



Masterful Deceptions

by CBlack

I was a shrink's wet dream. At least I would have been if I had ever given one of them a chance to go digging around in my head. Hell, I knew I had some peculiar tendencies, but there was no way in hell I was going to let my psyche be probed by some over-educated dipshit. Besides, I wasn't hurting anyone, and, personally, I felt great about what I was doing.

I've been doing this for a couple of years now. I don't know why, but I can't help myself. I get on-line and totally misrepresent myself as someone I'm not. It started off innocently enough as just an experiment to see if I'd get more attention in the chat rooms. I did! Boy, did I! It just sort of evolved from there, taking on a life of its own. My on-line persona became more and more intricate.

Over the course of several months, "Carolyn" had evolved into a complete person; she had a complete history, family life, career, emotional baggage, everything. "Carolyn" was a cute, blonde schoolteacher who longed to give up her humdrum midwestern lifestyle and embrace an exciting D/s lifestyle. She longed for a hedonistic lifestyle of role-playing and sexual experimentation. With this background and goal, "Carolyn" became a very popular girl. In actuality, I was an on-line slut. I even pilfered pictures off the web that were similar enough, and blurry enough, to pass as "Carolyn".

Most of my connections were made in the "Dom/sub" chat rooms. For some reason, it was very comfortable (not to mention easy) to go into one of those rooms and be immediately swamped with attention. A Dom would latch on to me, tell me what he wanted, and I would give it to him on-line. No problems, no effort, and (this is the scary part) I started really enjoying it. I mean really enjoying it! I found myself completely getting into the role I was playing. When I was on-line, I was Carolyn!

I developed many on-line relationships this way. "Relationships" meaning exchanging risqué pics, suggestive e-mails and, of course, cybersex. Almost every on-line relationship came to an end, however, when the guy would inevitably want to make a phone connection. At that point, I would always back out. I had to and not just for safety reasons. My male voice could never pass for female. (Oh, did I forget to mention that little tidbit of info?)

Anyway, Derek hadn't asked for a telephone conversation, he wanted a face-to-face in a public place. Normally, I wouldn't have gone. I usually only spy on these "meetings" when the guy seems like a total loser. I always got a major kick out of seeing what these putzes were really like off-line. Derek, however, didn't fall into this category, or any other. So I decided to go, mostly out of curiosity. Besides, I'd been feeling a little weird for the last couple of weeks, so I figured a beer and a good laugh would shake me back to normality.

That had to be the guy at the bar. He fit his description perfectly and was even wearing the clothes he said he would. Something about him was different, though. Different than the others, at least. The others were always anxious, nervous and just a little pissed when it got to be over twenty minutes past our scheduled meeting time. I enjoyed seeing just how much time they'd waste

sitting there waiting for a woman who wasn't going to show. These guys always showed up, but some guys were more desperate than others were. The average waiting time was 35 minutes, the least five minutes (impatient asshole!), the longest wait, two hours (that guy was hopeless). This guy was different, though. He looked very relaxed, almost confident, even though I was a half-hour late. Of course, he didn't recognize me, how could he? He was looking for a 25 year-old, 5' 8", cute blonde. Well, three out of four wasn't bad, was it? I was after all, 25 and 5' 8". I'd been called cute before. The blonde hair, however, was a lie (among other things.)

Normally, by this time I'd be having a good chuckle, at the poor shnook's expense. But I wasn't laughing tonight. There he was, three stools down from me at the bar, calm, collected and not a problem in the world. Maybe this guy really was a Dom. He had the attitude, that's for sure. He also looked like he had money... and lots of it! Very well dressed and manicured. Sipping on a Chivas on the rocks. The car he drove up in was a Jag! Very nice! Hell, if I were a woman, I'd have been all over this guy!

My attention was diverted by a cute blonde that passed by the bar when I heard a voice behind me say, "So, you get stood up, too?" I turned around, and there he was, right at the next stool, talking to me! Oh man! This was getting weird! I regained my composure and decided to just go with the flow.

"Yeah. Blind date gone bad. Guess she didn't like what she saw."

"I know the feeling. Same here. Buy you a beer?"

"Sure", after all, my beer was empty and it seemed to add to the irony of the situation, making it that much more entertaining.

We ended up talking for a couple of hours over many beers. The subject of Dom/sub relationships came up and he told me all about his life as a Dom. I feigned ignorance. His life didn't sound too shabby! He really didn't have to work at all. He had family money from some medical research company named after his dad, granddad, whoever. He said he was looking for a woman to train. He wanted a plain, but willing woman to mold into his ideal sexual submissive. He wanted to develop her both physically and emotionally into a sexual goddess that all men would cum for. A physical manifestation of his sexual fantasies. An extension of his own will. Yadda-yadda-yadda.

Of course, I knew all this already. I had been "chatting" with him about it for weeks now. I had been pretending to be just such a woman for him. The details of what he wanted and how he wanted to do it were provocative, to say the least. Maybe that's why I showed up and why I was talking to him. I admit it, it turned me on! His ideas on transforming a normal, midwestern schoolteacher into a totally submissive instrument of sexual pleasure made me squirm in my seat every time we were on-line together! I got off on it!

But I found it interesting that he was now telling me, a perfect stranger, all about it. He didn't seem one bit concerned about what I might think of his sexual inclinations. And that seemed just a little strange to me.

At that point, a knockout brunette strolled past us in a very short, very tight dress. It looked painted on. It hugged and caressed every delicious curve on her body. Every male eye in the place was glued to her. (Many female eyes were trained on her, too, but for different reasons.) It was right then that Derek asked the question that really started the whole thing.

“Can you imagine what it must be like to have a body like that and have that much power?”

I whirled around and noticed that he wasn't just asking a casual question. He was looking me dead in the eyes — wanting to know my honest opinion to that provocative question.

Of course I can imagine it, I thought. I've been imagining it on-line for about two years now. No, I've been living it on-line! I couldn't help but smile at the irony of this situation.

“It must be wild!” was all I actually said to him though.

I don't know if it was something in my tone, my hesitation, or if he could read my mind, but he then gave me a very weird smile. I could swear he knew what I was thinking. I suddenly felt like our roles had reversed. I did have the upper hand when I knew who he was and he didn't know me, but now, it was like he knew everything about me. I got the feeling that he had been in control from the get-go — and I was being manipulated. However, I attributed my paranoia to the alcohol and dismissed my fears, unfortunately, as it turned out.

I knew I was getting drunk when I accepted his offer to go for a ride in his Jag. Flying down the interstate at about 85-mph, he pulled out a couple of mini-brews from a cooler in the back and handed me one. Shortly thereafter, things started getting fuzzy. I remember him talking about how easy it is to track down the true origin of e-mails and addresses on the internet. And finding people on the net. And with his money it was easy to hire people to track people down. Wasn't it amazing what modern medical practices could do these days the changes they could make in a person? How have you been feeling the last couple of weeks? Wasn't that brunette a stunner? But I prefer redheads myself. But you know that. I love difficult challenges. I really think you're going to enjoy this... Carolyn...

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When I awoke, it was light. And I was in bed in a large room. I tried to get up but found out that I was strapped in! And there was an IV in my arm! What the hell? Derek then entered the room, smiling.

“What the fuck is going on?” I demanded.

“Just relax and I’ll explain everything”, he replied calmly. Too calmly I thought.

“Yes, I know that you’re ‘Carolyn.’ Like I mentioned last night, it’s really very easy to track down the sources of e-mails and people you meet in chat rooms if you have the resources I do. Within a week of our first chat, I knew you were a man, your name, address, pictures of you, and a history on you.”

I lay there dumbfounded! He had completely pulled the rug out from under me. He anticipated my next question.

“I was curious to see just how far you were willing to carry on your little charade. You obviously put a lot of time and effort into ‘Carolyn.’ It got me thinking. Why? Was it just a sick little joke you liked playing on people, or was it something more? As our chats and e-mails continued I came to the conclusion that maybe you really wished you could be Carolyn.”

I started to say something — to tell him what a fucking lunatic he was — but nothing came out of my mouth.

“I told you what I was looking for in a woman and Carolyn was it, and since you seemed to want to be Carolyn, I decided that we had a common goal.”

“Common goal?” What the fuck was he babbling about? My one and only goal was to get the hell out of there! I still didn’t have a clue as to his goal — at least not consciously. My subconscious had, however, and was screaming out at my conscious mind — but it refused to believe what was happening.

“I told you that I loved challenges. Well, I got to thinking, what could be more challenging than creating the ideal sexual submissive from a plain woman? Answer: creating the ideal sexual submissive female from a plain man! What do you think?”

“You can’t be serious,” was all I could mutter. This guy was a fucking lunatic!

“Of course I am. Having an entire medical research company to play with has its advantages. For the last few weeks, I’ve had your food at home spiked with an accelerated female hormone. It’s been making some minor adjustments to your body and metabolism, among other things. I take it you’ve noticed?”

I felt a chill run the length of my body. The dramatic weight loss — the uncharacteristic mood swings — did he do that to me? My answer to myself upgraded him to a dangerous fucking lunatic!

“Anyway, the beauty of this new hormone treatment is that it’s only the first part of a completely chemical method of sexual reassignment. No surgery necessary! The hormone you’ve been ingesting for the last month has prepared your body for the catalyst that will cause your body to completely change from male to female. It will start off slowly, but then it will pick up like a chain reaction, until every cell of your body will be female — along with every lovely outward consequence of being female.”

“This isn’t possible,” I said. It sounded like a bad melodrama. His demeanor was so calm and matter-of-fact that I was positive that he believed every word he said, and that scared the hell out of me!

