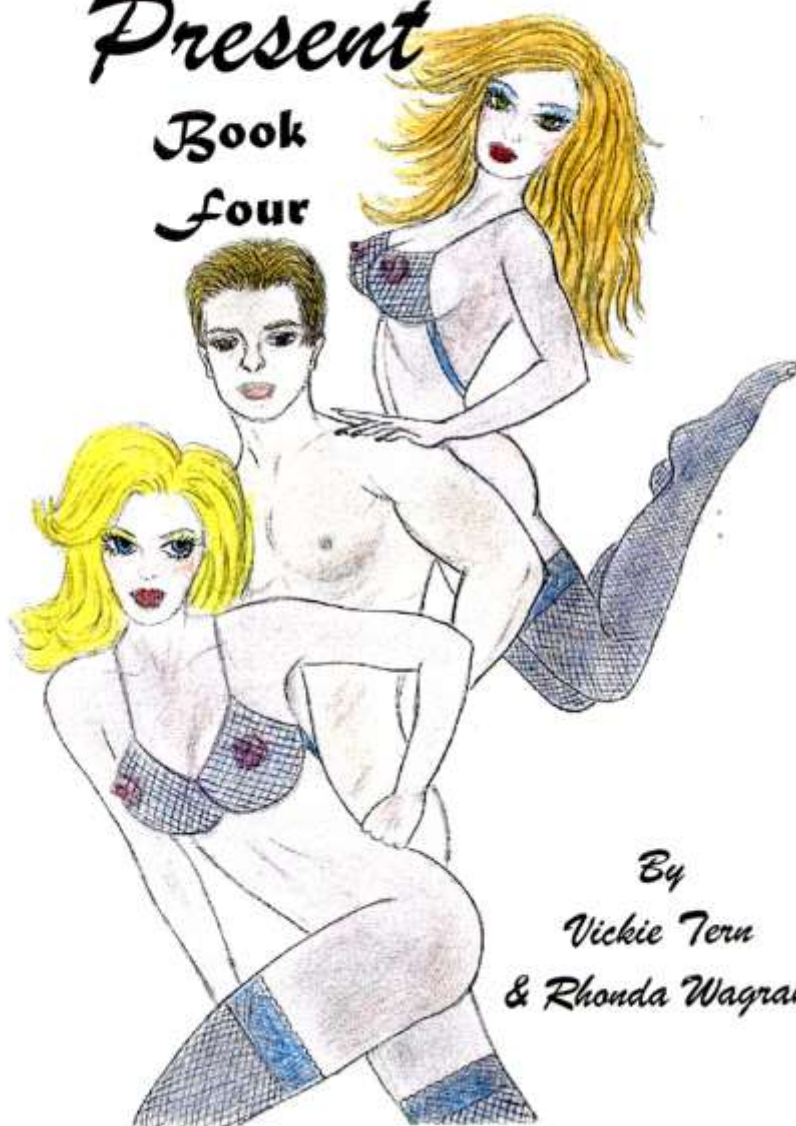


The Birthday Present

**Book
Four**



*By
Vickie Tern
& Rhonda Wagram*

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Book 4

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Chapter Sixteen

Death and Resurrection

Almost a year had gone by since Bea's fateful birthday party. I could see that my permanent make-up was finally beginning to fade. I had to use lipstick all the time now to look respectable whenever I went out, because my lips were now only slightly pink. I also had to put on blusher and eye-shadow all the time, as these pigments had disappeared completely. Only the eye-liner still was clearly visible.

The day the eyeliner disappeared was to be the day when I could resume my life as a man. I would be a man with breasts and pouting lips, and a woman's voice and eyes and curving figure, and a cock ring, but still, I was determined to believe, a man.

But now the question was - did I want to? I was feminine not only in my looks but now, my actions, and most astonishing to me, in some of my thinking and feeling. I really did not know what I would do if I were once again a man. Of course biologically I was still a man. But could I live as one again? Would I want to go through a transition period in reverse? How would it be to wear trousers and heavy flat shoes? Could I give up my never-ending variety of dresses and skirts and, yes, cute-looking maid's uniforms, just for the choice between either a drab three piece business suit or jeans and a T-shirt?

Men can take no pleasure in the way they dress. What choices do they really have? Now, when selecting a dress, I could reflect and express how I felt, how I wanted to be seen and judged by others, how I wanted to be treated. Could I exchange all of this for the right to wear a three-piece suit? Why? And their underwear! Men's choices between boxer and jockey shorts—period. But what an unlimited variety there is for women to choose from, all of them feeling delicious to the skin, silky soft. Should I give up all these?

Then too, I was coming to love being a woman with a man. Being taken care of, and treated like something precious and fragile, in exchange for looking beautiful and now and then giving them great head and a well-turned ass. Bea was right, I was good at giving blow jobs. And I had to admit it, I was beginning to love the feel of a cock in my mouth, or in my ass. That was when I felt most ...somehow...complete!

But there remained the undeniable fact that I was born a man, and had lived so long as a man that it ought to seem unnatural for me

to live as a woman. I certainly should turn back.

While I contemplated all of this I didn't know, although I should have expected it, that the decision had already been made. One evening after I had finished with all my duties and had asked Bea—curtsying nicely—if she needed my services any more tonight, she waved to me to join her. She was sitting at the coffee-table and had a lot of papers around her. When I wanted to sit down next to her on the sofa, she motioned to me to kneel next to her on the floor. I did, and she patted me on the head rather affectionately.

“Prissy Darling, I know that you've had troubling thoughts about your future. I want you to know that you need never fear that you will be left alone. I shall always see that someone looks after you. I love you, not for what you were, but what you've been willing to become for me. For what you are. I'll take care of you.”

I thought that I had been quite capable at protecting myself in my former life, and would probably be able to do so in the future, but she went on.

“It is quite impossible for you ever to become a man again, your former self. It's ridiculous for you even to think of it. But I know that you feel somewhere between your two existences: the former Henry and the present Prissy, So I have decided to do away with this ambiguity. As from today you will only be Prissy, legally and in every other respect.”

She handed me a stack of papers. “First of all, look! Here is a birth certificate for one Priscilla Littlecock, born in Kansas, now age 32. With what Kay did to rejuvenate you, you don't look a day older. Here is a driver's license in that name, with your picture on it. Here's a passport with your name and picture—and all of the papers are genuine and perfectly legal. Here are a few credit and charge cards in your name, and your social security number, and in this box here are IRS records—everything you may need for a perfectly legal existence. You are now Priscilla Littlecock. Nobody can deny it. Least of all, you,”

I looked at the stuff she showed me—it was true, there was an entire valid identity for me as Priscilla Littlecock. But I still had a choice!

Bea seemed to motion me away, and I stood and was beginning to curtsy again in farewell when she said, “But you cannot be two persons at the same time. So second of all, I have had to do away with Henry. Here, look at this. This says that dear Henry passed

away on a jungle excursion in Mexico, bitten by a snake, and that he died before he could get help. That I had to fly down to identify him. That I was mourning deeply—and I looked beautiful in my black dress with the widow’s veil, and everybody was so nice to me and full of sympathy.”

“The mayor of the little town tried to cheer me up, and said ‘You are still so young and pretty, you will find another husband soon’. I told him, that I sincerely did hope to find somebody to help me recover from my terrible loss. Of course, I had Henry cremated and buried where he died.”

“I thought you should know this, Prissy. And I thought you would want to hear the news standing, out of respect for poor Henry. He is dead, and nothing either of us can do will bring him back to us. You may take a moment to pay your last respects, and then kneel down again.”

The fact that I was now dead hit me like a bomb. No matter what Bea had done to me, I had always preserved the idea that I could go back. It might cost me my marriage, and any chance of a future relationship with Bea. But I could go back, and be a man again. So I had thought. I knelt down now, and bowed my head.

I was not prepared for what came next.

“You remember, just after we married, we made out our wills, each naming the other the sole heir. Well, now that Henry is dead, I have inherited everything from him. Now I own this house, and all of Henry’s bank accounts. That includes the account with his investment bankers who administer Henry’s investments, and the proceeds from the sale of his business—well, that should have been mine to begin with, because Henry would have sold his interest for so little, and I got so much for it. But no matter. It’s all mine now. Henry is dead, and has left everything to me. And I’ve since collected Henry’s insurance, too.”

“To my certain knowledge Prissy Littlecock has no tangible assets anywhere to speak off. She has earned quite a bit of money as a whore, but what with expenses, and taxes, and supervisory charges, there’s nothing of that left. So Prissy should be grateful that I intend to take care of her, and that I give her a home, and clothe and feed her. Prissy, I’m sure you are grateful. I’ll appreciate your telling me, right now.”

Bea looked down at me, still kneeling next to the couch where she sat. Did she mean for me to kiss her in gratitude? Somehow I

thought not. There was a formality about Bea at this moment, even a severity....

I stood up, and straightened my skirt, and curtsied as low as I could. While I was as far down as my legs would bend, and my chin was tucked far into my neck, I said, "Thank you Madame, I am grateful for your kindness to me." I realized then that the extravagance of this comment to her could seem sarcastic. She was testing me, and wanted to know that there was nothing she could say or do from now on that would strain my subservience to her least whim. Nothing! Never mind the disappearance of tens of thousands of dollars I had earned with my mouth and asshole, and of all of the wages she had contracted to pay Prissy. This was the moment when I had to tell her I would accept whatever she did, no matter how outrageous, or else leave.

I stood up, and repeated my thanks to her. "I am very grateful to you, Madame. My only wish is to serve you. Please allow me to continue to serve you. Please." And to my astonishment, my eyes overflowed, and tears came down my cheeks. And my mouth repeated my last word. "Please!" I said again. More tears.

Bea looked up at me with delight, a little amazed at how thoroughly she had done her job. She gestured for me to kneel again at her feet, and I did.

"But child, I've told you that I shall never let you go, my sweet, faithful Prissy, my favorite girl, my own creation. If you had just announced that you wished to leave me, I would merely have arranged for you to have more training and conditioning for the life I want you to live from now on, until you could give me the response I just heard."

"My dear, you will stay in my employment *forever*. But now you confront a moment of real choice. Now that I know you wish to stay, I will allow you to accept or reject my conditions for your staying. I have a contract drawn up here under which I employ you for the next ten years, with a recurring option for both parties to continue for another ten years, and so on. I guarantee you a life without fears or difficult choices. But I'll want something in return."

"This contract says I can use you for any services that are not outright forbidden by law, if you are able to render them. Any services, Prissy! I don't think that this is too much to ask of you under the circumstances. If you agree, sign here. If you don't agree, then pack up your maid's uniforms and leave here by tonight, and I will

never wish to see or hear from you again”

“I’m sure you can always earn your living as a servant somewhere, or peddling your ass on the street. I’ve taken care that way that you’ll never have to starve. But it would be ungrateful for you to leave, after all my efforts on your behalf. Make your choice now.”

With that she handed me a multi-page legal document. “If you sign it, please initial all of the pages at the bottom. And of course sign it with your true legal name: Priscilla Littlecock.”

Did she say I had a choice? What choice was that? If I didn’t sign, my only chance to survive was to find work as a maid, but with no references, or find work as a whore, and get picked up by a pimp, and shot full of drugs to be made compliant, and turn tricks for him as he directed me. How long would I survive that? A week, a month, maybe even a whole year? A she-male has a dangerous life out there on the streets. I didn’t think I had a choice. I signed.

“I knew you would make the right choice.” Bea collected her copy and gave me mine. “Now, my dear Prissy, good night. I don’t need your services any longer tonight. This is a special time for you, the first night of your life as no one but who you are. As Prissy Littlecock. Enjoy your freedom from all previous worries about managing your own life, Prissy. Sleep well!” She turned her attention back to her papers on the coffee table, and as before, I no longer existed for her.

I got up, and without thinking I curtsied and then went to my room. My fate was sealed. I would now be a woman for life, maybe a whore too, for as long as men found me attractive, and Bea’s maid for life too. It was not a bad life really, as I had experienced it during the past months, but it was terrible to have no other choice. I cried silently into my pillow until sleep overtook me.

When the alarm rang the next morning I got up and went through my morning routine. I cleaned myself inside and out, and brushed my hair—now reaching my shoulder-blades—and repaired my make-up. All this I did automatically, without thought, as I thought about last night’s revelations. There was no doubt about it, I was now legally a woman. My former self as Henry was dead and buried. I was a woman named Priscilla Littlecock. I resented this name, because it reminded me of my former existence in a rather humiliating way. But I was stuck with it.

I realized that Bea had sealed every loophole I could have

found. I was not only stuck with this terrible name, but with the whole person that came with it. I had signed that long-term employment agreement with Bea, and was now her maid for the foreseeable future.

Well, I had been that before, and life had been bearable. No, in some ways, life had been quite enjoyable. And actually, not much had changed since last night. It was a life with very few responsibilities, and the most important thing was always to look beautiful and sexy.



Well, that was a task I could manage. I had come to love my dresses, even my maid's uniforms. I loved the feel of skirts flowing around my legs, and the feeling of taut stockings brushing together at my thighs. I even loved my corsets—not because they felt good, but because they gave me such a great figure that men would twist their necks to look at me.

All in all, I had become quite comfortable in my feminine persona. Last night it was just the shock of it, I decided, the finality, the confirmation that my status as a woman now was irreversible.

Without admitting it, I had suspected as much for a long time, but somehow I still had held on to the illusion that I could go back and become a man again if I wanted to. Bea had now destroyed this illusion. In reality, that was all she had done, destroyed an illusion I had held on to much too long. I had to admit that my head was clearer now than last night.

Well, so be it, I said to myself as I got ready to start the first day of the rest of my life as Bea's maid. I should have known by this time that Bea had other ideas for me.

A few weeks later, Bea suggested that I go to Celeste to renew my permanent make-up. I think she did it to test whether I had accepted the irreversibility of my feminization. I didn't disagree with her at all. I simply curtsied as usual, and said "Yes, Madam. Right away!"

I was glad to have it done. It had served me well in the past, and it was good for any woman of my station in life. I told Celeste to make it more dramatic and sexier than the first time. I considered that it wouldn't matter in the morning, when no one would see me, and that if I went out in the afternoon in my uniforms or dresses, a provocative make-up was appropriate.

Celeste agreed with me completely, and was delighted to go all out with her art. "Prissy, it's been a pleasure to help you arrive at the truth about yourself. Why in the world you ever wanted to be a man I can't imagine. Bea's done wonders convincing you. I'll bet in another six months she'll have you menstruating! You'll get my sexiest makeup this time. You won't be able to look at yourself without getting the stiffest dick on either coast. Lean back, dear."

When I came back to the house—now that I had my own driver's license again, I no longer needed Bea to drive me—Bea was impressed.

“Oh, my!” she said. “You really are dolled up, my dear Prissy. You’ll need a stun-gun or a cattle prod in your purse from now on, to fight off your admirers. Seriously, dear, you look great. Just the look I want to see in my darling love-slave. Always love-hungry, always ready to go. I think your escorts from now on will love your look too. It promises so much!” Bea was right. They did. More of them requested my services than ever. I felt so desirable, and I loved the feeling! Really, I was a happy girl, serving my mistress, and serving my men, and doing both jobs well.

