

A **P**erfect **F**it

*An **Adult** Female Domination Experience*

By
Miss Irene Clearmont

FDC

Copyright © 2016. All Rights Reserved

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form without prior written permission from the author.

First Edition

All rights reserved

© 2016 Miss Irene Clearmont

The right of Miss Irene Clearmont to be identified as author of this work has been asserted in accordance with section 77 of the copyright, designs and patents act 1988. This tales of adult, explicit female domination is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

For publisher information contact:

Publisher Website: www.FemDomcave.Com
Publisher Email: editor@femdomcave.com

For author information contact:

Miss Irene Clearmont: www.MissIreneClearmont.com
Email Comments: Irene@MissIreneClearmont.Com

A Perfect Fit

By
Miss Irene Clearmont

Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be.
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Shakespeare Twelfth Night (1.2.65-66)

If you want anything said, ask a man. If you want anything done, ask a woman.
Margaret Thatcher

Men do not come from Mars and women do not come from Venus. Women
come when they want, most men come as they are ordered.

Miss Irene Clearmont

All Change

I can't remember when I first did it.

Dressed up as a slut, that is!

It's not that I felt myself as feminine, or even deviant, it's more that I just loved that thrill. The adventure of the tightness of the skirt, the smooth clasp of stockings and a girdle and the shoes that pinched and made me walk with a sway in my hips.

I never indulged in porn that matched that aberrant pastime. I fucked as a man, worked as a man and never felt an urge to try anything unexpected with any partner, least of all my wife, Belli.

I hid it *all* in the shadows, in moments when I was safe; indulged myself and came to look forward to those special moments alone with my fetish.

I guess now that there was one person who knew, or at least sensed it in me. Klara, my mother-in-law! The woman who hated me for taking her daughter away. Overtly, for the fact that Belli deserved so much better from a husband; privately because she knew that I was more feminine than ever showed on the outside.

Was the only reason that I married Belinda because she was the same size as me? Perhaps. Was it because she was strong and self-willed? Maybe. Was it because she always fucked *me* and never the other way round?

Certainly!

I had it inside, it just needed to be pushed into the open.

Feminine and submissive...

I suppose so.

Fitting

I watched her go.

Stood by the window of our bedroom and watched the car pull from the drive and then hesitate, just a moment, before entering the traffic and disappearing. I dropped the curtain and breathed that little sigh that had become the moment where I just knew that I had to...

The urge could not be dismissed, it had to be satisfied.

That day was no different from every one before, there was no reason to ever think that it was. It was a Tuesday like every seventh day is. It was overcast as it usually is and my wife was off to work in the morning as she always does. I walked across the room and stood before the walk-in wardrobe.

As always there was a thundering in my ears, an excitement that causes shortness of breath, a shivering anticipation and a pit in the stomach.

That is just the expectation sweeping through me!

So many possibilities, who to be today?

I opened the wardrobe wide, creating a play-land that welcomes me like no other. This is not a step into a darkened forest with close trees and a lamp post shining wanly through the snowy gloom. This is a grown up Narnia, a fantasy that never gets past the wardrobe. I place where I can be myself.

The hangers brushed by fingertips.

On the left, ignored and untouched, my pinstripe and denim. Hoodie and dress shirt. On the right, focus of the pathway to my need, silk, crochet, knits and leather. Skirts and dresses. Sequins and lamé, stiff linen and frills. Business suits and heels, accessories and handbags, all ordered by colour, by style and of course by casual and formal.

My wife is a remarkable woman, a woman who is both full of quirks and fantasy and yet at the same time she has a natural strength and sense of order that keeps the bounds of her desires normally in reach and palpable. Her wardrobe reflects this, with suits and smart jackets hanging side by side with outfits that are almost manga and soaked in lace and dripping with Gros-point and white-work.

Belinda is remarkable in so many other ways as well.

A woman who left an expensive girl's boarding school with not a single qualification to her name. A woman who had leaned on mummy and daddy's gifts and spoiling's while she wandered here and there around Europe doing nothing but adding to her tan and sating her taste in bewildered Germans, chastened Italians and shocked Frenchmen. When she returned, Belli knew what she wanted and made sure that daddy gave it to her.

A year in University to complete the Italian degree, two more for the German and then came the master's and all the gowns and robes that go with it. A secondment to the Sorbonne, a tour of Heidelberg. A year in Milan and another in Sheffield, of all places.

Belinda always got what she wanted and for some reason I was on that wish-list. I was swept off my feet by the woman who seemed to have everything and wanted me, a man who had little in the way of prospects and even less in the charm department.

The only fly in the ointment, Klara, the Mamma that never thought that I was good enough for her precious daughter, but who kept her comments snide and whispered, nagging her daughter to make another choice.

But, I love Belli and I was sure that she loved me and that's enough for me.

I worked, I insisted on it, though to be honest it was nothing but a little extra tax to pay on her yearly bill; my thirty thousand was like spitting in the wind and barely paid the accountant who attended to our finances. But, I enjoyed my work, running a small shoe shop in sleepy Weybridge, while she lorded over the Shard offices of a company that organized shipping insurance for those Chinese Internet companies that sell everything from jewellery to phones, lightbulbs and ebony window frames.

So there I was, on the cusp of a future that beckoned with a crooked manicured finger, even though I thought that it was just another day-off Tuesday. I explored by touch, it was always the way. Touching silk here and taffeta there as I decided my poison.

As you will have guessed by now, it was the delicate clothes, the draped silk and its feminine touch that drove me. A need to take on a private persona, become something that twisted me sideways to step into her clothes.

Belinda has a full figure, but tall. Curves that match my size. Everything under my fingers in that wardrobe tempted and would fit, of that I could be sure. From shoes to dresses, skirts to blouses, even the jeans and dessous. I had my favourites, a summer dress here and a tight leather skirt there as well as a few intimate items that caused my breath to stop and my heart to resound in my head.

I needed it, needed it so badly.

I unhooked a dress and held it to the sunlight and decided against. The silk splattered with roses, the low cut décolletage a dream when she wore it. My fingers brushed a pinstripe skirt and I pulled it free. This was one that I had never tried before. I tried to imagine it tight over my thighs, past the knees, hobbling my steps and laid it carefully on the bed while I went to choose a plain silk blouse.

Tuesday was always special, a perfect day to spend an hour preparing me for the hour of self-indulgence that tempted me. In fact, it was the only day that allowed my pastime full rein, the only day when I did not have to work and could be sure that Belli would not return until the early evening after the director's meeting that always lasted until four.

I added a pair of navy blue pumps to the selection and felt the start of the high that was boiling inside me start to rise. As I stripped my real-life persona from myself and dropped my jeans

and T shirt my cock was straight and desperate for attention, but as always, touch not the cat without a glove and I carefully avoided it and held up the skirt.

Narrow and tight, even for my slimmer hips I stepped into it and pulled it to my waist. The skirt rucked over my legs and I slipped it off again. In my head I knew how it should look and somehow it just did not fit my fantasy.

Once again I dived into the wardrobe, this time to find something that would go under the skirt to smooth it over me, round it off and best of all close in on me and hold me tight in its grip. I emerged with so much more than I had intended. A girdle that would stretch from chest to upper thighs and a pair of stockings that just begged to be attached to the girdle's hanging clasps.

It is a rare thing, that I risk the stockings, but the temptation was too great and I just had to... I slipped the cool nylon over my feet, rolled them high and stood to admire the effect.

There is something so gorgeous about stockings. They are there and not there, on legs and yet unnoticeable. They give the skin a gloss that is shudderingly smooth and I just love the way that they always bag and crinkle slightly at the ankles.

As a test I slipped on the shoes and stood admiring the effect.

Next, the girdle.

A formidable tube of tight spandex. Panelled crosswise, an amorphous shape that would take mine and smooth it to perfection. It had no zippers, no fastenings at all so I lifted my arms and slipped it on over my head. It resisted, hugging my shoulders as I struggled and finally kicked off the high heels to allow me a stance that would allow me to wrestle it on.

Twenty minutes?

May be more, but it was worth it!

The result was perfect and I started to wonder why I had never tried this before. The tightness, the smoothness that encapsulated me and attached to the golden brown stocking seams. My erection was masked, trapped by the front that smoothed over my thighs a little and held it down and rubbed deliciously.

Almost to the point...

I stood still. Held my breath and ran my hands from chest to cock, over my rounded ass, feeling how the elastic grip shaped me and moulded me.

Now, of course, the skirt slipped on like a dream. Slithered tightly over the nylon and spandex and fell to the waist with a natural movement. The hem hung just an inch over my knees, showing the shape of my calves and not my rough and unfeminine knees. The light blouse, a flutter of spider silk fell into place and once again I slipped the shoes on and stood admiring myself, turning this way and that and then a full rotation before I decided that the shoes were far too plain.

They might be a woman's choice to fit a sexily demure suit, but they were not the choice of a lustful crossdresser, whose urges had to do with sex and yearning and not fashion and respectable femininity.

I returned to enter Narnia once more and opened a few boxes. Red, black, yellow and grey. Belinda had heels without end. For work, for play and for casual wear, but most had puny three-inch kitten heels that did not speak to me of the arousal that was steadily mounting in me.

At the back, I found a small battered box. With 'Guess' written in large letters on the corrugated lid, I peeped inside. Below the tissue was a startling red, a beacon to my senses. Open toed and with arches that swept from heel to toe to balance on golden spikes that were as thin as a pencil.

Thinner!

I hurried back into the light and flicked off the blue shoes to step into the perfect shoes for my mood. They lifted me, those heels. A full six inches and the feeling was one of sheer power. Balance was not easy, but small steps sufficed. After all, the skirt that I was wearing allowed no more.

I have never been tempted to add make-up to my fetish. All I want are the clothes, that accoutrements added to female clothing are of no interest. No need for a handbag, no wish to put lipstick on my lips. No jewellery, no frippery! Just the hugging clothes that turn me on to the point where I found that each step rubbed the tip of my erection against the nylon of the girdle that was so close to making me spill...

I love Belli in her clothes, I love me in her clothes.

A feeling of closeness, a secret lust to be in her shell and fuck *as* her, and fuck her. That's what drives me to play my private little games. I want to feel how it is, feel myself as the fucked as well as the fucker. I want to savour the closeness even though she is miles away.

Enough trying to rationalise it, I love the feel, I love the risk and I get high on my obsession!

I just loved the tightness of the girdle that clasped me and the smooth legs that the stockings had given me. The heels were difficult to walk in, the angle so high that I almost tripped but the skirt forced me to small steps as I admired myself in the mirror. Imagined fucking myself and ran my hand over the immense erection that struggled to free itself from the girdle and the skirt.

I had to satisfy it and then realised that the tightness of the skirt would not allow me to have the slow wank that I always savoured. I wandered to the window, wondering how I was going to stage-manage the climax of my session, but as I walked the rough surface of the girdle teased me. It was delectable, that friction! A slow rubbing in time with my steps as I walked, so I left the bedroom and walked down the hall to pose for a moment at the head of the stairs.

Each step downward was a stroke, a squeeze that chafed and brought a small gasp to my lips. My cock, pressuring upward against the moving cloth, rubbing and bringing me closer as I carefully placed one stilettoed foot on each step. Just my pacing was bringing me to a climax!

I imagined Belinda in these heels, imagined the tip of her hips as she moved and wondered if she too, was excited by these clothes. The sound of the metal heels on the marble of the hallway floor, the slight slip as I placed each foot and moved to the lounge almost breathless from the stimulation. My hands rubbed the swelling between my thighs through the skirt and almost took me there as I stood with legs a little apart, my feet planted at the widest that the tight skirt would allow as my hands chased the bump of my cock and I knew that I was at that agreeable moment when I was in complete control.

A little more would push me over the edge, a retreat would make the moment last for ever. I could not help myself! I had to come and my fingers closed on myself through the tightly stretched cloth, teasing the tip of me and pushing me over the edge.

All I could hear was my ragged breaths, a thunder in my mind that filled my world as, deep inside, the release materialised and coming was inevitable.

When it happened, it was not like the usual rush, spurts and gushes, it was a slow endless river of come that soaked under my hand, pumping steadily to saturate the skirt. I gasped and stood still, feeling every drop being ejaculated and forced myself to resist the urge to give myself more through the sodden skirt. I just stood, legs a foot apart, gasping with the rush and savoured every nuance of the moment.

Movement!

Through the open door to the hallway, I caught a brief glimpse of Belinda, in my moment of ecstasy she had entered the hallway and now stood open-mouthed staring at the strange figure that stood in the centre of her lounge.

We froze, both taking in the shock, staring at each other like fools before she spoke.

“So, this is what you get up to when I’m not here...” she said.

I did not know what to say, I just tried to cover the spreading wetness at my thighs and looked down at my hands in mortification.

“Well, this is a surprise,” she added as she walked into the room and dropped her handbag on the sofa. “How long has *this* been going on?”

“Forever,” I mumbled in shame.

She nodded her head and strolled around me before coming to a stop facing me at just a foot’s distance.

“They fit quite well,” she said.

I saw her hand lift and a finger came under my chin to lift it to allow her to look into my eyes. I could smell her perfume, almost feel the warmth of her presence and she looked into my eyes and smiled.

“You never said!”

“I did not dare... it’s sort of private,” I mumbled.

“That, I can understand.”

Belli breathed a small laugh, her finger pressing under my jaw, holding my face for her inspection.

“No makeup,” she said. “It would work better with a touch of red and a little blusher...”

I could feel my heart beating so fast that I almost choked on the words.

“I have never...”

Something touched me at my thigh. Her other hand moving over the damp until it pressed against the receding cock.

“I just came back for some papers,” she said. “And, I find you all dressed up in my clothes, wearing my heels and having a nice little wank dressed like the office bitch! What happens next?”

“I’m so sorry,” I managed to say. “I promise that it won’t...”

“Don’t be so silly, Donald,” she said. “Whatever turns you on!”

“Please, I have to get out of these clothes,” I said.

My wife stepped back and looked at me from head to toe. An inspection that embarrassed me even more than the moment when she had suddenly walked into the room.

“Did you really come, just from wearing my clothes?” she asked. “Was that all it took?”

“Sort of...” I confessed.

“A shame that I have to get back to work,” she murmured. Almost under her breath I thought that I heard her say, “mamma was right, you are a little sissy!”

I felt a sense of relief that she was intending to head back to the city and the relief must have showed in her face.

“I’ll be back at seven,” she said. “Then we can discuss this through.”

“Please, don’t be angry,” I said.

“Angry? I’m not angry at all, just a little disappointed that you couldn’t trust me with your girly little secret!”

“It’s something that I’ve always done, I mean, it is a secret I suppose, but it’s something that I’ve never dared tell...”

“Well, I know now, so, as I said, we’ll discuss it when I get home. If this is what you want to be...”

Her hand lifted and moved over the skirt to my waist and her fingers slipped into the waistband and gripped.

“Is that one of my girdles?”

I nodded.

“When I get back, I expect you to have cleaned up all this mess and be waiting for me dressed as you are now,” she said in a tone that suggested that she had made up her mind on something. “You will be waiting for me to return, standing to attention by the door while I decide what is going to happen to the husband that thinks that he’s an office bitch!”

“You want me to dress up for you? When you get back?”

“Exactly as you are now, but don’t you *dare* come again! That’s something that I will decide on,” she said with a sly wink.

I could not look her in the eye and she stepped back and then walked around me again. From behind I felt a slap on my behind and then a pinch that made me jump.

“If you want to be the slut, then you will be treated like it,” she said. “Now then, I have to get back, so you just make sure that you are ready and waiting for when I get home!”

I was still standing, feet apart when the front door slammed and the sound of her car came at it roared into life. My knees were weak, a sweat had started on my back and it took a few minutes before I found that I could move.

The clothes came off in a hurry, they lay in a heap on the floor and I stood naked over them with an uncertainty and tension that I had never felt before. I suppose that I had always known that sooner or later I would be caught out, but now that it had finally happened I wondered at Belli’s attitude.

How she had taken it all too calmly.

I held up the pencil skirt and looked at the drying stain on the front. Then I picked up the blouse and girdle and put them into the washing machine before slumping on a stool in the kitchen in despondency.

Why had I gone downstairs? I asked myself. What foolish thought had entered my brain to take that risk, after all, if she had returned and I had been upstairs, I could have hidden in the bathroom and never been caught!

The washing machine made its way through the wash as I sat, a thousand jumbled and embarrassed thoughts in my head. By the time that the cycle had finished I had managed to bring myself round a little, recovered from my gloom. I set the machine to dry the clothes and set up the ironing board before I realized that I was still naked.

Shoes and stockings I took back to the bedroom and laid on the bed. Did she really want me to dress in her clothes again? I wondered. Had I, in some way, misunderstood? I reviewed her words in my head and decided that that was what she wanted.

At six, everything was prepared.

I stood looking at the clothes almost undecided if I could go through with it. Finally, I dressed again, this time with a completely different feeling in my head. Gone was the excitement of dressing, the luxurious elation as each garment was pulled on and buttoned tight. Now, all I had was a hollow in my stomach and anxiety almost overwhelmed me.

I stood and looked into the full length mirror and suddenly I was no longer excited by the sight. I seemed to look back at myself foolishly, an angular man dressed in clothes that no longer seemed to fit.

What had she said about makeup?

It was something that had occasionally occurred to me, but then I had never been trying to be a woman, just get into the skin of one. I decided that it would please her...

At ten to seven, I was standing as required. Once again, dressed as before, the strange soapy taste of lipstick on my lips and a touch of her perfume casting a feminine aura around me. Now the girdle chafed, my cock hung slack and the stocking tops itched on the hairs of my thighs and legs. This was not my fantasy at all, I decided and almost headed up to the bedroom to get dressed in jeans and T shirt, sneakers and socks.

I took a small step in that direction, hesitating before I finally made up my mind. At that moment, I heard the car in the driveway and knew that it was already too late.

A crunch of gravel under feet.

The key in the door...

I stood straight, stretching the skirt tight as my feet were as wide as they could be and nervously I put my hands behind my back and watched the door open.

Belli glanced at me as she walked in and nodded.

"I was wondering if you would decide to dress for me," she said.

Then another woman walked through the door and I almost felt a shudder as I realized that my wife had brought her mother back home with her to see her husband dressed in her clothes!

Belinda's mother was the most unwelcome sight that I could have imagined at that moment. I had never imagined that Belinda would have brought someone back with her! We had never got on well, I suppose that I had never matched her expectations of a sufficient husband for her daughter. Now that point was proved and the thin lipped smile on her face did not conceal her triumph at being right about her judgement of me.

“I told you, he’s no good for you,” said Klara, my mother-in-law. “What a joke he is, dressed in your clothes! A proper little sissy girl.”

I could feel myself blushing, my face glowed and I stuttered, “It’s not fair...”

“What’s not fair?” asked Belli sweetly slapping my ass with the palm of her hand and pinching me again. “You can’t brush this under the carpet, you like wearing my knickers... you *are* wearing my knickers aren’t you?”

I shook my head and the blushing deepened as Klara started to laugh at my embarrassment.

“No knickers, Donald?” she chuckled.

Her eyes instinctively went down to the dress and she started to laugh when she saw the bump that was starting to push against the pinstripes from underneath.

“Well, you’ve seen it now, Mama,” said my wife. “I told you...”

“I’ll stay for a coffee,” said Klara. “Then I can leave you two to sort out your husband’s little kink on your own!”

Belli nodded and followed her mother into the lounge while I trailed behind hanging my head and wishing that I was somewhere else. The two women sat on the sofa and Belinda said, “Get us both a coffee, darling...”

As I walked out of the lounge into the kitchen, I heard Klara say, “He can’t walk on those heels at all, dear, you’ll have to train him properly!”

I made the coffees, shuddering at the laughter that I could hear from the other room, though what they were laughing about was impossible to hear, even though I was sure that I was the joke!

I carried the tray into the front room to find that Klara was saying, “I told you that he was totally worthless, now it turns out that he is gay as well!”

“I’m not gay,” I said as I put the coffees on the table. “Just because I dressed like this doesn’t make me stop loving Belli!”

“Of course you are,” said Klara definitely. “You have to be, dressed like that! Next thing you’ll be bringing men here...”

I was about to argue, but Belli held up her hand to stop me.

“My mother is entitled to her opinion, Donald,” she said before turning back to Klara. “You’re right, he needs a little help with the heels and the skirt is not tight enough!”

“Well then, let’s have a little fashion show,” said Klara with a grin. “I know that you’ve got loads of stuff that’ll fit him, how about we go upstairs and get a few things for him to give us an exhibition?”

This was the moment, I'll swear, the moment when Belli decided and realised that I would not be able to resist.

A split second of decision where her mind was made up. She looked at me, up and down and then back to her mother. It was if, up until now, she had just been having fun and playing a game. Punishing me with humiliation, teaching me that she was offended by the fact that there was a side of me that I had not let her see. She was at the point of dismissing me, waving me upstairs to get changed back into jeans and T shirt, setting everything back to where it was after the lesson, but a small smile came to her lips and she changed her mind and plunged into making the game last forever.

That decisive moment came, it was analysed, tested and decided, all in a split second and Belinda made her judgement.

"Wait here, dear," said Belli, "stand straight and wait until we get back..."

A look of triumph came into Klara's eyes, a self-satisfied smile that showed that she too had realized that something had changed between man and wife, that she had won a victory and proved her superiority over her daughter's husband.

They left the room, arm in arm, giggling together and I was forced to wait for them to return and humiliate me way past the point of making a point or just making fun of me.

I could hear the laughter, the cries of hilarity from the bedroom and was almost at the point of tears by the time that they both returned, each with an armful of clothes. They laid the clothes over the arms of the sofa, parked the shoes close by on the floor and the humiliation began. I was not allowed to argue, Klara had me where she wanted me, showing Belli that I was just a sissy-husband that she never should have married in the first place as I was ordered to strip off the blouse and skirt by my mother-in-law.