“We’ve been working on this for years. We’ve been using it primarily on test animals and recently even succeeded on a few human subjects. The beauty of it is since it works at the genetic level, we can introduce or replace other genetic factors, such as eye color, hair color, almost any physical attribute we can think of.”

I began to get very nervous and eyed the IV bottle next to the bed. Was this asshole really going to mess with my genes? I didn’t believe for a second that he could accomplish what he was claiming, but if he was going to fuck with my chromosomes, I was toast! God knows what the end product would be! I didn’t know, and I was damn sure that this crazy fucker didn’t either! He noticed me staring at the IV.

“That? Oh there’s nothing to worry about in there. That’s just nourishment for your body during the process.”

I relaxed a little.

“The genetic info and catalyst were administered about an hour ago while you slept.”

I could feel my skin go pale.

“Things should start happening here pretty soon. And don’t worry, like I said, we’ve done this before, although not to this much detail. Normally, it’s a rather painful process, but we’ve administered a mild painkiller to make you a little more comfortable during the transformation.”

Painkiller? This guy was serious and I was beginning to panic!

“Oh, I almost forgot.” He then reached over and pulled the covers off me — exposing my naked body. And there were video cameras all over the room — all pointed at me!

I suddenly became terrified! Violently pissed and terrified at the same time! This was his revenge against me! This sick bastard was going to molest me while I was strapped down, videotape it all, and put it out on the Internet for the world to see! He was going to completely ruin my life!

Although I didn't believe any of the shit he had been feeding me, I still looked down and was mildly relieved to see that everything was right where it was supposed to be, but God I looked thin! I hadn't been this thin since high school. I wondered just how much I actually weighed now. Looking up, I noticed that every video camera had just been started; each little red light seemed to smirk at my misfortune. He sensed my alarm.

"Don't worry, they're just recording the event for posterity. A record of my greatest success. When it's over, I think you'll be happy with the results. Remember that brunette? You'll put her to shame! I've got to go check on a few things, but I'll be back soon — Carolyn." He smiled and left the room.

This was a joke! It had to be! God, it had to be!! That was the only explanation! He had found out who I was and was just getting back at me! That had to be it!

Unfortunately, the tingling throughout my body told me otherwise. It started out small but grew quickly — spreading to all parts of my body. It seemed especially concentrated around my crotch! My skin felt like something was crawling just beneath the surface — in my legs, arms, back, even my face! A tightening followed the crawling feeling. Every muscle started reacting to small spasms that caused them to jerk back and forth — I understood then why I was strapped down.

The tingling around my crotch intensified — I was afraid to look down, but did anyway — and was shocked at what I saw! My dick was smaller than I had ever seen it! Even after a long swim in ice-cold water! My nuts were nowhere to be seen — the bags that used to hold them were tightening up and slowly shrinking away! All the while, my dick was getting smaller and smaller! I could actually see it shrink! I wondered what I would have been feeling had it not been for the painkillers. This was really happening! It slowly began to dawn on me that Derek may not have been as crazy as I thought. I was changing! And so far, it looked like I was changing into a woman!

My mind was swimming! This wasn't a hallucination! I was undergoing an extreme physical transformation that would leave me — what? A woman? I couldn't accept that. I had been a man for 25 years and I liked it! I couldn't imagine myself as anything but a man. Becoming a woman was totally and completely impossible! Pretending to be Caroline on-line was one thing, but now that the role was beginning to take on a real-life dimension, that was something I was totally unprepared and unwilling to accept!

As my dick disappeared into my thick pubic hairs a terrifying thought entered my mind — what if the process stopped here? What if something went wrong — or what if that was the plan all along — to leave me in sexual limbo... stuck between male and female — a freak! What if his plan was to neuter me like this, videotape it, and put it out on the Internet! Which was worse? Female — or just non-male? Both of these options were unthinkable, to say the least!

Although I couldn't see anything around my crotch anymore, I could definitely feel something! The tingling was intense and inside me now — strange movements and spasms crawled deep within me — I could sense adjustments being made — modifications — and the heat! God, it was getting hot! Had they turned the heat up or what? Every inch of my body was drenched in sweat — the bed was getting soaked! And the tinglings had intensified — they were almost painful — and reached out to every inch of my body! Even though I was strapped to the bed, I was squirming, straining against the straps — both with voluntary and involuntary muscle spasms. They seemed to be building to a climax — would the painkillers be enough? Was this almost over? Then, suddenly, without warning, they stopped.

My body relaxed — no tingling... no spasms — no crawling — nothing. Was it all over? I looked down. My dick was gone and I was covered in sweat... lying in a pool of sweat in a strange bed with video cameras all over pointed down at me. No other obvious changes.

Shit! It was my worst fears realized! It was all just a revenge thing! My life, hell — any life, was over for me! I couldn't live like this — not as a sweaty eunuch freakazoid! Jesus! I was screwed!

Then — it happened...

It was as if I had stuck my dick into a live electric socket! Every muscle in my body clenched and I was thrust against the straps as my body arched high into the air. The pain was excruciating, but I could only imagine what it should have been! Thank God for the painkillers! I then became aware of the sounds — from inside my body — the popping of ligaments — the cracking of bone — the leather — like sound of muscles being strained beyond their limit!

The pain slowly subsided somewhat but the electric shock feeling didn't. Added to it, I could feel additional stresses concentrated in various parts of my body. The skin around my hips felt incredibly tight! I thought it would split if I moved too much! I tried to force my head down to try and look, but my eyes stopped at my chest. With my back arched high into the air like it was I expected my nipples to be way up there, but not this high! They were over twice the size of normal and sitting atop two small, but slowly growing mounds of flesh!

My eyes fixed on my new, emerging tits. I took small comfort in the fact that it looked like the eunuch threat was over. I was a little relieved, and a little aroused at the thought of owning my own personal set of hooters. But something didn't feel right. The usual throbbing, stiffening feeling that accompanied arousal was replaced with something very different! Instead, it was a warm, fuzzy feeling... inside me... and growing! It was a very different kind of horny.

I wanted to watch more of the new “developments” on my chest, but, suddenly, my eyes slammed shut — my face muscles twisting in every direction! The top of my head felt like it was on fire and my throat tightened up so much I could barely breathe! I began to panic — something had gone wrong — where the hell was Derek? Anyone? I tried to yell... but no sound came out of my mouth! The tightening in my throat subsided a little allowing me to breathe a little easier, but the facial spasms continued along with the fiery feeling in my scalp. I started feeling dizzy — I could sense myself losing consciousness. Desperately, I forced my eyes open as much as I could to try and see if anyone had come back to help me. The last thing I remember seeing before passing out was Derek out of the corner of my eye, but as I turned my head to look over to him, my eyesight was suddenly obscured by something falling over my eyes — a long lock of blonde hair...

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I don't know how long I was out, but when I awoke, I was still in the same bed in the same room, but something was different. The IV was gone — so were the video cameras (at least the obvious ones, I thought). I was no longer strapped down. Feeling the bed beneath me, I noticed, thankfully, that the sheets had been changed. Maybe I was too preoccupied before, but I noticed that this room was actually very nice. Nice, hell, it was immaculate! Beautiful Victorian furniture all around — high, vaulted ceiling — large, picture windows looking out over an expansive professionally manicured and maintained garden. I had figured that Derek had money, but I had no idea how much until now. This was more than just a house, it looked like a whole freaking estate! I could think of worse places to be abducted to. The sun was high in the sky — filling the room with natural light, illuminating the decidedly feminine décor of the room.

Feminine? Holy Shit! I had totally forgotten the previous day's events! (At least, I assumed it had been just yesterday.) I had been drugged, kidnapped, videotaped and genetically fucking altered! And here I was admiring the goddamn interior decorations? I was obviously suppressing. That had to be it! There was no other explanation possible.

I finally turned my attention to the most immediate matter... my current physical state... and slowly panned my eyes down to see what Derek's “treatment” had reduced me to. My body was totally covered beneath the sheets of the bed so, except for two rather prominent additions to the contour of the bedsheets, I couldn't see anything. I pulled my arms out to remove the sheets but stopped and held my hands in front of my face. They looked completely different! Smaller, thinner, and with long nails to

boot! (I had always been a nail-biter from way back, so this was a big change.) All the hair on my arms was gone — no, wait — there were some very small, very fine hairs along my arms. They were barely noticeable. I felt something tickling the side of my face, and when I turned my head to look, a group of long blonde locks cascaded down over my eyes! I reached up with my new hands, twirled some of the blonde hairs around my long nails, and gave them a gentle (but still painful) tug to see if they really were mine. They were!

Remembering my brief glimpse at a new pair of developing jugs the day before, I returned my attention to the two prominent contours of the sheets. I carefully pulled up the sheets and peered down at myself. I was still naked beneath the sheets, at least as far as I could see, because my view of my lower body was blocked by two large mounds of flesh originating from my chest!

My heart began to beat faster as I finally realized what had happened. Derek had done it! That dangerous fucking lunatic had actually done it! He had somehow, impossibly, given me a female body! But what kind of female body? All I knew for sure



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was that I had blonde hair, long nails and big tits, and that wasn't enough. I had encountered more than my share of butt-ugly bow-wows in my days with all of those attributes, so I needed to know just where I stood on the babe-meter. After all, if I was going to be trapped in this gender-bent experiment from hell, I sure as hell better at least enjoy my own goddamn reflection!

I sat up in bed, took a deep breath, and threw off the sheets. My eyes locked onto my feet first (I guess I was just instinctively playing it safe.) Nothing unsightly there... no random hair... all ten toes... actually kind of cute the way they were wiggling down there. I slowly scanned up my legs. No hair there either. They looked okay, but it was hard to tell from my perspective. I had always admired the female form from a distance of at least a couple of feet, usually much more. Now I was checking one out from a decidedly different vantage point; one that was much closer and upside down.