Chapter Seventeen

Wedding Present

As Bea’s birthday neared, I was wondering what I could do to surprise her. But as usual I needn’t have worried, because she had a whole bag full of surprises prepared for me.

She suggested that to celebrate her birthday, and mine too, because a year ago Henry had been reborn as a woman, we should go together to that love-resort she had first urged me to go to with her.

“When I went there the last time, all I could take along were your pictures. This time I want you to come with me, and of course you will. I’m sure you’ll like it. I’ll see to it that you get as much sexual pleasure as your little heart may desire, in every form, manner, and quantity. What you’ll desire will be, of course, what I desire for you.”

This time I had no reason to stay home, and I agreed to accompany her. And as usual, when she had my consent she revealed that I had committed to more than I realized..

“You’ll meet a lot of interesting people there, and I promise you’ll be able to suck and fuck to your heart’s content. You’ll love it. We’ll go there next week-end. The occasion will be special then—the theme will be ‘Masters and Slaves’. Everybody has to come dressed as one or the other, and of course you’ll come as my love-slave. I’ll find something suitable for you to wear.”

Friday, after I had cleared from lunch and cleaned the kitchen, Bea was waiting for me in my room. “I’ve already packed everything you’ll need, Prissy. Now just get yourself all cleaned up again, and make yourself pretty, and be sure your pussy is ready for action, and quite slippery. Here, use this instead of a butt plug.”

She handed me a dildo, not the very biggest in our arsenal, but quite long and life-like. It was the one I favored when I was horny and Steve wasn't available to see me. My asshole and that dildo were old friends, comfortable together. I was a little apprehensive about sitting on it for the whole drive to the hotel, but I thought I'd manage.

When I came out of the bathroom Bea had already dressed herself. She wore a long sleeved dark blue dress of shimmering heavy silk, cut much like a double-breasted coat, with a big collar framing her shoulders and a plunging neckline revealing almost all of her magnificent breasts. The dress followed the lines of her body down to her ankles, and was held closed by four large Rhine-stone covered buttons. Her feet were shod in four-inch pumps made from the same silk. She looked simply stunning, and I just stood there, rapt, a devoted worshiper.

"Well, you seem to like it," she said with a slight smile. "I do want to look especially nice for when we get there. It's really very practical too." She unbuttoned the dress and opened it, and I saw she was stark naked underneath, except for her sheer nylon stockings with lace self-garters. I rushed to her and planted kisses on both of her erect, large nipples, sucking and playing with them with my tongue.

She stood there and enjoyed it briefly, then declared, "Enough of that now," and she pushed me back. "This isn't really for you. We must dress you as my slave, my dear, and get going." She closed and buttoned her dress again, and again looked regal, nearly unapproachable.

My slave outfit was rather interesting. First of all she laced me into a stiff and narrow corset which raised my breasts and brought them together to form a narrow, deep cleavage, but left them entirely free for anyone to reach and handle. It was somewhat longer in front than in back, and left my butt as exposed as my breasts. After she had knotted the laces in front she fastened my wrists to my backside with some wide straps, one to each cheek. Similar straps clamped my upper arms together, and when she had finished I found I couldn't move them, though their bondage wasn't at all uncomfortable.

She made me sit down, and rolled up my thighs some very sheer seamed nylon stockings, which she then fastened to my corset garters. Then she put on black sandals which consisted of just a few straps, a thin sole, and six inch heels, the highest heels I had ever worn. My dark red toenails could be seen through my stockings. Around each of my ankles she fastened anklets made of thin spring steel covered with suede leather, that each closed with a flat golden

lock, and that were connected with a golden chain about eight inches long.

She made me get up and try to walk. It took quite some balancing even to stand. The fact that my arms were so tightly bound behind my body made it even more difficult, and like a person on stilts I had to shift my weight between my feet constantly. When I tried to walk, I found I could manage only very small steps. Then she put a collar around my neck similar to the anklets. It closed in the back and sported a golden ring in front.

Finally she brought out my dress. Black velvet, just stunning! I had trouble stepping into it with my feet hobbled so closely together, but when I had succeeded and she began pulling it up, I found it was ankle length, with a narrow hobble skirt. It was so tightly cut that it showed off my narrow waist to perfection, but even more, it showed off my butt and my breasts, which were left completely uncovered.

After Bea zipped it closed in back, I turned before the mirror, and saw that it had cleverly draped material in back which disguised the fact that my arms were bound inside it. I looked like a woman with no arms. Seeing me looking so elegant and yet feeling so helplessly bound thrilled me immensely.

I turned and primped before the mirror a few times, until Bea said “Enough self-admiration now. Come on, we have to leave.” With that she snapped a golden chain leash to the ring on my collar, and started leading me out. I had trouble following her in the high heels, the tight skirt, and the hobble. Negotiating the stairs was really difficult, and Bea had to help and steady me.

“But I can’t sit in the car with bare breasts!” I said.

“I know,” Bea replied. “Don’t worry for now. But remember, if I should decree that my slave will sit in the car stark naked, then that is what she will do. And she will be proud of her nakedness, because it will be what I wish for her!” She picked up a large silk shawl from a chair and put it around my shoulders, knotting it over my breasts and spreading out the ends. “Now if you sit very still, you’ll stay covered.” We appeared to be two elegant women in evening clothes sitting in the car, and track drivers looking down at us smiled without hooting or whistling.

During the whole trip I was in constant fear that the shawl would slide down and expose me, but it didn’t, and we arrived without any embarrassing incidents. At the big gate to the hotel’s grounds Bea just nodded to the gate-keeper, who seemed to recognize her, and

opened the big wrought-iron gate to let us pass.

I wondered whether Bea had been back here during those many unexplained stays away from home, when Steve had kept me company. I couldn't see why. I was eager to give her all the sex she wanted, though she didn't seem as eager with me. Whatever my speculations, after a short trip we arrived in front of the main building.

Two young men dressed as Roman slaves opened our doors and helped us out, then opened the trunk and carried our luggage into the hall. Bea took off my shawl. Now there I was, in a long, narrow black velvet dress with my breasts fully exposed. I was so embarrassed! Yet people coming and going in and out of the lobby scarcely glanced at me. Nobody seemed to think it anything extraordinary, though I noticed a few appreciative glances from men as well as from women.

Bea then took my leash and led me hobbling into the lobby. She didn't go directly to the reception desk, but instead tugged me to the middle of the lobby, where there stood a thick pillar artfully decorated with flowers. She hooked my leash to the pillar, to one of the decorative bronze fixtures circling the pillar to hold floral decorations. And then she left me there, unable to do anything about it. I waited a moment, then hobbled around the pillar to see where she had gone.

Suddenly I thought I was looking into a mirror! There facing me was a woman who could have been my twin! She was wearing the same dress, the same sandals, the same ankle-chain, and also the same dramatic make-up I had requested from Celeste, and the same hair-do in the same blonde color! She was fastened to a hook on the other side of the pillar with the same kind of leash leading to the same kind of collar. Her breasts were as fully exposed as mine, and they were pierced by the same kind of nipple rings, complete with the same diamonds as mine.

I was shocked - was I dreaming? The only difference between us was that she was wearing a black ball-gag in her mouth. And, I suspected from her dainty features, that she was not a recent convert like me but had been born a woman,

When she saw me, she was not at all surprised! She nodded, and seemed to smile. Who was she? Did she know me? Did she expect to see me? In no way could this be a coincidence—two women in absolutely the same get-up leashed to the same pillar at the same time in the same place! This was planned! I realized at once that it had

to be well- planned, weeks in advance, for our dresses and bondage gear to match. No, I realized with awe, months in advance, so that even our nipple rings matched!

What was happening? Where was Bea? I glanced over to the reception desk and saw her completing the registration forms. Then came another shock! She turned, and recognized a man standing next to her. He was a man of commanding presence, with a large, handsome face and an aura of hidden strength, powerful, well over six feet tall, looking imposing in his black tuxedo with a black tie.

She broke into a warm smile, his arms encircled her waist and hers encircled his neck, and they embraced, and pulled each other close together until their bodies and faces blended into a long, deep kiss that went on and on, and grew more passionate as they twisted their bodies more tightly into each other. A minute passed, and then another. Finally they broke off, and still holding each other, looked entranced into each other's eyes. Not a word spoken between them. They seemed to need none!

Never in all the years of our marriage had Bea ever greeted me like that! Who was he? Why was Bea kissing him so intimately? How long had they known each other? Finally, the man turned, and with a slight hand gesture signaled the Roman slave boys to take away our bags. They hustled to comply. Then with his arm still around her waist, he guided Bea over to where we were standing and watching the entire scene. .

Bea saw me staring at her with my eyes and mouth wide open, and her eyes gleamed mischievously. But she said nothing. Instead she greeted the woman next to me with two light kisses on her cheek, "Hello Eva," she said. "Had a good trip here? You've already met Prissy?" The gagged woman nodded to both questions, and Bea took her leash off the hook, turning to the big man, who had just taken my leash in hand.

"Thor," she said, "this, as you can guess, is Prissy, once upon a time my husband Henry. Didn't he turn out well? He's so very pretty now! And as you'll see, Prissy is beautifully trained." Then looking at me, she said, "This is Eva and her Master Thor. You may remember, I mentioned them a while ago."

I didn't recall having heard of them, and my face must have shown it.

"When I first came here, a year ago, I told you about the wonderful night I had spent with Thor, and I told you that he had a

fully trained slave, Eva. I wanted to share my pleasure with you, remember, so I let you suck Thor's cum from my prettiest panties, all night. Don't you remember, dear?"

Now it came back to me—she had mentioned a couple where he was master and she the slave.

"Now don't you want to greet them properly?"

I curtsied nicely to Thor. "How do you do, Thor," I said. "I am pleased to meet you." Then I curtsied to the gagged Eva and said "Eva, I am delighted." Eva nodded slightly in recognition of my curtsy.

Thor then pulled me towards him with the leash and kissed me on my lips, his tongue forcing itself into my mouth. It was so powerful and at the same time so thrilling that my knees began to weaken. Never had I ever met a man exuding so much power. I could well understand Bea's passionate kiss of a moment ago. He steadied me with one arm.

Then breaking off his kiss, he commented to Bea, "We're running late. The show begins in about 30 minutes, and we have to hurry through dinner. I have already ordered, so dinner should be ready. Shall we?" He offered Bea his arm, and they each proceeded into the dining room, each with a slave on a chain in tow.

We entered a rather dark room that was laid out in a half circle around a darkened stage, and were met by a pretty hostess in thigh length boots with spike heels, a gleaming leather corset, and shoulder length gloves. She led us to our table in the center of the room. "Two persons, two slaves? Will that be all tonight?" she asked.

"Absolutely. Thank you, Clarisse."

"I wish you an enjoyable evening, Madame, Sir. The waiters will be here in a moment to serve you," and with that she took off.

She paid not the slightest attention to Eva and me. The little table she guided us to had only two chairs. Thor and Bea sat down. I was unsure what to do—to look for more chairs, or wait till they brought us some? A sharp tug on my leash brought me back. Thor pointed to a little cushion in front of him. Was I supposed to kneel there? A second sharp pull and the fact that Eva was already kneeling in front of Bea made his intention quite clear to me. I sank to my knees. Bea meanwhile unbuckled the strap that held the ball gag in Eva's mouth, and pulled it out.

"Just so you understand the rules, Prissy," she said to me,

“You are not allowed to speak unless you are asked a question, or unless you first ask permission. But I think tonight you would do well not to ask anything. Just observe and learn, and use your mouth as your Master wishes. As Eva will with her Mistress.”

I was kneeling in front of this man, and sent a questioning look over to Bea, but she ignored it. Kneeling, my arms bound, my ankles hobbled, my feet shod in sandals with six inch spike heels, this powerful man holding my leash—I saw no way out. Even if I were to get up and run, run where? Bea was sitting at her ease. Obviously this was all planned. I had nobody I could turn to, and I was afraid that if I spoke up at all, I would end up with the ball-gag strapped into my mouth that Bea had just taken from Eva.

The waiters came and served dinner—for two. However the portions were large and we slaves were fed by our masters from their plates, and we were even allowed to sip some of the champagne they were drinking.

When I looked around, I saw a lot of tables just like ours, with masters sitting in chairs and slaves at their feet. Eva and I could consider ourselves lucky. Some of the other slaves were gagged and couldn't eat, or served as foot-stools for their masters and lay face down on the floor.

When dinner was finished, a gong was sounded and the waiters hurried to collect the dishes, as the show was about to begin. I was curious what kind of show they would have. Would it also have to do with “Masters and Slaves”? Thor was facing the stage and I was kneeling in front of him, with my back to the stage. I tried to shift my position so I could see the stage too, but a powerful tug at my leash prevented me.

“You are not here for your amusement, but for mine,” Thor said as he pulled down his fly zipper and took out his cock.

It was big, but not enormous, and it was long. It was about the same size as the dildo still pressed into my ass. I knew what he expected, and I started to lick and suck on this wonderful cock. Thor and Bea exchanged glances, I thought, but it was difficult for me to see, so I couldn't be sure.

“I want you to lick and suck my cock through the entire performance, but don't make me cum,” he said. Then he repeated, “Did you hear me? You will pleasure me but not make me cum. If you should disobey and make me cum, you will regret it. Understand?”

I nodded several times, deeply, his cock sliding between my

lips, in and out of my mouth, and I nearly deep-throated him. Thor gasped. "Very good, Prissy," he said. "You'll get to swallow my cum later, but no matter how much you may want to, not now-."

The show started and I saw nothing. I noticed there were light changes, and some sounds coming from the stage—I heard a whip crack a few times, and some sighing and groaning, and some heavy breathing. And I heard the audience's reaction to what was going on, on the stage. Sometimes it was absolutely quiet, the audience's tension palpable, then a sigh of relief would go through the crowd and applause came up.

The whole show must have lasted for more than an hour, and all the time I was sucking and licking Thor's cock, always being careful not to excite him too much. That was no easy task, because he was excited not only by what I was doing, but also by what he saw on the stage. Several times I had to interrupt my ministrations completely, and two or three times I even had to cool him down by blowing air on his engorged member.

He seemed to like what I was doing, because several times he patted my cheek or stroked over my hair. When I was able to glance sideways, I could see Eva similarly engaged, her face plunged into Bea's crotch.

Finally the lights came on after what must have been an impressive finale, to thunderous and sustained applause. Thor motioned for me to sit back, and replaced his cock in his trousers. He then took the ball-gag from the table and told me to open wide. In a second the gag filled my mouth and was fastened behind my neck. We all got up and left the theater.

On our way out Thor said to Bea "I must congratulate you, my dear! Prissy is a lovely cocksucker, very well trained indeed. Of course she's been practicing regularly for a year now, given the opportunities and inducements you've provided her. But she exceeded my expectations. It seems to be true that she-males make the best cocksuckers, because they remember what they liked when they were males."

"The other way around it's the same," Bea said. "Cunnilingus by a male can never equal the cuntlapping of a female. I think your idea that we exchange our slaves has worked out beautifully thus far."

We went through the lobby and to the elevator. Nobody took the slightest notice of the two bare-breasted, armless female slaves, led by their masters on leashes, mincing in tiny steps behind them.

What we were all four doing together began to seem normal to me, even rather ordinary.