"Please," I begged. "This is beyond a joke now..."

"You'll do as you're told," said Klara in a strict tone. "Your wife wants to see which clothes look the best on you, so strip off the skirt and shut the fuck up!"

Belinda started to giggle as I took off the blouse, revealing the top of the girdle, its empty cups hanging loose. I looked at her for guidance as my hands went to the skirt and her answer was to make a small cutting motion with her hand that was quite clear.

Obey!

I allowed the skirt to drop to the floor, revealing my hard cock that suddenly took on a life of its own and sprang free of the cover of the lower edges of the girdle.

"Well, at least I can see he's sort of a man," said Klara. "Though, why you'd want such a poorly endowed husband, I just can't imagine! Not a suitable man and certainly not a woman. Now then, let's start with this..."

Klara held up a pleated skirt for my hand and watched critically as I stepped into it and pulled it high around my waist, glad that I was allowed to cover up my embarrassment.

“That’s better,” said my mother-in-law, “nice and feminine!”

“A bit too much the school girl,” said my wife with a grin. “He’ll need a matching top!”

Klara pulled a check-patterned blouse from the pile on the arm of the sofa and passed it to me to put on and made me tie the front in a loose knot instead of buttoning it before standing to inspect the result.

“There’s something missing from our little slut,” she said as she warmed to the game. “He needs some boobs...”

Her hands stuffed the cups of the girdle with a T shirt and I felt her sharp nails on my chest as she arranged my new ‘breasts’ the way that she wanted them.

“That’s better,” she said. “Not enough, but it gives the right idea! He needs a pair of big hanging boobs as well...”

They made me walk up and down in front of them, all the while, Klara instructing me how to walk and hold my hands.

“Of course we really need a blonde wig and some nice pink make-up for our little sissy,” said Klara with a wink to Belli that caused another bout of giggling. “If you like I’ll get them for you and we can do this again properly!”

“What’s next?” asked my wife, managing to get her hysterical laughter under control.

“Next we’ll try this,” said Klara with a serious face as she held up a narrow leather skirt. “He makes a nice little schoolgirl, how about we try a more mature look?”

The leather skirt was narrow, tight and moulded over my hips and thighs and I was forced to put on a white blouse and formal jacket while Klara chose a pair of stiletto heeled Oxfords to go with it.

“He’s managed to ladder his stockings,” said Klara disapprovingly, “never mind, I’ll get him a few pairs, so that he doesn’t have to wear yours all the time...”

‘All the time’ was a phrase that made me shiver, it was becoming clear that Klara was so enjoying the humiliation that she was heaping on me that she wanted this to go on forever.

At last I was ready, standing perched on the high heels, one foot before the other, standing prim and correct with just the bump between my thighs showing that I was stimulated by the shame that my mother-in-law was inflicting on me.

“Now, that’s the look that I like,” said Klara as she inspected me. “I think that you should keep him like this all the time...”

“What, dressed like a tart?” said Belli. “I don’t think that I have enough clothes for both of us to use them *all* the time!”

“Well, get him some more, some special ones and throw all the rest out!”

“Belli,” I said. “This is becoming ridiculous...”

“Shh,” said Klara. “We are talking about you, not to you, bitch! Know your place, that’s the first lesson, obey your wife and mother-in-law, that’s the second!”

Belinda looked me up and down and burst into a fit of giggles again, by the time that she had recovered Klara was holding up a pair of her high heeled sandals for me to put on.

“Try to get these on without laddering your stockings further,” she said. “Then I intend to discuss your future with my daughter! You are obviously enjoying yourself,” she added looking at the bump in the skirt with a sly smile.

The shoes were fiddly. Thin straps, tiny buckles that climbed up the ankles. I had problems seating my foot on the insoles and had to bend right over, earning a playful slap on my behind and hand that slipped from my calf to my thigh on the inside of my leg.

“Yes, Belli,” said Klara. “If he wants to wear women’s clothing, then he should wear them all the time. It will teach him his place and make him nice and manageable.”

“He’s got to go out as well,” remarked my wife as she looked at the cross dressed husband that stood with tears in his eyes. “He’s working; you know...”

A sly smile spread over Klara’s face.

“First of all, who’s earning the money here,” she said. “You are! If he threw up that *pathetic* job in a shoe shop, you’d never even notice the difference. Secondly, a dutiful wife stays at home and looks after her partner, make that his role in life! To make sure that you are looked after properly and you’ll see the benefits.”

“There is that, I suppose,” said Belinda. “What would he do all day then?”

I could not believe what I was hearing, Belinda was allowing her mother to totally rearrange our lives and not a word said in opposition! It was time for me to intervene, I decided.

“I’m not giving up my job,” I said forcefully.

“No one asked for your opinion, dear,” said Klara. “You’ve no say at all in the matter! If Belli decides that you can keep working, then I’m sure that she’ll just send you out in your nice frock to that *wretched* shoe shop. I’ve heard that it’s quite acceptable for sissy men to dress as women in public now...”

“Good point,” said my wife with a nod of the head. “All he has to do is to tell everyone that he’s having a sex-change I suppose.”

“There, you see,” said Klara with an evil grin up at me. “maybe you can keep the job... Personally, I think that my daughter is being too generous, but after all, she’s the one who has to make the decision and I can respect that... A sex change, that’s a good idea!”

“I can’t believe that you’re even thinking about this,” I cried to Belinda. “How can I just walk into the shop in a dress?”

“You have to decide if you want to keep working or not,” said Belli with a look to her mother. “She’s right, I’ll decide and you’ll do as you’re told.”

I could feel my eyes fill up with tears.

How had this happened? Most wives would have been shocked to find their husband in a dress and found it so difficult to accept. Mine seemed to be embracing the idea and falling in with her mother’s opinion of me all too easily!

“OK, you make the call,” said Klara to me. “Work or not, but in either case you will have to learn to accept that you are just a silly feminized bitch. After all, it was you that chose!”

There was a sort of logic to her argument, but she was ignoring the fact that my cross dressing was a small private fetish and not something that I wanted to take over my whole life.

“I’m not giving up my job,” I said defiantly.

Klara’s hand lifted and stroked the bump on the leather skirt between my thighs.

“There, you see,” said Klara in sugared tones. “You’ll be an adornment in your shop. The clients will love it and you’ll be able to satisfy your unnatural lust to dress in women’s clothes *all* the time!”

“I can’t do it,” I expostulated.

“Are you saying that you want to stay locked up at home all day?” said Belli as she defended her mother’s point of view. “Better get used to it, darling. If you want to stay in my life, then I would rather that you are honest and admit your degenerate wants than pretend that you’re something that you’re not!”

The tears finally broke from my eyes and streamed to drip from my face.

“If you want something badly, then it’s far better to do it properly than hide and pretend all of the time,” said Klara as though she was being sympathetic to me. “Stop pretending that you are something that you’re not, Donald, and embrace the fact that your wife is fully behind you on this! She knows what’s best for you and soon you’ll be the perfect wife for her!”

“It’s decided,” said my wife. “I want you in a dress all of the time and that’s that! There are going to be a few changes, all for the better, I might add. If you want to stay in my life, then you’d better just knuckle under and realize that what I am forcing you to do is really just what you need and want deep down!”

“She hates me,” I gasped through the tears. “Your mother just hates me...”

“That’s not true,” said Klara, but my wife broke into her words in a harsh tone. “I don’t hate you, I just despise you!”

“My mother just wants what’s best for me,” Klara continued in a grating voice. “What’s best for me is best for you and don’t you forget it! How dare you insult my mother like that? She has always supported us even though she didn’t think that you were an ideal husband for me.

Now all you have to do is this one small thing and you accuse her of being unfair and hating you!”

“It’s true,” I persisted.

“Darling, just *one* more word and you’ll get nothing at all,” said Belinda. “Now, I have to discuss something with my mother in private, so up to the bedroom with you and by the time that we get up there I expect you to have put all your clothes into black bags for disposal because today was the last time that you dress as a man!”

“I’ll take them in the car,” said Klara trying not to keep the triumph from her voice. “There’s a charity shop where I can get rid of them. Somewhere out there, there are *real* men who need proper clothes!”

I started for the door.

“If you don’t like what you’ve become, then I suggest that you leave now and never come back, Don’t forget, you are the one who put on my clothes, you did this!” said my wife in a hard tone. “Make up your mind now. If you go upstairs you will become my sissy-bitch, if you leave then I never want to see you again! The decision is all yours.”

I reached the hallway.

Two paths stretched before me. Out of the door, to who knew what? Up the stairs to a place that beckoned, but was so painful to travel to.

Which was the right way?

I stood indecisive as the two women who had humiliated me sat and watched me through the open door. I stared up the stairs and then to the entrance to the house and the car keys that hung on a hook by the front door.

I took a step and finally, head hanging and tears streaming down my cheeks, I stepped the first step and climbed the stairs to the bedroom.

All Change I

It was easier and more difficult!

Easy to make the decision and pray that Belli would keep me, Difficult to fall into my mother-in-law's clutches and change everything in one fell swoop.

The next few days were like a dream, half nightmare, half daydream that fled before me as the pieces fell into place. Dressing for my job, that part that seemed so impossible was actually the easiest part of it. Of course there were titters behind hands, murmurs and laughter at the way that I turned up at work dressed as a woman. But, the chain of shoe shops for which I worked believed that they had an enlightened policy and made it easy for me to declare that I was becoming a woman. The result being, that I found it easier than I would have ever thought that it would be!

At home, it was a different story.

What I had thought would be easier was actually the real nightmare test of my wife's determination to follow her mother's lead. To start to enjoy the new husband that she was intent on fashioning, as she explored the possibilities and advantages of having a man who was to become nothing more than a maid.

A sissy-maid for her amusement.

Dressing

"I enjoyed that," said Belli to me.

Her hand reached up and hooked a finger into the top of my stocking while the other nails scratched lightly at my thigh. Her hand withdrew and she stretched on the bed like a large cat and sighed with satisfaction and rolled a little to look up at me standing by the bed and a smile played on her lips.

"I think that I really *love* the new you," she continued. "We can make this work you know, mixing your dirty little obsession with a fantasy of mine..."

"What's that?" I asked.

"Oh, I have always fancied getting a little kinky," she purred. "This new honesty between us is just what I need! Mother always said that I was a spoiled child that grew up into a spoiled bitch and maybe she was right. I need to be spoiled, to have someone that looks after my needs and you will fit the bill to a 'T'. Of course there will have to be a few major changes."

I could feel the wetness of my climax dripping down my stockinged thigh. While Belli had slowly frigged herself I had been required to give her a little show, coming at her command with slow strokes while she writhed on the silken sheets in ecstasy.

"Your mother detests me," I said.

I bit my lip as soon as I had said the words, even though I knew that they were the truth.

"She thinks that I am not good enough for you, she always has!"

Belinda looked up at me and frowned.

"If that was really true, then she would have been trying to get me to divorce you," she said. "Mamma just wants what's best for *me* and you can't fault her for that. OK, so she went a little overboard three nights ago, but then you can't really blame her. Finding out that her son in law likes to dress in her daughter's clothes was a bit of a shock!"

"*You* brought her here to see it," I replied. "That wasn't fair."

This was the first time since that fateful evening when a proper adult conversation had begun and I was determined not to let the opportunity to slip away.

"So, how's it been at the shop?" she asked changing the subject a little.

"Strange," I said. "I thought that I'd get fired, that the area manager would say that it 'just would not do' for a male manager to dress as a woman, but she just shrugged and told me that all I had to do was make sure that I was presentable..."

"Interesting," said my wife. "Twenty years ago things would have been different I suppose!"

“I get some strange looks though, from the customers...”

“That’s because you’re not very convincing,” said Belli. “You still look too much like a man. That’s something we’ll have to do something about I suppose.”

“What do you mean?”

“Oh, there are lots of things to do, but don’t worry about it, I’ll help you all the way and my mother has said that she’ll help as well! She’s more accepting than you realize, she really thinks that it will be good for both of us to adapt you to your new status in life!”

“Status?” I asked.

“Of course dear. If you really want to carry this through, then you will have to accept that we have to swap roles a little to make it work!”

“This is all so unfair,” I muttered.

Belinda rolled a little and propped her head on a crooked arm.

“Why is it unfair? You wanted this, now you have to accept that in order to make it work properly, you will have to throw yourself into your new role as my wife!”

“I didn’t want all of this,” I argued. “Every week, but only about once a week, I used to get dressed in your clothes and enter a little fantasy world, now it’s about to become my entire life. You and your mother have turned an occasional pastime into this...”

I spread my arms to emphasize the clothes that she had dressed me in.

“Don’t be silly, Donald. You know that you wanted this to happen, why else did you dress up? All that’s happening is that you are having a little difficulty becoming the woman that I want!”

The conversation seemed so rational, I decided, but here I was in her stockings and girdle and she was not only accepting it, but actually pushing me further.

“What is the woman that you want?” I asked.

“That will be a surprise for you,” she laughed. “Now then, why don’t you show me what you can do to please me and then we can discuss what I have planned for tomorrow!”

“What’s happening tomorrow?” I asked.

“Something special, of course!”

Her legs opened slowly to reveal the smooth puckered slit of her pussy and her hands moved to either side to hold it wide.

“I need a little loving,” purred my wife. “A touch of your lips, a gentle massage and the touch of a flickering tongue.”

Her head lowered to the pillow and she closed her eyes.

“Please me, darling...”

Belli had obviously decided that the conversation was at an end and I carefully climbed onto the bed to kneel between her open thighs. She was slick, almost dripping with her need, more than I had ever seen before and the chance to burrow between her legs and taste her was one not to be passed up.

Her hands retreated and I planted a light kiss on the smooth skin of her belly to be rewarded with a small moan and a slight thrust of her hips that showed that I had started well. It was the first time that I had seen her pussy without it's crown of stiff pubic hair, smooth skin, hair pared down to invisibility, a fold that was so tempting that I forgot about the way that my wife and her mother had blackmailed me with leaving or staying. I was sucked into her lust and gently ran my tongue down the soft skin to reach the fragrant wetness that she held wide for my devotion.

Belli gasped as the tip of my tongue pressed against the small fold that hid her clitoris. Her fingers pulled wider pressing deep to force the folds of her cunt to swell upward as the centre of her sex emerged and expanded to become like a tiny little cock that pointed to my lips.

“Suck me slut, make me come,” she gasped as I slipped my lips around her clitoris.

This was not the first time that I had tried to satisfy her like this, but it was the first that I had seen her so aroused by the touch of my lips between her thighs.

My lips closed around her gently and I sucked a little to hear a gasp and feel her hips push up. I tickled the nub of her clitoris with my tongue and closed my lips a little more, pressing against her hands and pussy as he pushed up hard.

“Oh, oh, perfect... God, that's so good...”

Her hands moved and clasped the back of my head, forcing me down as she pressed upward and then I felt the first small shocks of a climax in the thighs that lifted and closed around my head. I sucked harder, massaged the small bud of swollen passion between my lips and felt her thighs tighten, shudder and then relax in spasms of pure longing.

Suddenly, she flexed, her clitoris was pulled from my lips and her thighs clamped closed leaving me to look down at the tightly closed slit of her sex where clear oil welled and spasms and ripples quaked through her thighs.

“God, Donald,” she gasped, “that was so good, better than it's ever been.”

I felt a small thrill at her words and sat up to kneel between her thighs and put a hand on each thigh.

“I like you so naked,” I said.

“I did it to entice you in,” giggled Belli.

Her body slowly relaxed, a few aftershocks of the climax making her breasts quiver and I reached out to fondle them, teasing the nipples and running a finger around the tight circles of puckered flesh.

Belinda's eyes opened and she looked up at me.

"Tomorrow will be special," she said. "I have an idea that will make you a perfect partner for me... Mamma suggested it, she thinks that you have to be fully feminised for me!"

I waited for her to continue, but it seemed that she was not going to tell me unless I prompted her.

"Tomorrow?" I asked.

"One step at a time, dear. In the morning, Mamma will come round and she's going to take you on a shopping trip to fill your wardrobe," said Belli, watching my face carefully for signs of rebellion.

"But..."

"There are no 'buts'," said my wife. "It's what I've decided and that's that. I *know* that you don't want her involved, but she has such great taste in clothes and knows so much better than me what you need. Also she knows how to get it all done, so, I'll not hear any argument from you. When you get back, that's when you will meet a woman that is going to help you with some of the other details..."

I must have frowned and a hard look came into Belli's eyes.

"You are doing this for me, first and foremost. Secondly you are doing it for you. I have decided what you need and that should be good enough for you! I can't want some half-baked transvestite in my bed, what I want is so much more and you'll just have to get used to the idea of me deciding what it is that you will be. Do you understand?"

I must have nodded slightly, because a softer look appeared on her face, a look of approval that caused me to blush in her glow of acceptance.

"Good, then that's settled!" she said with a finality in her tone. "Tomorrow we shall discuss how this is going to go in detail. Mother has so many good ideas and I must say that you should be so grateful that she is helping you fulfil your fantasies like this. Most mothers would be advising their daughters to get a divorce to escape from a feminised pervert; you are so lucky that she has decided to throw herself into persuading me that your warped hobbies can result in a renewal of a marriage that was starting to get stale!"

"Klara just wants to totally humiliate me," I said at last, in answer to her speech.

"My mother is very accepting, make sure that you are nice and obedient tomorrow and I'm sure that you'll see a different side of her," said my wife. "I won't hear another word about this. Either learn to adapt or get out!"

Suddenly the phantom of being rejected had been raised again and I found that Klara did not have to be present to make Belli use the threat.

“You made your choice,” she said in a hard voice. “Now live with it!”

I could not sleep that night.

The idea that my wife was forcing me to sit with some councillor or therapist, the fear of being alone with her mother, the way that Belli suddenly switched from purring like a cat and then threatening me with being thrown out of the house had thoughts and fears racing through my mind. Belli herself, seemed to sleep like a baby. Limbs loose, breathing even and legs wide as I curled beside her still dressed in her underwear, the stiffness of the girdle chafing and the straps of my stockings caught in the hair of my thighs.

It meant, that when I finally woke from my unsettled slumber, the thoughts and dreads still filled my mind as I quietly got up and went to the kitchen to make a coffee to bring up to my wife. I suppose it was in the way of a peace offering, a hope that if I pleased her, she would not push so hard.

As I returned to the bedroom, the coffee in my hands, Belli was already awake. She turned her head to watch me coming into the room and then pulled herself and the pillows to sit up.

“A coffee?” she asked.

“Strong and black, just like you always like it,” I replied.

“Anything else?” she asked looking at the mug in my hands.

“Er, I can get a little toast if you like.”

“Next time,” she replied. “Breakfast in bed, served by the maid...”

I passed her the mug and a few drops spilled over the edge onto her naked breasts.

“I expect better than this,” she muttered. “You really need to be more careful. Coffee in a cup, a little toast, lightly done with marmalade on the side, you really need to try harder!”

Suddenly, my peace offering seemed so inadequate and I blushed with a realization that Belli really did want me to be a servant for her. There was nothing to say to excuse the fact that I had not done enough and I stood slackly as she sipped the coffee and inspected me carefully.

“I don’t think that you should sleep in stockings like that,” she commented. “I’ll tell my mother that you need a few nighties. There’s another thing as well, you’ll really have to shave properly.”

I ran my hand over my chin and felt almost no stubble at all.

“That’s not what I mean, dear,” she laughed. “Legs, chest and all of that! I want you smooth and tactile for me, a woman makes sure that she attends to all of the little grooming details, you will do likewise. I’ll set you a list of tasks for each morning to get you looking nice and feminine and we’ll work from there.”

“All over?” I asked.

“Of course, dear. If you are going to look the part, we’ll have to work on it all the time. Don’t worry, I’ll get my mother to organize it all and teach you everything.”

Once again, the spectre of Klara was raising its ugly head and I realized that for some reason she wanted her mother involved at every stage of the change that she was imposing on me.

“It will be good for both of you,” announced my wife. “You need so much help and she needs a full time hobby to fill her time now that she is alone. Just do as you are told and there will be no difficulty. Now then, I suggest that you go have a shower, get rid of all of that body hair and then we’ll pick something nice for your little trip this morning.”

“Why aren’t you coming, I mean why does it have to be Klara?” I asked.

“I have to be in the office this morning, darling, it’s as simple as that,” she said. “Now then, there’s something else. I really think that you should not be calling my mother by her name. It’s just a little disrespectful after all. We’ll ask her what she wants to be called when she arrives, meanwhile, ‘Mother’ or ‘Mamma’ would be better.”

“Why?”

“Oh dear, you just have so much to learn, don’t you darling? It’s really quite straightforward, if you act like a petulant little girl, then that’s the way that you’ll be treated. You question my every decision, even though it’s for your own good, you argue every point, you slop coffee all over me in bed and you seem to resent everything that I do to help you become a better husband for me. When you have grown up a little, you’ll be treated like an adult, it’s as simple as that! Now then, hurry along and get a shower, she’ll be here in half an hour and I want you ready to go out.”

I retreated to the shower without another word. I felt like a small child that had been told off by a mother and could not find a retort that would not make her argument more valid.

It was easy to shave every hair from my body. Easier and quicker than I thought that it would have been. A fresh razor, the foam from the body wash and a little care. I hesitated before taking off my pubic hair, but the feeling of smoothness was so suggestive and sensual that an erection was inevitable. As I worked as fast as I could the shower curtain twitched aside and I looked up to see Belli watching me with an amused look.

“Don’t forget, under the arms as well,” she said. “Luckily you have no hair on your back, so I won’t have to help. Just be quick and thorough, I have already laid out some clothes for you on the bed.”

“Thanks,” I murmured as I swept the head of the razor down my thighs.

“I can see that despite your struggle to remain a man, you are more than just a little excited by this,” she said as her hand gave my stiff cock a slight slap with the palm of her hand. “Just remember, I know what’s good for you, in spite of your resistance! This is such enjoyable, I think that you are going to be perfect for me...”

