



TRANSFORMATION 2

Crimson Rose

A woman with long blonde hair and bangs is posing in black lace lingerie. She is wearing a halter-style top with a deep V-neckline, matching lace gloves, and a chain belt. She is looking down and to the side. The background is dark and textured.

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“Aaaahhgghhh!” a woman yelping startled me out of a sound sleep. “O-One. Thank you Mistress,” the woman said as I bolted upright and looked around. My fiancé Caitlyn was nowhere to be seen and as I got out of bed the woman yelped again – this time a little less dramatic than the first. “Two. Thank you Mistress.” My sleepy brain finally waking up I realized I recognized that voice. Jumping out of bed, I ran to the living room to see my parents and fiancé. My father was butt naked and kneeling with his hands locked behind his head. Eyes drifting down, I saw he was still locked in the cock cage my fiancé put him in the night before. My mother was kneeling equally as naked.

The cane connected with my mother’s ass for a third time. “Three. Thank you Mistress.”

“MISTRESS!” I exclaimed. “What in the hell are you doing? You told me you wouldn’t train them and here you are caning my mother. What the actual fuck?”

“Watch your tongue or you’ll be next,” Caitlyn replied.

THWACK!

“Four. Thank you Mistress,” my mother continued counting and giving thanks.

“Someone had better start telling me what is going on here before I lose my fucking temper,” I fumed. “Mom? Dad? Care to explain?”

“They are not permitted to speak until I’m finished caning your mother’s ass,” my Mistress replied. “I suggest you be a good girl and kneel. I’ll explain just as soon as I’m done.”

The look on her face told me I would do well to heed her advice and so I assumed a kneeling position and waited.

Swat after swat struck my mother’s ass and as if she had done it a thousand times she counted and gave thanks after each. After forty she sat back and offered Caitlyn her breasts which were given ten. Through it all I was a mixed

ball of emotions. First there was anger at my Mistress for going back on her word. Then there was humiliation at my cock growing harder by the swat and excitement that my mother accepted her punishment with the grace of a well-trained sex slave.

Walking over to me with cane still in hand, my Mistress grinned. "I know what you're thinking and I can assure you I have not broken my promise not to train them."

"She's telling the truth," my mother groaned as she gently traced a finger along her well-covered breasts. "When your father and I left last night we spent several hours talking and pouring over every scrap of information we could find on the internet. Long story short, I knew deep down I wanted to be trained, but the one thing I feared the most was being disciplined. Your father and I talked and agreed to ask Mistress Caitlyn to cane me. To her credit she adamantly refused at first but we practically begged her to do it and she graciously agreed."

"Dad?" I said, looking over at my father whose eyes were now locked on the floor, his face beet red. "Is that true?"

"Every word of it, Aiden." Biting his lip, his eyes never left the carpet as he leaned forward and assumed the punishment position."

"Mistress?"

"They both agreed to let me cane them, Aiden. If this is going to be a problem then you are free to return to the bedroom until we're done."

"Trust me, I'll hear it just as well in there as out here. Thanks for waking me up, by the way."

"Sorry," my mother apologized. "I figured it was going to hurt but didn't think it would sting quite that much."

"What else have you begged Mistress to do to you?"

"We shared her pee."

THWACK!

“Uhn!” my dad grunted at his first taste of the cane. “One. Thank you Mistress.”

“We, um, the thing is...”

“Tell her,” Monica,” Mistress commanded. “She deserves to know the whole truth.”

“Y-Yes Mistress. I know how you feel about all of this, Aiden, but your father and I don’t know anyone else with the skill and experience to train us so we also begged Caitlyn to be our Mistress and she agreed until we’re able to find someone else.”

“You’ve got to be kidding me.”

“Don’t worry,” Mistress said as she lined up to swing “they will not be trained here.”

THWACK!

“Two. Thank you Mistress.”

“Wait! I gathered from our conversation last night that you were going to let dad train you,” I said to my mother. “Are you telling me you’re both being trained as submissives?”

“That’s exactly what we’re telling you son. Sorry, wait, now that you’re mostly a woman do I still call you son or should we call you our daughter?”

“Well, considering I go by female pronouns I suppose you should get used to referring to me as your daughter. So, seriously, you’re both being trained as submissives?”

THWACK!

“Three. Thank you Mistress,” dad counted and gave thanks.

“Seriously. But we’ll get dressed and leave right now if you say you’re too uncomfortable with your fiancé training us.”

“I think it’s a bit too late for that now mom. If this is happening I want all three

of you to agree to a few rules. Break any of them and I'm leaving this relationship and all of you in it. First, dad, unless she is confirmed pregnant you will always wear a condom when having sex with my fiancé. Second..."

THWACK!

"Four. Thank you Mistress."

"Second, this is the last time anything like this happens here. You are free to visit whenever you like, but the bdsm stays at the door and that goes for everyone including you and I Mistress. To clarify, as long as you're here she is Caitlyn to us all. And third, I don't want to hear a word about your training. As far as I'm concerned what you do together is between the three of you and that's where it should stay. And now, with your permission Mistress, may I be excused to use the bathroom and take a shower?"

"No. I promised to let you train me as your personal urinal and I'm nothing if not a woman of my word."

THWACK!

"Five. Thank you Mistress."

"You may come over here and use me as such," Mistress continued as she dropped to her knees and opened her mouth."

Knowing better than to argue, I got up, walked over to my fiancé and placed the head of my cock on her tongue. She closed her lips and with a slight nod told me she was ready. Normally, I would have peed a little, allowed her to swallow and pee some more, but I was in no mood to wait and she needed to learn to take it no matter the situation so I let loose full stream and did not let up. Her mouth quickly filled. She gulped it down, but more followed faster than she could keep up. She started gagging and I kept pissing. It gushed out of her mouth with every cough and soaked the carpet in front of her.