When we got to our quarters, I saw we would be living together in a three room suite, with two bed-rooms with baths and a living-room between them. Thor pointed to a soft rug in front of a large sofa facing a fireplace. I understood and knelt on the spot. He placed his palm on his forehead for a moment, and then swept his hand down, palm down, looking into my eyes to see if I understood. I did. Immediately I bent way over and placed my forehead on the rug, then continued to kneel with my head way down and my rear end high up.

“Very good, Prissy,” he said. “You show signs of intelligence as well as obedience. Keep that up, and I’ll see that your ass is filled with something nicer than a dildo before morning.” I heard him get out a bottle of champagne from a cooler, open it, and fill two glasses. He motioned Eva to sit beside him. Bea returned from the bathroom and sat down on the sofa on the other side next to Thor. He handed her a glass of champagne, took one for himself, put the bottle in the cooler, and sat down. He was in no hurry.

“You must be wondering what is happening now, why you are here, and who we are, and why we are here. I’ll tell you all you need to know. And if I forget anything, Bea can fill you in. In fact, I think Bea should start, because she started all of this. This beautiful moment is her creation.”

Bea stared at me silently for a moment, preparing herself to say things she had kept hidden from me for a long time. Then she began.

“Remember,” Bea said. “Remember when Henry was still alive, and I was married to him? And his notion of an evening with me was sitting and watching football on the TV while I read a book? And we had nothing to say to each other, and made love without thinking about it, when we remembered to make love at all? Well, Henry was too dull to know it, but I was getting ready to leave him. I know he was thinking about exchanging his wife too, for a younger one, hoping she could renew his youth in some way. We were married from mere force of habit.”

I kept my body very still, my forehead pressed against the ground, my eyes shut, though no one had told me to shut them. I wanted to hear every word, every innuendo.

“Henry was lovable in his way, but he lacked strength of

character. He had been taught that a man's position in a marriage should be to lead, to take charge, to be aggressive, but he simply wasn't built for it. He was a natural nice guy, but a wimp. Of course, when we married, neither of us knew that. What do you know of life when you are barely 20? Nothing. So for many years we thought we were happy. And in our innocent little way, I suppose we were. We didn't know there was anything else."

"Then I met Thor, and it was like being struck by a thunderbolt! We saw each other at a literary reception for a lecture series he had endowed, at a local college. And even though we were the guests of honor, a half hour later we were in bed together making love furiously, magnificently, tenderly, delicately, overwhelmingly! Oh! Gorgeous!" Bea paused, obviously remembering that time again in great detail. "We had scarcely spoken. We didn't need to speak. We instantly understood each other! We were instantly in love with each other! And we have been ever since!"

"Immediately I knew what was missing from my life. He was so powerful, so decisive, so strong. I knew that I was like him, that a dominant nature was buried deep within me too, but covered up by misconceptions of women's proper roles. Thor brought it out. I decided I wanted to live my life with Thor.

My marriage to Henry ended in that bed that first evening, though Henry as yet had no idea. He was too attentive to his Monday Night Football programs to notice." "It went on another year, as it did previously, but meanwhile Thor and I saw each other whenever we could, wherever we could, for as long as we could. Our relationship strengthened, and grew more profound. There were times I came home covered with the smells and fluids of Thor's body, and filled the house with its aroma, because I wanted him close to me as long as possible. Henry never noticed."

"Now, you should understand that Eva is not Thor's wife. He inherited her. Eva is the daughter of a wealthy and powerful industrialist, and Thor was adopted by this man to be his son and sole heir, to inherit factories, shipyards, banks, and many other enterprises when Eva's father died. Thor has inherited them, and great power over thousands of fives and millions of dollars. He uses this power well. But he also inherited Eva, and the problem of caring for her."

"You see, though she was raised with every privilege, Eva's nature is naturally suggestible. She loves to do what other people tell her, to obey almost anyone, and several times while growing up she fell under the influence of the wrong kind of man, a sadist who

tortured her once, and once a psychopath who drove her toward self-destruction. So on his death bed, her father made Thor swear to look after her, because she would never be able to look after herself. And Thor has done just that. He trained her to become his eager and devoted slave, a woman who will do anything her Master requests, and whose sole happiness is in fulfilling her Master's requests.

She is blissfully happy to be Thor's slave. You'll have ample opportunity to find that out for yourself, because Eva is also a woman of extraordinary intelligence. Eva and Thor share a rare kind of love for each other, a mixture of affection, gratitude, and respect, a true love that only Masters and slaves can experience. The kind of love we too will develop in time, Prissy, as you allow your own deeply submissive nature to emerge and flower, and allow me and Thor to become your only reason for existence."

"When we first fell in love with each other, I told Thor I wanted to bring Henry into our relationship. Eva was already there. I met Eva and saw how submissive she was, and I detected many similarities between Henry and Eva. I talked with Thor about it, and he told me first to put Henry to the test. I did, and it quickly became obvious that underneath Henry's pseudo-macho shell was a true submissive, eager to serve."

"The test was to find out how quickly I could feminize and humiliate Henry, with his consent, on some flimsy pretext. The pretext was that I wanted my fortieth birthday party to be celebrated by just a few of my girlfriends, and that I wanted Henry to be one of them. Well, Henry had no inclination toward transvestism at first, fetishistic or any other kind. But I persisted. I got him into women's clothes, and onto hormones, and using tampons, and walking, talking, and sitting like a little girl, then like a young lady, then like a woman who needs a prick shoved into her and can't wait much longer."

"As the months went by and my demands grew more outrageous, Henry fulfilled every one of them. Out of love for me, he thought. But clearly, it was more because something in him needed to satisfy me, that he wanted my approval that he felt fulfilled in some way when he did whatever I asked. What little manhood he had disappeared."

"The climactic test of his submissiveness was to get him to spend the night in bed with a man while dressed as a woman, and to enjoy it as a woman, all on his own, as if he himself desired it, without my ordering him to do so. And Prissy, he did it. Henry loved it. You remember! We all remember our first time with a man. When I got

home the next morning, it was obvious from the expression on your face that your life and your desires had changed altogether, for the better.”

“But how would Henry fit into any relationship with me, Thor, and Eva if he were to move in with us when I moved in with Thor. Last year the three of us met here a week or so after Henry gave me his birthday present, his night on the town dressed like a girl and fucked like a woman. We talked about how submissive Henry was, and whether he would consent to become my slave if I moved in with Thor, and whether Eva would accept him of her own free will. Even though Eva will do anything Thor asks, gladly, we were discussing a possible marriage, and in a marriage everyone should do what they most wish to do, and not consent merely to please others.”

My forehead was still glued tight to the rug. I was listening intently, and I didn’t dare move. For the first time in two years the universe Bea had spun around me was beginning to make some sense.

“I wanted Henry to come here with me so Thor could see for himself what I had done to him. He was still more effeminate than feminine, and not at all as pretty as Prissy, but he was already attractive enough to whore for Pearl. His subordination to my will was impressive, and I was sure I could persuade him to accept more of it. But Henry didn’t want to come. And I didn’t want to push him too hard too soon, so I didn’t press him to come.”

“Instead I arranged for Steve to continue his obedience training, and took some pictures of him looking girlish to show Thor and Eva. Eva was especially taken with them. She thought you looked just darling in your lingerie. I think she likes you, Prissy.”

“It seemed a good idea, that if Thor had Eva as his slave, then I could have Henry as mine. You remember Eddie, the latent transvestite I told you about? Well, you remember that I brought him as my feminized slave to Thor’s suite? Not feminized enough! Thor realized he could never tolerate another man in his house, even if the man was his wife’s slave, like Eddie, and dressed like a woman. He was quite adamant about it.”

“So, it looked as if there was no place in my future for Henry after all. I had ruined him ever to marry a trophy wife, by getting him to grow breasts, and getting him to like it when Steve fucked him. But I had to abandon him anyhow. I felt a little sad about it. But those were the breaks.”

“Then Thor jokingly said something. ‘If you had a female

slave—that would be different. I could even go so far as to accept a she-male slave. In fact, I hear she-males make very good cocksuckers. I might get to like that. But she will have to think she is a woman, and accept that she is a woman and not a feminized man.”

“And he laughed. But in my mind a plan was forming already. I loved Henry for the good times we had had together, and didn’t want to abandon him. The task I saw ahead seemed to be a real challenge for me. But I love real challenges!”

“So I asked Thor if he would take Henry in if I presented him as a fully transformed, well trained she-male maid, slave, and cocksucker. He said he would. He would even pay my costs, because making Henry into Prissy became very expensive, with all those clothes and medical bills. But I told him ‘No,’ I would arrange for Henry and the woman he’d become to earn and pay for everything themselves.”

“A present is a present, and I told Thor that a trained, she-male cocksucker would be my wedding gift to him. Of course I know that money means nothing to Thor - his enterprises make more each day than hundreds of Thors could possibly spend. But we all have our pride. And a feminine Henry was to be my gift of love to Thor.”

“He said he doubted that I would ever be able to succeed, that no man would ever let himself be used this way. But I took his dare and set out to transform Henry, always making sure he agreed to every new step he had to take. Well, my dear Prissy, the rest you know. I enlisted Kay’s help, and her husband Steve’s, and Pearl’s, everyone who had helped me test out how far I could go with you. I told them only as much as they needed to know, but I suspect they guessed what I was doing, because they were so marvelously cooperative. Even Celeste, who has never been in on the secret.”

“Then today came your final test, Prissy, and you passed it with flying colors. You are a true submissive, a true slave. We all welcome you among us. And tonight you have met your new master.”

“You see, the dare I accepted from Thor was, if I could deliver you to him as a fully trained she-male slave, and without any explanation or inducement you would kneel in front of him among a crowd of people, and would suck his cock without even being asked, and would do it in a precise way specified, he would take you into our house. And Prissy, I am very proud of you. You did it!”

“Now I want you to raise your head and look into Thor’s eyes and answer some questions truthfully by nodding or shaking your

head.”

“Did I use any force to transform you?”

I sat back on my heels and raised my head. Looking into Thor’s eyes and answering her question was so humiliating. I thought about it for a moment. No, she really never used any kind of force during the whole time I was transformed. I shook my head.

“Did you agree to be dressed as a woman and become as feminine as possible, even grow breasts for that purpose, for my birthday party?”

I nodded. It was quite true. She had persuaded me to go along with her desires for this party, and I had agreed to everything she had asked me to do.

“Did you let Steve fuck you willingly?”

I felt a blush coming to my face when I nodded. Having to confess this to Thor was terrible.

“Did you willingly put yourself in bondage, strap a gag into your mouth, snap handcuffs on yourself, and ask permission to wear a butt-plug?”

I remembered how Steve had introduced me to bondage play and it was true, I had done all of this. I nodded. “Did you agree to work for Pearl as a woman?”

Again I nodded.

“Did you ask to be turned into a woman permanently by asking to have permanent makeup put on you?”

I had to nod, it was true, I had asked for it myself, even if I didn’t really foresee all the implications.

“When Pearl lined up all those men for you to suck and fuck as her company slut, did you do so willingly, to the best of your ability, and in between, did you keep yourself made up to look as sexy and seductive as possible?”

I nodded. I smiled to myself as I remembered how I would stop traffic every time my hips swiveled down the street on an errand for Pearl.

“Did you agree to be employed by me as my maid, and did you pay for all the maid’s uniforms that we selected for you?”

It was only too true, and I nodded.

“Did you agree to have plastic surgery to even more feminize your figure and your face?”

I nodded—it was true, although when it was done, I still thought it would be reversible.

“Did you go into competition with me for the attention of a man, and did you attract him and make love to him and enjoy it?”

I thought back to the wonderful time I had with Nicolai and I smiled again a little when I nodded.

“Did you agree to work as a high-class call-girl, servicing men, sucking their cocks and getting lucked by them for money?”

The blush crept to my face again as I nodded.

“And most important: Did you agree to have your cock fitted with a ring and did you then give me this locket with padlock and key asking me with the inscription to lock up your cock, thereby making you my complete slave?”

The way she put it, I had to nod, even when again I hadn't really known what I was doing. But to any outsider watching us, it would have been quite clear that I was asking Bea to lock me up and make me her slave. I nodded.

“And consequently, when I asked you to come here as my slave, you agreed again. True?”

With a deep sigh, I nodded again.

“Finally, to be clear about this, two last questions. When I began with you, when I asked you to become one of the girls at my birthday party, did you believe you were a man with a man's desires, and in no sense a woman?”

I nodded.

“And now, as you kneel here before us, do you believe that you are a woman with a woman's desires, and in no important sense a man?”

I nodded. Now I had told my wife's lover everything, that I had agreed to be turned into a woman, and had accepted my bondage and willingly become a slave to Bea.

Thor smiled at me and reached out to pat my head lightly. “I never would have imagined it could be done. Bea has created a masterpiece and I thank her for it.”

“You now may bend down to the floor again,” Bea said. “I am

very pleased with your answers.”

I'm sure my face flushed bright red. That was as much praise as Bea had given me in a long time, and my heart swelled with happiness. Meanwhile, I was glad not to have to face Thor anymore. I bowed down again before him, still sitting on my heels. To my surprise Eva reached out with her feet and nudged my behind.

“Raise your pretty round bum, Dearie, show us your girly tush.” She felt free to correct me, it seems, as my superior, though also a slave. I complied with her request— or was it an order?

“Incidentally, Prissy,” Bea continued, “If you object to my assigning you over to Thor, remember that we have a binding contract which entitles me to your services for the next ten years. You will remember the small print that says that I can assign your services to anyone whose net worth is equal to mine. Now Thor's net worth is incalculably greater than mine, even after I inherited Henry's fortune. So there is no question I can assign you to Thor, and that is exactly what I have done. You now belong to Thor.”

“In our contract, it also says that Thor can't make you do anything that would be illegal. He therefore can never sell you to a pimp and into prostitution, in this country. But it so happens that one of Thor's holding companies owns a brothel in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, accepted in payment of a bad debt, and useful for purposes such as this one.”

“I love you, Prissy, as I sort of loved Henry, but I love Thor with all my heart, and I must warn you. Prostitution is not illegal in Brazil. By sheer coincidence, this brothel specializes in she-male whores. So far they have only local talent there. But I know of a genuine blonde she-male who would make a big hit with the clientele. So if you think you can play games with Thor, think again. You are now his love-slave. Serve him with all your heart, as you would wish to serve me. Anything he wishes is now your wish for him. Be warned.”

My forehead was still on the rug, and my dildo-filled ass high in the air. I listened, the ball-gag filling my mouth preventing me from saying anything. But I had nothing to say anyhow. I was way out of my league!

“Oh, one more thing.” From the corner of my eye I saw Bea take the chain with the locket from her neck, “I have no further use for your cock, and neither has Thor, to whom I have given you. So we have no need for the key to that little adornment hanging down there,

that seems to be so precious to you. We think it best to make Eva the keeper of the key. She may use it in any way she desires.”

I must have made some kind of squeal of protest, because Bea next said rather sternly, “Prissy, understand this, once and for all. Whatever you once felt for me no longer matters to me. I have seen to it that your love, or affection, or dependency on my love, whatever it was, has been converted altogether into a deep desire to obey and serve me, and because I order it, to serve Thor. That does matter to me. You now have a further duty as well, to serve Eva as well, as she wishes.”

