

Reigns Manor

Chapter 4 of 4

Sylvia

"I probably shouldn't tell you this," I said, glanced left and right, leaned closer in, lowered my voice to a whisper. "But me and Megan are sort of a thing now."

The pain in Chris' eyes was beautiful to behold. The wince of pain as his heart stuttered in his chest, even as he pretended to be unaffected by my words.

"It just happened, you know?" I continued. "I think she's shy about it all - doesn't want anyone to know she's interested in women. But you're her best friend, if anyone should know, it's you. Especially given how loud she can be..."

I smiled, searched Chris' eyes.

"Well, lets just say you might want to invest in some earbuds or soundproofing."

If he hadn't been so heart-broken, if I hadn't broken him down this far, he might have realised something was off. Since when did I talk to him like I was his friend? Why was I telling him all this stuff in the first place? If not for the chemicals coursing through his body, the messages I'd planted in his subconscious and conditioning I'd given him, Chris might have questioned why I was telling him about me and Megan.

As it was, there were no questions. Just pain and acceptance.

Chris - the suspicious, overly-protective boy - had been eroded away. All that remained was a husk. A broken shell.

"You know," I went on. "Megan likes feminine boys. She told me that nothing is cuter than a girly guy wearing a dress."

And, just like that, the seed was planted.

Megan

This was impossible!

How did anyone ever deal why shyness? How could people possibly function with the constant doubt and uncertainty, all the blushing and not knowing what to say?

Even as a teenager, I'd never been shy.

If I wanted something, I'd go for it. Life was too short to spend twiddling thumbs. While all the other girls waited for the guys they liked to notice them, too cowardly to even go over and talk to them, I was the one asking guys out and enjoying myself. I was the one taking names and making the first moves.

I'd never been shy. Even then, when *everyone* was shy.

So why was I being so stupid now?

What was it about Sylvia that made me so... so... Lame!

Just thinking about her made me blush. How sexy she looked, how alluring and beautiful. Like her lips. Full and red and impossibly tempting. And when she'd used those lips, when she'd crawled between my legs and...

My body trembled, shuddered. An echo of the heat and pleasure of that memory rippling through me.

I looked down at my phone, at my contacts.

Right there was 'Sylvia Reigns', highlighted. One tap was all it'd take to call her, to talk to her. It wasn't even about the sex - as amazing as that was. Just hearing Sylvia's voice made me happy, seeing her smile, even simply being in her presence. That'd be enough for me.

I raised a finger, slowly began lowering it to the 'call' button, froze before my fingertip touched the screen. My finger hung in the air for a second before I pulled it back,

my heart racing.

What was wrong with me? Since when did I act like *this*?

This wasn't me!

I tossed the phone aside, face-planted my bed.

This was *impossible*.

I flailed, began rolling around on the bed, arms and legs swinging randomly. I missed her. I missed Sylvia. I'd seen her just a few hours ago, and I was missing her already.

What the hell was wrong with me?

In the back of my mind, a single, four-letter word flashed.

No, no. I wasn't in love. Couldn't be in love.

On the floor, several feet away from my bed, a faint vibrating sound caught my attention. A soft, musical rhythm.

It took me a moment to realise it was my phone.

I shot up, leapt off my bed and dived for it.

A wave of happiness, pure joy, flooded through me as I answered it, heard her voice through the speakers.

"Come to my room," Sylvia said. "I have a surprise for you."

Sylvia

Watching as Megan came rushing through my bedroom door was very entertaining indeed. The excitement on her face, the way her body moved as she sprinted to where I sat.

So focused on me, it took the girl a few moments to realise I wasn't alone - that Chris was also in my room.

And, once Megan realised Chris was there, once her gaze was drawn from me to him, her eyes bulged and her mouth dropped open at the sight she saw.

Chris - or Chrissy now - was wearing the French Maid outfit I'd had made especially for him. Black corset top and fanned-out black skirt, trimmed and decorated with fluffy white frills. Add to that the black stockings with its white bows, the polished black shoes with their short heels, the white lace tiara resting atop his head, and Chrissy had everything he needed to start his new job as my personal maid.

The black and white bra and thong were, as of right now, hidden from sight. But just knowing they were there - that between his legs right now was a little cock being crushed by a pretty white thong - made me want to laugh with joy.

Red. Chrissy's entire face was bright red. Glowing with embarrassment, adorably feminine.

Unsurprisingly, Megan was stunned silent. Her eyes were huge, body frozen in place. She'd never seen her best friend like this before - not in all the years she'd known him. Her mind had no idea how to process the sight before her.

"Chrissy here has agreed to work for me," I told Megan, snapping her out of her stupor. "I needed a new maid. Doesn't he just look the cutest?"

Megan blinked.

"Uh, yeah," she managed. The submission I'd hammered into her skull shining through - she'd agree with anything I said, do anything I told her to. "Very cute."

Across the room, Chrissy blushed brighter.

Megan

Getting used to Chris in a skirt wasn't easy. I'd seen him wearing nothing but swimming trunks countless times and, even so, seeing him in a skirt - in clothes designed for a woman - was surreal. It was like a dog standing up on two legs and talking perfect English. It's not something I ever thought would happen, or even considered as a possibility.