"Looks like you need a lot of practice Mistress. And the carpet is going to need a thorough cleaning."

"Jesus Christ, are you trying to choke me to death?"

“If you want to be a good toilet you need to be ready for anything, Mistress. I’m going to go take a shower and then head out and do some toy shopping for our shows. Assuming we’re still going to be webcam models, that is.”

“Your father and I need to talk to you before you go.”

“I’m listening.”

Getting to her feet, Mistress lined up and gave my father another swat.

“We talked about it last night and this morning and we’ve decided it’s in everyone’s best interest if we booted you out of the apartment,” I saw Mistress’ hand stop mid-swing “and move you into Forsyth Street,” She continued, referring to a beautiful and massive twenty-three-hundred square foot neoclassical ranch sitting on eleven fenced-in acres they owned. “And by move into we of course mean give. Think of it as an early wedding present.”

“Are you serious?” I gasped. “That place is worth a small fortune.”

“Eight-hundred-eighty-thousand to be exact and yes, we’re serious. It’s large enough for your growing family and private enough for you to live this lifestyle without nosey neighbors getting all up in your business. Anyways, you might want to hold off on buying a bunch of toys unless you want to move them twice.”

Given my very checkered past I was amazed they let me live in one of their apartments and while it was briefly mentioned when I came out to them as transsexual I never imagined it would happen this quickly or that they would just give us one of their most valuable properties. My emotions going wild again, I got on my knees in front of my mother and hugged her tight. “Thank you so much.”

“You’re very welcome sweetie. Your father and I couldn’t be prouder of the changes you’ve made the last few months.”

We hugged for another minute or so before we separated and I went to the bathroom to take a shower to the music of my father being caned.

Two weeks later...

Settled into our new home, Caitlyn and I prepared for our first ever webcam show. Our accounts had been set up, our ages and identities verified and cameras were installed in every room which would give us a great deal of variability and hopefully draw in a larger crowd willing to part with their tokens.

Our roles for the first show clear, I wore a burgundy mini dress featuring a V-neckline, with sheer black lace panels, scalloped trim, cap sleeves, an open back and curve-hugging skirt over a provocative bodysuit featuring open cage cups, strappy cage bodice, double hook and eye back closure and adjustable garter straps connected to thigh-high stockings and of course I wore a collar around my neck just in case there was any confusion about my role. Mistress wore form-fitting a black leather corset dress with silver front clasps and bi-directional back lacing, long matching gloves and knee-high boots.

Activating the cameras remotely, we waited until the chat room filled up before entering. Hooking a leash to my collar, my Mistress led me into our dungeon play room. Eyes drifting to the LED TV hanging on the wall we were currently using as a monitor I easily read what those watching had to say. There were the expected comments demanding to see us naked, fucking and a plethora of other things free of charge and they were immediately ignored by our moderator. Though we had the sound disabled to minimize the dinging, we could clearly see the yellow line every time someone tipped.

“Thank you for the tips,” I politely thanked those parting with their tokens for our benefit.

“Turning to one of the cameras, Mistress smiled. “Since this is our first show we’ll start with introductions and what you can expect to see tonight and beyond. My name is Mistress Caitlyn and this beautiful young woman is my submissive Aiden. We are both eighteen years old and while I was born female, she is transsexual. If that’s not your thing please feel free to leave now as we will not

tolerate any demeaning comments. Honey, to prove you do, in fact, have a gorgeous cock why don't you pull your dress up and show them?"

"Yes Mistress." Without hesitation I pulled my dress up over my hips and exposed my cock to the nearly fourteen-hundred people watching. A few people left and to my surprise there was suddenly a wall of yellow as a member named mstrbationblisrs tipped eight-hundred tokens in ten token increments. "Thank you so much!"

"Alright ladies and gentlemen," Mistress said. "You may have guessed by our clothing, the bio or the fact I just told you we were Mistress and sub but you can expect to see as much bdsm activities as are permitted on the site. Just know that that's not the only thing you'll be seeing us do. We have cameras set up throughout the house and plan on doing shows in every room and outside as well. An outline for tonight's show can be found in the bio and we'll do everything listed as the goals are reached. That being said, only ninety-seven more tokens will remove Aiden's dress."

The tokens were quickly tipped. Letting my body sway to the music in my head, I cupped my perky breasts and let my hands glide down to the hem of the dress. Turning to show the viewers my ass, Mistress gave it a playful slap as I pulled the garment off over my head. Spinning back around, she grabbed my cock and gave it a few strokes. Leaning in, she whispered into my ear. "Under the guise of deepthroating I want you to piss down my throat."

"But that's against the terms of service, Mistress, we'll be banned."

"You're going to do it completely down my throat so no one will be the wiser. Now do as you're told."

"Yes Mistress."

Caitlyn continued slowly stroking my cock as she got onto her knees in front of me. Taking the head into her mouth, she paused for effect and then took me completely down her throat. Eyes going to the screen, I saw more lines of yellow as the tips poured in. Putting my right hand on the back of her head, I started to pee. She flinched and her eyes immediately started watering, but she did not pull away until the stream turned into a trickle. With her mouth about half-full she got to her feet and kissed me. The pee flowed into my mouth and I did not hesitate in gulping it down.

“Nice piercings,” a user by the name of Wolf_Master commented on my pierced nipples and the microdermals running along and just under each collar bone that currently spelled out SEXY SLUT.

“Thank you,” I replied. “I plan on getting a couple more added to each side so that we have a wider variety of words to choose from.”

Many people believe there are only a dozen or so positions a submissive needs to learn, but that could not be further from the truth. On top of positions for the arms, feet, legs and head there are positions for standing, kneeling, sitting as well as prone, supine and miscellaneous others. I had practiced them all so when she said “Attention” I immediately put my feet together, straightened my back, squared my shoulders and clasped my hands together behind my ass.

