

MY MISTRESS, MY MISTRESSES

CLARE PENNE



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A Story of Female Domination and Male Submission

By

Clare Penne

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Introduction

Cassie & Jane

What is it with red-headed women in my life? Two of them taking me on, not pure redheads but reddish hues to their hair, my wife with her strawberry-red hair and my mistress with more of a coppery hue to her ginger locks, some darkness showing through from underneath, both of them with thick locks.

Both of them had similar styles of hair, the length falling on to their shoulders and curled in underneath, Cassie's, my wife, shorter by a couple of inches and more of a masculine bob cut. It had been long, cascading down her back, but the change in our relationship saw her taking on much more of a masculine approach to life and her looks, short hair being just one of the visual expressions of what she wanted as a metro-sexual person.

Both their eyes were greyish in colour, Jane's slightly greener as a background tinge in nature, Cassie with narrower eyes and more of a pronounced nose than her new live-in mate, the three of us in a troilistic relationship now under the same roof in Vermont.

The same was true with their lips, Cassie again with thinner and wider ones than her counterpart, making for an attractive smile, Jane's fuller and rosebud in nature, highlighting her more turned-up nose tip, and then their chins quite similar, as were their high cheekbones and the hint of freckles under their eyes, Cassie with redder eyebrows and lashes than Janine's, hers being quite brown in colour.

Their height at five-foot six and seven was just about the same and their skin

colour was nearly identical, that familiar pale skin that one gets with redheads, some difference in their freckling – and in their body-shapes and especially breasts. I mention breasts as that was quite an issue at the outset and change all-around became part of our lives.

Through our relationship, until recently, Cassie had always been quite voluptuous and curvy, a 36DD, 28, 38 with large pink-purple areola and nipples and with a full bottom to her, ideal for face-sitting and worshipping.

Frankly, what she wanted was what Jane had, a smaller poitrine and more of a boyish shape to her, Jane a 36A, 26, 36 and more of a straight up-and-down waist as well as what the Americans would call a bubble-butt, her cheeks taking one more into the love valley of her bottom. Conversely, Jane wanted more of what Cassie had. How can so many girls never be satisfied with their shape?

Jane's nipples were prominent in their setting, slightly smaller but perkier than Cassie's but also the same shade of pink-purple, as were mine as well. I too was of a red colour but sandier in my hair colour, my skin also that Scandinavian fair tone.

It was quite a sight in the streets of Burlington, Montreal, Manchester or Stowe to see the three of us together, redheads, the two girls holding hands and with me usually on a chain, either of them holding me. Less of this though, let me finish their descriptors.

The two women were quite long in the leg, shapely thighs to both of them tapering down from their bottoms, Cassie with a slightly larger shoe size and a recent propensity to wear trousers and leggings most of the time, Jane favouring dresses and skirts.

However, where they were very different was in their sex areas, their vaginal regions really chalk and cheese when they were compared against each other. Jane's was neatly sculpted, thick outer labia turning sharply inwards to leave a slit, one that needed teasing open to find her cunt, her clitoris though quite prominent and looking like a mini-cock when erect, her appearance there exaggerated by the ring piercing in her nerve-stalk that she had had way before we had met. And, above that love point, there was her mons pubis, her coppery pubic hair shaped into a landing strip surrounded by permanently depilated pale skin.

Then there was her perineum running down to a small anal rosebud, that as fair as her skin, just the hint of wrinkling of her sphincter to guide one's tongue inwards.

Cassie's was much more lush and open and always had been, large inner labia opening up her wrinkled vestibule and her cunt entrance, often open so that, quite easily, one could see straight in there. This meant that she had a natural need for large cocks or sex toys to satisfy her, something that I had never really been in a position to deliver and, before I met Jane, the one area of sexual experimentation was based around this need to pleasure her in that we used sizeable dildos, vibrators and penile extensions, even a dildo shaped one and behaving like a knotting dog's penis in our collection.

Cassie rather liked that toy, the bulb in the shaft inflating to simulate the dog's grip to ensure that she was fully stimulated and the semen held in her.

Her clitoris was a large and wide button, hidden underneath her hood until tongue-teased or fingered out, a morass of strawberry-ginger hair above it extending upwards towards her belly button, her triangle nearly reaching it, a little seam of pubic hair coming right up to where her umbilical aperture lay, the whole area covered in thick and wiry strawberry pubes that held her copious cum that regularly oozed, whereas Jane easily could spurt.

Cassie loved having such a pubic bush, her view that it kept Pietrina and me alert to servicing her and realising that she was all-woman, even if she did demonstrate a leaning towards becoming more male-like and, as time had progressed, this want for more masculine sex had increased, encouraged in part by Jane.

Cassie's anus was like her cunt, quite open and prominent, her sphincter truly wrinkled and her skin nearby a deeper pink hue, the actual inner ring the colour of her nipples and the inside of her inner labia and vestibule. All of this could be possibly explained that her bottom valley was deeper than Jane's and that served to hold her natural sexual aroma and wetness to a higher degree.

Her one recent change had been the insertion of three silver stud piercings on each labia, this done to add more friction when she had sex with Jane, her subby girlfriend Pietrina or any male lovers that she took on, our marriage having moved over to being an open one and allowing her to seek out cock that satisfied her, a strong preference for powerful alpha men evident in the relationships that she took on.

It is that opening up and change of relationship that I will explore here, change very much the operative word, in part catalysed by my fateful meeting with Jane and following on from a candid and detailed conversation with Cassie as to our sexual wants.

I should add that how I fitted into all of this from a physical perspective was that I was the smallest of the three of us, five foot three with a slender frame for a man, slightly smaller in the chest than both women at thirty-five inches and now sporting C cup breasts with perky nipples, twenty-six on the waist and thirty-six on the bottom, ideal for wearing panties as my bottom had always been full and feminine, as if I had been blessed naturally with feminine fat in the right places.

Inside my panties comfortably sat my cock, no protrusion from the side elastic of the leg holes or waistbands, my clitoris as it was termed now a mere three inches when erect and down from its previous five, this driven by the hormones that I had been on, both women looking to sissify me and turn me into their submissive woman and housewife.

I now looked like a woman and was expected to behave like one, my future having been radically changed by these two women in my life. I was the one with the long red hair; I was the one with the feminine features.

Long since had gone my male wear, all my underwear ceremoniously burned, most of my clothing given to charity, their expectation being that I should always look like a girl and be prepared to render them the service and worship that they expected, to them or to whoever they chose, male or female and always in a submissive capacity, the key thing being their satisfaction first and not mine. My pleasure could come later, my orgasms to be more feminine in nature and always at their behest, not mine.

One may ask why Cassie and I married – that's simple, it was more a meeting of our minds, a deep friendship rather than a sexually driven one, and that was where this story of feminisation and submission to more powerful women in my life begins, one fateful Saturday late-afternoon in October 2012, the location a favourite restaurant in Montpelier, Vermont.

Since I had met Jane, I had been transformed by both of them working in cahoots into a sissy submissive, far more of a woman than the man that I had been, two mistresses now dominating my life, the expectation that they would take me through to having a cunt and wiping out any trace of Kaden Morgan Hudson, MA MBA D.Phil. FCA, Investment Banker, and a career-man driven by his deals. Kaitlyn Cassandra Janine McIntyre-Probert as my passport now said,

sexual status 'F' and no question about that, even birth certificate, driving license and other identification changed to reflect who I was, Cassie and Jane's girl, a submissive and compliant girl committed to becoming their woman.

What a change it all had been. For the better or for the worst and, as time passed on, favouring the former as I became more and more acquainted and used to the role being asked of me – very much female and the girl who stayed at home.

■

Chapter 1

The Conversation

I was born in Scotland, not that far from Perth, my mother single at the time, my father having been involved in an accident three months before my birth. It was she who named me asexually 'Kaden Morgan' and I grew up with two elder sisters, finding myself dressed as a girl and then, later on, kept as a doll for my sisters' play.

I guess it was back then when the seeds of being bisexual were properly sewn, my sexuality also in question and, I have to admit, I felt more comfortable in knickers, blouses and skirts, and dresses than boys' underpants and shorts, the same with nighties compared to pyjamas and my mother and sisters allowed me free rein to live as a girl when I wanted to.

My situation wasn't helped by being small for my age and I have always been so. It led to some ragging at school, particularly when I took on female roles on-stage and my voice being late to break and, even with that, still quite high-pitched and able to sing as a counter-tenor. My bacon was saved by being particularly academic, the recipient of a major scholarship and able to help my schoolmates with their maths, along with being a joker and a talent with a cricket bat.

However, two things shaped me as a late teenager, one being a master taking me aside to coach me in his house but soon dressing me as a girl and having me give him blow-jobs and offer up my boy-cunt, the feeling of a cock in my bottom rather a pleasant one once I was used to it and could accommodate him. I spent many an hour in female mode and being fucked in my arse, as if I was his daughter, gay sex ever so appealing.

The second event was two of the sixth form girls, Joanna and Moira, taking me aside and slowly coaxing me, alluringly so it has to be said, into their lingerie and outer clothing, a number of cross-dressing sessions taking place over my A-level years in their bedrooms and involving copious submissive oral sex with things like face-sitting, soixante-neuf and daisy-chains that re-ignited my love of female clothing and the feel of panties around my bottom, never mind being in the presence of girls and all things girly.

It brought home a clear message, the realisation that with these two controlling me, and Mr. McManus too, that I was bisexual and submissive to go with it.

I went to University, Oxford actually to read Mathematics, a fairly sterile time relationship-wise, some dabbling with both sexes, my college, Wadham, fertile ground for LGBT activities, the one affair of any substance that I had being a relationship with Peter Downing who introduced me to what an eight and a half inch cock felt like inside me, my usual role to be en femme for him, both in public and private, his favourite position to have me face down into the bed sheets, bottom raised and my boy-cunt, as he termed it, open to finger and rimming play before he 'took me' – his words.

I came to appreciate that sensational feeling of jism being unloaded deep in me, Peter affirming his domination by making me sleep in a nightie with him, a butt plug to hold his sticky sperm in there.

My undergraduate degree achieved, I went on to read for a doctorate in mathematical economics and it was during this time that I met Cassie, who was studying for a Masters in Law. We hit it off as friends and that's what we were until I was finishing my studies with an MBA at the Said School, close friends mind you, sharing our thoughts and emotions.

Cassie knew that I was, in theory, bisexual even if I had been economical with the truth about the depth of the relationship with Peter, more that it was a fleeting experimental thing probably following on from being taken by Mr. McManus, she being quite interested to hear about what I thought it was like to be buggered.

She also knew that I had an interest in lingerie though not to the full of extent of wanting to live in it or my interest in the gussets of women's panties, used of course. Our relationship was consummated one autumn evening, a lovely supper at her house, and then the two of us lounging in her sofa when a Sapphic film went on TV, 'High Art.'

Our interest became cuddling and kissing, Cassie taking the lead by disappearing to her bed room only to emerge wearing a silky cream basque holding up dark brown stockings and the panties that she had been wearing on display in her hands, the triangle of where her pussy and mons had recently lain clearly presented to me. She was also holding a second pair that were knotted up in her right hand.

She gave me a kiss, ordered me to open my mouth and inserted the knotted pair, the taste of her gusset immediately filling my mouth and, with one deft movement, had her panties over my head. I was led into the bedroom, stripped, and she mounted me.

Nothing was mentioned about my size, though I knew that I was inadequate for her cunt, given its architecture and not least the diameter of toy that she could take.

To cut a long story short, we married, the basis of the relationship very much as close friends, the sexual side almost secondary to our ability to share things and laugh together. Perhaps that is the most important thing.

Sexually, I guess we found a way to satisfy Cassie. This was based on a lot of oral sex, some face-sitting, the occasional use of her used panties to entice me, dildos, vibrators and penile extensions. However, like many couples, I guess our frequency of having sex slowed down with the pressures of work and the daily routine of life.

Cassie and I moved to the States, to Boston first, Cassie having qualified in intellectual property and copyright law and offered a great job with Bernstein, Bernstein and Liebowicz, though it didn't take me long to land my own job with the First Boston Bank in investment banking, a combination of my MBA, accountancy qualification and risk appraisal as in actuarial risk coming to the fore.

Financially, our life took off, two high income earners, two challenging jobs and rapid promotion, our weekends and downtime taken travelling, a little skiing and generally recovering, it was no wonder that our sex life receded even further into the distance, the two of us frequently away from each other on business trips and, when together, collapsing into bed, a quick kiss and firmly asleep in seconds to wait for the demands of the five-forty-five alarm call.

Six years of this lifestyle and it was during a short holiday to Bermuda that we realised that we were heading for burn-out, even though we had accumulated quite a pile of money and investments and, we realised, enough to live very comfortably on.

Something had to change though, perhaps something had to give as well, and Cassie and I started to explore options.

It was an opportunistic meeting with the Chairman of the National Life Group at a conference in Washington D.C. and then dinner with him in the Georgetown Ritz Carlton that led us to think seriously about moving to Vermont, to work in Montpelier, the state capital, living not that far away in the beautiful resort town of Stowe.

Possibly coincidentally, Cassie was offered the chance to become more of an independent advisor so, three years ago, we made the leap of faith, moving to Stowe, having found a gorgeous Federal house, and taking up our new roles, a lot less pressure on both of us. This was very much for the better and we jumped at both opportunities.

It was some ten weeks after we had moved in to the house, this all finished now after some extensive modernisation and decoration, that Cassie proposed that we meet for supper on Friday evening in Sarducci's, a well-known and long-established Italian restaurant in Montpelier overlooking the river. This place had quickly become a firm favourite, its Mediterranean-inspired menu with generous portions of pasta hitting our buttons when we wanted a casual dinner.

I arrived second, Cassie sitting there at a quiet table in the bottom half of the restaurant, a bottle of Amarone della Valpolicella to hand, two glasses already poured.

We kissed and I sat down, grateful that work had finished and we had the weekend largely to ourselves, a chance to relax. Soon we had 'Penne with shrimps and scallops' and a Fettucine alla Pollo on order.

It was Cassie who took charge.

“Look Kaden, actually I wanted to have a serious chat with you this evening and perhaps we can use the weekend to help shape things somewhat. I want to say at the outset that, whatever, I love you and all I ask is that you don’t say no, that you will think about what I am going to suggest and be honest with me – and yourself.”

This pulled me up – I wasn’t expecting a major debate but there was obviously something bugging her. I also recognised the tone, her measured pace of speaking and her ‘look,’ as if she had gone into ‘legal’ mode.

“So what is it, Cassie? What’s bothering you?”

She ignored that last second throw-away question.

“I want to start with a little positioning. Nearly three months in from moving here, I think that we have done the right thing, certainly in terms of the house and work. There isn’t the same pressure on both of us here as there was in Boston and I love the area, as well as the people that we have met – far more laid-back and casual and I like that. I adore the house too and, though we aren’t all the way there yet, we nearly are.”

“Well, I agree with that. It’s great having more personal time as well. The only downer is the airport side perhaps. Burlington isn’t exactly a top destination for planes though, thank goodness, Montreal isn’t too far on.”

“True. I’m serious about my comment about loving you and I know that this may

hurt. I'm going to be direct and say that something needs to be done about our sex life. I need more, Kaden, and I've been thinking hard about it. Yes, your oral technique is good, I appreciate that and we've made up for your lack of girth with what we do but, Kaden, I am needing a real penis inside me. I'm also going to shock you but I also want a female touch me too and by that I mean intimately. Sorry if that is a bit hard on."

I swallowed – and it was hard.

"Am I hearing you right, you are wanting to take a lover, or lovers, outside our marriage?"

"Yes, Kaden, I do. And that's not all."

Now this really caught my attention.

"Apart from an open marriage where I can take lovers as I wish, I want a relationship whereby I lead – what they term a female-led relationship or a wife-led marriage. In fact, I become the husband and you become the wife."

"What and why?" I really was quite taken aback by what I was hearing, not objecting but shocked by Cassie's candidness.

"I've been thinking about this for some time. Look at yourself, Kaden, your size and physique, your characteristics, your kind nature – you'd make for a far better woman than me and I think that you would be a brilliant housewife, my wife."

“You want me to live as a woman?”

“Yes, if you want to – certainly mentally if not in physical appearance. I’d help shape and mould you and I am more than aware that it will take work from both of us to help achieve this. In a female led relationship it only comes when he, you, follows her, my lead. It means that I have to lead and I can’t assume that because you are submitting to me that I don’t have to change. I have to change to but in ways that are far different from you.”

“An example perhaps?”

“In the case of a female led home, our home the very words imply that I am in charge and you aren’t. But just because we have decided, ‘we are going to be engaged in a female-led-relationship’ or ‘I want to submit to you’ doesn’t equate with me being a good leader nor you being the follower I want. I will need to exhibit certain qualities - for example, here’s an important one.”

Cassie paused briefly,

“I need to convey authority. There should be no ‘ifs and buts’ as to who is running the show, who is in charge, who makes the decisions, who goes to who when asking for permission. The rub comes if you decide to buck the system but let me make it clear, I will punish you, hard. Yes, you will become my submissive wife. Yes, I will love you and I will continually remind you that my authority is an expression of love at my deepest level. You need a strong leader, Kaden. You maybe good at what you do but you need a woman to take charge of you. Telling you, ‘do you think it’s time for dinner or sex?’ will not cut the ice. It has to be ‘it’s time for you to make me dinner or to give me oral sex or to get on your back so I can either fuck you or face-sit you.’”

God, this was direct and quite a shock. I am sure Cassie knew that.

“I’ll tell you now. I want you as a woman, living like a woman. You have all the characteristics for it and I want you to go away and think about this and write down a confession to any crossdressing activities and all the rest. Two weeks, Kaden, two weeks. Don’t tell me you haven’t crossdressed in the past. Your sisters have talked, you know, and what did you go up the aisle in, a present from them?”

I was blushing now, the memories flooding back.

“Yes, something old, something used, something borrowed and something blue, normally a tradition reserved for the bride but what did they do, Kaden? They sent you up the aisle to me dressed in a pair of white and blue meshed panties, an old pair that began to Liz and both of them having worn them to make them used – and you liked it. Didn’t you?”

It took an effort to mumble out the response, “Yes, I did.”

“And you would wear my panties if I let you?”

“Yes.”

“And you love sniffing my panties and bras, don’t you? I still remember that first night that I stuffed your mouth with me and covered your head with a second

pair. Well, here you are.”

With this, she produced a pair of white, silky panties from under the table, the gusset obviously stained and she crumpled them up to place them under my nostril.

“My panties sniffing wife, my submissive woman, I think. I want you to think about this, seriously so.”

I had to divert her, for my own sanity.

“You want me to continue working, I presume.”

“That’s open for discussion, I think, Kaden. In time perhaps, no but for the meanwhile yes, as long as you can juggle the house and any work coming your way. Perhaps you need to think about what is the really high value work for you and shed the low-reward stuff in favour of your wifely duties.”

“I can’t believe that you really want to cuckold me, either male or female. Where did this come from or when?”

“Yes, it’s part of it and perhaps the real driver to change. I have no one in mind yet but then I haven’t been in the dating market for a while. To me, it’s very much an affirmation of my independence and my own sexual satisfaction and this is something that you can never deliver properly on as you aren’t big or wide enough. I have a large cunt and it needs servicing by someone more talented in

the sack and physically more demanding. However, Kaden, you will serve me, cherish me, even fluff for me and who knows where it will go as we progress and you will definitely continue with that talented mouth and tongue of yours, except that it will become more womanly. Have a think about this too.”

The meal had arrived. Thank God. However, Cassie carried on talking about vision in this and how much more rewarding it would be for both of us and, for her the goal was obedience and knowing that she was in charge, a thrill of me learning to yield to her will and how pleasantly surprised and supported in love that I would be.

And then she turned to her lesbian experiences.

I was surprised by this. To be truthful, I had never asked her about old relationships and, not once, had she volunteered that she had had some bi-experience with another woman. Fundamentally, I guess it was part of not talking to each other intimately – good friends but did we really know each other?

“It was before Oxford and when I met you, Kaden, when I was at Cambridge and in Girton College. Yes, I had had desires on other girls and female teachers at school but nothing came to realisation. However, as a fresher, I was hit on by one of the senior girls and taken under her wing, as such. There was a very active coterie of like-minded girls and, in ‘belonging’ to Marianne, I found myself traded or loaned out to them, the idea being to widen our experience and commit us to becoming full-on lesbians. At the centre of the circle were two of our tutors, much older than we were, lesbians through and through and one of them particularly beautiful, these two being into aspects of BDSM and training us in the arts. So yes, I have had some experience in bondage and the behaviour patterns that go with it and, yes, I am going to propose, no order you, that we will have a room in the house dedicated to sex and my control of you.”

I gulped at this. I had no idea of this hidden side of Cassie. I had taken her to be fairly prudish in bed, our sex as I have mentioned all about oral worship, limited penetration and some aspects of scent management. Certainly, she had not let me near her anus, given me blow-jobs, the old joke in effect that it would cost me diamonds, and absolutely no hint of restraint, domination and submission, or punishment and pain and reward.

What a mistake that this was.

“In fact, Kaden, one of the attractive features about you and why I went for you in Oxford is that you weren’t like the normal man. Physically and mentally, you were more female, I thought, softer, gentler, a better listener, and you spanned the gap between the two sexes and that I liked in you, an inter-sex perhaps.”

I was getting embarrassed now.

“Yes, I know our relationship has been founded on being friends and sharing, rather than sex. However, I do require it and properly so, with you as my submissive partner and loving at that, whereas sex with another man or a woman will be that, sex for sex’s sake. Do I make myself clear?”

“I think so.”

“My vision is that I see you as my submissive partner, completely under my control, even possibly as my slave. I found something on the web, which perhaps sums up how I feel and the way forward. It’s called ‘The Slave’s Mantra,’

Kaden.”

Without any paper prop and straight from memory, Cassie recited,

“She says, you do.
She commands you comply!
She decides, you obey!
She whips, you suffer!
She pisses, you drink!
She shits, you eat her shit!
She tortures, you undergo!
She speaks, you listen!
She requests, you fulfil!
She fucks, you cuckold!
She says oral, you deliver!
She orders, you acquiesce!
She leads, you follow!
She loves, you worship!”

I was impressed – things were definitely going to change.

The rest of dinner was spent talking about chore division in the house and more on Cassie's relationship with Marianne and her tutors, Sophie and Helen. In Cassie's brave new world, her vision was that I definitely would take on the housewife's role and would need to learn to sew or even basics such as hand-washing of her lingerie, one debate being whether we could find a housekeeper who would tolerate how we wanted to live and our respective roles. Once again, Cassie suggested that I seriously think about all of this and get back to her.

On her relationship front, she told me how she had been trained in girl-to-girl or woman-to-woman oral sex and how stimulating she found this, never mind receiving and using female-strap cocks, though now there were interesting alternatives on the market. She would expose me to more of this to elevate my technique even further, a suggestion that I needed to join fitness, dance or ballet classes, preferably female-dominated, to strengthen my endurance and also that she would look at ways to strengthen my tongue.

We came to leave having settled the bill, and return home to Stowe just over thirty-five minutes away up route i89 , Cassie giving me the panties that she had removed earlier. "Now come on, my potential wife, take in my scent and prepare yourself to be taken tonight."

The house we had bought was just on the west side of Stowe under Mount Mansfield and facing southwards, a rather nice contemporary build and what architectural enthusiast called minimalistic design as it used stone, glass and wood to embrace its mountain environment.

We had fallen in love when we had seen the building, essentially four distinct structures with glass connectors, the centre one carrying an enormous great room with a double fireplace and a beautiful, sophisticated kitchen. On entering the house this evening, with Cassie leading, my head immersed in her panties, I smiled wryly to myself in that this area was potentially going to be my main domain, this and the main bedroom wing.

What made the room stunning was the use of stone and old wood, the floor and doors with a slightly distressed look but adding a lot of texture. Off this room, another unit with a sitting room, study and downstairs bathroom, this connecting through to the guest wing and down to a pool and hot tub area with its own changing rooms and showers. There was also a huge mudroom as well and this utilitarian feature led through to the large garage, big enough for three cars.

This wasn't our destination though, Cassie leading me through to our wing, our master-suite, the bedroom sizeable, a study behind it and looking back up the mountain, the main sleeping area giving the hint that it was related to an English barn structure with its wooden beams, posts and white plastered walls and, at one end, a large fireplace and seating area with the fire ready to light.

The views from the windows and our own patio were stunning looking back over Stowe and to the hills to the south – now it was night-time with the twinkling of the lights of the town beyond.

The bathroom was spacious and modern, the distressed wood floors adding age to the sleek look of the bathroom furniture that oddly and revealingly had used glass, something that I had enjoyed in seeing Cassie naked in the bath or peeing on the loo.

It was true that this house had cost a small fortune but, in reality, it only meant the addition of half a million dollars after selling our Boston home and that had been far smaller, without the land and definitely with no maple sugar house in its lack of woods.

Cassie took me into the bedroom and told me firstly to undress, then to lie down

on the bed and take her scent in while she prepared a few things.

I obeyed – while I was stripping off, I could hear the bathroom toilet flush and there was some scratching around.

She took her time; I had been on the bed some ten minutes enjoying the aroma of her gusset, somewhat incredulous with what had passed earlier and wondering whether she was serious about all of what she had said and proposed. The thought of becoming her feminine submissive was both intriguing and rather scary – and what about my career options as well. Could I really go as far as she wanted?

Then there were the thoughts about seeing her with another man, his powerful under or over her, a substantial penis with its back ridge ploughing and out of her purple-pink love area, lots of Cassie's love-cum emerging and soaping up into bubbles between her cunt and his stiff cock.

The idea of Cassie with another woman was more acceptable and this had piqued my curiosity – after all, didn't most men want to see their wife or girlfriend wrapped in the soft folds of another woman and enjoying good lesbian sex. Fantasy material perhaps.

I was brought back into reality by an intense draught of the smell of Cassie's cunt finding my nose just as the bathroom door opened for her to walk in.

I'm sure my eyes were popping when I saw what she was wearing and then what she was holding in her hands.

She was dressed in black, an under-bust, high quality corset made out of leather, very plain but laced up at the back, her large breasts and stiff pink-purple nipples exposed to me, her cunt and gingery pubic area in its entirety also on show, her hair trimmed back into a neat cut though, the area around her clit and labia cleared though.

There were matching leg garters hanging down, slender ones and taut off the corset, these leather suspenders with steel fastenings clipped on to what looked like rubber stockings, black and shiny that they were, patent heels on too - with seriously spiked four inch heels so that Cassie would tower over me, the image a dominant one with a high degree of slut to it but an image that had cost a fair fortune.

Over her arms, I could see four long webbing-style straps with Velcro fastenings, and, in her hands, what looked like two dildos on straps, both black, one considerably bigger than the other, one of our larger penile extensions, a pair of her pink panties and then a ziplock bag that I guessed had more of her used panties inside, black in colour.

Cassie approached the bed, a big smile on her face.

“Now, my little wife, I want you to put these panties of mine on, just imagine you will be feeling my sticky cunt up against you and wrapped around your clitoris.”

She placed them over my ankles, and I hate to say it, and I helped her pull them up into place by arching my legs and lifting my rear. God, did they feel soft and good. Sparks were already going off in my mind.

“Now, I’ve gone and bought these straps on-line, Kaden – they are a temporary solution until we see if you like coming under my control, my femininely dominance, and we go out and buy some proper steel spreaders, cuffs, collar and that sort of thing, including some good quality chains. I’m hoping that you take to it and become a bondage freak – anyway, for now, I’m going to secure your ankles and wrists to the side of the bed and your movement will be seriously limited.”

This was said almost with a laugh.

On went the first strap, essentially a loop around my ankle and pulled out, the strap around our bed frame and then tightened before locking it off with the Velcro pad biting into the webbing.

Effective it was too and Cassie soon had me spread-eagled and surprisingly helpless.

“Good, now for your mouth toy. This is the real thing as I suspect, given your love of my pussy aroma and panties; you are going to enjoy this. It’s a mouth dildo.”

Cassie buckled the strap around my head, tightening it so the panel was secure over my mouth, a penile-like gag between my teeth and the main black shaft and head of the cock sticking up erect and inviting her pussy on to it.

She smiled, “That’s a better look for you, Kaden. You have a better looking cock

in play now, much bigger than that clitoris of yours. However, I'm going to blindfold you in a few minutes, once you have had a hard long look at my cunt – I don't think that you know your way around as you ought to and that's going to change as it will become the centre of your life, a lot of worshipping of it to come in the future.”

I was hardening up now, as the way she was looking and behaving, well I was finding it erotic. It was only the beginning though as Cassie climbed onto the bed and stood right above me, my eyes drawn up to the sight of her vagina above me, her entrance open now and showing her inner pinkness, along with all the folds running between her labia and up to her clitoral hood.

And she was already wet, very wet, the glistening of her pre-love juices and even the hint of some whiteness already. Not only that, her cunt aroma was cascading downwards and filling my nose, despite my mouth being blocked and the lower part of the dildo partly up against my nostrils.

After all, Cassie was a redhead and, as such, was one of those women who fitted the ginger stereotype of their cum and taste being stronger and more intense than most other women.

I knew that from previous experience of being under her and from her panties. However, here she was above me, visually dominating me, presenting her open cunt above me and letting me take her in, her labia clear of pubic hair for the first time in my memory, the rest of it a forest of wires as it wound its way up towards her belly button and deeper into the triangle, to be followed by the underside of her large breasts.

Slowly she opened her legs wider, her fingers playing with her cunt now and then wandering through her pubes, “I've been thinking about having all of this removed, Kaden, but then it does trap my aroma and send a message to you that I am the mature Domme around here. In fact, instead, I think that we should

have you permanently depilated as you are my submissive and you will be my girl. You'll look nicely younger, I am sure."

I was speechless. Cassie inched forward before turning around, the sight of her pink anus coming into view, and she began to lower herself down before suddenly stopping.

"Yes, here too, Kaden, you ought to get to know here as well as I want to feel your tongue and nose in my bottom, far more often than in the past."

I was now more than engrossed with the spectacular sight in front of me, Cassie in lewd mode, something that I had rarely seen and certainly wanted to encourage.

"I need to blindfold you now, don't I?"

She pulled off me, leant over and retrieved her bag to pull out two pairs of her panties, both black in colour. Before I knew it, she had placed the more intense pair over my head, the gusset into my nose with the waistline hemmed in the gap there above my lips and down to the mouth dildo.

A second pair followed and these went into position the other way around, the fabric on where her bottom had sat, blocking out most of my sight.

I was helpless now, unable to move, unable to see or even speak. I was completely at her mercy and there for whatever she wanted to do, my mind a

blank as it was wrapped up in the sexuality of the moment. There was also so much electricity in what was happening, our sex not usually of this originality or quality.

Cassie moved back over me – I could feel her moving on the bed and then I sensed her bottom coming right over me, her right thigh over my right side and she lowered herself onto my phallus, the weight of her bottom coming down on to my face, the feel of her love valley pressing through her panties.

I think that I groaned, a mixture of instance pleasure and trepidation, the fact that I was going to be used like this. This was unbelievable.

Not only did I have the sensation of feeling every thrust of Cassie on her new friend but also there was a clammy presence of her bottom right over me, the increasing dampness as her excitement grew and also the intensity of the smell of her cum as it percolated through her panties that were veiling me.

My body was so alive too, not helped by Cassie raking her fingernails over me and then down to my crotch, my cock as hard as it could get.

Cassie's riding of me got harder and, with it, she was pressing her anus in against my nose beneath, this making my captured and hidden face even wetter, more aromatic and stronger in her pre-cum, the result being in freezing my mind, Cassie bringing me up my own sexual mountain.

I felt her cum, a mixture of very strong spasms through her thighs and bottom, each one felt as it shook her and set her nerves on fire, and the flood that I had to take. Cassie normally oozed and I could only recall two other occasions when

she really let go and release a combination of sex water with its stringy cum in it. This one just had to be the biggest one that she had ever released, the proverbial Noah's Ark of a flood.

Surely she would release me now?

This wasn't going to be the case, Cassie continuing on to take two more small cums and then a second major orgasm, almost as worthy as the first one and adding to the steaminess of what I was being subjected to, a coating well and truly in her cum despite the panties between my face and her bottom.

Finally, I was released but only temporarily as she ordered me onto my tummy, my head in the pillows, one of those placed under my tummy to push my bottom up, the panties over my head still on and her cock, now slimy in her orgasmic stickiness, still hanging out of my mouth and what a sight that must have made for.

The panties that she had me in – those were unceremoniously pulled down and left hanging off one of my ankles, a reminder of my potential sissy role to her.