As my gaze moved up higher, my eyes stopped. I knew it was gone, but seeing it gone was something altogether different! No trace at all of what was once the pride of my manhood! In its place, a thick mound of curly blonde hair. I couldn't see anything beneath it, and for the time being, didn't want to.

I had never seen a full set of tits from this perspective before. Oh sure, I had looked down more than my share of blouses in my days, but never like this! There they were, reaching out from my chest, my tits! I cupped them in the palms of my hands, squeezing slightly, checking the firmness. Like most guys, I had a perverse fascination with women's breasts. I loved looking at them, fondling them, squeezing them, tasting them — you name it. Now, here I was with my own private set — and they felt great! I mean, being felt felt great! Being the feeler was one thing, but now I was the feelee, and it put all previous mammary contact to shame! Seeing those decidedly feminine hands caressing those two beautiful breasts brought back images of “wet” fantasies dating back to my pre-adolescent days; women satisfying themselves — women satisfying other women — only now, it wasn't a fantasy. Those were my hands fondling my tits! This was definitely a perk I hadn't anticipated. The thought of being trapped in a female body still sickened me and I knew I would never accept it, but at least I had something to keep me entertained while I searched for a way to resolve my dilemma.

Having satisfied my initial curiosity regarding my physical status, I began to wonder about my face. The body had passed my first, brief inspection with a “satisfactory”, but what was sitting on top of it? I knew I had blonde hair, but could I bear to look at what it framed? Could my new face stop a clock, or stop traffic? What of my face hadn't changed at all? What if I still had the exact same male face I had several days ago, but now it was wrapped in blonde hair and parked atop a female body? The thought made me gag! It was bad enough that I knew that my gender had been swapped, but if I still had the same face, everyone else would know about it, too! Not that I had any inclinations about appearing in public like this, far from it! But the sudden thought of possibly being recognized sent a shiver through my spine! No matter what, no one could possibly discover what had happened to me! No way! No how! That was the one thing that I could not allow to happen! Period!

Having made that solemn promise to myself, I decided to settle the matter once and for all. I swung my legs over the side of the bed and stepped down onto the floor — almost twisting an ankle in the process. Either I was now a lot shorter than I used to be or the bed was unusually high, or both, because I misjudged the distance to the floor and landed awkwardly with a loud thud.

“Shit!” I swore quietly to myself. I didn’t want the noise to alert anyone that I was awake. I wanted to put off any encounters with Derek for as long as possible, so I stepped softly across the room towards a mirror hanging over the fireplace. Now that I was finally standing, I didn’t feel any shorter than I used to be and looking back at the bed, I noticed that it was abnormally high.

I approached the fireplace mirror and stopped just to the side of it. This was it! The next few seconds would determine whether or not I would have to wear a bag over my head for the duration of my imprisonment. I closed my eyes, took a deep breath, stepped in front of the mirror and slowly opened my eyes.

The face that looked back at me belonged to a stranger. My short, brown hair had been replaced with long, slightly curly, blonde locks that disappeared behind my shoulders. My previously brown eyes were now a deep blue. Looking closer, I could just make out characteristics that were vaguely similar to my original face, but now those characteristics had been altered... softened to produce a genuinely beautiful face! At best, my facial features give a slight hint at belonging to a distant, yet much more attractive, cousin. I smiled at the babe in the mirror. She responded simultaneously with a flash from her baby blues and a drop-dead smile of her own.

In the mirror’s reflection I could see into what I had thought was a closet, but now it looked more like an entire room. Turning and peering around the corner, I could see that this room had a full-length mirror. I d never seen a real “dressing room” before, but I figured that this was probably what one looked like. Well, I d seen myself a piece at a time. Now that full-length mirror would finally give me the opportunity to check out the whole enchilada in one fell swoop.

I headed for the dressing room, noticing that walking felt very different than before. I was used to the weight being distributed fairly evenly throughout my male body. But now, this new body had weight concentrated in places I just wasn’t used to. No matter how I walked, my oversized hips seemed to sway back and forth by themselves. The extra weights attached to my chest bounced up and down and back and forth in rhythm as I walked. It was both annoying and stimulating! Either way, it would definitely take some getting used to. I was mentally kicking myself for even considering “getting used to” any of this when I reached the mirror and stepped in front of it.

I was totally unprepared for what I saw.

There, right in front of me, was the most drop-dead gorgeous woman I had ever seen! And naked at that! I felt breathless, and a little weak in the knees. I had never been this close to perfection in my life! I took a deep breath to regain my composure, stepped up in front of the mirror, and basked in the view. That face atop those curves had all been sculpted by an artist. That stranger I had just met in the small fireplace mirror had now revealed herself to be nothing less than a goddess!



I reached up and carefully touched one side of my face. The stranger in the mirror did the same. Her fingers spread out over her face; her nails trailed lightly over her high cheekbones, brushed against her earlobe and circled down and around her soft lips. Her other hand joined in as they both slid down her neck, crossed over and caressed her smooth shoulders and arms, and then spread out over her taut stomach. One hand stopped briefly and a finger slid into her navel. I heard a soft giggle emanate from her lips as her finger tickled her new “innie”.

Both hands then worked their way over her hips, around behind her, and

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softly massaged her firm, round cheeks. The 3-way mirror granted me an unobstructed view of one of the most delicious asses I had ever seen on a woman! Her fingers worked every inch of her butt then slowly moved down to the back of her thighs. She slid her hands around front and began to slowly slide them up and down, from her thighs, over the hips, up to her tight waist, and back down. Slowly, deliberately, erotically! I could tell she was getting aroused. I felt like a voyeur watching this beauty as she was discovering her nubile body for the very first time.

My eyes focused on those voluptuous breasts in the mirror. She caught me staring and flashed me a sultry smile as she panned her hands up along her sides and inward, finally encountering her most comely features. But instead of grasping them firmly (like any warm-blooded American male would have) her fingers slowly traced the smooth curves from top to bottom. Her nails glided between them and disappeared briefly as she examined the moist region immediately beneath. They emerged slightly damp, rounded up over the sides, and began circling her hardening nipples. From the looks of them, I could see that she was enjoying this as much as, if not more than, me.

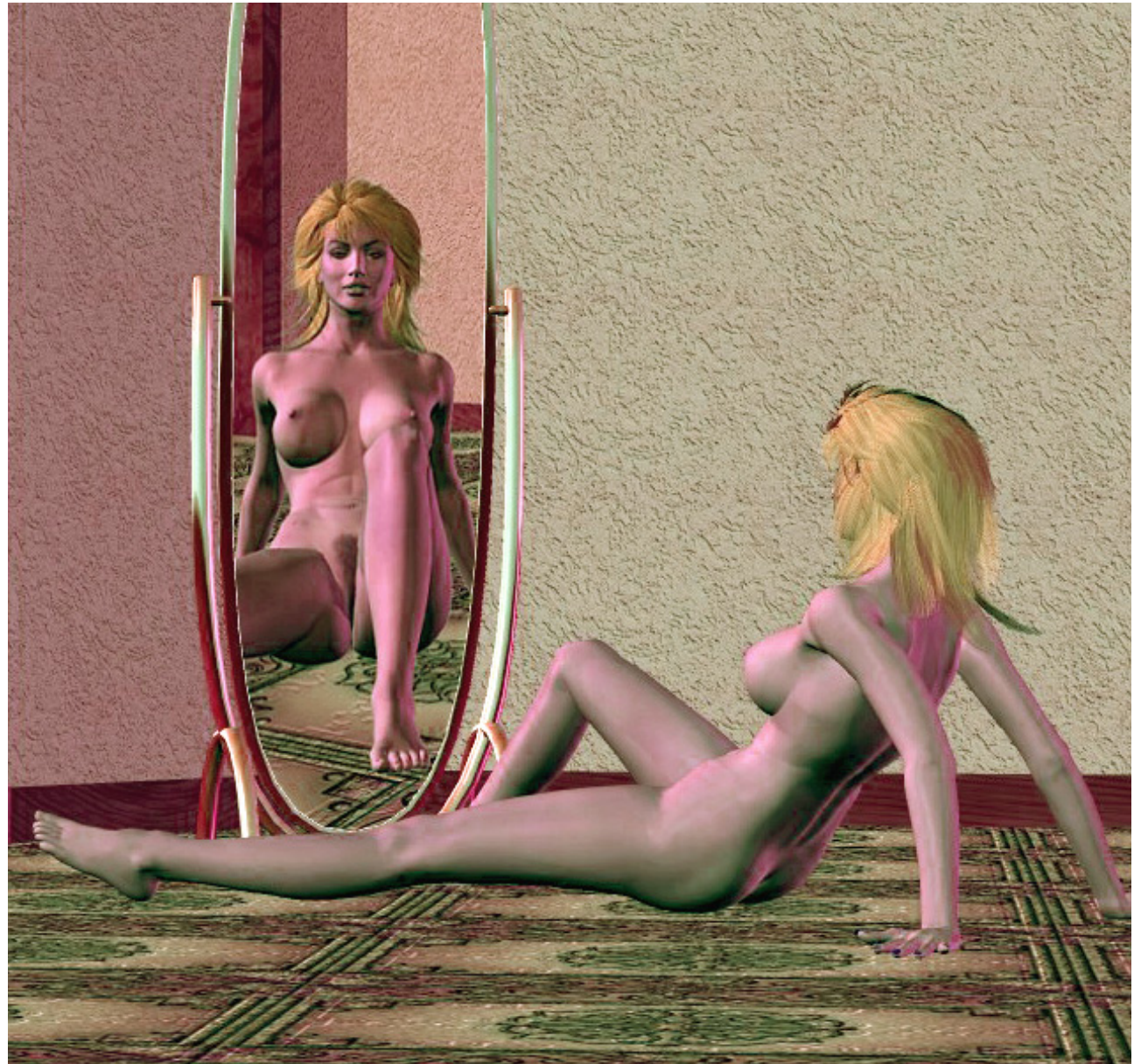
And I was in hog heaven! Never had I enjoyed a titty show more! This was more than a striptease or a table dance. This wasn't some bimbo shaking her ass for a crotch full of ones. This was personal! Here in front of me was my very own perfect object d'art examining her sexuality and exploring her sensuality for the very first time!