“How long have you been submissive?” a user named Antichrisis asked.

“Honestly, all my life, but I fought it tooth and nail,” I answered. “In fact, it took Mistress Caitlyn sort of duping me to get me to realize and accept who and what I am.”

“Um, how did she dupe you?”

“Mistress?”

“Go ahead and tell them everything you’re comfortable telling them.”

“Thank you Mistress. I met Caitlyn at my eighteenth birthday party six months ago. At first I thought she was my best friend’s new girlfriend as she came with him, but afterwards learned she was his cousin. Anyways, we didn’t exactly hit it off. Words were said. Threats were made and to I think both of our surprises we fucked. Long story short, a few days later I got a package in the mail from her containing what I believed to be nicotine patches to help me stop smoking. I used them and it took a few weeks to notice the changes, but I put them out of my mind as figments of my imagination.

“It wasn’t until several months after she moved in with me and the changes in my body were undeniable that she came clean and told me they were hormone patches and that she had been giving me other hormones as well to hasten my transformation into the woman she knew deep down I was struggling against. I won’t lie. I was pissed, but at the same time relieved. Dropping the macho

bullshit I accepted me for who I am for the first time in my life and submitted to her body, mind and soul.”

Walking back over to me with a flogger in one hand and a cane in the other, Mistress gave me a wicked grin. “What she left out is that we are engaged to be married and I’m pregnant with our first child.” The chat room lit up with congratulations and Mistress continued. “Time for a bit of fun. If you want to see Aiden flogged on the ass five times tip sixty-five token and if you want to see her caned five times tip seventy-five. And if you want to see them delivered to her perky breasts, which are one-hundred percent real by the way, then make it one-thirty and three-hundred. SubMommaBear, will you please keep track of the total count?” she asked referring to the room moderator which just so happened to be my mother.

Tips came pouring in and I knew I was in a room full of perverts willing to pay anything to see me suffer. 65. 75. 300. 130. 75. 75. 300 with a note he wants to see my ass caned twenty times. 300. 900 with a tip note declaring he wanted all fifteen delivered to my breasts. “Wow!” Mistress exclaimed. “Okay, seeing as how we’re getting so many tips for swats I’m going to ask SubMommaBear to set a two minute timer. After that no more tips will be applied to swats.

The sadism shone like the sun as the tokens piled up alongside the swats until by the time the clock hit zero I had accumulated thirty-five swats of the flogger to my ass and twenty-five to my breasts on top of sixty-five swats of the cane to my ass and forty-five to my breasts. This would be my first caning and after witnessing what my parents went through I knew I had my work cut out for me if I was to accept it with the grace and dignity of a submissive.

“For the record, in the few months that she’s been serving me, she has never been caned or flogged so I’m interested to see if she can take it all without screwing up,” Mistress said as she swooshed the bamboo rod through the air. “Considering how many she has coming I’m going to flog her ass first followed by her breasts, the cane to the ass and finishing up with the breasts. You know what to do.”

“Y-Yes Mistress.” Getting on my knees, I placed my hands on the floor and slid them forward until they were fully stretched out over my head. At the same time I brought my legs together and raised my feet until I was mostly on my knees. It was far from a comfortable position, but then again it would defeat the purpose

if it were.

The flogging was done and over with before I knew it and despite some rather hard hits I was more turned on throughout the ordeal than in pain, but I knew that would not be the case with the caning. Going from a kneeling position to the punishment position I took a deep breath and no sooner were my lungs filled then Mistress struck knocking the air right back out of me. I wanted to scream bloody murder, but knew that would not only show weakness and poor training on my part and the last thing I wanted to do was make my Mistress look bad so I sucked it up. “One. Thank you Mistress,” I counted and gave proper thanks.

THWACK!

“Two. Thank you Mistress.”

THWACK!

“Three. Thank you Mistress.”

THWACK!

“Four. Thank you Mistress.

CRACK! The thin length of wood bit into the tender area where leg and ass meet with agonizing precision and it took everything I had to not lurch forward or cry like a baby.

“Five. Thank you Mistress.”

And so my torment continued swat after swat until my ass and breasts were covered in deep purple welts. When the last one was delivered, Mistress hung the flogger and cane back on their respective hooks and then spent several minutes examining her work. Not out of any sense of pride thought I’m sure she was feeling at least a little, but to make sure there was no bleeding or other damage that would warrant an early end to the show. Five-hundred tokens were tipped. Standing, Mistress reached back, untied the lacing of her corset dress and then peeled it down her beautiful body – leaving her in knee-high boots and a pair of black latex boy shorts.

“Alright, everyone, after that I think we’ll take a short break to let Aiden

recuperate, but don't worry, we're not going anywhere. Feel free to tip for the non-fetish stuff if you like and we'll get back to the kink in half an hour or so."

∞ ∞ ∞

During the break the users tipped enough to remove Mistress' panties and for us to kiss, grope and do a ten minute sixty-nine during which she shoved four fingers up my ass. She would have gone full fist, but for some reason that was against the site's terms of service and we did not want to get banned our first day on. I managed to get four into her pussy and ass which gave her two very intense orgasms I thirstily lapped up.

Afterwards, I did what I appropriately called the dance of positions which would take me through about forty different submissive positions in one smooth, unbroken dance. It garnered a lot of compliments not only to me, but my Mistress as well for a job well done in training me and enough tokens to proceed with the rest of the activities we had planned for the night.

Six months later...

After that first show time went by so quickly I barely had time to enjoy myself. Training under my fiancé coincided with the Wednesday, Friday and Saturday shows we performed together in front of as many as fifteen thousand people. Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday were set aside for my parent's training and we all agreed to take Mondays off as no one in their right mind liked that day of the week.