I could hear a noise from Cassie who had now got off the bed, just a minute or so and then she was back on it, well over me in fact, her body lying over my back. Then I felt her, her strap-penis that had been hanging off her arms when she had come back into the bedroom earlier.

God, she was going to fuck me, something she had never done before.

I felt the coldness of some lubricant being smeared onto my anal ring and then a cheeky finger pushing into my anus – followed by a second one. Once more I tried groaning and even speaking but I couldn't because of my penile gag, the feeling down there in my rear, one that I hadn't felt for a very long time and actually more than welcome, even if I was tight.

Her cock head appeared – I could feel it between my bottom cheeks and then pushing into me, Cassie taking her time to manoeuvre it in into me, a small push and relax followed by a little rest that just served to tease me, and then another and another.

Slowly she made it into me, opening me up, getting my boy-cunt to accommodate her cock that had some girth to it, the hard surface pressing on my walls. She began to thrust into me and withdraw, building her rhythm up.

God, I was being fucked by my wife and when I say fucked, really taken, memories flooding back of having the real thing in me on a number of occasions.

I didn't last long. All the pressure valves around my prostate had decided to go bang and an enormous surge went through me followed by an uncontrolled want to ooze setting in as my sperm jismied out and the rest of my seminal fluid followed, my mind freezing up as the orgasm found my brain, an orgasm of near-female proportions it has to be said.

And I came and I came, Cassie staying in me and slowly fucking me now, her weight of her breasts right across my back, her mouth nibbling away and kissing my neck as if I was a kitten or puppy and quiet whispers into my ear. "See, my new wife, this is what life will be like, far more creative, far more rewarding, especially as you will become a woman for me."

It felt like I had melted into a pool of cummy wax there and then in the bed. I was spent, taken and not knowing a sex session like this ever having taken place like this one between us. Maybe there was something in what Cassie was proposing?

I slept well, exhausted, my flaccid cock and bottom covered by Cassie's panties.

I slowly woke up, Cassie behind me, her left arm draped over me, as if I was her possession and then I felt that she was still wearing her strap, its tip pushing into my panties.

Was this what I wanted? - My wife would be playing the more dominant role in our relationship, determining how my life would be ordered, controlling me, calling the shots on our sex life and when sessions would happen, the promise that I would have to spend more time under her to worship her sex area, the discordant thing that she wanted other lovers to satisfy her.

The female side I could accept. I knew from my own experience that a gay lover could be a wonderful and rewarding experience and the thought of Cassie entwined with another woman or girl in our bed was rather enticing. But a man fucking her before my eyes or off-site at his place or in a hotel, could I bear that?

Also, to be fair to Cassie, I hadn't revealed the depth of the other side of my sexuality, what had really gone on at school and University – and especially the strength of the relationship that I had with Peter and the emotions involved in very much being the bottom to him.

Okay, the logical side of me was telling me that it was a normal desire to seek out a partner with a large penis when your lover couldn't totally satisfy you because of his four-and-a-half to five inches and when you have a large vagina that could easily accommodate two men of my girth in there.

However, the emotional side was saying no, the thought of Cassie's eyes closed in ecstatic pleasure as more intense orgasms swept through her and he, whoever he was – perhaps a nine or ten inch black man nearly swallowing her body under him or making her look petite as she rode his spike, her cunt stretched to the limit in both cases, her love-cum bubbling at the edges and then him unloading an enormous wad of sperm deep into her and holding his hard cock deep in her as she wiggled away to assist the little tadpoles to swim into her uterus and then fallopians as they sought out her eggs to try and impregnate her.

Perhaps it was that. We hadn't had any children yet and the subject hadn't really surfaced since a chat three years ago. Cassie was a successful lawyer and wanted to ride the crest of the way, her salary commensurate with the increasing complexity and success of cases that she undertook, the fact that companies, mainly men, would call her and pay for her flights in to sort out their technology protection issues.

Even though she was visibly a woman, I had noticed changes in Cassie beginning to occur. She always had had the personality of an avocado in a soft, considerate nature on top but, underneath, a steeliness or hardness that made her successful, an incredible ability to listen and then, once her mind was made up, the application and drive to get the results that she wanted, passion controlled but also there once she believed in the justice required.

To some extent, this was showing through with what she was asking of me now – that I become the female of the partnership, certainly in mind and maybe physically. How far did she want me to go was the question?

I had also noticed changes in dress occurring, her outfits becoming more masculine in the sense of more tailored suits, the wearing of pants, less female blouses, the use of roll-neck cashmere tops at the weekend and then much plainer lingerie, usually black, white or skin-tones, no lace and for both bras and panties, - and less use of stockings, tights the preferred mode if she had to wear hose. Even her corset last night had been one of those that was quite stark and plain in appearance, the concession to femininity being the thin leather suspenders and the way it had supported her not-inconsiderable breasts (and these she had talked a few times about having reduced) and the higher cut-out around her mons area to flaunt that red pubic hair of hers, leading down to her prominent cunt area.

I felt Cassie stirring and the next thing was a kiss from her to the right side of my neck and ear and then her hands tugging at my panties to pull them half-way down my thighs.

Cold gloop found my anus followed by her fingers to massage it in to me and then she pushed to insert her cock into my boy-pussy once again. God, she was going to fuck me again – how long had it been since we had enjoyed morning sex?

She was soon in me and, once more, I felt her grinding and thrusting away, her large cock head serving to stimulate me and drain off any fluid that had accumulated overnight and, more importantly, to fuse my mind into a brain orgasm, the type of orgasm that she said afterwards, over a mug of coffee, she wanted me to develop, “More female and more satisfying, Kaden, more appropriate to the role that I want you to assume, once you have made your decision to accede to my proposed way of life and relationship that we can enjoy.”

“I promise that I will give it thought, Cassie. I was thinking about it before you woke up. I’ll say upfront though that the one area that I am really uncomfortable

with is your right to take on other partners.”

“Can I add three of points of clarification on that, Kaden, and this may appease or help you in your thoughts?”

“Go on.”

“Firstly, you have to be comfortable with this – I am a long way off finding anybody, I can assure you. There are three or four paralegals and secretaries in Bernsteins’ that I wouldn’t mind having for lesbian companionship or being with them in bed but I have treated them as eye-candy for masturbation purposes as I shouldn’t dip my pen in the company ink, should I?

“No.”

“Secondly, whereas I would prefer a girl to share another side of my love with, it isn’t or won’t be that with another man. They will be there for good sex only. Okay, I may share dinner with them, drink with them, dance and eve flirt with them but this will all be in function of getting their properly-sized cocks inside me and enjoying transactional or physical sex with them. The love side is reserved for you and you should remember that, though there may be some side-benefits for you such as cleaning me up or whatever goes with cuckolding. On that I feel quite strongly.”

“Thank you and what’s the third?”

“I know that I have said I will choose who I develop a relationship with, be it short or long-term, male or female and we will manage how you fit in to it, on

the proviso of what I have just said about love. However, I am not discounting you having lovers too, though they must have my approval and blessing. They could be female or male and will be very much oriented to developing your female side. You have never really told me what went on in your past male-to-male experiences and I would like to know those.”

I was blushing now.

“In fact, Kaden, as a precursor to giving me your agreement that we should proceed into what will be a femme-dominant relationship, I would like to have some idea so I can sense how important a male or men will be to you. Could you do this for me before committing?”

How could I say no to that?

Chapter 2

Ottawa & My Fateful Meeting

The weekend was interesting. Apart from one more protracted face-sitting session to begin the Saturday, followed by breakfast, the weekend was given over to sex and food, as well as a shopping expedition on Burlington, Cassie's objective to begin to build my lingerie wardrobe.

Our target store was the strangely named 'Bertha's Church,' a high-end store selling a mix of American and European brands, Cassie knowing the manageress there, having visited the store a few times on previous trips to the city.

To say that I was nervous and almost humiliated was an understatement, Cassie making it known to both myself and Arianne that we were shopping for me and not herself, Cassie spending a few minutes with her to brief her on what was happening and what she was seeking, a wry smile on Arianne's face when she came into the front of the store to lead me off to a private fitting room, Cassie holding my hand.

At Cassie's insistence, I had dressed for the day in her panties from yesterday so that her cunt and its aroma was in close proximity to me, as well as one of her older camis, one that was more feminine, male wear permitted on the outer skin.

In the privacy of the room, with Cassie watching and making sure that I behave myself, Arianne asked me to undress, "down to your lingerie, Kaden, please."

I looked at Cassie and one of her stares suggested that I ought to comply, so I did, embarrassingly revealing what I was wearing underneath, no stockings though. I then had to step on her dais, as if I was some Barbie doll or model, Arianne armed with a measuring tape.

“Have you ever had this done before, Kaden?”

“No.”

“Well, there’s nothing to be worried about. I’ve had my fair share of crossdressers and trannies setting out on their long path in here, usually over the first embarrassing stages of it all, getting past what I would call the ‘collect, store and then slash and burn phase,’ the change being their coming out.”

“I guess so.” I relaxed a bit, Cassie’s presence reassuring and indicative of the relationship that we enjoyed.

“You have quite a feminine form to begin with, you know. I could shape you quite quickly,” turning to Cassie, she then said, “Get him on transformation hormones, Cassie, and I think you would have a nicely boobed and hipped female-boy partner very quickly. I do know someone here at the hospital that specialises in endocrinology, if you wish to have her name.”

“Thank you, yes please, but first I need Kaden’s confirmation and firm commitment to the lifestyle that I want to live with him or rather her, my wife-to-be, hopefully.”

Arianne went to work with her tape, close measurement of me, around my chest for three readings, my waist, my hips, bottom and thighs, noting down the results in pen in a small book.

“One question for you, Kaden, would you know your mother’s bra size?”

“Thirty-six DD, I think, Arianne, she was quite well-endowed.”

“Any sisters and their size?”

“Three, one at thirty-six DD like Mum, one at 34 D and the youngest a thirty-eight-inch C cup.”

“Thank you.”

Once again, Arianne turned towards Cassie who was sitting their across from us both. “Cassie, what she’s coming out as is a thirty-five, twenty-six, thirty-six. On her frame I would recommend a C cup for the moment to allow her to get use to having breasts and then go up from that, as my view is that, on hormones she will shape up to a curvy thirty-five D or DD and thirty eight on the hips with the weight transfer, her waist reducing by one to two inches. She could become quite a pretty sexual hotpot.”

Arianne put her left hand under my chin and pushed my head back, commenting, “And with a little eyebrow arching, cheek lifting and a small tracheal shave and voice-box tightening, she would be very pretty indeed, especially when this thick

hair of hers grows out and becomes even thicker.”

God, this was mortifying to hear, Cassie very accepting of what she was hearing though. I was cringing within, to say the least.

We left Bertha’s for a very short walk down Church Street for Chico’s, the bags that we were carrying full of lingerie, Wacoal, On Gossamer, Natori, Freya, Eberjey and Fantasie, along with stockings from Gaetano Cazzola and even a pink long nightie from Eileen West.

However, the significant thing in the bags were a pair of foam breasts, Arianne’s suggestion being to try these out as C cups before graduating onto silicon ones, that to be part of my ‘signing up’ to Cassie’s want to dominate and take me into a female-led relationship.

I accepted these; after all, I wasn’t quite committing, not yet.

The final ‘indignation’ was Cassie getting me to pay for a pair of Chico’s ‘lux-twilled-crop pants’ in yellow, a black cold-shouldered tie top and a long matching cardigan to go with the women’s trousers, Cassie’s suggestion that I wear all of this for dinner as my outer covering, along with a pair of black ballet flats from Women’s Sofia shoes out of the Jellypop Shoe’s Church Street store.

Come the Monday, we were both travelling with a back to base for two nights, Cassie then away for Friday and Saturday, meaning that we only had Sunday night together the following weekend, our reward a three-day weekend to come.

I was due in Ottawa for the following week, an extensive financial appraisal on

an environmental investment into new fuels that we were looking at on behalf of a consortium of investors, both banks and private equity investors.

I had the luxury of driving to this project, the Hotel Fairmont Château Laurier in downtown Ottawa and close to the Canadian Parliament just under four hours away, and giving me the luxury and flexibility in transport, the project site just outside town.

Monday afternoon, evening and all of Tuesday was quite unexceptional, even though the project, the management team and staff were interesting, the days long as we tackled the work and the underlying risk issues, my evenings, after dinner twice with the owners, in the hotel reduced to a quick drink at the bar and then my bedroom.

The hotel was comfortable enough but not spectacular, the place reminiscent of what I would call an old-fashioned Brown Windsor Soup hotel if one imagined the old fashioned service that beset such railway hotels around the world. It was true that since I had first visited the hotel that they had improved the rooms, my club floor one actually quite pleasant and I had no real gripe with it, the legacy of its past being more in the reception area, restaurants and bar with extensive wood panelling and rococo decoration.

On the Wednesday evening, I guess that I got back to the hotel about forty-five minutes earlier than the night before, a rather nice Italian having been our dinner fayre, the Thursday night free, actually from lunchtime on, as I wanted to shape a final presentation for Friday morning, various representatives of the consortium coming into town for this.

I dropped my briefcase, threw off my jacket, opting for a casual sweater and went downstairs and up to Zoe's bar, the barwoman, Tina, pouring me a glass of

cold Sauvignon Blanc when she saw me enter the room.

I took a sip and then was aware of another customer alongside me.

I turned around to be greeted by the sight of a rather attractive woman, about the same age as Cassie and me, perhaps slightly younger. In many ways, she was quite similar to Cassie, the same height, her hair more coppery in colour, her eyes grey like Cassie's but with a slight tinge of green to them and more open, and her nose more button-like and her lips feminine with their rosebud shape.

I couldn't help but notice that their skin colour and freckles were very similar; however, the one big difference was that this woman was slimmer, almost flat in the breast department and, consequently, quite boyish in nature.

From what I could see of her bottom, she was much tighter down there as in having more of a bubble-bottom. One other similarity was that they were both quite long in the leg, part of them being five-foot six, seven. I could have taken her as a distant relative of Cassie's.

A Canadian accent greeted me. "Can I come and sit with you as there's no one else than those two queers over there in here?"

"Yes, do you want to sit down in an armchair or here at the bar?"

"The bar is fine. Thank you."

“What can I get you?”

“That looks like a Sauvignon Blanc and, if it is, that would be fine. Thank you.”

My new bar-companion shuffled herself onto the stool, rather elegantly I thought. She looked at me and smiled, extended her hand, and added, “I’m Jane by the way, Jane Morton.”

We shook hands.

“I’m Kaden, Kaden Hudson. Nice to meet you.”

“Kaden Hudson, those are two names that could grace any woman.”

“I know, the parental units, rather my mother to thank for that. My middle name is even Morgan.”

“Poor you.”

Jane’s wine was put in front of her and we ‘clinked’ glasses together.

“So what brings you here to sunny Ottawa?”

“I’m a senior trainer for Air Canada crews, training and assessment in fact, especially in front of cabin but I also handle ground operations. Even though I don’t need the job financially, I like the people element and the chance to travel.”

“I guess that there is plenty of it.”

“A fair amount, it has to be said but not excessive.”

“It’s not good for relationships.”

“I’m single, all woman, me, in the sense of being self-dependent. Now what about you?”

“Oh, I’m an investment banker, up here in town for a project and coordinating part of the financial side for a consortium of banks. I’m here all week.”

“Me too, and then back to base in Vancouver though I have been thinking of moving east.”

“I’m not that far away, living in Stowe, Vermont, so driveable in four hours or so on Friday afternoon, allowing for the weather.”

“Oh I know the town. I’ve skied Mount Mansfield and Killington, as well.”

We carried on like this, a light vocal dance around the proverbial Scottish swords on the floor, enjoying each other’s company, Jane admitting that she had been involved in a divorce, the split because she was too independent and me owning up to my relationship with Cassie and the state of flux that we were in, in part owing to the move to Vermont and it just being us. On either side, neither of us went for the drill-down, just an amicable exchange of information and the companionship over two glasses of wine.

We finished with a “Tell you what, Jane, I don’t know what you are doing for dinner tomorrow night but I am aiming to work on my presentation on Friday in the afternoon and I should be finished by seven-thirty and will need to eat. Would you like to join me for dinner, say around seven-forty-five?”

“That would be nice. Yes, yes please.”

“I’ll book something – any major dislikes?”

“Please not Indian but anything else.”

The bill was settled and we headed upstairs. Jane out of the lift first, being on the second floor. A simple, ‘Goodnight and see you tomorrow evening.’

Next day passed relatively quickly, the pressure on with final meetings to wrap up the analysis and discussion, a quick lunch with the crew and then back to the

hotel to finalise my presentation, just seven slides but ones that had to be meaningful and requiring careful thought.

By six-thirty, I had finished and was happy with what I had achieved; it was time for a night off and some relaxation to prepare my reserves for the following day.

I had time for a shower and to dress, a call to Cassie first though. She was down in New York and flying back to Burlington in the afternoon, so I would pick her up at the airport as I came through from Ottawa.

I wasn't going to lie when Cassie asked me what I was doing for the evening and whether I was working on my closeout or off for dinner with Pat and his team.

“Actually, Cassie, I've finished my work for the evening and about to shower and change for dinner. I won't lie to you but I've met a rather nice woman and we're going out for dinner. It was at the bar last night, the place dead and she asked me if she could join me for some company and we got on well. All above board and all that.”

“What's her name then?”

“Jane – she's not unlike you, looks-wise, her hair a little more coppery but about the same height as you. She's not quite as curvy but has a very pleasant personality. She's one of Air Canada's most senior air crew and handles a lot of the training for their top staff – actually, I think she's quite affirmative and comes across a little like Tasmin.” (Tasmin was the HR director of Bernstein and Bernstein and a good friend and work colleague of Cassie's, very much influential in allowing Cassie to operate more independently of 'Head Office').

“Okay, sounds interesting, tell me more when you pick me up tomorrow night. However, in honour of me, there are two things that I want you to wear to dinner tonight. Firstly, I want you to put on those black Eberjay panties that we bought for you, the Georgette string bikini with its flimsy mesh and lace will look good on you– and the Cazzalo tights, the chic lace stay-ups will also be appropriate.”

I think Cassie could hear me gulp at this proposition.

“This will remind you of me and also that you are in the presence of a beautiful woman – and you should be respectful and worship her. Report back, as I said, and enjoy your evening. Can you take a photo of yourself in them or, even better, get this Jane to capture you? Night.”

It felt odd to be sliding on a pair of delicate panties and even odder as to the stockings to go out for dinner with a woman that I hardly knew. What on earth would she say if she discovered that I was a form of a sissy or nancy-boy? God, if this was Cassie’s way of ensuring that I wouldn’t stray off my chosen path, then it was going to work, the feel of the lacy mesh against my bottom and my clit cutting into me a little, not unpleasantly so, an awareness that they were flimsy and not much more than a g-string or tanga.

I went downstairs just before seven thirty and there was Jane, dressed in a rather nice deep blue cocktail dress, some form of black stockings and her three inch heels meaning that she would tower over me. I complimented her on her taste.

Over a glass of wine, we shared our days, all rather civil and orderly and then we came to leave, Jane insisting that the drinks went on her bill.

We took a taxi over to the restaurant, one that I knew well and offering innovative French food, 'Absinthe' over on West Wellington Street to the west of the hotel and some ten minutes' drive away – or twenty-five minutes on foot, this not a night to be walking though.

In we went, the interior décor so typically that of Ottawa restaurants, bistro style and simple, just the fundamentals of dining laid out on the wood tables, the high ceilings in cream and giving a certain coolness to the room, a little bar are in the corner beautifully painted to give the walls an aged copper look and this adding to the mood of the place, rather artsy-fartsy but distinctive, the other walls in a dark sandy, almost orange hue, and dimmed white lamps hanging down from the ceiling off black chains.

We sat down to order, a bottle of their New Zealand 'Marisco' Sauvignon quickly on its way to the table.

Escargots and beef tartare to be followed by a pan-roasted Wall-eye and an Absinthe Steak frites were chosen, an Argentinean 'Andeluna' Pasonado to accompany this, or when we finished the white wine.

It was Jane that started it all, leaning across the table with a hint of wickedness sparkling in her eyes in the dimmed room, candles on the table.

"Kaden, tell me a secret about yourself, perhaps about you and Cassie, a sexual one and I'll let you into one about me. Deal?"

I must say that I baulked a little at this. However, she had posed the question, the very fact and the twinkle in her eyes suggesting that she was far from being a

prude, anything but.

A sip of wine for fortification and I spat out, “You may think that I am a complete pervert but Cassie order me into wearing panties and hold-up stockings for tonight.”

“No way – show me.”

“My stockings only, I hope.”

“Yes.”

I hitched up my trouser leg and let Jane have a feel.

“Mmmm, I like it very much. I love to see a man being feminised. It’s far better for all concerned, a woman in charge, the man submissive, obedient, and responsive to her needs. It’s all about firm leadership of the man, listening for him and teaching him body language – oh, and chastity. A man needing to release on the order of his mistress only is a far more compliant person – that’s the connection between cock and brain.”

This was interesting, Jane was showing her colours and at least she wasn’t put off in having a man in women’s underwear sitting next to her.

“What panties are you wearing then, Kaden?”

“A pair of string bikinis in black lace and mesh that we bought in Burlington in a big shop to getting me going on this route, Eberjey is the brand.”

“Nice. Tell me more about this. I’m assuming that this is a new angle for you guys?”

“Yes. Cassie and I have been together some nine years since meeting at Oxford University, married for seven of them and over here in the States for six of them. She’s a highly skilled lawyer, as I have mentioned. With the two of us holding down high-power jobs, with the rewards mind you, the pressure started to get to us in terms of our lives being all about our careers and not well-balanced as to the rest of life, not least our sex life – not that I am talking about separation or anything like that.”

“I can understand.”

“Well, we chewed the cud over this for a long time, did our exploration work and opted for a life in Vermont, the chance coming with a contact I made in DC that got me shifted up into the Green Mountains and Cassie being able to work more independently for her law company, thanks to a genial HR Director who is a good friend of hers. So we ended up in Stowe, having found a gorgeous house that mixes contemporary and old together and with lovely views down the valley and over the town – and not that far from the Mansfield slopes.”

“Sounds gorgeous, I’d love to see it.”

“The next thing was the move and all the fun of that and some time for getting settled in our new roles. It was Cassie that took the lead sexually and one evening, in a Montpelier restaurant, she proposed the change in lifestyle for us. In short, she wanted to move into a fem-dom relationship with me as her submissive wife, even talking about turning me into a woman and that I should work from home only on high value projects.”

“That sounds sensible.”

“And that she should have far more independence in who she makes love to, both in terms of more alpha-men and also, a high priority for her, in engaging in lesbian love. Jane, I’m physically a small guy and that is reflected in the sex department. Cassie, as I have said, is about your height but more voluptuous and down under has quite a big vagina and she and I both know that I can’t satisfy her as I should – we’ve been using penile extensions for quite a while for some semblance of proper penetration.”

“How do you feel about Cassie going out with another man – or a woman, as a matter of fact?”

“Well perversely, I’ve been in two minds about it.”

“Let me guess; the woman isn’t a threat, the man is.”

“I guess so. She’s explained to me that if a man takes her, inseminates her and whatever, it is purely transactional sex and has no love attached to it, whereas with a woman, she wants further to explore her feminine to feminine side and all that brings in terms of a relationship. I’m okay with that.”

“The power of the two women in your bed fantasy perhaps?”

“Yes, I admit that.”

“Well, Cassie is half right in saying there is transactional sex and sex for love. However, in both cases, there is an inherent risk that her love may shift in time, particularly if their relationship becomes very strong but that is a hurdle to overcome if and when it happens, Kaden, and to assume it will is a bit too far at this time.”

“Logically, I know that; emotionally, I am wrapped up in it. It’s a bit different to risk management around a new technology company.”

At this, Jane laughed, “I guess so. So where are you two then – it’s obviously more of a notion at the moment.”

“Well, the sex that Friday night and weekend as a whole was sensational, that I admit – and we bought some lingerie and things for me in Burlington, a fair spend but nothing outrageous at this time. No, Cassie has let me think about it and wants me to make up my mind shortly, also more of a history of my relationships with men in the past.”

“So you are bisexual then?”

“Yes, but I haven’t come out with the full extent of it to her, how it started and

my University boyfriend. At the same time, I haven't really explored her lesbian side, though she has been more forthcoming about that recently."

"So, before I reveal my secret, can I ask you if you wore your mother's underwear or your sisters' when you were young?"

"Yes – and I enjoyed it, it was all fairly natural, though some of their dressing of me, with their friends present, was somewhat off-putting."

"Humiliating?"

"Yes, that's a better word for it."

"So, have you lived as a woman? Do you want to live as a woman?"

"No and not sure on the latter, Jane."

"Well, for what it's worth, I think that you would make for a lovely woman, particularly with minor modifications like your eyebrows and your trachea, lift your voice at the same time, and I'd lift your cheekbones and make your nose a little cuter."

"The manageress of the specialist lingerie store in Burlington said something similar."

“From your angle, I would proceed. However, be honest with Cassie, totally open and no secrets, even how shocking they are, and let her take stock of you, your needs and the way forward. This goes for whether you proceed into femdom or not. You could do with some experience though and I may be able to help you bottom out your decision.”

“How is that?”

“I am a Domme, Kaden; I always have been - one who is principally attracted to women but also to some feminine men like you. I have experience at shaping submissives but I have no partners at the moment.”

“You’ve just taken me completely back. Not only do you have some similarities to Cassie in looks and personality but now I find you are a dominant woman. Goodness me. Do you still practice? For how long have you done this?”

“I’ve been a dominant woman since I was a teenager, Kaden. I knew it from my first affair, a lovely girl called Penny, and we dated each other for two years. At University, Western, by the way, I had another affair with one Adrienne who was seriously submissive, the two of us joining a local BDSM club where, as you can imagine in being only nineteen, we were very popular. I soon learned some of the ins and outs of dommeing, at least the physical aspects.”

“I’m somewhat an innocent in that field.”

“I know.”

“So you said that you have been married and then divorced.”

“Yes, ridiculously so in many ways, though it did set me up as he, Harry, got involved in quite a scandal with a pornographic ring involved in prostitution in Vancouver. It was all over the Sun, Daily World and local TV, especially as he came from one of the wealthier Vancouver families. I sued for divorce on a number of grounds and I got paid off, both from him and his family trust and a substantial sum to the point that I don’t need to work.”

“So why do you? Work that is.”

Jane giggled a little, “I graduated in Psychology and Business Management and I’ve always found personnel management and training interesting – it gives you a great insight into folk’s personalities and helps me underpin my want for psychological domination – and, yes, I have learned to show my softer side as a superficial skin but underneath there is ‘Jane the Domina’ or even ‘Marquesa’ as I have been called. I also am much more into psychological domination and modifying behaviour rather than overt discipline, not that I am afraid or unwilling to go that route. There’s also many other routes to achieving compliance inside a BDSM cell than whipping or cropping.”

“I don’t doubt that. So do you have boyfriend or girlfriend at the moment?”

“No – not even a trainee in sight. The last one was Christine, a submissive belonging to a friend of mine, a girl that needed some extra lessons to get her into a state of full compliance and ready to be loaned out, that being Maureen’s want with her, loans to other women, of course. It was a question of getting her fit and building her endurance levels plus a little surgery on her frenulum, the web that holds the tongue, to give a bit more flexibility and length to that.”

That was shivering material, a little more evidence that this woman in front of me would use medical expertise where necessary, the flashback to her comment

about my looks coming to mind.

We were through the main course now and we opted for some desserts, their profiteroles with ice-cream and chocolate sauce - plus a shot each of absinthe, this drink being illegal south of the 49Th. parallel.

“So, Jane, you mentioned helping me. How?”

Yes, this was advancing on dangerous ground, potentially. I felt it was worth exploring to gain an idea of what Cassie would have in store for me.

“It would be very simple, Kaden. I would have you visit me in Vancouver and live for a few days as a woman – you would bring nothing manly clothing-wise in your case. The question for you would be whether you step onto your flight from the States as a woman, as a pre-requisite would be that I would want you to enter and leave Canada in femme form. I leave it to your imagination as to outer dress but that challenge is possible.”

I gulped. “And while with you?”

“I said living as a woman – you could make it a shopping trip if you bring little clothing, but you would into visit a hairdresser, a waxing salon, manicurist, make-up artists and shoe shops, as well as a tranny club. You would also receive training in womanly ways such as walking in heels, women’s mannerisms, voice training and deportment at large. All of it would be geared towards mentally conditioning you and, if Cassie was to approve it, submissive sexual training too.”

Our desserts and the shots arrived, the service in Absinthe attentive but not intrusive in any way, a brief descriptor of the profiteroles given along with the history of absinthe.

Its flavour was strong, a French one was what we were sampling, a mix of aniseed and fennel to it on the tongue, a lingering after-burn and certainly no worse than green Chartreuse. To show our appreciation, I bought us two souvenir absinthe spoons, both of them sporting green fairies.

As to my head, I hate to say that it didn't spin and there were no green fairies after we had down the infamous liqueur. If there were any fairies, it was what Jane was telling me, her descriptors so intense and something that I had never imagined was out there, innocent that I was.

“Kaden, if you want to spend time with me, then you have to debrief Cassie about what I have offered you tonight and I would suggest that she gets in contact with me. Tell you what, give me her e-mail and I'll give you mine and we can and should have a conversation off-line from you, so that I know where she is coming from and to agree how far I could take your exposure and training while you are with me. It would be a drawing of boundaries.”

“So if I am understanding you correctly so, you would charge me for this?”

“That's a matter between Dommes, Kaden. You would be answering to Cassie as your decision-maker. It's not for you. What is important at this time is the honesty between you and her. I assume she knows that you are having dinner with me?”

Meekly, I said, “Yes, she does and she expects a report out tomorrow night.”

“Good, if she says yes, I would say that I would want to see from you is a minimum ten-page report on your sexual history, especially your gay affairs, the relationship with your sisters and Cassie – and why you think that she is interested in feminising and dominating you, as well as what you think that you are going to achieve by becoming submissive to her. This would be sent to me in the week before you come over to Vancouver.”

She looked at me, took me by the hand. “This isn’t a fantasy trip, Kaden, it is serious and its life changing – usually for the better for both the submissive man and his or her Domme. How far you take it is between you two but especially Cassie, for the longer you two work at this, the more all-consuming and embracing that she will become. What I am going to propose is that we terminate this chat now, settle the bill and have a casual drink back at the hotel. Then, we’ll breakfast in the morning as I want to check that you are still on-side with all of this – so you have some cool time to think before you leap, or rather your cock does. Okay?”

With this she released my hand.

I settled the bill and we caught a cab back to the Château du Laurier – it was a little too cold to walk it and, sure enough, we had a drink in the bar, two X.O. Cognacs this time. It was time to retire but there was still one thing that I had to ask of Jane – I had nearly forgotten the task that Cassie had set me.

On our way over to the lift, I asked her, embarrassingly so this was, “Jane, may I request a favour and there’s nothing here as to an ulterior motive. Could you consider coming by my room and taking a photograph of me on my phone in my lingerie? It’s something that Cassie requested.”

“It’s something that I will do but on my phone, and I’ll send it to her via e-mail on Saturday so you have time to explain what has happened.”

We exited the lift onto the Club floor, around the corner and then into my bedroom, my heart going at two hundred beats a minute. Once inside, Jane ordered me to remove my trousers, shirt and socks so I was left there in my stockings and panties.

Three flashes of the camera and she had me captured and then approached me, a kiss and a deliberate hand on my clitoris behind its black mesh and lace, this immediately stiffening me up.

“I can see why Cassie wants to cuckold you – just like your physique, you aren’t that big down there are you? That’s okay in my book as it will help make you for a very girly gurl if I have anything to do with it, rest assured, part of my equation being for a small as possible clitoris as a pre-op candidate.”

One more kiss and one more stroke of my now hard penis straining behind the flimsy material and she stepped back and took two more photographs. “That’s better, I’ll send one of those across too. Night, Kaden, see you at breakfast - say seven forty-five? You will wear panties for Cassie and me at breakfast, won’t you?”

With this, she departed, leaving me there in my feminine wear and feeling very embarrassed and red in the face.

What an evening and I went to bed and, I admit, I masturbated, a long stream of jism spurting out, visions of myself with breasts, something that had never passed my mind before.

Before I knew it, it was six thirty, my alarm call wakening me to the day ahead. Shower, dressing including a pair of cream Wacoal panties that Cassie had sent me along with, general grooming and a last going-over of my presentation and I went down to breakfast in the Wilfred restaurant, one of the nicest public rooms in the hotel with its views over the Parliament buildings and the Rideau Locks.