As one hand continued to tease her nipples, I watched her other hand slowly migrate southward over her taut stomach until her fingers reached the small forest of thick, but now damp, blonde hair below her naval. As her fingers disappeared into it, I felt a tingle from my own nether region and a musky odor filtered up to my nostrils. As her fingers probed deeper a sly look of extreme anticipation spread across her face and the tingling in my crotch began to spread outwards. I instinctively looked down and was immediately snapped back to reality! This was no sexy stranger doing herself for me! That was me, fondling myself!

My mind raced! It must have been some sort of subconscious defense mechanism that caused me to step outside my current predicament and view this new female as a separate entity. But the illusion was gone! Reality had finally set in! That gorgeous creature in the mirror was me! And now I was just a cunt hair away from masturbating in front of a mirror! I was repulsed by the thought of giving in to this body, but it did feel damn good! My fingers were still intertwined in my funky, damp pubic hairs and now began slowly caressing the inner edges of my new slit hidden there. The tingles turned to shivers! It was incredible how good such little effort felt! I slid a finger inside myself and began exploring — and was immediately rewarded with an intense shudder throughout my body! Jesus! This felt great! I had to keep going — there was no way I could stop now. I leaned my back against the wall facing the mirror for support and slid another finger in and began pumping. The sensations flooding through my body were intense! Beating off had never felt this good! Why the hell didn't women do this all the time? The sensations continued to build in intensity — I could sense a peak approaching — there had to be one, I mean, just how fucking good could this possibly feel? A few seconds later I got my answer...

An explosion of pure pleasure expanded from my crotch and spread throughout my body like wildfire! I felt my knees go weak as I cried out in ecstasy and slid to the floor — my body sweaty and trembling.

As I sat there looking at my naked, sweaty and panting body in the mirror, I felt a warm, almost contented feeling flood through me. It was nothing at all like the post-masturbation feelings I had prior to my transformation. Before, I always felt drained of energy, a little disgusted with myself, and my sexual urges dropped off to nothing. But now, instead of being drained I was contented, instead of being disgusted I was almost happy! And, to top it all off, I was still horny! After an intense experience like that, I figured that I'd be satisfied for a week, but I actually wanted more! If female orgasms were like this, why the hell weren't they always trying to fuck our balls off instead of making us work so damn hard for it? Maybe they were all just staying home and masturbating like me. That made a lot more sense. Satisfied that I had figured out the question that had plagued men for ages, I climbed to my feet, took another long look at my new, but sweaty and a little stinky, nubile body, and headed to the shower. Needless to say, the warm water and soap being slathered all over my body got me started all over again.



I felt a warm, almost contented feeling flood through me. It was nothing at all like the post-masturbation feelings I had prior to my transformation.

When I finally stepped out of the shower, I was cleaner than I had been in a long time, a little wrinkled, and a little stupid with contentment. If I was going to be stuck in this body for awhile, I decided I might as well enjoy it on my terms — alone, in this room, and masturbating every chance I could get!

I wrapped myself in a little silk robe that I found hanging behind the door and stepped out of the dressing room and stopped dead in my tracks. There, standing in the doorway, was Derek, wearing a major shit-eating grin. All the memories of being drugged, kidnapped, strapped down, videotaped and physically altered by this grinning shit-head came flooding back, overpowering the more recent memories of sexual ecstasy and satisfaction. My mood immediately turned ugly.

“You did this to me, you son of a bitch!” I screamed and lunged at him. He grabbed me before I could reach him and held me off while I kicked and yelled. Another major disadvantage of having the body of the weaker sex.

“Throwing this tantrum won’t do anyone any good,” he said quietly, but firmly. His grip on my arms was like a vise. I realized I wasn’t going anywhere until he let go, so I calmed down. He released his grip and I immediately broke away and stormed across the room, putting as much distance as I could between us.

“That’s a little better,” he said. His eyes were locked on me, looking over every inch of my body, but a little differently than the way I had before. His eyes seemed to be giving me a much more clinical, or professional going over, like he was inspecting merchandise. I suddenly felt very uncomfortable and tried to cover myself up, but the robe I had chosen didn’t have all that much material. Finishing his “inspection”, he smiled, stepped into the room and closed the door behind him.

“Perfect, if I do say so myself,” he crowed. “I believe you turned out even better than I had originally planned. The body, the face, the hair... all perfect! I couldn’t be more pleased.”

“Well, I could, you son of a bitch! I’m not pleased at all!”

“Really? That’s not what it looked like earlier. As a matter of fact, you actually seemed to be enjoying the situation quite a bit.” His smile turned into a leering I-told-you-so kind of smirk.

I looked around and the video cameras were still gone... at least the ones I could see! Shit! It hadn’t occurred to me that he might still have hidden cameras around here! I tried to call his bluff.

“What are talking about?” I lied poorly.

“Oh, your little demonstration in front of the mirror. It was quite erotic, thank you! I enjoyed it immensely, although obviously nowhere near as much as you did.”

He did have cameras hidden still! The bastard! He had taken away the one thing I could possibly have enjoyed about this nightmare — my ability to do as I pleased behind closed doors. This realization knocked the wind out of my sails and I just collapsed into a chair by the bed and stared out across the room, blankly.

“You know,” he said sarcastically, “I get the impression that you don’t like your current situation. I thought this was what you wanted, to become the perfect, female, sexual submissive. And after all the trouble I went to fulfill your fantasy — I gave you the perfect body and I was all ready to begin your training.”

“My fantasy,” I yelled, “This is all your sick fantasy! I never wanted this! My on-line persona was nothing more than a joke! That’s all, a fucking joke!”

He stood and gazed at me for what seemed to be an eternity. He was concentrating on something, obviously some new torture for me. Suddenly his expression changed like a light bulb went off over his head. A broad Cheshire-cat grin spread across his face.

“You know,” he said, “I’m going to give you the chance to prove that.”

Oh-oh, I wondered.

“I’ll make a deal with you. If you can prove to me, without a doubt, that this is not what you want deep down inside, then I’ll change you back. However, if I’m not convinced, then, well, you can guess.”

A small light appeared at the end of this dark tunnel! Was that it? That’s all I had to do and I could return to my former self? There had to be a catch.

“This sounds too easy,” I said, “What’s the catch?”

“The catch is,” he started, “you have to remain like this for a period of two weeks.”

Hmmm, I could do that, I thought to myself.

“And, during those two weeks you must undergo submissive training. That means that you must do everything I command, to the letter!”

“What?” I jumped up. “Are you fucking crazy? That’s not fair at all! You’re asking me to totally debase myself just to prove a point!”

“Exactly,” he said calmly. “In order to totally convince me, without a doubt, you must “debase” yourself, as you put it, and experience two weeks as my submissive-in-training. If you can endure all this and still not be turned, then I will believe that you really do not want this and change you back.”

“And what if I don’t agree to this “deal”?” I asked.

“Consider the alternative. I release you from this luxurious lifestyle, where your every need is fulfilled. Out there, you don’t exist. You have no job and no money.”

I could find a way, I was thinking to myself.

“And,” he continued, “the second you walk out the door, I release all videos of you to the public. Your transformation, your “mirror dance”, and your “shower dance” will be spread all over the Internet. Everyone will know what happened to you and what you’ve become.”

I was devastated! That was the one thing that I knew I couldn’t allow! And somehow, this bastard knew it too! I was trapped, there was no way out! I couldn’t believe what I was about to say, even when I heard my own voice say it.

“Two weeks. That’s it, then you change me back. No tricks?”

“You may think I’m crazy, but I am a gentleman. My word is gospel. No tricks. If, after following every one of my instructions to the letter for the next two weeks, you still want to return to your former life, I will change you back, return you home, destroy the tapes, and even pay you handsomely for the trouble.”

My eyes lit up. “Define handsomely,” I asked. I d always been a mercenary at heart.

“Well, to make it worth your while and using a nice round number, let’s say I pay you 1 million dollars if you follow the rules I’ve set and still want to change back at the end of two weeks.”

Normally, the sound of 1 million dollars would have given me a hard-on, but instead, I could feel my nipples hardening. Suddenly, this whole situation had taken a different tone. For that kind of money, I d do just about anything. If I could just keep focused on the prize, I just might be able to stomach two weeks of this shit. I stood up, walked over to him and stuck my hand out.

“You’ve got a deal,” I said , still a little reluctantly.

His smile broadened as his muscular hand encased my feminine one in a handshake. I suddenly felt a little sick to my stomach. Pulling my hand away, I felt as if I had just made a deal with the devil. Perhaps I had. But no matter what I was forced to endure over the next two weeks, I took comfort in the fact that I would come out of it a rich man!

Derek's smile suddenly dissolved into a stern look.

"Before we begin the details of your training, you must be aware of some basic guidelines for the good sub that you are. First, as a submissive, you must never argue with, disagree with or contradict me in any way. Second, you must do as I tell you without hesitation or you will be punished. Your function is to obey me, pure and simple. Third, as a sexual submissive, you must always look, dress, and act as sexy as possible, 24 hours a day. No exceptions. I have bought you an extensive wardrobe of the sexiest clothes, lingerie, footwear, underwear, everything. In the beginning I will instruct you what to wear, but soon you will be expected to dress yourself in the sexiest manner possible without instructions from me."