The shower curtain dropped and I could hear her moving and applying her make-up.

“I’ve got to get along,” called Belinda. “Make sure that you are a good boy for Mamma and be back by two. I’ll need her to help me with the next stage...”

The bathroom door slammed closed and I was left alone to finish up and wait for her mother on my own. A pit opened in my stomach as I towelled myself dry and then went to look to see what clothes Belli had decided for me.

On the bed was a dress that I had only ever seen my wife in the once. Less a dress than a sheath of stretchy thin cloth that showed every curve of her delicious body. Laid under the dress was something that I had never seen before. A girdle that would stretch almost from my neck to six inches down my thighs, endless clasps for the stockings that lay by the side. Parked by the bed were the black Oxfords that I had already worn on that first night and a pair of red lace gloves that draped over them.

‘No knickers or panties,’ I thought as I rolled up the girdle to make a hoop to step into.

At that moment, the bedroom door opened and I expected my wife to look in to say ‘goodbye’. Klara walked into the room and took me in at a glance.

“I thought that you’d be ready by now,” she said as she inspected me. “We leave in ten minutes, so you’d better hurry!”

The sight of me struggling to cover my huge erection with my hands made her smile and she leaned on the doorframe and watched me with an amused look.

“You need to get your little cock under control, you really do,” she said. “How is it going to look when you have that when we go shopping... Anyway, I have a plan for that, so it’ll get sorted out in good time.”

I flushed pink and managed to roll on the girdle to my chest before I grabbed the dress to help me cover up.

“Stockings first,” she said. “Then the dress!”

I dropped the dress and turned away from her to sit at the foot of the bed to pull on my stockings.

“At least you’re nice and smooth, it looks so much better,” she commented as I began to attach the clips to the stockings.

At last I could put on the dress. The presence of my mother-in-law had easily diminished my excitement at dressing in the clothes that Belinda had prepared and the dress went on smoothly with a snug fit all the way to my calves. Finally, I slipped into the shoes and laced them tight.

I had forgotten how high the heels were and almost twisted my ankles at the first step as I looked at the gloves and then back to my mother-in-law leaning in the doorway.

“You need a manicure as well,” said Klara, “so on with the gloves and let’s get moving!”

I pulled the gloves on, they slipped right up to my elbows and Klara nodded encouragingly.

“You almost look the part,” she said. “Just one more thing that I think that my daughter has forgotten.”

Klara opened a drawer in the sideboard and rooted around before moving to the next one.

“Aha, this will do,” she said as she turned to me, her hands full of pairs of knickers. “You need a little more on top!”

I stood while she arranged me and stuffed the silk into the top of my dress until I had acquired two breasts that filled the cups of my girdle.

“Better, but not big enough really,” she said as she took my hand. “Now then, let’s get going...”

As we walked down the stairs she patted my behind and said, “Put more of a wiggle in your walk, it’s no good if you wear all these clothes and then stride around like some sort of man!”

I tried, but she made no comment, so I did not know if I had succeeded for her.

After we got into her car, Klara started the engine, pulled away said, “First a little make-over and then shoes. After that the dessous and then some outfits. I have already arranged everything, so I’m sure that we can fit it all into three hours if we try...”

She drove to Weybridge and we walked to the place that she had chosen for the make-over. Tucked in a small yard, just behind the main street, the small salon was full of women sitting at dressing tables having make-up applied by the young girls who worked there. I felt like a clown, standing behind my mother-in-law as she registered that we had come for an appointment and that she was in a hurry.

The young manageress looked at me and tried hard to suppress her smiles at the sight of me.

“I’ll do what I can,” she muttered as I was led to a station and Klara stood behind me, commenting on the ‘look’ that she wanted as the assistant worked.

Half an hour later, I realized that the transformation was almost total. Pink lips, glossy and pouting after the chill-pepper hot lipstick. Foundation and blusher, eyes plucked and replaced with curving lashes, brows straightened and dyed black and then severe lines that spiked from the corners of my eyes to give them a feminine look.

“Now all that needs doing is the hair,” said Klara as she inspected the effect.

“Extensions will take hours,” said the assistant as she stroked the blusher-brush under my eyes.

“No, that will come later,” said my mother-in-law. “A wig, something demure...”

I looked in the mirror and decided that the transformation was amazing. I almost did not recognize the severe feminine face that stared back at me and felt an embarrassing erection start under the corset.

The assistant returned with three wigs in her hands and carefully fitted the first. Black glossy locks, page-boy style at my jawline. It rounded my face, created a frame for the masculine jaw and made an instant change that was almost a shock to both myself and Klara, who nodded as she watched the assistant position it correctly.

“That’s the one,” said Klara. “Perfect for my little bitch-boy!”

The assistant started to giggle and the other women to either side of me looked over with superior glances and then turned away to hide their amusement.

As we left the shop, it went quiet as everybody watched my progress and then as the door closed I suddenly heard chatter and laughter as the clients and assistants started to comment freely about the man who had just been transformed!

I expected Klara to lead me to the car, but instead she took me on to the high street and we walked past the familiar shops and banks. Now that I wore the wig and the make-up, I found that fewer of the passing pedestrians seemed to notice me.

Just a few curious stares from the women, whilst the men just hurried by without even noticing.

“Shoes next,” said Klara and I suddenly realized where she was leading me.

I almost pulled free of her and made to run away, but the tight grip on my hand and the fact that it was impossible to pull away without tipping off my heels forced me through the door of the shop of which I was manager.

I hung my head as I sat down and Betty, one of my assistants, arrived to serve us. It seemed that she did not recognize me at all, so I kept quiet while Klara proceeded to make everyone in the shop stare at me with her comment.

“I want the highest heels that my little bitch can wear,” said Klara in a loud voice. “Something to fuck all night in!”

I almost melted in shame as the assistant suddenly had a smile of recognition and said, “I think that I have just the thing...”

Betty hurried off to the stockroom and Klara stared back at the clients who were inspecting the two of us with smiles on their faces.

“This is from our sexy new range,” said Betty as she passed a box to Klara.

Klara opened the box and pulled a pair of shoes from the tissue paper and held them up to inspect them.

“Let’s see if they fit...”

Betty knelt down and undid my shoes a strange smile playing over her lips as she took the stilettos from Klara and slipped them onto my feet. I looked down and recognized the shoes that I had ordered a month ago. Spiked heels, high instep and straps that closed around the ankles.

“There,” said Betty. “Donald is perfect in them!”

“Let’s see you take a few steps,” said Klara to me. “I think that they are perfect as long as they fit properly...”

I stood and assayed a step or two. The heels were so high that my feet were forced deep into the shoes, but I managed a few small steps without turning an ankle. From the corners of my eyes, I could see that everyone in the shop was watching, but I managed to keep my eyes on Klara and avoided their inspection.

“We’ll take three pairs,” said Klara. “A pair in white, one in black like these and a red pair if you have them all in the same size. Since she’ll be living in them all the time we have to start the collection with a little glamour.”

Betty smiled as I sat down and put a hand on my ankle.

“They can be locked on as well,” she said, pointing out where the straps met with small steel loops. “Just buy a couple of small padlocks and put them here...”

“Ooh, better than I thought,” said Klara. “We’ll be back, make sure you congratulate the manager on his choice of stock!”

“He’s on a day-off today,” said Betty with a chuckle, “but I’m sure that he’ll be gratified with your comments. We have a Facebook page where you can comment if you like and add photos of what you bought and liked!”

Klara led me from the shop and back to the car.

“Enjoying yourself?” she asked.

“Yes, Klara,” I replied, worried about upsetting her good mood.

“Yes, Mamma,” she said in a kind voice. “Now then, we need a few outfits and I know just the place for a fitting...”

By one O’clock we were back home.

I felt *so* drained, emotionally and physically.

Each moment of the trip had been an effort, but at least I had managed to get my mother-in-law into a good mood, though the choices that she had made for my clothes had baffled me. I had expected that she would get me clothes similar to the ones that my wife had in her

wardrobe, instead she had bought clothes that were incredibly feminine and almost girlish as far as I could tell.

We had not tried any of them on, she had just wandered around the shop with the assistant whilst Klara picked from the hanging dresses without even pulling the hangers clear of the rails.

“We’ll try them on later and exchange if they don’t fit,” Klara had said as she paid at the till for the ten dresses that were folded in the carrier bags.

“That’s fine,” the assistant had said as she gave the change and tried not to stare at me too intently. “All returns in a week, exchanges only after that...”

My wife’s Mercedes was in the drive as we pulled in and Klara made me carry all of the bags and boxes as she unloaded the boot of the car.

“I see that my daughter is already here,” said my mother-in-law. “I want to surprise her, so you’ll slip upstairs, lay out the dresses and then I’ll bring her up to choose which one you will wear while we discuss your future as a little girl...”

I followed her into the house and she pointed up the stairs while she disappeared into the kitchen.

Once in the bedroom, I started to unpack everything that Klara had chosen for me. First, I lined up the three pairs of shoes at the foot of the bed and dropped the small padlocks that we had bought by the white pair on the floor.

Next I took the huge bags from the dress shop and opened them. This was a chance to really see what my mother-in-law had picked for me in private and I held my breath as I pulled the first dress from the bag and held it up.

Low cut and black, it was when it opened and draped in my hands that I realized that it was nothing more than a servant’s dress. With a lacy pinafore and flounces of lace, terribly short and flared at the hips it was almost a parody of a maid’s uniform. I laid it down and pulled the next one out to hold it up and find that it was the same. The only difference was that it was pink with yellow lace. The third and fourth were the same. Pastel colours, endless lace and each with a pinafore at the front.

With a sinking heart I realized that Klara had picked ten of the same, each a different colour, but the design exactly the same. I held one up to my chest and tried to gauge the length. The lace came to just above my thighs!

At that moment, Klara opened the door and ushered my wife into the room.

“I bought all of the ones that you told me about, in his size,” she was saying. “Ten should be enough to be getting along with!”

“That’s all he’ll need,” answered Belinda as she came into the room. “Ooh, they look so feminine! Come on, let’s dress him up.”

I turned to face them, the dress still held up against my chest and Belli inspected the new look that I had been given after my make-over.

“Perfect,” she said. “From now on, I want you like this all the time. It’s so sexy and demure, just look at you blushing so nicely!”

Klara basked in her daughter’s praise and took the one bag that I had not yet got around to opening.

“These as well... I got them because I thought that they’d match the dresses!”

Her hands held up a few packets of stockings and presented them to my wife.

“Nice and slutty,” commented my wife as she looked at the pink and green fishnet stockings that her mother had passed to her. “OK, let’s get him all decked out, our guest will be here soon.”

I felt almost like a little doll.

Klara and Belli stripped me naked in a trice and my mother-in-law passed me a packet of stockings.

“Put these on while we choose which colour dress,” said Belli to me, “then we can match up the shoes.”

I turned away from them as I stripped, carefully laying the red dress from my wife on the bed by the new dresses. While I did so, she held up the new dresses and cooed at the design.

“Nice and so very short, they are just as I remembered them,” she said to her mother as she decided that the pink one would be the first to try. “Then the white shoes with the white hold-up stockings. If he behaves himself a pair of knickers as well...”

“Not a good idea,” said Klara. “We don’t want to give him the idea that he can hide away from us!”

“OK, I suppose that you’re right,” said Belli as she turned one of the white stilettos in her hands. “No knickers for my little slut then...”

I wondered what my wife meant, but concentrated in pulling on the fishnet stockings. The hold-up elastics pressed into my thighs and felt uncomfortable, but there was no time to adjust them, because Klara was already bunching up the dress to pull it over my head.

“This is really an ongoing problem,” said my mother-in-law, the sooner that it’s fixed the better.”

Her finger pointed at the erection that stood from my groin and she swatted it with a hand.

“I know, we can’t have my husband walking around parading his little cock all the time, this afternoon we’ll help him with it, now then, on goes the dress... We need a permanent solution of course.”

Carefully, holding the dress wide to stop my makeup brushing against it, Klara slipped my head through the mass of lace and pulled it down. The hem dropped to my groin and the mass of lacy frills held the edge up brushing the tip of my cock and making me wince.

“Be cautious, I don’t want him making a mess,” laughed Belli as she lifted the front of the apron and settled it down with a slight brush of the hand.

“Oh, he can’t be that sensitive,” said Klara. “Not just with a bit of lace! I can’t imagine that that’d be enough to make him slime!”

“That’s how he gets off,” replied Belinda, “I’ve already seen it happen!”

I shuddered at the contact as Belli patted the apron and tried to move away, but the look on Klara’s face was enough to hold me in place.

“If you come there’ll be trouble,” whispered my wife in my ear. “Now then, stand still and I’ll help you on with the shoes.”

I felt her lift one foot and slip on the shoe before she secured it with one of the tiny padlocks.

“Sexy,” she commented as the other shoe went on.

“Now then, let’s have a little presentation,” said Klara. “Just walk to the window and back and make sure that you put a sexy feminine wiggle in your hips.”

I did as I was told, taking tiny steps as I got used to the height of the heels. The ‘wiggle in my walk’ was almost impossible, but it seemed that my wife was satisfied enough with the short demonstration.

“Perfect,” said Belli, looking at her watch. “She’ll be here soon, Donald, so get yourself down stairs and stand by the sofa ready for inspection.”

I headed down the stairs, each step a chance of falling, but I managed it and went to stand by the sofa as I had been ordered. How was it, I wondered that wearing the clothes seemed to make every request of my wife’s an order that I dared not disobey?

Who was coming to visit? I wondered.

I heard my wife and her mother chatting in the hall, the occasional chuckle from my mother-in-law breaking into the conversation before there was ring at the doorbell and I almost jumped out of my skin in shock. It was almost too bad that Belli had shared my shame with her mother, now she was bringing a stranger into the mix and I suddenly felt a chill down my spine as I realised that was no longer something that we could possibly keep from all the people in our lives, this was something that my wife wanted very much open to everyone that we knew.

The door opened and I heard women’s voices, Klara laughing and then the three women walked into the room. Klara and Belli, followed by a young woman dressed in jeans, T shirt and high heels with a briefcase in her hand. She did not seem at all surprised at the sight of me, but sat down on the sofa by me and opened her briefcase with an officious air.

“Susan is here to help us choose the way that you’ll be in a few months’ time,” said Klara. “She’s here to show us what the clinic can do and then Belli and I will choose the changes that you’ll be making to fit into your new life...”

The young woman looked up at me and smiled before pulling out some glossy brochures and passing Klara and Belli each a copy as they sat down opposite and started to flick through the pages.

“Of course there are no prices listed,” said Susan as she watched them turning the pages. “That all depends on the examination, after all, the amount of work depends on what we start with...”

She looked up at me and slipped her hand up the hem of my skirt. It started on my thigh and slipped to my ass and then pinched and poked a little before pressing into my inner thighs.

“From what I can see, he is ripe and ready to receive anything, but that’s something the doctors have to decide...”

“What is happening?” I asked querulously.

It was Belli that replied. She held up her hand to still her mother’s words and said, “Darling, Mamma and I have decided to make a few little cosmetic changes. We’ll decide what will suit you and then Susan here will make all of the arrangements. Now please be quiet if you want to be here as we decide on your future, I don’t want to have to send you to your room while such an important matter about your future is talked about!”

“Start here,” said Susan.

She leaned over and flicked back a few pages in Klara’s brochure.

“The way that it works is that you pick a general body shape and then we move on to the details. These are just a few of the options, to show you what’s possible. When you meet up with the surgeon, that’s when she will be able to guide you and explain what is and what is not possible.”

I tried to look at the open page that my wife’s brochure showed. Diagrams of breasts filled a grid, each with a code that allowed the order to be processed.

“I don’t want this, this is taking it all too far,” I said in a trembling voice. “Please, Belli, don’t do this to me!”

“All that matters is: what *I* choose and what *Mamma* thinks will be right for you,” said my wife with a frown. “I don’t want to hear another word about it! You are going to be made perfect for me, just be grateful that I am looking after it all for you.”

Klara leaned over to her daughter’s brochure and pointed at one of the diagrams.

“These would be perfect for him,” she said. “Then these would match them...”

Her manicured fingernail moved down the page.

“May I see,” said Susan as she stretched a little to see what Klara was pointing to. “Mm, we don’t do that often, most women prefer these.”

Susan’s hand flicked the page and pointed.

I could see another grid, this time photos of nipples filled the page and I tried to see which one the young woman sitting by me had selected. I started to speak...”

“Please...”

“One more word,” said my mother-in-law threateningly. “Just one more word and there will be trouble!”

I looked at Belli, but she ignored me and flicked the pages of the brochure.

“How does it work?” she asked, moving to the end of the brochure.

“Simple, there are no hormones and no drugs,” answered Susan. “They just depress the sexual energy; what we do is purely *cosmetic* work that leaves your man as needy as he ever was. It takes two days for the surgery and then a month or less of recovery after which your husband will be ready for anything that you want to throw at him.”

“Sounds so simple,” mused Belinda.

“That’s because it is! We have loads of clients who volunteer for this, over ten a week. Then we have those men who just need their partners to decide for them like yourself. That costs a little extra, but it is rare that the whole cost gets above a few tens of thousands of pounds.”

“So just a few weeks?”

“That’s right. Now then there will be a little counselling as well before we go ahead.”

“Oh, he would need psychotherapy,” asked Klara sounding disappointed.

“No, not at all. It is *you* that will need to be inducted in your new role as wife and key-holder. Of course if your mother wishes to attend, then she can take part in the process.”

“I’d like that,” said Klara.

“So, the first step is to take an appointment. “Tomorrow morning can be arranged...” said Susan as she closed her briefcase.

“Mm, not in the morning, I have an important meeting at work. The afternoon would be OK.”

“Fine. How about three?”

“Three O’clock it is then,” said my wife. “Do we have to bring my husband?”

“Of course! He won’t take part in the choice unless you want to go that way. While you are discussing your needs with the surgeon and chief consultant he will be examined for the pre-op.”

“How long before the work can begin?” asked Klara.

“We can take him straight after the examination and you’ll have him back in two to three days depending on your choices and his medical condition. After that, he will have healed in a few weeks, but normally we ask our clients not to put their new toy under undue stress for a couple of weeks more to make sure that the recovery is one hundred per cent.”

I felt my eyes fill up with tears, but one look at Klara’s face told me that I had better keep quiet not to anger her.

Susan stood from the sofa and picked up her briefcase.

“If you know what you want it is really quite easy and swift,” she said as Belli led her to the front door. “We find that it is usually the choice that takes the longest, the actual work is quite quickly dealt with.”

All three women were in the hallway now and I heard the front door open.

“Can we add any other things to the work,” said Klara’s voice.

“Of course, we are proud to say that anything that our clients can dream up is not just possible, but in fact will be made real by the experts that we have in-house.”

The sound of the door closing came to my ears and then Klara and my wife came back into the room.

“This is not a mistake,” said Klara to her daughter. “Just allow me to choose and I’ll surprise you with the perfect husband at the end of it!”

“Mamma, there’s no need...” said Belli.

“No, I insist, my dear. In fact, I’ve decided to treat you both. I’ll pay for the whole thing if you allow me full rein! I’m sure that you’ll love what I have in mind for him and he will learn to love it as well.”

“Oh, God no,” I cried.

I just couldn’t hold my silence while my evil mother-in-law took over from my wife. Actually, I couldn’t have done a worse thing, because my protest simply made up Belli’s mind against me.

“Oh, be quiet, it’s really nothing to do with you at all. Of course, Mamma,” she said to her mother, “You do it all and surprise me! It’s time that he learned a real lesson in respect for us both.”

My knees felt weak as I watched Belli spin on her heel and head for the kitchen. As soon as she was out of the room, Klara came to stand in front of me, a wicked smile on her lips.

“When I’ve finished with you, bitch, my daughter will be giving you to me as a present just to get rid of your sorry ass,” she hissed. “Then you’ll find out what a hard mistress I can be...”

My knees buckled and I saw with relief that my wife was coming back. I felt such a relief... she would save me; Belli would save me; I was so sure that she would...

“You’re so good with him, Mamma,” said Belinda as she came to join us. Do anything you want; I know that I’ll just come so hard when I see the result!”

I am ashamed to say that my knees buckled and I fell to the floor as the two women stood over me and laughed.

All Change II

Three days.

That's it all it had taken!

From the point that my wife brought her mother home to the moment that Klara had turned my wife around. All I had done was to dress in her clothes, reveal an intensely private little kink that we could have talked out in ten minutes. Little things like this happen all of the time, the problem pages in women's magazines are full of them, all with acceptance as the answer.

Then there was Klara!

The woman who hated that her precious daughter had married a man who had no prospects of millions, no high powered job in the city and no 'old' money and a title. Just a man that loved her daughter and was so lucky that she married him. From the moment that Belli had spoken to her, brought her into our secretive private lives, she had poisoned and twisted everything in a fit of revenge.

I was helpless!

You might not think so, you might think that I could just walk out and leave, abandon everything and start again, but you would be wrong! That moment when I had headed upstairs instead of opening the front door was the moment when I was overwhelmed. I just could not believe that my wife would go through with it all and turn my small private aberrant fetish into the totality of my life. Despite every word that Klara spoke, despite the fact that Belinda was allowing herself to be steered, I just could not believe that it was happening and that every word was true.

I thought that it had to be some elaborate prank.

Just a way of showing me in the hardest way that I had to give up my crossdressing, be a 'real' man for my wife and live up to the hopes of my mother-in-law.

In the morning, the very next morning, a car arrived.

When I saw it pull up I knew what it was, but I just could not believe that this was actually happening. When the two men walked me to the car I was so sure that my wife would stop the whole charade and wave me back into the house and tell me that now I had learned my lesson.