As the days turned to weeks and months I noticed two very important details – one of which I was expecting, and that would be Caitlyn's belly growing with my child. The other was something that took months to recognize and months to make sure and that would be the gradual changes taking place in my father's body that took me back to my own transformation. Along with the loss of weight and muscle tone, there was a narrowing of the waist, enlarging of his breasts and rounding of the hips indicative of a much more feminine body.

No one said a word about it so I let it pass until he was well beyond the point of no return. Unfortunately, by the time I was ready to have the talk with him, Caitlyn went into labor and twenty-seven hours later our son Brett was born and every second I could spare was spent doting on him. My parents, of course, visited and spoiled him as much as they could a newborn and still no one mentioned my father's transformation into a woman – and a surprisingly pretty one at that.

It took about a month for things to settle down and for us to figure out a routine that worked for everyone involved and I finally called my parents over under the guise of dinner. They showed up right on time and paid exactly no attention to me and every bit of it to their grandchild. "Mom, dad, we need to talk," I blurted out because it was the only way I was going to get their attention.

"What's on your mind?" Mom asked.

“No one has said anything about it and I want to respect your privacy and all that, but I’ve noticed two things the last few months that have piqued my interest. The first is dad suddenly wearing clothes when he visits and the second is dad’s body becoming very much feminine. Care to explain?”

“It’s simple, sweetie, I’ve been taking hormone replacement therapy for the last five months,” dad answered. “We were all wondering how long it would take for you to mention it and honestly, I’m surprised it took you this long.”

“Why on earth would you take hormones? You’re not transsexual. You’re not even bisexual.”

“You really haven’t been watching our training have you?” mom asked. “Your father has been sucking and fucking men left and right. We talked about it at great length and agreed he should start treatments to transition. Mistress put us in contact with a doctor she knows and the rest is history. His changes aren’t as drastic as yours, but as you can see he’s still looking pretty damn good.”

“And now that the cat’s out of the bag I can take these off,” dad sighed as he practically tore his shirt off over his head revealing his tiny breasts capped with hard nipples. They were nowhere nearly as big as mine and probably never would be given smaller breasts run in his side of the family coupled with the fact he waited until nearly forty to start taking hormones. Then there was my genetic predisposition towards femininity including lower testosterone and higher estrogen than normal men that gave me perky b-cups a year after starting hormone therapy – an exception and definitely not the rule as the doctors like to tell me.

“You know you can like men without transitioning, right?”

“True. To be perfectly honest, I started it as something of a joke, but the more your mother and I talked, the more I liked the idea. And then the changes started becoming noticeable and I knew there was no going back so I embraced it fully and accept that I’m transsexual.”

“What about work?”

“Thanks to what we make from doing the cam shows we both retired months ago, Aiden,” mom replied. “Besides, we have enough in savings and money coming in from the rental business to keep us well above water for the rest of our

lives.”

“So, you did this of your own accord? Mistress didn’t coerce or trick you into taking hormones you in any way?”

“What the fuck, Aiden?” my fiancé exclaimed.

“What? You tricked me into it so I had to ask. Well, did she?”

My mother looked me straight in the eyes. “I can tell you with all honesty the only part Mistress played in your father’s transformation was giving us the name of the doctor.”

“It’s the truth,” dad confirmed. “Your mother wanted to see me sissified and after weeks of fighting it I took my first cock and that’s all it took for me to give in and accept this as part of my life moving forward and I’m not even a little bit ashamed to admit that.”

“As long as it’s what you wanted and you weren’t tricked or forced into it then I’m happy for you. And since you’re being sissified I think you should probably get rid of the male clothes and buy something a little more feminine.”

“We already have a closet full of stuff but we were waiting for you to comment on your father’s changes before he started wearing them,” mom replied. “Rest assured when we get home every bit of his old clothing is going in the trash and you’ll see him...sorry honey, you’ll see her wearing only women’s clothing from now on.”

“What about you?” dad asked. “Are your shows doing okay? Are you making enough to survive?”

“Our shows are great and we’re making more than enough to survive on,” I replied. “Which is good because I’m not entirely sure I’ll be able to juggle the shows, raising a baby and going to college at the same time so school is going on the back burner for now.”

“Oh no you don’t,” my fiancé said with a scolding undertone. “I am perfectly capable of raising our son while you’re in class and we’ve already decided to take time off so that I can recuperate and get back in shape so I don’t want any excuses why you can’t start school in the fall.”

“Um, correction, Mistress, you decided to take time off to recuperate and get back in shape. Our fans are still expecting me three nights a week and seeing as how our shows usually run five or six hours where exactly am I going to find the time to study and sleep?”

“First of all, you have three months before the next semester starts so you better take your ass to campus and apply in the morning. And second, explain to them, put it in your bio that you’ll be starting school soon and we’ll be cutting back the length of time we’re on to only an hour or two.”

“What about Brett, Mistress? What if he needs fed or changed during our shows?”

“Your father and I will take care of him on those nights,” my mother offered.

“There,” Caitlyn grinned “you have no excuses. Unless you’re saying you no longer want to get an education and better yourself which, frankly, would seriously disappoint and piss me off.”

“What about you then, Mistress? If mom and dad are willing to take care of Brett for us then you have no excuse either. You can go with me in the morning and we’ll apply together. Or are you saying you don’t want to get an education and better yourself? Besides, as sexy as we are now, we’re not going to be able to do this forever so we’re going to need something else to fall back on.”

“She’s right, Mistress,” mom said. “You really should go back to school. Helen and I will take care of Brett for as long as it takes.”

“Says the woman that quit her job to be a webcam model,” Caitlyn bit back.”

“The difference is, Mistress, Helen and I finished college and worked our asses off for the last twenty years. Don’t think for a second that we would’ve done anything so drastic if we hadn’t already been financially stable enough to do so.”