“I recognize that you’re soft. Though you’re now in effect a woman, you crave a woman’s affection. Though you now find satisfaction satisfying men’s sexual needs if I wish it, or Thor wishes, you have a penis, and still crave sex with a woman. Eva will satisfy these cravings, if she sees fit. She has greater experience as a slave, and from now on she’ll take over where Steve left off, and oversee your further feminizing and further sexual enslavement to us. If you satisfy her in these matters, she’ll see that you’re satisfied in other ways. You’re her reward for years of faithful service to Thor, and she’ll reward you for devoted service to the both of us. Your chief reward from now on is, of course, the pleasure of serving us. If you understand me, show it by shaking your pretty butt.”

I understood her, so I wagged my rear as provocatively as I could. I didn’t know how I felt about it. I heard Eva giggle.

With that Bea put the chain with the locket around Eva’s neck, giving her a little kiss on each cheek. Eva’s face broke into the grin of the cat that had gotten the canary. I knew that I was the canary.

“Well,” Thor said, refilling Bea’s glass of champagne, and his own, “Bea has already told you everything. Now you know the whole situation. I’ll marry Bea soon. You’ll stay with us as Prissy the maid. You’ll perform any personal services requested by Bea, me, or even Eva for that matter, because you are on the lowest rung of our ladder. If you function well and observe the rules, you’ll have a comfortable life with no cares and many pleasures. I think you can do that, and I think you want that. You have done it for at least the last six months, and all you need to do is, continue. Being obedient will have its rewards, just as any infractions of the rules will carry punishments.”

“I shall not ask you whether you will agree, because what I have just said is based on previously signed agreements. It is not even ‘an offer you cannot refuse,’ because you have no alternative. So

therefore I welcome you to my house. Prissy, my slave, I am pleased to welcome you to my personal service.” He raised his glass towards me and saluted me.

While Thor was speaking Bea took Eva’s dress off, so she could be a bit more comfortable. Then as he finished she called to him, “To bed, lover-boy. Enough talk! I can hardly wait to feel you in me! Prissy needs some time to think over what she’s just heard, so we should just leave her here, I think. Maybe Eva can cheer her up a little.”

Thor took another sip from his glass and followed Bea into the bedroom.

I was still kneeling in front of the sofa, my forehead down and my ass held high, completely dumbfounded.

Eva got up from the sofa and minced over to me. She ducked under me and started kissing my tits, sucking on them, rolling them between her teeth and her tongue. This excited me so much that I could think of nothing else after a minute or two, nothing at all. Then she slid behind me and with her teeth pulled on the strap that held my ball-gag and succeeded in unbuckling it. I spit the ball out and at once she started to kiss me on the mouth.

We both fell to the ground and were kissing each other wherever we could. It grew into a real frenzy. Suddenly she stopped and asked me to turn on my stomach. She pulled down the zipper of my dress so I could wiggle out of it. Then she began to undo the straps holding my arms to my corset and about three minutes later my arms were free. She asked me to free her too. I was very cautious and asked her if our masters would not be angry with us if we did that, but she said, “If we can get free, we are allowed to, they expect us to. If they want to keep us bound, they will make sure we cannot free ourselves.”

We didn’t take off our corsets, though once our arms were free, we were soon in a jumble of limbs caressing each other in any way possible. Eva was a woman who could make you forget anything. I was beginning to see that my enslavement as Bea’s wedding gift to Thor had certain advantages. Eva loosened the strap that held my dildo in my ass and started to fuck me with it. I lay in her arms, my breasts against her breasts, and became so excited that I came in less than a minute.

“Now its your turn,” she said, and gave me the dildo. I pushed it into her cunt and stroked it into her as best I could, gently, as a woman would, and brought her to several arousals and orgasms in

hardly any time at all.

Then we lay next to each other on the thick rug. I felt deeply impassioned by the sight of her, and Eva smiled. “It’s a form of narcissism,” she said. “You’re turned on by me the way you’re turned



on by your mirror image, by yourself. And we do have a lot in common. We’re both slaves to masters who love each other. We are both submissive to their least whims. We’re both women. And wonderfully, I can still think of you as a man and can even make you perform like one, if I wish.”

She reached for my penis, which got hard almost immediately.

It was not an impressive size, locked back as it was, but she stroked it a few times, looking playfully into my eyes. Then she let it go—I had hoped she would unlock me, but she didn't. She returned to playing with the dildo.

“Did you get a good look at this?” she asked me, “Doesn't it look familiar?”

To me it was just another dildo, very nicely designed though, I thought, very life-like, with a life-like representation of a royal cockhead, and of thick veins running its length.

“It was made from a plaster cast of Thor's cock. All the time you've used it on yourself, you were in a way already fucked by Thor.” I was amazed again. The two masters had planned even that down to the last little detail. Bea had selected that dildo for me to wear just this afternoon.

Just then I heard Thor call me. “Prissy get in here and clean us. First me, then Bea.”

I crawled in with my forehead close to the floor, the way he had left me, and when I was next to their bed I looked up at him.

“I told you, you would get to swallow my cum tonight. Now you can suck it from Bea's love nest too. Be gentle about it. I don't want to hear any complaints.”

First I took on the task of licking Thor's cock clean. It was true, it looked exactly like the dildo I had been using to bring myself off after servicing Bea. I couldn't resist doing a little more than was needed to clean it, and was soon rewarded with a fast growing cock. When it was good and hard again, he stopped me. “Go ahead and do what you were told,” he reminded me.

Bea had been watching me the whole time with great interest. “You look as though you love my man almost as much as I do,” she said. I slid over to her side and buried my tongue in her pussy, sucking and slurping as best I could. She took my head in both her hands, and held my mouth to her most sensitive places, and allowed her head to fall back onto her pillow in delight. I knew her sensitive spots and did my best to excite her. Within seconds, she was writhing about in ecstasy.

Suddenly I felt Thor kneeling behind me. He raised my butt to meet his cock, and soon he was buried deep inside me. His long cock felt so familiar, like an old friend! It was wonderful. I was giving Bea a continuous orgasm with my tongue and face while at the same time I

was being fucked by her man, my master. I came again after a short while, and so did Thor, and then we all collapsed.

After a short rest period Thor told me to get up and clean myself, and get ready for bed. “I suppose Eva already has gone to bed. Call me when you are ready.” I went and did as ordered, and called Thor as I entered the other bedroom.

I found Eva already in bed, and I slipped in too. We were not either of us wearing nightgowns, and we snuggled our bodies together. Eva’s smooth skin felt delicious. When Thor came in, to my great surprise he told Eva to unlock my cock. Although I had come two times already that night, my contact with Eva’s magnificent body let it grow again.

“Just so you don’t walk in your sleep and hurt yourself, I’ll take a little precaution.” he said. With that he took in hand the lock he had taken from my cock, and locked my right nipple-ring to Eva’s left. Then he produced a second padlock and locked the other two nipple-rings. We were now locked together inescapably. “Good night sweeties, sleep tight together,” he said from the door as he left us in our predicament.

Well, we didn’t sleep for quite some time afterward. “So you were once ‘Henry,’” said Eva in a drowsy teasing voice. “And this is still Henry’s cock, isn’t it. Well, Henry, how does it feel to be a woman locked tit-to-tit to a woman. Does it feel good? Does it give your cock ideas?”

She began to move her torso back and forth, ever so slightly, so the little tugs on my nipples began to turn to pure liquid desire, and the desire made my cock rock-hard. “From now on, I’m going to call this little skin dildo ‘Henry,’” she said, clamping down on my prick with one hand and running her fingers over my lips and eyes with the other. “And whenever he’s unlocked, he’s mine. Not yours. Understood?”

I nodded my understanding, and we fell yet again into each other. Eva slipped her fingers round and round my little Henry until it began to come again of its own free will, unconcerned with who owned it. “I can’t swallow your Henry’s juices, Prissy dear,” Eva said, “So feed me.”

Henry had spurted and squirted on our bellies, and I scooped up finger lulls, so we both could lick my fingers clean. “IJmmmm.” said Eva licking and sucking my forefinger as if it were a cock, “I’d hoped you would taste this good.” Then we settled in to sleep, locked

and snuggled together. Locked together as we were, we could either sleep on our sides or else atop each other, taking turns which. We woke up several times when it was necessary to change positions, and each time we resumed our love-play.

Chapter Eighteen

Life with Thor

Thor loved to lock us together this way, whenever he wanted to put us on hold, and leave us to our own devices. Otherwise we were quite free to move about and use our hands. We were naked most of the times, but sometimes we wore corsets with stockings and high heels, or even dresses that left our tits bare. In any event, our closeness usually provoked mutual caressing, stroking, and loving scratching of each other. Soon enough my free dangling cock would then find its way into Eva's hot quim. We had to be very careful to keep our movements controlled so as not to over-stretch our nipples, but the gentle tugging on each other enhanced our pleasure even more.

Thor invented a further restraint. He would pull an old-fashioned girdle over both our hips. It was hard work to get it up, and it was quite impossible to separate our hips from each other. Thor always made sure that my cock was buried inside Eva when he pulled up the girdle. Then he locked our arms together around each other, so that we could not shove down the girdle.

It would have been a rather frustrating set-up for both of us, my cock deeply within her and not able to move back and forth. But Eva had a wonderful way to use her vaginal muscles to set up a pulsating contraction that set my cock to quiver. It caused my cock to almost vibrate and when I pulled myself up as far as I could, the vibrations were transferred to her clit. Without so much as a twitch visible on the outside she could make us come in a few minutes—or, if the fancy struck her, in an hour or longer. But this I experienced only much later.

Saturday morning at the hotel Thor came and woke us, released us from our love-bondage of the night, and told us to join Bea and him in the master bedroom. There I was instructed to clean out Bea's love juices from the previous night, a task I had come to love. I knew that this way I could pleasure Bea in ways her lover couldn't or didn't. This kind of pleasuring was reserved for me. The most she ever said was, "Very good, Prissy," after a rolling orgasm that wouldn't

quit, though usually she said nothing at all when she dismissed me. But I know Bea always appreciated my desire to please her.

We had breakfast brought by room-service, and again, slaves were not allowed to sit with their masters. Nor were we fed at all, this time. Since our wrists were locked behind us, we had to slurp out coffee from bowls and pick up pieces of bread from a plate on the ground. I suddenly remembered that Bea had had me do just that early in my life as Honey. Then I saw no deeper meaning to it, but now I realized that it was part of my training to be a slave.

After breakfast we were told to put on make-up and do our hair as similarly as we could, to recreate yesterday's twin-look. Eva was not satisfied with my efforts, and while she was leaning over me to repin some of my tresses I playfully tweaked her nipples.

Before I knew what was happening, I felt a stinging pain on my cheek, and my head was knocked sideways! Another blow knocked me onto my back! I looked at Eva, and she was glaring at me, her palms still outstretched.

"This is serious, Miss Prissy!" she said. "We have been ordered to look like each other, and that is what we shall do, to the absolute best of our ability. Just remember, I have spent time in bondage to a very demanding master, and I know how to inflict unspeakable pain on you if you require it. And I'll do it, too, if you require it. I know that Mistress Bea and this Steve person have worked miracles with you without ever severely disciplining you. But I have other methods. Clear?"

I nodded. "Yes, Eva."

"Yes, Miss Eva, Miss Prissy!"

"Yes, Miss Eva."

"Good! Now that you understand that, I'll allow you to kiss each of my toes. Once each. Quickly. Make the best of it!" She sat down.

I knelt and sucked gently on the first few, then frenziedly on the rest in quick succession. Then after a moment I stood up, looked into her eyes, and smiled. She raised her eyebrows, and seemed satisfied.

We had to lace each other into cruel little corsets that made our tits and asses stand out most provocatively. My cock was locked back as usual before I pulled up and buttoned the same skirt that Eva wore. When finished—still with naked tits—we went to Thor, who fastened

our wrists together behind us, and pulled capes of a very thin, clinging material over our head. They reached barely past our breasts, and showed off our tiny waists, and the fact that our arms were locked behind us.

Then Bea and Thor attached their leashes, and Thor took me, while Bea took Eva, for a leisurely stroll through the park around the hotel. Eva seemed to be quite at ease, accustomed to this kind of treatment. I still felt humiliated, and blushed whenever we met anyone. Bea greeted one couple effusively. They were a tall, statuesque woman, quite fashionably but comfortably dressed, followed by another smaller woman, teetered behind her carrying a large parasol to protect her from too much sun. When I came closer I saw that her bracelets were welded to the parasol, and wore a terribly tight hobble skirt and unbelievably high heels.

“Well if it isn’t Eddie,” Bea exclaimed, looking at the shorter woman with the parasol, then greeting the tall woman. “I am so glad to meet you, too, finally. My but you’ve improved on Eddie’s appearance. She must have lost at least 40 pounds.”

“Forty-three pounds to be exact, but she’ll have to lose another two at least,” the tall woman said in a husky, sexy voice. Could it be that the tall woman was a male too? She looked very feminine, but I had learned that if it looks like a duck, walks like a duck and quacks like a duck, chances were only about 50/50 here at the hotel.

“We’ll, it’s so nice to see that what I began is still in good hands. Eddie will probably have told you about me, and the first time I put him into skirts.”

“Of course he did. It gave me a wonderful start, when I found him and made him my slave. He became a very accomplished cocksucker under my tutelage, and he tries to please me in every way.”

I looked over the second woman, and must say that I never would have guessed that she was or at least had been a male too if I had met her anywhere else. She had quite a nice figure, a little rounder than mine, but suitable for her type. Bea and the tall woman chatted for a while, and parted with “see you around soon.”

I didn’t talk to Eddie, as I had learned already that slaves are not allowed to speak unless addressed by their masters, or given permission to speak. Eddie must have had the same instructions. So when we parted, we just curtsied to each other and to our masters, and went our way.

Our masters kept us really busy all weekend long, but it would be too much to recount all the details. Suffice to say that I learned a lot more about being a love slave to a stem, but wonderful and loving master. It was true, Bea had given me to him, but I didn't really mind after I came to know him better. I could very well understand how Bea had fallen in love with him, and understood equally well Bea's attraction for him.

Late Sunday morning, Eva made good on one of her warnings to me. She had left my cock unlocked for thorough cleaning, and as I came from the shower back to our bedroom I was absent-mindedly pulling on it. It felt good, and I picked up the pace just as Eva came back from servicing Bea.

"What are you doing with my cock?!" she shrieked. "Let go of that!" And before I knew what had happened she reached into a bureau drawer, picked up a short leather whip, and delivered two swift blows, forehand to my balls, and then before the incredible pain had a chance to travel and spread and intensify, backhand to my penis. It shriveled instantly, as I sank writhing on the floor clutching at them. She said not another word, and didn't need to. It was very odd. I knew I should have resented her highhandedness, but in a peculiar way I felt grateful to her. Later I told her this, and she smiled.

"Yes, it figures," she said. "That's Henry in you. A true submissive, as Mistress Bea said. He wants to be punished and humiliated by a woman, doesn't he? Well, if you don't behave, you may be sure I'll oblige. If pain makes him feel grateful, I can make him grovel out of his mind with gratitude to me, any time. Don't tempt me."

I should mention, Eva meant it. A month later I did tempt her, and with Bea and Thor away she had no fears about disabling me for a day or two.