Jane was already sitting down, a cup of black coffee to hand.

“Morning, Kaden, sleep well? You may give a small kiss.”

I mumbled a yes, leaned down to give her a peck and sat down to order breakfast, nothing like an Eggs Benedict and black coffee before a presentation, all part of a ritual when away from base.

“Thank you for dinner last night. I enjoyed it and our little conversation on sexual secrets, more revealing than I thought it would be. So how are you feeling about it this morning?”

Talk about being direct, I knew that we had to cover this at some point but straight up and to the point that Jane was.

“Mmmm, well, I admit that I had to cum last night after you had gone.”

“I thought you would – that’s one area that I would insist on some control and I would hope Cassie would have the same objective for you. Her pleasure and orgasms, as mine, must always come first in this brave New World that you may be entering.”

I reddened at that.

“Talking of that, are you wanting to proceed and visit me shortly, Kaden?”

“I think so, Jane. In fact, I know so, as it would be a very good precursor to understanding what I am potentially letting myself in for, that is if you will take me on. However, I do need to talk to Cassie to what has happened here and that I will do this weekend and get back to you with some potential dates. However, when would you be free as you have your work with Air Canada.”

“With my role and semi-independence with them, I have more flexibility than you may imagine. I’m free say two weeks today for nine days and then in a month if that is any help.”

“Let me talk with Cassie and then I’ll e-mail you.”

“And, if you both are on, I’ll be in contact with her – oh, and don’t forget that I will need that paper on your history and wants from this, well allowing for those of your wife, which will probably run roughshod over them.”

“Okay, agreement it is then. The chat with Cassie may be an interesting one.”

“Perhaps it may be, perhaps not. By the way, are you wearing your panties for Cassie and me today?”

“Yes, a pair of cream Wacoal hisides, white lace up the groins.”

“Good girl. I appreciate that and I bet they feel good?”

“Yes, softer and silkier around my cock.”

“Your clitoris, Honey.”

“Sorry, yes.”

Breakfast over, we parted with a kiss and returned to our rooms. Fifteen minutes later, I had checked out and was en route to my client’s offices, not that far away from Ottawa airport.

Chapter 3

Cassie Decides

Six hours later, I was back in my car and settling in for the return drive, the presentation having gone well and followed by a lunch at the Ottawa golf club, a plan agreed for bringing one more investor into the equation, the consequential financing allowing some contingency on project spend, all the various gates for phasing the money over to the project in place, as well.

It was some three and a half hours to Burlington airport, crossing the St Lawrence at Les Cèdres and then the border at just north of the town of Champlain, the long bridges of the inlets of the lake of the same name to drive across as night was falling.

I pulled into Burlington Airport just before Cassie's plane was due in, our timing impeccable for once, the wait only fifteen minutes before she appeared.

We greeted each other, went to the car and agreed that we would hold off on any discussion about Jane until we got to the restaurant that we decided on, our decision to go for a quick supper before heading home, our choice being Harrison's in the centre of Stowe. However, upfront, Cassie did ask if I was wearing any of the panties that she had given me for the trip.

Harrison's one of those husband and wife owned restaurants that had already become a bit of a 'kitchen' to us - good comfortable, creative and affordable food, nicely upmarket in its clientele and friendly with it too, and a good bar and reasonable wine list.

We sat down in a booth, this for privacy, two glasses of Honig Sauvignon Blanc making their way quickly to the table. Mussels and Andrew's steak tips dish sounded ideal for both of us, a bottle of their Duckhorn Merlot sliding in on the order sheet as well.

"Well, come on, Kaden, tell me what happened."

I gave a run-down on Jane and what she was like, physically and as a person, Cassie with lots of questions for me, this making me realising how much I was missing in terms of the way a woman thinks.

Finally, we came to the subject of Absinthe and how she had sprung on me the trade of dealing in sexual secrets and how I had admitted what Cassie and I had got up to as my introduction to a little cross-dressing and Cassie's proposal that we now ought to enter a fem-dom relationship with me taking up the wifey role.

I mentioned how unsurprised that Jane had been about this discovering her interest in feminine domination and how she had evolved into it and, as such, the experience that neither of us had and how she had answered questions frankly and giving me some idea of the risks as to the relationship that Cassie and I had.

Then I got onto the crunch issue and that being Jane's offer to give me a short and sharp introduction to living life as a woman under a femme domme, stressing that Cassie had not only be up for it in terms of approval but actively involved from a distance, starting with various briefing calls and e-mails with the first one likely to be tomorrow if I sent a confirming e-mail over to Jane.

“Cassie, essentially what she is proposing is that I spend a week in Vancouver, a very friendly LGBT city, and I live as a woman all the time. She wants me to cross the Canadian border dressed for the part, i.e. in lingerie and perhaps wearing androgynous women’s clothing and, as such, I am to bring no male wear or accessories other than for shaving. If I arrive with a near-empty case, then she shall take me shopping for whatever female items I may require, as well as her work on my deportment, appearance and make-up, even the pitch of my voice. What she also talked about included psychological warping of my brain to think more like a woman – that scared the shit out of me, I can tell you.”

“Interesting, very interesting. I don’t know why you would be scared, rather welcoming of that I would say, as it will make things and your development easier. Did she say anything about sex?”

“She said that was a subject that she would discuss with you but that she could lead me into submissive training, if you so wanted. She was also very guarded about costs of this, a thing again for the two of you.”

“Good, so it should be. I appreciate that. So do you want to do it?”

“I don’t honestly know – I think it also depends on what you think and defining the scope of what is kosher and what isn’t – and maybe that is a discussion that you need to have with Jane.”

She smiled, rather dreamily so.

“I must say that it sounds quite a good idea and a chance to fast track you. I would want a daily diary of events to be kept, you know. So, at the outset, I am

up for it.”

“I feared you may say that.”

“So nothing sexual went on between you.”

“Other than a greeting kiss and, oh the photographs. She took the pictures of me in my panties and stockings that you had asked for and she did brush her hand over the outside of my clitoris, as she called it, three may be four times to make me stiff behind the mesh of the fabric. She’s sending those over to you as I gave her your e-mail.”

“Good. So you were hard.”

“You will see soon enough. However, I only came after she had left the room. She did make a comment about my lack of size and why you were doing what you have proposed, even down to the point that she could make me amazingly femme and, somehow, reduce the size of me.”

“Hormones for your breasts, Honey – I’ve been doing some research work on this, naturally so given where we stand. Knowledge and fore-armed and all that.”

“God, surely not.”

“Maybe, as it will make your more feminine in shape and mentally too and that

can't be a bad thing, a girly wife being my want. So how do you feel about what I proposed now, having had the fortune to meet someone who knows the scene or trade, so to speak?"

"Honestly, trepidation and maybe some interest. I don't want it to undermine our relationship though."

"Trepidation, I can understand, and as long as you are open as this is all about change management on both our parts. The relationship, well all I can say at the outset is that this is designed to strengthen it, even allowing for me having a lesbian relationship and maybe the occasional alpha man to satisfy my lust for decent cock."

"You did say that communication would be the key."

"Indeed I did, now about this weekend?"

"What about this weekend?"

"I want you to dress in lingerie for me and some clothing that is female but unisex. See how you like it – which I am sure you will after you have served me as my submissive. I've bought you a little clothing on my trip, Kaden, but what I am suggesting is that we go to Burlington again tomorrow and I have a surprise lined up for you."

"What's that then?"

“Wait and see but it’s something you will need to get used to wearing and it will be good for your trip to Vancouver, if I let you go but then that depends on my chats with this Jane of yours. She could be good for you and in accelerating you into what we both want, me as your Domme and lover, you as my submissive and lover with your mouth, fingers and mind, nothing else.”

Cassie laughed at her own comment. I could tell that she was set on doing this – to argue about it now would risk an unpleasant weekend ahead and that was the last thing that I needed. After all, we were only talking about a little bit of crossdressing and the promise of good sex again.

“Okay, Cassie, you are in charge of me.”

“Good, I had hoped that you would yield easily to me – we’ll have fun, wait and see.”

The rest of the meal, including a sumptuous dessert of Mississippi Mud Pie, was spent chatting about each other’s week from a professional standing and a comparison of our travels and hotel.

We returned to the house, having turned on the lights and upped the heat from Cassie’s laptop, snow worrisomely on the air, worrisomely as the first falls of winter were the dangerous ones as to ice and this could scotch the trip the following day.

Once settled back in, we both shared a glass of Armagnac in the Great Room,

the fire burning away in the grate, an ‘oh, to be home moment,’ Cassie turning to kiss me, rather forcefully so, perhaps her resumption of being my Domme.

Some fifteen minutes of kissing and a cuddle, she rose from the sofa to go through to the bedroom, her remark being, “Back in a minute and no playing with yourself, Kaden. I’m just going to get you a small present that I bought you and to get into something more comfortable.”

Cassie emerged ten minutes later looking drop-dead stunning, a black cami that was lightly meshed to reveal her opulent breasts and her large areola with her nipples already stiff. Its lower half was plain black, falling down over her waist and hips to reveal her mons, the oddest pair of black panties that I had ever seen her wear.

Cassie explained that they were called ‘C-panties,’ essential a sponge effect around the hem that held a black lace patch over her cunt with a stiff thong that curved up her bottom-valley to spring against her skin and hold everything in place, the resultant effect that there were no waist-strings or hem and that the upper part of her mons was naked.

She also had plain black hold-up stockings on.

In her hands was a box, wrapped in purple gift-paper, a white ribbon to it and a card hanging off it in the form of a heart. She handed it over to me accompanied by a kiss.

I read the card, ‘Something sexy for my feminine gurl, my submissive wife to be. Love Cassie, xxx.’

My eager fingers unwrapped the present to reveal a box. Opening that, there were reams of tissues and inside, a baby-doll nightie with matching string bikini panties revealed themselves. They were very delicate and came across as being a 1950's vintage, white transparent mesh with an underwire bra, the cups finished in a Tiffany-blue lace, very delicate white lace over the lower hem and the panties to sit beneath also in white with a touch of the pale-blue woven into them.

Cassie also produced my breast forms, a reminder that when I accepted her proposal, that these would be upgraded to silicon ones that would sit on my body, no adhesive needed to support them and that I would be expected to wear them full time, this the crossover to becoming a full-on transsexual woman in the process of transformation and living as a woman to qualify for eventual surgery.

“Before you say anything, Kaden, this is what I want you to wear to bed tonight, so change out now and show me what panties you have been wearing today. Then I want you to go under me and give me some nice tonguing – I’ve been itching for some oral pleasure all week, so I may be a little aggressive and very cummy with you.”

I looked at Cassie and rapidly took it in that she wasn't messing around. I stood up and, within twenty seconds, my shoes, socks, shirt and trousers were off me, the cream Wacoal panties that I had been wearing all day, the white lace running up my groin. The sight of me in this item of such feminine wear elicited a look of approval from Cassie, an eagerness in her eyes to have me in service.

Off they came and on went the string, followed by the baby doll with the foam breasts filling the cups to give me some girly shape.

Cassie took me by the hand and led me through the connector to our suite, candles

lit, the lighting dimmed, the bed turned down and, on the pillow, the panties that she had evidently been wearing all day, perhaps even two to add a little more of her aroma to her gusset.

“Onto the bed with you, Kaden, on your back.” I found myself bounded by the web-strapping to the bed once more, unable to move and there for Cassie’s pleasure.

Just as the last time, Cassie climbed onto the bed and stood over me, releasing her C-string and giving me a full ‘up-skirt’ view of what I was to expect, that considerable forest of red pubic hair, her lips and clitoris looking even more exposed, (had she been shaving again), the intricacies of her inner folds surrounded by her dominant inner labia and then her two heavenly orifices in her partly open cunt and down onto her anus, the place where my nose had slotted in when we first engaged in this form of worship.

She held her stance for some five minutes at least and then took her time in lowering her bottom squarely on to my mouth and nose, my mouth finding her pussy area and my nose tight against her rear love hole, her sex aroma ever so strong and near-magnetic to the way it was drawing me into her.

I caught a last glimpse of Cassie’s full breasts and her erect nipples from the underside, such a sight, and then she was down into position, just after I murmured, “God, Cassie, you are so beautiful, the most beautiful woman that I have ever touched.”

Whether she heard this, I do not know, as she was quickly grinding her cunt into my mouth and demanding my service, her anus riding my nose and imparting her second sex smell into me, so full of those appealing endorphins.

This was going to be a long night, Cassie out to please herself and release her week all over me several times, her pleasure, her orgasms and mind-freezes first. I could wait for my own cum, particularly if she took that penis of hers to me.

I flicked my tongue over the top of her lips imagining that I was already using it to fuck her pussy, perhaps I even did have some inherent femininely skills when it came to oral sex, the appreciation by look and feel of how she was sculpted in that love area of hers. I could feel Cassie having to restrain herself when I found her love-nub, this now stiff, alert and well out of its hood, a small cry of ecstasy to say that I literally was on the button.

I suspected that Cassie was teasing those nipples of hers, gasping at the mounting tension inside her body, the breakout of nervous electricity in anticipation of what was going to happen shortly.

I could feel her back beginning to arch – so much tension in her body, the want to explode and I was going to take the smear, the flood, her cream, the love-juice that I loved to ingest and worship. The first orgasmic waves of the evening were coming in, little spasms flashing around her body, her mind, nipples, thighs and even her fingers and toes as the nervous emissions broke loose, spreading like wildfire does and all consuming.

Her bottom was moving up and down over my tongue now. Oh, why hadn't she put me in that mouth dildo so I could properly penetrate that gaping cunt of hers, fill her up and take my reward in the form of her stringy cream.

A wave, a knot, of physical lust had hit her and ignited her body – she just wanted to surrender to the pleasure that I was giving her – my only moments of control being in how I brought her to orgasm in these final few seconds.

Goodness me, she was so close, everything ultra-sensitive and this demonstrated by the way she frotted her bottom and used her hands over me, my breasts in their nightie under assault, even her fingers darting under the baby-doll to feel my clitoris – but cleverly not letting it out of its womanly cage.

I heard her say, “God, I want to cum and hard over you, Kaden, my little lesbian slave. Go on, put your tongue up my wet cunt and I will explode for you.”

Cassie’s smell, her taste had me on edge too, primal urges kicking in, the want to be a man and fuck her but now reduced to the role that I was destined for, her fuck-toy, her fluffer, her submissive, and only there to please her.

In the interests of any orgasm that she may permit, I would allow her lovers, male or female, whoever she wanted. At this point, I just wanted to be locked in here, her bottom valley and cunt ever so omni-present.

In went my curled-up tongue and Cassie lost all control, her body rocking hard, shaking and shuddering now and her full weight on me, straining my ability to breath and, when I could, it was her infused air, her very sex and cum.

I refused to let go, continuing to push into her as her orgasm came, her flow of cum releasing and filling my mouth, my own mind now freezing at the very prospect of this. I felt her hand come down and began to finger her clitoris, teasing that, her rear lifting a little and yet another torrent arrived, coating both her swollen, pink folds and my face, the effect to help both of us into yet a higher state, perhaps even our own nirvana.

I took a deliberate, slow long lick and I could feel Cassie contract. This was it, the big one was imminent, her moans now powerful and filling the bedroom, her hips rocking over me.

It hit and it hit hard, a primeval scream of pleasure, the pressure of her thighs gripping my cheeks and we were there, cum everywhere, Cassie holding her breasts tight and then one hand slipping down to my panties to squeeze me, not wanting me to cum quite yet. She rode it out right over me - five, ten minutes, I have no idea, the need to snatch her cummy air when I could. It was all about her riding me and taking the warmth and heat of the journey through her body and mind, where her vagina and brain become one, pulling in other nervous points with them.

Finally, release came but only momentarily, a few minutes to regroup and prepare ourselves to go back up from where we had been, Mount Mansfield of the mind with all its snow and clouds, the white-out that we all crave. Pure ecstasy - who needs poppers with sex like this?

“Turn over, Kaden, on all fours,” Cassie releasing me from my bonds, “Hands and knees on the sheet, your knees spread so I have access to you.”

I felt just so exposed, a thrill passing through me, my foam breast replacements hanging down – and these weren’t even the real thing! Also, there was incredulity about this, as I knew what was coming, Cassie stepping into another strap, one that I hadn’t seen before.

She got into position behind me and there was some rustling of the sheets and vibrations through the mattress. Suddenly, I felt something hard pressing against my ‘clitoris’ and then moving backwards, down my perineum, to find my boy-cunt.

The hard shaft rubbed against my sphincter rings, a little push to start prising them open, firm short strokes from Cassie plus a little waiting to get me to relax, some lubricant also having been added to the tip of her cock and its shaft.

A long moan escaped my lips.

Suddenly, and with one quick motion, Cassie was inside me, her push hard so that her strap on went in deep, right up my boy-cunt. I screamed part in pain and pleasure, as if she was one of my former men pushing home with their hard, substantial cock.

I think it took six fucks and I began to buck like a woman, my bottom pushing back on her in wanting more. And I exploded – all the pent up energy of the last two days spilling out, my clit beginning to ooze cum, not a spurt but a continual seepage.

Cassie too was enjoying this as well, probably her high driven by the sense of control over me and that she was using me for her own pleasure; this was evident by her low moans that were adding to mine.

She let me cum and then withdrew, getting me to roll over onto my back again. Unhooking her cock, she came over me, her cunt pushed right into my face, her labia wet with juice, everything so beautiful and swollen and her cunt wide open, signs of stringy cum everywhere.

I pressed my tongue onto her, pushing apart her lips even further and ran my tongue over her clit, this causing her to push back even harder, her vagina moving up on me so that I found her cunt. I pushed my tongue in as far as I

could, Cassie responding with a series of strong spasms and waves of her latest orgasm taking over – and yet another facial coming my way.

I guess it was some ten minutes that Cassie held her position over me, both of us wrapped up in each other, even if one of us had a more dominant position than the other and was thoroughly in control of her submissive.

I could live with this; if this was what life would be like, then sign me up.

We separated; another kiss and Cassie's arm around me, a suggested clean-up and I went and prepared some hot towels to bathe both of us down, Cassie first and then my face, Cassie insisting that I keep her cum over my mouth and nose.

I was to sleep in my baby doll and panties – for Cassie, once she was clean, she rose from the bed and came back with new pyjamas on, quite masculine in look being grey and white stripes but still female with a curved collar and the trouser-part with no flies and a wide elastic band.

“From now on, Kaden, I am going to wear jammies like this. However, you will be in nighties, no male wear whatsoever and this will be the same with your lingerie. I'm sure you will find this very workable and sensual.”

With this, over came her panties, the ones that had been there on the pillow when we came into the bedroom, her cum on my face acting as a light glue in holding them close to my nose and her gusset impregnating my nostrils with that intimate scent of hers.

I was to sleep like this, the power of her personal drug over me, the idea to build familiarisation and want to spend all my time in there, between her legs and offering my services at her altar.

Surprisingly, despite this wonderful bombardment, I was soon asleep, perhaps her scent to work on me at a subconscious level.

Her panties were still on me next morning and I lay in bed, Cassie still asleep, taking her in and not wanting to move, my body still exhausted from the physical and mental efforts of the night before, the knowledge that the day ahead would also be full of sexual 'stress' as well.

That began the next morning, not because of the sex but what Cassie wanted me to wear, in particular the lingerie. She had bought it two days before, an upmarket lingerie store in Washington D.C., her choice an Éprise de Lise Charmel one piece bustier with full cups, thong panties and stockings from their 'Beauté Romantique' Collection.

It was ivory in colour, the basque well supported by under-wires, the one-piece made of gorgeous guipure fabrics and lace accompanied by embroidery, a distinctive V running down from each breast to the top of where my mons lay, the pieces designed to sculpt feminine curves on most women though, in my case, helping me to achieve them at the outset.

Cassie had me depilate my body, insisting that when I signed up that I needed a programme to remove my body hair permanently, the feeling of high quality lingerie against my body being rather sensual and amazing, an instant erection of my 'clitoris' guaranteed.

I was to wear women's elasticated pants, soft in feel and in black with a white pattern to them, not the most masculine of clothing I had to say, my footwear being ballet flats and, on top, a cami and then one of Cassie's thick cashmere sweaters, it being distinctively wintry outside.

I wasn't sure how I felt about this, the feeling that I would stand out like a sore thumb in public and be the object of stares and comments about 'why is that man so girly in his dress,' Cassie telling me that most folk wouldn't even notice and, therefore, to shut up and just get on with it.

I should say, at this point, I didn't think that we, or rather myself, could pull this one off. However, we set off for Manchester, in Southern Vermont, a well-known discount centre but more for women's outer clothing than lingerie.

This was just over a two-hour drive, Cassie driving, in her jeans and a plain black jumper, very much the masculine-looking *domme* that she wanted to be, underneath her lingerie being Ellen Tracy and very plain, black in colour, at that. A compression bra and a pair of very plain brief panties and she was happy, this reflecting closer to the role that she wanted to take with me.

We arrived in Manchester and I have to admit that I didn't stand out in the proverbial crowd. I guess that, in part, this was a consequence of the weather and that my thick outer clothing was masking what lay beneath, a man dressed as a woman, a man whose *Domme* wanted him to become a woman who would pursue her until the end of the world, certainly from a sex angle, than he would have ever imagined.

Whatever, Cassie had me covered as to the way that my mind was working, that wonderful conflict now between being locked between her thighs or, slavishly, possibly giving her love as a man, perhaps a feminine man.

I hated to admit it, but Cassie had me exactly where she wanted me at this time.

Manchester, Vermont, is one of those major discount centres that women just fall in love with, second only to Woodbury Common – that one being not that far from West Point, and like Woodbury, Manchester offering a plethora of brands well-known in the States and even Britain.

Never mind that this was the home to Orvis, the up-market hunting apparel company, Manchester was full of discount shops such as Armani, Coach, J.Crew, Talbot's, Ralph Lauren or Ann Taylor, a place that one could easily lose the day, even as a male.

Now I was female and at Cassie's beckoning.

I think that she knew that as well, in the sense that I was taken from shop to shop, presented as a woman and asked for my opinion to what she was looking at, either to buy herself or for me.

This was, very much, two women out on a day's shopping expedition and involved with each other – perhaps as lesbians are inter-twined with each other in that the same mental platform is required and nothing, on the face of it, exactly overtly sexual in nature.

In short, this experience was as good lesbian friends should be, the comparisons, the comments, the fun and all the rest in this space of deep Sapphic love, not only physically but mentally too – and it was all part of my indoctrination.

There I was dressed as a woman superficially, maybe a little drone like, but still as a woman, the proverbial sheep in woman's clothing but I was here in my brave new world and that was obeying Cassie and what she wanted of me at this time, her wife, her girlfriend, her submissive and her lover.

However, one moment beyond all stood out.

Forget the dresses, the lingerie, the racks of female blouses and tops – all at amazing prices I hasten to say, or the jewellery, woman's cosmetics, perfumes and the necessary or trivial accoutrements that the female sex requires, it was Cassie's insistence at the two of us stopping at a subsidiary of Deb's Hair and Wig shop, the original located in Putney, Vermont.

“You are going in here, Kaden, no questions asked. Your hair needs to grow out and thicken a lot before I can let you out au naturel and this will be a good solution in the interim as it will help make you look like the woman that I want of you.”

Before I could really object, we were in the shop and met by the manager, one Bella, who had no hesitation in serving us, Cassie introducing both of us to her

“Now what type of model would you like today, Cassie?”

“It's not for me; it's for my husband here. I am in the course of feminising him and taking him into a fem-led relationship.”

“Good on you, we get quite a few men in here, some with their wives or partners looking for the same thing.”

Bella eyed me up and down, as if sneering at me, the pathetic physical example of a man that I was.

“Quite small for a man, isn’t he?”

“Yes and why I want change in my marriage. He has a good mind on him though, is reasonably obedient and an excellent friend – it’s just the physical side of things, so taking him into womanhood will help him remember his role in life.”

“I don’t blame you,” looking at me, she stretched out her hand and ruffled my hair so as to feel for its texture. “I presume that you want something similar to the colour of his current hair but much thicker?”

“Yes please.”

“I’m going to recommend something long, at least down onto his shoulders, Cassie. You want his hair to tickle his shoulders and drape down the back – and you want it to swish around his face and enter his field of vision.”

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing, Cassie nodding along in approval.

“I hate to say it but wearing a wig is not the best of experiences. I don’t know if you have ever worn one but what you want your choice to do is to prepare him for becoming her. By the time his hair is long and thick enough for cutting and styling, he should be desperate to escape wearing his wig and, as such, you have achieved the coercion necessary for him to accept a feminine style and take him closer to being the woman that he should be.”

“Thank you for that advice, it’s spot on.”

“I presume that you will be starting him on hormones for breast development. That’s important too as, apart from body-reshaping, his natural hair will really thicken up too and that’s important for his future looks.”

“Yes, I can see that – and yes, once we have had a trial induction, he will be undergoing such a programme, maybe even implants to accelerate his look.”

“I’d keep it natural, if I was you – that is unless you deliberately want a bimbo look for your gurl.”

Bella started to pull out long wigs close to my hair colour, talking Cassie through the specifications of them, a narrowing down to three potential ones of different length, one to the bottom of my neck and top of my shoulder clavicles, one all the way down my back and the third, mid-length to the bottom of my shoulder blades.

Cassie went for the first one, this being the thickest in hair, the wig made from

human hair, as well, the colour all but the same as mine.

Bella took her time in fixing it onto me, a training session in effect, she starting it with a further comment to Cassie as if I wasn't in the same room.

“Cassie, it's very important to make Kaden learn the proper way to attach the wig. He will probably hate the bobby pins and wig caps but you need to be firm and punish him or her should his wig come off or slide into a skewed position. If I was you, I would check his wig position three or four times a day to begin with and you could combine this with some dominant kissing if he has been good and got it properly fixed or, conversely, punishment.”

“Mmmm, good idea.”

“Dominant kissing can mean being rough with her, pulling her into you physically, spinning her around, and jerking her head around to see if the wig stays in place. You could even throw her on your bed, sofa or floor. His wig should remain secure in whatever situation and particularly if you are in a dominant mood, so it's a good and reliable test for you. And when you take her between your thighs, it's a lovely feeling to have her hair tickling your thighs or when you run your hands through it, perhaps even pulling her in close.”

“True, thanks for that.”

“It may be that you begin with wig-training in the bedroom, privacy and all that. It's likely that she won't want to wear it out but can I suggest your first time could be out-of-town where the potential embarrassment factor is lower and you can give her some safety in anonymous. From that, she has little excuse when

you insist that she wears it around your local town. Oh, and take some photographs as well, always useful as a reminder and as potential black market material.

My cap was fixed on, tight-fitting without the anchoring and then the wig itself, the whole piece feeling as if it wouldn't come off, the length of the hair on my shoulders feeling really odd and, yes, annoyingly so.

“That looks great on her, look how girly she has suddenly become. You’ve got a great model to transform there, Cassie. How lucky you are.”

“We’ll take it, Bella. Thank you.”

“Two and a half thousand dollars then, please, that’s with a reasonable discount. I need to walk the two of you through the care side of it as, in many ways, it’s more demanding than normal hair. However, look after it and it will look after you in looking really great.

This was nuts but we left the shop with bags carrying the wig and its accoutrements, Cassie saying that, once we had dropped the purchases in the car, she needed a coffee and then perhaps a little more shopping, a visit to Joy’s, further down Main Street.

We were in the café, having got coffee and a late sandwich, Cassie opening her laptop up, having retrieved that from the car. I let her click her way through her e-mails, most of them probably work related.

“Oh, my goodness, don’t you look great.” She spun the computer around and there I was, on screen, in my panties and stockings, my penis easily identifiable behind the fabric, Jane having held to her promise in sending the photographs across. Five other photos were attached and then a long e-mail – something that Cassie would not share with me.

Her comment was “Private, Kaden, and something between what may be two Mistresses to you. Does that idea appeal?”

My reaction was a groan, a small kick in the stomach as that knotted up at the prospect.

Cassie turned away and concentrated on sending a response, an invite to chatter or e-mail later when we got back to Stowe.

Joy’s was next on the list, only a small raid here, a couple of Wacoal and Cosabella ensembles as well as Commando hosiery. A visit to Eileen Fisher for three of her dresses in organza, washed silk and organic linen, all of them knee length and in neutral colours and we were done with clothing. One more store awaited and that was Coach, Cassie wanting to get me a couple of women’s belts and, to my horror, a leather off-the-shoulder handbag in a rich tan colour, the one benefit being the seriously-discounted price tag that it was carrying.

We made it back to Stowe; the trip back taking some two and a half hours, a little time en route spent shopping for dinner and the weekend, Cassie wanting to see me in a nightie with my basque beneath.

It was as a girl that I cooked dinner, an odd experience, the tug on my garters

and shoulder-straps as I moved around the kitchen, Cassie not amiss to stealing a kiss here or there, her hand also feeling both sides of my panties.

As the preparations for dinner came to a crescendo, she said that she would finish it off but that I was to go and put my wig on for her. Not for the first time, this came out as an order and not a suggestion.

Fifteen minutes later, I emerged back in the kitchen; Cassie eyed me up and down and then a nod of approval with what she saw, a female gurl in front of her and well on the way to the transformation that she so yearned for.

We sat down to eat at the table, an old English antique one that was circular in shape, the fire in the grate burning away, our sofa area in between, the overhead spots dimmed down and candles lit on the table, these reflecting in the polish of the table, our supper being a tasty chicken pie, spiced with a little chipotle and a green salad.

“Two things, Kaden, that I want to discuss with you – no, I mean that I will perhaps allow comment from you and then order you into compliance. Firstly, I’ve been in touch with Jane again and one of the areas that we both think that you need some work on is your overall fitness, stamina and, as she will discover, your tongue stamina too. So, guess, what, we’re going to get you fit again and in better shape for sex.”

What’s the second?”

“Even if Kaden is one of those names that have either female or male usage, I think it’s a little harsh, so I want to change it to either Kadena or perhaps

Kaitlyn, names that I quite like. It also could distinguish when you go across from being Kaden into female mode, something that you are at the moment and, everything being equal, you will be spending more time as, if not permanently so.”

Inside, I cringed at this. Kaden was bad enough but to become Kaitlyn was another matter, even if the two names were phonetically similar.

“I prefer Kaitlyn, I think, an easy change it should be on your documentation when I call for that. It’s what I will settle on; Kadena is far too Polish in the way it sounds. Yep, Kaitlyn it shall be.”

I had an idea that objecting to this wouldn’t be met with much enthusiasm.

It was obvious that, in reality, Cassie didn’t want me to think about this proposition of hers too much, rather just to accept it and then she could seriously begin her transitional plan in all its various colours. She started calling me Kaitlyn that evening, even when we were in public.

“While we are having this discussion, I’ve got another idea that I would like to share with you and this I genuinely mean share.”

“So what is it?”

“Kaitlyn, how about converting the shed at the back of our main suite into a sex room for me to be able to use on you or whoever. We could connect it through

our connector so it's accessible from our area but perhaps put key-code locks on it for security as I think that we should add a couple of bedrooms down there for sex guests or somewhere for you to sleep nearby if I am entertaining whoever – yes, two bedrooms, bathrooms, a sex room and a dungeon too. What do you think – and be constructive please, no pun intended.”

“Well, we would need planning permission for that. We have the space, that I accept but what's your thinking in terms of design?”

“Well, may be a little larger than the shed out there, so about the floor size of our suite, perhaps the guest rooms on top, bathrooms behind as then they have the views down to Stowe with the sex room underneath. We wouldn't want any windows in that part, just good soundproofing and air-conditioning and heater, the style done as the rest of the house, the use of concrete, stone and old wood, perhaps a series of stages around the room to give me flexibility of how equipment is set up and for lighting. Oh, of course, a bed – one that is really set up to enable bondage.”

“And your dungeon, would that be at the back?”

“There could be a wet-room for water-play, perhaps a bathroom with all-glass fittings so that I can watch you girls in action. Downstairs, we could get a cellar in for the dungeons, even perhaps holes in the ground where I can keep you if you misbehave or to soften you up.”

“Have you been reading up on this, Cassie? Suddenly, you seem pretty knowledgeable and you obviously know what you want.”

She smiled and winked, touching her nose with her forefinger, “Perhaps. How much do you think it would run to?”

“Well given that we have a floor space of six hundred square feet, so say that times two with the floors and fifty percent for the dungeon as the actual construction of that would come with the two main floors and then allowing one hundred and fifty per square foot fully fitted for conventional use, I would say two hundred and seventy thousand, so three hundred with contingency. You then need to add in equipment and bits and pieces, so somewhere between three fifty and four hundred, depending how high-end and automated that you want to go.”