“Two things,” I cut in “first, trust me, Mistress, this is one fight you won’t win. And second, who the hell is Helen?”

“That would be me,” my dad answered. “Henry isn’t a very feminine name so I changed it to Helen.”

“Makes sense. So, you coming with me in the morning, Mistress, or do you think you’re too smart to go back to school?”

“I will not be pressured into it Aiden. I’ll go back to school when I’m good and ready and not before.”

“In other words, Mistress, you’re content doing the cam shows and have no intentions of ever going back,” I said shaking my head with undisguised disappointment. “That excuse works both ways. You’ve been telling me to go to college since the day we met. Well, I won’t be pressured into it either so I don’t want to hear another word about it from you until you’re ready to go back.”

“I think you need to take a chill pill and remember your place in this relationship before you say another word,” Caitlyn snapped back.

“With all due respect, I accepted you as my Mistress, I’ve submitted myself to you completely, but that does not give you the right to talk down to me and you’ll do well to remember your place in this relationship and how quickly you can lose it. And just so we’re on the same page, I did not call you Mistress just then because under the circumstances you don’t deserve that title. I strongly suggest you think about that the next time you consider taking that tone with me again.”

“Um, and with that I think it’s time for your father and I to go,” mom said, her eyes darting to her left where a very stunned Caitlyn stood mouth agape. It was only the second time we argued in the year we’ve been together, but it had to be done and I don’t regret a word of what I said.

“Nonsense. We haven’t even had dinner yet.”

“Your mother’s right,” dad said. “You and Mistress need to have a talk and we’ll just be in the way.”

“There’s nothing to talk about,” I replied. “I said what I meant to say and that’s all there is to it.”

“Be that as it may, the tension is so thick a chainsaw couldn’t cut through it.” Picking up their clothes, mom and dad started getting dressed. “Will we see you tomorrow, Mistress?” mom asked.

Caitlyn just stood there staring blankly.

“Answer her,” I said “or are they so far beneath you they don’t warrant it?”

“That’s enough, Aiden,” dad said.

“No, I really don’t think it is. Don’t get me wrong, I love her with all my heart and there’s very little that could ever change that, but we’ve catered to her every command for so long she thinks she can say and do whatever the hell she likes and it’s time she realized she not above reproach.” Turning, Caitlyn walked out of the room. A moment later the bedroom door slammed shut. “Well, I guess there won’t be dinner after all. Sorry. I promise I’ll make it up to you once things blow over here. For now I’d give her some time and let her come back to her senses on her own.”

“If you need anything let us know,” mom said.

“Will do.” Waiting for them to dress and go, I carried Bret to the nursery and put him to bed before going to the master bedroom to find the door locked tight. “I suggest unlocking the door or I’ll kick it off the fucking hinges. And if you don’t think I’m capable just remember how I was when we...” there was click but the door remained shut. Turning the knob, I pushed it open to find my fiancé pacing back and forth.

“I don’t know what’s gotten into you, but I don’t like it,” she seethed.

“I love you Caitlyn, but you need to understand I’m not just a damn toy for you to play with as you please and as much as it hurts me to say this, I think we should take some time away from being Mistress and submissive and concentrate on raising our child. We’ll still do the shows without the bdsm element if you like and if not then I’ll do them on my own.”

“Do whatever you want. I’ll be sleeping in the spare room,” she huffed. Not bothering to even look at me, she walked out of the room. If she were anyone else I would have gone right after, but knowing her as well as I did I knew the best thing I could do now was to just leave her be until she cooled down on her own.

Six more weeks later...

A week turned into a month and things between Caitlyn and I never fully recovered. Sure, we were cordial and spent every free moment taking care of our son, but when we weren't doing that she was doing shows and training my parents. I did shows on my own and still made a decent amount, but the love for it was no longer there and five weeks after our argument I applied for and was accepted to the University of Texas at Austin. With that out of the way, and my fiancé no closer to resuming her role as my Mistress, I decided I was long overdue for a change of scenery.

"I'm going out and I won't be back until late," I said to Caitlyn knowing full well she had a session planned with my parents.

"And who do you think's going to watch Brett while I'm out?"

"My parents have spent the last eight months in training. They can do with a night off. Besides, you're going to have to get used to staying home once the semester starts so this'll be good practice for you."

"You've become a real bitch haven't you?"

"Call me whatever you like, but it's not going to change the fact I'm going out and you're staying in."

"You can't just expect me to drop everything at the drop of a damn hat Aiden."

"No? You seem to come and go whenever you please without regards to whether I have plans or not so I'm just taking a page from your own book. I'm going to say this one more time. My parents don't need training seven days a week so they can do with the break and you can spend some quality time with our child. Or is being a mother beneath you." Turning, I walked in the direction of the bathroom to take a shower, leaving her standing there steaming mad. Most of me

hated talking to her that way, but there was a small part that got a sort of sadistic pleasure by putting her in her place.

After my shower I got dressed and returned to the living room where my fiancé was sitting in the recliner. What I told her next would determine our future together, but I needed to know she was with me because she loved me and not just because I willingly let her manipulate and control damn near my every action. “Before I go there’s something I need to say and before I say it I need you to know I mean it with every fiber of my being. I’ve thought about it and I no longer want you training my parents. It ends here and now and if I catch you going behind my back we’re through.”

“You have no right to tell me who I can and can’t train.”

“If you love me, if you plan on spending the rest of your life with me then you’ll put an end to it here and now. I’ll be calling them in the morning to make sure you told them and if you haven’t then we’ll...no, nevermind.” Opening my purse, I took out my phone, dialed my mother and put it on speaker.

“Hey sweetie, what’s up?”

“Hey mom, Caitlyn has something she needs to tell you and dad.”

“I’m not...”