But, the car drove out of the driveway with a bulky man on either side, ensuring that there was no escape. We drove for two hours, not a word was said. Every move that I made was watched and it was plain that there was no escape. We slid through the countryside until we reached a hospital pretending to be a spa pretending to be a wellness clinic.

A place where I walked in as a man and left as something that was neither one thing or another.

In a daze the induction took an hour. I signed where I was told to sign and bared my arm for the injection and all the while the two silent minders with Tasers on their belts watched every move for the slightest hint of rebellion.

Were they disappointed that I did not even try?

Who knows?

What I remember is that my knees were weak, the shoes locked to my ankles meant that any attempt to run would be futile and the first of the injections sent me into a numb place that allowed conscious thought, but slowed every word and movement to a treacle of inability to resist.

They fed me.

Liquid slops by spoon from a matronly nurse who checked the straps that held me to the gurney. A feeling of total lassitude took me as she stripped me naked, unlocking the shoes and slipping my pretty dress from me with expert hands. All the while, she cooed words of comfort that I could barely understand and inspected me before another woman appeared and had me transported to a room where the trolley was parked by a low steel slab and lights blinded me and made me cry sobs of self-pity.

They talked, but the words did not make sense. They checked charts and hovered over me as they discussed their strategy, but all I could hear were my own moans as I tried to form words, but found that they slipped through my mind without ever taking form at my lips.

They left me there.

Lying in the cold light, bathed in blue-white with pen marks, dotted lines and shapes on my naked skin. I lay and struggled, but the straps held me fast. Spreading my legs, pinning my arms by my sides allowing almost no movement of my head to see the room. All I could do was screw up my eyes against the light and watch the red through my closed eyelids.

Slowly the feeling of helplessness receded.

My thoughts mustered, regrouped and raised banners as they marched through my fractured mind. Order was being imposed and I started to try harder to find some weak spot in the straps. I managed to pull a hand free, pulled it through the loop at my wrist and fumbled to find the buckles that fixed my torso.

I heard a door open and lay passive.

All I needed was just a few minutes to get free. A little time to regroup and sneak out of this prison, but it was the nurse and she stooped over me and forced my eye open and inspected my eyes.

“Let’s start with five millilitres of Amytal, and then the general,” she commented as she caught my wrist. “He’ll be ready in ten...”

I saw the hand appear with a needle, a long spike of surgical steel with a hose that ran out of my sight. I fought the hands that gripped me, but the effort was futile and the needle entered my shoulder with a sharp pain as my free hand was strapped to the table again and the nurse smiled down at me.

“Don’t worry, darling,” she said. “Soon it will be over and you’ll be exactly what your wife and her darling mother want...”

“Please, no...” I managed to mumble.

For a moment I thought that the sound of my voice was only in my head, but she answered and I knew that she had heard me.

“But, you signed all of the forms,” she said. “You know that you want it, you’re going to be so cute!”

I struggled, but already I was slipping away. I raised my head and spoke, “This is not what I want, this is all Klara...”

She nodded and I felt her fingers under my chin measuring my pulse and knew that now the words were just in my head. If they were even there at all.

My eyes closed, the lids were so heavy, and I drifted for a moment and then I was gone.

Changing

I lay in the bed and felt nothing.

When I say that, what I mean is, that I noticed nothing different about myself.

I could feel the sheet move against the skin of my neck with my breathing, a slight breeze on my face from the open window and the pull of the straps that ensured that I could not move. What I could *not* feel was any physical difference except aches and bruises that were at the edge of my consciousness. A series dull aches from neck to thighs.

I opened my eyes at last and looked straight up.

A mirror hung over the bed, filling the ceiling with a strangely dislocated view of my head peeping from under the sheets. The whole bed hung over me, a tented sheet over my body. I blinked one eye and the mirrored Donald blinked back. I moved a foot in an arc and the sheet over the Donald above me moved a little at the bottom of the bed that hung over me. I pulled at the straps at my wrists and there was movement at the edges of that tent.

I tried to move my torso, but of that there was no real sign. Perhaps a slight ripple in the sheet that draped over the frame that seemed to cover me like a small tent.

To my left a small buzzer sounded. Just a whisper really, more a vibration than a real sound and I tried to move to see where the noise was coming from. I could not turn my head, but I managed to see the small table by my side where a light flashed on a metal cased instrument, the screen of which I could not see.

The strain was too much and I relaxed to look back up at the mirror and try to imagine what was happening to me, but my powers of invention failed me and I winced as a sharp pain cut through my chest and I had to stop breathing for a moment before it subsided to a dull ache. I swallowed with the pain and my throat felt sore, a struggle to overcome the soreness. I closed my eyes and drifted into a half slumber, lying in a maze of anxieties and thoughts forcing myself to relax.

“Good,” said a woman’s voice. “Everything went so well, dear...”

I opened my eyes to find a young woman standing over me, a clipboard in her hands a starched white coat hanging over her nurses’ whites. After checking the clipboard for a moment, she put it on the bed and leaned over me, her hand moving over my neck.

I flinched from her touch and she smiled.

“Don’t worry, everything went well, no signs of infection at all, Doctor Nellsworth is by far the best surgeon here...” she said, pulling back her hand. “Now then, you need some rest, because the next procedure is in a couple of hours, so just relax and soon it will all be over!”

“Where am I?”

Just speaking those three words caused me to flinch, my voice sounded high and cracked and a pain lanced through my throat making me swallow and tears come to my eyes.

“You are safe and sound, dear,” said the young woman with a small grin. “Nothing to worry about at all...”

My eyes followed the nurse as she checked the instrument by my bedside and nodded as if satisfied with her observations. Once again she stood over me, placing a finger over her lips.

“Now then, you get some rest, you have a long day ahead and tomorrow your sponsor will be here to take you home, all you have to do is enjoy the rest and get well for her.”

“Please.”

My voice broke high, sounded almost like a whine and I swallowed painfully.

“Don’t speak, darling. “In a day or so the ache will subside and everything will be perfect. Now then, I have my rounds to do, I’ll be back later for the prep, so just you settle down and make the most of your little holiday!”

Her grin broadened as if she had made a small joke and she patted my sweating forehead with the palm of her hand before leaving my room and closing the door.

I lay staring up at myself in the mirror and felt a sudden sense of panic. What was being done to me, I wondered. My hands pulled at the straps and I tried to flex my knees, but the straps that fixed me to the bed pulled back and the most that I could do was to unsettle the sheets at the end of the bed, exposing a foot and the steel shackle that clasped my ankle.

Once again, the aches and bruises caused me to flinch and it was five minutes before the twinges became bearable. I heard a bird from the open window and tried to focus on it to the exclusion of all else. I could not see it, but a slight scratching of claws on the window frame and the chirping soothed me a little.

I slipped into an uneasy slumber.

Sounds from the outside, sounds of normality, a mower on the lawns of the clinic, voices heard on the breeze and the birds fluttering, twittering and cheeping quietened some of my fears. The curtains fluttered in the breeze and steady bright sunlight filled the room, bathing me in balmy warmth.

“In ten minutes I want it in theatre,” said a voice that woke me from my drowse.

I opened my eyes and saw two women standing by my bed. One was the nurse that had checked on me earlier, the other was a tall attractive blonde woman with a serious look on her face. The nurse noticed my eyes watching her and grinned widely.

“Welcome back,” she said. “Are we ready for the next round?”

“What are you doing to me?” I asked.

My voice started in a low register and suddenly flipped to a falsetto before it cracked and a spike of pain lanced through my throat.

“Don’t speak,” said the other woman with a look of irritation. “It takes a day before the healing has completed. “Until then, silence!”

Her finger crossed her lips and then she turned back to the nurse.

“Third today,” she commented. “This is a busy week. Make sure that the prep is completed in ten and I’ll go scrub up...”

She turned on her heel and left the room without a backward glance.

“You should be grateful that it is Doctor Nellsworth attending to your case,” said the nurse. “She’s the best, now then, stay still and let’s get going...”

Her hand appeared and she held up a syringe and tapped it lightly with her nail.

“This will hurt just a little...”

“Ouch,” I cried as she lifted the sheet a little and gripped my arm before pressing the needle home.

“You’ll be just fine and tomorrow your sponsor will be here to visit. If you’re lucky you’ll be able to go home... Nothing to be frightened of, you’re in good hands.”

I felt a welling tide of fright and then the drug took hold. My eyes felt heavy, my limbs like lead. My mouth opened and then I slipped into nothingness. My last sight, the smiling face of the nurse as she bent to start to unstrap my nerveless wrists.

I woke in the same room. At least I think that it must have been so, even though I found that I could not open my eyes and felt the tight grip of bandages over my face.

Now there were no sounds in the room and somehow I knew that it was dark. I tried to calculate time. The sun had been high, the light bright when I had last been conscious, now it was in the still of the night.

The buzzer sounded as I moved a little.

Now my whole body felt gripped in an ache that throbbed at the base of my conscious mind and my lips pulsed with every heartbeat. The slight sound of the buzzer sounded for a minute or two and then a hand moved over my bandaged face and around my neck.

“There, there, dear, it’s all over now. Just get some rest, tomorrow will be a busy day!”

I tried to open my mouth and then realised that a tube poked between my sore lips. I suckled at the soft rubber and a trickle of water filled my mouth.

“That’s right, have a little drink and then get back to sleep,” said the female voice. “Now then, just a little check...”

A hand pressed lightly on my belly and then withdrew.

“Not full. Make sure you drink plenty and I’ll empty you in the morning...”

Footsteps sounded and once again I was alone. Trapped in the darkness, strapped to a bed in a clinic, who knew where...

The next time that I awoke, it was because hands were undoing the bandages over my face. One hand lifted my head, the other unwound the crepe and gave me back my vision. As soon as the hands had allowed my head to drop back to the softness of the pillow, I opened my eyes to find that the familiar nurse had returned.

Her smiling face filled my vision and then retreated and I could look up at the mirror over the bed. A livid bruise covered my face, blue, black and tinged with yellow, it stretched from just under my chin to my nose, my swollen lips in the centre, dark with the livid contusions.

“Not a pretty sight,” commented the nurse. “It’s always the same at first, but it will go away and then you’ll be the prettiest little dolly in the whole wide world!”

If her words were meant to calm me, she failed at every level. I opened my mouth and watched the unfamiliar swollen lips open and close a little. A sharp pain filled them, but I opened wide and stared at the bee-stung lips with a feeling of anxiety. Something caught my eye and I realised that my teeth were covered with a pink smooth shape. I moved my tongue over them and felt smooth softness and a terrible tenderness in my mouth.

“What have you done?”

The words came out in a squeak, my numb lips making me lisp and slur the sounds making my voice unfamiliar to my own ears.

“My dear, not me! Doctor Nellsworth has done all of the work. Now have a little water and we’ll get you ready for a very important person...”

“Who?”

The nurse smiled.

“Your sponsor will be here in an hour and I have to get you ready for her. Now then, I have to drain you and get you ready for the visit. Everything ship-shape and in order. We take great pride in our work here!”

I felt her hands slip under the tented sheet and tried to glimpse myself, but the nurse never lifted it far enough to reveal any part of me. I felt a tugging at my groin and a numbness as she withdrew a black tube and attached it to a bag.

“OK, ready. You have a little pee and I’ll be back in five to give you a clean-up and get you ready.”

I released and watched almost fascinated as the small bag began to fill. The nurse drew back the curtains, opened the window and then left without a backward glance. My whole mouth was so tender and an ache filled my jaws. My tongue explored and found that the soft cover on my teeth extended right to the back of my mouth. I extended my tongue and licked my lips, moving around the drinking tube to find my lips swollen and tender, a slight bitter taste that caused me to close my mouth and suckle at the tube to clear the flavour.

Once again, I heard the sounds of normality from outside and I tried to turn my head towards the light expecting the same restrictions as before. This time, however, I could move my head. There was a tightness in my throat as I swallowed, but nowhere as bad as previously and I managed to see out of the window to the cloud streaked blue sky outside. I could see the leaves of a lime tree, a bird hopping branch to branch and the slight movement of the leaves in the breeze that also washed over me in my room.

She returned.

“Feeling better already?” she asked as she sat by the bed and lifted the sheet. “Now a little bed bath and you’ll be presentable.”

I felt her hands swab me, trickles of water that she mopped up as she ran around my torso. Her hands lifted my balls and cock and carefully dabbed at my thighs before working their way up as far as my belly.

“This looks so good,” she said as she worked. “Perfect, I should say...”

A smell of antiseptic asserted itself, a tang that moved from the background to fill my nostrils as I was cleaned.

“My sponsor?” I asked in my cracked voice, my lips stinging from the movement.

“Don’t worry, she’ll be here soon to look after you. In a couple of days, you’ll be right as rain and in a couple of weeks you’ll be exactly as the doctor ordered! Now then, out comes this...”

Slowly she pulled the tube from me. I felt a strange sensation as it retreated from within, leaving my bladder and slipping from me as she pulled.

“That’s good, not a drop of blood at all!”

Her hand took my flaccid cock and probed a little. It felt numb, the only touch that I could feel was her hands lifting my balls as though weighing them.

“A perfect result, Doctor Nellsworth is so good at this procedure. Now then, this goes on next. We can’t have you getting all excited and ruining all the work can we?”

Something clicked and closed around the base of my balls and then her hands retreated from the cover of the sheet and she turned and smiled at me.

“There, all done now,” she said as she stood. “In a few hours you’ll be on your way, starting a new life, you lucky thing... But first, a little presentation to get through. You have been perfect, so well behaved!”

She stood and looked down at me.

“It’s such a shame that this is all so expensive,” she said reflectively. “So many women would want this if they could just afford it!”

I watched her leave and felt tears well in my eyes. As they broke free they stung my face with their salt, soaking into the narrow plasters that covered every stroke of Doctor Nellsworth’s scalpel.

I was alone for an hour.

Voices passed my window, occasionally there was the sound of a trolley being rolled past my door in the corridor beyond. The distant sound of some machinery wafted through the open window as I watched the leaves of the lime tree flutter in the summer breeze as the minutes passed.

Who was this sponsor, I asked myself? Of course, it had to be my mother-in-law, of that there could be no doubt. I struggled in the straps, but there was no release. I jiggled my hips and felt the hardness of whatever it was that the nurse had clipped to my balls. I felt a surge that should have led to an erection, but the numbness between my thighs gave me no sign of a result and a shiver of dread at Klara’s arrival.

What had that woman had done to me?

My imagination was at a standstill. All I could see in the mirror far above was my lips, the pink line between them and a few thin plasters that ran from my cheekbones to my jaw. There was a small bandage at my neck and my hair had been pulled up and netted.

As I stared up I realised that there *was* a change to be seen.

Somehow, my face was rounder, my jawline less firm. My cheeks puffed and bruised and then, as I moved my head a little to the side, I could see that the lobes of my ears had been pierced and small gold studs nestled in them. Something else was different, but I could not see what it was at first. Something else that made my face seem more feminine and softer.

It was a few minutes before I realised that there was no stubble on my face. Not a trace of what should have been a days’ growth. My skin was sore and flushed and I could feel every breath of the breeze from the window.

The door opened and the nurse walked in.

Now that I could move my head a little I could see the wiggle in her walk, the swaying of her heavy breasts and the stretched starched blouse crease and move as she walked to my bed and stood over me.

“Be a good little girl for me,” she said with a small smile. “Your sponsor will be here in a moment and there will be a small presentation. You have been so good up until now, don’t spoil it!”

“I’m scared,” I said, my voice cracking high.

“Of course you are darling, but just try not to cry and it will all be perfect!”

At that moment the door opened again and Klara walked into the room following another nurse who waved her into my room and then retreated and closed the door.

She was dressed as if for a special event. A leather bolero jacket that was pulled tight under her breasts, a smart skirt, also leather, that moulded her thighs and her face was a mask of make-up. Bright pink lips and long lashes, heavily shadowed eyes and her hair was primped up into a tight bun.

She walked to the side of the nurse by my bed and looked down at me.

“I like what I see,” she said in a hard tone.

“Of course, it will be a couple of days before it looks the way that it should,” said the nurse. “The bruising will fade, the shape will come into focus and then I think that she will be just as you wanted!”

“Please, Klara,” I started.

My high voice raised a small smile on my mother-in-law’s face.

“In a day or so, the voice will be even higher,” said the nurse. “It takes time for sore vocal chords to find their new shape.”

Klara’s hand touched my cheek lightly, almost tenderly, and I opened my lips.

“All gone, as you required,” said the nurse as Klara looked at my face. “Now then, perhaps you’d like your new plaything blindfolded?”

Klara looked down at the length of my covered form and then up to the mirror that was fixed above me before she nodded and then looked back down at me.

“That’s a good idea, dear,” she said to the nurse. “I think that my daughter would like to be there when her husband realises what has been done to make him perfect for her!”

I tried to move my head to the side to avoid the nurse’s hands as she presented a black silk cloth, but in a moment she had covered my eyes and tied it behind my head and adjusted it to block my eyes.

Now all I could do was listen to their voices as the nurse slowly pulled back the sheet from the frame that held it tented.

“Ooh, that’s perfect,” said Klara’s voice as the sheet was pulled from me. “Just as I imagined it!”

“Doctor Nellsworth has done her usual magic,” said the nurse. “Now then, this is done as well... just as you asked. The procedure is a little demanding, but she tells me that it went well and you can expect full function!”

I felt fingers touch my thighs and then cup my balls.

“Before you take her home, we have a few instructions for the first few days that have to be followed. After a week or so, everything will be healed enough to do whatever you want to your new plaything.”

I started to cry as the sheet was pulled back over me and the tear-soaked blindfold slipped from my eyes.

“Tonight we shall deliver,” said the nurse. “Make sure that you have everything ready for our arrival. “Now then, you should meet up with our aftercare specialist, Miss Heyworth, and by this evening you can start to enjoy every penny that you spent...”

Klara leaned down and whispered in my ear.

“See what your deviant little perversions have done to you?” she hissed in my ear. “What my daughter needs is a real man, not the little sissy that you have become!”

The nurse smiled slyly.

“Do you want a moment or two alone?”

Klara straightened and nodded.

“That would be good,” she said. “Please lock the door, wait outside and I’ll call you when I am ready to leave!”

The nurse nodded and left the room, leaving me alone with the woman who hated me. I heard a key turn as the door was locked and Klara strolled to the window.

“Would you like to know what I have in store for you?” she asked as she closed the window and pulled the curtains closed.

I nodded and she came to sit on the edge of the bed.

“My daughter needs so much more than you could possibly imagine,” she said as a finger traced over my swollen lips. “She needs a man, not a sissy failure. Someone who is at *her* level, not the manager of some pathetic shoe shop, earning a pittance. Someone to keep her sharp and needing more, someone that I can approve of!”

It seemed as if the little speech had almost been rehearsed beforehand and all I could reply was, “I love her, I really do...”

“You don’t even know what it takes to love a woman like Belinda,” said her mother in a superior tone. “All you did was to follow your nose to her money, marry her to get an easy life while she does everything for you. That’s not love, it’s sheer deceit. It has taken a year or two, but I have managed to bring her around to my point of view! I told her that you were just a money-grubbing half-man, but she insisted that you were a suitable husband and kept arguing against my better judgement.”

“Not for the money!” I said. “It was not that!”

Klara ignored my whine.

“Years. Twenty years! It took years of work for Belinda’s father to make us wealthy under *my* guidance,” continued my mother-in-law, “and you think that you can get your hands on all of it by marrying my only daughter. As soon as I saw you, I knew what you were. A pervert, a man that thinks that he can have it all and take my daughter from me. Well, I proved that I was right from the start and when Belli caught you out in your filthy little pastimes, I knew that I could prove to her that I was correct! Now you *are* what you dressed up to be!”

“I’m not like that,” I wailed.

“You will be!”

Klara stood, she had vented her bile and now she smiled wickedly.

“Do you know what happens to little girls that flaunt themselves?” she asked.

I shook my head.

“They get fucked!”

For a moment her hand went to her thighs and pressed into the tautly stretched leather.

“Let’s see if my daughter still wants you,” she laughed. “She’ll soon get tired of your whining, I’m sure. Then *I’ll* offer to take you on, I need a little amusement every now and again...”

I opened my lips to speak, but a hand descended and poked a finger into my mouth.

“You have no idea what’s been done to you, do you?” she said. “You really have no idea at all?”

Her fingers gripped the soft plastic inside and pulled at it a little.

“Oh, this is going to be perfect, you cute little slut!”

My mouth was still open as her hand retreated and for a moment she seemed about to slap my face before she stood straight and looked down at me.

“In a few weeks you’ll find out what is going to happen to your life! How I wish that I didn’t have to wait a week...”

“I want to see Belli, I want to speak to my wife,” I managed to say as Klara walked from the bed to the door.

“It’s far too late for that, bitch!”

Klara tapped on the door and it opened to allow her to pass.

For a moment the nurse looked in the room, then, satisfied that all was in order she closed the door and I was left alone with my fears.

All Change III

There is a belief that healing is helped by a will to get better.

It is not true, because I dreaded being 'well', but despite that, I recovered. I was loaded into an ambulance and taken to my mother-in-law's house, strapped to a bed where I expected Belinda to appear and allow me the chance to beg her to take me from her mother's care.

That did not happen!

I lay in the bed, while a hired nurse cared for me. A cold middle-aged woman who had clearly been well paid and told to care for me, but never to speak a word. The woman emotionlessly cared for me, bathed and drained me. Changed bandages that I did not even see, fed and watered me as I lay inert and shackled in a fugue of boredom, anxiety and trepidation.

Even Klara did not appear to crow over me.

In the end, I convinced myself that mother had told daughter that I was still in the clinic, because I could not imagine that my wife would agree to me being under her mother's care.

Days passed.

I tried counting the days, but my sleep broke through periods of light and darkness and I lost count after five, not knowing if I had slept through a full day and unable to remember the result of my count.

