it, I lost it. I looked at every man I came across and imagined him kissing my feet. It didn't even begin to feel the same as the idea of Bo kissing my feet. Eventually I tried looking at other women and imagined them kissing my feet. It was closer, but not the same as Bo. Seeing him reduced like that. Seeing him forced to serve me. Seeing that beautiful blonde hair fall around the grass and my foot as those beautiful lips kissed my foot. The joy of knowing everyone around could see how pathetic he was and how powerful I was.

When I finally saw Bo again I lost myself. I ran over to him and grabbed his shirt roughly.

"About time, stupid" I said angrily, more like a child having a tantrum than a powerful woman.

"Hi laoshi" he said, holding his hands in the greeting I showed him.

I glared

"I am here to serve you master" he added in broken Chinese.

"Are you really?" I responded, crossing my arms across my chest.

"Um.. yes?" his answer was more of a question than a statement.

"Then come with me"

I grabbed his hand and led him to a private area at the side of the politics building. My heart raced as I felt his hand against mine. Soon I would put him in his place again.

I sat on a small brick retaining wall and instructed him to sit in front of me on the grass.

"Now kiss my feet again" I was firm and resolved

"Why do I have to..." I cut him off

"Shut up. You want me to translate, you're my niangniang qiang"

He didn't know what it meant, but he knew he had little choice. He needed me for a lot more than translating for meditation. If he could get me to translate he could finally start accessing services and understanding classes. He slowly bowed his head and kissed my feet.

"Again" I shouted.

He kissed my feet repeatedly.

"Higher" I demanded.

His kisses moved up my ankles to my calves. I felt his soft blonde hair around my bare legs. My heart pounded. My vagina became wetter than I could ever recall it having been before.

"Higher" I demanded again, this time a little breathless.

He began kissing my thighs. I grabbed his beautiful blonde hair and forced his face into my inner thigh. I wanted to humiliate him. I wanted him to know his place. I moaned softly as he kissed my inner thighs. I wound his long hair around my fist before forcing his face into my wet panties.

"Kiss it" I growled.

A bolt of lightning passed through me as I felt his lips pushing up against my wet panties and gently kissing me through the fabric.

I threw his head back and released his hair. He was completely red in the face and his hair was wild and dishevelled. The look suited him. I slowly bit my bottom lip.

“You like the smell of my pussy?” I demanded.

He nodded, red in the face. It looked genuine.

I sat silent. I wanted to say something powerful. I wanted to humiliate him further. I wanted to make him more dependent on me. But my mind was blank. Nothing came out. I simply stood up and walked away.

He scurried after me to meditation class like a little puppy.



Connection

After that, I began spending a lot more time with Bo. He was so pathetic, barely able to speak a word of Chinese after all these years. He wanted me to translate everything. He needed me. The more I translated the more control I had over him. It should have been thrilling.

The thrill however, did not remain consistent. I still absolutely relished the opportunity to make him kiss my feet, particularly in public where others could see him. I specifically relished the moments when I would grab his long soft hair and thrust his beautiful face into my moist panties and make him kiss me and lick my thighs. But something wasn't quite right. He seemed to be growing comfortable with his lowly status. He started talking to me affectionately and trying to hold my hand. I was sure he was playing games.

I refused to allow myself to succumb to any of his weak tricks of affection. I exercised my power. He needed translation, and now I controlled what he ate, who he talked to and what he did for leisure. I forced him to spend all his spare moments with me, restricted his food and translated for him in the most embarrassing way possible. I took control of his grooming. When he wanted to go to the hairdressers to trim his hair I refused to translate, instead insisting he continue to grow it out so that he could look more like the beautiful creature I wanted him to be.



Of course, people began to talk and gossip. People would ask me about my relationship with Bo. I felt enraged. There was no relationship. He just needed me, and I was reminding him of that. He was useless and had to honour me for helping him. I told them all that he was a rude and arrogant man, and that I was showing him our cultural superiority. A very small handful agreed. Most told me I was sick and perverted. I didn't need their approval anyway.