I started to say something, to protest, but his stern look caused me to hold it in. I didn't want to blow this deal, not with all that money waiting for me. He walked past me to the dressing room and emerged a moment later with several items of clothing which he lay on the bed.

"I expect you downstairs in exactly 30 minutes," he ordered. "Oh, one more thing. No submissive of mine shall ever touch herself in a sexual manner unless I specifically request it. Any violation and the deal is off!" He then turned and left the room, closing the door behind him.

Shit! I thought to myself. There went my one source of amusement for the next two weeks! There I was, wrapped up in the most luscious body I had ever seen, and I couldn't lay one lecherous finger on it without losing out on all that money. My morale took a nose dive.

I stepped over to the bed and inspected the clothes he had picked out for me, a short skirt, blouse, various undergarments and a pair of black 4-inch strapped pumps. I took a deep breath and sighed. Resigning myself to what I was about to endure, I disrobed and picked up the clothes. I stepped into the black silk thong panties and wiggled them into place. The fiber sliding between my cheeks felt surprising good! I struggled with the matching black bra even though it fastened in front. When it was finally in place, I was surprised to see that it barely covered my nipples and pushed my tits way up in the air! By themselves, my tits were already spectacular, but what this bra was doing was probably outlawed in several states. I stepped into the short, black skirt and pulled it up into place. It hugged my ass tightly, barely covering it, showing off every inch of curve from my waist to my thighs. The button down blouse was white, silk, and very translucent. There were only a couple of buttons on it, which implied to me that it was meant to be tied at the bottom. Slipping into the blouse, buttoning what few buttons there were, and tying

it up at the bottom, I noticed that a lot of the upper part of me was uncovered. Because of where the blouse tied off, my entire midsection was exposed from the top of my skirt to my lower ribcage. The lack of buttons up top resulted in only a small portion of my bra-enhanced breasts being covered. Finally, I reluctantly stepped into the shoes. God, they were uncomfortable! I felt like I was walking on stilts. I slowly maneuvered my way over to the mirror to get a better look at myself.

As hot as I had looked before when naked, I was amazed to see that I was an even hotter looking babe now! The combination of clothes on my perfect body was eye-popping, to say the least! The way this outfit barely covered me enhanced my new, naturally sexy body. I looked incredible, and just a little bit slutty, I thought. I wanted to grab myself all over, but knew better. Derek definitely knew what he was doing when he picked it out. I walked slowly towards the door. The shoes didn't seem to hurt as much, but they were still a little awkward. I grabbed the doorknob, took a deep breath (noticing the enticing upheaval of my breasts), opened the door and stepped into the hallway.

Reaching the end of the hallway was tricky in those heels, but I managed. Resting for a moment with my hand against the wall for support, I looked out over the massive entryway to what must have been a huge mansion. I had guessed at the size of this house from the long hallway I had just inched down, but the size and grandeur of this room held me stupefied. An entire house could have easily fit into this room, from top to bottom! In the middle of it all was a magnificent chandelier stretching almost to the floor. The stairs stretched out and made a wide circle around the chandelier, dropping a good 20 feet over a distance of about 40 feet. Forty feet of stairs... in these shoes! I could see my obituary now — Babe Bites Big One at Bottom of Stairs, film at 11! I started taking them off when I saw Derek beneath the chandelier looking up at me with disapproval. I groaned inwardly, slipped them back on, and carefully started down the stairs. Steadying myself along the railing, I slowly worked my way down the stairs, trying desperately not to fall and kill myself. An agonizing eternity later, I reached the bottom of the stairs and walked up to Derek who had a sour look on his face.

“That was pathetic!” he growled. “You disgrace that exquisite gift I’ve given you by carrying yourself like a drunken truck driver!”

I suddenly felt like a bull that had a red flag waved in front of it! What the hell did he expect? I turned and glared at him, preparing to tell him off, when he cut me short...

“That look alone just knocked \$50,000 off your “compensation,”” he said sternly and dispassionately. “Continued disobedience will be subsequently met with harsher punishments, both monetary and physical.”

I immediately closed my mouth and wiped the glare from my face. Ouch! That hurt! He really knew where to hit me. If I didn't watch my ass, he'd find ways to wipe out my entire remaining \$950,000. And I didn't even want to think about what kinds of physical punishment he might have in mind. So I stood silently before him, feet aching and legs unsteady.

“That’s better,” he said. “It’s painfully obvious where we need to begin. The way you walk is a disaster! Your stride should ooze sexuality. I won’t be satisfied until your strut causes erections in every male who witnesses it. Nothing else can be attempted until this is accomplished, so we will begin now and not stop for anything. Understand?”

I nodded my head numbly. I had no choice, so why fight it.

“Now, I want you to walk slowly across the room. As you walk, pretend you are walking along a straight line but instead of placing your feet directly on the line, cross them slightly over the line. For example, your right foot should land just to the left of the line and your left foot should land just right of the line. Do you understand?” I nodded again. “Begin.”

I imagined a line running down the middle of the marble-tiled floor and slowly started walking along it. After a couple of steps, I started doing as he asked, crossing my feet as I walked. Doing so caused my new enlarged hips to swing back and forth with each set of steps. I moved slowly along the tiles, because to do otherwise, I decided, would have caused me to end up on my face. I reached the end of the hallway and turned. He instructed me to continue back, so I did.

“Keep your head up! Stop looking at your feet!” he yelled. I started to feel frustrated but held it in. I wasn’t about to lose any more money.

When I returned to him, I smiled slightly, feeling a mild sense of accomplishment. He obviously felt otherwise.

“Still pathetic! You slouch when you walk. Stand up straight at all times. Arch your back a little. I gave you those breasts to show to the world, so stick them out and show that you re proud of them!”

I spent the next 4 hours walking around that huge mansion with Derek barking out criticisms throughout. He had me learning to walk “properly” over marble tile, through plush carpet, around the edge of a pool, and up and down the stairs! After traversing those damn stairs for what seemed to be the thousandth time, he finally seemed content with my walk. He definitely wasn’t happy with it, or if he was, he sure as hell didn’t show it. I was exhausted and was looking forward to a rest, but Derek kept right on with the “lessons”.

“We still need to work on how you are perceived by others,” he started. “As a submissive, your attitude towards me is very specific. I am your Master, you are my subservient. That must be obvious in your mannerisms, both in private and in public. You must never question anything I say or do or command of you. You must never even give the appearance that you are possibly thinking about questioning anything I might say or do. To all who observe, it must be obvious that you are totally and completely submissive to my will. Do you understand?” I was too tired to think about arguing, so I just nodded my head.

“Your proper response is, ‘Yes, Master, I understand.’” He seemed angry. “In public, you don’t have to refer to me as Master, you may call me Derek. Now, do you understand?”

“Yes, Master, I understand,” I muttered, halfheartedly.

“Good, now, return to your room.”

I was more than happy to comply this time. One final climb up the stairs didn’t seem as difficult as before. I was so tired I totally forgot about the heels. I was planning on soaking in the tub and getting some rest when I got to my room, but when I opened the door, there were people there! An older woman and a definitely effeminate guy were in my dressing room waiting for me. I learned that my plans for relaxing in the tub would have to wait for my next lessons on makeup and hair. At first I thought that they were just going to give me a makeover and leave, but no such luck! I was actually expected to learn this stuff! The woman, Freida, would do my face, instruct me as she went, then scrub me clean and have me reproduce everything exactly the same way. Over the course of 3 hours, I had applied and reapplied my whole face at least a dozen times. Then Stefan took over with the hair. Same setup. He styles my hair in various ways, then washed it out, and had me reproduce it. Over and over and over again! Another 3 fucking hours! When they finally left, a small dinner was brought up to me and was told that I should eat, bathe, and turn in for the night.

After devouring my measly little meal of nothing more than a salad, a little hunk of fish and water, I finally relaxed in the tub. My mind and body were totally numb from the days “lessons”. I was sore from my neck to my toes. Walking in those heels and sticking my tits out all day had strained every muscle in my body. I couldn’t even think straight from all the info overload that had been shoved into me over the last several hours. Try as I could to avoid it, my mind kept returning to thoughts of proper walking techniques, what combination of eyeliner and blush made my eyes sexier, how much mousse to use to give my hair just the right amount of bounce and which style went best with certain types of clothing. I just couldn’t get them out of my head! I finally just gave up, got out of the tub, dried off and stepped out into the bedroom to go to bed. On the bed lay a lacy, green thong teddy. I knew what was expected of me without even asking, so I dropped the towel, picked up the teddy and slipped it on. Like the thong I had been wearing all day, it felt surprising good tucked between my soft, but sore, cheeks. Stepping over to the mirror I noticed that this teddy was mostly see-through, and I could definitely see through it. My nipples were peeking through the fine fabric that hugged every curve of my body and disappeared beneath my crotch. If I had had the strength, I’d have attacked myself, I looked so damn hot, but as it was, all I wanted to do now was get some sleep. Besides, I didn’t want to star in anymore videos. I crawled into bed, continuous thoughts of heels, mascara, mousse and nighties running through my tired mind. I finally fell asleep to the feel of my hands softly caressing my new, tight, sore body under the sheets.