Did Chris like wearing women's clothes?

Had he ever worn mine?

He'd certainly had plenty of opportunities in the last week. Since Miss Reigns had summoned me to her room and I'd seen him standing there in that maid costume, I hadn't spent a single night in our shared bedroom.

Every night, Sylvia Reigns called me to her bedroom. And, every time, I spent the night.

It was mid-morning right now. Me laying naked on Sylvia's bed while she slept soundly beside me.

Holy hell, she was beautiful.

Jet black hair flowed in beautiful waves down from her head, a sea of darkness framing Sylvia's stunning beauty. Her face was all angles, sharp cheek bones, defined jaw and chin, succulent lips. She had the face of a super-model.

And the body of a goddess.

A wide, full ass attached to a slim waist, toned and athletic body and gravity-defying breasts. Seriously, how was it possible that they were so big, yet there was no sag or strain? They were perky and round and impossibly erotic.

It was a strange feeling being attracted to breasts. Before meeting Sylvia, I'd never seen the appeal. Never been interested in women at all.

Yet now, I couldn't stop thinking about it.

Even as I stared at her, I couldn't help but hope and pray she'd wake up soon so that we could continue last night's activities.

Sylvia

A warm touch, a finger trailing its way up and down my arm. Gentle and loving. My eyes flickered open, took in the sight of my new submissive toy.

Megan was close, eyes on my face, soft smile on her lips.

She didn't stop her slow stroking, didn't look away. She blushed, bit her lip.

"Good morning," she whispered.

As far as being woken up, it wasn't the worst way. Not that I was all too pleased that Megan had decided to bring an end to my resting. I'd have to do something about that - make sure my toy knew not to wake me up again, make certain she knew that I was in charge, that she should wait for me to wake up on my own.

For now, though, I was content in my victory.

Confident Meg was gone. A shadow of a shadow of her former self. This was Submissive Megan. A masterpiece of my secret manipulations - the girl had no idea what I'd done, wasn't suspicious in the slightest. Soon enough, she'd worship the ground I walked on and treat my word as law.

"Hello," I smiled.

Megan leaned in, gave me a light peck.

The girl was infatuated. Adorable.

I reached out a hand, touched her cheek. If she was infatuated, then I might as well play the part. Let her believe that I loved her. It'd make manipulating her that much easier. Not that I needed to make it any easier, I already owned her. She just didn't know it yet.

Her skin was soft, hot. I brushed my fingers down across her cheek, trailed it along her jawline to her chin. Guided her face towards mine.

She thought I was going to kiss her - I could see it in her bright green eyes.

I tilted her head to the side at the last moment, whispered into her ear.

"Lick me," I told her. "Down there. Taste me."

Megan trembled, nodded her head.

She disappeared under the blanket, blonde hair flowing under the covers. The weight on the bed shifted as she moved lower down my body, crawled between my legs, her face between my thighs.

I closed my eyes, let my other senses take charge.

Warmth. A hot, radiating breath brushing my crotch as Megan gently panted. The soft tickling of her hair on my legs, flowing out like a flower. I felt the bed shift again, Megan's face inching closer and closer.

When her lips made contact, I shuddered, spread my legs further apart.

Megan was still very new to eating pussy. Lacking the experience, she made up for it with sheer enthusiasm. She kissed and kissed, lips trailing slowly up until they found themselves kissing my clit, she opened her mouth began to nibble on it, tease it with her sharp teeth.

Electrical shock-waves rippled through my body. Heat and warmth - a stinging, static pleasure.

My legs rose into the air, ended up atop Megan's shoulders.

Her face, led by her tongue, moved towards my opening.

Chris

A feminine gasp, followed immediately my gentle moans. It was hard to hear through the bulky wooden door, but I could just about make it out.

They were at it again.

This time, it sounded like Mistress Sylvia alone. Though, of course, she wasn't alone. If only the Mistress was moaning, then there was only one thing that could be happening.

An image flashed into my mind. Meg, her face buried between Mistress Sylvia's legs.

A lance of pain followed the image. A dagger through my chest.

And then the shame. The agony that was the growing stiffness between my own legs.

Aroused. I was aroused at the idea of Megan with someone else.

My face turned a bright beet red.

The panties I was wearing strained in tight discomfort, squeezed my cock painfully.

I did nothing, didn't move.

I wasn't supposed to move until Mistress Sylvia said so.

All I could do was listen.

Listen as Meg's moans and gasps joined those of the Mistress. Listen as both women reached their peaks, loud and unrestrained.

After a while, all the noise stopped.

A little while longer and the master bedroom door opened.

Meg walked out, barely looked at me. Went to go have her breakfast. I watched her go, heart constricting in my chest.

"Chrissy," an elegant, mocking voice said.

Instantly, my attention was drawn to Mistress Sylvia. She stood there, hair messy, wearing a black robe and nothing else.

"Yes, Mistress?"

My voice sounded weak, pathetic, even to myself.

“My bed has a mess on it, fluids and such. Go clean it up.”

I bowed my head, hid the emotion from my face.

In the corner of my eye, I saw the vicious, victorious smile on Mistress Sylvia's lips. She turned, walked away, swaying her hips as she went to go eat breakfast.