“Automated? What do you mean by that?”

“Yes, mechanical hoists and pulleys etc, the motors set into the beams which could be RSJs to support the floors above and give it a good industrial look, perhaps the colour a dark grey, the tone to fit in with the other greys used in the building.”

“I like it – you are as bad as me, you know.”

We certainly had the money put aside for an extension, though I thought it was going to be the other end of the building so as to extend our bedroom space and put in a full-on cinema room. However, our original intention was that we weren't going to do that for a year so as to become familiar with the house with all its nooks and crannies before making such an investment.

It made sense though, as an alternative use could be the establishment of a family wing if we ever sold or if we went for our own children. There was no

sign of that yet, partly in that Cassie was fairly ambivalent to the idea of having children and my sperm count wasn't that great. Between us and our relationship, it certainly hadn't proven to have been a subject of any contention or concern though.

The rest of the evening was spent mulling over major pieces of equipment that we could consider, my laptop to hand to find some visuals, a chilling prospect in many ways as I knew that I would be the main recipient of their so-called benefits, Cassie getting a lot of pleasure from her thoughts in really exerting her Domme role on me – or whoever came her way.

We made our way to bed, another major oral session in sixty-nine with Cassie very much on top and face-sitting, this before she had me take her with the face-dildo, Cassie unloading her cum over me to send me to bed without me cumming, some mention of the dreaded word, 'chastity will be required from now on, Kaitlyn,' and her panties from the day stretched over my face, the baby-doll nightie back on me to enhance the role in life that I was gradually being sucked into.

Sunday was spent quietly, a long walk for the two of us, Cassie holding me by the hand, with me dressed in a bra, panties, leggings, a mini-skirt and cashmere jumper, one of Cassie's coats over me, a pair of her boots on as well. It was rather humiliating but at the same time fun when we ran into a couple that we knew, the knowledge that beneath the coat, I was dressed similarly to Joe's rather gorgeous wife, Danni.

I had my suspicions that Cassie and Jane had touched base by certainly phone and probably e-mail too, Cassie off for a private call in her study for the better part of an hour, leaving me occupied in the kitchen, still in female mode, a roast for Sunday dinner under preparation.

Things on that front were confirmed as we were having an aperitif glass of a Chilean Sauvignon Blanc.

“I’ve spoken to Jane today, Kaitlyn and also we have swapped e-mails over you. In short, I am sending you to Vancouver for this training and induction session and you will be totally under her control and usage for the time that you are there. I’m going to have you leave here as a woman, in pants and a blouse, perhaps even with pearls on, and you will live the whole time there as one. Understand?”

“Yes, Cassie.”

“I want you to keep a diary of the trip and to include it in your final decision to process. That should be made within three days of your return and will take the form of a letter to me asking me to change our relationship to one where you commit to being my wife and to obey me, as if you were taking your wedding vows again. Perhaps even that will come in time, a renewal of our vows under our relationship.”

The pressure was coming on.

“And, of course, both of us want to see your confessions to your sex with men, so you have some homework to do before you leave here, don’t you Honey?”

I smiled weakly in response. “Yes, my beloved Domme.”

“That’s better. Jane will be putting you through your paces in the way you should be dressing, arranging your hair, make-up and all the rest, then there will be sessions involving professional training as well, deportment, voice control and even giving blow-jobs, as well as assessment on your sex techniques – yes, I have given her permission to take you, if she wants – as well as to punish you if you misbehave. By the end of the week, you will really have an idea of what to expect when you get back here and sign up to our new regime, Kaitlyn.”

“Dinner is all but there.”

“One more thing, you should make a booking for a full body-waxing two days before you go – that gives you time for any heat reaction to cool down. I would suggest using Salon Salon – they’re down Mountain Road, just on the upside of the historic village. They also do eyelash extensions and that maybe a good idea. Drop in and see them and say that you are a tranny in development and would they help support you in the months to come. They also do hair in all its services, spa facials, nails, manicures, pedicures and massage as well, so pretty comprehensive. Talk to Glenn, the owner or Jenn.”

This was one of those ‘Oh My God’ moments, my heart already in my mouth at just going in there to ask them, never mind undergoing the treatments.

Cassie sensed my discomfort. “You’ll be okay, mark my word. They’re actively involved in community support and liberal events. Whether this embraces transgenderism, I don’t know but I would have thought that they will be pretty open to it, particularly if discretion is used.”

“I guess so. I am ready to serve dinner. More wine before I carve?”

“Yes please.”

Chapter 4

Preparation to Arrival in Canada

The time before departing for Vancouver soon passed and I was being driven by Cassie to the airport, dressed as a woman all but for my wig, everything on me of feminine origin.

Cassie had me wear a black On Gossamer bra, panties and holdups, ballet shoes for my footwear and a jumpsuit as my main clothing underneath a warm grey thick jumper, a black woman's blazer over it, the jumpsuit a L.K.Bennett 'Mona' model in a Payne grey and white, the pants part very much female to the eye with its viscose-silk and the tie-string, as well as its shaping around my thighs and bottom.

This was all part of an ever-expanding wardrobe, Cassie suggesting that we build additional storage space in one of the new bedrooms that she was considering, a room reserved for me, especially if and when she took a girlfriend or male to her bed, our bed.

To say I felt nervous dressed like this was an understatement, my composure not helped by my brown Coach handbag draped over my shoulders.

I had been put through it as well.

My hair had been styled into something a lot softer than it had been, Jenn and Glen having done their work on me, Cassie happy with the result, though she

preferred to see me in my wig.

That was safely in my suitcases to be checked in.

The waxing of my body was even worse than my hair being shaped. The ignominy of stripping all the way down in front of Jenn's staff, my panties exposed to the girl, her comment being, "Come on, you are not the first in here wearing panties in front of me."

She had started on my back and, 'Oh my God,' the contrast with the warm wax being appliquéd across one's shoulders to be then followed by 'le tug' was extreme, almost to the point of incomprehension, the first warm and loving, the second, oh well.

My skin felt like it had been ripped in the direction of the tug, all the hairs and their roots caught by the oozing wax that then solidifies and waits for the moment, Melanie taking hold of her strip and yanking it, sharply so. After all, that is the only way that the roots are going to come out with relative ease, however painful for the victim that may be.

To some extent, the worst part wasn't that, Melanie working half my back or chest and then pausing to apply an ice pack, followed by a scented oil, theoretically to soothe skin – and, at heart, I guess it did. But that freezing of the skin as the ice-pack went on, well that was pure and bloody agony – far worse than her yanking of the strip off me.

I don't know how many waxed strips she took to me, seventy, eighty, a hundred or more, but it certainly wasn't fun, the ice-packs serving to exaggerate the

situation, the oil massages the only benefit.

It was odd in what hurt and what didn't – the back of my neck and top of my chest being pure agony, my arms and legs only scoring one out of ten and even my 'sac, crack and lower back' a mere two out of ten. One would have thought removing all the pubic hairs down over my mons, around my balls, perineum and up over my bottom would have been high on the agony scales – it wasn't though.

I emerged from the Salon Salon three and a half hours after I had entered the premises, the cold air hitting me quite hard, my skin quite tender in parts, Melanie telling me that all would calm down overnight.

I was beautifully smooth though – not a hair insight beneath my lower eyelashes and I would remain that way for gone two weeks and that was, in my book, quite remarkable in having skin that felt feminine or like a baby's bottom, so soft to the touch once a massage and body softener was applied.

In retrospect, the only things that had been spared were my nails, both hands and toes, Cassie mentioning that Jane would handle these, a major manicure and pedicure to be expected and make-up as well, though Cassie did apply powder and blush to highlight my cheeks and the palest of pink lipsticks, more to add a touch of gloss to my lips.

Cassie had certainly appreciated the efforts of Salon Salon, my reward being a long oral worship of her before she had passed me a hollow strap, this before she had passed me a hollow strap-on, all nigh-on eight inches of insertable cock hanging in front of me, the girth well over two inches and the penis made from a thick phthalate-free rubber and held in place by a steel 'o' ring, the cock sitting in a comfortable leather harness.

Inside, it was hollow so as to accommodate me, an inside tube designed to sit across my head and allow me to shoot my sperm upwards – or for a girl to insert a suitable sac of pseudo-cum to simulate male to female orgasm.

Cassie's comment, as she had handed this over to me to use, had been intentionally demeaning. "This, Kaitlyn, is more the size of cock that I am comfortable in taking, not that clitoris of yours. I am proposing that, if you are going to take me in the future, it will be wearing something like this and that my cunt shouldn't have direct contact with your penis again. In fact, you should consider and recognise that this will now be the way forward – effective as from now on. As you will discover, size really does matter."

And that was how I had taken her – twice in fact, once in a missionary position, the more satisfying one for her with Cassie riding my cock straddled over it and bouncing up and down to achieve the satisfaction that she was seeking.

Cassie had learned to be much simpler in stating what she wanted, her objective to make me take her orders seriously or, otherwise, risk her discipline and an area that she admitted she needed training and time.

However, stating clearly what she wanted and expected, in many ways in a straight forward way, she achieved what she wanted. The parallel would be the way that one might instruct a child – for example, 'Go and make your bed,' or 'Let's go now, we are leaving,' as she had told me on our departure to Burlington. With this, she had learned that she could effectively get me to do what she wanted with no emotional push-back.

It was all about her verbalisation, her wants and requests turned into simple

commands or declarative statements, the word ‘now’ to be used when she wanted to add emphasis, all part of her establishing her natural authority over me and, in many ways, the separation between her as a dominant and me as a submissive, my role to serve her and Cassie’s to lead me.

She was learning fast though, the occasional sexual innuendo or suggestion added to her order to entice me or get me to think about my sexual worship of her as I obeyed her by carrying out her task. “Wash my lingerie well and you may take in the scent of my panties tonight.” Cassie was learning to massage my ego with her natural sexuality.

There had also been this little issue of preparing my letter for Jane, Cassie also demanding to see what I had written and all tied back to my previous form, especially with men – and, as I knew, designed to make me think about entering this brave new world as a feminine submissive, completely in obeisance to their commands and their position as the fairer sex.

It had taken some preparation in the days before, memories being transposed into black and white, the probable cause of my interest in women’s lingerie and dressing being highlighted by my early childhood days when my mother and sisters, for their reasons, didn’t think twice about keeping me in girl’s wear, especially panties, tights and nighties and jammies. By the age of ten, I was more used to being put into pink than I was white, fairies, butterflies and ponies as motifs on my underwear and nightwear than footballers, soldiers or male toys, the fabrics so much softer and embracing on my skin.

I had even included brief snippets of my first encounters at prep school, how John Girden and Richard Pickles had made me dress in their pyjamas, John in his underpants had frequently masturbated me, as well as introducing me to what could be described at the first clumsy attempts of oral sex, with varying results, an early taste though for a male’s cum in my mouth though, Richard adding to that too and the pleasure of presenting his anus for rimming from me.

Then there had been Mr. McManus and how he had wooed me into his quarters and his bed, the pleasures of becoming his moll, put into girl's panties that he had, along with my re-introduction to suspender belts and stockings, plain white Warners that they were with tan hose, the feeling of them on me sensational – and ever so natural.

It was all about how I had learned to take cock or how to pleasure it, quite a bit of my text devoted to how he would like me on my stomach, pillow under me to as to elevate my boy-pussy, and then take me, the angle of entry for him teed up, or in how I learned to blow-job and deep-throat him. Illegal, it certainly was, given the teacher-pupil dynamics - good lessons in gay sex that they were though and confirming one side of my future sexuality. Yes, I enjoyed homosexuality and at an early age.

The story of Peter Downing had to be covered too, the descriptor here not the physical bit as, in that, there wasn't a huge amount of difference between Mr. McManus and him, except our locations for sex were more varied, the real delta though being that this was more of a relationship involving love, albeit touches of domination to submissive, my role very much as Peter's bottom and boy-bitch.

Finally, this brought me to Cassie and the intense relationship that gradually developed and then evolved into sex, our mental attraction for each other more important than the physical side, briefing for Jane as to our evolution, the account probably being mirrored and added to by Cassie in her phone calls and e-mails to her.

This led to the crunch part in my view and that was the reasons for why I was wanting to visit Jane and what I could see emerging from the week.

‘Jane – the drivers for all of this and what I told you in Ottawa has developed. Cassie has deemed, rightly so, it should be said, that our relationship needs to change to flourish from the strong base that we have created and that is, in short, that I become the wife of our house, my submissiveness and wanting to bottom coming through stronger as life goes on and, for her, the need to develop her own sexuality through meaningful physical relationships outside the marriage.

Therefore, I think it is fair to say that neither of this goes into this next phase under any illusions or fantasy pretensions – the elements are there for what is termed a fem-dom or fem-led marriage, it is a question of surfacing them.

The central issue, I believe, is not my want to be submissive to Cassie, to worship the ground that she stands on or put her on a sexual or mental dais. It is whether I can exist and justify her want for me to live as a woman for, if I do so, I want to do it properly. I want to see if I can actually emulate being a woman twenty-four hours on twenty-four, seven days a week and all the rest, in committing myself to this and to her for the foreseeable future and all that it brings or will bring along.

If this necessitates in Cassie wanting me to transform into a fuller woman in time, so be it. I will know and I will accept it. However, there is much needed in terms of coaching and advice, training and practice and probably discipline that I require. I believe that Cassie recognises this too and your timely intervention and deep experience may help to catapult us into this brave new world.

I aim to return from you to Cassie clearer in mind of what is realistic for me in this field of feminisation, wiser as to dominant and submissive practices and, indeed, I may well be chastened but, at the same time, to commit to such a wifely relationship to my fem-husband or to find other routes to our salvation, perhaps by degrees of involvement.

I also wish to understand more fully various aspects of cuckolding, particularly Cassie taking men, perhaps this being the area of my manhood that needs breaking down so that I can accept, even welcome, the sight or thought of a man wooing and fucking her, his cock sating her orifices as she duly wishes, something that I can never do and I very much realise my limitations. Indeed, it will be for the best to live as her wife.

Of course, I want her to be happy and content in her marriage, her sexuality and relationships with others and I want to be able to accept other men making love with her without prejudice or jealousy, the building of even deeper trust between us. You have a reputation for sissifying such candidate men as me, deconstructing their maleness and reconstructing and shaping them for what their Dommies so wish of them, usually as women acceptable to society at large.

I therefore will be giving myself to you, as I do to Cassie.

In seeing and submitting to you soon, Kaitlyn.'

I had decided that we should drive to Montreal airport, the Pierre Trudeau, and then onto Vancouver from there, a non-stop five-and-a-half-hour flight that cut any transfer waiting times. Of course, I had to factor the time changes in, meaning that we departed Stowe mid-morning for me to arrive at four thirty in the afternoon.

There was one other small advantage in that we would cross the international boundary in the car and, unless I was invited to step out of it, the passport and customs check would be through the window, minimising any risk of questions as to my rather feminine look. I would take Jane's word that Vancouver was

much more liberal minded when it came to clearing that end as to luggage and finding the car.

We parked up and Cassie accompanied me into the terminal, departures on the first floor, to start the check-in process, the feeling that the eyes of the world were watching me, the concourse far busier than strolling through Stow Main Street.

It was this jump-suit that I was in, the thinness of the material being the distracting factor, that and the girly pattern that it was finished in and definitely something that a true man would not wear.

With my luggage checked in, we went over to security. This was it now, my week of training to determine my future was about to begin. I could feel the bra wrapped around my chest, the question being would its wire set off the security alarms and expose me to a secondary wandling or even a body-check.

“Well, enjoy your week with Jane, Kaitlyn, and give her my best and love. It’s amazing how close one can be come by just e-mails and phone calls. I want you to behave of course but, more than all, to come back ready to commit as Kaitlyn, my wife, so that we quickly can go forward.”

I gave Cassie a little glare of disapproval as to the behaviour remark.

“Got everything? Remember your passport and driving license are in your handbag. Now, you had better be going.”

“You are going to be alright? Just as I have no real idea what Jane has planned for me, I’ve no idea what you are going to be up to?”

“Don’t worry about me – it’s my own affair anyway, now that I am your Domme.”

With this, Cassie gave me a kiss, turned around and was off, leaving me to take on security and then to find the Maple Leaf lounge, an essential to escape the general bustle of the airport and complimentary to those flying Business Class.

I really didn’t know what Cassie had planned for the week. She had evaded the question each time I had broached the subject. I was wondering if she was out on the tiles to try and find a girlfriend or a boyfriend, visions of her making love to either sex at the fore of my brain at quiet times in bed, her large breasts bouncing around and the colour of her approaching orgasm that would come on, as if it was a heat rash across her chest, the redness of her face or the dilation of her labia.

It was now a question of ‘Come on, there’s nothing much you can do about it now. Cassie is as free as you are and she’s given her control over to Jane, almost as if loco parentis.’

I went to security, boarding card and identity and then proceeded to the conveyor belt for my pc bag, handbag, watch and coat, Cassie having given me one of her watches to wear, a ladies’ Hermès one with a silver rectangular frame to it and a nice light-tan crocodile strap.

I went through the screener and, yes, off went the buzzer and I was directed to

one side. A look at me and I was assigned a woman, some one of late forty age, rather dour looking but then the uniforms that they wear aren't exactly designed for a fashion show.

“Boarding pass and identity please?”

I handed them over and a cursory glance, followed by a more intense one. “Ah, I presume that we are a crossdresser or transvestite travelling today. Vancouver, I see, it explains a lot.”

I blushed, a very quiet, “Yes.”

“You should really learn to travel in a sports bra, and then the wire doesn't get picked up. I'm going to have to wand-check you and then a pat down, so.... your jacket and jumper off please.”

Reluctantly, I removed them, my jumper coming off as Cassie had taught me – crossed hands and pull up and over, this exposing the fullness of my jump-suit to this woman and anybody else who happen to be watching proceedings as they passed through security.

She passed over my body with long sweeps, the only indicator of metal coming from under my bra and the clips and eyes at the back and then she began a pat down, running her finger under my breasts.

“Wearing falsies then?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“Good, you are okay. By the way, it’s nice to see a dresser who actually looks like a woman. Most of you overdo the dressing, the make-up or both. You don’t and it looks more realistic. Any good luck in Vancouver and I am sure you will enjoy your visit. First time”

“Not to the city but as a woman, yes.”

I put my jumper and blazer back on and picked up my accessories out of their two bins. A ‘thanks and bye’ and I was out of there, probably like a female greyhound out of its stalls, looking for the sanctuary of the lounge.

A glass of bubbly, a coffee and a small sandwich and I soon put behind my experience. The next thing would be the flight and then into Vancouver.

The flight was uneventful, nothing spectacular as to meals and wines on a domestic business class flight but, hey ho, this was Air Canada, the seat quite spacious though and the chance to get a good afternoon nap, this despite thinking about what would be waiting for me when I landed.

I was to call Jane once I was on the ground and in the luggage area.

A tea service and then we were into the landing routine, the plane beginning its descent, the mountains and trees of British Columbia beneath getting slowly

larger as we came down and then the splendid sight of the city beneath us, the Burrard inlet and English Bay coming into view followed by the Strait of Georgia to the west.

My nerves were beginning to build now – was this really the most sensible thing to be doing and why had I acquiesced to Cassie’s want. I should have stood my ground more, taken manly charge and all the rest, but this wasn’t me. Cassie’s happiness came first and if she wanted to see me as her female partner, her wife and oral lover, while she took on other girlfriends and men, who was I to quibble with that? A submissive transvestite cuckold was what I was – and a bisexual one at that, facing perhaps the challenge to change the way that I lived and dwell in the omnipresence of my wife both in our day-to-day and nocturnal activities, a potentially far more rewarding and satisfying life that it would be, according to Cassie.

We were on the ground before I realised it, the flat land of Sea Island embracing Vancouver airport all rather desolate with the mountains and the city in the distance, the journey into downtown about twelve kilometres.

The plane docked and we disembarked, a little bit of a walk to the luggage retrieval area and thank goodness that I was wearing ballet flats and not heels, also allowing for how thirty thousand feet can swell the feet.

Once in the area, it was a very nervous Kaitlyn that pulled her mobile phone out of her handbag to call Jane.

A familiar voice came on,

“Jane here, Kaitlyn?”

“Yes, just to say that I am in the luggage area at the airport.”

“Oh good, hope it was a good flight?”

“Yes, fairly tedious and nothing to report there.”

“So, are you dressed, as requested?”

“Yes, I am – not a male thing with me other than my razor and cream.”

“No problems then?”

“Nope, other than security checking out my bra wire in Montreal. They made me remove my jacket and jumper to expose my jump-suit and then felt under my breasts.”

“You should have worn a soft bra, you know. Humiliating?”

“The female security official said that too. Oh well for the next time and yes, a little.”

“Okay then, retrieve your bags and then take a car down to the hotel and check in. Unpack and hang your dresses and all the rest and then, when you are finished, you may open a manila envelope that will be waiting at check-in for you. Put them on, you will know what to do and then you should lie down on your bed, face down, and wait for me. It goes without saying that you should leave your bedroom door a little open for me.”

“Okay, see you later.”

“And you – it should take about thirty to forty minutes to get to the hotel.”

We had agreed that I should take a hotel room, the two of us to split between Jane’s apartment in the West End and my bedroom, our chosen hotel being the Rosewood Hotel Georgia, one of Vancouver’s luxury hotels and very much a classic of the city.

It was quite nice to be back in Vancouver, dusk starting to come down as the limo took me up route 99 and then the hill down to the bridges over Granville Island and into downtown, the car delivering me to the door of the hotel.

I sensed some looks as I got out of the car – after all who wears a thin jump-suit on an afternoon where it was minus four degrees already, even though I had Cassie’s coat on, one of those Burberry cashmere trench coats with a fur collar, the colour in black to match my grey jumper and the Bennett suit.

Reception greeted me professionally so and no comment or look at me, a man masquerading as a woman standing right in front of them. Was this the norm here in Vancouver? However, I did recall Jane mentioning that the city was on of

the most enlightened in the world to LGBTs but, still, this was a five-star hotel and I would have thought that it wasn't the natural abode of someone of my persuasion or looks.

The receptionist handed over Jane's envelope, as promised, a nice smile accompanying it which made me wonder if she was in on the know. However, she also gave me a nice surprise in that they had upgraded me to a 'Premier Executive' one-bedroom suite, readily accepted, as that would give Jane and me a little more space.

I proceeded to the room and it was ideal, a corner bedroom with stunning south-east views of Vancouver and the historic art gallery. In design terms it was a classic hotel suite with two distinct rooms with a well-equipped living area and a bedroom with a king-sized bed, the décor in earth-tones and dark greys, the use of ivory-white on the fittings giving a very clean feel to the suite.

The bathroom was rather sumptuous though with ultra-modern white fittings and accessories, particularly the stand-alone bath-tub and Rivolta Carmignani linen set into huge bronze-black marble tiles, and a treat with a large rainfall shower, amply big enough for two people.

I began my unpacking and hanging, plenty of room for all that I had – and, as I had told Jane, not an item of male wear or accessories other than my shaving equipment.

With everything stored away, dresses and pants hanging, blouses in part too or otherwise folded like my jumpers and tops, my lingerie in a drawer, I turned to the matter of the envelope and its contents.

With some trepidation, I opened it. Out fell a ziplock with three panties inside, obvious by the black, white and pale blue colours, and a note. I opened it.

‘Kaitlyn, text me when you have read this and I shall leave immediately for the hotel. I want you to remove your clothing and lie on the bed in your lingerie, breasts in place, and then with my pale blue panties in your mouth, the white ones for your head and to inhale, and the black ones – well turn them around and use them as a part-blindfold. You are not to look at me when I enter the room and remember not to say anything until I tell you to speak. You will be entering my control, my conditions and my contract. You are to be mine for the week and you will be so ever well used and better trained by the end of it. Just remember that I expect total compliance, no safe words or any shit like that as I am skilled in reading you and what you really want. Jane.’

I hate to say it but I obeyed her instructions to the tee. Off went the text with me standing in the bedroom ready to undress down to the lingerie that Cassie had put on me this morning - the game was now fully in motion.

What would happen this evening, never mind for the rest of the time that I was going to be here in this ‘Rain City?’

I removed my clothing, leaving my black jumpsuit over the back of the desk chair in my bedroom, took her panties and got them into place, Jane’s aroma and taste very strong and probably designed to jolt me into submission. I had told her about this fetish of mine in Ottawa but I had no shadow of doubt that Cassie had discussed this weakness in me at length with her.

She was pouring into me, my clitoris hardening up behind my panties at the prospect of sex between us, dominant sex on Jane’s part and using me as an abject submissive.

I left the suite door just off its latch so that it was open, and walked back to the bedroom, the black panties in hand and ready to slide these over my head. I knew they would be a massive turn-on, the panties quite small in size and a clingy sort of fabric, quite solid when it came to the rear part, the area that would be covering my eyes and limiting my sight.

I lay down on the bed and slipped them over me, the light disappearing and Jane's sex smell seemingly intensifying deep in my nose and the same with her taste. My mind was on fire now, a range of thoughts running through me. What would she be dressed in? Would she undress before joining me on my bed? How would I be serving her sexually – my face to be ridden by her as she ground her cunt across me, leaving me with a heavy, creamy smear of her love juice?

Oh God, I could almost cum just on these thoughts, everything beginning to focus on how her cunt would be – surely she wouldn't be like Cassie down there or would she? An open and highly prominent vagina, one that needed a proper man to satisfy her, or a good sized strap-on or Feeldoe?

I could feel my heartbeat quickening too, the sense of anticipation building, a hint of what is termed 'blue balls,' that state of agony in the groin at the thought of my cock being ridden hard, to completion, the milking out of what cum and sperm that I had inside me, the culmination of many weeks since all of this had began.

I began to lose any concept of what time it was, my head buried in its panties and into the pillow. Suddenly dawned on me what would happen if room service or turn-down appeared and saw me like this and then I realised that I had slipped the 'Do not disturb' sign over the door handle. That should work, my mind returning to take in the infusion of Jane's taste and smell bombarding me.

This was to be my week ahead, in service to this cunt and anus of hers, more importantly in service to her mind, she the dominant woman I needed and a professional at it, unlike Cassie who was still learning the ropes. How different would she be?

I remembered that she had mentioned that she liked to dominate men and women psychologically so, not necessarily by pain but then it would be used where relevant, where earned by some misdemeanour or refusal to obey her. Would that be by crop, whip and paddle, or even by humiliation or wracking my body by putting me in an uncomfortable position?

I knew that this was going to be a challenge.

How long had I been here on the bed and blindfolded in her panties – twenty, thirty minutes or even longer. It's funny how one loses the concept of time in such situations, a first taste of how she controlled me in part through time, denial and service lying behind it.

Eventually, I heard the door open and the odd feeling that there was someone coming through the sitting room and into the bedroom. I assumed it was Jane – or was it?

I wanted to shout out and ask if it was her but then what would that achieve – perhaps immediate punishment as she had explicitly said that I should remain quiet.

I could sense her looking at me from above, assessing what she had to work with, though she had already had a hint of that previously in Ottawa. Five

minutes or so passed, her smell and taste now even more pronounced.

Finally, she sat down on the bed and started to stroke my legs encased, as they were, in hold-up stockings, her fingers dancing provocatively up where my seams would have lain. This was almost ticklish and I nearly laughed, her pale-blue panties fortunately acting as a gag but more 'Jane' being released into my mouth.

She moved up onto my back, her fingers now under my bra and then downwards towards my panties, a teasing of the waist elastic there. Suddenly, I felt her pull them downwards, exposing my bottom and she was touching my anus now.

A push and the feeling that there was something cold on her finger tips and I realised that she was oiling me up for some form of penetration. In came a cold object, a butt plug that was of some considerable size and Jane pushed it into me, expertly judging how my anal rings were reacting.

It was then she spoke.

“Kaitlyn, you will undergo anal stretching so as to be able to accept Cassie’s or my dildos – and any man that we may deem appropriate for you. You will learn to take them with ease in your cunt and your mouth, starting now.”

I grunted with the final push, my nose taking in a concentrated patch of Jane’s cum as her gusset moved over my nose.

“Now, we are going out, some shopping, nails and then supper but, first, I am going to give you a lesson in self confidence. One thing before I get you dressed though.”

She had me roll over on the bed, her panties staying on me, my clitoris stiff behind my own panties, something that wasn't missed by Jane.

“We're going to have to get that under control. Cassie has given me permission for that but later on.”

What I felt was her hand feeling my breasts and, in a flash, the forms were out of the cups only to be replaced by two other shapes that were far heavier, this being felt as she pressed down on what turned out to be professional, high-end breast forms so as to adhere them to my naked body.

Each one of these forms weighed close to three pounds and came with pink nipples that would dilate with temperature extremes. This was quite a shock, especially when I came to stand up, my balance thrown forward, Jane getting me to walk more on my heels to counterbalance the extra weight protruding from my chest, the breasts a full C shape and winged at the sides around the teardrop of the form, these to cover the natural flow of a woman's breasts under her armpits.

With my breasts adhered into place, Jane told me to sit up.

“Like my scent and taste, Kaitlyn? You are going to get plenty of opportunity to enjoy that in the days to come – to the point that I will be equally as familiar as Cassie and you will be enslaved to both of us, a persistent desire to use your

tongue and face on our pussies. Now let's remove those panties and get you dressed."

Off came my veil followed by the white panties and then the gag ones, Jane in full view now, dressed in a pale blue sweater, jacket and pants in a darker blue, her familiar grey-green eyes, her turned up nose and fuller lips than Cassie's looking back at me, her coppery hair flowing down her hair and onto her shoulders.

She kissed me in greeting. "Now, I want you dressed for this evening, the grey firefly silk one in your closet along with the long wool cardi should work very well." This was one of my outfits, an Eileen Fisher one in crumpled silk, which Cassie and I had bought in Manchester, back at home.

"Now, let's see you with a little make-up on – this will be one of our tasks this evening, to kick-start your cosmetics tuition, so just a touch of colour for now."

A pair of girls walked down the corridor to take the elevator down, our destination the bar. I was carrying my coat but, otherwise, all that lay between my naked body and the public was my deliberately-crinkled silk dress and lingerie.

I have to admit that I was nervous, nervous as hell with the butterflies performing Olympic high-jumps inside me – surely I would be seen through, the tranny that I was, a man masquerading as a woman but protected by my Domme.

Jane led me into the sumptuous bar of the Hotel Georgia, aptly called 'Prohibition,' a temple of decadence and prosperity that, very much, invoked the

Roaring Twenties.

We sat on the high stools at the bar, able to survey the large room, an excellent people-watching position, an enormous range of bottles on the glass shelves, a number of guests already in the bar area, mainly sitting down and quietly chattering away. Our seats, of course, worked the other way around in that we were on full view to all.

We ordered two of the house ‘Prohibitions,’ an enticing recipe adapted from the 1920’s comprising of Parker gin, Cocchi Americano, Abricot du Roussillon, fresh orange and lemon zest and was it good, Jane summarising it as ‘an appropriate drink for a woman, not too sweet and very attractive.’ I was more taken by Scott’s Fitzgerald’s memories of cocktail-drinking, ‘Here’s to alcohol, the rose-coloured glasses of life.’

However, what became apparent is that I was not being singled out for what I was, no looks of curiosity from the punters or asides about my appearance being whispered, the barman too treating me as a person and not a transsexual oddity.

“See, Kaitlyn, if you make an effort towards understatement in terms of your dress and make-up, you can pass as a woman in public, even if in a refined environment like this. In other words, think about your dressing and cosmetics and the place that you will be in, as well as the company, and you will be alright.”

“I suppose so, Jane.”

“Okay, I appreciate that this is Vancouver and we are pretty laid back to the sex-change world in all its different formats and, indeed, we could almost have three sexes in this town, just as Indian and some Pacific countries have. However, given your presentation tonight and allowing for some feminisation and training, you could be sitting in any major New York hotel or even the Rosewood in Dallas or that other luxury hotel that they have.”

“The Mansion on Turtle Creek?”

“Yes, that’s it but you get my point. Six months and I would have you well-trained, some cosmetic work finished and on the mend, as well.”

“So, in a week, what are you going to achieve?”

“Wait and see, Kaitlyn, wait and see. Let’s start with your false breasts – how are they?”

“A bit different to what I was wearing before, the change in weight quite dramatic and so much heavier on my chest. Surely these are heavier than the real thing?”