As I became increasingly bold in publicly humiliating Bo, my grades began to slide. I was spending so much time degrading him and exciting myself that I could barely focus on my studies. This was probably what he had planned. But I had my own plan to solve it.

Belonging

"Put this on, idiot"

I threw the collar down on the bed.

Bo looked hesitantly and looked back at me.

"Dai Lu..." I slapped him hard across his face.

"Laoshi! Don't use my name" I snapped.

How dare this worthless fool speak to me as though he were my friend. I watched expectantly as he picked up the collar and fumbled about trying to secure it about his neck.

"Idiot! Here!" I grabbed the collar and pulled it tight around his neck, securing it just short of choking him.

I then attached a leash and pulled on it.

"You're going for a walk now"

His eyes widened in horror but no protest came as I dragged him outside by the leash.

Just about every person in the university stared shocked before trying to divert their gaze as they saw me leading this pathetic arrogant man through the university. I dragged him back to the quiet spot where he had first kissed my wet panties.

"Kiss me. Now." I demanded.

He knew the routine, starting at my toes, slowly kissing up my calves and thighs. I grabbed his ever-lengthening hair, but I no longer needed to. He had become so well versed in the routine he automatically began to kiss and lick my inner thigh. His head moved up my skirt, as though about to kiss my panties.

He paused.

"That's right. No panties today loser. Kiss me directly"

I felt his hesitant lips kiss my vagina gently. My whole body shook. I had never been touched there by anyone before. I looked down on his soft white skin and beautiful blonde hair moving gently back and forth as he repeatedly kissed my wet folds.

"Eat me. I'm not removing the collar until I cum" I said quietly but firmly.

I moaned less quietly as his tongue gently made its way between the lips and began to run the length of my pussy. He was slow and amateurish, but gentle. It didn't matter, I had been

degrading him for months and the whole time had been getting hornier and hornier. It didn't take more than two minutes of him exploring my pussy with his tongue before it felt like my stomach was dropping into my groin. My whole body felt like it was swelling. My breathing seemed to stop. My senses became meaningless. My chest beat like a drum as tears streaked from my eyes. Finally all of the pressure released in a wave of cum that pushed out into Bo's mouth. I convulsed in pleasure as his tongue slowed down and slid out of my pussy.

My senses slowly returned and my chest continued to thump. With my ears blocked up I stared down at this arrogant man in a dog collar. He disgusted me. I hated him. I slapped him hard across the face and ran off home, hoping to never see him again.



Becoming Bo

“Laoshi” he pleaded.

He had been following me for two days since the incident and I had ignored him the whole time. He wouldn't give up.

“What did I do wrong laoshi?”

I finally snapped at him

“You disgust me. You’re rude. Arrogant. Smug. Disgusting. You’re ugly. I hate looking at you. Look at how disgusting you are!”

He looked pained. I continued.

“Your hair is a mess. You have body hair everywhere. You stink! Don’t you know how arrogant you look. You don’t fit in here at all! You’re worthless!”

“What do you want me to change?” he asked softly.

I was shocked by his response. Shocked, then angry, then thoughtful. I had become so caught up in humiliating him in public that I had forgot my original plan. I smiled.

“I will give you a list of 5 things. If you do it, you can follow me around again.”

His face became less desperate.

“First, your hair is a mess. You need to brush it properly and style it. Second, you have disgusting body hair everywhere. You need to get rid of it. Third, your nails are disgusting. You need to file them then let them grow longer. I should see white. Fourth, you need to clean your skin better. You need a proper skincare regime. Fifth, you bore me. Go pierce your tongue so that I can feel something next time you eat me”.

Bo looked as though he were about to protest, but decided against it. He nodded in agreement and left.

Some changes came quickly. By the end of the day he was hairless. It was a huge improvement. His soft, milky skin was now clear to see. His beautiful blonde head hair was now brushed and fell straight like a silk waterfall. He had tied to front back with a small band. He had done a rough job, but it was clear he had put in effort. Over the days his efforts would improve.