Thor had said something like "She is a little hard to enter sometimes - maybe we should train her pussy to be suppler." And Bea at some other time had mused, "Her walk is feminine now, but it isn't dainty. Maybe higher heels would help...?" Well, Miss Eva—as I had to call her when she was disciplining me—simply combined the wishes of our masters into a new training program for me.

She got a pair of 'ballet boots' for me that had no soles at all, just heels and a sharp point touching the ground when they were put on. On the inside they were fitted to the toes and the balls of my feet, so when I stood up in them, my weight was evenly distributed like a

ballerina's on point. I had to confess they looked fabulous, but I couldn't stand in them for more than ten or twenty seconds.

Then, to achieve more elasticity in my pussy Miss Eva inserted a training dildo with a thick head, then a slim shaft widening to over two inches at the end. Whenever I sat down on it, it was driven into my pussy and forcefully spread out my little hole. Then when I stood, in it slipped back out to the narrow shaft. Well, fitted with the ballet boots and the training dildo I found myself with hard choices.

Miss Eva allowed me to walk until I couldn't stand it any longer, then to sit down only on a low wooden stool. It was impossible to sit slowly and gracefully in ballet boots, I found out. I plunged down onto the stool and immediately let out a shriek.

"Not one sound! Not one!" she shouted, so I clamped my lips tight shut.

Then, to be sure I sat down unassisted by my hands, instead lowering myself gracefully with my legs alone, she cuffed my wrists behind me. Then she made me repeatedly stand, walk, sit, and 'rest'. "An hour of this each morning for the next three months, and our Master and Mistress will find no fault with your pussy or your walking - he'll feel he's slipping into a pot of honey when he enters you, and you'll look daintier than any little girl in her Sunday best," she said.

At first it was sheer hell. When she left me, I tried a few more walks and 'rests' on the stool. Then since she wasn't standing over me, I went to my knees and just rested that way for a while. I shouldn't have dared. Eva returned before I could scramble back to my feet, and again she shrieked "What are you doing!" But this time she got a long, slim bamboo cane, and said through clenched teeth, "Prissy, you know what your Master and Mistress want! You must want what they want! Apparently you don't! Can you count to fifty?"

"Yes," I said, standing there frightened, the pain in my feet forgotten.

"Good!" she said. "Walk! Begin counting!"

So I began, and Miss Eva walked to one side of me delivering a stripe to my buttocks with each number I spoke aloud, each one angled neatly below the previous I found later, though a repeated sharp, excruciating pain was all I felt at the time. At the count of ten she had me sit on the stool. Then ten more walking, and another 'rest' sitting. By this time I was altogether unaware of pain from the boots or the dildo, especially when she ran out of unstriped skin and walked

on my other side delivering crosshatched stripes to my buttocks.

When it came time for me to walk to receive the last ten my blouse was soaked with tears and perspiration, and without realizing it I was moaning aloud like an animal between the inarticulate cries that stood for the last ten numbers I had to call out. The stool felt like red hot coals on my buttocks while she finished my punishment, but I sat there.

“There!” she said mildly. “Prissy, I am proud of you. You didn’t cry out once. You must love your master and mistress very much. Let me get you some soothing lotion.” She had me lie on my stomach, and she stroked her cool, smooth, lotion-filled hand so lovingly across my fiery back and backside that at one point I couldn’t help it. I seized it and smothered it with grateful kisses

When Bea returned, she glanced at the fifty crosshatched bright red whip marks on my back and buttocks, but all she said was, “Well, been naughty, Prissy? I hope you enjoyed it.” I was still in anguish, but didn’t know what to reply. Thereafter I really was Eva’s slave too, in a way. I did what she told me. After this episode, I learned to walk in my ballet boots quite easily, not for long distances, but enough to get around in the house. And Thor never again complained that my pussy wasn’t pliable. But all that happened later.

As the time finally came to leave the hotel that Sunday afternoon, Eva and I packed all our belongings and put them outside the door to be picked up by the bell-boys. I stood there awaiting what would happen next, wearing a very short, simple cotton dress that did little to hide my figure.

Thor told me, “You are coming with us, as you’ll move in with us right away. Bea will return to her house to arrange selling it, and join us later. Unfortunately I came in my Sports-Mercedes, so there is no seat for you—you’ll just have to travel with the baggage. It’s best if I bundle you into a package, for the boys to carry you down and stow you away.”

This is not what I had wished for, but I knew, resistance would only make the journey far more uncomfortable. So I just lowered my eyes. Thor waved me nearer and produced a small string, not two inches long.

“This is all I need to make you into a nice little package,” he said. I didn’t believe him. But he proceeded to tie together each of my third fingers. That was all. Now my hands were tied together in front of me, but otherwise I was quite unrestrained. This puzzled me.

When the bell-boys came for the luggage, they put our suitcases on their trolley, and one of them rolled it away. Thor told me to sit down and put my arms around my knees. When I did, the remaining two bell-boys shoved a bar between my bent elbows under my knees, picked up the ends of the bar, and unceremoniously carried me out. To my horror they took me dangling from the bar by my knees down the guest elevator, through the lobby, and out to the car that was waiting in front of the hotel. As if I was just another bag they stowed me in the trunk between two large suitcases,

“Have a nice trip, and come back soon,” one of them said as he shut down the trunk lid, and left me in the dark.

Well, life as a slave has its surprises, I thought, and I settled into what I thought would be my most comfortable position. Soon enough I heard the car doors slam, and the car start to move. What I had hoped would be comfortable turned out to be rather stressful, because I sat on my bottom on my butt plug. Every pothole in the pavement, and every bump, bounced me against my butt-plug, which slid out of me an inch or two, and then was rammed back in. I really got fucked this way, but not rhythmically enough to come. So when the journey ended, I was desperate for someone to bring me off. That night, Eva again brought me sweet relief. I was beginning to love her.

When we arrived at Thor’s mansion, I began living the life Bea had had in mind for me from the start, and had been designing my body and mind to accept for over two years, from the moment she first met Thor, and decided to end our marriage, but decided I still had my uses. She had remade me into Thor’s slave, his personal servant, woman enough to please him in endless ways and eager to do so, yet man enough to keep him from feeling too affectionate, never a threat to her.

Lying in bed mornings, Thor felt completely at home in his universe. Usually he was propped high on satin pillows, glancing over his day’s schedule, Bea beside him correcting proof on some article she had written, the two of them stretched out luxuriously while I lay between his legs and nursed gently on his cock. I had no complaints. Occasionally as a special reward he would allow me to suck him to orgasm, Bea smiling approval, and I felt honored to drink from his spurting tip.

Most mornings Thor was content just to allow me to contribute to his cock’s feelings of well-being before he arose to begin the day. And I was content to suck on him, then occasionally, when Bea was out of town, to feel him lunging into my ass. It helped me feel

so...girlish!

Once, I suspected Bea was feeling a pang of remorse for what she had done to me. Thor ordered me into the room and told me to strip naked, then unlocked my cock and told me to dance for them. And so I did, my breasts bobbling up and down, and my prick flapping and waving from side to side. I felt ridiculous, and must have looked even more ridiculous, because in no time the two of them lay there pointing at me, helpless with laughter.

I was delighted to have given them such pleasure, and danced all the more enthusiastically, shaking my titties and my ass in different rhythms, and waving my arms as seductively and sinuously as I could. When I finished, Thor waved me good-naturedly out of the room, still laughing, and I heard him ask Bea, "Well, do you still think so?," and I heard Bea reply, "No, you're right, he doesn't mind, in fact he seems to love it."

Bea moved in with us after rearranging her lecture and publishing schedules, disposing of our home, and selling off most of the accumulation of our two decades as husband and wife. She sold the house, and had the movers bring only a few pieces of furniture, mostly her office equipment, and of course my uniforms and our skirts, blouses and dresses. I was now a personal upstairs maid in Thor's grand establishment. It was magnificent place, situated in a landscaped garden so big, you could call it a park with a little stream running through it.

The house was a large mansion dating from the beginning of this century, with high ceilings and large French windows. Thor had other servants of course. There was a French couple, Josephine the chef who prepared elaborate French dishes, and Gauchos the chauffeur and handyman. Gauchos could fix anything, and had a big toolshed next to the garage where he made anything that Thor desired.

From what I gathered he had run into some trouble in France because he was too handy with locks and keys, but Thor brought him over and provided for him, and for Joey too. Both were devoted to him and quite used to his eccentricities. The housecleaning and gardening were done by outside contractors, and with other maids and pantry men on the household staff, there wasn't a great deal for me to do.

"Your job," Bea explained to me, "Is to look as pretty as you possibly can, all day, so you'll be able to give as much pleasure as you possibly can whenever you're wanted. And to serve us with love and

gratitude.”

Thor attached great importance to my looking my feminine best. A lot of my time was spent dressing and primping, and I came to love it. Thor liked seeing me in real Victorian servants’ uniforms, with long skirts over several rustling petticoats, a severely corseted waist, and large ruffled pinafores with wide shoulder straps that bobbed up and down like wings when I walked, and with a large bow on my backside accenting my ass. I had to make sure my pinafores and aprons were always clean and crisp, and therefore had to change them often.

I also had to wear five inch heels all the time, and I must say, I soon felt quite uncomfortable without them. Somehow my Achilles tendons must have shortened from wearing them, so my feet hurt when I walked around barefoot. Of course the heels and my corseting influenced my walk. My ass really stuck out and wiggled provocatively with every step. But that seemed to be exactly what Thor desired. He said that a sexy Victorian maid went perfectly with the spirit of the house.

He also took great pleasure in lacing me tightly, and it became a game between us. I sometimes deliberately did not close my corset in the morning so that the uniform could barely be closed over it. As soon as Thor saw me, he would notice and make me get out of it so that he could close the gap.

When he pulled on the laces, I would wiggle my behind and try to push it into his crotch, while he pulled my laces as tight as he could. I am not sure what caused it, but usually he got hard in no time, and the scene usually ended with his prick deep inside me.

I just had to watch out that Bea did not see me first, because she also would not be content with just closing the gap, but she would warm my bottom considerably with her hair-brush for my negligence. To get around this, I had persuaded Eva to be my accomplice and keep Bea busy on these mornings.

To emphasize their independence, Bea and Thor had separate bedrooms, but they always spent part of each night together. Eva’s and my bedroom was between the two master-bedrooms, so we could easily be summoned if the services of one or both of us were required by either the Master or the Mistress. It evolved, that most of the time Thor wanted my services and Bea wanted Eva’s. They began to think of us with affection as a cute pair of girls delighted to serve them, as indeed we were.

They entertained a lot, the usual business and social set who cluster around rich and prominent couples, and another much smaller crowd, with a lifestyle similar to Thor's and Bea's, who brought their own slaves with them. With the social crowd I was a pretty, well trained maid carrying canapes and refilling drinks, and Bea and Thor were envied that they had me.

With the others, Eva and I were skilled and devoted slaves, and often we were instructed to play scenes with other slaves, highly erotic games in which any of our bodily openings were available to anyone else's bodily protuberances, and elaborate new combinations were roundly applauded.

Once Thor invited a Sheik from one of the Gulf Emirates to stay with us for a few days, a business associate, while they renegotiated some interests they shared. He was tall and swarthy, with a sinister-looking beard, and obviously accustomed to having his every wish fulfilled instantly.

Thor explained to us that he had the four wives his religion allowed him, but that he also had a harem of about twenty concubines, three of them boy-girls like me. Eva and I were instructed to cater to every wish that Mr. Rifad might venture.

Bea was out of town on a lecture tour when the Sheik came to visit. Thor evidently wanted to show Mr. Rifad that even in the West a lifestyle similar to his was possible. He unlocked my prick, then asked Eva and me to dress ourselves in tasteful but sensible afternoon dresses, nothing resembling harem costumes, but nothing proclaiming that we were slaves either. That much was fun.

The two of us giggled together as I chose a lovely yellow silk print with a swirling skirt for Eva and she chose a stately blue organza off-the-shoulder for me, teasing me that any boy should feel privileged to wear something so deliciously provocative. Then we did each other's hair in the highest styles we could design, and came down to meet Mr. Rifad hand in hand, looking like very elegant girlfriends.

Mr. Rifad evidently found it hard to believe that we were what Thor called us, so Thor demonstrated his absolute power over us by giving us commands we obeyed instantly, to kiss each other passionately as if we were lesbian lovers, then to kiss him as if we were begging for his cock to slide into us. Mr. Rifad became quite interested in us.

Thor then ordered us to strip down to our bras and panties, and

we did. I hesitated when Thor then asked us to remove our panties, because I was beginning to feel ashamed that I wasn't a real girl, and didn't want Mr. Rifad to see my pecker. To a sternly masculine Arab, I knew, to be a feminized male in a liberal western society is the ultimate humiliation; it meant I had chosen the life voluntarily, abandoning all self-respect by trying to live my life as the lesser, weaker sex, subject to my master's whim.

We were not allowed to speak without permission, but when Eva sensed my reluctance to uncover my loins she started to hum a tune I recognized as "Brazil..." I immediately understood its meaning: Thor's transgender brothel in Brazil, where I might end up if I made any trouble. I swallowed my embarrassment and shame, dropped my panties, and stepped out of them, revealing to Mr. Rifad my true sex. He looked shocked, and glared at me a moment. Thor then asked us to put on a sex show for Mr. Rifad, with several sex acts.

"Prissy may look like a complete woman, but she is still able to fully function as a male," he explained to Mr. Rifad, and he made Eva prove it. I was mortified almost to paralysis, so Eva took over. She took me gently by the shoulders and pressed me to the floor on my back, then she mounted my face and rode me until it was dripping with her juices and my boner rose to the sky, finally she mounted my stiff cock and rode me nearly to climax.

When I was desperate to erupt into her, she suddenly slid off, took my rigid shaft in her hand, pulled on it a few more times, and exploded me so I shot my cum all over my breasts, nearly to my mouth. Then she collected it all with her fingers and made me suck them clean. Whenever I seemed reluctant she started humming "Braziland" I did whatever she wanted with renewed fervor.

We were then sent out to freshen ourselves and put on starched uniforms, and at dinner we both served as maids. I overheard Mr. Rifad ask how Thor had found me, and heard Thor explaining how my wife had seduced and trained me into femininity on a bet, as a present to him when they fust discovered that they loved each other. To hear two people speak this way about me while I served them dinner, as if I weren't there, was perhaps the most humiliating experience of all.

Mr. Rifad seemed to be quite taken with me and even tried to buy me from Thor. He asked what his expenditures had been for having me trained, modified, and outfitted—he would double any amount Thor had spent on me. When Thor asked why he wanted me, Mr. Rifad explained that he had three boy-girls, but they were

castrated, not really boys any more, and unable to entertain his friends as Eva and I had just done. He had never seen a creature so feminine and yet so fully functional as a man. He would especially love to have a blonde western male as a harem slave—I would be a collector's item, unique in his circles.

I was most relieved when I heard Thor declare that under no circumstances would he sell me. I was a love gift, and he cherished me. He offered Mr. Rifad his services finding some other suitable man for his purposes, and someone willing to alter and train him to whatever were Mr. Rifad's specifications.

That night I felt especially grateful to Thor, and tearfully lavished my affection on him. Amused, Thor reassured me by tugging gently on the rings in my nipples and the ring in my crotch until I squirted all over myself.