“Nope, Kaitlyn, that’s what we have to contend with and why our posture and walking is so different. I will be chasing you to walk back on your heels more, your shoulders pulled back and shorter steps by placing your feet more in front

of each other, this achieved in part by swinging your hips through. That femininely walk derives from that.”

“Cassie has said that too.”

“Well, she is right and now you have more reason to walk properly. Also, as of tomorrow, I’ll be walking around with a stick that I can poke you with, a bit like a cattle prod, and it doesn’t half impart a static shock if I catch you misbehaving.”

I knew that she meant what she said, a wee shiver at the prospect of being electronically zapped passing through me – I had always hated electric shocks and the thought of electrical sex play had no appeal at all for me.

We enjoyed a second cocktail and then it came time to leave, coats on and a walk through the hotel and out onto the street, Jane saying that we would walk over to the Hudson’s Bay department store, just a block away.

“Kaitlyn, did you pack any female sports wear?”

The answer to that was a no and I found myself looking at and then buying an ‘Under Armour’ switch tank top mainly in black, raspberry-pink ‘Ivy Park’ running shorts, a full cup Wacoal sports-bra and then pink ‘Nike’ running shoes, along with little bobby-socks.

Apparently, I was to undergo forty-five minutes of exercise each morning, Jane

wanting to tone up my stamina, ultimately for my sexual service to Cassie and to help in body re-sculpting.

With my gym clothing in Hudson Bay bags, we walked across the road and through to the main cosmetic area of Nordstrom's and up to the Chanel counter and one woman in particular, a black-haired girl with alabaster skin and beautifully made up, a little greetings kiss exchanged between them.

"Olivia, can I introduce you to Kaitlyn, Kaitlyn – Olivia."

We shook hands, lightly so with Olivia looking me over, inspecting the goods as such.

"Kaitlyn, Olivia knows about you and what you are. However, she has agreed to give you tuition lessons and it's also an opportunity to get you properly stocked as to your make-up essentials and some luxuries while you are here. She's going to start this evening with some generals and then work you over but, more importantly, she will be giving you lessons in the morning. In short, you will undergo gym training in the hotel at eight in the morning under the auspices of Barbara there, running, weights and all the rest, then Olivia will come to your room at nine thirty for lessons and in getting you properly made up for the day. As you progress during the week, you will be doing more and more of it by yourself. Evening sessions, we will work out in due course."

"Sit on the stool over here, Kaitlyn, and we will begin. See you in say forty-five minutes this time, Jane?"

"That's fine by me," and off Jane went, presumably to go and look at another

part of the store.

Olivia set about me, explaining my skin tone and foundation colours and what I should be looking for and how 'less is more' when it came to application, the need for a deft touch when it came to me being let loose on my face.

It was all rather relaxed, some chat about how I had started between the instructions, Olivia curious to my history and how I found myself now in Vancouver as a transsexual or transvestite, trying to dig deeper in my mind to how I thought about it all.

Forty-five minutes later, Jane came back and loved the smoky effect that Olivia had created – frankly, I couldn't believe how quickly she had brought everything together after tackling my foundation, letting me take over on that, and then my eyes. I would get to do my foundation in the morning, moving onto blushers and final tips, eye mascara and eyeliners to be tackled the day after, followed by colourings and finally lipsticks and finishing.

All I could say is that I certainly looked much more like a woman now when I saw myself in a mirror – and far more convincing, Olivia with some tips on how to soften my natural hair, and how she was looking forward to seeing me in my wig tomorrow.

Olivia ended up coming with us, the three of us returning back over the road and seeking out the Four Seasons Hotel and into the splendid Yew Restaurant and Bar. This time it was onto the wine, a bottle of a New Zealand Momo Sauvignon Blanc uncorked and served up, three girls around the table, Jane commenting that why she frequented such establishments as here and the Georgia was to avoid the hassle of men trying to butt in while she was having a girly session. Not that it didn't happen but it was less frequent and usually the men were classier.

I must say that I felt more comfortable now. The earlier nerves had disappeared and I guess that the confidence factor was a little higher, or perhaps it was the influence of the alcohol talking. Whatever, I sensed that there was very little attention coming my way, not from beyond our table, anyway. This was actually getting to be rather enjoyable.

Finally, we ordered the food and I had to say that it was superb, straight from the Pacific Ocean and onto the plate, simply but spectacularly presented – no wonder that folk wanted to move here if this was the standard of seafood, lobster and crab tacos and ravioli to begin with, followed by a wonderful dish of halibut with pea-shoots, pea pannacotta, a sharp lemon jam and vanilla emulsion.

Jane promised to let me bring her back here, perhaps with my fellow trainers such as Barbara and Olivia for a final sign-off, for one of their ‘tackle boxes’ that covered eight different fish and seafood types, things like clam salad, marinated local mussels, Albacore tuna, steamed lobsters and Dungeness crabs, We Wai Kai scallops, oyster and poached shrimps, even the chance to add the likes of sablefish or salmon to it if we were ultra-hungry.

We made it back to the hotel, Jane saying that she was leaving me for the night and to get some rest to beat any jetlag that I had, as well as allowing for the time difference of three hours.

Before she left, one stolen kiss and a feel of down under bringing me to hardness, Jane’s comment being “we will sort that out in the morning – meanwhile, you have the use of my panties and I expect you to take me in – and don’t forget to report to Barbara at eight; she is expecting you.”

It didn't take much to fall to sleep – even if my hands went for a dance as I took in Jane's scent once again.

Next morning, I ventured down to the hotel's 'temple of health' to meet Barbara, already dressed in my new sports wear and using my foam breasts, Barbara greeting me and sending me back to put the more realistic ones on. "Kaitlyn, they will stay on with their natural adhesion and you should feel and get used to them as you will be wearing them all the time, including for exercising."

Suitably admonished, I went and reattached my breasts and went back downstairs, Barbara wanting to put me through various tests and measurements to gauge my overall fitness. Her conclusion was, "Not bad, Kaitlyn, but we need to increase your stamina and tone you up a bit, running track and sprints, cycling, weights and ab-presses, the programme for you. Why don't we start with a mile run today and then we will really begin tomorrow."

The feeling of exercise with my breasts in my sports bra was something else, a challenge in rebalancing my body to take account of the extra weight on my chest, the sense of movement bouncing my forms too. This would take some getting used to.

Exercise over, I had time for a quick shower and was just getting dressed when Olivia appeared, her boxes of tricks to hand and away we went with me applying foundation and she taking over to give me tuition in blushers, cheek highlighting and even how to camouflage my breasts into my chest. She also began her explanation of how to tackle my eyes for day-wear, wanting me to keep colours light, given my coppery locks, my wig now firmly attached too, something that Jane had yet to see.

Olivia departed and ten minutes later, Jane appeared, her eyes opening when saw

the made-up Kaitlyn with her longer hair and fuller chest in front of her, a comment of “That’s more like it, Kaitlyn. You can pass as a girl now – however, Cassie and I want to get you to model status.”

“You must be joking, Jane, I’ll never make those heady heights.”

“Well, I am going to suggest that we go downstairs for a coffee and you may wanted breakfast.”

“Not really my thing at this time.”

“I’m going to open up my laptop and show you something.”

We went downstairs to the Bel Café and indulged ourselves with coffee and macaroon biscuits. Jane duly opened up her laptop and, there in front of me, I was gobsmacked to see photographs of someone who looked like me but definitely more womanly in appearance – in fact all-female and, in that sense, she wasn’t me. We could have been close relatives though.

I looked at Jane, who just concentrated on my reaction.

“Here we are Kaitlyn, this is what you could look like by the time Cassie and I have finished with you. Yes, this is a simulation of you after some cosmetic work, such as on your nose, cheeks, eyebrows and voice-box. Impressive, isn’t it?”

I was speechless, just an “Err” coming from my mouth and then an “Oh My God.”

“Model-like, as I said upstairs, Kaitlyn, a model female in submissive service to her Domme or Dommes, this is the goal that we are shooting for – and, yes, it could be achieved without any sexual reconstruction surgery.”

Jane then recounted the intricacies of the surgical procedures that would be used to achieve this overall ‘vision’ and it wasn’t the most pleasant of descriptors though, as she put it, I would have to endure a little hell to get this standard of look and how worth it would be, very much for Cassie’s benefit as well.

The one question that I had, concerned the use of hormones to which Jane responded in the affirmative, mentioning that we could arrange this and any transition discussions with a superb sex-change surgeon in Montreal – “and, as an interim measure, there would be no harm or damage caused by you growing your own breasts and undergoing body change as your body and mind switch over with the feminine hormones running around in side you. Cassie would welcome this, you know.”

We finished our coffee. “Okay, Kaitlyn, we’ll go shopping shortly so we need to go upstairs and get our coats and things – it’s nippy out there this morning. However, first I need to get something from reception, a present should we say for you?”

We wandered across to the reception and they produced a fairly substantial brown box, one with a handle, and Jane gave it to me.

“I want you to put this on before we go outside; girl needs to be safe and sure.”

The box itself felt like it weighed a couple of kilos, something rattling around inside it.

We went up to the suite and, once inside, Jane ordered me to remove my skirt and panties. I think that I probably looked her in amazement but one glance was enough to tell me to obey. Off they came.

Jane fixed her stare on my eyes and walked across to me.

Saying nothing, I felt her hands on my clitoris, as she was to term it, one hand on the shaft and the other grasping my balls, consequently bringing me to full hardness and very quickly too.

One command came, “Kaitlyn, get my panties, the ones that you were using for your scenting last night.”

I stepped away and went to my case to bring them out and gave them to her, Jane taking the white pair and covering my head, my nose back into the heart of her gusset, this still strongly smelling of her sex – and then the black pair, clingy as they were, Jane putting them over my head the other way around and, essentially, blindfolding me.

I was completely under her control, her hands coming back to feel my cock again, this wanting to burst.

“I know that you aren’t the biggest man ever born and I also know that we can seriously reduce the size of this, if you let Cassie and I do so, and with a little assistance, Kaitlyn.”

By now, she was stroking me slowly, a very slow form of masturbation, her right hand fingers running slowly up my shaft and back down again, the teasing torturous it had to be said, not least her aroma now filling my nostrils and sending my brain into overdrive.

“Yes, Kaitlyn, you will be a woman, not a man, one that has been transformed into a beautiful submissive girl to Cassie and me, one almost of model quality though you will technically be a man physically. However, mentally so, you won’t be. You will think and behave like a woman, no different to your Dommies except that you will obey us and become our sexual toy and your life will all be about pleasing us in bed, under a desk, in front of us, in the bathroom or wherever.”

The pace of her hand began to increase, the corresponding effect on my brain kicking in, a want to service her orally or have her fuck me, as there was no way that I could see that happening the other way around, perhaps the only way being if she had one of those face-dildos that Cassie had acquired and I rather enjoyed in being under her cunt when I delivered my service.

Jane possibly sensed this or was alert enough to tease me further, “Tonight, Kaitlyn, you will begin your oral training and I will may fuck you so as to empty you of your male cum – you know, in time, that will become sterile and like what Cassie and I deliver – and your orgasms will become more intense, more womanly in nature. That is what we want of you.”

The speed of Jane’s hand increased; it was now full-on wanking and my mind was fusing out, not least because of the humid dank air that I was breathing in now, all Jane-infused, the bombardment on me mentally – and exactly what she

wanted.

She brought me right the way up, “That’s it, Kaitlyn, it’s the last time that you are going to cum this way this week, the only other way will be induced in your cunt and seepage, that or in your mind.

And I released, a strong thirty-mile-an-hour release into her hand, the feeling as if my sperm was coming out as a burning-freeze as the emission passed through, the sense of an emotional flood as the brain dam broke, an exquisite male-type orgasm.

“Remove your veil, Kaitlyn, and take your cum of my hand.”

A couple of minutes later, I couldn’t have believed it, but Jane had reduced me to being like a dog or cat in front of her in licking the cream off her hand and fingers, my tongue darting between her digits to perform this salty clean-up. And to think that I was eating my own cum, Cassie hadn’t made me do this before, not yet anyway.

“Now go and open your present; this is what you will be wearing for the rest of your trip here, essential kit for training you for your future life. I’m going to go and wash my hands.”

Jane disappeared into the bathroom - I could hear the running water in the sink.

I did as I had been instructed, my clitoris beginning to soften now, and I went over to the bed where the box lay, picked it up and started to undo it.

I had it open, lifted the lid and removed the wrapping tissue and polystyrene foam wedges inside. I think my hand went over my mouth when I saw the contents – there in front of me was a Neosteel stainless steel chastity belt, something that I had only seen in pictures, its metal and black Neoprene staring upwards at me, a clear deep message that ‘I am going to be locked onto you in a few minutes. Enjoy your life restrained inside me.’

‘Oh My God!’

“You’ll step into it, Kaitlyn and pull it up into position. There’s a tube inside to accommodate your clitoris. I’ll pull up the front plate and then I’ll lock you in. Guess who your key holders are going to be? Yep, Cassie and me; we’ll control when you are let out. As to cleaning, it’s very clean as water and soap can wash through everything as there are loads of perforations along your tube but, twice a week, we will let you out to ensure that your urethral duct is kept spotless – no touching of your clit though, mind you or all hell will break out.”

I stepped into the metal contraption, a little neoprene tube inset on the inside and designed to take my clitoris – there was no space to expand in here and I could see an erection hurting like hell if I tried to swell to normal size.

Jane took the front panel, this all metal and leading down to two thin sculpted bars that passed over my perineum and opening up into a distinct aperture for any anal discharge or insertion and then back into the two bars to run up my bottom valley, the final location being a hinge off the not-inconsiderable waist belt.

The waist belt was solid steel and three millimetres thick, the edges rounded and

polished so there were no sharp edges and the belt shaped to fit closely to my hips. In fact, it was very comfortable and, after a time, I wouldn't feel its physical presence – the mental presence was another issue altogether.

Having got everything lined up, Jane snapped on the top locking device and then my padlock. I was in the chastity belt and at the outset of this new experience.

“Your sexual frustration will rapidly build, Kaitlyn, but no more penis use for you. You will learn that the giving of pleasure through your mouth and hands is far more important for you now and, if you are going to reach orgasm, it will be through being fucked in your boy-cunt or having a mentally-stimulated climax, perhaps driven by Cassie's or my sex smell.”

I groaned – from the inside so Jane couldn't hear me.

“Yes, that will be a good thing as you become more and more tuned on our aromas and hence attendance to worshipping us, your reward to bring us to sexual satisfaction and, I guess, your torture watching Cassie taking sexual pleasure from other women or men.”

My thought was a simple one, ‘God, you already know how to hit my soft spots.’

“Now put your panties and skirt back on, then take my panties and smell me one more time, the thought in your brain being that you will be between my legs later giving me pleasure, if you are a good girl today.”

I did as I was instructed, back on went my Wacoal panties and the viscose flared skirt that I had put on after my exercise and showering, my hose pull-ups, as I

knew it would be chilly outside. I would have preferred tights on but Cassie had 'censored' these when reviewing what I had intended to take with me.

Then I took another draft, the image of Jane naked in front of me and ready to grind her sex area into my face, holding my head and shouting out instructions on how she wanted me to perform oral sex on her, the probability that she would be very different to the way Cassie preferred me to give her the pleasure that she sought.

"Good, Kaitlyn, now here's a ziplock bag so you can put them in it and bring my panties along with you today, a little pantie-sniffing in public perhaps to keep you on your toes. Let's be going."

We headed off outside for a commando-style shop on the stores, the major department stores in the form of the Bay and Holt-Renfrew, well known brands such as Armani and Zara and, what I found the most interesting, the small boutiques, and some of them were high-end, for example, Twigg & Hottie, an amazing contemporary store especially for their accessories like handbags and jewellery. I will own up to spending far too much.

After a light lunch of Sushi, we ended up in the more bohemian suburb of Gastown, home to a lot of Canadian designers and onwards our shopping went, Gentile Allouette for their knitwear, Fluevog for shoes, Narcissist for a rather unusual 'little black number' that could be worn twelve ways and, my favourite, Obakki, a favourite of Gwyneth Paltrow, and their fashion sleek and lush with a lot of use of earth tones that I favoured. Even with a sale on a thousand Canadian dollars was invested in them, four dresses bought.

One lingerie shop was included, Diane's, a high end store and that proved to be fairly embarrassing, even though Jane knew the manager and the staff, an insistence that I should strip down to my lingerie, this meaning my breast forms and belt were fully on show. I could have died as I removed by jumper, blouse

and skirt.

My Neosteel had proven to be fairly comfortable. Yes, I was aware of it, more the weight than any edge cutting into me, my clitoris snugly tucked away and no real chance to have exploded into stiffness as of yet, the prospect of the staff serving and seeing me also keeping me quiet, even when Jane suggested that I took in a draught of her aroma.

I left Diane's with some interesting brands and products not least a Janira set, the pair of panties a combination of a tanga and briefs, the string visible through a fine mesh across my rear, the metal of my belt fully on show.

Throw in some super Kim Allen French-cut, hi-waist silk panties and a set of Empreinte 'Grace' that Jane wanted to see me in, then we were finally done, a return to the hotel for tea, a massage, shower and then Olivia appearing to make me up for the evening, Jane disappearing back to her house, saying that she would be back to pick me up at eight and we would be heading out for dinner.

Olivia took me through evening colours, her make-up even more intense than the night before, mascara lessons and overall application key for my tutorial. Once she was finished, I dressed, the Empreinte bra and panties, along with one of their deep suspender belts, this more than useful for concealing my chastity belt.

Stockings on, three inch heels and I went for my new black dress over everything, keeping things simple, a feminine look that I thought that Jane would enjoy and playing off the lesson that we trannies need to keep our dress moderately conservative, a hint of submission to the outfit too.

Perfume and sorting out my new handbag and I was there, just as Jane called in to tell me to go downstairs and wait for her in the reception, also to bring a coat as it was, once again, chilly out there.

I was in the hotel reception area for some ten minutes, Jane arriving by car. She swept in, talking to the concierge before turning to me.

She greeted me with a look of approval and a kiss and removed her coat to reveal that she was in a long dark grey skirt, a cream blouse that half-hinted that she was corseted underneath and a black blazer-style jacket, the one that she had invested in when we were in Armani. She had a medium-sized black handbag with a silver chain to it slung over her shoulder.

“We’ll have a quick drink before we go, Kaitlyn, but first the restroom.”

She took me by my hand and we found the Ladies, Jane not entering a stall but placing her bag on the counter to open it.

“I have some jewellery here, Kaitlyn, essential that it is for your role as my submissive, a mode of presentation that you need to get used to.”

With this, two bracelets and a collar necklace emerged from her bag, silver in colour, D rings on all three items – and, even worse, a long silver chain came out.

“It’s submissive wear, plain and simple, and you are going to put it on. It

matches your belt, you know.”

Jane put the collar around my neck, took hold of an Allen key and locked it onto me, the D-ring right in front of me, under my chain. Just like my belt, the metal was rounded on the edges and comfortable to wear.

Two minutes later, I found myself wearing a metal bracelet, a cuff, on each wrist, each one with a matching ring and my right one with the silver link chain attached to it, the other end in Jane’s hand and she leading me out into the public area, as if I was her pet animal.

This really heightened my nerves – and my sense that I was very much her submissive and her control.

We strolled into the bar, two Tanqueray and tonics ordered by Jane, no one making any comment. My thought was, ‘Gad, this is Vancouver – what would folk say in Burlington, Stowe or Montpelier to see Cassie leading me around on a leash and the evidence of our BDSM on display like this.’

Jane was completely non-plussed with what she was doing, a natural confidence to her, and the knowledge that she had me where she wanted me, under her control. I was sure that she knew exactly where I was standing and that was it felt like that I was in full spotlight and waiting for the ground to open up around me, particularly if someone said something to us, the worse being the hotel management in telling me to be dressed more appropriately.

We settled the bill to my room and headed off, Jane calling for a taxi to take us back over to the Gastown area, where we had been in the afternoon, our

destination to be a small and intimate Italian restaurant that had take a number of awards, 'Ask for Luigi.'

Six minutes later and we had arrived, the ignominy of having to walk with the chain between us, Jane leading me into the restaurant.

The house was utilitarian, to say the least, black and white tiled floors, wooden walls, old-fashioned wood chairs that I would describe as office ones, dark wood tables on black metal stands, some décor on the walls but all adding to the family atmosphere.

Some looks came our way but then Jane was known, a friendly greeting from Luigi, the patron, Jean-Claude joining him from the kitchen to add his greetings.

Two spritzs each later and I discovered why this restaurant was so highly rated, the pasta all home-made and delicious, tuna crudo, stracciatella and pickled mushroom, crispy polenta, escargot and watercress as antipasti, a wonderful spaghetti nero, clam and octopus ragù and an equally amazing tagliatelle and bison ragù to follow, everything washed down with a solid Sangiovese red, a Fattoria Le Pupille.

Thoughts about my appearance rapidly diminished, though those concerning my forthcoming submission didn't, Jane quizzing me about what experiences that I had as to BDSM practices, male or female, as well as what Cassie had practised on me.

Before I realised it, Jane and I were in a cab, the chain still to hand, Jane holding me as we went back to the hotel, a kaleidoscope of butterflies beginning to

bounce around in my stomach – I was on the cusp of having sex outside marriage, something that my wife had approved of and, I have to say, I had never imagined that happening.

I wondered if she too was entwined with someone back in Stowe, perhaps in our bed though they would likely be asleep now after their exertions, satisfaction for Cassie and even his sperm deep inside her uterus and beyond now, a huge seismic shift in our relationship going forward. On the other hand, maybe they were making love a second or third time, his large penis stretching her cavernous cunt and sending her into delirium.

However, it could be a woman as well, a submissive woman opening her vagina up for Cassie to fuck her with one of her strap-ons or the two of them engaged in a deep sixty-nine, making soft love as only women can, even body frotting and scissoring each other.

I needed the cognac that Jane offered me back in the Prohibition Bar and I had her to serve this evening and not Cassie. ‘Get a grip on yourself Kaden – or am I really Kaitlyn, submissive transsexual woman in training that I am?’

Two drinks warming me up, Jane rose, detaching the chain on my wrist and immediately snapping it back on my neck, the D-ring on the collar under my chin being used. With me feeling ever so embarrassed by this, she led me out of the bar, through the general reception area and over to the elevators, the doors opening to a couple descending inside, a look of some astonishment from them as they stepped out and we in.

Having pressed the floor button, Jane pinned me against the wall of the lift.

“I know it is uncomfortable, Kaitlyn, but you will gradually get used to it.” It was then that she kissed me aggressively, her tongue pushing between my lips, an unspoken message that she, Jane, was in control of me tonight.

Onto my floor and we went down the corridor, two more firm kisses and we came to the suite Jane ordering me onto all fours and taking the key to open the door, pulling on my chain as if I was her pet.

I couldn't believe it but here I was, a man underneath this feminine garb, crawling on my knees and hands into my suite. Jane sat down into one of the armchairs and lifted her long skirt, this revealing her black stockings and then two fine leather suspender straps holding the top bands of the nylons, solid silver coloured clips holding the button underneath.

Then her panties came into sight, black ones in a mesh tulle material, a silken 'x' shaped across her mons and the lower division of the x opening up and a glimpse of her cunt with her naked lips beneath, a distinct split in the material.

Jane said nothing, just a sharp pull on the chain and this guiding me into her love area, her damp aroma becoming distinctively stronger.

I could make out her coppery pubes covering her mons, neatly shaped and there was the outline of her clitoris, a little bump above the centre of the 'x' suggesting that it was quite significant. Further down, her lips were quite thick and luscious, a small hint of openness between them and one that would need teasing with my tongue or nose.

Her vagina was further down, still concealed under the gusset that came up into

the cross, a little indication that she was already becoming excited, a little spot of dampness there and this condition underpinned by her musky sex odour.

I was ready to serve her – gone were the thoughts of Cassie now; after all Cassie had given this woman in front of me her permission to use me as she thought best, a putting to the test of just how good or bad a submissive I would make and what sort of training would be necessary to develop me how she wanted. And if Cassie was in bed with someone else, then there was nothing that I could do now.

Closer in, her stockinged thighs now rubbing my cheeks, Jane took my hair, hopefully my wig on properly and holding fast, and guided me in the final few inches.

I nestled my nose in over her clitoris, feeling it emerge from its hood beneath the gorgeous and soft lingerie fabric, my mouth, or more like it, my tongue gently to play the thin gap between her lips, a rich muskiness filling my mouth, her flavour showing similarities to a Tokaji dessert wine, a sweetness to it underpinned by a contrasting sourer note, a deep presence and aftertaste of vanilla to her, her creamy issue quite sticky on my tongue – and very different to that of Cassie's, not that I was any expert in tasting women's sex offerings.

Jane pulled me in even deeper, her body slumping back into the chair, her legs stretching out and widening, her pussy even more in my face now, perhaps a positive reaction to what I was offering.

I pushed my tongue downwards from the open slit to try and find her cunt entrance and then mirrored the action by coming upwards and trying to kiss her shrouded clitoris. Up came Jane's hips and I knew that it was time to remove her panties, these now that little wetter what with her extra pre-cum spent and my

saliva.

I hooked my fingers in to the waist-hem, almost instinctively so, as if I really knew where it was and I pulled them downwards, the sexual barrier coming off with commensurate ease, helped by Jane lifting her bottom enough for her rear material and gusset to slide off if my hands, Jane permitting me that extra room to complete this little task.

As soon as they were discarded, she pulled me back into her worship centre, my reward a smothering in her pre-love offerings, not that I minded this.

Not that I was objecting to this, my focus now being on her clitoris, my tongue darting up there to find out just how protruded it was, a mini-cock being offered to me and, a complete surprise, that she had been pierced by a relatively large ring right through her shaft and this exaggerating the size of her clit.

Not knowing how hard she liked her oral submissives to press down or the motion that I should take, I brought her gently into mouth, a half-kiss and half-suck in effect. Jane responded by languidly circling her fingers on the top of my head, indicative to me that I should rotate my tongue around her and this I did, a little moan from her being an indication that, at least, I was on the right direction.

Back and forth and around, I revelled in this role, Jane steering me by using a combination of moving my head with her hands and her fingers, her pleasure in all of this given away by the increasing moaning sounds that she was making.

I made my way southwards – I was now more under her and looking upwards, not that I could see much as her skirt lay across me, making me perform by feel, no fingers or hands and just by my mouth, my nose coming a little into play as a

hard ridge for Jane to frot against, my nasal cartilage up against her pubic bone.

I found the entrance to her pussy, this soaking wet and much tighter in aperture than Cassie's was – just how different she and Jane were was quite amazing, this an expedition or exploratory adventure for me in working out exactly what the differences were.

Jane was also delicious, a rich taste filling my mouth, an intense aroma bombarding my nose, a thin film of her cum all over me and that I wasn't objecting to – anything but.

Jane allowed me to enter, the curling of my tongue to become penile in nature, not that I could enter her that far, something that she said later could be improved by a little dental surgery in cutting the frenulum to my tongue and immediately lengthening it by a half-inch to inch more – if only this could be done to my cock.

Whatever, my tongue went even lower and found her anus. Again this was much smaller than Cassie's, a small anal rosebud with a fine lining around her sphincter muscles, those shaped to draw one inwards to her, whereas Cassie's was so dominant in its presence, almost swallowing the tip of my tongue or nose when it was up against her.

Soon I was back at her vaginal entrance and then long teasing licks right up the insides of those wonderful labia of Jane's and it was this little offering that I found was the key to opening up her slit and exposing all those little intricate folds and love-glands inside there, her clitoris protruding erect from above.

Jane pressed me in even tighter, as if she was trying to smother me in this position, measured licks, kisses and sucking now required, careful and timely

breathing too, a prerequisite for the next phase of being so close to her and offering my face and mouth in their entirety to her, Jane also having taken over my mind, my thoughts now totally about her satisfaction and wanting to feel her cum all over me.

I didn't have too long to wait for that. I had been sensing that things were afoot as her inner thighs were beginning to grip me tighter, her nerve-ends tingling, perhaps her toes curling as her fingers were certainly getting tighter around my wig, more pulling on my hair as the wig cap was stretched.

She was also beginning to buck her hips, a raising of her bottom, a want to masturbate herself against me, quick rises of her pussy up and down my mouth and nose and yet more moaning, deep from within her, to accompany this. I could imagine her there, her eyes closed and her mouth open, enjoying the nervous spasms flying out from her vagina and clitoris, perhaps her nipples joining in well, these still shrouded behind her blouse and bra or corset – and that hadn't been revealed to me, not yet.

She exploded on me, it was almost like being rippled sand on the beach with Jane's waves coming over me, some of them straight through and others crashing around me. Now here there was one similarity, she came as Cassie did in terms of being copious; however, as I was discovering this evening, Jane was more of a spurter, the first surge being quite strong.

Folk say that a man's sperm emits at thirty miles an hour over a very short distance but what speed did Jane achieve? My face was soaked, my wig would need some careful cleaning and already I knew that I was smelling strongly of her, Jane's first and intentional marking of me perhaps?

It didn't stop there, anything but. Jane soon had me down to my lingerie, she too

removing hers and revealing the sight of her in a rather stunning black leather corset, thin hide used in its construction, her small breasts tight in its cups, her presumably stiff nipples yet to be revealed.

I found myself on the bed, flat out and my wrists tethered with chains and carbine hooks off the bed-head, spaying them out and leaving me helpless to do anything other than offer my face.

She stood right over me on the bed, the ultimate look upwards, up over her stockinged legs splayed and right to her intimate area, her panties now removed and showing all, a very different view than what Cassie would be offering if here in the bedroom.

It also helped set up her dominance, the knowledge that she had full control of me now, over ten minutes of sexual meditation given and then she began to lower her bottom onto me ever so slowly and such a deliberate lewd manner so as to make me take her in and have the image of her sex indelibly printed on my mind, to add to that of Cassie's.

This was all about psychological control – women were to be in control of me, she and Cassie, and I was their plaything, their submissive, my position to worship and please them, my life to be re-oriented towards giving them in part the sexual pleasure that they craved and, in doing so, to be emasculated and transformed to look like a female and behave like one, even if I still retained the remnants of my male sex.

People would ask why let yourself be so manipulated but this offering of their sex and the pleasure temple that resulted was so compelling, so all-embracing and to the point of being narcotic, the removal of as much as possible of male elements and behaviour in my life adding to the consuming and subsuming effect, hence driving my transformation.

What was happening tonight was adding to my progression into their whirlpool, their trap and, as it turned out for me, to become what they both wanted with continual access to my service within and outside the bedroom.

Jane's bottom dropped onto me, a different feeling to that of Cassie's and explained by her shape being a lot narrower in that department, the emphasis and pressure point very much to the immediate area left and right of my nose riding over my cheeks than all over, Cassie being much more spread in the way that she took me.

Whatever, in both their cases, I was very much in their valley and at their mercy to breath control and, consequently, the ingestion of their odour and taste. Jane's anus was over my nose and her vaginal entrance right over my tongue, an automatic demand for me to renew the kissing, licking and probing down there and, in return, to receive her creamy nectar, now a lot stringier from having had her first orgasm of the evening.

Once again, her bottom began to move up and down on me, short opportunities to take in fresh air that was quickly turned into her scent – all I was breathing in was Jane, my exhalation adding to the humidity and intensity of what she was beginning to smear over me and, at the same time, train me to her essence.

Jane must have spent twenty minutes using me in this manner, another major orgasm washing through her, the sort that she described as electrical depth-bombs going off all around her body, her mind oblivious to anything else going on.

As to me, I was totally focused on her; with the chastity belt still in place, I

couldn't achieve an erection; any attempt at stiffness resulted in pain as the belt's penile tube bit home, reminding me that I was secondary in this sex session and that it was all about this woman using me.

However, I did get my desserts in that Jane released me temporarily from my tethers to turn me over and reapply the chains, my face now downwards and pushing into the hotel bed's pillows.

My panties came off, Jane pulling them down, but not my chastity belt. Much to my dismay, that stayed on, my clitoris still covered, the stainless steel girthed around my midriff, just on my hipline and my bottom up in the air, my anus exposed to the air through its aperture and open for any play that Jane so wished.

I felt her slip into me – not much ceremony about that, her Feeldoe as it turned out to be well-covered with a little lubricant but, more importantly, her own love juices, the head coming through the metal home in the belt to push against my anus, this giving away ever so easily, perhaps too easily, and allowing Jane to commence her fucking of me.

She didn't hold back, a rapid in and out of me, pushing as deep as she could, the width of her cock playing the sides of my boy-cunt walls and, in particular, my prostate, this sending me mad in terms of wanting to release, a freeze out of my brain starting, sparks of sensitivity around my body breaking out, and all I could think about was the way her cock was sliding in and out of my apertures, the cock head moving up and down in me, as well as her own bulbous part locked in her cunt was frotting her, hopefully taking her up her pleasure mountain again.