By the end of the week he had his tongue pierced. He could no longer speak without a lisp. Not that it mattered, there was no one who could understand him, but it did give his little Chinese a soft and feminine edge. It made him sound much more lovely and approachable. Over time his skin began to become even lighter and more porcelain-like. His nails grew longer. All these little things didn’t seem much, but made him look much less disgusting and foreign.

After two weeks, I let him eat me again. And again. And again.



Back to the plan

“What you are doing to him is sick” the girl said to me.

“You don’t know anything. He deserves it. He is so arrogant. I hate him. He deserves to be put in his place”

“You hate him? That’s why you spend all day everyday with him? It’s why you’re always playing with his hair? Why he’s always kissing your feet?” she responded sarcastically

“Shut up! He is a jerk! Yes! I am just putting him in his place!” I stormed off.

I dwelled on the conversation during meditation. Why did everyone think we were a couple? Why would anyone think I respected him as a partner or equal? I was so clear in punishing and humiliating him.

I reflected. It must be his weak nature. Maybe he has fallen in love with me. Maybe part of his weakness is that he has attached himself to me. Perhaps he is confusing his dependence for affection. I could use this.

I found Bo meditating.

“Idiot! Talk to me”

He immediately stopped and came over.

“You like me?” I asked roughly.

“Of course,” he responded confused.

“How do you like me?” I demanded

“I like you the way you are” he responded. I felt so angry at his response. This wasn’t what I meant and he was being manipulative.

“Shut up you stupid bitch. You know what I mean. You like me? You want to have sex with me? This is why you’ve been following me around?”

“Well... yes” Bo responded shyly.

I had planned for this response but never expected it. I stood speechless. He was really that stupid. He had really fallen for me. Me, the person putting him in his place and punishing his arrogance. He could have had any girl in the world with his beautiful looks, but he had fallen to the girl who stood up to him.

“Then sit!” I demanded.

I sat opposite from him and thought.

We sat silently for five minutes while I thought. I stared deeply into his pathetic, beautiful eyes. It was time.

“Prove yourself.”

He began to lower himself to kiss my feet again. I kicked his face with a gentle force.

“Not like that.”

“How?” he asked.

“You need to show everyone your commitment. Come with me.”



Ultimatum

Once the door of the dorm room was closed, I continued.

“Think carefully now you stupid bitch. You agree you can hold my hand and take me to the movies. If you don’t then I no longer talk to you. No translation. No friend. On your own.”

He looked scared as I pulled out a white skirt and white silk vest top.

“You dress like a girl for a week. I choose your outfit. Agree?”

Bo slowly fingered the edges of the skirt. He looked in confusion and horror.

“Why?” he asked.

I slapped him hard across the face again.

“Yes or no!” I demanded.

“I... I don’t know”

I saw the same resolve in his eyes as the first time he refused to kiss my feet. I was pushing too far, too fast. I felt my anger growing again. I acted quickly to try to salvage the situation.

“Take your dress home idiot. If you wear it tomorrow you can hold my hand. If you’re in your stupid clothes then you’re alone.”

With that I bundled up the clothes and shoved them in his arms, before pushing him out the door.

The Relationship

I saw him across the courtyard. I could hear other students laughing. I could see his red face. There he was, like an angel. Bo’s beautiful blonde hair fell straight and clean to his waist. His soft, snow-like skin shone radiant in the sun. His long, hairless, white legs and arms were so slender and gentle. His skirt swished around his knees as he walked. He was looking for me. I stared deeply. My emotions were unclear.

My usual hatred wasn’t coming. My logical mind wanted to delight in the laughter of the other students. Ever since he had been laughed at for looking like a girl I had wanted to repeat that humiliation. Ever since he had rejected my introduction in high school, I had wanted to destroy him. But seeing him now, I almost felt pity for him. No, not pity. I felt a longing for him. I actually wanted to hold his hand. He was so beautiful. I wanted him back between my thighs, but not for humiliation.

“Bo!” I shouted.

“Dai Lu!” he responded softly but excitedly.

I smiled, before remembering I wasn’t allowing him to use my name. I slapped him.

“Laoshi!” I yelled.

“Sorry laoshi...” he muttered.

