

Reigns Manor

Chapter 3 of 4

Sylvia

Megan drifted into my room. Nervous and uncertain, given the expression on her face. But also excited. Her face was flushed with embarrassed arousal.

Everything was going according to plan.

Once Megan was fully inside my bedroom, I closed the door behind her, turned to look the pretty girl in the eye.

"I..." Megan began, she seemed to have trouble making eye-contact with me. Her usual confidence was no-where to be seen. Good. "I was thinking-"

I moved in close, pressed my lips to hers.

I've never been one for talking when it was time to act. And it was most certainly time to act now.

At the sudden, unexpected contact, Megan froze, body going rigidly stiff. For a long few seconds, she didn't know how to react or what to do. And then she relaxed, began kissing me back.

For most, that would have been enough. A pretty girl like Megan - a formerly straight girl - making out with them would have been enough of a victory. But I'm not most, and I don't stop at anything other than absolute victory. Total domination.

I broke the kiss, pushed Megan hard.

She stumbled backwards, the back of her knees hitting the edge of my bed. She fell, landed on my huge bed with a little bounce.

Before the girl could react, I was on top of her, hands on the hem of her t-shirt. I lifted it slowly, savouring every moment, every ounce of Megan's shy awkwardness.

Megan

Sylvia tossed my t-shirt aside, focused all her attention onto my chest - my breasts.

I was wearing a bra, a plain old white thing. Nothing special at all. And yet, from the predatory hunger in Sylvia's eyes, you'd think I was wearing lingerie as sexy as Sylvia herself had on.

My eyes drifted to her breasts again, to the jet-black and mostly transparent bra she wore.

They were big. Bigger than mine, definitely. And full, round and perfect. And those chocolate brown nipples. I wanted to reach out, touch them. Taste them. For the first time in my life, I was looking at another woman and finding the sight appealing. Arousing.

My bra came unclasped, tossed aside like my t-shirt.

Instinctively my hands rose, covered my chest. Why was I acting so lame? I had nice boobs, or so I'd been told. Why did Sylvia looking at them make me feel so embarrassed?

Sylvia placed her hands on my forearms, pried them away from my chest, planted them on either side of my head - pinning them in place with surprising strength.

Her eyes locked onto my breasts, my little pink nipples.

Sylvia smiled to herself, leaned down with an open mouth.

Chris

I climbed out of the pool, wrapped myself in a towel. The air was cold, freezing, but I didn't

mind. Swimming always helped clear my head, always helped me relax. Wore me out too, made it easier to sleep in that room.

It wasn't just the fact that Meg shared the bedroom with me. That was uncomfortable, being so close to the girl you like and not being able to do anything about it. No, there was something else. An odd feeling I got whenever I was in there. It had gotten worse over the last few days, and I still had no idea what the source of it was.

A part of me didn't want to go there. Wanted to get as far away from that room - and from Sylvia herself - as I could.

But Megan liked it here. For some reason.

I couldn't leave. Not unless I wanted to leave her behind.

And that was something I knew I'd never be able to do.

No, I might not like it, but I was stuck here. Taking in the chilly air for a few moments more, I set off in the direction of my and Meg's shared bedroom.

Reigns Manor was huge, but easy enough to navigate once you got used to it. I stopped by the kitchen, grabbed a snack, walked up a flight of stairs, stopped outside the bedroom door. Again, that feeling was there.

I inhaled a deep, calming breath, forced the discomfort from my face - it wouldn't do for Megan to see my grimace - and opened the door, stepped inside.

Meg wasn't there.

Odd. Probably in the bathroom.

I walked over to her bed, sat down on the edge of it, glanced about. Her favourite perfume was on the air, sweet strawberry.

My eyes found themselves on a pile of clothes. A messy pile that I didn't remember being there before I went for my swim. On the top of the pile was a bra. A cute, soft pink bra.

Almost by themselves, my hands reached out, picked it up.

Images of Meg wearing it entered my mind, her flaunting it, teasing me, slowly removing it. A fantasy. I would have given anything to make it a reality.

I lifted the bra, inspected it more closely.

How did women wear them so much? The straps looked tight, not the least bit comfortable. I closed my eyes, imagined what it must be like to wear a bra. For one foolish moment, I was tempted to try Meg's bra on, find out how it felt for myself. All I had on were a pair of swimming trunks and a bathrobe, it wouldn't be difficult...

I shook my head, pushed the thought from my mind.

Where the hell was Meg? What was taking her so long?

Tossing the bra aside, I stood. Walked out of the bedroom. While I didn't much like the idea of talking to the rich bitch, Sylvia might know where Meg was.

Her room, the master bedroom, was a short walk away.

I was just about to knock on the expensive-looking wooden door when a sound from inside stopped me. My heart lurched, a needle of pain shooting through my chest.

It took my mind a moment to catch up with my heart.