My cock was aching, that blasted black tube preventing me to expand as I should but then it shrank back. Immediately, I knew what this was about, it had happened when Cassie had taken me like this, I was about to be milked, my

system drained off both my sperm and my cum, the sensation of this an oozing rather than a strong spurt, and a disconnection between my brain going into orgasm mode and my cock and balls area, a very different feeling to a normal male ejaculation.

I could feel it begin and my belt beginning to leak my cum out under me, my penis in its black sheath connected by a tube to a small meatus set in to the metal in the area that my female urethra would sit, an important dimension of this Neosteel system that Jane had put me in at Cassie's behest as, the next day as I was to find, she slid an artificial latex vagina over the front plate, an action that I found unbelievably humiliating for some strange reason perhaps associated with the visual effect of losing my manhood.

My mind fused and I unloaded, a dull ache deep inside my boy-cunt and Jane continued to exploit me as if she was targeting my male equivalent of the G spot in there, extracting all that she could from me and leave me drained and exhausted.

This was intentional on her part, a tired Kaitlyn that would submit even further to her control, the point made that she came first as Cassie would and that I shouldn't roll away and fall asleep in giving way to the Prolactin levels in me or that of other chemicals such as Serotonin and Oxytocin. I was to be a woman and behave as a woman and that meant taking Jane on to whatever pleasure that she wanted – and it would be she who determined when we were to rest.

That was exactly what she wanted, releasing me from her chains, inserting a glass plug into me, her *raison d'être* being that I needed to be more pliant and accepting down there – and an ability to take whatever size of cock that she thought appropriate, be it hers, Cassie's or a chosen male.

This plugging done, she rolled over onto her fours, knees and elbows and she got me to give her oral from behind, a clean-up of her and then working towards a fresh orgasm, more instruction coming now as to up and improve my technique on her as I licked and kissed her, from top to bottom.

Finally, she released me from service, telling me that I should sleep between her legs so that her scent would continue to infuse me, the sheet damp from our ministrations and also smelling of her.

Her final comment of the evening was, “Kaitlyn, tomorrow some breast worship and do you know what a cervical orgasm is?”

“Jane I think so but then I don’t think I have ever seen Cassie have one, or any other girl that I have known.”

“Well you will do by tomorrow night and when you get back to Cassie, I expect to hear reports that you took her in this state, the ultimate level of climaxing that a woman can have and one that will enslave you to her, a powerful submissive position to be in as you watch your woman really take pleasure from your adoration of her sex orifices, body and mind. Achieve this and you will be coming nicely along – and I haven’t even had the pleasure of introducing you to my sex room yet and the pleasure of a Domme’s punishment and pain that adds a certain piquancy to all of this.”

“No, I haven’t.”

“Well, you better get some sleep now as tomorrow may prove to be a test for you, Barbara in the morning, then Olivia and you’ll be off to see my Doctor

Kaplan, a dentist, as I want to set your teeth up for some play.”

Nothing more was said; the thought was left deep in my mind. What did she mean by that? I wasn't going to find out now as Jane rolled over and quickly fell asleep, leaving me where she wanted me, firmly between her legs and under the spell of her vaginal area, her sexual sanctuary and my new altar table.

Chapter 5

Vancouver Strikes Hard

I left the dentist with Jane at roughly eleven-thirty the next morning, the usual rote of morning exercises and breakfast to begin the day with, my rear taken once more before we got up, Jane explaining to me that anal training was fundamental as once I was hooked on cumming this way, it was half the battle won. Aspects such as wearing lingerie and women's clothing would come so easily as I would associate it with my fix – and if she and Cassie focused on a pre-breakfast session, I would easily succumb to the pleasures of hormones and, therefore, breast development and a far more girly figure.

Jane's experience was such that all the above had worked on girls that she had transformed. I asked how many but she ducked the question.

Over breakfast, some more Eggs Benedict, Jane explained that my dental work would be purely cosmetic. My teeth weren't bad but she wanted to make them a little more feminine in being smaller and more rounded, an intense whitener to be added to. Her dentist was one Doctor Kaplan and he too was in the Vancouver BDSM world and that was how she got to know him.

He had also worked on a few of Jane's girls.

I also had asked her, "Jane, who is paying for all of this? I'm still not clear."

"The details don't really matter to you, Kaitlyn. However, today and clothing

and accessories that I have bought on your behalf go back to Cassie and so does the bill for Doctor Kaplan. My time, well that's between Cassie and me; suffice to say, we have struck a deal."

Doctor Kaplan's office and surgery wasn't that far from the hotel, so we walked over, Jane saying that we would go for lunch afterwards and then a short shopping session, this time in South Granville where there were independent boutiques and some nice art galleries. Not everything was to be sex-focused.

I ended up in the dental chair and Kaplan set about my teeth under local anaesthetic, the needles not hurting when they went in which, for me, was always the sign of a good dentist. He worked on grinding and polishing my teeth for the better part of ninety minutes before handing over to his nurse to conduct the whitening stage.

When that was done, the Doctor came back into his room, I thought to inspect my teeth for a final time and sign me off. How wrong was I about that?

It was just Jane and him in the room, his nurse outside and I found them attaching chains from the chair onto my cuffs, limiting my arm movement and one then attached to my collar.

A large dental gag was produced, a Jennings one, as I was to learn later, the device quite simple in two bars that held my mouth open to allow work inside my oral cavity. There was a ratcheting system that meant that I would not be able to dislodge it because of a risk of forward dislocation of my jaw joint's cartilage.

This position allowed the Doctor to add what felt like clips to my wisdom teeth

and the front pre-molar, two up and down on each side of my mouth for a total of eight clips, the sort of clip akin to that used for dental braces. However, none of the wiring was added and, at that point, this was a complete mystery, the Doctor and Jane refusing to say what this was for.

However, this was not the only procedure, the Doctor's last action a simple one and that was to cut my tongue's frenulum right at the floor and using a laser, this a cleaner and faster way of performing the procedure and aiding a very quick heal as my cut skin was effectively sealed there and then.

“What will happen, Kaitlyn, is that your tongue will appear larger in your mouth. It may also be a little longer and I am sure that you realise that this is an advantage for oral sex – and you may well develop a slight lisp. This can be very cute on girls like yourself and, not least, it will constantly remind you of your submissive role. In short, your s may sound like an f and sometimes the letter r is affected too.”

I left the surgery with a tender mouth, the recommendation to “use a frequent wash to discourage ulcers and to keep the area clean, no tongue oral sex for a day, as things will heal very quickly in there and, ideally, no watersports for a week. If you do want to subject Kaitlyn to an early taste of your pee, knowing your love of the practice, then make sure you use distilled water to wash her mouth. Fresh pee is sterile but it can deteriorate quickly, so I don't want exposure.”

The Doctor looked at Jane with a rather large grin on him, “As you know, the clips can be used straight away and any of your cum that gets into her mouth – well, that is sterile. So go for it.”

I could hardly speak with the numbness in my mouth but gradually it dissipated.

By the time that we were over in South Granville, it was much freer. We stopped in a favourite café of Jane's, a chuckle from me at the name of the place, 'the Bump 'n Grind.'

As to food, the best I could manage was a smoked salmon croissant, the dish being soft on my mouth. I could see dinner being a challenge too, perhaps a risotto or something like that and I proposed Italian for supper.

The shopping and gallery visits were fun, a distraction to my sore mouth, it has to be said - and thank goodness for Ibuprofen in loading up on it, a second benefit from this coming my way.

A couple of tops and a nightie were the sum of the purchases but, hey ho, we ended up taking a taxi back to Jane's apartment in the West End.

I didn't know what to expect as to her place but, in fact, it was stunning. The outside was a bit 1970's in terms of looking like it had been built in the Pink Floyd and Led Zeppelin era and all that. Inside was another matter when it came to the views and also a testament to Jane's space and decoration.

The views out over False Creek, its marinas and on into the park in the West Yaletown area were stellar, and then the eye was drawn across the distant inner waters of the Pacific – these were one thing. On the other hand, the mountains and the trees provided such contrast but, then, so did the city, as we looked eastwards. This was all rather dramatic – until I saw the inside of the apartment.

Everything was very sleek and modern, the living spaces kept very airy and ultra-white, as was the kitchen and, as I was to see, the guest bedrooms and

bathrooms. Jane had allowed the outside to be her predominate canvass, the only contrast being the use of some light, sandalwood panelling. Her furniture played off that, simple and brown, leather or wood, the whole vista designed to looking outwards over the bay, especially at night time.

It was very much the same with her master bedroom, so sleek and white and something that was taken through the bathroom. However, the shock was that she had a sex room and this was, surely, one to be unparalleled in design. I have to admit that my impression of such rooms was that they should be dimmed, grey and industrial – after all, this was what Cassie was coming up with as to the designs of our extensions.

Thank God that we hadn't committed to the architect yet, he from the nearby Colchester to Stowe and Burlington. This was very much the antithesis in that her playroom took full advantage of the views, spectacular as they were at whatever the hour, right out over the bay, city and mountains and using the natural or urban lighting as one means of distancing the submissive, me in this case, from the reality of the world.

It was out there – but at a distance that I couldn't touch.

Meanwhile, the interior was something else; white, clinical and clean, it was almost rather medical and sterile in appearance but all the way around the room – and the ceiling – then it started to reflect what Cassie and I had discussed and sketched out. However, this was a personal dominant's room far beyond anything that I had ever envisaged.

Everything was spacious and cleanly laid out, with distinctive areas highlighted by not only the incoming light and scenario out there but also by the setting into eight clear teasing areas, Jane's secret being what lay behind her white closets,

extensive as they were, and in the ceiling as to all her range and flexibility in being able to offer unusual restraints and suspension.

In that, what Cassie and I had as preliminary designs wasn't that much different – however, even before I was restrained on her equipment in semi-decadent bondage, I realised that we should open the views up down the valley from Mount Mansfield towards the town of Stowe.

After all, just like here, who was going to be looking in through the windows – and, given that they were one-way vision along with the sound-proofing that would have graced any recording studio, who would see or hear the punishment and pain being inflicted on me, all in the name of feminine, dominant love and what goes with it.

It was in here that Jane had me strip down, leaving me in just my collar and cuffs, along with my chastity belt, Jane then adding matching ankle cuffs, my cock-cum-clitoris perversely trying to stiffen inside the Neosteel's tube at the prospect of what was to come.

She had me stand on a dais in front of the window on which there was an old-fashioned wooden stock, one crafted out of local redwood and the sockets lined with neoprene rubber to cushion the wood grinding against the submissive's body.

I found myself placed in it, my legs spread out and chained off at the ankles, my body through the centre and my arms pulled backwards and put in a socket either side, my wrist-cuffs also locked down by chains for double security – or for mental effect.

A ball gag, a black one prising open my mouth but nothing like the Jennings mouth brace that I had been in earlier, completed my bondage.

Jane then stood in front of me and removed her clothing, all of it, to take her panties that she had been wearing, dark-grey ones and trimmed in white, and placed these over my head with the consequence of pain shooting through my groin as my clitoris tried to respond positively to this sensual stimulus.

Back into position and she put on a leather harness supporting a double cock of equal length either side of the steel ring that supported it, the cock black in colour.

She ground her vagina onto her end of it, working it into her with just her natural pre-cum moisture and then buckled up the straps for comfort so that, for all intent and purpose, she looked rather male, certainly an Alpha Homme standing there before me, her boyish slender body-shape and her flattish breasts with their pink nipples standing out adding to the effect.

“I should have you put this strap on me, Kaitlyn, a duty for you as a submissive to your Mistress, be it me or Cassie, and a teaser so that you know you are going to be fucked again, your anus by plugs of increasing dimension and different materials to be trained to take us with ease. We’ll start with a metal one, I think – and one that locks into your belt until I decide that it comes off.”

She came around the back of the stock and, standing on no ceremony, drove a plug home, one that I couldn’t see but only feel as it went in and filled my boy-cunt, pressure immediately applied on my prostate.

My mind was preparing me - I knew that some punishment would likely be coming my way.

I could picture Jane behind me, this lithe girl picking up an exquisite crop, thin and black as it turned out, topped with a silver handle and a nasty little split tail to it to add a stinging whip-like sensation as she spanked me with it.

“Cassie says that she and you don’t really know your pain limits; that’s something that we need to understand, don’t we? And then we need to train you to increase your endurance ability.”

With this, the first crack came in, hitting my protruding bottom, my butt probably looking like two distinct hemispheres with the metal of my belt surrounding it and passing up my valley.

Jane was spot on the centre, the hit immediately stinging me and making me gasp into her gag and then draw on her gusset, her cunt aroma filling my nose once again.

A second one came in, striking me above the first one, the same effect – and then a third hit, even stronger as this was placed on my lower side. With a measured placing, Jane set up such a beating that by about the twelfth stroke, I wanted her to cease, tears in my eyes. I didn’t even have a safe word not that I could use it with the ball in my mouth and I was just relying on her good judgement of when I was at my limit. Six more strokes, I think it was, each one in the same rhythm, each one setting my rear on fire, my mind wrestling with the pain, the feeling of the plug deep in me, the helplessness of the situation that I was in and then the counter-impulse of Jane’s moist cunt in my nose.

Suddenly, Stowe seemed a long way from here and I was totally in Jane’s hands, obedience expected and to be given for the time that I would be in Vancouver.

She pulled back from thrashing me, my bottom feeling like it was on fire now – at least, I had largely come through. Some tears yes, but I was there. I felt her remove the plug and then she was in me, fucking me for all that she was worth, forcing my prostate and mind to respond once again, not that I had much to offer as a male having been effectively drained by her the night before.

This was going to be a mental orgasm if I was going to have one but it wasn't about me, it was all about Jane and driving her to her own climax. My satisfaction, I realised, was very much secondary.

I could feel and hear her cum, her end of the double dildo vibrating through to me and then there was the way that she covered me, gripping my waist just before it went through the stock, this becoming firmer as she approached her moment.

God, I felt her cum, Jane tipping me over the top and squeezing some fluid out of me, my brain completely numbed with her sex now.

She stayed in me for a couple of minutes and withdrew to replace the butt plug in me and left me alone, standing there but supported by the wood frame while she slipped a cream silk robe on, and then she left the room – I could hear her steps and the door open.

I guess that she was gone for some fifteen to twenty minutes – all I had was the views of the bay beyond the beach and, of course, my nose and mind was still being bombarded by her personal scent.

I heard Jane come back in but was that another person that was with her, the sound of a heavy thud of shoes on the floor.

Before I knew it, I sensed that they were behind me, Jane withdrawing my butt plug again and then I felt another cock behind me, a different dildo to the last one.

In it came, filling my boy-cunt for a second time. However, this one was much larger – and softer – and then it dawned on me that it was a real one. Christ, there was a man in the room and he was taking me, a friend of Jane's. My mind immediately pondered over the question of whether he was clean – however, I realised that this was a pretty stupid thing to think about. Jane was clean and there would be no way that she would take the risk in getting us both infected.

He grunted, confirming his presence and he spoke just the one line, his voice gruff and baritone, very alpha in nature and a Canadian drawl to it. "As you know, Jane, I love a good sissy and it looks like a cute one that you have lined up for me here."

He began to take me; long, hard strokes moved in and out of me, Jane in front of me and actively masturbating herself, leaning over from time to time to pinch my nose in her gusset.

"It's what you need, Kaitlyn, a man in you – a man with a proper cock who knows how to use sissies like you and bend them into accepting penises as a woman does. Derek here is going to fuck you everyday that you are here now, twice each time. Once will be in bondage and once on the bed to be taken from the rear most likely, as that is his favourite position."

Jane anticipated exactly what I was thinking – in between the feel of this man's cock in me.

“Cassie knows that this is happening and accepts it. After all, why shouldn't you know what it feels like to have an alpha man in you, just as she likes taking such cock? Imagine Derek's hard penis ploughing in and out of her, distorting her cunt entrance each side, either in the missionary position or perhaps from behind as Derek is fucking you, may be even on their sides or standing up, her miniskirt above her waist line as he takes her behind your favourite restaurant in Stowe or Montpelier.”

I had a chuckle as to Montpelier as that would either be in the river or out in the car park.

Jane knew exactly what she was doing, the weakening of my resistance and any objections to Cassie taking others. It would be in my mind that I had experienced what she wanted, Jane re-emphasising this point, “Yes, Kaitlyn, Cassie and I may want you to take men like Derek from time to time and fill you with their cum to stress that you are now a woman, not a man, a woman who can carry his sperm deep in you, and making you no different to the two of us, except that you are our little submissive and there to serve and please us.”

I groaned – and so did Derek. Three more thrusts and he was there, shooting his load into me, Jane following, her fingers having brought her all the way up that she shot some of her less sticky fluid into my pantied face, this adding to my odour bombardment that I was undergoing.

I was released from the stock and placed on the bed, face down, my bottom in the air and Derek had his way again, another load of cum shot deep into me before I was plugged off and allowed to dress, Derek disappearing as quickly as

he had entered the room.

Jane's reaction and comment, I guess, was fairly predictable, "Kaitlyn, this may sound silly but it happens with every new girl such as yourself. A strong man on top of you, dominating you by his sheer size and pounding you. To Derek, it's the chance to have sex with pretty girls or men, normal sex at that, but in your head it feels far more. It's all about having a powerful man take you, his rough skin against your smooth hairless body his manly breath across your neck and ears but, ultimately, in having him deep inside you, a live cock pummelling you and that's something Cassie and I can't give you, only allow you to have such satisfaction of male on tranny sex, the power of that sitting in our hands even to the point of allowing you a boyfriend who, as a dominant, you can love and serve alongside we women in your life. How your life is changing."

There wasn't much more that I could add to that.

"You'll see Derek tomorrow, a double-fuck again coming your way in addition to me taking you."

We ended by cleaning up – talk about my bottom being sore now, the effect of Jane's punishment working well and almost a distraction from the pain in my mouth. My tongue felt that it was all over the place, the frenulum cut and sealed back on either side, stitching not needed and just regular mouthwash to ensure that all was kept clean.

Indeed, apart from feeling that my tongue was twice its normal size, the frenectomy left me with an irritating lisp. Just as Doctor Kaplan had said, it was most pronounced on the letter s, this coming out as an 'f' or 'th' - as in 'fifth and chipth.'

We returned to the hotel, Jane bringing another case of clothing and, I was sure, toys and restraints, me carrying our purchases from earlier.

We debated over which Italian restaurant to go to, whether it should be a return to Gastown and 'Ask for Luigi' or something more local to the hotel, that being the choice we went for, walking the few blocks over to a rather nice family eatery in Café Il Nido.

Wine bottle seemed to be everywhere, the ambience very warm with the red and mauves used on the tables, the place more up market than Luigi's, the cuisine reminiscent of Northern Italy and using top-class fresh ingredients.

The menu was a challenge in seeking out food that I could safely eat, Caprese chosen as a starter and annoying coming out as 'Caprethè.' This, I followed with a 'Riffotto,' the Arborio rice served with calamari and squid ink, along with a green salad.

I moaned to Jane about my lisp, her comment being "you will get used to it and by the time we have done some voice training and tightening of your box, you will sound delicious and so girly. I can't wait to feel that tongue of your swirl around my pussy and I bet Cassie will have the same feeling."

I tried having a glass of red wine but this was too sore on the underside of my tongue; water my quick saviour to restoring normality.

"Talking of Cassie, Jane, you mentioned or implied earlier that she had

experienced or was experiencing an Alpha man fucking her. Is that true?”

“I don’t know, Kaitlyn – it’s Cassie’s choice completely and if she wants a proper man inside her, then she can choose that or, indeed, she may have found a pretty little female student to play with and love. In short, it’s none of your business from now on, though the choice of who fucks you is hers. Who knows, perhaps she has already had Derek stretching her vagina and anus, as he took you this afternoon? Would you deny her that feeling, particularly as you seemed to rather enjoy being his gurl and under his power and influence – don’t deny it as I saw your looks and captured them on film for Cassie’s enjoyment.”

“Oh God, you haven’t, have you?”

“Yes, of course I have. Cassie and I are in close contact as to you and your progress. She likes seeing her little subby girl-to-be undergoing training, even if it is rather erotic. What you have to do is to accept that this is your life from now on. It’s plain and simple; Cassie controls your sex life and your life at large. She is now the dominant, male-like figure in your relationship and you are taking her past role, as wife and maybe even mother in time.”

“But what about life as to careers?”

“I think that Cassie has made that clear, hasn’t she? She will be the main breadwinner in your family and she will make the decisions. Sure, she will consult you and your finance and risk expertise; that is what happens in relationships but she will take ultimate responsibility as to any aspect of your lives and particularly your sexual development. Your role is to support her and keep her happy, plain and simple, and present yourself as the woman that we have seen and you have proven to be.”

“I guess so.”

“You are saying so?”

“I really don’t have much option if I want to continue with Cassie, do I?”

“Nope – and on career, she sees you earning some money on higher value deals – living as a woman and working from home, of course. I would put you on another career, as a sissy escort to other lesbian women and perhaps even some men like Derek, if they were carefully vetted.”

I grimaced at that prospect and thought it better to change direction a little.

“So does Cassie want me to go the whole way then? I am assuming she wants me to have functioning breasts and the associated shape changes that come with being on hormones?”

“A definite yes to you having breasts and I suspect your nipples will be quite big and succulent – and very open to piercing of them, something that I would do to you and definitely advocate to keep them stimulated for most of the day and a continual reminder of what and who you are. As to a vagina, if that is what you are asking, she’s hesitant at this time but, on the other hand, is not saying no. She wants to keep an open mind to it, whereas I would have you slated down for full transformation from now in. You’re a submissive girl, no question about that and we should maximise your talents in this direction, shouldn’t we?”

“I suppose so.”

“What do you think of the idea of having a cunt, Kaitlyn? Think, you may be able to feel a Derek up inside you, perhaps with a large dildo in your boy-cunt, or vica versa, and certainly it would be similar to what Cassie feels when she has a large enough man making love to her.”

“To be truthful...”

“I expect that – honesty, please.”

“To be truthful, I fluctuate. There are times, such as in the evening when we are out and I am dressed up that I think how nice and cute it would be to sliding a pair of panties over my legs and bottom, and the prospect of the sex to come – that’s usually with a woman though I will admit to the occasional thoughts about having me ride me. Then there are other times that I wish to keep my cock – but to have it made larger so to satisfy Cassie.”

I added an “and you.”

“Well, I don’t need you, Kaitlyn, and if you were a decent size, you probably wouldn’t be sitting in front of me dressed as you are in one of your Fisher dresses and wearing stockings and women’s lingerie. However, I definitely prefer you in this mode as you make for a pretty girl and we’ll get you looking stunning, mark my words.”

The risotto was excellent and not too damaging on my mouth. It did remind me to ask Jane why this dentistry work had been done on me.

“I presume that you mean the clips and not the whitening or teeth re-shaping to make them a little more feminine?”

“Yes.”

“You’ll find out soon enough. Remember I said that I want to go to a cervical climax to night – this will be part of it as well as putting a decent extension on your clitoris tonight.”

“So you are taking my belt off?”

“Perhaps but then your clit will be constrained in the extension and that may become equally as tight and frustrating for you. I’m using you purely for service and to flood your mouth and face this evening – now come on, let’s order dessert and then we can go back to the room.”

I went for the Tiramisù, Jane opting for a ‘Torta al Cioccolato,’ the classic flourless chocolate torte served with vanilla gelato and a raspberry coulis. I even went for a glass of Italian dessert wine, a Vin Santo, Passito di Pantelleria without too much soreness in the mouth, encouraging that this was.

We walked back to the hotel, Jane with her chain attached to my right wrist, all my cuffs from the afternoon session still on – and, of course, the plug was still in me, holding Derek’s emission in there. We stopped for a drink at the Prohibition Bar, an Amaretto proving to be quite acceptable and, as Jane said, the alcohol acted as a mouth-wash.

Jane had me remove my clothing so that I was down to my cream Freya high-waist panties covering my belt and my matching bra holding my breasts in.

“Now me, Kaitlyn, help me out of my jump-suit.”

I helped her with her back buttons and then slid her sleeves over the shoulder to let the black silk jump-suit fall to the floor. I couldn't believe what I was seeing, something that Cassie would have never worn, a black 'Temptress' bra with open cups, her breasts surrounded in black faux-rubber vinyl with a slight lace-effect finishing to it, the piece emphasising her perky nipples.

With it, she too was wearing a matching pair of hi-waist panties, made of the same material, featuring mesh panels and a lace-up at the back. This was surely the ultimate siren set and very evocative of the 'Miss Betty' era.

Black hold-up stockings finished the outfit along with the three-inch heels that she had worn out to supper.

Jane began by kissing me, dominant kissing at that, probing into my mouth and even touching the underside of my tongue, this dancing uncontrollably around my mouth.

“Derek has done a good job with your tongue, Kaitlyn. I am so pleased with what he has done.”

I grunted a “Yeth, Jane.”

“And your teeth – your mouth is going to be well-used tonight.”

She still wouldn't reveal what she had planned, her kissing continuing, a warmth passing between us, the rise of sexual desire on my part now to be in service to this woman. She brought my mouth to her breasts

“Kiss my nipples and bring them to full stiffness. I want to be wet between my legs before you give me some oral to get me going and to get your face and hair ever so wet, Kaitlyn.”

I took her love points into my mouth and sucked and licked them, the first time that I had been permitted to do this, bringing them to their natural stiffness, Jane holding me close to her, little moans of appreciation growing by the minute.

Then she pushed me southwards to her love area, the vinyl in front of me quite an odd material to have rubbing in my face – however, the aroma of her live sex was there, a slight rubbery-plastic tang to it adding a certain nuance. Jane held me there for three or four minutes, slowly thrusting her hips in and out on me, one-minute light pressure and then to be in there with some force behind my head.

“Take them off slowly, Kaitlyn, more of a roll down my waist and thighs and they'll come off easily.”

I did as I was ordered, the panties seeming well lubricated and more than just Jane's pre-cum, my reward to be put back between her thighs on my knees and for Jane's sex dance to begin again, this time my tongue, nose and mouth coming into contact with her naked cunt area, my tongue almost acting with a will of its

own as I couldn't fully control it, a rich flow and flavour of Jane coming into my mouth now in copious amounts.

My own sense of expectation began to grow, my clit though still held in my belt tube, everything having to be directed to stimulating my mind and not my clit.

Some ten minutes of heavenly oral pleasure on my part and Jane's thighs tightened around me and her now-familiar nerve-ends were chattering away, driving her towards the first orgasm of the evening, an intense clitoral one that had her holding onto my head with some force and riding me through, as if I was a toy teddy bear being used for masturbating her.

Two orgasms and all their associate tremors and Jane turned to me, "Now it's time to take off your belt, Kaitlyn, hook you up in the extension you have here and see if you can take me to new heights."

Off came my belt, a turn of the hex-key and I was out of it quickly, hardly any time though before Jane had my penis inside a purple transparent extender, giving me a length of nine inches or so and considerable girth – and enough room inside to ejaculate and not enter her.

Jane soon put the kibosh on that idea though, "If you want me in you, Kaitlyn, you won't come when I do, and I hope to come very aggressively in quick succession and then have you ride me through to more cumming over your face."

She had me lie on the bed on my back and lowered herself over my face in a queening position where Jane was facing down the bed, so that I could get her

even wetter before she shifted downwards over my breasts.

She lifted herself slightly and I had the thrill of watching her lower her cunt right over my extension, her lips parting greedily to accept the penis into her. Slowly it made its way in and then, with not that much cock showing and knowing and half-feeling the tip was deep in her cervix, she started to fuck on me, her thighs bouncing up and down, a deep fuck if there ever was one.

All I could see was Jane's back with that special bra on and her coppery hair coming down to her shoulders, that and her bottom rising up and down as the cock played its way in and out of her.

Jane's hands migrated their way to her breasts, inside that bra of hers, and I began to hear heavy breathing, panting and then more intense.

God, as Jane had said, this was going to be intense; it was almost as if she was fighting her want to cum, really exploiting all that was going on inside her, letting her brain fuse out or whatever –perhaps dancing in the sky across clouds or on ski-slopes and picking up even more fuck-thrusting on her hips, her cunt taking in even more of the cock with my moderate offering riding its way inside the sleeve, not in contact with her cunt walls.

And when she came, did it arrive! A massive cumming resulting, Jane just about screaming the room down and making me wonder just how sound-proofed this bedroom was - Oh my God, was this really happening? Never mind next door, what about the rooms above and below us?

To my surprise, instantly a huge tremor passed through her and, in less than a minute a second orgasm hit her to be followed by a third. As Jane said afterwards, it was almost as if her solar plexus and her uterus were alive, the

power of her autonomous nervous system taking over and communicating with her brain, everything geared now to keep climactic waves rolling through for as long as she wanted them to.

Four orgasms passed – I had never seen Cassie like this and, therefore, I was in new waters, so to speak – and there was an amazing mount of cum around including that stringy deep cervical cream that I loved to devour, Jane, Cassie or whoever, one of my favourite sex offerings from a woman.

Jane wasn't finished by any means; she was in control and that was more than evident by her body language, expressive as she was.

It was now that she produced perhaps her pièce de resistance of the week – with some considerable energy befitting her role as my Domme in temporis.

She rolled off me and then the bed, still frotting her clitoris, her face red, her nipples purple and highly excited, and remnants of her cum between her legs. She pulled the cock off me for the moment and gave it to me to suck, the chance to take in her deep sexual nectar and hook me mentally to her.

Jane went over to her case and took out the most incredible dildo that I had ever seen, essentially a seven and a half inch, very realistic, penis but mounted on four wires that passed through a mouth gag, a simpler form of the Jennings gadget that Doctor Kaplan had used on me in the morning.

I found myself back on my back and, with some light dexterity when it came to her sticky fingers, Jane had quickly guided each of the four wires on to the two clips on either side, up and down, destined for receiving them, as if I was to wear a teenage brace to straighten out my teeth.

She tightened up the ratchet on the side, a form of oral gag widened to the point that the realistic penis, worthy of a Jamaican cock or any superbly hung male, was hanging above me and awaiting her dripping cunt.

I could hardly believe what was going on – the fact that I had been transformed into some sort of dental slave, now reduced to carrying this, perhaps the best expression to date of what I meant to Cassie and Jane.

I really was on another sexual planet now.

Once again, Jane climbed onto the bed and over me, posing for a few seconds before descending on her haunches, her target the cock rising from my mouth, held rigid on the four dental wires protruding from the base and running through to my back teeth, the mouth gag acting as a secondary support.

I could see the effects of the previous orgasms, her inner thighs and all around her cunt covered in sticky sex, her clitoris standing proud, her labia dilated and the pinkness and folds of her inner vestibule showing through from under the creamy mess.

I could also tell from her aroma just how turned on that Jane was.

She descended, my large oral priapus entering her cunt with ease, Jane taking all and giving me, from underneath, how it filled her and all the way up to her cervix to the point that the base of the penis was right up against the entrance to her cunt and, consequently, so was my mouth along with my nose pushing into

her anus.

This was so wonderfully intense and such a submissive thing to be doing, my tongue out of action but my mouth fully engaged with Jane's cunt – maybe it was close to the ultimate offering that I could give a woman and, my God, I wanted to try this on Cassie, or rather have Cassie order me into this position, a sense of abject humiliation to it as well as the pure nature of the domination being exerted over me.

Jane began her cowgirl ride of me, her hands playing with my clitoris and balls, teasing me and reminding me not to cum, otherwise I would be on for another punishment session and my rear certainly didn't want that happening again. However, a few painful slaps and derogatory remarks about my cock being so small that it deserved to be a clitoris, along with how it would shrink once she had me on hormones, kept me under control.

In part, this was also the result of Jane riding me hard, the penis thrusting in and out of her and with me able to watch this and how her cunt responded to the cock in all its movements, entrancing that it was.

Just as with her previous cervical cummings, she didn't last that long, her body twitching as it warmed to what was going on inside her. She flooded me, a sudden release of watery cum into my mouth and all over me, followed by the heavier viscosity cream, the stringy stuff from deep within her cervix and even her uterus.

She didn't stop, her self-fucking of my mouth continuing on, her body responding like one of those women parked on a Sybian machine, a constant rhythm of in and out as she took every ounce of enjoyment from this, her fingers moving over me and down to her engorged clitoris to tease that, even using her

knuckles on her sensitive part at one point.

My reward was a second flood, this one more across my eyes and into my hair, plenty of orgasmic fluid making its way down my face to find my mouth, filling it with her intimate flavour.