He got on his knees and kissed my feet.

I gently grabbed his hair and pulled him back to his feet. He looked so gentle and soft and beautiful. Gone was the arrogant man. In its place was this beautiful woman. All his beautiful features with none of his usual detestable nature.

I gently caressed his cheek where I had slapped him.

“You can hold my hand now Bo... bitch” I added hastily, not wanting him to know how quickly I was being softened.

His hand wrapped around mine. His long nails poked gently at the edge of my hand. He didn’t even seem to mind the others laughing at him while he walked hand in hand with me.

“A whole week, ok?” I reminded him, more desperate than demanding.

“A whole week, laoshi” he confirmed.



The Date

“Bo! Niangniang qiang!” I called out.

“What does that mean, laoshi?” he asked, hesitantly

“It means sissy. Because you’re dressed like a sissy and weak like a sissy” I responded smiling.

He looked hurt, not realising that this time I had used it as a compliment.

“Come date me niangniang qiang” I said cheerfully, grabbing his soft hand.

I led him to the movies where we sat down and waited for the cinema to go dark. I played with his long, blonde hair. It was so soft. Dressed this way he was so much better looking. So much more decent. I felt even his attitude was better.

I slowly platted his hair as he watched the movie. After I had secured a fishtail braid with my hairband I ran my hand up and down his smooth, hairless arm. He turned and looked at me.

“You can kiss me niangniang qiang” I whispered.

“Can you not call...” I stopped his protest halfway by grabbing his braid and dragging his face into mine. I shoved my tongue into his mouth and clumsily explored him. My first kiss. With this beautiful, gentle man. My heart warmed and my eyes smiled behind my closed eyelids. I let go of his hair and let him fall back away from my face. I stared at him for a moment before leaning in and kissing him again.

“I like it” I said, placing my hand on his thigh.

I heard him gasping as my hand moved up his inner thigh. I stopped.

“I want you to eat me” I whispered in his ear.

“Here?” he asked, astonished.

“It’s less public than the university” I responded, logically.

My heartbeat grew as he crouched down in the space in front of me and began to kiss up my thighs. Oral from Bo was always exciting in a way, but this was different. Before it was exciting because I had power over this arrogant man. Now it was exciting because I liked him and wanted him. I looked down and saw his long tongue emerge from his mouth. The little silver stud sent shivers down my spine as it rubbed against my moistened pussy.

I could barely contain my moans as he brought me to orgasm. It was not as big as many before, but it meant so much more. It made me feel warm. It made me feel safe. It felt right.

Once the movie ended, I let him out from between my thighs and undid his hair tie. His hair fell in soft waves.

“Thank you bitch” I said gently, my words not at all matching my emotion. I leaned in and kissed him on the lips again. His breath smelled of pussy, and I loved it.

I could barely walk. I had lost myself in the passion and was now aching between the legs. I supported myself on Bo all the way home, where we fell asleep in each other’s arms.



The aftermath

After the first night Bo stopped going home. Each night was spent in my embrace. Our time together was happy. I still refused to let go of my position of power. I still called him degrading names and made him call me master. I still forced him to kiss my feet. But when he did, I looked on him with such tenderness and care.

For that week I looked after him, brushing his beautiful hair, caressing his milky cheeks. I kissed him whenever I was in private. I couldn't keep my hands off him. I began to think of him when he wasn't with me. As he walked to class I would watch his skirt sway against his soft thighs, and see his beautiful bare, white shoulders. Most of all I would watch his beautiful blonde hair dance about his ass as he walked away.

As the week neared the end I felt a terrible dread. I didn't want him to go back to the arrogant, disgusting man he once was. I contemplated talking to him. I contemplated telling him that I needed him to remain as he was, that his soft beauty meant everything to me. I considered being open and honest with him, and possibly myself. I couldn't. What if he rejected me. I needed to take control of the situation.

I went to the store and bought a collection of women's clothes for him. Nothing too obviously effeminate. I wanted him in dresses but decided against it. I got him women's versions of the meditation and traditional casual Chinese clothes he had been wearing. Instead of pants they ended as long open robes. Some had coloured silk motifs. Others had colourful silk midsections. All distinctly feminine, but not so much that I could not justify it to a foolish foreigner who had no appreciation for the culture. If he loved me, he would wear them.