All I knew was that lying in the bed, day in and day out sapped me to the point where I was weak and dependent. Perhaps I was drugged as well, but I don't think so. Time was the drug that undermined both my physical strength and my mental power.

I almost started to long for Klara to appear and mock me.

Alone, I practiced the soliloquy that I would recite for Belinda, my wife. Testing words and phrases and learning them, convinced that I could bring her to take me from her mother's grip. My voice seemed to break again, every word starting deep and ending high, but as the days passed only the high notes could be spoken. My lips seemed to lose their pouting shape, but maybe it was just that I became familiar with them.

One by one, the nurse removed plasters and bandages and no longer replaced them and I knew that I was becoming what the surgeon and Klara had planned. The worst shock in those weeks of waiting was the moment that the silent nurse pulled the soft plastic shield from my teeth. For a moment, I could not believe the feeling of my tongue smoothly passing over smooth sore gums where my teeth had been!

For a moment I explored the back and then the front again. All of it was just a smooth, healing soreness that was covered again when the nurse replaced the soft plastic in my mouth. I seem to remember that I sobbed for hours, possibly even days, but then again, that was how I spent so much of my time as I lay alone in that bare room, strapped to a bed, staring at the ceiling and wishing that Klara would come for me!

Now, looking back, I know exactly what was happening, even though I never found out what my mother-in-law was ensuring would happen.

Mother was working on daughter, influencing, cajoling, arguing and persuading. Preparing Belli, hardening her, revealing slowly the depth of my transformation. Shaping her daughter to her point of view, encouraging her to find new outlets for herself.

In one room I healed, while in the wide world, my wife was being moulded by her mother to become a woman who would accept what had been done to her husband.

Much later, I realised, through dropped hints here and there, that the two women lounged on holiday in Greece while I lay strapped to Klara's bed. Mother and daughter, enjoying the sun, the sand, the high stark hills and hidden ruined temples while I suffered and prepared a speech that had no chance of being even uttered, never mind being listened to.

Bottles of wine, late nights in discos and bars, small holiday affairs and petting sessions which would break the final bonds that Belli felt for me. Klara's simple plan was complete in just a couple of weeks, from the point where I first was placed in a room of her choosing, to the moment that Belinda was at last allowed to see what her mother had done to her husband.

All that was required was a little more time for Belli to start to feel like a single woman. A woman on the prowl, free to do as she wanted, in need of satiation and pure physical release. When that point had been reached, the holiday was over, I was long healed, long ready to be taken back into the place and role that my mother in law had decided for me. Ready for the next part of my mother-in-law's devious plan to move me from the drawing board of her evil mind into the plain light of day.

The time that I had since that fateful moment when Belli had caught me had been just weeks, but now I was netted in my mother-in-law's twisted grip.

Revealing

Nothing changed and yet change came...

The nurse came and went, caring for me in her offhand and firm way, ignoring my entreaties. Bathing me, feeding me, spoon by spoon the slops that I would not need to chew. She emptied me and drained me, as one by one, day by day, dressings came off, the bandages were removed and the soreness and aches became a thing just dimly remembered.

My voice no longer broke high and low, now it was high and soft all of the time. I found that when I had to call for her to appear, I could not shout, the greatest effort was required to even manage a normal tone. Every day or two, she changed the ring on my balls, attaching a new one, each one a little longer, each a little more like a tube, to stretch them from my body. As she did this I could feel my balls drop between my thighs further and further until at last one day I felt the rough linen sheet on my skin.

Belinda and Klara became almost distant memories, my world had folded in to become the visits by my nurse, silent and efficient, no tease or torment, just a series of routines that were carried out to the second in a predictable way as slowly I recovered from whatever it was that Klara had had done to me.

As I breathed I could feel a gentle but persistent pressure on my chest and knew that the feminisation had not stopped at my face and lips. I could not imagine what the breasts would look like, but I knew that they were there, the weight was there to feel at every breath that I took.

I thought of Belinda, thought of her and felt for the first time a stirring between my legs. A familiar swelling as that night when I had knelt between her thighs came back to me and knew that my greatest fear had not been realised. For days, I had been dwelling on the nightmare that I had been gelded, but now I knew that I was at least complete down there.

The tension in me slowed my reaction. For what seemed hours I felt myself swell, and I rejoiced in this change that proved that I was still a man. I imagined myself becoming rigid, my proud six-inch cock enlarging, until it would at last press on the cloth of the sheet above and the feeling that would result.

I recollected the girdle and that intense friction.

Something gripped me, something uncomfortable, something that pressed into me and I tried to move and resettle to ease the discomfort, but the erection pressed hard into it and I yelped with the distress. The erotic thoughts and memories faded with the erection and at last I was able to breathe easily again and knew that some sort of cage had been fitted, that the swelling of my prick was restricted.

Frustration filled me. It angered me and I pulled hard at the anklets and wrist-straps that held me tight. Felt the broad belt that held down my torso and neck and then, finally spent I slumped back to the bed and started to cry.

My sobs brought the nurse to me and she inspected me in her cold way. She changed the bag on my tube, rubbed a little cream on the tender places where the sheets rubbed me raw and smoothed my hair with her hand.

“They are back,” she said.

The sound of her voice for the first time made me start in shock and she smiled and nodded.

“Is Belinda here?” I asked.

There was no answer but a small nod, almost imperceptible and a smile that answered me more than a ‘yes’ ever would have, before she left the room, leaving me to feverishly practice the speech that had taken weeks of work to craft.

‘I love you Belinda,’ I thought.

That was the start of it.

An appeal to her to cast her mother to the side, to take me back, a promise to be the husband that she deserved. In my head, the rest of my speech unrolled and I imagined her tears at my situation. I fantasised about her cursing her mother for doing this to me and the tender words that would make my world and hers whole again.

The door opened and, for the first time since the clinic, I saw Klara and realised that *she* would never allow any leniency. She walked to the bed and looked down and smiled as she ran her fingers over my cheeks and then into my hair. It had grown long enough for her to grip tightly and she pulled my head back to look me in the eye.

“My daughter is ready to see you now,” she said. “But, first, a little lesson for you to learn...”

I opened my lips to speak and suddenly her other hand appeared and plucked the soft plastic from my mouth and pressed in a large round ball.

“Better if you don’t speak,” she said with a small laugh. “A shame, because your voice is all part of your new role, but we’ll leave that lovely surprise for later!”

Her fingers pressed the ball deep and then she looped the strap that would hold it around my head and buckled it firmly, my swollen lips almost hiding the pink rubber as I tried to bite down on it.

“There, that’s better, dear. Can’t have you ruining my triumph!”

For a moment she loomed over me and raised her hand. I flinched because I thought that she was going to slap me, but the hand pulled back and she seemed satisfied with my reaction.

“I’m going to fetch my daughter to see what a weak pathetic sissy you’ve become,” she said. “You will be a good little girl while I explain to Belli all the expensive work that I’ve had done...”

She turned to the door, just as it opened and my wife walked into the room and came to stand to look down at me.

“What do you think?” asked Klara as she reached out and grasped my wife’s hand. “She’s a pretty little slut now...”

Belinda had a look of surprise on her face as she reached down and ran her finger along my cheek, down to my lips.

‘I love you Belli...’ came into my head as I saw her smile and nod.

“When her hair grows long, she will be perfect,” said my wife. “I cannot imagine her as she was, even...”

Tears came to my eyes and the wandering finger touched them and then lifted to her lips.

“You were right, this is not a husband, it has become something else...”

Klara bathed in the reaction and clasped my wife’s hand before she turned her head and kissed her daughter lightly on the cheek.

“I was so worried that you would be upset,” said Klara. “I know that you allowed me to choose what Donald would become, but even so I thought that you might be unhappy with the result!”

“What I have seen so far is perfect,” said Belinda. “Now, let’s see what you have achieved. I am ready to be shocked...”

Klara pouted and kissed Belli’s cheek again as she made a move like a magician and pulled the sheet from me with a single wide swing of her arm.

I saw a look of shock on my wife’s face which turned to a smile and then a fit of the giggles as her eyes took in what I had never seen. She held her slim hand over her mouth and snorted as her giggles turned to raw amusement.

“My God, Mamma, this is so... extreme!”

“I know that I went just a little too far,” said Klara as she studied her daughter’s face. “But, all that’s really happened is that I have spent a little more and done a proper job!”

Belinda reached out and touched my breast. It was the first time that I had felt contact there, a strange excited feeling as the fingers pushed into the soft flesh and then closed on a nipple.

“They are huge,” she breathed as she played with me. “She’ll never fit into my clothes and what about the hips and waist?”

It would be so wrong for a husband to fit his wife’s clothes,” said Klara with a chuckle. “I thought that it would be best to move from that and make her fill out all those nice dresses that we bought. Now we won’t have to fill them with any padding!”

“You are a demon,” said Belinda to her mother as her hands ran over my torso, to the swell of my hips and finally to the place where I longed most to be able to see. “She’s so smooth and rounded...”

I could feel an erection begin.

I could not help myself and tried to imagine things that would lay it to rest, but there was no helping it, the fingers touched my stretched balls and fondled them.

“This is strange,” said my wife. “What have you done to him? Mamma, what have you done?”

Klara blushed a little and made a small pout.

“I thought that it would go with the rest,” she muttered.

“It’s so sweet, take off that cage and let’s see what he has!”

My wife’s mother fumbled at my groin and I felt her ease me out of the hard metal restrainer that had gripped me. I looked up at Belinda as if I could see a reflection of my condition in her eyes, but all I saw was amusement as my cock swelled more and more and I felt hope deep inside that the surgeon’s knife had not made me too large for her needs.

How I longed for her, hoped that she would be impressed with what had been done and that it would redeem me in her eyes.

A hand touched me there; Klara stroked me slowly until I almost felt as if I would burst with the size that I was becoming. A groan came from my throat, unwilling it signalled my desperate need as the hand closed and slowly massaged me as a thumb played on the sensitive tip and I moved ever closer to climaxing at my mother-in-law’s touch.

“Stop now,” said Belinda. “Enough, we shouldn’t make a naughty girl of her!”

The hand pulled away and Belinda started to laugh at the bitter disappointment displayed on my face. Her attention turned back down and she touched me gently and squeezed.

“Hard as a rock,” she commented. “You have a twisted mind, Mamma!”

“She deserved it, the little slut,” said Klara with relief in her voice. “She’ll be perfect...”

Belinda looked at my sobbing face and pulled her hand away.

“I never knew that you could be so cruel,” she said to her mother. “I knew that you loathed him, but this?”

“I just wanted to make sure that he could never please you like that,” said Klara with a frown.

“Well, it’s too late to do anything about it now,” said Belinda with a smile. “I’ll bet that this cost a fortune!”

“Money well spent,” commented Klara. “I ordered two inches and I think that he’s just a little short of that...”

I should have realised what that demoness had done, but I had lived in the vain hope that my mother-in-law had enlarged me. Instead I had been downgraded, reduced to insignificant size, functional only to mock and tease. A cry came from my throat, a high pitched, haunting yelp, muffled by the gag that Klara had forced between my lips.

“I’m sure that I don’t notice all of the refinements,” said Belinda. “What else did you spend your money on?”

Klara smiled and patted me on the cheek.

“What you see is most of the work. In fact, it’s what I originally planned as soon as I saw the brochure. Then I asked at the clinic what other things were the most popular and added a few bits and pieces.”

Belinda looked down again at my stiff cock and held her hand over her mouth to stifle a chuckle.

“Like what?”

“I’ll show you,” said my mother-in-law as she fumbled with the buckle at the back of my head. “Of course, all the body hair went, I nearly forgot that, but it didn’t cost much at all. Well, not as much as I thought that it would!”

She pulled the gag from my mouth and my wife frowned and then pushed a finger between my lips.

“There’s nothing here,” said Belli as she probed.

“Can’t have her biting!” said Klara with a grin.

The finger pulled from between my lips and Belli nodded in agreement.

“It’s practical,” she admitted and then started to giggle again. “Donald was always a little careless like that...”

She blushed at the intimate admission and her mother linked her arm.

“The possibilities are endless,” said Klara.

“So what now?” said Belli.

“It’s time for her to start her new life, of course,” said Klara.

“I love you,” I said as I began my speech.

“That’s enough of that,” said Klara in a hard voice, but Belinda hushed her with a wave of her hand.

“I want to hear what she has to say,” said my wife. “Especially in that soft sexy voice that you’ve given her...”

“I love you,” I began again. “I know that I’ve disappointed you, I know that I should have never dressed in your clothes and made that part of my life secret from you, but your mother has poisoned you against me and...”

“If all you’re going to do is be rude to Mamma, then the gag will go in again,” said Belinda. “Mamma just wants the best for me even though she can go a little far sometimes...”

“A little far?” I cried in my soft voice. “This is more than ‘a little far’!”

Klara reached down and picked something up to place it in her daughter’s hand and pulled a wry smile as she waited to see which way the exchange would turn. My wife looked down at her hand and began to laugh.

“Mamma, where the hell did you get this?”

Klara shrugged and smiled.

“Please, Belli, don’t just do as she wants...” I said, trying to speak firmly, but a lisp had asserted itself and my words sounded foolish, even to my own ears.

“Pleash,” mocked Klara.

“Your mother is just an evil bitch,” I said.

The words that lay on my mind, slipped out and my wife slapped my face with the back of her hand.

“How dare you, you cross-dressing little faggot? How dare you insult Mamma like that, you are lucky that she didn’t have your balls chopped off! You should be thanking her for being so restrained when I think of all of the things that she could have had done to you!”

Her other hand moved to my sight, showing me the shape of a fat cock with a wide strap that dangled from the rear of it. She slapped me again.

“Open wide, slut! Suck on this and show a little respect and gratitude to the woman that made you what you really wanted to be! You have been nothing but a sissy from the start, Mamma is right, this is what really suits you, a big black cock in your throat and high heels on your feet!”

I opened my mouth in shock at the anger on my wife’s face and she planted the cock deep in my mouth while Klara moved to tighten the straps that would hold it into place.

I felt the hard object slip into my throat and gagged as the buckles tightened and Klara bent down to kiss my lips. I could smell the perfume, but it was overwhelmed by the hatred that oozed from her every pore.

All Change IV

I watched the world go by from the back seat of my wife's Mercedes. Through the blackened windows I saw houses and parks pass, people on their daily round as I sat helpless. There were no shackles on me, but those in my mind.

I could have jumped from the car at any one of a dozen traffic lights that showed red. Opened the door, stepped into the world and begged for help, but that course was beyond me. Beyond me physically, beyond me mentally. I sat in my pink dress, a tight girdle supporting my large soft breasts, a padlock on the steel that gripped my tiny cock and the smooth stockings on my even smoother legs and thighs.

Klara had achieved what she had always wanted.

I was now a prisoner of her revenge, a ridiculous doll, created to be a plaything for a daughter who had given-in to the dark side of her character that emanated from her mother.

Like mother, like daughter!

Her Mamma had offered a poisoned apple and my wife had bitten into it and become nothing less than a woman who had started on a path that she could no longer prevent herself from travelling.

Now she would explore the dark forest of her desires and I would be the signpost that would guide her on her chosen path to become her mother!

Deciding

I stood in the corner, facing the wall waiting for her to call. Behind me, in the living room that had been mine I could hear the end credits of the film and I tried to imagine what it was like, just a month or so ago, to sit next to my wife and make those small comments that we always used to make.

“Not Di Niro’s best film,” or perhaps, “Put this one in ‘favourites’, I want to see it again.”

Instead I inspected the wallpaper and tried to stay as still and unnoticeable as possible while I heard the clink of my wife’s sherry glass on the table.

My breasts hung heavy, spilling over the cups of the tight girdle, pushing into rounded soft globes. The clasps on my stockings rasped at my thighs and the long steel tube that clamped between balls and my restrainer caused me to spread my thighs a little to allow it to hang free.

It was my first night in Belinda’s house and I was starting to realise that the weeks of separation had changed her more than I could have ever believed possible. The corrosive effect of her mother had released something harsh and unforgiving in her that made her seem almost a stranger to me.

I heard the clink of the glass again and then a small sigh.

“Turn to face me,” she ordered.

I moved my feet and swung around to see her sitting on the sofa, one leg crossed high over the other the half empty sherry glass in her hand. I decided that she had never looked better. The low cut dress exposing a deep décolletage, the string of pearls tight on her throat emphasising her long neck.

“Mamma was right,” she said in reflective tone. “You are not a suitable husband... especially now since she made your deviant little fantasy come true.”

“It was not my fantasy,” I said, expecting a harsh reply, but all she did was to smile and sip at the sherry.

It seemed as if she was in a mood to discuss.

“That day, when I came home and caught you pretending to be something that you’re not, that was not all your own doing?”

“It was not like this,” I said looking down at what her mother had done to me.

“But, you did not resist at all,” she said with a smile. “You could have walked out, could have argued and fought. You could have shown me that you were a real man, a man who could assert his masculinity, but instead you just did as you were told, allowed my mother to break you and turn you into a little sissy-slut.”

“You brought her here, you allowed her...”

“No, you allowed her, my dear. You just followed where she led without a single word of defiance!”

I looked at my wife’s face and saw nothing but amusement on it. A sly smile and half closed eyes that I knew reflected her inner thoughts.

“You...”

“So! You are going to blame me for all of this?”

“No, it’s just that I thought that it was what you wanted.”

“I was, I suppose, but you are the victim of no one but yourself.”

I hung my head and found myself staring at my breasts. They moved softly with my breathing and I longed to touch them and feel the strange softness and play with the large nipples that adorned them.

“I have decided to give you a last chance,” said Belli with a smile. “A last test to see if you have even a spark of manhood in that empty head of yours.”

I could feel my heart beating as she stood up lazily and set the glass on the table. Every movement of her was like silk, it was if she had discovered some erotic part of her that had never been fully exposed before.

“Would you like that? A last chance to be a man?”

I nodded and watched her walk towards me. I could feel my cock stirring, that tiny little helpless flap of skin that was all that was left of my manhood.

“Good, then we’ll find out if you have any self-respect left, won’t we?”

Her slow steps brought her so close that I could smell her perfume. A heady, musky bouquet that filled my senses and overwhelmed my mind. It was the one that she always wore, her signal that sex was going to be a glorious bout, hours of play followed by a climax that ended in total exhaustion.

“So, here’s your chance,” she whispered in my ear.

I felt a hand burrow under the hem of my frilly skirt and held my breath as it stroked my stretched balls. Her breath in my ear was heavy, a rasping cadence that matched the fingers that moved to run their nails over the exposed tip of my straining cock.

“You decide; I think that that is fair enough! Stay with me, be my little bitch to play with. Learn to satisfy my every whim, find out how much like my Mamma I am and what it feels like to be abused and punished for the smallest mistake... or...”

The voice in my ear filled my head. Its whisper was insistent and overwhelming.

“...or, walk from the house now with nothing but the pretty little frills that you’re wearing now. Go to your job, earn your way, be a man and never see me or my mother again!”

The nails on the tip of my cock stroked and teased and her other hand cupped a breasts and pinched, finding my nipple with unerring accuracy and pulling at it through the satin of my dress.

“So, darling, what’s it going to be? My plaything or freedom?”

I imagined myself walking out of the house. Into the cold of the night, reappearing at the shop where I worked after my ‘holiday’ and being independent and free. My hips moved a little, jerked forward towards her hand and made up my mind for me.

“Please let me stay,” I said in my soft voice. “Please, Belli...”

She stepped back and inspected me with a small smile.

“Don’t ever say that you were not given the chance, Donald,” she said. “Mamma was right; you are nothing but a weakling. She knew that you would choose to surrender!”

A tear rolled down my cheek. I did not know if it was self-pity or the withdrawal of her hand from under my skirt. Her hand came under my chin and lifted my face to look into hers and she pouted her lips.

“Once this decision is made, there’s no going back, no matter what happens to you!” she said. “I plan to do things to you that will make your life a misery! I will give you to Mamma to play with, turn you into something more feminine than you can even imagine. You will be chained up at night and spend all your time pleasing my every whim, are you sure that this is what you want?”

I nodded and hoped that she would tease me again. I longed for her hand to slip under the lace of my dress and fondle me.

“Then it’s *your* choice after all,” she said with finality.

“I am yours,” was all that I could say.

“Follow me.”

She turned on her heel and walked slowly from the room and I followed behind her, watching the roll of her hips, the seams of her stockings and trailing through the miasma of the perfume that promised so much.

I expected Belinda to head up the stairs and lead me to the bedroom. I could feel the lust in her, imagine the way that her pussy dripped, wetting her thighs, needing release. Instead, she strolled to the door of the small front room and opened the door wide. Her hand moved in a sweep to usher me through the doorway and I wondered why she wanted me in this seldom used room.

Sitting on the sofa was Klara, looking up with an unmistakable evil smile of triumph. Dressed in leather, tight skirt and bodice, a crop on her knees held steady in gloved hands.

I stopped in the doorway and looked back at my wife. She ignored me and made a small sign with her hand as if to make me walk a pace or two more. When I did not move, she stepped behind me and gave my shoulders a little push that sent me sprawling on the soft rug at her mother's feet.

"You were right," said my wife. "Even *he* knows that he's just a little slut now."

Klara just looked down at me.

"He's all yours, Mamma. I'm going out for the night, I need a real man to fuck..."

My mother-in-law's foot came down and planted itself on my neck.

"I knew that he had no balls when I first met him," said Klara as she pressed her heel into my neck. "He was never fit to be your husband, now he's going to learn what failure really means. Don't worry, I'll teach him to be a good little girl for you! I'll break him to the leash tonight!"

"Do what you want," said my wife to her mother. "I could have put up with the cross dressing; it was nothing! It would have been so sweet to fuck him in stockings and heels if he had just taken a stand and shown me that he was man enough to be a partner and not just a weak little tart."

"He was never anything else to me," said my wife's mother. "You were always too good for him."

"I know now! You were right, but you opened my eyes," said Belli as she closed the door to leave me to face my worst nightmare.