I woke to the sound of the door closing. On the nightstand was a light breakfast with a note instructing me to eat, get dressed and be downstairs in one hour. I wolfed down the breakfast and noted the outfit laid out for me at the foot of the bed. They looked like workout clothes. My body was nowhere near as sore as it had been the night before, but I was still damn tired. Slipping out of my teddy (slowly to enjoy it as much as possible!), I tried to figure out the outfit before me. I first pulled myself into a tan body stocking that fit like a second skin. Over this I stepped into what looked like a jade one-piece thong swimsuit. Socks and some small women's Nikes topped off the ensemble. It felt good to walk without heels, but as I headed downstairs I noticed that my ass was swinging deftly from side to side as I walked. I stopped and turned around. There as a mirror at the far end of the hall, so I started walking toward it. I was stunned! Without even thinking about it, I was walking like I had been a well-built babe all my life! I wished I could have seen myself from behind, because I wanted to see how I shook my moneymaker!

Downstairs, Derek pointed me towards the gym. He walked behind me all the way there, obviously checking to make sure my first lesson took. Once in the gym, Derek handed me over to a muscular jock named Lars (go figure) and left without ever saying a word to me. Lars was like a fucking drill sergeant! He put me through 2 hours of aerobics and weight training from hell! I had spent time in gyms before, but never been put through a regiment like this. After sweating it out all morning, I was totally amazed (and delighted!) when I was "forced" to take a sauna and whirlpool bath! At first I assumed that I was being rewarded for something, but then figured out that it was all part of the training. After all, how sexy could I be if every muscle in my body were stiff as a board. I was surprised, though, at how limber my new body was. I was able to stretch in ways that I never would have thought possible before.

When I stepped out of the sauna, my workout clothes were gone and in their place was the skimpiest fishnet bikini you could imagine and a pair of high-heel thong sandals with a note instructing me to join Derek at the pool for lunch.

The top was little more than two small triangles of fabric that strapped across my tits, just barely covering the nipples and little else. The bottom, a V-shaped pink thong, stretched beneath my cheeks and barely covered my blonde bush. The sandals had 3-inch stiletto heels which I found I had little trouble maneuvering in. I guess the first lesson had taken after all. It took me almost 30 minutes to figure out how to squeeze myself into that outfit, but the results were worth it! Walking past a mirror I stopped, positioned myself and took in the view. Damn, I looked good! I don't know what it was, but I seemed hotter and sexier every time I saw myself. Remembering how incredible my new orgasms felt but not being able to touch myself again was driving me fucking nuts! The hottest babe I had ever seen within feeling distance and I couldn't do a goddamn thing about it! Feeling horny and frustrated, I shook it off, turned from the mirror and strutted outdoors.

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The pool was indoors, but still Olympic size. It looked like the kind of setup I d always imagined movie and rock stars partying around. Derek was at a table on the far side of the pool. He motioned me over. Over lunch he told me of my lesson for the afternoon.

“You have come a long way, little one,” he was saying, “but you still have a long way to go. You carry yourself like a woman now, and I am somewhat pleased. But my goal, and your goal, is to train you so that your very essence exudes sensuality. I want everything you do, say or feel to make men wild with lust. That is what we will work on this afternoon.”



“You carry yourself like a woman now. But my goal, and your goal, is to train you so that your very essence exudes sensuality. I want everything you do, say or feel to make men wild with lust.”

I wasn't sure what he meant at first, but I soon found out. I spent the next several hours learning to sit sexily, walk sexily, lie sexily... everything I did, Derek saw to it that I did it in such a way that any man would cream his jeans just watching me. I couldn't just lie by the pool anymore. I had to pose instead. I learned to strike poses that maximized the non-coverage of my miniscule bikini. In the days to come, I would learn that he expected me to make myself as visible as possible when he had guests over. I wasn't to interact with them unless he told me I could, which was practically never. In fact, as I found out from Freida later, Derek had a strict policy of hands off when it came to “his property”. A rule that no one felt bold enough to challenge. In effect, I was nothing more than eye-candy... a trophy for Derek to show off to his friends. I had to admit, though, feeling those lecherous eyes on me while I lounged neared the pool was beginning to become a bit of a turn-on.

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The next few days were a blur... each one the same as the next. Mornings were spent toning my already perfect body and the afternoons were spent fine-tuning my “submissive” and sexual attitudes and behaviors. Each day Derek picked out my wardrobe and each day they got sexier and more outrageous, ranging from the tiny bikini to skin-tight vinyl and leather outfits to flimsy see-through catsuits. All accompanied, of course, by extremely high heels. My sleeping habits were also changing. I had always been a light sleeper and rarely remembered my dreams. Now, I was sleeping deeper than I had ever thought possible and my dreams were filled with unsettling and surreal images of bizarre sex parties with me as the willing and eager main attraction.

Over the course of several days, I fine-tuned my new sexy strut and learned the most sexually suggestive ways to bend over, sit, apply suntan oil, etc... Moves that I had learned as a child and perfected as a man were no longer appropriate, I was told. My reeducation was tweaking the signals going back and forth from my mind to my new body. Basic, automatic movements were being adjusted to coincide with my new, sensual, and definitely feminine, outward appearance. By the end of the first week, I was walking, talking, and moving like the goddess of sex herself. Every word out of my pouty lips, every movement of my nubile body oozed sex... naturally! It was becoming automatic; I didn't even have to think about it. I was amazed that I had acclimated to my new female environment so easily and completely! I still had my male mind (they were never going to get that away from me!), but every signal I sent from my brain to my body was translated as female. I was even doing my own makeup and hair. Derek never seemed affected by my developing sensuality, in fact, I never got one word of encouragement from him at all that first week, just demands on how I should dress, walk, wear my hair, etc... I was beginning to wonder about him. How could he not be turned on? I was driving myself crazy with lust! In fact, I was near the breaking point trapped inside that luscious cocoon. I just kept telling myself to hold on for one more week and all this would be worth it.

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By far the most humiliating experience came at the end of the first week. I knew Derek was planning a small get-together of some of his cronies, partners, you-name-it. I had assumed that he would have me posed near the pool as usual wearing little more than a sultry smile and a few inches of fabric... with the occasional stroll around the house, just to make sure everyone got a good long look at Derek's new prize. But the outfit that lay waiting for me on the bed that day wasn't a micro-bikini. In its place was a pair of frilly, French-cut panties, black fishnet stockings with garters to hold them up, black patent leather pumps with spiked 6-inch heels, and a French maid's uniform! The skirt was so short that it would barely cover my crotch and it definitely wouldn't cover all of my ass! The top of the dress was cut to push my boobs together and up so they were exposed all the way to the nipples. While I struggled to squeeze into the costume, Freida entered with my instructions for the day. As I feared, I was going to be more than distant eye-candy today. Today, I was going to be an active part of the gathering as the one and only servant. I was to fetch and deliver all drinks for the guests (all male of course). Freida also made it very clear to me how I was to

behave, move, and respond to the guests. It seemed that Derek had suspended his “hands off” policy for this social gathering. In fact, groping the help was encouraged today, and I was to in no way discourage them from enjoying themselves.

My stomach churned as I minced through the men, dreading the inevitable first grope, wondering if I was going to be able to keep from screaming, throwing up, or who knows what. It finally came when one half drunken lout finally got up the courage when he couldn't resist fondling my ass as I bent over to serve a drink. I knew what was coming as I could see his reflection in the martini glass on my serving tray. Inwardly I panicked as I waited for his hand to make contact, wondering if my training had prepared me enough to cope with the humiliation I was about to experience. When it came, no one could have been more surprised than me. Instead of the cold, lecherous pawing I had expected, his touch on my ass sent shivers from my nylon-encased toes to my suddenly erect nipples. Almost instinctively, I leaned back into him a little, allowing my fanny to nuzzle his hand a little longer... prolonging the sensations. It had nothing at all to do with my training. My frustrated libido had been forcibly kept in check for over a week, but now I had my first sexual contact of any kind since that first day in front of the mirror... and I liked it! In the span of a mere second, I fantasized that his fingers were deftly working their way into my dampened panties, pushing them aside and plunging deep into my pussy as I spread my legs and lean back against him to keep from collapsing as my knees go weak.



His touch on my ass sent shivers from my nylon-encased toes to my suddenly erect nipples.
Almost instinctively, I leaned back into him a little, allowing my fanny to nuzzle his hand
a little longer... prolonging the sensations.

My fantasy comes to an abrupt halt when I catch a glimpse of Derek eyeing me from across the patio with a mocking grin on his face. Snapping out of it, my training kicks in as I turn my head unflinching toward the guest, who's hand is still resting on my ass, smile softly and say in my best French accent, "Will there be anything else, Monsieur?"

The lout pulled his hand away with a weird look on his face, as if he was unsure whether to be proud of himself for groping the help or pissed that he wasn't getting more of a rise out of me. Either way, he never groped me again that afternoon. However, I had plenty more opportunities to relive my fantasy that afternoon as nearly every other guest took their turn in groping my ass or "accidentally" fondling my tits. One brave soul even openly propositioned me, promising me a "long" break for all my "hard" work. In my best pouting French accent, I informed him that I could only service him further with the express permission and consent of the Master of the house. He smiled and walked away.

Later that night, while I lay in bed softly caressing my nipples beneath the sheets, I wondered what I would have done if he had gone to Derek and permission and consent had been granted.