“You’ll tell them or we’re finished,” I said, flashing her a look that told her just how serious I was.

“Whoa!” mom gasped. “What in the world’s going on?”

“Tell her. Now. Or I will.”

“Be my fucking guest.”

“Is dad there?”

“I’m here. What’s going on Aiden? What does Mistress have to tell us?”

“She is no longer your Mistress. You will find a mistress of your own is that understood?”

“What are you talking about? Mistress? What’s going on?”

“Are you listening to me? She is no longer your Mistress. You will not do anymore shows with her. You will not serve her or allow her to train you again. Is that understood?”

“Where is this coming from? Why are you doing this?”

“Really? She’s my fiancé for fuck’s sake and you’re my parents. I’ve let this messed up bullshit go on for far too long and it end here and now. And in case I haven’t made myself perfectly clear, if I get word you’re still being trained by her then she won’t be the only one I’m done with. Ask yourselves if you’re willing to be her submissive at my expense. There are plenty of Masters and Mistress out there so I suggest you start looking for one of your own because Caitlyn is off limits.”

“I don’t know why you’ve suddenly changed your mind, but you’re our daughter and nothing means more to us than you, Aiden,” dad replied. “We’ll respect your wishes and from now on when we visit we’ll wear clothes just to avoid any temptations.”

“Thank you. I’m sorry I came off as something of a bitch, but things have been gnawing at me for a long time and I needed to get it off my chest.”

“We understand,” mom said.

“Thank you. Well, I have plans to go out so I’m going to let you go and we’ll talk later.”

“Good night, Aiden.”

“Night mom. Night dad.” Hanging up, I put my phone back in my purse and turned to Caitlyn. “There, I saved you the trouble. While I’m gone I want you to think about our future together. Are we partners or are you here just to control me? Oh, and that last part? Yeah, that won’t be happening again for the foreseeable future so get used to the idea of being in a non-bdsm relationship until I’m ready to go there again with you.”

“You keep saying you’re going out, but where are you going? When will you be back?”

“Out and whenever I get home.”

“Are you trying to drive us apart, Aiden? Please, tell me why you’re doing this.”

“Maybe I’m tired of being your carpet. Think about that while I’m out.”

“If we split up you can forget ever seeing Bret again,” she threatened just as I reached out to open the front door.

I was across the living room before my brain registered my body moving. Placing my hands on the arms of the recliner I leaned in until our noses nearly touched. “Good luck getting custody when you have no home, job or money of your own.”

“I’ve got a job and half the money in the bank is mine.”

“You mean the account that only has my name on it to save you from paying taxes? Yeah, good luck convincing a judge of that. Look, I want things to work out between us, but you just proved to me you’ll sink to any level to get what you want. I was wrong, Caitlyn, I’m not the one going out tonight. You are. Pack your clothes and get out.”

“You can’t be serious! I’m sorry, I didn’t mean what I said. You know I would never take your son from you.”

“You just threatened to do just that so I think we both know that’s a lie.” Opening my purse I took my phone out and dialed my best friend Drake.

“Hey, Aiden, what’s up?”

“I need to you come pick your cousin up. She is no longer welcome in my home.”

“Um, what?”

“She just threatened to take Bret away from me so get her out of here before I lose my fucking temper.”

“So, you want to take Bret away from her? Because that’s what I’m hearing here Aiden. I think the two of you need to take about thirty steps back, cool your shit

and talk about your problems instead of going straight for the most drastic thing possible.”

“We’re way past that point, Drake. And no, I’m not trying to take Bret from her, but she can’t stay here. Now are you coming to pick her up or not?”

“I’ll be there in half an hour. And Aiden, you know this is going to put one hell of a strain on our friendship, right?”

“That’s your decision to make.” Hanging up, I turned to Caitlyn. “Drake will be here in thirty minutes. I suggest you get packing.”

“I’ll sue you for custody and child support you fucking bitch. No, fuck that,” she practically foamed at the mouth “I’ll ruin you! By the time I’m done no judge in the world would give you custody of a kid!”

“Oh? And how do you suppose you’ll do that?”

“Powerful tool social media,” she smirked. “I’ll have everyone and their brother thinking you’re a pedophile.”

“Guess you really are a liar after all,” I said shaking my head in disgust. Have you forgotten there are cameras in every room of the house save the bathrooms and nursery? Cameras that just recorded you threatening defamation and slander, I might add. Good luck with that in court. And with that said you can get the fuck out of my house right god damn now. Drake can pick your stuff up in the morning.” Opening the front door, I escorted her out. After locking the door, I went to the office, logged into the server and changed all the passwords so she could not erase the evidence. And just in case she somehow managed to figure it out, I saved an unedited copy to my hard drive.

Sinking into the chair, I cried as my entire world came crashing down around me. That is until someone pounded on the front door. Wiping the tears away with the back of my hand, I went to the living room and heard Drake shouting before I even reached the door.

“I know you’re in there asshole!” Drake yelled. “Open this fucking door right now or so yelp me I’ll...”

Opening the door, I stared my best friend in the eyes. “You’ll what,” I growled

angrily. Get her the fuck off my property. I'll have her stuff on the front porch in the morning and in case you're thinking of coming back before then, remember this is a stand your ground state and any attempt to gain entry into this house by either of you will be deemed a threat to my life."

"What the fuck, man?"

"I'm not a man. Now please leave."

"At least let her pack a few things."

"She not stepping foot in my house and neither are you Drake so for the last time, leave."

"What in the hell could have happened in thirty damn minutes that now you won't even let her get her things?"

"Why don't you ask her?" Taking a step back, I closed and locked the door. I then dialed my father.

"Hey sweetie, what's up?"

"I need you to do me a huge favor. I just booted Caitlyn out of the house for good and..."

"YOU DID WHAT!?"