The final day came. He showed no excitement to return to men's clothes. He simply held my hand as I gently kissed his forehead. We slid into the bed together and I wrapped my arms around his skinny chest, gently playing with his nipple. He moaned a little as my other hand squeezed his ass through his skirt.

"I have another condition"

He looked at me with fear and sadness.

"You can wear men's clothes, but I dress you now".

He said nothing, instead placing his head gently on my chest as I stroked his beautiful hair. I was certain he was mine now.



Control

“It’s abusive. You need to stop”

The meditation group had turned on me. I had explained to them that I loved Bo like this but none of them seemed to care or understand.

“You can’t just turn him into a woman because you’re a lesbian.”

I went red with anger.

“I’m not a lesbian!”

I stormed off. Bo understood my love. These people didn’t. They didn’t understand what we had. I needed to make sure I kept Bo. I needed to keep him in his place. His place as my boyfriend.

I waited outside his class and saw him emerge. His hair was parted in the middle, with the top half tied loosely at the back. The remainder trailed beautifully to his ass. He wore a low white cut top with a long heavy traditional red skirt. On a manlier man it would have looked perfectly acceptable. On Bo it made him look perfect. His face wore a sad expression.

I kissed him gently on the lips.

“What’s wrong you dumb bitch?”

It still seemed to pain him when I refused to use his name in favour of insulting terms, but he needed to know his place.

“I’m failing” he said, looking downcast.

I wrapped my arms around him.

“You still have your final exams” I reassured.

“I don’t think I can do it. I barely speak the language.”

“Why do you worry bitch? You should know a dumb niangniang qiang like you can’t have a degree?” I stated my words factually, unaware of how insulting they would be once they came out.

He looked as though he were about to cry.

“You have three months. Study hard. You can stay at my place and I will help you. You just focus on study” I offered, being as supportive as I could imagine being.

“Ok” he said, nodding.

“And if you fail, I will be a lawyer soon. You stay home and look after the house. Be my fulltime boyfriend”

He looked hesitant but resigned. In his eyes there was the slightest indication that he might not mind that future so much after all.



Study

Over the next three months, Bo studied as hard as he could. Which turned out not to be very hard at all. He put in the effort, but without basic literacy, he moved slowly through the books. Every word was an effort.

I was his saving grace. I cooked every meal and took care of all things for him. I hated the idea of serving him, but it was necessary. I quietly mixed a regime of hormones into his food to help keep him docile and increase his soft allure. He would be a much more beautiful man, I thought, if he just had softer features. He would enjoy our time together much more, I thought, if he just had small breasts for me to play with.

His features did soften over the months, and the lack of sunlight made his skin even whiter. It was almost powder white by the time the exams began to roll around.







Exams

Even back in comfortable male clothes for the exams, no one would have guessed that Bo was a man. His thick blonde hair was even more luxurious since the start of the hormones. His chest poked out slightly through his t-shirt. His features were so soft and delicate. If he had been back in South Africa the only people who would have noticed him would be guys checking him out.

Here, he stood out considerably. Not only was he one of the few white students, but his transition from man to sissy had been extremely public. It was a source of constant gossip.

I walked him hand in hand to the exam room and watched him sit down.

I can't wait to play with those tits tonight, I thought to myself.





The Wait

The break between exams and results was the happiest period of my life. Bo and I spent our days meditating and in bed. I loved playing gently with his nipples and hearing him groan. On occasion I would even take them in my mouth and suck on him as he wriggled about the bed moaning like a bitch in heat.

Most of the time he would serve me with his tongue. On rare occasions he summoned the courage to ask if he could make love to me. There was no way I was letting a disgusting penis inside me, so I quickly degraded and dominated him whenever he asked. He soon seemed to learn not to ask. His skill with his hands and tongue was increasing dramatically.