The heel on my neck dug in, the other foot moved to my lips and I kissed it as I realised that I could have escaped, but that the chance had gone. Now I was just a foot-mat to a woman who hated me, at her mercy, even there was not a trace of that emotion in her bones.

For a few minutes she seemed satisfied that I kissed her heel. I heard Belli's car roar into life and the crunch of gravel as it left the drive. A small tapping sound signalled the crop on her palms and she bent down to take a handful of my long hair and force my lips to suck at the stiletto heel that pressed into my mouth.

"Once my daughter had a taste of a real man, I knew that you would end up at my feet," she said. "She did nothing but fuck, when we went on our little trip..."

I looked up at her legs towering over me and the sole of the shoe pressed slowly down to my face as the heel pressed home.

"Now, all I have to do is to break you and show Belli that you love your new place in her life."

The heel pulled slowly from my lips. It hovered a little over me, threatening to gouge before it moved and I could see the hands and crop and the smiling crimson lips.

“Come,” she said as she stood over me. “There is a little addition to your uniform that I have to add and then we are going to play a little game.”

She took a step to the door and then looked back at me as I started to stand.

“On your knees bitch! That is the first lesson, you crawl unless I allow you to stand!”

The crop swung in an arc, but it whispered over my head and then she stalked from the room with me crawling behind her. The floor of the hallway was hard, the stairs a trial to climb, but I followed her as she walked up the stairs, her tight skirt creasing at every step, her heels planted firmly on each step.

I followed her past my wife’s bedroom to the door of the guest room where she stood with the door open, waiting for me to crawl past her feet.

“This is your room now,” said Klara as she switched on the light.

There was only one change to the room. A large cage stood at the foot of the bed, a wire box with a padded seat making the top. Positioned underneath it was a wide tray.

“This is where you will sleep and wait to be abused,” said my mother in law. “Belinda has the rather sweet idea that you would make a perfect maid, but I am going to show her that the best use for you is to wait endlessly to be used... You are going to become the perfect sex toy for my daughter. Now then, we need to get you ready...”

I stood on all-fours while Klara went to the bed and picked up a handful of leather and chains. As she collared me and added chains to my wrists and ankles she spoke to me.

“These will remind you what you are,” she said.

The collar had a multitude of buckles that held my head straight, a hard tube that ran from shoulder to chin. A chain was locked to the front.

“There, that’s perfect. Now into the cage...”

As I entered the cage and felt the hard wires under my knees she threaded the chain through the large hole in the padded seat and then pulled it tight. My head was pulled upward and I found that the edge of the seat surrounded my face to look upward and my body was bent into an arc. With the chain fastened and pulled tight, Klara added a strap behind my head and buckled it savagely tight before clipping my wrists and ankles into place and then locked the door of the cage.

She looked down as if wondering what she had forgotten and then pulled the soft rubber that gripped my smooth gums and pulled it free.

“Do you know why I had them taken out?” she asked as a finger explored the smooth interior of my mouth.

I could not answer, but I knew that the answer was one that I did not want to hear.

“Of course, we can’t have you biting, can we? But, there’s another reason that is more important...”

“Please,” I whispered.

“That’s good, nice and polite, so I’ll tell you and give you something to think about. When the balls of a real man slap your face and a cock is deep in your throat, your mouth will feel *just* like a slut’s slack cunt. Just imagine the length of a fat cock slipping in, pressing hard at each stroke to choke your breath as he comes hard into you and squirts his slime down your throat!”

I cried out in fear at these words and she slapped my face again.

“Did you really think that you would be licking pussy all day? You are going to be fucked like the sissy you are and that means we’ll have to find you some cock to swallow!”

Her finger pulled free of my swollen lips and she spat to leave a trickle that she helped between my lips with her finger.

“Wait for me, I’ll start in an hour or two when I’ve eaten,” she laughed as she pulled the chains as tight as she could, stretching me, making my shoulders twinge with the unnatural position.

I looked up at her and felt the strain of my awful position. Back bent backwards, ankles held wide and the soft prison of the seat gripping my face.

“Please, don’t leave me,” I cried.

I could not help myself, already I felt as though I was being pulled apart and every movement seemed to tighten the chains that held me.

“Ooh, you’re in a hurry for me to play with you. I like that,” she said.

She leaned down and kissed me on the lips and I felt her gloved hand between my thighs as Klara reached through the cage. It touched my cock and then gripped my distended balls, squeezing hard and then lifting them and allowing them to drop. I cried out as the metal ring pulled and she kissed me again pushing her tongue into my helpless mouth.

“I’m going to make you squeal like the little sissy that you are,” she laughed.

The hand slapped my balls and then she stood and placed the crop on the seat, over my face, before leaving me to wait at her pleasure.

It did not take long for me to realise that the posture that I was held in was going to be painful. The smooth heels of my stilettos slipped over the wire and needed to be held by my legs, my fingers could not grip the bars of the cage to provide support other than the manacles on my wrists and the arch that my back was pulled into, was difficult to maintain.

Every movement, every tug at my fetters caused the chains to be pulled in as I struggled to hold the position. My breath rasped in my ears and the edges of the collar bit into my shoulders just as the edge of the hole around my face became slick with the sweat that ran from my face.

I started to cry piteously, my sobs like a little girl, but Klara did not return and the cramps in my calves and upper arms asserted themselves as my muscles could no longer hold and I was forced to drop my weight and hang from the chains that held me so tightly.

All I could see was the braided leather of the crop just before my face. A clear signal of my wife's mother's intentions. Worse still, my bladder was full and was demanding release. I could feel the pressure mount and knew that I could not hold much longer.

My breath was now in small pants as the strain and fear asserted itself. I tried to find some inner place where I could retreat to, a state of mind that would allow me to manage the discomfort, but all I could do was think of Belinda's last words.

Where she had said that she could have accepted me back, but that I was the one who made the decision. This was my fault, I had only myself to blame, I was the one who allowed it to happen. I was just too weak to satisfy her.

I could have walked out; I could have... but, I didn't.

The agony stole over me and bathed me, it filled my senses and I could not stop releasing a gentle stream that dribbled from me to trickle to the broad tray that lay beneath the cage. I felt a sense of dread when I thought about Klara seeing yet another weakness that I had revealed, exposed to the light.

How it was that I drifted into a slumber, I do not understand.

I hung in my cage and drifted into a fugue of discomfort as my stockings soaked some of my piss, staring at the braided line of the crop that bisected my vision of the ceiling.

Darkness.

The warm aroma of female juices, the taut skin of well-rounded buttocks above me. A clatter as the spikes of Klara's stilettos hooked into the wire of my cage and her sigh as she settled above my face with her thighs well apart and looked down at the face of the son-in-law that was about to try to satisfy her hunger.

"Wakey, wakey," she said.

I opened my eyes and looked through the triangle of her thighs at her leering face.

"I hope that you have enjoyed waiting for me," she continued. "Now you can show me what you can do. If you do not satisfy me then I am going to make you suffer!"

I looked up at the parted flesh above me as her hand appeared and parted her pussy. Fingers spread wide and then her middle finger crooked to press down, making the swollen bud of her

clitoris emerge from its hiding place. Between my legs, despite myself I could feel my cock stir, swell to meet the small studs that lined the steel tube that enclosed it. She looked down between her legs and I heard the hard spikes of her stilettos lift and move, finding a new place to purchase as she leaned forward, dropping hand and oozing pussy down towards my lips.

“Just my clit,” she said, “just the tip of your tongue!”

I tried, but Klara was not within reach, I struggled to push upward, but the grip of her seat that held me tight would allow no movement upwards.

“Try harder bitch, don’t make *me* do all the work!”

I heaved up and pushed my tongue as far as I could, just touching the pink skin for a fluttering moment, before I had to drop to try again.

“Better... very good. Now again...” she breathed as her fingers pressed and her bud slipped a little further, a millimetre down

Once again I struggled upward, my shoulders felt as though they were being wrenched from their sockets, the chains tightened a little with a click and I flickered over her with a light stroke.

“More, hold it there.”

My mother-in-law knew that I was in agony trying to serving her, the smile that I could see playing on her lips told me that, but then the crop reappeared, placed on her thighs and I knew that the punishment for failure would be severe. I arched, I closed my lips and pushed my tongue through where my teeth had been and the narrowing of my jaw allowed me the extra few hair-breadths that I needed to keep the contact if only I could manage to press upward hard enough.

“Oh, that’s better now, make it nice and slow for me... I love it when a man suffers to please!”

It seemed endless, the teasing of her. Every lick and caress of my tongue cost agony in my thighs and back. Every flick was a struggle to make as her hand pressed harder and moved, making my efforts ever more difficult.

“Very good,” she said. “That was just a little taste of what I want from you all night,” she breathed as she brought herself from the giddy height of almost-orgasm and leaned forward to press her finger between my lips.

I could taste her, a musky tang laced with musk sweetness as she explored and finger fucked my mouth before pulling her hand away and looking down at me.

“There are better ways to come,” she said. “You will explore them all with me tonight, but we’ll start with the one that I’ve longed to try ever since I first met you...”

She lifted up a moment, balanced on the heels hooked into the wire of the cage and her hands moved to her ample buttocks. They slid seductively together and then gripped to part her cheeks and reveal the pleated centre of her ass.

“This is what you are for,” she chuckled. “To kiss my ass!”

Her rear dropped to the seat, hands opening it wide, placing it perfectly over my lips and then sliding on the sweat, it swelled down, opening wide pressing my nose into her pussy and meeting my lips.

“Make me come now,” she said. “I want to feel you fuck me, feel you licking and teasing me. Clean my ass like the little bitch you are...”

I kissed.

I pushed upward, I lapped at her. I could feel her shudder above me, pressing her down and then her fingers that sought and found her clitoris. I heard her gasp as I pressed my tongue for the first time, finding the opening swell and become slack. I fucked her, pressed home, pulled free, kissed and breathed, before pushing once more as deep as I could go.

Her fingers strummed her clitoris, they pressed it free to swell and be caressed in front of my eyes, while above me, far above, Klara gasped and cried out as her hatred of me turned to liquid lust and forced me to toil in agony to make her climax.

Suddenly, she sat forward, the crinkled pucker was pulled from my lips, her hand pulled away and she gasped. Her thighs shuddered and I knew that the first round of the torment that she had in store for me had been completed.

The pucker of the opening moved and swelled in passion before my tear-filled eyes.

All Change V

Nearly all women can climax time and time again. Klara was certainly one of those women, driven by physical and mental demands and an overwhelming sense of triumph she was at last at the point that she had dreamed of. There had never been a doubt that she resented and hated me, that I had known ever since the first time we met.

She hated the fact that I had married her cherished daughter, hated that I was not at all the man that she wanted for Belinda. She saw me as feeble, a man who was not fit to be a husband, a man with no drive, a man with no balls.

Now that she had brought her daughter back into her fold and diminished the man that Belli had married, Klara was determined to place the next part of her revenge on me into place. I don't suppose that, at the beginning, she ever imagined that the real purpose of her retribution was to possess me for herself. I think that it followed logically at the moment when my wife, Belli, walked out of the door to find a one night stand at her prompting.

That first orgasm was climactic in more sense than one!

With my lips pressed to her delicate ass-hole and her fingers playing over her swollen clitoris, I think that she came to a sudden realisation of what was actually possible.

So much more than she had imagined.

That there was no realistic limit to her power, physical domination over me, intellectual supremacy over her daughter. Both of us had surrendered to her, the strings of both of us draped through her manicured hand to pull and release as we danced to her deviant tune.

In just a few weeks, Klara had gained what she had always dreamed of, now she had to hold on to what she had won. Assert her supremacy totally.

All that remained was to pull until the strings broke and test if the puppets could still dance to her tune of their own volition!

Abusing

Klara stood and looked down at me. Her face was flushed with the pleasure that she had just experienced and the knowledge that it could happen again and again as *she* decided.

“Are you comfortable,” she said with a smirk on her face. “There is still a little slack in the chains...”

I opened my mouth to speak, but she wagged a crooked finger over it and I sucked at my lip as I felt a small tug at the chains on my ankle.

“Make sure that you always give the answer that I want to hear,” she continued. “You see, I don’t want the ‘truth’, what I want is you to tell me that you would love to do whatever I want...”

I could not think of what to say. I desperately wanted to please her, give her what she wanted, in the hope that she would release my cramped limbs, but I had no clue from her sly smiling face what it was that she wanted me to say. If I had known, then I would have spoken.

“You are desperate to please me, but you still think of yourself too much,” she said. “That’s a start, but it’s not where you are going. I want you to please me instinctively, not because it will bring some relief and because you are frightened of me, but because you need and love me, deep inside yourself!”

The words washed over me, I could not make sense of them. How could I love Klara? How could I possibly feel affection when she was the one tormenting me?

“I do love you,” I lied as I tried to follow her perverse reasoning.

“Not yet, not the way that I want...”

Her face disappeared from my view, retreated to leave me with just a view of the ceiling as her heels clicked on the parquet floor. Kneeling on my knees, the wire netting of the cage pressing hard, my back arched to leave me staring upwards. Now that I had been in this position for a prolonged time the strain had eased just a little. I could feel sweat trickle down my back as Klara moved around the room and hummed a tune before singing the words...

*‘I picked you out, I shook you up,
And turned you around,
Turned you into someone new.’*

...and then humming the tune again.

The cage rattled.

“Oh dear,” she said. “My little bitch had made a mess...”

I had quite forgotten about that terrible time before she had returned to use me. The strain and discomfort and the release that had been forced upon me.

“That gives me an idea...”

Her hand closed on my hanging balls and played with them a little, massaging them gently and then lifting a little. I must have breathed a sigh of relief at her hefting the weight of the steel that stretched them and she chuckled to herself before allowing them to drop, making me squeal with the shock.

“That tiny little sissy-clit and the low hanging balls,” she said. “Vulnerability and inability, all in one sweet package.”

I felt hands release me from the heavy steel, unlock the restraint that gripped my flaccid prick and play with it in her hand. She rolled it between finger and thumb until I started to respond.

“That’s so sweet, the way that it hardly gets any bigger,” she said. “It just gets nice and hard for me to tease you with.”

One hand pulled at my balls while the other teased the inch of my erection. Her fingertips playing lightly over the swollen tip while she pulled at me, enjoying the alternation between my gasps of craving and whimpers of discomfort.

“You want to fuck me?”

“Please,” I gasped.

The utter defencelessness and uncertainty was pushing me towards a peak and I held my breath hoping desperately that she was intent on making me come for her.

“Should I allow you to?” she mused. “I don’t think that I would even feel you inside my cunt with this tiny little sissy-clitty...”

A single thought filled my mind. The hope that she would loosen me, take me from the cage and throw me on the bed to use me, ride my cock and make me hers.

“I need something more, a long hard cock to sit on...”

The hands that had worked me so cunningly held me tight and then pulled at me. Slipping something onto my prick and pressing it tight against my groin.

“This is much so much better,” she said. “We are going to have so much fun.”

In my imagination she had slipped me into something that would make me large enough to satisfy her. Soon she would loosen the fetters and use me. My imagination did not match hers!

Something pulled at me, sucked me in and massaged me. Then it slacked before pulling again with a slow cadence that forced gasps from my lips.

A hand touched a nipple. It pinched hard and then cupped one of my hanging breasts before delivering a hard slap.

“What are you?” she asked.

Her face appeared before mine and she asked again.

“What are you now?”

“Yours Mamma,” I answered hopefully. “All yours?”

“Of course you are, my dear, but that was not the right answer to my question. I asked what you are, the name for the thing that you are being turned into.”

My mind raced, what answer was the right one, the one that she wanted to hear from my lips?

“Your sissy-slut?” I answered hoping to give two answers in one attempt at the game.

“That’s a good answer, but it’s still not the one that I want to hear!”

The tugging at my cock slowed and her hand showed the control that was in her fingers.

“Please, Mamma, I don’t know, please tell me...”

I felt her hand move and stroke my breasts, it lifted them and then pinched. Caressed and then punished with a sharp slap.

“Poor little pet,” she said. “You so want to come, don’t you? Come for Mamma, have those low hanging balls milked of every drop. You love me don’t you, long to please me?”

My mind made the connection as she slapped my breasts again. Caged in a stall, milked by a machine, sucked dry for Mamma, the opposite of a bull.

“A cow, Mamma...”

“There, that was easy, wasn’t it? Now then, there is more to learn while I show you how easily I can milk my little cow. Do you know why cows can be milked and milked?”

The bizarre question filled my mind, what could my Mamma possibly mean? Where was she leading, what was in her mind?

“Please, milk your little cow...” I gasped as her fingers teased my nipples.

“Not yet, dear. First you have to answer the questions, then I might just use this...”

The remote control turned in her fingers and I struggled to see the button that her finger was hovering over. It was too close and I could see only a blur until she realised and moved it back an inch or two. There were just three buttons on the small plastic tab in her hand. The one that her forefinger hovered over had a ‘+’ marked on it.

The finger arced and I hoped against hope before it pressed one of the other two buttons and the suction at my cock slowed its rhythm. Just enough to tease, too sluggish to force me to a peak.

“I’ll ask again. What does my little cow need to be milked?”

I started to sob, I had no idea what she wanted from me. My sole desire was for that finger to move a little and press twice. I knew that that would be enough as she pulled at my swelling nipples and slapped my tits harder.

“It’s quite simple really, my little pet. Cows get fucked by bulls, then they are milked!”

The finger hovered over the ‘+’ button and made as if to press it hard, stopping a fraction of an inch short before she asked the next question.

“Does my little cow want to be fucked?”

All I could get out was a high pitched sob as I watched the hand that controlled me.

“Please, Mamma!”

“See, that wasn’t difficult, was it? All we have to do now is find a bull!”

The hand moved from my sight and she spent a minute kneading and playing with my hanging breasts before the door to the cage was closed and Mamma prepared me for her next game.

Klara left the machine running, keeping me mildly stimulated as she opened the cage behind me and slapped the cheeks of my ass.

“We have to get you ready for that cock,” she said. “Open your sissy-cunt wide enough to take a real man.”

A finger ran down my back, slid between my buttocks and came to rest just short of my asshole.

“This is a start...”

I cried out as something was forced inside me. A single smooth thrust that parted me and filled me. Reaching deep inside, pressing hard, forcing me to accommodate it.

“There, there,” she muttered. “It’s not that big!”

To me, it was enormous, I felt as though I had been torn open and I panted with the strain in a panic.

“Has Mamma raped her little cow?” she laughed. “What do you say?”

I cried out with the humiliation as I felt the object inside me move and find it’s natural position. Her hands pressed against the cheeks of my ass as she pressed it fully home at last.

“I can’t hear you thanking me,” she scolded.

“Oh God, Mamma, thank you, thank you... I love you.”

“That’s better, now let’s see if you are ready to be fucked.”

The article inside me swelled.

The first intimation was where it entered me. It opened me wider. Stretching and distending me before I felt it probe even deeper and realised that it was swelling in every direction. Pushing deeper still filling me to the limit until I was squealing and yelping with every squeeze of the bulb in her hand.

“You have to be ready for anything,” she laughed. “I want that fuck-hole nice and loose for the bull that’s going to fuck you.”

I was gasping and sobbing, crying for sympathy when she showed me the final degradation. The object inside me began to throb. Not a small vibration, not a slow fucking motion, but a deep twisting and writhing that explored and forced, making me shudder as it massaged and kneaded me from the inside until I felt a strange new sensation. Almost-pleasure that faded and returned enhancing the suction on my little cock. That feeling just before climax, the probe inside was replicating that sensation, manually bringing me to climax without the gratification of an orgasm.

“How now, little cow,” said Klara with a chuckle as she closed the door to the cage. “I think that I am ready for a little more as well. Can’t let you have all the fun, can we?”

Above me her face appeared for a moment before she slid back on to the seat and nested down. Her thighs parted and she leaned forward to allow her ass to drop and her pussy spread. In the triangle of light I could see her hand with the remote control and then she slid a little to press her pussy to my lips.

I kissed.

Lovingly.

Puckered, my bee-stung lips and made contact fleetingly, waiting to see what she would need, but there was no sign but a sigh from above and a slight repositioning that parted the lips of her cunt wide to allow me to lap at her swelling clitoris.

My discomfort was pushed to the back of my mind. It was not that I did not feel the numb cramps that wracked me, it was that other things filled my head and masked the agony as Klara taught me that pleasure had to be bought with hurt. To earn the privilege of being milked and abused, I had to suffer, it was the spice, the condiment that gave her what she desired.

My tongue probed, it lapped the swollen clitoris, it pushed back the folds to press it free and my lips closed around it, allowing it to fuck my lips as she rocked on her seat.

Each movement of Mamma above me pressed me into my collar, stretched my shoulders, forced my back to throb, but I teased and worked to earn the reward that I had glimpsed.

She was the only one.

My mother-in-law, my Mamma was the only one who had the power to overwhelm my terrible agony with the pleasure that was hers alone to give. Just one touch of the remote would be

enough! All I had to do was please her to the point where she decided to show a little appreciation of my efforts to please her.

I ran my tongue the length of the furrows between the crinkled inner lips and the outer curve of her cunt. Systematically tantalising her, making a small series of mournful moans come to me in my cage. Then the clitoris again, dabbing at it, suckling while massaging with my gums.

Surely this was enough to earn a reward?

I gathered pace, worked harder, pushed harder, tried to build her up and thrust into her as deep as I could, teasing her clitoris with the tip of my nose as I drew breath every time that she rocked back in her ecstasy.

Klara climaxed, shuddered to a stop and moved her hand to add to my teasing. A finger taking her clitoris from me as she slid forward a little to present me with that smooth place between ass and pussy that is the link between the two.

A place where I could tease her ass-hole and the lower entrance of her pussy in single hard licks that seemed to push her over the edge into a frenzy. The juddering climax caused her to squeal and her fingers moved in a frenzy that finished with a circular motion over herself.