"She threatened to take Bret away from me and then she threatened to tell everyone I'm a pedophile. I have her on camera making the threat so I'm not too worried about it, but I can't trust she won't come back in the middle of the night and try something. Can you please buy some locks and I'll pay you back when you get here?"

"Of course. We'll be over as soon as possible."

"Thanks dad." Hanging up, I dropped the phone on the coffee table, sat on the couch and cried. Several minutes later someone banged on the front door. Knowing it was impossible my parents went to the store, bought locks and made it here that quickly I figured it was Caitlyn and Drake returning. Throwing the door open I was about to go off when I saw two officers. "Can I help you

officers?”

“Evening Ma’am, I’m Officer Harper and this is Officer Collins. May we come in?”

“Of course. Just know that everything you say and do will be recorded.” Taking a step, I let them come in. “Let me guess, you got a call saying I was abusing my son? The nursery is down the hall, third door on the right. As you can see I keep an immaculately clean home and my baby is very well taken care of.”

“There are cameras in every room of the house?” Officer Harper asked.

“With the exception of the bathrooms. That includes two on the front porch and eight in back.”

“Do you mind me asking why you need so many cameras?”

“Two reasons really. First, protection. And second, I’m a webcam model and cameras are how I make my living. And before you ask, yes, everyone is warned before they enter my home and no, they are not streaming live though they are recording around the clock. I have nothing to hide so please feel free to look around. And when you get to the basement don’t let the play room embarrass you.”

“You want to stay here with her while I look around?” Officer Collins asked.

“Go ahead. So, would you like to tell me your side of the story?”

“It’s very simple. I was going out for the night when my fiancé and I got into an argument. She threatened to take my son and never let me see him again. She then threatened to go to social media and tell everyone I’m a pedophile so I would lose him. That was several steps over the line and I booted her out of my house. The whole thing was recorded and I fully intend to use it against her when it goes to court. Other than me taking her by the arm and escorting her out of the house there was nothing physical about it. If you want I’ll gladly show you the whole event so you can see for yourself. If you’ve got about a week I can show you every interaction I’ve ever had with my son in this house.”

“That won’t be necessary.”

We talked another fifteen or so minutes and then they left. A few minutes after that my parents arrived, the locks were changed and they stayed the night if only to keep me company.

Three months later...

Though Caitlyn did not stick to her plan of spreading lies about me on social media, she did take me to court in the attempt to gain full custody of our child. Providing the video evidence made her lose her cool right in front of the judge and to his credit he gave me full custody. She was beyond pissed and even after telling her she could have all the supervised visits she wanted she swore to prove I was an unfit parent – something her own attorney warned her against. After the case was settled I lost all contact not only with her, but my once best friend Drake as well as they refused to return my calls and on her part visit her daughter.

No longer willing to put my life on hold, I moved forward and started my first semester of college. I may have been an asshole and done a lot of horrible shit before embracing my sexuality, but that by no means meant I was an idiot so when a few classmates were having trouble grasping the concepts the Professor was teaching us I offered to tutor them. They agreed and we met at my place on a Friday to go over the week's work.

"Holy crap! This is where you live?" a classmate named Tristan Gray exclaimed when I met him on the front porch.

"It is."

"Have a lot of roommates?"

"Nope. The house is mine bought and paid for. Well, my parents bought it and gave it to me as what was supposed to be a wedding gift but that sort of fell through and, um, anyways, I'd like to stay out here until everyone arrives if that's okay with you," I stammered as I realized I was getting way more personal with him than I was comfortable with."

"Sure. Thanks again for doing this by the way. I should probably know the

material by now, but science in general was never my strong suit.”

“It’s my pleasure. And don’t beat yourself up over it. I’m sure Professor Granger wishes she could give us all one-on-one attention but with nearly a hundred of us in the lecture hall she’s doing the best she can.”

“Oh, I’m not blaming her. I’m just an idiot when it comes to chemistry.”

It was about that time three more cars pulled into the driveway and the rest of my classmates joined Tristen and I on the porch. There was Joel Clark – a handsome, if not slightly pudgy guy of nineteen who couldn’t take his eyes off my breasts even when he knew I was watching. Brandon Porter was a tall, athletic black man of twenty. And then there was Libby Dalton – a petite, shy redhead constantly chewing her lower lip in such a manner that made me want to take her every time I laid eyes on her. They all had similar reactions to seeing the place and I explained I lived there alone, though this time I spared them the life story.

“Before we go in there’s something I need to inform you about. Due to the nature of my work, with the exception of the bathrooms and nursery I have cameras hidden throughout my house and that includes two here on the front porch and eight in the back.”

“Um, what is the nature of your work?” Joel excitedly asked.

“That’s neither here nor there, just know there are cameras recording twenty-four seven. If you are not comfortable with that then we can pick another location to study though it might not have the same level of privacy as here.”

“I’ve got nothing to hide,” Tristan stated.

“Me either,” Joel added.

“I know what you do,” Libby blurted out, her right hand slapping over her mouth so hard I feared she may have knock a tooth loose. Her face went beet red as her eyes grew to the size of half-dollars. “OH GOD! I’m sorry. P-P-Please forget...I think I should go.”

“Nonsense. You’re here to get help and that’s exactly what I’m going to provide. All I ask is that you keep it to yourself.”

“Um, yeah, about that,” Brandon smirked. “She may have told me about it but don’t worry, my lips are sealed.”

“Thank you.”

“Aawww, come on, half the group already knows so why keep it a secret from the rest of us?” Joel asked.

“Okay, first off, my eyes are up here. And second, I’m not telling because I don’t want rumors spread about me all over the damn campus. Now please drop it or I’ll have to ask you to leave.”

“Fine, whatever,” he said with obvious dejection.