We still meditated together, and the group seemed to simply ignore the fact that Bo was now a beautiful woman. Seeing him on the grass in his white dress with his golden hair made me think of angels. He was so perfectly beautiful and so obedient. He could never leave, he depended on me for too much.





Results

Just as expected, he failed. He cried like the sissy he is when the results came back.

“Cheer up bitch. Look at how well I did” I tried to cheer him up, but he selfishly didn’t seem to care.

I again showed him my straight A’s. He sobbed and felt sorry for himself.

“You can’t even talk. How would you graduate? Just stay home and look after me. I will earn a good income now”

Nothing I said seemed to help.

I stormed off and left him alone to think about his selfishness.

When I returned, I demanded an apology. With tears in his eyes he apologised. I pointed to the ground. He got on all fours and began kissing my feet.

It was hard to stay mad at this beautiful creature while he was kissing my feet. My heart softened.

“Cheer up. I will take care of you my niangniang qiang”

I grabbed his hand and gently lifted him to his feet. Let’s eat.

Another Graduation

Bo didn’t get to graduate so instead he attended mine. He must have been so proud watching me receive my degree.

I was proud of him too. At my insistence he had agreed to get dressed properly for the occasion. He was in a white dress with black heels. Most importantly, I applied light makeup to enhance his beauty. He looked as though he might cry as I applied it, but he didn’t complain at all. He really was becoming the perfect partner.

I shaped his eyebrows and walked out the door with him. I just knew everyone would be jealous of this gorgeous partner. I had my degree, my beautiful partner and a job lined up at a big law firm. I had it all.



New Life

From that day Bo was a kept man. I started working hard for us both. It was a tough workplace and I had to adapt quickly. Bo protested when I cut my hair into a short pixie to look more professional. As punishment I hit him repeatedly on the backside with my hairbrush.

Later he complained about me switching all my clothes to pantsuits and masculine cuts to look more powerful. I threatened to leave him unless he accepted not only that I was wearing the pants now, but that he would have to wear a traditional qipao from now on.

Each day at work I was powerful, doing legal work and flirting with the office girls. I wasn't a lesbian of course, but I could appreciate their beauty and enjoy their company. When I got home my beautiful sissy waited on me, cooking, cleaning and satisfying me with her sexy pierced tongue.



Marriage

One day after work I invited Bo out for dinner. He hadn't left the house for six months and I had plans. I presented him with a beautiful wedding ring and told him I wanted to marry him. He smiled widely, hugged me and agreed without reservation. Over the next six months he planned our wedding, except for his dress. I insisted on taking care of that myself.

He was too ashamed to invite his family, but mine was there. So were our friends from university. Everyone agreed what a beautiful bride he was. His golden hair was tied up with beautiful flowers and fell in loose curls to his waist. He wore a traditional white and red silk Chinese wedding dress, and his red makeup matched perfectly. He looked every bit the perfect housewife as he made his promises and agreed to our eternity together.

That night he hilted up his dress and whispered in my ear "tonight can I finally make love to you?"

I smiled in amusement at the thought.

"You think you can do anything with that thing?" I asked, using my foot to push his limp penis back and forth.

He tried. He kissed me all over my body while playing with himself, but it wouldn't rise.

"You're a housewife now. Know your place" I stared at him while I spoke with cool determination.

He looked down at the floor with sad eyes. He obediently removed the flowers in his hair and tied his curls back in a high ponytail. He dropped to his knees and brought his red painted lips to my pussy. He cried softly as he licked me to orgasm.

"Good girl" I said. He finally knew his place.





Epilogue

My life was blessed from that day. I would like to say I treated Bo well as my housewife and to some degree I did. I always made sure he had enough money for the house, food and to keep himself beautiful. He in turn always had dinner ready and kept the house clean. He was always great arm candy for corporate events, even if he remained too dumb to speak the language.

My wealth and power however afforded me far too many opportunities. I had several affairs with my secretaries and the girls in the office. I'm not a lesbian, but it felt less like cheating if I was doing it with a beautiful girl. Fortunately, my Bo never found out. I would be devastated if I ever broke his heart.



*Bo means 'precious' and is a girl's name in China