After a few months, Thor formally proposed marriage to Bea, and Bea accepted. The wedding soon followed. Eva and I were the bridesmaids, and were fitted with gorgeous dresses, again we were made up to look like twins. The wedding was more or less the way all weddings are, but for me it was a very special, moving experience.

I cried. I couldn't hold back my tears when I saw my wife of so many years walk down the aisle to marry another man, her face radiant, while I was serving as her Maid of Honor. It was a very sentimental moment. Although basically nothing changed in our relationship, this wedding marked the end of another period in my life. My wife Bea was now someone else's wife and my mistress, no more than that.

The wedding night was something special too. I was called on to undress Bea and prepare her for her husband, while Eva provided the same services to Thor. Then we both undressed each other, and gave our masters a sex show of our own. Thor instructed Eva to be sure I didn't climax, because he wanted me to stay horny all night—it seemed somehow fitting for Bea's first husband to stay sexually frustrated while her second husband was enjoying her lavishly. But I was not only allowed, I was required to make Eva cum as many times as possible, and I know I succeeded, judging by her shrieks and moans and writhings, and the towels she soaked wiping herself between performances.

At some point we lost our audience when they decided to retire to their own entertainment instead of just watching ours. After a while we were called in and asked to clean them. Eva took care of

Thor, while I enthusiastically sucked Thor's cum from Bea's love-nest.

She looked down at me affectionately. "No jealousy at all, my little Prissy?" she asked. "Do you love Thor now as much as I do?"

I shook my head so vigorously, burying my nose and tongue so deeply into her slit, that she came again on the spot.

My mistress then granted me an extraordinary favor, and on her wedding night! My loving efforts so reawakened her passions that she got up and equipped herself with a double dildo, one end of it in her twat, and the other swiftly buried in my ass. I saw that Thor had taken on Eva and was fucking her so vigorously that her body shook each time he slammed into it. My cock was still hard again too, and Eva's ass looked so invitingly humped up to receive me that I couldn't hold back. Soon we were all connected to each other, humping and bumping and tumbling all over each other.

Once, I nearly forgot myself and began tensing to orgasm into her ass. Eva felt it, and again hummed a warning phrase from "Brazil." But mostly I remembered that Thor wanted to keep me hard up on the night when he was reaming my wife silly, so I controlled myself. I loved him, and wanted to do anything he asked of me.

As all good things end, so did this wedding celebration. It ended with Eva and me in our bed, once again locked together face to face by our tit-rings, giggling and kissing, trying to get to sleep but always distracted by one of us exciting the other. When Thor came to tuck us in and lock us up, he told me to tuck my dong into Eva's cunt.

"You've been a good girl all night," he told me, "So now my bridal gift to you both is, you may fill Eva's cunt to overflowing with your jism as many times as you can manage, for the rest of the night. We are overflowing with happiness, so it seems only fitting that you two should too!"

Then later, although we couldn't see it, the sounds coming from Thor's room showed that our happy newlyweds were still at it.

In February we vacationed from the cold weather by flying down to Rio to see the famous Carnival. I was a little apprehensive about being left behind in a Brazilian brothel, but my fear was unfounded and our stay was fabulous. Eva and I went as twins again. My worst moment was when I was left on deposit at Thor's brothel with the Madame, Senora Juanita, who turned out to be a beautiful Drag Queen dressed like the widow of a Spanish grandee. Thor and Bea went on to one of the big hotels on the Copacabana, with Eva to

serve as their maid.

Everyone at the brothel was very friendly. They regarded me as a colleague and an honored guest. The building had been a first class hotel in its better days, complete with ball-room, conference rooms now used for private parties, a little boutique, and a beauty shop specializing in make-overs for men. The place really came alive during the Carnival season, as many closet TV's emerged to get made over for their costume parties.

Senora Juanita noticed that I was wearing permanent makeup, and complimented me on the skill with which it had been applied. She told me that during this season, always a few husbands were sent to the beauty shop for a makeover for some Grand Costume Ball, only to discover afterward that their wives had ordered permanent makeup for them.

Then, she pointed out, these men would have to choose between looking ridiculously effeminate for a year or so, or else going further and try to become feminized enough to pass as real women, and to live like real women for the year.

Most of the time their wives did this so they could feel free to take lovers and bring them into their own bedrooms while their husbands were still living in the house—as maids. Whatever the husbands chose, for the year they were in permanent makeup they were unable to object without appearing completely ridiculous, revealing what they were.

In fact, some wives required their husbands to service their lovers and themselves nightly, to do whatever the new couple might choose. Some of these husbands might even end up working here, Senora Juanita told me, their wives bringing them in the evening and collecting them in the morning together with all the husband had earned during the night.

Others, however, came to like their new lives, and one of them at that very moment was the most profitable courtesan on her rolls, glamorous enough to attend the needs of ambassadors and ministers without detection.

I didn't inform her that I had been a husband like that myself, once.

But the brothel's real business was humming too. There were at least 10 'girls' on duty day or night. They worked in shifts, all well-organized. Senora Juanita held a tight rein. In the evening, usually around 10:00 PM, there was always a costume ball in the ball-room.

As I as had not come prepared with an appropriate wardrobe, the ‘girls’ fitted me out with some beautiful beaded and appliqued ball gowns, and I danced into the small hours nightly. Some men who danced with me took my fancy, but I was not allowed to take them into a private room to enjoy them.

I asked Senora Juanita why not, and she explained that she could not allow clients to be taken away from her regular girls, who depended on the income.

“But if you insist,” she said, “I can set you up as the ‘pencil sharpener’.”

When I asked her what this meant, she said “come along, I’ll show you.” She took me to a corner of the hall, close to the ball room entrance and the elevators to the rooms. Actually it was a little alcove just off the hall. She asked me to remove my panties, and she took out my butt- plug.

Then she led me to a stool with a cushion on it and a long dildo rising straight up from the cushion. She had me sit down on the cushion in such a way that the dildo fitted into me and held me snug on the pillow, and asked me to work it up and down a few times to be sure it was comfortable. Then she took a collar chained to the floor and snapped it shut around my neck. I was securely fastened. I could sit comfortably, but I couldn’t move.

“Now what you do is, make the clients horny if they aren’t already. It saves the girls’ time, so they’re back in circulation faster, if their guests are almost ready to shoot when they go into the rooms to fuck. To get a slow client to this point is your responsibility. Suck him as well as you can, but don’t make him cum. The girls will send guests here for this special service if they feel it would take too long to excite them. I think you’ll see quite a lot of action here tonight, and get to suck on many cocks.”

With that she left me. This was not exactly what I had hoped for, but now it was too late to do anything about it. The problem was, I got all the girls’ Johns excited—after all, Bea had made me into an expert cocksucker, in order to impress her lover enough for him to want to take me in. But while sucking cock I got all excited too, and I had no way to get release. I tried to hump the dildo, but it didn’t reach my sensitive spots. I was quite frustrated and very horny when Senora Juanita came to release me after what must have been more than three hours. By that time traffic had slowed down and the ‘girls’ had more time for themselves.

And for me. They were grateful that I had done such a splendid job preparing their clients for them, and they now saw to it that I was well taken care of. Three of them took me into a room for what they called “a full body rubdown,” their naked bodies writhing against mine for over an hour, until I had no cum left. Everybody agreed that from now on, I should be the ‘pencil sharpener.’ As usual, I had no vote. But I didn’t much mind, especially after sampling the way they expressed their gratitude.

When the Carnival ended and Thor came to collect me, Senora Juanita was filled with praise for me, and told him that whenever he got tired of me she would always be happy to take me on. Well this kind of news was not what I wanted to hear.

On our way back to the airport Thor brought the matter up again. “Wouldn’t you like to five here and work in that brothel?” he asked.

I was shocked. Frightened, I told him “No, master, please!” I told him I loved him, and Bea, and Eva, much too much to ever want to be separated from them, ever, even to be sent to a charming place like Rio.

“I don’t mean now,” said Thor “as long as you satisfy me, and as long as Bea will have you, you’ll be a cherished part of our household. But think about it. Juanita will retire some time, in ten, twelve, fifteen years maybe. You could inherit *her* job. I’m always looking to promote skilled management.”

I told him I would think about it then, but that now I wanted to stay with him and make him as happy as I could. I snuggled up against him, and put my head in his lap, and kissed the mound I could feel rising under his pants fabric. On the plane trip back to Thor’s mansion, I kept my head in his lap and his prick in my mouth the whole time, covered by a blanket.

Bea glanced over now and then, and each time she saw that I was still at it, sucking gently on him, she smiled, pleased with herself that she had done such a good job with me, that I had turned out to be worth the effort

Chapter Nineteen

Another Birthday Present

Things settled into a peaceful life for all of us. It wasn’t all sex

and domination/submission play. Of course, Eva and I are love slaves, and we know it and glory in it. We are usually restrained in some fashion. In the house I wore hobbles until I learned to walk as if I were wearing them, as Eva did always, daintily. Our heels were never less than five inches.

When I complained once, Eva suggested to me that I serve dinner the next night ‘en Pointe’, wearing a tutu. I had to, of course, and Thor and Bea were amused, and I never again complained of anything. Handcuffs were needed only when I forgot to clasp my wrists behind me while waiting for orders or listening to them, but after a short learning period I never did.

I love the way we live now. I’m essentially a woman, and my days are filled with women’s things—tending my uniforms and dresses, rinsing out my underthings and Bea’s (sometimes Eva’s when she wants to assert her authority over me), bringing Thor or Bea their morning coffee or afternoon cocktails, keeping myself neat and pretty at all times, and serving my master and mistress in any way they ask.

Now and then, as if in a dream, I remember I once wore a suit and tie and dealt with business clients, or stretched on the couch watching TV and waiting for Bea to call me to dinner. But sometimes what I remember is sitting at my desk at my old firm fixing my lipstick, or going to a power lunch in a pretty dress, or asking my secretary to set up an appointment for Celeste to do my hair. But those things couldn’t actually have happened. Sometimes, remembering my marriage, I think of myself as Bea fixing dinner for Henry, and I feel happy.

My relationship with Bea has utterly changed. She’s now my mistress, my beloved master’s wife, and I know I exist to gratify her least whim. I no longer look directly at her when she gives me her daily orders. I curtsy respectfully, then scurry to do her bidding. I am privileged that she sometimes allows me to touch her, because it’s so rare. Mostly Eva tends to her. Ordinarily Thor doesn’t like anyone with a prick near his wife naked, even a prick locked up like mine.

But as Thor’s primary slave and designated cumsucker, sometimes Bea will require that I use my lips and tongue on her cunt, though nowhere else, to suck and lick and clean Thor’s cum out of her when she’s too sleepy to bother with a douche. Sometimes I suspect she does this by mood or whim, just to assert her ascendancy over me, or Thor’s

I try to please her, and sometimes she moans when I tongue

her as deep as I can. But more often she falls asleep. I'm afraid I still bore her sexually—she was excited to be intimate with me when she was training me to become Thor's slave only, though I had thought she was finding new pleasure in our new relationship.

But even when she's asleep, I'm pleased to remember that if I continue to lick her tender places to the best of my ability, she'll awaken feeling cleansed, whatever her night's debaucheries, ready to begin the new day. That's my gift to her, whenever she allows me.

I'm sure she remembers sometimes that I was once her husband, the man she seduced into becoming a girl, then tricked into bondage and whoredom, the man she feminized to become a cock slave to the man she was sleeping with at the time. But she never shows it. So far as Bea is concerned, I suspect, I'm her cunt's second string tongue to be called on when Eva is otherwise busy, and also an available house servant. But above all I'm her husband's personal maid.

What she most often instructs me is for me to satisfy Thor. She's amused that she can allow Thor any number of intimacies with me, an apparently pretty girl in bed with her husband, and yet know that he remains true to her. As she sees it I'm a not really a woman. I have a residual prick, balls, and no vagina, so as she sees it, sex with me isn't really infidelity. I am eager to pleasure Thor, of course, as often as asked. I clean his prick with my mouth each night after he and Bea have finished taking their pleasure with each other, while Eva is cleaning Bea. I set out his clothes, and dress him if he asks me.

But best of all is especially when Bea is away on a lecture tour. Then when Thor is preparing for bed, I can't wait for him to call for me, because then he uses me as if I were Bea. I'll bathe and perfume myself, and put on my prettiest nightgown, and arrange my hair to fall just so, and darken my eye-shadow, and ask Eva to tie my hands behind me, so he'll know when I appear that I'm completely his. My asshole throbs to receive him.

Eva teases me I'm in love with Thor, not just trying to satisfy his needs because that's my job. Maybe. When he tells me to kneel on his bed with my pussy held high up, and there I am, waiting for him to grasp my hips with his strong hands and center himself, and then thrust his cock into me, I'm in heaven.

Nothing in my life as a man can compare with my bliss when his meat is pushing and pulling in and out of me, filling and emptying me, while I writhe and wriggle and press against him to heighten his

pleasure and my own, all the while squeezing his cock with my pussy to the rhythm of his own lunging groin, until he presses the full weight of his body onto me and I can't move, and then his mighty spasms fill my bowels with spurt after spurt of his milky seed, and I cry out loud with love and gratitude.

Bea happened to return home one evening while we were at it, and just stood there amazed. She shook her head at how excited I had gotten, how rapturous. "Prissy," she said, "You really have found your calling! You weren't much of a man, but you're such a wonderful cunt for my husband, I'll bet you love Thor's cum squirting into your guts even better than your own cum squirting into Eva. You look so delighted when Thor's fucking you! Just now you were wiggling on his prick like a hula dancer. And your skin is simply radiant! Eva's put you back on higher doses of hormones again, hasn't she?"

She had. Massive doses. It began a couple of weeks earlier, when we were locked together to sleep as we sometimes slept, nipple to nipple, and I had just finished fucking her. Eva enjoyed her ownership of my cock. Usually she made a teasing ritual of unlocking it and pulling on it until it became useful to her, then sliding it up and down her split until she was dripping, as if it were a dildo.

Finally she would wrap her legs around me and when I entered her I felt I had come home. Wonderfully complete. Joined to my other womanly self. She would begin to rock, and I would rock back, until the teasing grew serious and I was trying to push my whole body into her crotch. Then I could feel her tense and grind herself into me, then pause stiffly before suddenly releasing her body to melt all over mine, while I exploded.

That night seemed like all the others at first. She was absent-mindedly sluicing up my cum and her own juices with her fingers, dipping it up repeatedly from inside her, then feeding it to me, when she suddenly said, "You know, it'll be Mistress Bea's birthday again soon, in another month or so, her forty-second I think. And a double anniversary. Your third since Bea started turning you into a girl—but you didn't have a clue about that when it happened, did you, so we'll call it your second since you were reborn a girl by your own choice, sort of, the night of Bea's birthday. And it'll be your first anniversary as Thor's slave and my companion."

"You know," she went on. "You'll need to give your mistress some kind of a very special present, one that really tells her 'Thank you, Mistress Bea,' for what she's done for you, for your tits and your

enslavement, everything, your days and nights for the rest of your life spent giving head and getting laid. She told me she worries sometimes whether she did the right thing, feminizing you. Because she did trick you, you know. You never did know what was really happening.” “I don’t resent what Bea did,” I replied. “I love my life now, doing all these womanly things, and being taken care of, and taking care of my mistress and my master.”