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I had finished my morning workout on the eighth day (half way to the money!) and had just finished my sauna. I was curious to see what kind of outfit Derek had picked out for me today. When I first saw it, I could feel a sultry smile spread across my face because it was the sexiest outfit yet, and I knew exactly how I would look in it. Laid out for me was the sexiest little lingerie outfit I had ever seen: a plum-colored lace bustier with garters, matching lace top stockings and ruffled lace gloves, and of course, a pair of boudoir pumps with 4-inch stiletto heels. I slipped into the bustier, wrestled it into place, tightened the laces running up the front and snapped the lacy g-string into place down between my cheeks and my furry little mound. The underwire cups made my breasts even more erect and pronounced than they already were. I slid each long leg into the stockings, snapping them in place with the garters and then stepped into the pumps. Finally I slipped my forearms into the lacy gloves. After fixing my face and hair to accommodate such an outfit, I stepped up to the mirror and took a long look at myself. Suddenly, a cold realization crossed my mind which froze my smile and I could feel myself becoming very nervous and afraid. Everything about the image in the mirror said, "Fuck me!" And I was sure that was what Derek had in mind! This was finally it! I had been suppressing this possibility for a week, but now I finally had to confront reality. I was finally going to have to really earn that \$950 K, but I wasn't sure if I could actually go through with it. I headed slowly toward the library, where I was to meet Derek. On the way, I kept thinking about the money and what I could do with it. I also thought about the consequences if I didn't live up to his expectations. I'd end up ridiculed, broke and female for the rest of my life! I kept concentrating on those thoughts as I entered the library and saw Derek sitting in his chair by the fire, wearing a robe. He looked up and smiled when I entered.

“Come, little one,” he said, “Stand before me and let me gaze upon you.”

I felt myself trembling as I walked across the room and stood before him. He motioned for me to turn, so I did the slow, sexy turn that I had been doing for him all week in other outfits. He looked over me carefully, and smiled again.

“Perfection! Sublime, sensual perfection! I am extremely pleased with your progress, little one,” he cooed. “As a matter of fact, I am so pleased, that I have decided to reward you.”

I had a good idea what his “reward” was. Did this guy have an ego, or what? I kept thinking about the money — it was the only way to get through this.

“Remember how much you enjoyed yourself in front of the mirror last week?”

I nodded, somewhat suspiciously. How could I possibly forget? I had been aching for a repeat performance all week, but his damn rules forbid it!

“Well, I’ve decided to allow you to “enjoy” yourself again.”

My eyes opened wide. Was he serious? Was I really going to be able to go back upstairs and defile myself into oblivion?



I felt myself trembling as I walked across the room and stood before him.
He motioned for me to turn, so I did a slow, sexy turn.

But why the negligee if he was releasing me upstairs on my own recognizance . It did feel great, though! Seeing myself in it and feeling it against my body had made me hornier than I had ever been, and now I was finally going to get a chance to do something about it! A weeks worth of intense sexual frustration was about to be released! I could feel my self-control slipping away as I anticipated what I was about to do to myself upstairs. Even though I tried to stifle it, I could feel an eager grin sneak onto my face.

“This time, however, you re going to do it the right way.”

My smile faded. What the hell was he talking about?

“This time, under my guidance and direction, you will achieve heights of pleasure that you never could have imagined before.”

“Under your guidance?” I stammered. “You re going to watch?” My reward had a catch!

“Watch you? Why, little one, I’m going to do more than just watch, I’m going to direct! Your lessons thus far have taught you how to act and behave as a woman, and you are doing just that — acting like a woman. Your lessons are now entering a new phase where I will teach you to enjoy being a woman! As a woman, the most glorious thing you can experience is the female orgasm and I plan on teaching you ways to experience it to the fullest. As my sub you must remember two things: one, there is nothing more joyous for you than pleasing me; and two, there is no place in your new life for inhibitions of any kind. This afternoon, we will combine all these lessons into one as I direct you through your self-indulgence here and now in this grand hall.”

I was stunned! Right here? Right now? In this huge room where anyone could just walk in? I wanted to protest, but knew I couldn’t. I wanted to masturbate so bad, I could almost taste it, but the conservative side of me (what little that was left) was fighting it. Unfortunately for me, I had already loosened the floodgates and now I could feel the headwaters churning full speed ahead. I needed to do this. No, I had to do this or I would go stark, raving insane! And if this was the only way, so be it! After all, he wasn’t going to actually touch me or anything. He d be happy... I d be ecstatic...

Nuff said.

“Touch yourself, little one. Feel your tight, nubile body. Run your hands over every part of yourself. Feel the silk and lycra pressing against you, form-fitting your perfect and responsive body.”

I followed his instructions. I started my fingers at the straps that reached down from my shoulders, sliding them along and beneath until they reached the tight silk and lycra bustier painted on me. My hands spread out over my middle and then started to converge toward my crotch.

“Not yet,” he ordered. “Direct your attention to your breasts for now. Stimulate yourself further before giving in to your desires.”

My hands (reluctantly) stopped their southward movement and worked their way back up to my now heaving breasts which were straining against the material. My fingers danced over the exposed flesh spilling from the top of the bustier. I slid them inside the garment and felt my hardened nipples straining to be released. Moisture was forming in my g-string.

“Loosen it, release them,” he instructed.

I deftly untied the laces at the top of the bustier and loosened them some, allowing my breasts free to assume their natural, unhindered and perfect form. I rolled my nipples between my fingers... they were like small pencil stubs now. The feeling was incredible! I let out a soft moan as I eagerly grabbed my tits and began massaging them together. Although I wasn't paying much attention to him, I could tell Derek was immensely pleased by my moans. I was now leaning against the sofa and he was sitting directly across in an identical chair, examining every move I made, every sound, every expression... and loving it.

“Now, remove your panties,” he directed. “Expose your female essence to me.”

I eagerly clawed at the snaps holding my sopping wet g-string in place. Hearing the last satisfying snap, I pulled them between my thighs and let them drop to the floor. A musky odor immediately wafted past my nostrils and I inhaled deeply... the aroma of a woman in heat! As the odor filled me, my need for satisfaction intensified. I wanted an orgasm, and I wanted it now! My fingers were already entangled deep within my funky, moist bush, searching for relief, when Derek's voice stopped me cold.

“No!” He ordered firmly, like a master scolds his dog who is misbehaving. “Not yet.”

I stopped. No, actually, I obeyed! Despite my primal, half-crazed, lust-induced yearnings, his orders pierced through everything and I obeyed them! Without a second thought or hesitation, my hands stopped their probing and I looked over to him, my heart beating wildly, my breasts heaving as I tried to catch my breath.

“Here!” he again ordered, motioning me to spread myself out on the sofa. I didn't know what he had in mind, and at this point, I didn't care. I crawled over the arm of the sofa and turned over... my head propped up by down-filled pillows, my silken-clad legs and high heels stretched out before me.

“Continue, but at my pace only!” He emphasized. “You must become intimate with yourself first before you can truly enjoy yourself. Explore yourself, but do not penetrate!”



My hands returned to my damp, bushy mound and began exploring every inch of my pubic region. I twirled my fingers in the moist, curly, blonde hair... occasionally brushing the lips buried deep within.

I didn't answer, I didn't even nod. I acknowledged his commands by carrying them out immediately and precisely. I couldn't think clearly enough to even consider disobeying. My hands returned to my damp, bushy mound and began exploring every inch of my pubic region. I twirled my fingers in the moist, curly, blonde hair... occasionally brushing the lips buried deep within. Every touch sending a shiver throughout my squirming body. I then began gently caressing them, rubbing my fingers around them like the rim of a wine glass. And like the resonating glass, I was also starting to emit a tone. It started off low and guttural... more of a vibration than a sound, and slowly built to a low moaning and cooing sound emanating from deep within me. It was the closest thing to ecstasy I had ever felt in my life! A constant flow of pleasure flowing through me. I looked up into the mirrored ceiling and witnessed an exquisite sight: my glorious body stretched out on a designer sofa; my full, unencumbered breasts reaching into the air; a delicious bustier ensemble highlighting my long legs and tight waist; my long blonde hair flowing around and framing my perfect face; a face that was wearing one of the most satisfied smiles I had ever seen on a woman. I knew then why Derek was enjoying this so much.

My smile spread as I realized that, as satisfied as I was at that moment, we had only just begun. I hadn't fully achieved orgasm yet, and I knew Derek would eventually lead me to it. As if on cue, he then advanced my "exploration" to the next level.

"Enter," he said gently, but firmly. "With one finger only. However, you are not to cum unless you have my permission. Understand?"

"I understand, master," I murmured happily, not really understanding at all.

I eagerly slid one finger past my quivering lips and began probing. Remembering my experience a week ago, I went immediately to the spot and began massaging... slowly at first, then faster. I could feel it building... the imminent explosion... I began to pick up the pace when suddenly...

"Stop!" He shouted.

I stopped. My clitoris was throbbing in anticipation. I was semi-delirious but I was still obeying every word, no matter what my body was screaming out for.

"Your finger," he said slyly, "is a popsicle. Show me the proper way to enjoy a popsicle and I might let you continue."

I pulled my finger out of the thick, funky juices and held it up in front of my face. Smiling like a little girl with a candy cane, I slowly licked the side of it. The musky aroma was now a taste and both permeated throughout my taste buds and olfactory senses. The effect combined to overpower the last shred of self-control left in me. At that moment, I would have done anything, anything at all, to fulfill my need to achieve orgasm. I licked my finger again... and again... slowly, sensually, eagerly. I then slid it into my mouth, taking it in as far as possible, and slowly withdrew it, softly licking the tip as it emerged from my lips. I fixed a sexy gaze on Derek as I repeated the motion over and over, accenting it with an occasional suck. He was delighted! He rose from his chair and approached me on the sofa as I continued to suck on my popsicle. He picked up my free hand and placed it on one of my breasts and nodded. I immediately returned to massaging and rolling my nipple while sucking on my other hand. The combined effect was keeping my stimulation level at a maximum. He returned to his chair to observe and I was surprised to realize that I was almost sorry he hadn't done more with me on the sofa.

"You may re-enter," he said after awhile. "This time with two fingers."

My happy-little-girl smile was replaced with a seductive you-wonderful-man look as I deftly slid two fingers inside myself and began massaging again. I didn't want to be stopped again so I worked it slower this time... my fingers probing deeper than before. It started almost immediately... the building, the accumulation of intense sensations. I could feel it welling up within me.