“Seriously, if all you’re going to do is stare at my damn tits then I think you should go as it’s starting to creep me out.” He raised his gaze for all of five seconds, but then I noticed them going right back down again. “Alright, I don’t think I’m the right tutor for you so please go before this gets any weirder. And seriously, if you’re having trouble looking up then you might want to get some help.” He grumbled under his breath and stomped off the porch.

“Thank you for that,” Libby smiled for the first time. “He was weirding me out as well.”

“Honestly, I don’t know why any woman would invite him to their place,” Tristen said. “Especially one as cute as you.”

“Thanks, but seeing as how the others already know and I don’t want you doing anything you might regret, I’m transsexual.”

“NO FUCKING WAY! I mean, I have no problems with that what so ever, but, really? I thought you were...”

“A woman? I am. From a certain point of view,” I grinned.

“Trust me, she’s got all the right equipment and in spades,” Libby said, once again slapping a hand over her mouth. “Sorry, I’m just going to shut my mouth and not talk ever again.”

“You’ve seen her naked?”

“It’s okay. Look, I don’t want this getting out and I’ll deny it if it does, but in order to pay for college I work as a webcam model,” I confessed. “That’s how Libby has seen me naked.”

“The cameras make perfect sense now,” Tristen replied. “And sorry if I creeped you out, but seriously, you had me completely fooled.”

“Which is exactly why I told you. So, shall we go inside and get started or would you prefer to stay out here all night?”

Honestly? Please don’t take this the wrong way, but I’d like to know more about this webcam modeling you do,” Tristen replied “but I’ll defer to what everyone else wants.”

“We do have all weekend,” Libby said. “I mean, not that we’re going to spend it here but we have until Monday to study, right?”

“And you Brandon?”

“You’re cute as far as transsexuals go but I’m straight. I do have one question though if you’re willing to answer it.”

“Ask away.”

“Are you really hung like a horse?”

“Never seen a horse cock before so I have no idea, but I am ten and a half inches,” I replied. Taking hold of my skirt, I pulled it up over my hips and then tugged the latex panties I loved wearing down. My dick sprang free and eyes went wide.

“JESUS CHRIST!” Tristen gasped. “You really do have a dick!”

“There, now you’ve all seen it.” I winked. His face turned a deep red and I giggled. “Wanna touch it?”

“Yes please,” Libby said, her voice trembling as her cheeks flushed.

“Tell you what, if you guys want to learn more about me then let’s head inside and I’ll answer all your questions on condition that we do so in the nude.”

“You’re kidding, right?”

“Libby, you’ve seen my shows.”

“She’s a nudist,” Libby replied. “She’s also submissive and has one hell of a dungeon play room I’m honestly dying to see.”

“I can see where this is going and I think this is where I must bow out,” Brandon said. “Call me though when you’re ready to study.”

“And if you ever get curious you know where to find me. Tristen? You want to join me and Libby inside? Don’t lie, I see the look in your eyes. Go ahead, you can touch it.”

“Uummm...”

“Don’t worry, no one is ever going to judge you here. I’m giving you permission. Touch it. Suck it if you want. As you’ll very quickly learn when we get inside I’ve a very kinky woman so virtually nothing is off limits.”

“It’s true,” Libby said. “You should see her drinking pee and taking a fist up her sexy ass.”

“Jesus!”

Taking Tristen’s left hand in mine, I moved it toward my cock and stopped with it barely hovering above. “Go ahead. Take it in your hand.” Leaning in, I stopped with my lips nearly touching his. “Kiss me.” He paused for a long moment and then our lips met and his fingers wrapped around my cock. A few seconds later, as we continued to kiss, he started stroking. “Mmmm...I think we should take this inside.”

“I second that,” Libby replied. “Um, I’ve always wanted to know what it’s like to do a cam show. Do you think we can do that?”

“Absolutely. What about you Tristen? You willing to let as many as twenty thousand people seeing you playing with a sexy ladyboy?” Placing a hand on his right shoulder, I nudged him down. He dropped to his knees and a moment later the head of my cock was enveloped by the warmth of his mouth. My hand moved to the back of his neck as my dick slid deeper. To my surprise he took

every inch of it and held it without blinking. “I’m impressed. How many cocks have you sucked?”

“Yours is the first,”

“Unlikely.”

“I swear to god yours is the first I’ve ever sucked. Well, the first real one, that is. I may have practiced with some dildos just to see what it’s like and if I could do it.”

“Willing to do it again on camera? I’ll even split the night’s earning with the two of you if that’s enticement enough.”

“I don’t care about the money,” Libby said. “I’ve wanted you to screw me since the first show of yours I watched. I’m in.”

“You are the first transsexual I’ve ever been with and if doing a show is what it takes to experiment more, then count me in. That being said, I’ve never taken anything up my ass so please go easy on me.”

“I need to know your limits. How far are you willing to go?”

“I’ve seen about fifty of your shows and I’m willing to do everything you are,” Libby answered.

“I’m honestly open to just about anything,” Tristen replied. “Though I don’t actually have a lot of actual experience when it comes to sex, I’ve seen a lot of porn, read a lot of stories and I’ve honestly never found anything I’m not willing to try at least once.”

“Libby, are you willing to have sex with Tristen? Are you willing to take us both at the same time?”

“Yes please. Um, I’ve never actually done anal either but I’m more than willing to try for you.”

“Then let’s head inside. I need to call my parents and see if they can watch my son a while longer. Assuming they can I’ll set up the chat room and we’ll spend the rest of the night fulfilling fantasies.”

“Wait, you have a kid?” Tristen asked.

“I have a son by my former fiancé. She lost him in a custody battle and that’s as much as I’m willing to share,” I said, giving Libby a look that told her in no uncertain terms I wanted to keep the contents of those shows private. She gave me a nod of understanding and we headed inside to what I hoped was the beginning of a very perverted friendship.