I was sold.

We went long and deep into the night; this woman was insatiable, her ability to keep on cumming ever so impressive to the point that I didn't think it was natural, Jane explaining and then proving it to me the next morning that this was perfectly natural as deep cervical stimulation controlled the uterus and even played off the solar plexus behind her baby-sac, this in turn blowing her mind and body. Repetitive orgasms were a feature, wave after wave of them, and something that a man could never replicate – except by separating a man's ability to cum from his brain, the very state that she wanted for her feminine gurls.

Whatever, I was rewarded by Jane fucking me with a substantial Feeldoe around four in the morning – and then after a second mouth-fuck session when we woke up, her bottom over me in the bath as she released her overnight waters, the first time that she had pissed on me, the first time any woman had.

I didn't mind it as I was engrossed with her now, her taste quite pungent and acrid but with a disguised sweetness beginning to emerge and when she had me clean her up, as if I was a piece of human toilet paper, her cum started to come through again, slowly replacing the tartness that had gone down my throat.

The Eggs Benedict took on a different dimension, our breakfast really a brunch now.

The pattern of the day was well-founded now what with the gym work, cosmetic training, some other dimension introduced such as voice training or Frenched nails and manicures or pedicures, massages a must, some shopping and then Derek to come around to Jane's sex-room and use me – on the promised equipment from stools to stocks, even poles and suspension coming into play – before I felt his weight across my back and bottom, my rear bouncing to encourage him to explode into me, before the inevitable plug found my cunt to lock his sperm in before the evening.

To say that it was fatiguing was an understatement, the massages sending me to sleep, naps grabbed here and there, something that I would have to get used to in my new role.

It seemed that the time in Vancouver passed in a flash and, before I realised it, it was my last day with Jane, the hike back to Stowe and Cassie coming the next day.

I began the day with the usual morning session, followed by drinking Jane's pee in, a thing that had become part of the routine for the second half of the stay. Then came my final gym session, Barbara stating that she was happy with my progress and urging me to keep the exercise up and duly to build my stamina for Jane and my wife.

It had become obvious as the week went on that this wouldn't be the only time that I would be seeing Jane, the prospect that I would be returning for more sessions that I would find increasingly demanding if I was to accept Cassie's proposition and make the life-changing pledge to 'cross over.'

Olivia let me do my own make-up on the final day, the feeling that it was a form of final examination before I was signed off and let loose, even an advanced wig-care lesson thrown into the mix.

My final one-off exercise or visit was pretty shocking too, not as dramatic as Doctor Kaplan's work on my teeth and penile braces, but still had me shaking my head.

In short, Jane walked me on her chain, this time off my collar-ring, over to a tattooing shop, an amazing place, as it was half for tattooing and body-piercing and half an art gallery.

I found myself leaving an hour later with two gold studs in each ear and, as Jane put it, a lesbian ring in my nostril. This, I would not be able to live down if they stayed in me and I didn't make the seismic shift that Cassie would be demanding of me. How they would go down in Stowe was the question, Vancouver for the moment being a city where I could express myself with complete abandonment.

As well, the question was what would Cassie make of all of this, my ears, my mouth and my overall gait and ability to make myself up, never mind the increased energy and stamina levels?

It was then off for lunch, a longer one this time as Jane invited the two girls and Derek along, as well as Doctor Kaplan, a chance for me to thank them all for the week's activities and learnings.

I had left the choice of the restaurant to Jane; she knew the taste of the others and she went for a superb seafood restaurant, a ten-minute walk from the hotel in

Hamilton Street, the ‘Blue Water Café,’ the stroll over made with Jane leading me.

The interior was quite ‘industrial’ in that the ceilings exposed, huge beams and posts in wood all around, the piping up there and a lot of copper used around the bar and serving areas, the restaurant spacious with an enormous bar that was mirrored and back-lit.

We sat down at a good-sized round table and with white wine served, we chose from the menu, a wonderful smoked Sockeye salmon terrine served with caviar, a green onion crème fraîche and toasted filberts, followed by pan-roasted scallops, Belgian endives, wild rice griddle cakes, candied ginger and citrus butter. Once ordered, the chatter around the table didn’t take long before it turned to my performance and what improvements I had made over the week, all rather embarrassing and particularly when it came to Derek’s summary.

It wasn’t only the descriptors of how he had used me during the week and what positions and bondage that I had been in by Jane, never mind my fetish for a woman’s ‘natural’ smell revealed, but what he finished with, “After we are finished here, I’m going back over to Jane’s place and there’ll be a sign-off session with Kaitlyn. She’s going to experience something different in that I’ll take her as she is being reverse-crucified on a St. Andrews cross.”

Looking at Jane for endorsement, he added, “If any of you want to watch this, you are welcome to do so.”

My immediate reaction was ‘OMG, I’m going to be watched.’

Derek continued on, heaping the tension on me, “This is a precursor to this evening as Jane is going to take Kaitlyn to the 8x6 Club – there’s a rubber evening on and Kaitlyn hasn’t been exposed to latex yet, so she’ll be in a final training session. Again, if you want to come, the invitation is there.”

It was at this point that Jane added, “Oh, and at my place, you can get to use her if you wish, her oral sex is pretty good now, perhaps as an entrée to Derek skewering her.”

This was now getting into the realms of fantasy and I knew that Derek and Jane had plotted this, perhaps to see if they could unnerve me as I had visual thoughts of what they were going to put me through, the discomforting thing being that I was to be paraded in public, first this limited group invited back to Jane’s apartment effectively for a sex party where I was to be the main feature and then into the full spotlight in front of some of the Vancouver fetish followers dressed in rubber. It was true, Cassie and I had never indulged in this and I did wonder if she knew that this was going on.

The rest of lunch passed with me increasingly jittery at what was to happen; not least, this started with this so-called variation on a crucifixion, whatever this was all about. However, I did manage to thank them, the new lisp of mine coming to the fore, much to the pleasure of Doctor Kaplan, Richard as he was called, and Jane’s pleasure, my tongue unable to prevent this.

Even a warm dark chocolate cake with a brandy and truffle centre, served with vanilla bean ice cream didn’t dispel my sense of uneasiness as to my immediate prospects. Espresso followed, two doubles of it, and only then did we move, after I had settled the bill.

We caught taxis over to Jane’s place and it was Derek that took the chain from

Jane, leading me into this stunning playroom with its views out over the harbour, enticing that it would be for spending hours watching the boats move around, even if trussed up.

However, in front of the window was what I was shortly going to be in bondage on, a rather large and dominating dark-grey cross, made of metal and with leather thongs hanging off it, these designed to give me some flexibility in the ankles and wrists while I literally hung there, the ankle cuffs being at least eighteen inches off the ground.

I shivered at the sight of it.

Derek pushed a leather bench across to the second dais, this one a much lighter structure with a pale calf leather padded top to it and various tethers for my wrists, neck, thighs, knees and feet hanging down on either side.

Jane, Olivia, Barbara and Richard had entered the room to sit on the bed to watch the spectacle, drinks in hand.

“I suggest that we have her bound on her back, girls, so you can soixante-neuf or face-sit her at your leisure. No doubt, she is wearing her chastity belt, so her clitoris is rendered useless, not that it is very big to begin with – and nothing worth talking about or using. We two men have far more impressive cocks, as you know.”

It was Jane who suggested that I remove my clothing and reveal my lingerie to them. Actually, it was Olivia who proposed to help me, Barbara joining her on my other side and they led my stripping, removing my black Isabel Marant

‘Kyler’ pleated skirt and then my white blouse and Acne Studios merino knitwear that Jane had suggested that I wear today.

Underneath was her other suggestion, my lingerie being Canadian made, a brand called ‘Fortnight’ and in a striking coral colour, their ‘Mira’ bra being long-line and made of high performance jersey and lace, the panties in the same material and colour and high-waist in cut, the jersey used in an angular front triangle and the back in lace, my belt pretty well covered by them.

She had also put me in a thin suspender belt that sat on the top of my belt and just under the upper elastic of my panties, the down-straps holding up black stockings that were taut on their gold-coloured clips.

Barbara and Olivia approved of what they saw but wanted to go further in seeing my belt and the aperture where Derek would take me – this though having been plugged by Jane, her dildo screwed home into the metal socket when I had got ready, an enema taken with my shower before I towelled down and dressed.

To my amazement, both girls removed their clothing and lingerie, both of them in white underneath, Olivia in the lacier bra and panties but then she was bigger in the breast department and curvier than Barbara, her lingerie reflecting her profession.

Barbara had a slender body not unlike Jane’s, a fuller bottom perhaps, and she was amazingly toned, befitting the training coach that she was. Her breasts were A to A/B, small dark little nipples on offer that I was sure would become perky when erect.

Both of them were denuded underneath and both of them gave their panties over to Jane, I suspected for use in the games later.

I was taken across to the bench and made to lie down, the two girls and Derek strapping me off so that I couldn't move, leaving me vulnerable now to whatever oral service that they wished me to perform, Olivia first to climb over me.

Her bottom wasn't Cassie's but it was still a fair size, the pressure more across the whole of my face than what Jane had delivered. She sucked me in, her naked pussy a delight to savour, her pre-cum quite copious like my Domme's, and her aroma the muskiest that I had ever tasted.

I had her last just less than five minutes before she came on me. Perhaps she was highly excited at this opportunity or was it just that she was easily turned on?

Barbara came up on to the bench and straddled me, her face and breasts towards my head, giving me an 'up-view' as I worked her with my tongue, more focus here on my nose playing her clitoris and thin pussy lips, my tongue quickly entering her as if it was my mini-dildo being used on her, the feeling that I had more length to it, even if I couldn't yet fully control which way it went.

It had the effect that I was seeking and she too unleashed her nectar across my face, this one more of a lemony flavour, making me think what did she had as a dessert at lunch.

With both of them serviced, I wonder if Jane would come up but she didn't, she preferring to be a voyeur as to what was happening – or maybe saving herself for later.

This meant that the main event was due and the nerves were going. I never had experienced such bondage.

Olivia and Barbara undid my straps and led me across to the front dais, the cross having been laid down on the stage by Derek. He ordered the girls to remove my panties – and not using their hands.

The two women obliged by using their mouths, the most odd feeling that it was to have one's high-waist panties removed in this manner, the two girls giggling lightly when they saw my belt and the plug set tight in my anus, prising me open ready to receive Derek's large, erect penis.

Derek took hold of me and pushed me down to lie face-downwards, the stage beneath me, the centre of the cross around my belly-button and the limbs of it coming outwards underneath me, not the most comfortable of positions it has to be said.

With some dexterity and obviously not the first time that he had done this, he strapped off my ankles and wrists using the leather thongs and onto clips to my four bands with their 'D'-rings on them. This spread-eagled me, well and truly, leaving me ever so vulnerable for what he intended.

I couldn't believe what happened next, as Derek picked the cross with me on it. Okay the man was an alpha specimen but I had completely underestimated his strength.

With Olivia and Barbara just helping to balance the cross by keeping it and me vertical, he dropped the St. Andrews cross legs into the two slots set into the dais

and I found myself taking all my weight on the leather thongs, particularly the wrist ones. This wasn't the most comfortable of positions and I did wonder how long that I could endure this.

At this time, Jane came across, Olivia's and Barbara's panties in hand and masked me with them, my nose buried into Olivia's gusset and my eyes seeing white, the satin-effect of Barbara's serving as my blindfold. Gone was the wonderful vista out of the window – I was to concentrate on Olivia and Derek obviously.

I felt Derek unscrewing the dildo from my anal socket – this was it, I was about to be royally buggered by him – or so I thought, as two floggers began working over my back and bottom, not hard but more cumulative in effect building the heat in my body and intensifying Olivia's aroma, as well as beginning to raise my endorphins and duly preparing me for what was to come.

Some five minutes of this and I was beginning to lose it, the pure sexuality of the moment and all the sensations bouncing around my body, the pain of hanging there as if being crucified on this cross to what was happening on my back, the only compensation being Olivia and my imagination now running rampant, and my anus and boy-cunt feeling that it was wide open to take this man.

I felt him enter me – God, was he so big in his girth and his length, filling me right up and stretching the limited elasticity of my walls in there. This man, a real man, in fact he probably should have been a horse with a penis like he had, his head mammoth and feeling as if it was going to flare inside me.

I probably squealed as he went in, no lubricant used, Derek relying on my training and recent stretching of my entrance.

Suddenly, I sensed somebody in front of me, standing on a chair or whatever. Fingers lifted the lower edge of the two panties over me and, the next thing that I was aware of was this cock coming through and pushing into my mouth.

Jeez, this was Richard Kaplan and he was about to fuck me orally – indeed, I was going to be spit-roasted in the most bizarre position.

They began their take of me, Derek fucking me with considerable ease from beneath and Richard gliding in and out of my mouth, filling me with his cock and all the way to the back of my throat. He too wasn't a small man, not the size of Derek but certainly far more well-endowed than I was.

They took their satisfaction of me, Derek exploding deep into me first, every drop of his semen seeming it was streaming upwards inside me, my prostate now milking, and then it was Richard's moment, his tension building right in front of me, Olivia's panties being bounced around over my nose and then his jism shooting into my mouth, splashing the back and expecting me to swallow him with commensurate ease.

This was beyond anything that I had ever experienced, the ignominy of being taken by two men, Derek and Richard seeing me more as a woman than as a man. I had been graduated to the third sex, an intersex or Hijra girl here in Vancouver, being prepared for a life devoted to pleasing others by my direct action or in the use of my body.

Talk about being well-used and debased, the set-up for a long afternoon and, only then, chance to have a power-sleep; after all there were plans for the evening, more lessons in the life I was being asked to take on.

Chapter 6

A Chastened Kaitlyn Returns Home

We left Jane's apartment to go back to the Hotel Georgia, a last dinner together and then onto this specialist fetish club. Once Olivia's and Barbara's lingerie came off me, it was wonderful to see those spectacular views again. I did wonder if I would see this once more sometime in the future.

Two more medium-sized cases came over to the hotel - I had a funny suspicion that they contained our wear for the evening; however, Jane wasn't prepared to show me it, not quite yet.

We had a quick pot of refreshing tea in the lobby lounge before heading upstairs for a relaxing bath, but only after taking Jane's pee into me and having an enema, a large glob of Derek's sperm exiting from my boy-cunt as the plug came out.

Off came my belt and I found myself behind Jane, soaping and massaging her as we enjoyed languishing in the warm water in the ultra-modern oval tub, the bathroom worthy of being in the spa, one luxury being the under-heating in the dark brown floor tiles. This was a chance to enjoy playing with her pert nipples, bringing them up to their natural hardness and the opportunity to kiss them, Jane responding by French-kissing me.

We came to get dressed, back into my coral lingerie again and, as Jane suggested, keeping it simple as we had to change after dinner, she selecting my Chico casual T-shirt dress, one that was very comfortable to wear being made from a soft viscose-like fabric, the design in a cap-sleeve striped form, the

colours being what they termed fatigue, stripes of fawn and white.

With a pair of sandals, it worked beautifully, complimenting Jane's brown maxi-dress.

Jane had suggested that we eat in the hotel's restaurant, the 'Hawksworth' – this would save us the time of getting to an eatery and then back, Derek coming around to pick us up at ten p.m. This dinner was all about contemporary Canadian cooking, a contrast to the fish and seafood that we had enjoyed at lunch time, the setting reflecting the cooking with ultra-sleek lines to the tables and the wall decorations, modern features set into the older environment of the hotel and its wood panelling. Beef-strip tataki and brown-crust lamb loin was Jane's choice for both of us, the wine an excellent Plumpjack Cabernet Sauvignon red from the middle of the Napa Valley.

Apart from an 'au revoir' dinner, I discovered that Jane wanted to question me about my intent and plans going forward – she was pretty straight up about this.

"So Kaitlyn, I'm pleased with the progress that you have made this week and the commitment that you have shown. Cassie knows about this already and also that I think that, with time, development and a little body modification, we can turn you into a beautiful, submissive woman – with or without a vagina. That decision must be between the two of you, though I have a suspicion of Cassie's want already. Whatever, I do have a question for you."

"Thanks for the compliment, Jane, but what's the question?"

"You go back east tomorrow and into Cassie's regime, the question being are

you going to sign up to her proposal of living your life with her as her submissive wife or not? I'm hoping that your time here in Vancouver has helped you to make that decision, of course and that life as a woman isn't that bad, the attention to detail in fashion, cosmetics and your general deportment being crucial to your success in convincing men and women that you are indeed a woman at heart."

"Well, Jane, obviously this has been on my mind from when Cassie proposed it and even when I arrived here, I was having my moments of immense enthusiasm and then those where the pendulum swung the other way. Perhaps it was fantasy versus realism battling each other – I hate to say good versus bad because it isn't that. I think it's every person who has had an interest in crossdressing to transsexualism to what ever extent to live as a woman, the question then that follows being whether to be dominant or straight, hetero, lesbian or bi in sexuality – and there so many shades to this."

"Yes, I agree with this."

"Also, there are two other questions to be taken into account. Firstly, there is my professional side, the loss of independence and maybe even the embarrassment that could come my way when my peers find that Kaden Hudson has become Kaitlyn, Cassie's submissive wife. Income-wise, we don't need it now, what with savings, investments and Cassie's successful career. It's a question of can I work from home on high value projects and live as a woman when I travel to meetings, though I accept that travel would be much curtailed if I say yes."

"And your second point?"

"One can live here in Vancouver as a woman or a fetishist with relative ease. Just look at me sitting here tonight and from the very first evening when we had a

drink at the bar, it has been easy to exist as a potential transsexual, even in a refined atmosphere like this hotel offers. Stowe is another matter though, I guess. Even though Vermonters are pretty liberal, it will be a bit of a shock to those who know us already. However, I guess that there is an advantage if I am going to do this, it would be better now when we are still new to their society and life at large. My thought coming in to tonight is that it would be even more challenging to live there than here where could I pull it off – and with ease. I guess that I shall have to test the water and see.”

“So be clear, are you going to accept Cassie’s proposal?”

“Yes, I will.”

“Tomorrow night? She wants a written acceptance, I believe. You could put an e-mail together on the plane, something to do en route.”

“I guess so. Yes, you are right. I’ll certainly give it a go.”

“This is a permanent move, Kaitlyn. Once inducted, it’s virtually impossible to come back from where we will be taking you. First of all, there will be the hormone effects, secondly any surgery that we carry out – well, they are both irreversible, as I am sure you realise. And, thirdly, perhaps the most important, what will go on inside your grey matter.” With this, Jane pointed to my brain.

“I’m pleased for you and so will Cassie be. I’ve bought you a small present and it’s upstairs waiting for you, something Canadian and a memento of your trip here, actually something from Vancouver.”

“Thank you – it’s me that should be giving you a present for all that you have done, not the other way around.”

“I am sure that you will in time. Anyway, I’ll be in touch with Cassie and we need to get you to Doctor Aubinade in Montreal to tee you up for hormones and the first round of your surgical changes – nothing too drastic at this time but probably enough. She’ll probably want to have you changed in two sessions but there’s always the chance that she’ll go for a one-stop shop.”

“I presume that you mean voice, nose and eyebrows by this.”

“Yes – and cheeks and chin. Things like breast enhancement can wait until we see what impact hormones have on you – and then there’s castration to remove your ability to produce sperm but not your future womanly cum.”

“I don’t think that I want to hear about the details of that at this time.”

“As long as it’s parked on your radar for something in the distant future.”

Dessert came, a rather delicious and beautifully presented plate of milk chocolate, sesame and orange components.

Jane looked at her watch. “Come on, we should be going back to the room; we’ve got a fair amount to do to get ourselves ready for the evening’s fun.”

Back in the suite, Jane pulled out a large gift box and handed it over to me, “A present for the future and something to remember this week by.”

I opened the box, pulled away at the tissue and out came a gorgeous long, silk nightie and robe, made here in Vancouver by Christine, considered to be Canada’s highest-end lingerie manufacturer. A cream-pearl in colour, three-quarters length, a silk charmeuse pleated over the breast line and stretchy lace under the bust to allow a good fit for my cups be they full or if and when I was developing my cleavage, the ensemble completed by a matching robe.

I kissed Jane to say thank you, her reply being, “It’s just a small token and we really need to get cracking. You may or may not get to put it on later – we shall see. However, for now, I suggest that we shower and then we need to talc up as you will see.”

So, once again, I found myself with Jane back in the bathroom, this time in the spacious shower, a quick soak taken and no hanky-panky to speak of, Jane intent on getting the two of us ready.

The unusual began after drying down, Jane covering both of our bodies in talcum powder. I was just about to find out why she had done this when she went over to the two cases and put them on the bed.

“Here we are, Kaitlyn – this is what I want you to wear this evening.” As, she said this, she unlocked the first case and opened it, pulling out a shiny black latex suit, unravelling it to its full length.

As she unzipped it, Jane commented, “It should fit you like a glove if Cassie’s

measurements are good and I've no doubt that they aren't alright from what I have seen of you and our lingerie this past week. You'll need the talc on you to help slide the rubber on as you work it up your body. Four hands make lighter work too, so we'll get you dressed and then me."

Twenty minutes, we were dressed, or rather enclosed, in rubber and what a strange feeling it was, my body and head feeling as if I had been wrapped in saran-wrap, the only part not exposed being my eyes and lips – and these, Jane had intensified my make-up so that my eyes were smoky-dark and my lips covered in a thick layer of Chanel's Rouge Coco and finished with their gloss.

Everything was covered in black, shiny rubber, over four millimetres thick, even my fingers and toes, my feet encased in rubber wedgie-heels. My collar and cuffs had been removed and then put back on over the latex, my belt was off but replaced by what I will describe as a lightweight steel waspie, all sorts of hooks and rings off it to allow for easy restraint, a rather large and weird union joint in chrome hanging off the lower edge under my belly button.

In terms of access, my breasts were covered, my silcons pressed down onto my chest, the only access to my upper body being my mouth, eyes and, I suppose, my nostrils, my ears both enclosed in my new 'skin.'

Underneath, there were two covers of my sex area, one over my clitoris and that designed with a tube for it to sit in, the other giving access to boy-cunt area, both of them with firm studs to hold the flexible plates in place.

Jane's was a similar outfit but finished with some piping and no corsetry added – however, her breasts could be exposed and ditto her vaginal area and anus, one cover rather than two down there.

Out of the cases came two coats, both in rubber, so we weren't totally exposed going through the hotel – however, I did sense that there were other accessories in Jane's case as she closed it up as if ready to go with us.

The room phone went and I assumed that it was Derek who had arrived outside the hotel as Jane said that we were off – and fixed her lead onto my neck.

We left the room, my heart in my mouth at the prospect of being seen and the 'what the hell are you up to' thoughts, even to the point that we could surely be arrested for indecent exposure. Walking around in this rubber and on these wedged shoes was so different, each of my muscles in my legs and arms feeling as if it was being held and a sensation that I was all but nude under the coat.

Jane took her time to allow me to find my balance and natural pace.

Down the hotel corridor we went and then the lift, the doors opening onto the lobby and, quite frankly, I just wanted to get across the floor to the side door that Derek was waiting at as quickly as possible. This was just so humiliating, the thought that I was going outside dressed as some form of sex-doll and very much in the submissive role, exposed to the world at large.

Derek was there and we climbed aboard, Derek taking my hands and locking them together with a short chain between my wrist-cuffs.

It was a mile drive down West Georgia Street in the direction of the water and Stanley Park that we went, the club in a red-brick residential side road, Haro

Street. The club building was fairly non-descript, a coffee-shop on one end, and in that sense a good thing as to being discreet. There were no neon signs or anything indicating that it was a fetish club, '8x6' being its name.

Derek brought the car to a halt and we got out, the two of them keeping me cuffed as Jane led me in, Derek carrying two cases, including the one that Jane had brought along.

Once inside, the entrance dimly lit, a girl dressed in pink latex greeted us, this partly transparent as I could easily see her nipples and naked pussy area, the catsuit finished in white piping. We were shown into a side room, this allowing Derek to change with our assistance, useless that I was, as my latex seemed to take away the sensitivity in my fingers.

Jane wasn't finished either. She removed her lower plate and took another one out of her case, this one designed with an aperture over her pussy, the joint down there looking quite industrial in that it was a 'male union' piece awaiting an attachment, two metal circular bands, some form of screw plug and a couple of locking arms.

It was what that happened next that left me aghast. Never had I imagined that I would be part of such a heavy-duty scene. Jane reached back into her case and pulled out what looked like a black mask with large eyes and a snout that resembled what was positioned over her vagina.

I realised that it was a gas mask, a black rubber mask that was designed to go over my head and completely enclose me to leave me very much in my own space. I had never worn one – indeed, I had never been in rubber before.

This was so new and yet so surreal.

Jane helped me in folding the rubber over my head and then fixing the collar so it was tight around my neck, my breathing now totally dependent on the filter snout in front of me, that which should have been full of charcoal in normal circumstances but not this one, just a couple of meshes in the filter mechanism.

She checked that everything was locked down and then took out two pipes, the first one to connect between the snout of my mask and the connector hanging down from my steel waist basque. So this was what this connector was for.

Out came a second pipe, this one with a probe on one end with some sort of looser flange, the other end with the opposite connector and that's where it went – into the other side of the connector that I was wearing.

To my astonishment, Jane looked at me intently, her eyes staring through the glass of my mask and I just heard her say, "I hope we are ready, Kaitlyn. Here we go." With this, she took the probe into hand, opened her latexed legs and pushed the probe home, deep into her cunt to follow that by screwing its loose flange onto the joint of her vaginal pad, locking it home.

God, it worked, Jane's musky cunt aroma filling my mask. I was being made to breathe through this pipe, my exhaling venting its way out through my mask's small side canisters – I was taking my Domme's pussy odour into me and I was going to spend the evening in this humid, spicy and very personal and intimate environment.

What would Cassie say when she heard about this deviancy, maybe even photographs of what I was looking like? Surely, she didn't know that this was happening?

Derek and Jane weren't quite finished either. Out of the case came the final accessory, another dong on a pipe, the cock a fair size, the piping of a much smaller calibre and finishing at the other end in what appeared to be some form of inflator balloon with a screw-clip on it to close the pipe down.

It was Jane who undid my anal plate on my suit and it was Derek who inserted the dildo into me, a minimal amount of lubricant used but then my anal sphincter rings were still relatively loose from the pounding that they had received earlier and this cock was much smaller than his.

Or so I thought, as once it was well-embedded in my boy pussy, Jane began to inflate it, the feeling deep inside me a bizarre one as the cock started to inflate and put pressure on my walls and my prostate, an 'Oh My God' moment, if there ever was one and realising that I was now totally in their hands, unable to move my own as the chain connecting my wrists was still firmly in place.

We walked out and through to the main room with me trailing Derek and Jane, taking my Domme in the whole way and feeling rather light and heady by the infusion that I was receiving, pussy worship being taken to another level in my book.

Even though my vision was restricted, the sight of those in the room was out of this world, all these fetishists around me, the range of outfits something to behold and varied as any fashion store that I had been into all week, some there for the pure enjoyment of wearing latex, others such as Derek, Jane and me in a dominant to submissive play, a few others appearing like myself in having to ingest their partners aroma, some even from their Dominant's rear, a step too far that this would have been for me, at this point, even though I would have had no say in this if Jane had gone this route.

Drinks and chatter seemed to the order of the day, a small dance floor and disco laid on, some couples and threesomes already involved in sexual play and teasing.

I guess it was some twenty to thirty minutes later that the socialisation ceased and Derek and Jane were preparing to join the main thrust of the party, the fetish sex.

We went around the room, Derek and Jane stopping to greet people they knew, some chat about their mutual interests and new friends that they had met. There was then a stop in an area that had been set aside as a sex zone, where those present could hire out their submissives for use to others, either short term or overnight.

I shuddered at the prospect of that, my fears confirmed when we went back and Derek and Jane put me into this hole in the floor, using my waist-belt to anchor me down, a rubber lid coming over me and also adding to my inability to move. Then came the final humiliation of this in terms of restraint, a pair of heavy-duty posts put next to me, solid bars off them, each with half a collar that locked together to hold my neck rigid.

Jane then removed my end of her tubing and the mask, a relief to be taking in fresh air, but only for a few seconds as she put me into a gag, buckling the back of it behind my head, the front of it pushing my mouth wide open and what resembled a large bath plug being inserted into it.

She knew that I would be shamed when she announced to those watching, “Kaitlyn is free for your oral use, men or women. No boy-cunt usage as that is

reserved for Derek and me.”

There was a little pause as my audience wondered who was going first, a time that I didn't want or need as it served to highlight the lewdness of the situation. Finally, someone stepped forward, yet another man dressed in black to unzip his crotch-panel right in front of me, probably a Dominant from the size and appearance of him, quite a powerful body encased in his rubber suit, his face masked but for his eyes and mouth.

Out came a penis nearly as worthy as Derek's, his cock dangling heavily in front of me.

“I think that she needs this, the slut of a cock-sucker that she is,” as he put his hand to it, starting to stiffen it up. “Beg for it, slut.”

I grunted, the only thing that I could do, the combination of this infernal gag and my uncontrollable tongue coming into play, annoying that they were.

Before I hardly realised it, he had his penis through the plug-hole of my gag, filling my mouth up, my wild and errant tongue finding it a little difficult to accommodate him at the back of my mouth. God, I was being used as a rubber fuck-hole, his thrusting in and out of my mouth not that subtle, his stiffness seeming to become even harder.

He tried pulling the back of my head deeper onto him, this not achievable because of the bars holding my neck in a vice-like grip, my only flexibility being in my eyes as he lifted my head from under my chin.

My mouth was now fully open and he settled himself down with a satisfied moan, his rhythm building. He was just so full in me and he kept hitting the back of my throat, to the point that I was close to gagging but not quite.

He was so forceful that I felt that I was about to be knocked off kilter, my restraints taking my weight and the impact of his cock hammering me, the Dominant now groaning with each thrust.

The rubber on his face makes him look impassive and his cock was as cold as his cock was hard and throbbing, the sparkle in his eyes and his groaning suggesting that he was enjoying taking me. My mind began to fuse out – did he really think that I was a real woman, my pussy getting wet at the thought of him pounding my cunt.

He upped his thrusting even further and just as I thought that I was really going to gag on him, he came in me, my mouth filling with cum as he erupted, his jism spraying all around my mouth, his saltiness hitting me square on, a distinct sexual twinge down in my clitoris registering this.

I remembered Cassie's words on how to take a man or woman cumming, 'hold it, Kaitlyn, and then swallow in one, that's the way. Don't rush it and you can swallow more. It also gives the impression to your donor that you are enjoying him or her.'

He pulled away from me, asking Jane if she could relent and if he could fuck my pussy, Jane saying that this was reserved for Derek and her – and that we hadn't seen any certificate of STD cleanliness. He turned back to me with memorable words to sign himself off me, "Some women are better at that than others. I think

that you are one of those.”

I think that I took five more men – I lost count, all different tastes and all tinged with rubber, their sperm the commonality, a man’s natural saltiness coming through. It was then that I got my first woman, Jane removing my gag that allowed me to service her better with my tongue, her bottom backed onto my face, my rubber cheeks against her rubber bottom and quite a sensation that was.

I lapped away, she came and released a good amount of her cum but this wasn’t quite the same as enjoying Cassie or Jane – or even Derek’s cock. I realised why – this was transactional sex, sex for sex’s sake and probably the domain of the escort or prostitute. There was no relationship involved; this bringing home the message that sex didn’t have to involve closeness or love, a message that Cassie had been persistent in pushing on me, as to her want to have sex with better-endowed men.

Finally, Jane released me, Derek picking me up and putting me on my back on a low black bench, my plug deflated and released but only for him to enter me for the last time this trip, his cock filling my cunt and ever so more satisfactory than what had been there. And Jane straddled me, demanding that I service her cunt with my tongue – this too another level of enjoyment and a sense of warmth.

There I was in the glare of this public audience, being taken by Derek and Jane, a sense of complete abandonment over me now, perhaps even behaving like a rubber slut. I couldn’t care, not at all, and as they came in and on me, I did too, a gush from my clitoral cock, something that hadn’t happened all week, a sense of relief and the realisation that I was exhausted, my brain well and truly fried by all that had gone on.

I can hardly remember the rest of the evening, yet more oral sex, mainly on

women now, my tongue exhausted from its exploits in teasing the various vaginas and back love-holes presented to me, one more take from Derek and Jane, she presenting herself to me with an enormous black cock that stayed on her under her rubber coat when we returned to the hotel, Derek parting from us when he dropped us off.