“And these things?” Eva reached between my legs and took my balls in her hand. “Are these womanly?” She squeezed them, and smiled at me, looking straight into my eyes. A dull ache spread out from my crotch into my abdomen, but instead of letting go, she squeezed them harder, and then held on. “Are they?”

“No, Eva,” I gasped, beginning to double over in pain.

“No, Prissy, they’re not.”

She didn’t let go, and now my knees tucked up tight around her body from the agony, but I knew never to complain to Eva about anything. I whimpered, to let her know, but she just held me clamped in her hand.

“In fact, at this very moment these souvenirs are pumping out more male hormones than are good for your figure. Your skin isn’t as smooth as it was, and your tits aren’t as ripe either. Master Thor has commented on it to me. We’re raising your estrogen hormones starting tomorrow, back to your doses when Mistress Bea was first converting you. Master Thor wants no near-men doing personal service to him or his wife. You know he likes his she-males on the soft side, almost women. That’s what you are. An almost woman. But these are in the way, aren’t they.” She gave a sudden sharp squeeze, and twisted them, and I yelped in agony.

Then suddenly she let go. “I’ve consulted Kay, and she’ll be coming down next week to look you over, once you’re doing all of the new pills and shots. She tells me that as long as these testicles keep sending out testosterone to fight the estrogen, it’ll take these heavy doses to get you back to what Thor wants, but that it can be done.”

“Kay’s coming? And Steve too?”

“Yes, Steve too. Master Thor told Kay he’d send a plane for the two of them, and it seems he’ll be sending two planes, because they’re no longer living together. An amicable separation. They each have someone else now. You’ll see. Their new partners are coming with them.”

And as we lay there together, getting drowsier, Eva stroked my cheek and said, “Think about it. A birthday present for your mistress she’ll really appreciate. It has to be something you thought of all by yourself. That’s what Master Thor told me, and he’s right. To convince Mistress Bea that it’s straight from the heart, that you’re delighted now to be a woman, and that you don’t ever want to be anything else.”

Maybe it was jealousy, or maybe just that Eva was a creature of moods, but most nights after that Eva amused herself before going to sleep by squeezing my nuts.

“Big brave, strong man,” she’d say, amused. “Do these things hurt?”

They did. So badly that I thought she might be damaging them, and I told Master Thor. He was uninterested.

“I gave you to Eva for whatever further training you need,” Thor said. “Work it out with her.”

I tried, but all she’d do is squeeze them harder, and ask me if I’d thought of something to give Bea yet. I hadn’t. I wanted to, especially after she’d complimented me on my responsiveness when Master Thor was fucking me. But nothing came to mind.

A week later came the day! Kay and her new man were expected in the late morning, and Steve and his new woman in the afternoon. It had been nearly a year since I’d seen them. Eva wanted Kay to check my hormone levels, to see whether I was now all the woman I could be. And of course I felt great affection for Steve, the first lover of my womanhood, who had first begun training me to helpless servitude to my superiors.

Eva and I took special care dressing ourselves. Our hair and make-up were perfect and we wore identical dresses. Our heels were almost six inches high and our waists tightly corseted, but little else implied that our chief purpose in life was sexual service.

We looked like twin China dolls. Bea looked us over and said, “You two are just darling. Now Prissy, you’ll especially want to show our old friends what a marvelously happy and obedient servant we’ve made you, won’t you? You won’t forget your place?”

“Yes Madame,” I said, curtsying. “No Madame, I won’t.”

“Good girl,” she said, patting me on the cheek. “Then maybe later today we’ll let you mingle a little with them.”

From an upper window I saw Kay arrive, get out of the limousine, and reach for the hand of a thin, rather pretty girl who came with her. Then hand in hand they walked toward the front entrance. Well, that was news! Kay's new man couldn't come, I guessed, so she'd decided to bring - whom? A niece? A young friend? Kay looked much the same, in a tailored suit. But the younger woman was exquisite, dressed in a high fashion powder-blue print dress, her makeup and her blonde hair done up even more elegant than ours. The daughter of a very wealthy family?

There was a shy fragility about her that was just charming. She glanced hesitantly at the awesome facade of Thor's mansion before she disappeared from my view. It occurred to me, I'd been assuming Kay would come with a new man. But she always did go either way in her sexual tastes. Could Kay have traded Steve for a younger woman, for her own version of a trophy wife?

I didn't have to wait long to find out. The servants' bell rang from the library, and Eva and I came down together to answer it. There sprawled out on a divan was Thor, very much the Master of the house, taking his ease and in good spirits, telling some kind of story. Bea was listening from a comfortable stuffed chair, sitting up straight, also smiling, and Kay and her friend were together on the couch facing them, knees touching, Kay holding her friend's hand clasped tight in her lap with both of her own hands, protectively and reassuringly. From close up, Kay's friend looked even more delicate, and as fresh and lovely as a dewdrop. Thor paused as we entered, curtsied, and together we said, "Madame? Sir?"

"Ah, Prissy, there you are," said Thor jovially. "I think there's someone here you already know. Kay?"

"How are you, Prissy dear?" Kay asked. "You are looking just lovely! Your life here obviously agrees with you!"

"Yes, ma'am," I said. "I love it here, thank you, ma'am." Strictly speaking, as a servant I shouldn't have volunteered that last information, but I said it as politely as I could, with my eyes on Bea. She wanted me to show Kay how her husband was now her perfect servant, perfectly contented. As I was. But I realized that Eva might be right. Even though Bea was very much the lady of the manor, poised, stately, self-assured, she seemed gratified when she heard me say it. Could she be privately uncertain? Could she be feeling a little guilty about what she had done to me?

"That's just fine," said Kay. "Oh, Prissy, I want you to meet

Joan. Joan is my new husband. Isn't she the prettiest thing you've ever seen? I just adore her!" And she lifted Joan's hand and kissed it, then smiled reassuringly into Joan's eyes. Joan smiled shyly back. They were obviously in love. But Kay saw the look of bewilderment on my face, and said, "Yes, that's right. When we were legally married Joan still looked enough like a man to satisfy the town clerk. Just barely, because I'd already been working on him for some time, and he was shaping up beautifully. Now I've made him over completely, into my perfect angel. Isn't she gorgeous now? I just adore her!"

"I don't think the others have heard, so I might as well tell you while we're all together. You and Bea are partially responsible for this. When I saw how well Bea's plans for you were going, how you were becoming exactly what Bea wanted, I thought, well, that's what I want too. A sweetly submissive girl-boy of my very own! Well, I worked on that idea with Steve for a while, but he wasn't at all responsive. No, Steve enjoys telling people what to do, as I'm sure you know, Prissy, not doing what he's told. At least with me, Steve was much too independent minded. Maybe he needed a man to tame him, to bring out his own femininity." "So I went looking elsewhere, and I found John at a Halloween party dressed—you won't believe it—as 'Little Miss Muffet'. It was his first time in a dress, ever, and he was so very shy, so terribly embarrassed when I told him how sweet he looked. He said it did feel sort of nice. Well, we spent most of the night talking, and the next morning he agreed to put himself into my hands so I could help him feel sort of... nicer.

The poor dear never did understand exactly what I had in mind, I think, but just like you, Prissy, step by step, he went along with everything I wanted. Now he has the body of a lovely girl, and all the right feminine conditioning, and now she's Joan, and feels sort of *very nice* indeed all the time!"

"Oh, I could just eat her up! And there's lots to eat, because despite the way she looks Joan is hung like a horse! A monster cock, and all mine!" Again, she gazed at Joan fondly, then covered her hand with kisses. Joan blushed and dimpled prettily, embarrassed, yet obviously also delighted.

"But Prissy, come. Let's examine you, and get that part of my visit out of the way. Just as a precaution. You are on some heavy doses of some drugs, and we need to take good care of you, so you can take good care of your Master Thor."

She stood and without looking back headed toward the door. I

watched her for a moment, then bestirred myself, curtsied to my mistress, and scurried after her. She went up to her suite, and I followed.

“Never mind formalities with me, now, Prissy,” Kay said when we were settled in, and the door was closed, and she was drawing samples of blood for various vials she carefully labeled and stowed, “Just tell me how things are with you.”

“Really, very happy, Kay. But tell me, I didn’t know you were a...a sort of lesbian. I thought that after Steve, and after all the men you’ve been with, you couldn’t do without a man.”

“You’re right, Prissy. I love cock! I can’t do without it. But I can certainly do without men. And now, I don’t have to compromise. Joan has the biggest cock I have ever been privileged to suck on and fuck with! Why do you think I went to all that trouble with her? So I could have my cake and eat it too! So that after she became a girl, really a sweet young thing, submissive enough to do anything I ask, I could still get laid and splayed the way I like.”

“When I’m straddling her and ramming that thing into me, I worry that she’s going to split me wide open. She’s so wonderful! I do so love her! Oh, my! I’m getting wet just thinking about her. I wonder if there’s time for me to carry Joan off for a quick fuck before lunch?”

“You look surprised. Oh, you must have thought that Joan is such a gentle, girlish thing I must have had her fixed! I see! No, Prissy, that would have been a terrible waste. If she’d been hung like you, I wouldn’t have hesitated. You were never much. Though I hear Eva doesn’t mind it.”

“But Henry - I have to talk to Henry now, because it’s Henry’s original body you’re occupying, and Henry who’s making mischief, so it’s Henry who may have to pay for it. Henry, that testosterone count of yours is way too high. So I’ve prescribed some very high doses of androgen blockers, but they’ve made your blood pressure too high. If you continue with this hormone regimen as is, you’re going to face some serious risks. And I’ll bet you’ve already noticed that I’ve had to pump you so full of female hormones your penis isn’t performing the way it once did. Hasn’t Eva noticed?”

I told Kay that for the past week Eva hadn’t unlocked my penis, but instead entertained herself by squeezing my balls to the point of pain. I wasn’t sure I could get hard now anyhow.

“Then she’s noticed. Eva can tell her friends from her enemies. For Thor, you need to be soft and smooth and plump, and that means

pour on the estrogen. For Eva, you need some testosterone to get it up, and a little more for you to want to get it up - no more. But Thor's needs come first, and for Thor, we've had to drown out your body's testosterone altogether. So Eva's feeling a little deprived. Your balls keep me from fine-tuning your hormones like Joan's, so you can be a perfect lady and yet a reliable stud day or night. I can't blame Eva for resenting your balls and trying to punish them."

"You had this problem a couple of years ago, when I first put you on hormones. But I was monitoring you then. Then you were approximating a girl's adolescence, souped up of course, but it was an almost natural process taking place over time. Now you're approximating a mature woman's hormonal balances."

"Back then Bea was always worried that she might seriously injure you, with heart disease, or a stroke, while you thought you were taking vitamins and practicing for your one night stand with the girls, and meanwhile she was turning you into Thor's long-term fuck-toy. I could assure her the risks were trivial. Now she's worried again, I'm told, and all I can tell her is that it's not her decision. It's up to you."

"Here're your options, Henry. First, go back to your low sustaining hormone regimen, and let your breasts sag and bag a little, and your skin lose elasticity, and live a long time. Of course Thor may not want you after a while, so you may end up as an accountant in that South American whorehouse he owns. If not one of his whores. Incidentally, right now with all the hormones you're on you look just gorgeous."

"Your second option is also obvious, continue as you're doing now. Pour on the female hormones, drown out the male hormones, let your dingus dangle when it can't do, and let Eva deal with her frustrations as she will. We'll monitor you as closely as we can, and hope nothing happens."

"There's some risk to your vascular system. By the way, if you do end up dead or crippled, Bea will miss you, I think. She has a big investment of time and effort in you. She might even regret having done this to you, some day. But that's just my opinion."

"Now, the third option is one I discussed with Bea way back, and it would have been desirable then too, though it didn't seem as essential. Anyhow, she couldn't think of a way to trick you into it, because it's irreversible, and you thought you were only going to be queen for a day and then would become Henry again. Cut 'em off. Orchiectomy. Surgical removal of the testicles, and if you're going

that far, I'd recommend hormonal implants to replace your balls. Keep your prick, for Eva's sake, the way Joan has kept hers."

"You'd feel the same and look the same, as far as Eva is concerned. Then I could reduce your hormone dosage to safe and tolerable levels and get the same result as now, because the war between boy Henry and girl Prissy would be over, with Henry only a prick and a memory. Then if Eva felt like squeezing your balls, they'd be your slow-release hormonal implants, and it would be in gratitude, not resentment.

"So there you are, lady and gentleman. Think about what I've just said. Give it some thought. Tell Eva what you decide, and she'll tell me, and I'll make whatever arrangements are necessary. Now if you ask me, and you're not asking, I'd get rid of those things. They're of no use."

"There's no way Henry's coming back in your lifetime. Give it up. Make a present of them to Bea, set in a pair of earrings, or get them decorated like Faberge eggs - I once saw a new girl who had hers made into little miniature medieval castles. Joan let me cut off her balls, and now I have no problem with keeping her looks and getting her stiff and keeping her that way whenever I please, and you better believe it."

"And she's delighted, because that monster tucks back so prettily that now she can wear the skimpiest bikinis and still show the most maidenly crotch! She just loves high thigh, French cut sexy lingerie, my sweetheart. She loves everything girlish. She can't get enough of it, Let me get your body back the way it should be, with more girl in your bloodstream and less boy between your legs! But it's up to you, Henry. Prissy, you talk to him!"

And with that she grinned, smiled reassuringly at me, packed up her materia medica, stuffed her bottles and vials and instruments back in her bag, snapped it shut, and said half-aloud, "I'm sure I've got time to luck Joan's brains out before lunch." Then she was out the door.

I sat there for a moment, smoothing my skirt, thinking. Give it some thought, she'd said. Make a present of them to Bea, she'd said. Eva's words of a week earlier. Bea did feel vaguely guilty about me? She'd like to know for certain that she did the right thing? Was there a birthday present for Bea in this somewhere? It seemed as though there might be. And Eva resented my balls because they weren't letting me serve Thor and yet also service her? The arguments were mounting. I

thought I'd better sleep on them.

After we'd served lunch and the servants had cleared, Eva and I retired to refresh ourselves and await Steve's appearance. I told her what Kay had told me. She said nothing except, "Prissy dear, whatever you do, it has to be your idea and your decision. Mistress Bea once said that she used to tell you what to do, and why, and that was that. But this one should be for your own reasons."

An hour later we were standing silently against the wall in the library, wearing short taffeta uniforms and fresh starched aprons, in case we should be needed, when suddenly the door burst open and in walked—amazingly—Nicolai! I almost rushed over to him to greet him with a kiss. Then I saw he hadn't come alone.

He was accompanied by a striking beauty, not very young anymore, but well preserved. The kind of woman who has no age. She could have been 28—if you were friendly, or 48—if you were bitchy. Probably she was 38 I thought, but she was certainly beautiful. She was elegantly dressed, not flashy. She had class. She wore a fur cape that Nicolai took off her shoulders. She had a very small waist, accentuated by a gold belt about an inch wide.

The waist was perfectly round—typical for a corset underneath. The belt seemed to be solid metal—it gleamed, highly polished—with no joints visible. She carried a little clutch purse close to her body. On both her wrists she wore wide golden bracelets.