My fingers moved faster.

I was already past the point I had been last week. At the time, I didn't think it possible to hold out any longer. I knew that whatever I had felt then would pale in comparison to what I would soon experience.

My fingers moved even faster.

I could feel sweat dripping off my face. Across from me, Derek sat watching, his eyes dilated as he gazed at my writhing body on the threshold of sheer and complete pleasure. How far was he going to take me? It couldn't be humanly possible to endure much more, could it? The human body, the human mind wasn't designed to take this much!

My fingers worked furiously.

My sense of reality seemed to be shifting. All logic and reasoning were gone. My only thoughts were deep, primal urges... pleasure, passion, lust. My whole existence centered on the immediate fulfillment of these physical needs. Everything else was gone. I wanted to cum... I needed to cum... I had to cum! My body tensed up... my back arched high above the sofa cushions... I was on the precipice, when I heard Derek's voice piercing the fog.

"Would you like to cum, little one?" He cooed from his perch. I think I managed a nod and an affirmative grunt.

"I said," he repeated, "Would you like to cum?"

Somehow I managed to form words, "Yes... master... I would like... to cum!" I was in agony and ecstasy at the same time. The feeling was incredible but being held captive on the brink was torture!

"Then beg me, little one," he grinned, "Beg me to allow you to cum. Beg me as if your life depended on it!"

And I did. I begged, I pleaded with him through eyes soaked with tears and sweat. My body trembled as it held its position arched above the sofa... only my head and feet actually touching the cushions. I begged from the depths of my soul... crying to the gods for his permission, his approval. I offered up and surrendered my self-esteem, my body, my soul... everything, just to experience the pleasures he had promised.

"Please Master!" I finally cried out. "Please grant this one permission to cum in Your presence!"

I was finally broken, and he knew it. With an extremely satisfied tone, he finally spoke the words I had been praying to hear.

“Cum, little one! Cum for me and let your life be changed forever! Cum and experience the first of an infinite number of sensual pleasures we will explore together!”

For an instant, there was a calm. The resigning calm experienced the instant prior to being caught up in an advancing explosion. Then... it hit...

A tidal wave slammed into and through my body! Every muscle locked as I arched high into the air, my nails ripping into the sofa fabric, my toes clenching inside my pumps almost bursting them from within, crying out to the sky in an unrecognizable tongue! Wave upon wave coursed through me... each as intense as the previous! Juices were flowing from within me, over my hand, onto the sofa... I didn't care... I was in ecstasy! As the waves continued, my body began to quiver and tremble and I could feel myself losing consciousness. I refused to pass out! I couldn't miss an instant of this total perfection! Willing myself to remain conscious, I nursed every ounce of pleasure out of my first real orgasm. I absorbed it, and in doing so, allowed it to absorb me. It fed my hunger but at the same time increased my appetite. I wanted more! Oh, I wanted so much more I couldn't stand it!

I lay there on the sofa purring, my mind and body still reeling, when I became aware of Derek standing over me. I opened my eyes and looked into His and smiled. The look on His face told me what He wanted... what I wanted. I reached a hand up and He took it, helping me up from the couch. I stood before Him and leaned my face up and He kissed me deeply and passionately. I returned the kiss and slowly slid down the front of Him until I was kneeling before Him. I parted His robe, exposing the prize I sought. I stroked it lightly with my fingers, feeling it throb beneath them. Its already immense size increased as it sprang to attention in my hand. I ran both hands over it, feeling every contour as it continued to grow. As I watched it straining towards me, a small drop formed at the tip. I moved my face closer, extended my tongue and carefully licked it off. Instead of swallowing it, however, I kept it on the tip of my tongue and then proceeded to wet my full, pouting lips with His glistening pre-cum.

A small moan emanated from above, signaling His approval of my actions. I placed my freshly wetted lips around the tip and swirled my tongue over the small orifice, collecting every drop that oozed forth. Sensing His building pleasure, I wrapped my hands around the base of the shaft and took it all into my mouth. I wrapped my lips tightly around it as I slowly withdrew it, then plunged down onto it again... and again. The throbbing in Him increased as it got warmer and warmer in my mouth. His moans increased in both speed and intensity. I could feel it welling up inside Him. I could tell He was ready to explode and I was preparing to eagerly accept all of it when He suddenly pulled me off and stood me up!

For an instant, I was face-to-face with Him. His eyes were glazed over, His breathing heavy and His robe down around His ankles. He then pushed me savagely onto the sofa! He stood before me, glaring down at my body stretched out before Him, pure animal lust in His eyes. I smiled up at Him, spread my legs wide and reached up to accept Him into me. In one deft movement,



In one deft movement, He thrust Himself into me! I cried out as He plunged deeper into me than I had ever been penetrated before!

He fell on top of me and thrust Himself into me simultaneously! I cried out as He plunged deeper into me than I had ever been penetrated before! The feel of Him inside immediately returned me to the ultra-aroused state I had been in before. My mind began to cloud again as He pumped furiously in and out of me... my legs wrapped tightly around His waist, pulling Him deeper into me. My nails clawed into His back as His thrusts penetrated deeper and deeper... seemingly trying to go through me. Our animal-like movements became uniform and fluid as I thrust up in exact rhythm to His downward thrusts. Both our minds were void of rational thoughts. Our primal instincts had taken us over, pushing us to the ultimate expression of physical pleasure. His tempo changed and I knew He would cum soon. As if on command, my body adjusted to match His. I was now on the threshold as well and felt myself tightening around Him.

Suddenly, He gave one final thrust and His body stiffened. I felt hot liquid pulsing into me as He let out a long, satisfied moan. Almost simultaneously, my own body erupted into a screaming orgasm equal to, if not more intense, than the previous! After what seemed an eternity of mindless sensations, we both lay there for a moment, gasping for air. I opened

my eyes and looked up at Him, feeling the post-orgasmic afterglow surround me, when I noticed the devilish look in His eyes. He lifted Himself up slightly and slowly began to withdraw from me. As a virgin (now deflowered), I had no idea what to expect, but I was somewhat surprised to see that He was still far from flaccid. Before I could say or do anything, He thrust His still hard cock back into me! My sensitive nerve endings screamed in both pain and pleasure as He hammered me over and over again! Another orgasm quickly built-up... and exploded within me!

He didn't stop.

He was working like a man possessed. Pushing Himself into and through me... over and over again and again. Another orgasm grew and blossomed! Then another... then another! He was like a shark devouring His prey... mindless, nothing but animal instinct. He was feeding off me... using my sexual energy to fuel His own. My body twisted below His in a frenzied, horizontal dance of pure, sublime pleasure. My mind, however, had become tapioca, lost to a fire that seemed to devour my very soul. In that moment, I changed. The person I had been was no longer. In fact, I was barely a person anymore. I had become more of a thing, a possession, a tool. My whole existence centered around the need to serve His will. I had become nothing more and nothing less than a physical extension of His will. My will was gone... my soul was His. With this realization, my body gave up one final, violent shudder, and I was enveloped in blackness.

When I awoke, I was back in my bedroom, wearing a robe and lying on the bed. Derek was sitting nearby, smiling.

"You have surpassed even my expectations, little one," he beamed. "I couldn't be more proud!"

His approving tone sent a thrill through my body and I leapt from the bed and took my place kneeling next to His chair, nuzzling His leg and purring like a kitten. He reached down and pet my head.

"I want to give you something, little one," He reached down and fastened a snug choker around my neck. It was about a half-inch wide and contained one small diamond centered in the middle of the fabric.

"You are mine now, little one," he cooed as he pet my hair. My purring got louder as I snuggled closer to Him. "This diamond represents the pleasure you have brought me today. As you continue to learn and please me further, I will add another diamond to your collar each time you exceed my expectations. You will find me a firm, but fair Master. If you hope to continue to please me and keep my favors, you must continue to learn, grow and develop your talents. Do you understand?"

"Yes Master, I understand," I sighed happily. Of course I understood. I knew what was expected of me even before He said the words. I knew that I was going to have to learn and practice new skills and techniques in order to keep my Master pleased. That

was my purpose... that would always be my purpose... it had always been my purpose, hadn't it? Of course it had... it was all I could remember... all I wanted to remember.

I smiled as He gently picked me up and lay me on the bed. As I fell asleep, I heard His voice comforting me.

"Sleep, little one," he whispered. "Sleep well. We have a lot of work to do tomorrow."

SIX MONTHS LATER

In a luxurious mansion outside the city, guests at a ball thrown by a reclusive philanthropist are treated to yet another debaucherous and hedonistic affair. As usual, all their needs and wants are fulfilled in the manner they have been accustomed to receiving at such parties. Highlighting the ball are the enigmatic host himself and his stunning companion. Especially his stunning companion. She stands nearly 6' in her 4-inch heels. Her blonde hair shimmers about her head. Her laughing, baby blue eyes greet everyone who enters. Her long evening dress is a masterpiece in white lace. It barely covers the nipples of her more than ample breasts and then continues down along her exquisite form, hugging and revealing every curve. It reaches to the floor, but a slit running the entire length up to her thigh exposes her long, lovely legs. The dress is unlined, so the sheer nature of the lace provides guests with a not-so-subtle hint of what lies beneath it. Perhaps the most striking part of her ensemble, however, is her jeweled choker wrapped snugly around her long neck. It is perhaps a half-inch wide and is encrusted throughout with small, perfect diamonds.



She stands nearly 6' in her 4-inch heels. Her blonde hair shimmers about her head. Her laughing, baby blue eyes greet everyone who enters. Her long evening dress is a masterpiece in white lace.