The button, despite my hopes and attempts to serve, remained untouched. The throbbing in my ass and slow suction on my cock, not enough to do more than make me desperate to do more to let her see how much I loved her.

Klara's thighs parted a little, her hand still gently rubbing herself as she looked down and started to laugh at the disappointment on my face.

"Did you expect me to milk you, my little cow?"

I tried to nod.

The movement was imperceptible, but it seemed as if she recognised the answer to her question. Her thighs parted wide, lifted her pussy and ass from my lips and allowed her to enjoy the sight of me beneath her, restrained for her use.

"Tsk, ts, you have forgotten what I told you, haven't you?"

There was a pause until I said, "Mamma?"

"The slut-cow gets milked when she's fucked. Not until... Did you really think that I would change my mind if you tried hard to please me? You will serve me because you love me and are scared that I will punish you, no other reasons. You will be milked only when a fat cock pushes into your sissy fuck-holes and not before! I am going to educate you to long to be raped, abused and defiled, so that you can dribble slime from your tiny little sissy-clit as a real man impregnates you again and again."

Her smile broadened as her hand brought her to a small aftershock at the thrill of telling me what her intentions were. Her other hand reached down and touched my face for a moment and then forefinger and thumb closed on my nose.

My lips parted and a sudden spurt from her pussy filled my mouth.

“Oh, God, that’s so good. Now you are going to lap up every drop!”

All Change VI

It was over.

It is all over now!

That first night under her.

Mamma filled my entire world, measured abuse, constant pain to concentrate my mind on her pleasure. Temptation that was misunderstood and a promise that there would always be more that she could do to prove that I would suffer any exploitation as long as it was applied gradually and inexorably.

The moment when the chains were released caused me to scream with agony as joints relaxed, long-pulled muscles sprang back to place and circulation resumed in places where it had been denied.

As I lay howling on the hard wires of the base of my cage she stood with her legs wide, stilettos planted on the floor. Her hands lifted her skirt and helped her to a climax as she fed on my misery and demolition like a vampire queen.

Enjoying every moment, every scream, the sight of me writhing in tattered stockings, soaked from the tray, shuddering while the dildo that squirmed inside me made my tiny cock stand like a tiny thumb from my thighs.

A drop of clear dew perched at the tip.

Deciding

“Mamma, he is a real man in every way...”

Belinda’s words wafted into my cage from the door of Belinda’s bedroom. In my cage at the end of the bed, I could hear the words in the darkness and I knew that they were important somehow, though I could not reason why that should be.

The insert that plugged the seat over my face kept me in the dark, allowing just a narrow crack of light.

“I’m so glad that at last you’ve found a playmate. I am so looking forward to meeting him!”

“Mamma!”

Belinda’s voice had a hint of warning in the tone.

“Oh, don’t be like that Belli. I am sure that you have managed to find a real man this time!”

“I can never tell with you, Mamma. Are you just pulling my leg or do you want another little sissy-bitch in a cage?”

“One’s quite enough to be getting along with, dear. I am quite satisfied that you will pick someone who I will find suitable as a mate for my daughter.”

“Is that all you can think about, Mamma? Me finding a man who can fuck like a horse?”

“It’s not *all* I ever think about,” said Klara defensively. “But, you have to admit that a man’s performance in bed is an important part of a relationship.”

There was a breath of silence and then Belli asked a question that had passed through my mind as well.

“Was that an important part of your marriage with dad, then?”

“Of course it was, a vital part of our marriage, if you must know...”

“So... a marriage of equals?” asked my wife.

“Never! There is no such thing, the woman is always superior to the man and that’s a basic fact,” said Klara. “No, he did as he was told and I steered him to making a fortune, as you well know!”

“With a whip in your hand?” asked my wife. “I never noticed it as a child, though he always did what you told him to, as far as I can remember.”

“There were times that he needed to be punished, that’s true, but in the end, your father was a man that acted the part well and never disobeyed me in or out of bed. It was rare that he was kept in the cage for more than an overnight stay... of course when a lover came to call...” she

said reflectively. "Though I always insisted on him dressing in his lace and stockings when you were away at boarding school. He walked so well in heels, a perfect wiggle of the hips..." she added with a small sigh.

"I never realised..." said Belli.

"Of course not... now tell me a little more about this new flame of yours."

"There's not much to say! Just a one-night-stand at the moment."

I heard the sound of the two women walking into the room and shuffled my feet a little to ease the strain. A night and a day in the cage had made it just a little more bearable, but my thighs ached with the exertion of supporting myself.

"This is a nice little arrangement," said Belli's voice. "Is this what you used for father?"

"The very one."

Fingernails musically strummed the wire of my cage from one end to the other and Klara said, "I think that she's ready to learn what a sissy is really for."

The sudden light as the seat was lifted caused me to screw my eyes closed. When I opened them I saw my wife's face looking down at me.

"I hope that you've been a good girl for Mamma?" she said.

Belinda planted a hand on either side of the aperture and leaned to inspect me before turning her head and speaking to her mother.

"We can't just let her run around the house, Mamma," she said.

"Well, not for the moment, anyway," said Klara's voice from out of my sight. "She needs to be properly housebroken first."

I looked up at the sheer pink negligee, the shadowed nipples, perfect breasts and slim neck of my wife and felt a surge of emotion that was pure affection. She turned her face to look down at me and nodded agreement.

"You decide!" she said. "The trouble is; I just don't have time to look after a pet at the moment."

"I want to stay with you, please look after me," I begged.

"I don't think that that's possible, dear," said Belli to me. "When Mamma has decided that you're ready..."

"I could move in here, for a few months," said my mother-in-law.

"That's the other possibility," said Belli. "Is that too much to ask? You've already done so much."

“Why not? I’m enjoying the challenge!”

“I’m sure that she won’t be any trouble,” said my wife with a smirk looking down at me.

I shuddered at the thought.

“OK, when can you move in?”

“Whenever. I just have to pack a few things and I’m done.”

“Good! That’s all sorted then.

All Change VII

A week passed.

It seemed to last forever!

I did not even see my wife, just her mother.

Occasionally I heard Belli's voice, the familiar step and the sound of her car leaving and arriving. Klara simply filled my life completely, leaving no moment untouched by her presence.

Nights were spent contorted in the cage, staring up at her dripping pussy and well-rounded ass, while the days were spent learning what it was to be a slave to her whims. I followed her every move, trailing behind her, endlessly dressing and undressing, getting used to the small gestures of the hand that signified the next service that she wished for.

She seemed to take endless pleasure in fondling my breasts, enjoying the soft flesh and the way that I dared not flinch at her touch. Every word she spoke was chosen to make me aware of the power that she held over me. Every moment I felt her assessing my progress and deciding the next punishment that would be administered.

I called her 'Mamma', she called me 'slut', 'bitch', 'cow' and a dozen other names that I soon answered to with eagerness. I came to look forward to being stretched tight in my cage and the chance to show her that I was zealous to please.

I spoke when spoken to, I remained silent and hung my head when she did not require me to speak.

The worst and best was the constant state of arousal that she made me suffer. She seemed to be checking under the frills of my dress every few minutes to make sure that I was constantly stimulated and yet she never allowed me to reach a climax. I found that the nights in the cage left me weak and supple, unable to resist her as she positioned me like a broken dolly.

A week may not seem like a long time, but for me it stretched forever. The sound of Belli's voice in the kitchen would suddenly remind me that Klara and I were not the only people in the world. The sound of the television a reminder that my world had closed in.

I came to learn her mood, gauge her temper and understand when she was irritated, sated or just her usual sadistic self. She made sure that the only thing that mattered was her satisfaction and I found that it was all I could think of.

Pleasing her.

Klara never allowed me to see her undressed. As I crouched in my cage I wondered how her breasts looked and felt, even as I pressed my lips to her ass and fucked her with my tongue. I tried to imagine her unclothed, but it was beyond me as she led me to a place where all that I could do was obey.

She used the braided crop seldom.

It was a symbol of her authority more than anything else. Punishments were humiliations, intimate services that were used to abuse me as Klara slowly pushed me to the point where I would do anything for a touch of her hand on my straining cock in the hope that I would be permitted to come.

I found myself desperate to please her, hoping that she would allow me to be fucked by a real man so that the promised milking would happen and I suppose that was what the intention of all of the tuition.

The thought of a real man using my helpless body frightened me and excited me...

Evening

Standing still in my corner in the room was so difficult when I could hear every word, smell Belli's perfume, hear the scrape of her heels on the floor, the rustle of clothes as she crossed her legs and the slight clink of porcelain as cup nestled on saucer.

I longed to turn, to look over my shoulder and see them both sitting there. Mother and daughter, the woman who was my wife and the woman who delighted in my torment, the two women that I loved and obeyed. But, I dared not move, I stared at the wall and tried to imagine them both, my wife looking occasionally at the prettified sissy in her heels and chains, fluffed-up lace and tight cuffs, a narrow chain arcing from collar to the hook in the wall.

"Mamma, Jason is just so randy all of the time..."

"I'm not surprised, darling, you look the hottest you have ever been since you got married. Playing the field really seems to agree with you."

My wife sighed and I heard I heard her light a cigarette.

"Every night the last week, he's insatiable."

"Come on, girl. Don't make me beg to hear about it..."

"You mean the sex?"

Klara started to laugh and I heard a slap. I jumped and then realised that she had probably slapped her knee in amusement or frustration. The laugh sounded a little hollow, as if she was just pretending that she did not mind her daughter making her wait for whatever revelation she expected.

"Of course the sex, but what about the *suggestion*?"

There was a pause as Belinda milked the moment for every ounce of tension; before she said, "Jason thinks that three in a bed would be a 'lark'. His words actually..."

"Ooh, how did you sell it to him?"

"There was no sale to have to make. I just asked him if he fancied fucking me while my girlfriend joined in and he shrugged and said 'OK'. That's it, no fuss at all..."

"You've him eating out of your hand already, Belli!"

"Well, boss or no boss, he's just a man, that's all. He thinks with his cock not his head. In fact, I think that when he gets hard all the blood drains from his head and he's not capable of rational thought!"

Klara started to laugh at the joke and commented, "Well, that's not something little sissy-hubby will ever have a problem with! There's not enough cock to change his blood pressure."

There was a sound of the rustling of clothes and a slight scrape of heels. I imagined that one of the two was uncrossing her legs and lounging on the sofa.

“When’s the big night then, when your girlfriend is going to appear?”

“Tonight,” said my wife casually.

“What, Jesus, tonight? There’s loads to get ready... what time?”

“In an hours’ time he’ll be here,” said my wife with a laugh. “I’m a quick worker.”

“An hour, I still have to get dressed and ready.”

“Mamma, it’ll be fine, just calm down, finish the coffee, get changed and it’ll be fine.”

I could feel a blush coming to my face. Had it really gone so far that my wife and her mother were going to frolic in bed with Belinda’s boss? Of course I had heard all about Jason over the last couple of years. I had never met him, but had an idea of an older man who ran finance and loans while my wife was responsible for sales. A throbbing between my thighs and I engorged to fill the metal restraint. I flexed my thighs a little and felt the rough lace rubbing against the tip that swelled free.

“I hope that you’ve warned this that your girlfriend’s a kinky little bitch,” chuckled Klara.

The sound of the cup being placed on saucer made me jump.

“Mamma, you’re well past kinky...”

“But you’re learning fast, dear. Now then, I’ve got to get hubby out of here, get dressed and presentable and get everything ready upstairs. You put a bottle or three in the chiller and then we’ll be as ready as we’ll ever be...”

“Will do. Let’s get going...”

I heard Belli walk out of the kitchen and head upstairs and then a small tug on the chain on my collar as Klara took me in hand and led me upstairs to her room.

“You’ll put on a new frock, take off this lime-green and get into pink. White heels, short frilly socks and netted gloves,” she said as she opened the door. “I’ve got to get dressed and ready to meet Jason, but I’ll help you with the makeup and the other details.”

I started to do as I had been ordered.

The thought of another man gratifying my wife... actually no euphemisms were allowed; he would be fucking her, making her scream while her Mamma would be in the bed as well... I could not get over the idea and was so jealous of the man that had been picked to be played with. I was jealous that he would be allowed to push his stiff cock into Belli and shoot deep into her. I was jealous that he was a real man with a mighty cock. In fact, I was jealous that he was allowed to see my wife, touch her, kiss her while I would be chained in my cage to hear the frantic cries from the next room and weep as I stared at the ceiling.

Another thought came to me. He would also see Klara naked in the bed, fondle those breasts... More jealousy came to the fore.

I dressed.

The tight girdle on tight, pulling me into shape, rounding my hips, pulling in my belly, holding my breasts. I slipped on the ankle socks with the lacy frills and then the dress, the skirt of which was straight out at a right-angle to my legs.

By that time, Klara had managed to slip into her tight latex dress and had added the hard make-up that gave her face a sinister cast. Red liner, black lips and pale translucent skin.

Klara came into the room and passed me a pair of folded lacy knickers. I had not been allowed to wear panties or hide myself for weeks and I was almost uncertain what she wanted me to do with them.

“Put them on, dear, can’t have you running around and exposing yourself can we!”

I stepped into them and realised that they were fluffy and thick with ridges of lace that closed around thighs and waist.

Klara inspected them and seemed satisfied with the effect.

“I think that it will be nice if you meet Belli’s lover and get to see him,” said Klara with a small leer as she added to my makeup with precision borne of long practice. “Then you can think of his long cock pressing deep into her ass while you contemplate the darkness in your hood!”

“Please, Mamma, not the hood. Please...”

The last word trailed away and I felt the tears well in my eyes.

“Don’t you like it, dearie?” she said as she dabbed my tears away.

“No, Mamma. I’m so alone in the hood, it makes me scared.”

“You’re never alone when you belong to me,” said Mamma. “Would it help if I give you the pacifier?”

I thought of the short but wide prick shaped drinking nozzle that she sometimes used and I shook my head. It filled the plug-hole in the hood and was supposed to train me...

“Tell me you want it...” she cooed.

I looked at Klara as she tugged at my sleeves and fluffed up the lace. If she wanted it then I had to want it too.

“I want it,” I replied sullenly.

“Ask properly!”

“Please may I suck a cock...”

“That’s better. Good, then, after you’ve met Jason, on goes the hood and in goes Mamma’s cock and you’ll be all set for the night,” said Klara.

Mamma led me downstairs and parked me in the corner of the lounge before looping my chain over the hook. I stood still and waited. Belinda’s feet sounded on the stairs and then I heard Klara make a cooing sound and then start to giggle. Belinda spoke, but the words were impossible to make out and then there was more laughter between them.

I longed to turn and see how my wife had decided to get dressed, but I dared not move and stared at the wall while my imagination worked overtime.

The front door bell sounded and then the sound of the door opening and greetings. A low voice, a man’s voice filled the hallway and I felt my knees tremble. There were words and some laughter and I heard Klara say: “Oh no, I’m going out tonight...”

The voices got closer as my wife and her boss strolled into the room.

“Aha, what have we here?” came that low voice.

“She’s the submissive little friend I was telling you about,” said my wife’s voice. “Sometimes we play...”

I felt a strong hand on my ass. It moved a little and then patted me gently.

“Is she always this quiet?” asked Jason’s voice.

“She speaks when she’s spoken to,” said Belli with a small laugh. “Don’t you?”

“Only when I’m spoken to,” I replied.

“But, she likes to be fucked? I mean dressed like that?”

I could almost feel Jason’s eyes inspecting me from the ankles, where stilettos were padlocked on and then chained together, to the lacy gloves and collar that leashed me to the wall.

“If you want to see her naked...”

“No, no, that’s not what I meant... whatever turns her on!”

“Actually, my choices,” said Belinda. “If she is going to serve, then she needs to look the part! Now, turn around and let Jason get a good look at you!”

I turned slowly and hung my head. At first I could only see his shoes and jeans, but I dared lift my gaze and I saw the hands that had fondled my ass and his face.

Jason was tall, taller even than Belinda in her heels. Wide at the shoulder, his skin the true almost blue-black that is to be found in Nigeria and Ghana. His arms were powerful, not the

pumped-up strength of a gym, but the ropes of muscle that come from hard work. His lips moved and twisted, showing perfect white teeth and he nodded as if in approval.

“She’s delicious, Belinda. Where on earth did you find a slut like this to play with?”

There followed a short laugh from my wife.

“Oh, I’ve known her for ages,” she said. “She’s all yours to tease if you promise to indulge her little whims...”

I looked down at the outsized bump between his thighs and realised at last what game Klara and Belli were playing. They were going to pass me off as a girl... I was to be the third in the bed and not my mother-in-law after all!

Jason followed my gaze and nodded slightly before he reached out and ran his fingertips over my breasts. The tips of his fingers caught in the lace that made up the hem and pulled down sharply, ripping the dress. They dug in and caught the upper edge of the girdle that cupped my breasts and pulled down with casual strength.

“I like what I see, baby,” he said to my wife as his huge hand weighed each breasts and squeezed hard.

“She just loves real men, darling,” said Belinda as her hand squeezed between his legs. “She just needs a firm hard hand and a fat cock to keep her content!”

I looked up at him, felt over whelmed by his masculinity, the strength in his hands as he rolled my sensitive nipples in his strong black fingers.

Klara stepped behind me and whispered in my ear, “On goes the hood.”

I felt her pull it on and cried out in distress as her thumbs pushed under my ears, between jaw and ear.

“She loves to be forced...” said Klara as her hand moved to press the short tube covering the mouth of the hood between my open lips with a ruthless push.

“I am starting to think that you are trying to play with me too,” said Jason with a grin. “I thought that this threesome would be a little different!”

“You are just at the start,” said Klara as she pulled the straps on the hood tight and checked that the plug in my mouth was firmly seated. “If you want to have my daughter then you’ll have to satisfy me... that you give her all that she needs!”

Jason started to laugh.

“Mother and daughter, a wet dream of mine, but where does this slut fit into the equation?”

His hands lifted my naked breasts and allowed them to drop to hang over the torn front of my dress.

I was blinded by the tight mask that was being pulled tight on my head; it moulded to every feature, covering my eyes with smooth leather and my mouth with a round hole, blocked by a chained plug that looked from the outside like the plug in any normal sink. Inside, the rounded form of the tip of a prick pressed on my naked gums.

“You’ll see, dear,” said Daniella. “There is a special surprise in store for the man that fucks me and fills me.”

A final strap pulled around my collar and was locked to it by a lace that ran through matching eyelets on the mask and my mother-in-law had me sealed into the hood. My breath whistled through the two small tubes that thrust half an inch into my nostrils and allowed me to breathe.

“I like surprises,” said Jason.

His hand moved down the smooth spandex of the girdle, opening the rent in my dress, but Klara’s hands blocked them from slipping between my thighs.

“Best to start here,” said Klara, her hand tapping the plug that blocked my mouth. “Now then, I’ll have to leave you two love-birds, tonight I’m on the prowl for myself.”

The hand that had attempted to explore pulled back and I felt a small tug on the chain leash at my collar.

“Danni will wait for us upstairs,” said Belinda in a firm voice. “Could you leash her to the bed, Mamma?”

“Enjoy yourselves,” said Klara as she led me to the stairs. “I’ll see you both tomorrow!”

I almost tripped at the first step, as my wife’s mother led me upstairs to be chained to my wife’s bed, ready for her and her lover to use.

All Change IIX

As I heard the door to the bedroom close, I put out a searching hand and found the end of the bed to steady myself. For a moment I almost fainted with the stress of the realisation that Belli was really going to go through with this.

It was not enough to reduce me to a feminine dolly, now she had found a man who she was going to introduce to the dubious pleasure of playing with another man in his bed.

Now that I was steady on my heels I raised my hand to the smooth leather hood that was stretched over my features. The buckles were locked into place with a steel wire that ran through eyelets and then had been padlocked closed to defeat my exploring fingers. I moved my hands to my face.

The circle of the plug hole over my mouth and the short chain that made my mouth nothing less than a sink for any use that my wife and her lover wished to put it to. I could feel the short soft tubes that came from my nostrils and pinched them closed for a moment, realising that I could be controlled with just a touch of the fingers, my breath being at the whim of my users.

My hands pulled my girdle up and settled my bruised breasts back in the cups. When unsupported, they hung so very low. The large soft breasts ached when they hung, a tempting target for punishment and abuse. They were just another way of making me so vulnerable and pliable, Klara had been so clever when she had insisted on me having yielding hanging breasts, so sweet to invite exploitation and manipulation.

Again I steadied myself with my hand on the bed post. My knees trembled, the muscles in my legs clenched and quaked and my breath sounded in rasps through the two soft tubes in my mask. Once again I realised that I had failed the test, failed to do what a real man would have done, given my wife and her evil mother implicit permission for what they planned to do.

Now they had moved forward while I thought that my humiliation and service could not go further. Placed me like a sex-toy, ready to be used. Waiting by the bed to be fucked while Belli worked on the man who was so in need of her cunt that he would accommodate himself to any circumstance.

I had even been renamed.

Danni... a feminine echo of my name. A slut's name, a name that invited those that used it to imagine that I was really what I now seemed to be.

The front door slammed closed as Klara left.

When at last they came up to fuck me.

My new life had only just begun.

Revealing

He first I heard of Belinda and Jason's arrival was the giggling of my wife outside the bedroom door. Then a bang as Jason lifted her up and pressed her back to the door and slid his long cock into her perfect cunt.

The one that had been mine.

I heard the regular beating of her ass on the door as she was pushed by his thrusting hips. I could hear her cries, the whimpering and yelps as he thrust home and fucked her. In my imagination, she had wrapped her legs around his hips, and clasped her hands behind his neck as his powerful hands explored her breasts and tore her clothes from her.

Of course, I had only the noise that they made. His grunts, the creaks of the door, the small female cries, to go by. But, I knew that I was the witness to a real man cuckolding a wife, I was a sissy who deserved nothing less...