The sound was a moan. A sexual moan. A woman's moan.

And it wasn't Sylvia's voice. It was Megan's.

Megan

It was in the early hours of the morning that I finally pulled myself out of Sylvia's bed. She was asleep, naked and glorious. I pulled the blanket over her, crawled across the floor in search of my scattered clothes.

I managed to find everything but the panties I'd been wearing.

Clutching the bundle of clothes, I stepped slowly to the bedroom door, opened it and

slipped through.

Outside Sylvia's room, the air was chilly cold.

There wasn't much light to go by, but somehow I managed to slip on my clothes and began the short walk back to my and Chris' bedroom.

Would he still be awake? Would he ask where I'd been?

What would I tell him?

I'd talked to Chris about my sex life before, of course. He was my best friend, who else was I going to tell? But this was different. New. It felt naughty, like something you're supposed to keep a secret.

Besides, for all I knew, Chris had a crush on Sylvia. I certainly didn't want to be the one to break that dream for him.

Thankfully, he was fast asleep when I entered the bedroom.

Curled up on his bed, unmoving.

I crept past him, climbed into my own bed.

Sleep came quickly.

Sylvia

Last night had been wonderful. Absolutely wonderful. A huge step in my plans for Megan and Chris both. The former had embraced her newfound bisexuality with surprising enthusiasm, a victory in every sense of the word. And Chris, he'd also done far more than I could have hoped for. He'd stood outside my bedroom, listening as I played with the girl he was so obviously in love with.

Another man might have interrupted it, knocked on the door or even barged in. But not Chris. No, he'd simply stood there dumbfounded, eavesdropping. And, when it was all over and done with, he'd walked away heart-broken.

Destroying him was going to be fun. And remaking him would be even more so.

Megan was already mine. Her transformation was well underway.

Soon, she'd be the perfect bedroom toy for me to play with. In the meantime, I'd entertain myself with her secret admirer.

Both of them were at school right now. That was something I'd have to remedy eventually - neither would need a degree or further education with the jobs I had planned for them.

Neither would be home for hours. Which gave me the perfect opportunity to hide some new toys and tools in their room.

Chris

Experimenting. That's all it was. Meg was doing the thing that all girls her age do. Experimenting with her sexuality.

It wasn't anything serious.

I inhaled, tried to calm myself.

Meg had a sex life. Nothing new there. At least this time there wasn't some asshole's dick inside her. Hell, her doing things with another chick was sexy in its own way. It wasn't great, but it was better than the alternative.

Still, I never would have guessed Meg had those kinds of same-sex interests. She'd never so much as hinted at it before.

As I walked into our bedroom, I got that same feeling of unease. Something about this room was off. Sometime, I'd find out exactly what it was. For now, the less time I spent in here, the better.

I quickly changed into trunks and a bathrobe, put on a pair of slippers. And, fast as that, I was out of the room and heading to the manor's swimming pool.

As always, the manor's staff were no-where to be seen. They were here, somewhere. But they avoided me and Meg like the plague.

Odd people. More like zombies than anything else.

Yet another uncomfortable thing about this place.

When I reached the pool, I took off the robe, set it and the slippers aside for later. A few quick stretches to limber up my muscles and I was ready.

Slowly, I lowered myself into the pool.

That's when I noticed her standing there, wearing a black robe and smiling down at me.

Sylvia.

"You certainly swim a lot, don't you?" She asked, moving to sit down beside the pool. The motion caused her robe to flutter, revealing brief glimpses of the string bikini she wore underneath.

I nodded my head. The last thing I wanted to deal with right now was the rich bitch.

"It shows. All that swimming has given you a really slender body. A really feminine body. I'm half-jealous of those hips."

I ignored her, pushed away from the pool's edge.

"I'm considering hiring more help," Sylvia continued, eyes following me as I swam. "A new cleaner. A maid, maybe. And then I thought: 'Why look for help when I have someone who might want a job already here?' So, I was wondering if you were interested. The pay is better than you'll find anywhere else, I can promise you that."

Sylvia

It was by no means a guarantee. He could simply refuse my generous offer. But better to ask anyway. If he accepted the job, great. If not, I'd have to force him into it down the line.

I left Chris to contemplate my offer, walked back inside my manor. Soon enough, I'd break him.

Megan would come see me again tonight. I had no doubts about that. And this time, it would be her doing the brunt of the pleasuring.

And, in a few weeks time, she'd move out of the room with Chris and into mine permanently.

I walked into my office, smiled at the package waiting for me on my desk.

Inside was Chris' cleaning outfit. A French maid costume. And not a cheap one at that. Fine cloths and master craftsmanship, the thing had cost a fortune. But it would be more than worth the price to see Chrissy wearing it.

Long black stockings and a frilly skirt, panties and a bra made to fit Chrissy exactly. A lace headpiece complete with frilly white bow.

I could hardly wait to see it.