Nicolai seized Bea's hand and kissed it, then Kay's, then paused to shake Thor's hand and say something to him in Russian, to which Thor responded briefly in what sounded like equally fluent Russian. I was impressed, and remembered that he was a powerful international industrialist, not just the man who owned me, with the cock I loved.

I waited for Nicolai to turn and notice me when in came, even more amazingly, Pearl! With a huge hunk of a man in tow, wearing an expensive suit and heavy gold men's jewelry, obviously very well-to-do. My mouth fell wide open. Who were all these people? Where was Steve? Obviously Pearl had been invited too, because Thor and Bea both rose to greet them with perfect equanimity.

In the hubbub of arrivals and greetings, Bea said, "Eva, if you don't mind, please take everyone's coats, and then see that they all have whatever they want to drink. Prissy, I see you're surprised! Well, this was a last minute arrangement, and almost as much a surprise to us as to you. Pearl heard that Steve was coming, and wanted to come

herself to introduce her new husband. Should I have told her not to?"

"Why don't you forget your proper duties for the moment and sit down. Pretend you're my guest. I'll let you know again when you're my servant, or Thor will remind you when he wants your services."

I curtsied, said "Yes, Madame," and sat down on the couch next to Joan.

She turned and smiled nervously at me, and said "Hi!" in a low voice. "I hear Kay wants me to be just like you. Is it nice?"

Kay hadn't yet finished with her vocal chords. "I love being me," is all I said. But it looked to me as if Kay had figured out her timing before lunch, because now Joan looked well-fucked, her body relaxed into an easy, almost sluttish curve, her face slightly flushed. "You look perfectly charming," I added.

"Thank you," Joan replied, with the prettiest smile and dimple. "I feel just delicious. I do everything Kay asks me, and I'm the happiest girl in the world,"

I heard Bea saying, "Pearl, delighted to see you. So this is your new husband George—George, welcome, I've heard so much about you. Nicolai, you're a dear, but none of us have had a chance to meet your new wife Stephanie. And Stephanie, for goodness' sake, stand still! After all, you're the only one of this crew I originally invited!"

"Prissy, you know Stephanie better than anyone except Kay, in some ways even better than Kay, maybe. She was once Steve, Kay's first husband, your first lover and disciplinarian. Stephanie, as if you didn't know, this is Prissy".

I just sat there and stared. How could anyone believe what I had just heard!? I nodded to the elegant beauty who had come in with Nicolai. "How do you do," I said. "I admire your belt and bracelets."

"As well you may," I heard Steve's voice reply out of the same woman, a bit higher pitched and with a distinct feminine intonation. "You've worn things like them now and then, when I had to fasten your wrists to your waist. Delighted to see you, Prissy. Slavery agrees with you. You look fabulous."

"Well," said Bea. "Poor Prissy is addled utterly. Stephanie, you'll explain to her in a moment. But Pearl, suppose you tell us about yourself, and introduce George. I don't think either of you have met my husband Thor yet, have you? At least not yet socially."

“How are you both.?” Thor asked in his most ingratiating manner. “Welcome! Pearl, this is your new husband? You traded in your old one?”

It was a polite inquiry, intended to be amusing. Pearl took it seriously. “No, the sonofabitch thought he was trading me in,” she said, “But when our lawyers are finished, his grandchildren, if he ever has any, will owe their asses to my grandchildren, if I ever have any.”

Then she turned to me. “George, meet everyone! This is Prissy. Prissy is Bea’s former husband Henry, the loser I told you about, remember? My ace cocksucker, you remember, who settled all of my outstanding contracts with his mouth and his tits and his ass? I hear that now he thinks he’s a girl. Prissy, meet George.”

“Hi, guy!” George said. “Well, different strokes for different folks. Whatever turns you on? Gettin’ enough lately?”

I nodded at him, and took Pearl by the elbow. “Tell me more about him,” I said as I led her towards the bar in the corner of the room. “You seem to get on. How long have you been married?”

“Well, I met him soon after you moved away. It was a fairy-tale courtship. I got mad at him, and he shouted back louder than I did. He was marvelous! So I slapped him, and he really slapped me! Then suddenly we were getting married. And I love every minute of it, this time.”

I gave her a drink. “You do look awfully happy, and I must say, marriage, er, agrees with you.”

“Yes,” said Pearl. “I’ve gotten fat all right. But George likes his women ample. More to grab onto, he says. I’m still a little sore from last night’s grabbing.”

“You’re into rough play, then?” I asked in wonderment. “You, Pearl?”

“Well,” she said smugly. “It’s mutual. I give as good as I get. He’s all man, no wimp, Prissy, and unlike you he doesn’t take any of my sass. So I don’t give him any. Or much. But sometimes when I just need to let loose bitterness or frustration on someone, there he is, taking anything I can dish out.”

“It took me a while to realize I wasn’t dominating him or bullying him, that he was just being nice, helping me out. And now when he needs to take it out on someone, really kick the shit out of them, I help out. I’m available. We yell a lot at each other. I adore him. We’re very happy.”

Was this the same woman who manipulated most men and despised all of them? Incredible! “You’re as perverse as ever,” I said.

“Yes,” she said contentedly. “But George doesn’t like it if I stay away from him too long—he wants to insult me while I’m there to hear it, and I love to hear it,” and away she went, over to her husband. I saw him put his arm around her possessively, and she lifted her head to kiss his cheek.

“Prissy, my own true love,” I heard Nicolai call behind me. “Have you met my new wife Stephanie yet?”

“Yes, we know each other, darling,” Steve’s higher voice said from the face of the ageless woman hanging on Nicolai’s arm.

“Yes, I know Stephanie,” I said, “But why...I mean you were all man when we...I mean when you and I...” I didn’t know what to say.

“No mystery, Prissy. You know, I swing both ways. I love women and men. And when I saw you develop into a woman, you looked so happy, I wanted to try it. As I led you to become more and more dependent and submissive, I wanted to try that too. So when Kay wanted someone like you, I agreed to let her experiment on me. She brought me a long way before we found out that I just wasn’t the right girl for her, that I need a strong man to dominate me.”

“So she fixed me up to satisfy men at both ends, like you. My ass is her masterpiece, beautiful round globes tucked between the tops of my thighs and my wide-curving waist. Ask Nicolai, he uses it all the time! And now you should see me in a short, tight leather skirt and a leather bra, Prissy. Nicolai can’t even speak when he sees me dressed that way. He collapses into a chair, and I collapse on my knees in front of him, and we’re both in heaven!”

“You weren’t the right girl for Kay?” I asked, still a little addled.

“No. Kay wanted a sweet little homebody like Joan, and with my ass I could make any man’s prick feel like a mahogany log just by walking past him. Once I started using it she couldn’t keep me at home. Especially after I found out what it’s like to be gang-shagged every night, then take my pick of my men and fuck them! Bliss?”

“So Kay and I agreed one morning when we met in the driveway that we no longer had what we each needed. So we separated and divorced. I never paid her for my tits, but I got custody of them. She still has visitation rights.” Stephanie smiled, her red lips

curving deliciously, then clutched tighter on Nicolai's arm.

“Well, one evening I was passing the time of day getting laid in the back room of a bar, when I ran into this Russian name of Nicolai, getting laid by nobody. We talked, and I blew him, and he fucked me, and he told me about the most erotic experience of his life, and I told him how I had once trained someone to do just those things, and it turned out we were both talking about you. So what could Nicolai do? He was carrying the torch for you, Prissy. But when he found out I had taught you how to please him, he became more interested in me”

“He really wooed me, flowers, candy, and he can stay hard for hours, stroking in and out of me! ‘Why mourn the loss of a sheep when you can fuck the shepherd,’ he said - an old Russian proverb. So he married me.”

“We’re developing a chain of bondage and fetish gear shops across Russia now, selling franchises as fast as I can get the belts and whips manufactured. Nicolai writes a poem about each new item, and his new collections of poetry are now also fetish gear catalogues. He thinks our latest specialty collection, *‘Cast Iron Jockstraps,’* may win a Pulitzer Prize.” “Prissy,” Bea called from across the room. “I’m sure you and Stephanie have lots of memories to share, but Eva could do with your help I’m afraid.”

“Yes, Madame,” I said, turning and curtsying even without thinking. It was a lovely reunion, but my mistress wanted me to serve our guests. So I did.

As I cleared glasses and passed hors d’oeuvres I realized that from the very beginning, even when Bea had first proposed that I join her as one of the girls celebrating her next birthday, whatever Bea wanted me to do I have always wanted to do. My deepest satisfaction has always been making Bea happy. There was still one more thing I could do for her

That night Eva and I provided the after dinner entertainment for our guests, a slow-motion lesbian lovemaking routine we had worked out in bed together, stroking and fondling each other so excruciatingly slowly that by the time our noses began to approach each other’s genitals, gratified cries and shrieks rose up involuntarily from all over the room

During the applause I heard Pearl mutter to Kay, “So if it’s locked up like that, who needs it?” and Kay replied, “That’s his business!”

To which Pearl responded, “Yeah, but he’s a girl now. He doesn’t need a business. He needs a cunt.”

And George said, “Pearl, just shut up. You’re a cunt, no mistaking it. But what you’ve got between your legs is a pair of brass balls!” And Pearl kissed him!

I decided I was never going to understand Pearl, but that finally she had found a man who did.

Maybe it was that remark as much as anything else that helped me make up my mind. Maybe it was Joan’s example. Maybe I just wanted Bea to be happy. But before we went to sleep that night, while we were lying in bed together cuddling like two schoolgirls, and Eva was just beginning her nightly squeeze on my balls, I told Eva what I had decided to give Bea for her birthday.

She patted my scrotum, then took her hand away. “Mustn’t injure them, then,” she said. The next day Eva told Thor, and Thor told Kay, and Kay set it up for soon after, when Bea would be leaving for a three week lecture tour. I would be all healed when she returned, and she’d have as a surprise the present she most wanted, my decision to feminize myself further. Eva made it clear that my cock would remain where it was, because that was *hers*, not mine.

Well, Bea returned yesterday, on her 42nd birthday, and last night Thor arranged an intimate welcome and birthday dinner for her—just the four of us. We sat at dinner together as if we were equals. Eva told me later that was a rare privilege, as I slid my swollen, iron-hard prick in and out of her for a full hour (Kay had adjusted its hormonal requirements to Eva’s specifications). In fact, Eva couldn’t remember when it had ever happened before.

After dessert, dining coffee and cognac, Thor announced that in honor of Bea’s birthday he was granting a special dispensation. It had always given him special pleasure to fuck Bea while her former husband was nearby with his cock locked up, allowed to touch his former wife only with his face and tongue, and then sometimes allowed to take Thor’s cock up his ass. But from now on, he said, if Bea ever wanted to cuddle with me in her bed all night, instead of Eva, she was free to do so. “Prissy is no longer man enough for me to care,” he said.

At this, Bea’s eyes grew wide. She said nothing, but she looked at Thor, and then she looked at me, and then back at Thor, a small smile forming on the comers of her mouth. “I can’t ever thank you enough,” she said to neither me nor to Thor, but to both of us

together, I think. “You’ve made me very happy. Not that I care to sleep with Prissy ever again. But for what I think this means.” Oddly, she looked not just pleased but triumphant.



Thor then presented Bea with a birthday present, the deed to a large house in Cap d’Antibes, and a large settlement of cash to help maintain it with a full staff. Bea was overwhelmed, and said immediately that she was going to turn it into an artist’s colony, where writers, painters, and composers could come for short periods of time to finish important work in beautiful surroundings and each other’s presence. Thor said he thought he knew at least one Russian poet who would come there and probably never leave.

Then Thor placed around her neck a beautiful pendant, two huge pearls the size of quail's eggs, each circled around the top with small rubies, dangling together from a long golden chain

"From all of us," he said. "Eva played her part, and I played mine. Even Kay. But above all from Prissy. It was Prissy who selected this beautiful gift to give you. Whenever you wear it, may it serve to remind you of the past you and she once shared, and may it always remind both of you of your present relationship."

Bea fingered the pearls for a moment, looking down on them fondly. Then she stood up and leaned across the table, her new pendant swinging forward to touch my lips for a moment, and she kissed me on the forehead. Her eyes were moist.

"Thank you, Prissy," was all she said. "How sweet!"

My eyes flooded with tears too, and for a moment I couldn't speak at all. "You're very welcome, Madame," I managed to choke out. It was a beautiful moment.

Later that night, for the first time in a long while, our Master and Mistress called Eva and me in to minister to them after their night's lovemaking, and Bea chose me to kiss and lick and suck Thor's juices from all of the spaces between her legs, while Eva cleaned Thor. She was still wearing her new pendant.

"I'll always want you to see that I'm wearing this pendant whenever you service me," she said when she saw I'd noticed. "That'll be my special pleasure."

While her thighs were clamped over my ears, or Eva's ears, Bea had grown accustomed to chatting with Thor as if we could hear nothing. Even if we did hear, she knew, servants aren't supposed to listen, so it didn't matter what she said.

Their voices were muffled, but while Eva was licking him clean and Thor was lounging back, relaxed, I'm sure I heard him say to Bea, "So, your scheme worked. He actually did agree to do it."

And Bea, "Yes. He may be the prettiest little she-male slave you'll ever have, but he's still as stupid as ever. I told you I could get him to do it as a gift to me, if we got Eva to set it up and Kay to push him over the edge. Are you sure no one suggested it to him directly, or ordered him to do it? He thought of it all by himself, and agreed to do it of his own free will?"

And Thor, "Pretty much so. The bet stands. You're a miracle worker, darling. It was worth losing that house on the Riviera to you,

just to watch you set it all up and bring it all off.” ’

And Bea, “Well, I had common sense on my side, too. She’s just as well off, now. Better off. And Eva doesn’t mind. She no longer has Prissy’s balls to torment, true, but Kay said he’ll be priapic whenever she unlocks his cock. So, everyone’s happy.”

And Thor. “Yes. Oh, incidentally, I know you won’t mind, my dear. I’ve been thinking. After tonight I’m sure I’ll want to tuck Prissy as often as I fuck you, maybe even more often. That will relieve you of some of the burden. I respect you as my equal, of course. And you are my wife. But now that Prissy has made her supreme sacrifice, has given up the core of her manhood forever, I find her sweet submissiveness most delightfully feminine, utterly charming in its sincerity.”

“I find I’m beginning to daydream about burying myself in her ass and then banging her’ through the bed for half the night. Thank you for everything you’ve done to prepare her for me. She’s marvelous testimony to your methods. A rare gift indeed!”

I couldn’t hear what Bea replied, because when I heard that I was so overjoyed I pushed my face half-inside her pussy and slurped and tongued her as never before! I could feel Bea move her hips, even a little violently, but I just hugged her thighs tight and kept at it.

Master Thor wants to fuck me even more than he wants to fuck Bea! I thought. Now I understood why he bet her the Riviera villa and let her win it—of course he knew he would lose, I’m sure of it. With that villa and the money that came with it, Bea will be away much of the year, probably dominating lots of men there, creative artists, the kind she most enjoys. And then Thor will be all mine. The darling man.

Bea is right! She’s always been right. Now I’m completely what she wanted me to be. Now everyone really is happy.

The End