"God, oh God," I heard her voice as the rhythm speeded and at last finished with cries of bliss from Belli that were pure gratification.

Then came the click of the handle and the swish of the door over carpet and the two lovers entered the room. I could only hear the soft padding of a pair of naked feet as Jason carried my wife, then the sound of the bed as he tossed her giggling to the bed.

I felt a hand on the top of my head, a broad and strong hand whose fingers spread to crown me and twist my head.

"I've never seen anything like this bitch..." said Jason's voice as his other hand moved to the upper edge of my girdle and slipped powerful fingers between tight fabric and my skin.

"She loves to be controlled," said Belli. "Used and abused."

His hand gripped tighter and I squealed with shock as he ripped dress and girdle from me with a single powerful wrench. I felt the hooks at the back spring free one by one in rapid succession and the tearing of the dress as buttons and zippers popped and the lace and satin ruptured.

Now I was just standing in heels and knickers, regaining my balance on my heels as I heard the dress drop to the floor.

"I need another fuck," pleaded Belinda from the bed, come on and fuck me again..."

Jason laughed and pulled at my breasts.

"Now that you've given me this dolly," he said. "I think that I'll play with her for a while..."

The hand returned to my head, pressing down, forcing me to my knees. I felt the hard floor under my knees and held to the end of the bed, but his hands knocked mine away and then gripped the handle on my masked face to strain upward.

“Let’s see your hole,” he muttered and fumbled at the stopper over my wide open mouth.

A small popping sound and he had pulled the plug from my lips. He laughed when he saw the shape of it and pushed a finger into the opening to explore. It pushed over my tongue and then hooked around the metal tube.

“Oh fuck.” His voice was filled with shock. “Smooth...”

“Mamma had them removed...” said my wife. “She thought that Danni should not be able to bite!”

The finger made another exploration, top and bottom and then retreated.

“Your mother is a real bitch,” he said.

“She’d take that as a compliment,” said Belli with a laugh. “Actually, she just knows what she wants and always gets it!”

“So I see... do you always get what you want?”

“Of course. Always!”

“So do I,” he said.

It was at this moment that I felt his cock being pushed into my open mouth. It slid into the hole. I could taste the sourness mingled with Belli’s perfume on it. It was warm and not rigid, but just half erect as it pushed deep.

My tongue retreated and I tried to escape the two huge hands that held me helpless impaled on him. I felt his balls slap at my chin and then he withdrew to press home again. Jason grunted once as he pushed deep and I felt his cock start to swell in my mouth. Then another hand joined the two that held me tight. A hand that moved to take my breath away by nipping the soft tubes from my nose with a small pinch that lasted just long enough to register, before they allowed me to breathe again.

“Suck it hard,” came my wife’s voice. “Suck him off, slut.”

I must have failed to react fast enough because I found that my lungs were straining to pull breath, but the finger and thumb that closed the tubes denied me air.

Frantically I sucked at the cock in my mouth. I started to see stars in the darkness of my eyes and then suddenly I was permitted to breathe.

Jason made a low moaning sound and Belinda exclaimed, “I need him nice and hard for my cunt, dear, so be careful not to make him come...”

I sucked and massaged at the smooth cock in my mouth. It filled the hard entry tube and the tip seemed to swell in my throat as I frantically sucked and worked to please it as it moved slowly in and out.

“I’m so close,” said Jason in a cracking voice.

“Then fuck *me!*” said Belinda.

The prick pulled free and the stopper was forced back in my hole. The hands on my head left me and I heard Jason climb onto the bed and the small cry as his huge cock pushed into her.

“Fuck me, fuck me,” moaned Belli. “Fill me up...”

I kneeled at the end of the bed and felt tears fill my eyes as my wife was slowly fucked by the powerful black man that had just used me. I placed my hands on the end of the bed and felt it rock to the spearing that Jason was giving her.

She cried out, Belli screamed with her orgasm and her lover grunted as he finally released his emission deep inside her.

“Jason, you are so good,” panted my wife. “You can really fuck!”

“You make it easy to be good,” laughed Jason. “So fuckable!”

“Give me the bitch,” said my wife. “I need her to lick me clean.”

I felt the movement on the bed and then my leash was pulled and I was pulled to between those thighs. The plug was pulled free again and another tug on my head planted the mouth-hole of my mask to press against Belli’s leaking pussy. The chain pulling, a single hand that pressed my face into her and there was nowhere for all of that come and juice to flow but between my lips.

It trickled.

I lapped at the soft skin at the far end of the short tube and I knew that this was the only way that I was ever going to even come close to pleasing my wife. Suckling at her pussy in the dark while it leaked the come from her lover down my throat.

I heard a satisfied groan from above and then a small laugh from Jason.

“Darling Belli, give me a while to recover!”

“Just teasing,” laughed my wife. “Let’s take a time-out and have a bite to eat and a glass of something.”

“Sounds good,” said Jason.

“There’s a bottle in the fridge and I made some snacks as well...”

“OK, OK, I’ll go and get them,” said Jason.

I was alone again.

My tongue was sour with the taste of Jason's come and the sweet fragrance of Belli. My breath whistled through the hood and I lay on the bed conscious of the spike of one of my stilettos that dug into the back of my thighs with my leg bent under me.

I moved, rolled a little on the soft covers and moved my leg. Under my back I could feel something rough digging into my back that they had left on the bed and reached down to pull it free. Through my lace gloves I could feel the coarse braids of a long crop. I ran my fingers the length of it and shuddered with dread as I tossed it to the side.

Nightmare thoughts filled my head in the close darkness of the hood. What would happen when Jason found out that I was not a deviant little girl? I wondered. The thought that followed caused me to react physically, I pushed myself to sit up and felt a terrible panic fill me.

Would my wife reveal that I was her husband? I pondered.

Somehow the thought was so frightening that I started to crawl for the edge of the bed. I had to escape, had to hide... My hands explored the hood, felt buckles through the fish-net of the gloves, I tore them off to pull at the tabs and buckles with frantic hands. Panic made my attempts futile and I paused a moment to gather myself and calm down.

My fingers found the row of buckles and pulled at them, tugged and worried at the clasps. They found a small padlock that dangled at the rear, a chain that was threaded through each fastening, held in place by the taut chain. I wrenched at the lock, tore at the chain and pulled with all of my strength at the lowest fastening as I realised that I needed to find something to lever into the hood if I was to get free.

The edge of the bed was near. I rolled off onto the floor on all-fours and frenziedly tried to think where I might find something to get me free. Keeping the bed on my right, I crawled around it, bumping my head into the hard wood of the bedside cabinet. Opening the drawer, I reached inside and felt the objects inside.

Small bottles, perfume or perhaps nail varnish.

Several silken scarves that I threw to the side.

A pair of handcuffs with keys in the locks.

My fingers explored from front to back.

A book, the pages fluttering as it fell.

Something rolled in the drawer and I felt a hard smooth vibrator in the shape of a fat cock. A reminder of the taste in my mouth. My hand drew back as though stung and then I pulled the second drawer free.

This drawer was almost empty, there were some cables and some smooth objects of metal that I could not identify and the drawer pulled free and tipped its contents onto the floor. Scrabbling amongst them I found a metal nail-file and grasped it tight in my fist in desperation.

The point was sharp, I lifted it to the stitching of the lowest buckle at the back of my head to saw myself free.

“She’s not as willing as you said,” said Jason’s voice over my laboured breathing.

“She’s not willing at all... she’s just a come-slut!”

The answering voice was my wife and I froze just as the pointed tip of the nail-file found the first stitches. I dared not move, kneeling with my hand at the back of my head at the point of liberation.

There was brief silence.

I shivered in abject terror, Jason paused in thought, but the footsteps of my wife sounded on the floor as she approached me. I could feel my hanging breasts, vulnerable as my chest heaved with panicked breathing.

“Who is she?” asked Jason in a quiet voice.

“Mm, let’s see,” said Belli with a small chuckle.

A hand brushed my own hand from my head and I dropped the nail-file to the floor. The hand gripped the top of my head and pulled up.

“Stand up, dear!”

I staggered and obeyed, Belli’s hand lifting from my head as I found my feet.

“So who are you?” she said rhetorically. “What little bitch have I got captured in my bedroom to service me and my lover?”

Instinctively my hands dropped to the frilly panties that concealed me. I heard Belinda take a step and then her hand ran from my collared throat to the tender nipples on my hanging breasts.

“Hands down...”

I could not move, frozen in dread at the thought of being exposed. Despite everything that had gone before, it was the reveal that scared me the most.

“I said; hands down, Danni!”

My hands twitched, but the fear of being uncovered and humiliated was so much more than the power of Belli’s voice. A sudden hiss and the crop bit into my backside.

I squealed in shock and my hands dropped.

“That’s better,” said my wife’s voice.

I heard a sharp intake of breath as Jason watched the little scene play out, unable to intervene until it reached its climax. The hand on my breasts slapped me sharply and slipped to the waist of my knickers. Fingers pushed between lace and skin and tugged a little as Belli got a tight grip.

“Danni is something that my mother created for me to prove something that she knew, something that I didn’t know,” said Belli’s voice in a matter of fact tone.

“I don’t understand,” said Jason’s puzzled voice.

“Of course you don’t, you’re a *real* man! Assertive, self-confident, with a long hard cock that can please a woman. But, there are other types of man in this world... men who just submit and allow themselves to be used...”

“Jesus!” exclaimed Jason’s voice, “she’s a *he*!”

At that moment, the hand that gripped my knickers wrenched and ripped the fragile folds of lace from me, revealing my tiny hard little cock and allowing my balls to drop free.

“*Was* a he,” laughed Belinda.

“I thought...” started Jason’s voice.

“I haven’t answered your question yet,” broke in my wife. “The ‘*who is she?*’ one.”

I was close to collapsing to the floor, but the touch of a hand on my cock steadied me and I felt it stroke me to full size.

“Of course this little cock-sucking bitch was my husband just a couple of months ago. Mamma always told me that he was just a pathetic sissy, but it was not until I caught him dressing up in my clothes that I finally admitted that she was right all along.”

Her hands moved up my body and fondled my breasts and nipped me.

“You did *this* to him?” asked Jason.

“Not me... Mamma proved that my husband would submit to any humiliation and this is where she took him. He sort of did this to himself, the little come-slut. Not entirely willingly I suppose, but he surrendered all the same, proving to me that he’s nothing more than a pathetic sissy-slut.”

“I don’t know if...”

“You do, of course you do! You’ve already fucked him once. Now prove to me that you are the alpha-male that I know that you are! That you’re the man who wants to fuck me...”

All Change IX

Belinda wanted me like this, that was enough.

Dressed up as a slut, that is!

Begging for cock, needing to be the passive bitch.

It's not that I felt myself as feminine, or even deviant, it's more that I foolishly just loved that thrill. The adventure of the tightness of the skirt, the smooth clasp of stockings and a girdle and the shoes that pinched and made me walk with a sway in my hips.

Now there was no escaping the consequences of my fetish.

I had hidden it all in the shadows, in moments when I was safe, indulged myself and came to look forward to those special moments alone with my fetish. Now the secret was out, the change had been carried through and Belinda had discovered that she loved the thrill of reducing me to a bed-toy.

The clothes proved to be just the beginning of my short journey. It was Klara that pushed harder and harder to make any backward step impossible. The face, the figure and the terrible thing that she had done to my once proud manhood. She made the man fit the clothes, by changing the man into her daughter's pet. Proved her point in every way, because I had not really ever resisted and fought to hold on to my masculinity.

Was the only reason that I married Belinda because she always fucked me and never the other way round? Was it because I sensed that I would be whatever she wanted me to be, no matter what the cost?

Certainly!

I had it inside, now it is all that I have.

Feminine and submissive...

What she needed was an authentic man. One who held her tight, made his needs felt, paraded his status and allowed her to be the woman she needed to be.

Jason, her boss, he was that man!

A man who was prepared to pay a small price, as long he got what he wanted. Ebony on white, physical strength and masculinity. All he had to do was fall a little into her world and he could have all of that, surrender a little ego and still stay on top.

I suppose that, as he looked down at me, stripped but for stockings and shoes, collar and hood, he realised that here was a chance to be measured against a man who was nothing more than his wife's plaything.

All Jason had to do, was play the game and he could have everything.

Violating

The hand that held me, fondled the heavy tube that made my balls hang low, ran its fingertips over the smooth skin of my thighs, then pulled away.

I could almost feel the decision being made in his head. The moment's silence told the story

Should he walk away?

Free from what Belinda was offering, untainted to find a woman who wanted nothing more than to be held down by his strength and weight while he ploughed her and made her gasp as he pushed home.

Or...

Take what was offered, allow her to bend him a little in her hands to dominate a husband who had surrendered everything for the woman that he could have with just a nod?

No word was spoken, I just stood trembling and fearful until a strong hand rested on my shoulder, pressing me down to my knees as the other hand unstopped my mouth. Pulled on the short chain and allowed the gag to drop, allowing me to gasp a breath before something pushed inside. Something hard and silky smooth, with a sensitive tip that pushed deep into my throat. Something that pressed into me and fucked me while my wife stood behind me and kissed him, nestling my hooded head between her thighs rubbing herself against the buckles and chains that kept me helpless.

He fucked me slowly, never withdrawing, but pulling back and then thrusting again, deep inside while they kissed and clinched above me, using me as an intermediate for them. A substitute that added spice.

I could sense that he was coming.

The thrusts speeded, each one a little deeper than the next until, on an outstroke they climaxed together, moaning and crying out as he squirted me full and she forced me forward with her wide-held hips.

"I love you, Jason" said Belli. "A man who accepts my needs..."

His voice muttered in her ear, I could not hear the words, but I knew that, in his post climactic high he wanted more. More of her, more of me and more of everything that my wife was leading him to.

"No, darling, Danni will never be allowed to come again!" she answered his unheard question. "We'll tease and fuck her, dress and abuse her every night. Chain her to the bedpost to wait for the next round, show her what a big black cock feels like when it opens her pussy and when she cries and then she'll be punished and used again and again!"

The words echoed in my head and I realised that Belinda was crueller even than her mother.

I felt the rubber stopper being forced into my mouth and strong hands grabbed my wrists and clicked the handcuffs on behind my back.

I cried out in fear, but all that came as an answer was their laughter as he pushed me on to the bed, face down, heaving me on to all-fours, slapping the inside of my thighs and my balls to make me open my legs.

Malicious fingers closed the soft tubes on my hood to make me gasp as I struggled for breath, the crop fall on my back as I felt the mattress shift as his weight came behind me.

She allowed a breath, a short gulp of air as his strong hands parted the cheeks of my ass. I felt him press against my vulnerable pussy, slowly opening me, greased with the come that still dripped from his erection.

The crop bit at me and the fingers allowed another gasp.

I cried out as he forced himself into me. Parting me, taking my virginity, entering me and proving that he was truly in control of me. There was no intimacy, there were no soft words, just a grunt of satisfaction as he forced himself into me. I could feel myself opening for him, his knees between my calves forcing them wider. I suffered every slow inch that rammed home.

The crop bit again and I started to sob and wail. I could not help myself, self-pity, violation and need mingling into a single emotion that consumed me.

“Is the virgin-slut nice and tight?” asked my wife with a chuckle.

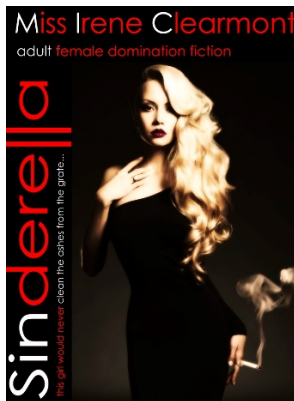
“A perfect fit...”

The End

More...

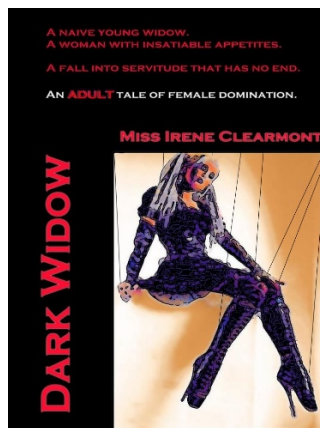
Just a *small* taste of Miss Irene Clearmont's Bibliography and other works of female dominance and male submission to be found on Amazon:

If you enjoyed this tale, then the following degenerate and cruel adventures may well be of interest:



Sinderella – It's 1985... Sophie is the dominant transsexual who acts as a high class escort. Sherri the female owner of a new club in Soho for dominant women. Jean and her boss, the flies entangled in their web... Enjoy a little retro 1980's London nightlife with me and head down to old Soho where the champagne tastes of cherry-cola.
(F/m, FM/m slavery, blackmail, creating a new dominatrix - Novel)

Skewered On Spikes – Katie's shop gets a manager! Yep, that's the delicious Katie from Sinderella... her shoe shop becomes a prison for a man that she tempts, teases, uses, abuses and then converts to her obsessive chattel. A slave to his fetish for heels and spikes.
(F/m, shoe fetish - Novella)

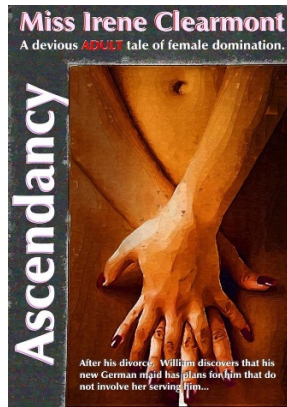


Dark Widow – The sinister murderous beginning of Miss Irene Clearmont's career. A young widow finds herself under the control of the evil Miss Clearmont when her husband dies in circumstances that could best be described as 'fetishistic' and 'extreme'.
(F/f, F/m, Slavery and revenge - Novel)

The Second Circle Of Hell – The second in the Clearmont Trilogy. Some of Irene's partners attempt to gain control of her business. The Institute becomes a battleground for dominant women and crawling men.
(F/m, F/f, Institutional slavery and punishment - Novel)



Rules Of Engagement – The third in the Clearmont Trilogy. Irene's Institute spreads its wings and attempts to infiltrate Turkey, but there is war in the air as the long established Turkish women are more than a match for the American dominatrices under Miss Irene's control.
(F/m, F/f, Institutional slavery and punishment in Turkey - Novel)



Ascendancy – A maid becomes mistress. Inch by inch, the German maid takes over her employer's entire life. A tale of unwilling endlessly teasing chastity, sly manipulation, feminine willpower and evil intentions.

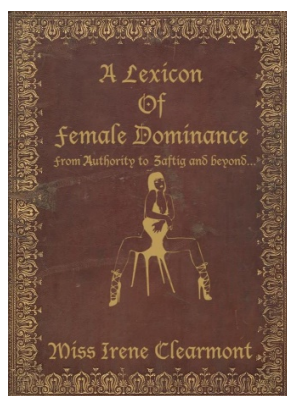
(F/m, domestic slavery, chastity, twisted love - Novel)

Wish Fulfilment – A femdom holiday goes wrong. He thinks that he is in control, visiting the Femdom Brothel that he has booked himself into, but his wife has other ideas as she hacks his original wishes and substitutes her own program of female domination for his wishy-washy intentions...

(F/m, wifely revenge, BDSM – Novel)

From Behind A Mask Of Ennui – Kidnap thriller set in Brazil, love, control and money mix in the unique setting of S America. Abduction, Stockholm Syndrome, husband broken to the leash, a police investigation and millions at stake, it's all here...

(F/m, F/f, Kidnap and blackmail – Novel)



The Lexicon Of Female Dominance – A collection of twenty six (+1) female domination tales, one for each letter of the Latin alphabet.

(Everything! From A to Z. – *Novel length in total*)

~~~

**T**his is just a small selection of the thirty or so novels and collections by the deviant and immoral Miss Irene Clearmont. The descriptions above do not really do justice to the complex plots, degenerate characters and immersive settings of my fiction, as you have already seen. **F**or more information, you can attend my website (no ads, pop ups and other nuisance's... all the design and programming are my own work...) at:

[www.MissIreneClearmont.Com](http://www.MissIreneClearmont.Com)

...where each novel is described. Then there is the nearly four hundred thousand words of 'free to download' tales and novels that await your attention. Occasionally I blog on my site and FaceBook, so you can see what the next novel is about and see a little into my demented world! The free tales on my website are some of my earlier works. Historical, mystical, savage and loving that amount to my apprenticeship in writing an exquisite brand of female domination fiction.

**E**njoy...

**I**f you wish for even more, then [www.FemDomCave.Com](http://www.FemDomCave.Com) publishes all of my work as well as that of many, many other authors who are at the top of their capabilities as writers of female domination fiction. **O**ccasionally, as my whim dictates; I may offer my work for honest and proper reviews on Amazon and Goodreads. If you feel that you might be interested write to me at: [Irene@MissIreneClearmont.Com](mailto:Irene@MissIreneClearmont.Com) and try to persuade me!

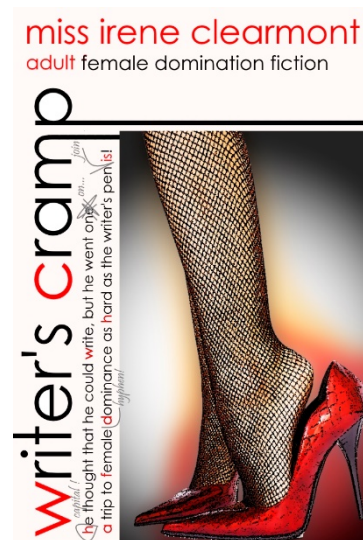
**L**ove you,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Miss Irene Clearmont". The script is fluid and cursive, with a long horizontal flourish extending from the end of the name.

There's so much more... these are just shorter tasters...



A novella of the nephew who finds himself utterly in his Aunt's not-so-tender control. A visit to the play-room, he becomes a toy...



A novella telling the tale of the bad writer whose fiction becomes his terrible reality as his wife edits his life away...