Off came the rubber suits and a quick shower, Jane putting on the harness cock that she had used on me before and she took me one more time from the rear, a major fuse-out for both of us. It was a shame that no one had kept score of just how many times that I had been taken in the week and lost it in my mind, a definite proclivity towards sex of this kind overcoming me as time had progressed.

It had been mind-blowing and I would be exhausted, my new silk nightie encasing me in a wonderful clingy way and so soft and sensual in comparison to the tight pressure of the evening. To say that I was asleep in seconds – well I can remember was Jane's arms wrapped around me and the comfort of her panties from the daytime over my nose.

Unfortunately, I had to be up and about reasonably early the following morning, the limo to the hotel leaving at nine forty-five, my return flight to Montreal timed for off the gate at midday.

I had packed most of my clothing and lingerie beforehand, the extra cases necessary to hold my burgeoning wardrobe, never mind the extra case for my latex suit, gas mask and accessories, Jane telling me that, no doubt, Cassie would like to see me in this before long.

We still had time for one last worship of her nether regions, her orifices that I knew in detail and enjoyed being under, just as I did with Cassie's, their vaginal

and anal areas ever so different in the architecture and taste, each with their own idiosyncrasies when it came to worshipping them.

I was first into the bathroom and drew the water in the tub, the bath big enough to take the two of us easily as we had found out enough times, never mind its design allowing for easy watersports and Jane able to soak me in her offering.

I was in the bath when Jane came through and I was treated to the glorious vision of her robe falling open, her silk jammy bottoms on but the curve of one of her one of her small breasts and her adorable nipples appearing.

She stood over me, looking at me intently, and then threw a hand of bath-salts into the water, “I need you clean me one more time this trip, Kaitlyn.”

Off came her robe, Jane undoing the belt and letting it slide onto the tiles below, the robe resting on my pile, the white panties that she had put on joining the other lingerie too. She gestured me to lean back in the tub and she climbed in, her back and bottom presented to me. Instinctively now, I knew what to do, my hands picking up the sponge, one of those real ones, and I let it wander all over her back, applying enough pressure so that her skin would send little messages of appreciation to her.

I worked it over the nape of her neck, holding her hair to one side, then her shoulders, ribcage, flanks and even the top of her bottom.

Jane responded by turning around, the two of us sitting there comfortably with our legs on either side of each other, the bath easily accommodating us in our manoeuvred and this position.

I smiled and Jane leaned forward to give me a little kiss, one of those intimate female ones, lips to lips and her tongue probing my mouth. I picked up the sponge again and began scrubbing her, one arm and then the other and then her neck. Gently so, I lifted her chin and washed her even under there before taking on her front, my hands slowing down as I passed over her breasts, these meriting worshipping in their own right.

Her breathing was increasing now; she was enjoying this. I admit to being a little naughty in avoiding her nipples so that they would want even more touching later.

I moved down to Jane's feet, washing and kneading them and slowly moving northwards, up over her calves and towards her special centre. I slowed down on reaching her knees, washing one then the other and then starting on her thighs, long slow strokes up over her skin, approaching her groin. My lips probably parted open in anticipation, thinking what I knew would be most likely be inevitable but not necessarily so – Jane's were open too.

The not-knowing was what made things delicious, Jane as likely to be inconsistent and surprising me – I let my coarse sponge glide up her inner thighs, Jane leaning backwards and opening her legs, letting me in there to pay homage. A little sigh emerged from her mouth, her mind beginning to wander towards her pleasure and ultimate fulfilment, that of the orgasmic kind that she so loved.

By now, her chest and cheeks were red and not just from the warmth of the bath-water, her nipples hard and inviting attention. I leaned over and down and took them into my mouth, first the left one and then the right, both of them responding to my oral touch, both almost as if they were tingling.

“Jane, I have to clean all of you, you know.”

“Yes, you do,” and she slid her body towards me, against my skin in so many different places and she kissed me, her mouth probing mine and her lips ever so soft, my reaction to submit and let her explore.

One hand slipped behind me to hold me up and the other found my neck and my breasts, and then she pulled me even closer, my knee now against her vaginal area and, to my surprise, she began to frot herself against me, a hard rubbing of her pussy, the feel of her lips down there, even her stiff clitoris, her cunt getting wetter by the minute.

As she thrust away on me, I let my sponge do the talking its soft but rough surface gliding over her nipples, stimulating them to perfection and then, just before she was ready to orgasm, I brought it down into her sanctuary, upward and deliberate strokes from her perineum right over her cunt and up and beyond her clitoris, slow strokes that now had her very switched on, breathing heavily, even gasping and moaning.

I dropped the sponge and let my right hand do the talking, my left one holding onto the bath to counterbalance us against the water, Jane still gripping me close to her. My fingers found their target and I was suddenly inside her, her centre so wet and sticky, Jane kissing me fervently now, as if there was no tomorrow.

I broke away and went down to her nipples via her neck and chest, my fingers wiggling to do their very worse and hit her g-spot, the thought now for both of us that Jane was so close to her climax.

Skin to skin, unable to think other than worship this Domme of mine and for her to accept it, my hand trembling inside of her and I keep my fingers there, pushing harder in to explore the very depths of her cunt and Jane began to buck, her hips thrusting against me, the water lapping savagely across the bath and back, waves being set up, the bath deep enough to hold them in – just.

Then she came, a long guttural moan, her lips parting as her inner waves broke all over the place, her body on nervous fire now, more moans and sighs and then gradual fading as she came down, the water settling back into place.

Jane smiled at me, a big grin and one of immense satisfaction. She rose from the bath, her cunt in all its glory still dilated and evidently very wet down there and not just water. Here she was, naked in front of me, and she permitted me one last lick and taste of her delicious and so personal cum before she stepped out of the tub.

She picked up a towel and wrapped it around her to dry herself down.

“Mmmm, I shall miss these worship sessions. Until we see each other soon.”

We had time for a quick bite of breakfast before Jane left the hotel for her apartment and I packed my final things before taking the limousine to the airport. Her final words to me were. “Kaitlyn, have a safe trip, love to Cassie and do send me a copy of your e-mail to her. I’m so interested to hear when it’s done and we’ll take it from there. You have a pretty good idea of what happens next.”

With this, she kissed me and she was gone, a wave and a ‘Byeee.’

The flight back was uneventful, no problems with airport security this time having learned my lesson about under-wire bras in Montreal. We left Vancouver ten minutes late, the captain assuring his passengers that he would make it up en route.

It felt odd to be leaving Vancouver, not because of what I had been through in the past week and that had been intense enough, not only the experience of the dressing, the modification, the submission and sex but also the domme-sub relationship that appeared to have come naturally to both Jane and me.

It was now all about how Cassie would take to this and explore exactly what she wanted, most importantly being for herself and then from me.

The plane descended into Montreal and, once we had wheels down, we were taxiing up to the gate to disembark. Being a domestic Air Canada flight, there was no emigration and immigration to take on – or customs – that would come later when we crossed the border and back into Vermont.

My nerves were bouncing, I had to admit, perhaps exacerbated by what was to come, the inevitable questioning that I knew would be coming – and we had a two hour plus return trip home, even allowing for stopping off for dinner, Harrison's inevitably.

Cassie would be on the other side of the luggage area and, now, I was looking forward to seeing her and getting back to our house, its views beautiful though very different to Jane's apartment over the water. For us, it was the hills, the trees and the vistas down over Stowe, especially during Spring and the Fall, one soft and full of pastel colours, the other vibrant and sharp as the trees prepared

themselves for the long winter.

My bags surfaced, close together as if often the pattern for those of us who have travelled frequently, the first case up and then, ever so quickly, the second immediately after and these to be followed by the others, hardly enough time to load them onto the trolley that I had retrieved for this – I knew that I wasn't travelling light – but, then, this was one of the pleasures of travelling upfront.

Everything together and I came out of the luggage area to find Cassie standing close to the barrier. A quick kiss over the security barrier and we walked to the end and were in each other's hands. She pushed me back a little to have a look and just commented, "My, look at you now. I can already spot differences, your ears, your teeth and your make-up – that one all of your own doing, I hope?"

Out came the "Yeth, Caffie," my tongue twisting around my s-consonant. "Oh, just how delightful that is, I love it. Open your mouth and let's have a look to what Doctor Kaplan did to you."

There I was, in the middle of Arrivals having a dental inspection, Cassie putting a finger in my mouth and under my tongue to lift it up and inspect the lack of my frenulum. "Has it hurt at all?"

"Only for the first few hours, the laser sealing helping enormously to mend it and far better than stitches."

"I just love the lisp. I really do and imagine what it will be like when we have tightened your voice box up."

We went into the car park, retrieved the car and were soon on our way east and then south towards home. En route our chatter was very general, my impressions of Vancouver, what had gone on and Jane. It was only when we stopped off for a bite to eat in St Jean-sur-Richelieu three-quarters of an hour back down the main road to Burlington that Cassie's questioning became more 'intense' in probing.

We had already found 'Bastos,' a restaurant with a wonderful combination of Portuguese and Québécois cooking that had been recommended to us by friends in Stowe. This was our third visit and we were soon settled down with a glass of house wine and menus, the informal ambiance of the restaurant around us, the wood, ceramics and the bright chairs all adding to the joviality of the place.

A sharing starter platter of barbecue-grilled calamari, crevettes, octopus and chorizo soon had us entranced, this to be followed by chicken and frites.

We were waiting for the entrée to be served when Cassie started up,

"So, Kaitlyn, I think you know what Jane has been in regular contact with me this last week to your progression. I'm pleased that you were cooperative and that you seemed to take to the water like a duck when it came to living as a woman and in being submissive."

"Yes, I think that I surprised myself – however I also think it's much easier to achieve in Vancouver than it will be here. Look at the acceptance or tolerance of the third sex there, even in a quality hotel like the Georgia. It's a great city for anybody involved in the LGBT or fetish scenes."

"That's one of the reasons that I had you go there, an easing into the water – and

to increase your confidence to live as a woman with me. So how do you feel now?"

"I guess it's a bit easier now that I have had some exposure to being kept dressed like this and expected to behave as a woman does. Yes, I've learned a lot this past week, not only the physical side but also from a submissive sex side and what it takes to keep a real dominant happy and satisfied."

"Are you obliquely saying that I am not a real dominant?"

"Oh no, Cassie, it's that Jane has so much more experience."

"Good, for you will enter that sort of relationship with me and I want you to find ways of keeping me happy without the direct contact of your penis in me. That is part of all of this."

"I was going to add that there's a third element too and that's the mental side."

"Okay, in what way do you mean by saying the mental side?"

"Thinking as a woman should, or rather how I think a woman should and dropping some of the male behaviours. Jane made me realise that, the ability to read body signals as well as listening being just one area, not only in sex but with life at large. It makes for more sensitivity, more ability to respond to your needs and wants, even to the point of me shutting up and not continuing on blithely so."

“Good, that is encouraging.”

“There’s a long way to go.”

“Yes, and if we proceed, then it will be done by more training, more behaviour repetition, hormonal changes in your body and mind and even hypnosis if necessary. Kaitlyn, I want a wife, a wife who is submissive and can respond to me, not a half-man-half-woman, masquerading as a female, a wife who is capable of becoming a lesbian and a wife who doesn’t get jealous and angsty if I take on another girl or boyfriend. I want to live in a polyamorous world, one with multiple relationships in a bisexual way and I expect my marriage to be completely open – whereas yours will be controlled by me, open but channelled should I say. This week apart has served to confirm this, hopefully for you as well.”

I wasn’t quite sure of the full inference of what Cassie was saying there, a subject perhaps to broach later – if it was appropriate.

“Yes. I think that I fully understand and accept it. To prove that, Jane taught me what you had preached to me before, the separation of love and transaction in sexual relationships. I’m sure that you may have heard what happened last night as to my latex evening.”

“Yes, I have and I have seen some footage – definitely interesting and I want to hear more about that later. Anyway, verbally so, what about my proposal? Have you taken due reflection and consideration about this, this past week?”

“I have, Cassie, and I have taken it very seriously. Has Jane said anything to you?”

“No – on this, she has remained very quiet. I’m sure that she realises that this is very much an issue between the two of us as it’s core to the future of our relationship. Has she discussed it with you?”

“More me with her, Cassie.”

“That’s ok, it’s what girlfriends are for – to discuss and take advice between them. You men rarely ever do that. You are learning though and, as I have said, good communication is the grease in all of this. So?”

“On the way back, I have prepared an e-mail for you and all the details are in that. I haven’t been able to send it yet.”

“Okay, when we get home then and I’ll read it soonest.”

“The essence is that I have said ‘yes,’ Cassie, unequivocally.”

“That’s music to my ears and you aren’t going to regret this – in the longer term. You’ll be undergoing a lot of development in the months to come to bring the best out of you – all learning curve stuff and the law of diminishing returns will apply as we bring you up the curve.”

The house chicken arrived and delicious it was too. Conversation now moved over more to the shopping and restaurants that Jane had taken me too, the one

comment that she added being “I have no issue with the bills, Cassie, I am sure that, between you, you have chosen well and I’m looking forward to seeing what you have bought.”

With a couple of coffees, we set off for the ninety-minute drive back to the house, Cassie driving after my flight and time change – and that I was her woman-to-be. This brought up a discussion about the house, Cassie saying that she had seen the designer to the house and that the original plans and planning agreement had included another block off our main suite, the intent being to have a family wing. With some modifications of the plans, he could quickly reshape the interior to our needs and put in for a variation of intent on the final plans, particularly with the positioning of the windows to the front.

I added that having a spectacular view was no bad thing, as long as the windows worked on a one-way basis and that there were some photos of Jane’s room on my phone to show Cassie. This elicited another, “Interesting, very interesting.”

Finally, we were back, a sense of relief and warmth in returning home.

Cassie went to bed – it was gone midnight local time so, once my cases were in and deposited and ready for unpacking, I went and fixed an Armagnac and opened up the laptop.

Over went the e-message to Cassie, ready for her perusal in the morning.

‘Dear Cassie, this message is easy to put together and send. However, behind it, it has been a fair battle in my mind to which route to follow, to make the switch and accede to what you want as our future, you as my female-husband and the authoritative, dominant figure in the family, if we have one and over me, who will become a transsexual woman, perhaps in totality or maybe not. Or do we

continue with the status-quo, one perhaps that continues with us both making decisions and our relationship to date.

However, there are three main roots to my decision to proceed into becoming your femme partner, living one hundred percent as your wife and as a woman, no compromise on that expected or should be given.

The first is that if we did go for the second option, our relationship has changed, evolved or whatever and it is impossible to go back. You have expressed a want for a more open marriage in terms of, firstly, cuckolding me and, secondly, entering into a lesbian relationship with a girl or girls. It would become impossible to deny you that right for personal fulfilment and satisfaction, be it sexually or otherwise.

Secondly, I fully recognise what I am – and time with Jane has confirmed what I knew at heart. I, Kaitlyn, have a strong feminine side that has been there all my life, is not going to go away and, most probably will only continue to grow. To deny this side of me would lead to potential frustration, perhaps even conditions like depression, on my part. That is neither fair to you as it is to me – and so, I do need to express myself. You want me to, so I should.

Thirdly, my time in Vancouver with Jane taught me technique and from increasing my capabilities in things like make-up, voice and all the rest that went on, even in sizing and buying clothing, it all came together in building my confidence and, Cassie, I think that we can pull this off here in Stowe or wherever we end up. Vancouver also served to underpin that I am truly a submissive and I also saw many qualities and traits in Jane that mirrored your personality and needs.

Therefore, the conclusion is that I accede to your proposition and that we should

move ahead as soon as possible in making the transformation, the key I am assuming to put in place a timetable based around how you see progression proceeding and any associated targets that I (we) should undertake.

Let me be unequivocally clear about four things. I accede to your authority and decision-making as my feminine-husband, this in the traditional role of husband and wife. I accede to your proposed name change, even moving my surname to yours and all associated identification. I accept that I shall work from home in a re-defined way, primarily responsible for the house and then, as opportunity arises and with your agreement, selected consultancy to be transacted from home. My first duty is as a wife.

Lastly, I fully accept your sexual liberty and want to conduct new relationships even in the privacy of our home. I accept this as well, as my primary objective is to see you safe, secure and comfortable with your partners, be they male or female. I suspect that you will want to see the proof over this; however, my time with Jane was quite an eye-opener as, I hope, becomes apparent in the next few days.

With my acceptance and love, your submissive wife and partner, Kaitlyn xxx

Off went the e-mail and I went to bed, pulling on the long silken nightie that Jane had given me, a pair of Cassie's panties laid out on my pillow, the ones that she had worn today as they were still warm and humid – and very much her.

Chapter 7

The New Girlfriend

I woke next morning to find Cassie's bottom coming down over me, a familiar sight and smell, except there was one difference. She had had a lot of her pubic triangle removed; now just a strip of hair was left above her clitoris and her labia down to her anus were all clear and denuded of her strawberry-red hair that had interwoven itself in the past, holding her unique aroma when she started to come, or that tarter hint of her pee or pussy extrusions, so addictive that they were.

I was shocked by just how prominent her inner labia and cunt entrance were now, clearly presented and their very sight encouraging me to explore her with my tongue, nose and whatever was to hand.

The sight of this in the early morning light really did take me back somewhat but before I could say anything, she was down over me, burying my nose and mouth in her love-valley, my eyes not really able to see as her bottom covered me.

I was hers and I was going to be used for morning worship and a reminder of my subjugation to her. She brought her pressure to bear on me as she lifted her body into a full-on face-sitting position. She was my queen and I was her underling – that was obvious – and she probably hadn't seen my e-mail yet.

Cassie thrust her bottom down on to me, her cunt hard onto my face, forcing my nose between those naked labia of hers, overwhelming my senses and sending my brain into sex service mode.

I wanted to open my mouth and force my tongue into her folds, even into her cunt, my wild tongue ready to dance. However, Cassie continued to grind her labia all over my face, clear moaning and gasping filling the bedroom, as her large clitoris responded.

I heard her grunt, “Are you ready for my cum, my wife. I’ve missed this, you know. I haven’t missed sex as I have had plenty of that – just your nose and tongue and I want to see what Jane has done to you, or rather Doctor Kaplan.”

I muttered a yes, my mouth opening and receiving quite a volume of her pre-come in there, coating my cheeks and imparting that familiar taste. In truth, I wanted to ask her what she meant by ‘plenty of that’ but this wasn’t the time or the moment – I had to let it pass and continue on with my service.

She lifted herself a little giving me enough room to use my tongue on her, letting it wander and do its work, intent and direction on my part but the final result being somewhat erratic as my tongue moved around, Cassie pressing her cunt and perineum over it. This was what my service was all about, the homage of my wife – now to be my womanly husband – paramount, a timely reminder that I was Cassie’s and not Jane’s.

I felt Cassie tightening, her body now awake and on fire, all those electrical charges at work from different points in her body, her mind beginning to go – and probably her hands aggressively playing her nipples.

She moaned deeply as I found her vagina, ever so sticky and delicious in there, my tongue trying to push in as far as possible to satisfy her, a vain attempt to see if I could reach her spot, her labia now placed over my nose and her scent filling

me. There I had been enveloped in her panties and now I was taking her fresh aroma in – this was sending me into my own sexual delirium.

Suddenly, she brought all her pressure to bear and I heard what I thought was a long and low ‘Ugh’ as she came in true Cassie fashion, her love-nectar squirting onto my face and into my mouth, even to the back of my throat as if I had Derek or any of those men feeding me with their cum, the difference being that this wasn’t as salty – it was Cassie’s and a woman’s gush.

I wanted to cum but Cassie wasn’t having that, her hands edging me to hold me back. I hadn’t been put back into my belt since leaving for the airport – that could have caused a major security alert if I had taken on Vancouver’s checks.

My pleasure could come later – now this was all about Cassie and my experience said that she would ride two or three waves of her cumming through while she was riding me and that was exactly what she did, my fight for breath playing alongside taking in her aroma and taste.

Maybe it was this control over me that tipped her over the edge again because, suddenly, I felt a fresh wave of cum hitting my face, Cassie having redoubled her grinding of her sex against me – I just had to accept her ‘abuse.’

Twenty or thirty minutes later, she rolled me over, lifted my silky nightie and took me, a new harness cock with two ends to it, one that I hadn’t seen before, fleshy in colour, her own end more bulbous than the one penetrating me, a realistic softness to the touch of it as it screwed me – and then I felt a ‘cum’ in me, some squeezey balloon that she had that squirted its contents deep into my boy-cunt, this inducing a milking.

We lay there, panting, recovering and some mentions of “love you, Honey”

passing between us.

It was Cassie that took the nettle by her hand.

“Kaitlyn, I want you to go and wash your clit and then back into your belt and clean panties and I’ll lock it when I get back – I’ll go and get some coffee and I want a quick look at your e-mail. There are a couple of things that you need to know.”

With this, she slipped back into her jammies, the grey and white-striped ones that were quite masculine looking in their cut, the only differences being that there was no cut for a penis to stick through, just a wide elasticated band - and a female fit to them.

I went to the bathroom, cleaned up from what had just happened and the night before, and then put my belt on, ready for Cassie to snap it home.

Back in the bedroom, it was about ten minutes later when Cassie appeared, two mugs of black coffee, my favourite Ethiopian from down the road ground by Green Mountain Coffee Company.

She gave me a mug and sat down on the bed, a big smile on her face. Then she remembered that she needed to lock me in and, within a few seconds, I found myself back in Cassie’s chastity, unable to expand fully and a pair of panties over my belt to signify the sissy female that she wanted me to become.

“Thank you for your e-mail, Kaitlyn. I have read it and it makes sense. Timing, well that we’ll discuss today but effectively it begins straight away. We’ll begin

with a big clean-out of all your male clothing, either for sale or charity, as we are going to need space for all your female wear. You've also got a lot of clothes sorting to do and washing, not only your own lingerie but mine too – and, from now on, I want it all hand-done and finished. It will give you a constant reminder about the importance of my vagina and the rest in controlling you.”

Cassie smiled again, her grin spreading, “Anyway, I just want to say thanks and it's definitely the way to go for us both.”

She sipped her coffee and so did I. I also suspected that Cassie was taking care with what she was saying and exploring me for any negative body reaction that I might show. However, she continued on,

“I'm glad things worked out so well with Jane. I wasn't sure that it wouldn't work when we set out on this and neither did she, if you were to ask her. It wasn't about you per se but the fit between the two of you as dominant to sub, not the act but more your two personalities and then, from that, whether Jane could replicate what I have over you. Having established what I would call your ‘modus operandi,’ then we could consider how to exert her considerable experience over you, something that I don't have yet, though I am working on it. Anyway, you'll probably be back in Vancouver shortly, as Jane sent a nice e-mail over as to your qualities and some ways in which to proceed.”

Another sip disappeared.

“However, as I suggested in bed and maybe last night, it's not all about you as you have rightly recognised, its about me and I have been out there spreading my wings while you were away, all rather fun in fact.”

“Tell me.”

“Are you sure that you are ready for this?”

“I have committed to you, haven’t I? I presume that you may have met someone and enjoyed a night out - or two.”

“Yes indeed. I can say that now you have been officially cuckolded though I don’t consider that done until you witness or hear me in bed with him or her, and experience my preparation and then, afterwards, your clean-up of me.”

I swallowed.

“No, Cassie. You can tell me and I am not going to throw a paddy or anything like that. That would be destructive, wouldn’t it? I am ready and, as I have said, it’s about pleasing you from now on.”

“Good – then I will tell you – you’ll be meeting them at some point no doubt.”

“Two in a week, one of each sex? That’s some going.”

Cassie laughed, “I guess it is. Nope, both are from the legal profession and Boston. As you know, I’ve always fancied a few of the younger female lawyers and assistants in the company but have veered away from dating because of the potential ramifications. However, there’s a young intern who is devastatingly attractive, blonde hair and very Scandinavian in appearance and she is of Faeroese heritage, grey eyes, very slender and taller than you.”

“Thanks.”

“That’s the way it is, Honey; you are or will be my little wife. Anyway, Pietrina, that’s her name by the way, she is five foot six, I guess, small breasted and a little bubble-butt, smaller than yours as well. She’s only with us for a few months and all part of her training to become a lawyer as she’s enrolled at Harvard Law School.”

“A bright young thing then?”

“Oh very much so and I like that in her, as she’s way beyond her young years intellectually.”

“So what age is she?”

“Twenty-three though more like twenty-nine in mentality. She’s in her third year and reading law and business, working on a fairly exacting project for us and doing very well. She’s a lesbian as well, not interested in men at all, some teenage experience having put her off but she’s really a girl’s girl to begin with – and very submissive, I have found, this counterpointing her academic mind and serving as a big-time relief for her – ying and yang and all that and something that I have found that you successful business folk often go for, a need to be put in place and balance life, usually behind closed doors.”

“So does she know about me – as in we are married and how did you meet?”

“Yes she does – and that you are in training to become my wife; she’s quite fascinated by your transsexualism. Obviously, I have known her while she has been at Bernstein’s and I have been one of her project mentors, her project crossing over into my field as to licensing issues. In short, I took Pietrina out for dinner, the business side of things over within forty minutes and giving us space and time to relax. I had had my suspicions that she was gay but she confirmed it to me, her love-life or lack of it coming up when I had asked her about down-time activities and how she couldn’t find the right person, a woman naturally, to take her under her wing. Well, this piqued my interest, as you can well imagine. And not least, she will be graduating this year and isn’t tied to the Company.”

“I can imagine so.”

“So, I began to talk about us, how I am in love with you but physically not satisfied in bed, or rather how we have had to use aids but I did give you credit for your oral skills. And then how it went further, in that I wanted a more open marriage with the opportunity to enjoy a sexual liaison with a well-endowed alpha-man from time to time but this wasn’t core to my other relationships in that I too wanted to have a girlfriend and build on my past experiences when I was young and at University. Pietrina probed away and I told her about my relationship with Marianne at Girton and the training that I received in lesbian love, embracing some feminine aspects of BDSM, and how Marianne had loaned me out to other women, and had even prostituted me, all within the University circles. She was well and truly hooked on what I told her.”

“I am sure. So then?”

“I talked about how Girton shaped me, more training in being submissive and then switching over to be a dominant, something that often happens as we mature, not all as some folk are naturally submissive and others dominant all their lives. I went on to explain what we were doing, how I was dominating you and some of the aspirations that I wanted from not only you but any one else

tending to the submissive side, obedience, discipline, worship and mind control, particularly with you but may be not as intense with another person. The next thing that I knew was that Pietrina was holding her hand out, her palm turned around and inviting my fingers to join hers.”

I smiled, “So you did?”

“Well, I know it may not be the most romantic setting, a business dinner and all that but we ended up going off to a very nice and cute lesbian bar, the City Bar over on Exeter Street, and then back to the Ritz Carlton and my room.”

“So you slept with her?”

“Yes, she was delicious; a beautiful body, hardly any breasts but lovely pert nipples and surprisingly brown in colour and what a vagina and taste. It was just as well that I had been out and bought us a new cock and a Feeldoe too – they have both been used on her, so imagine that, my cock in you has been up a woman that you don’t know.”

Indeed, this was teasing me and I could sense my clitoris trying to stiffen inside its tube. I was trapped and only Cassie could release me now – and that would be when she wanted me to be free or for cleanliness.

“Anyway, she’s coming to visit next weekend so, if you are good, you may get to witness us intertwined but no involvement on your part.”

“So this was it, a one night stand with her?”

“No, Kaitlyn, what do you take me to be? We had a second evening together and that was even better as she responded to my bondage and a little punishment before a great fuck of her. It was some of the best girl-to-girl sex that I have ever had – she is gorgeous and so beautifully submissive, spread-eagled and blindfolded on the bed in front of me, like the way I like you – except for taking when I mount you from behind. It was earlier that evening that I had my pubes waxed back as I wanted Pietrina to have more space for oral sex on me and I rather like it – I’m sure you do as well.”

I smiled.

“You will approve of Pietrina – she has been permanently depilated and I rather like that so, guess what?”

“That you want me similarly treated?”

“How perceptive of you. Yes, I do and that is something that can start this week in my view. Anyway, it made the second evening even better in bed and I don’t know how long Pietrina was between my legs or under me, never mind the two of us in sixty-nine.”

“I would have liked to see that - sorry about the reference to the one night stand; what about this man that you saw? Surely this Pietrina was enough for you?”

“She had to go out of town for a business meeting. However, I’m back in Boston on Tuesday and we have a date arranged – and, no, you are not coming. Anyway, come Thursday, I was in court with the Barryman case; unfortunately, it’s got to that stage as to infringement of copyright and patents and the infringers won’t pay up the fees involved and we are not talking peanuts, this being the aviation business.”

“So?”

“In the coffee shop, I ran into an old contact and adversary of mine – I don’t think you know him, Jack Cordell of Bogle, Lewis, Stopman and Hart?”

“No, I don’t.”

“Well, he works out of New York and was visiting town for a case he was working on. So we had a coffee together and when he heard that I was staying in a hotel and not living in Boston now, he invited me out for dinner – to ‘The Bancroft’ for one of their swanky steaks.”

“Lucky you.”

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“Dinner was very nice, good as ever, the wine excellent and Jack was very civil. He’s a Darden graduate so we chatted about his background in Virginia and how he got into law and then about our careers. Yes, I guess it was mutual sword-play on both our parts, all very subtle but there, a sounding out of each other and, as it turned out, bed – his bed in the Four Seasons.”

“You hussy, away from your temporary home, even.” I said this in a jokingly manner and Cassie picked up on my humour straight away.

“Okay, maybe we had too much wine and then two cognacs at the bar of the hotel. He was charming though and I couldn’t resist it when he kissed me. I knew that he was the sort of man that I was looking for, handsome, tall at six-three, intelligent, good-looking, not unlike George Clooney and one couldn’t but notice the three-pack inside his trousers, the bulge in there quite unbelievable. Yes, you say ‘hussy,’ but I had to check that out – on the front of it, he was the man that I had been looking out for.”

“So was it true then?”

“Oh yes and more but you are getting ahead of the story, Kaitlyn. We had one more drink in the bar and the light kissing continuing. We came to settle the bill – well I tried to but he wouldn’t let me. My comment, I guess, was a little provocative in “I guess with that then I will have to give or sell my body to you. A wry smile came my way and he took me by the hand and led me out and across the foyer. Once in the lifts, he took me in his arms and gave me a real kiss and I must say that I melted there and then. Not least, I could feel what was down there and it was starting to harden on me.”

“And it was all that you expected?”

“And more, definitely more.” Cassie smiled, her eyes glazing over at the memory of what Jack had to offer.

“We got into his room and one more deep kiss and he started to help me undress. In fact, the two of us were probably more like Pietrina in terms of perceived age as to getting our kit off. At one point, I turned around so that he was behind me,

my silk blouse still on and buttoned and he brought his large hands around to undo them, brushing my nipples as he did and I could feel the electricity surge through me. Not only that, but now I had a true idea of just how big he was as I could feel him pressing into my bottom.”

Some more coffee for both of us and Cassie continued,

My shirt and bra off and his shirt too and, my, what a powerful chest he had – whereas you are all woman as to being a man, Kaitlyn, he’s all man. I dropped to my knees and went for his trousers, undoing his belt and then his zip to reveal boxer shorts in a poplin material and I could now see the bulge, this spurring me on to. Fingers around his waist band, a pull down and I couldn’t believe what I saw. God, Kaitlyn, he must have been pushing nine and a half inches but he was also as thick as a Coke or Schweppes can.”

“I had something similar to that in Vancouver at the fetish club. Perhaps Jane mentioned it?”

“She alluded to it, tell me more later. Anyway, I took him into my mouth and he more than filled me; it was quite a challenge as he seemed to get even harder in there and talk about” fill my throat. I’m going to have to improve my deep throat technique though I got quite a few lessons that night, his stamina impressive as well.”

“So was it in bed or on it or didn’t you even make the bed?”

“I could laugh at that but, no, we made the bed I think, Jack picking me up and carrying me over there, the power in him such that I was just like a feather in his

arms. He took me missionary first time, steering his cock into my wet cunt, my sopping wet cunt – guess what, I have saved my panties for you – for later. You can take them in and then they can be hand-washed by you.”

“Thank you.”

“Talk about split and fuck me, Kaitlyn, he was wonderful, letting me feel all of him and ever so slow and rhythmically right up to my cervix and I went into overdrive, real overdrive and I just kept cumming and cumming.”

“I’ve think I’ve seen Jane in that mode too. Goodness me, my two Dommies both going there into that state the same week but it’s rather powerful to watch and observe.”

“Yes, it was super-amazing and when he took me from behind that was even better – in fact it was extraordinary, really extraordinary and when he came in that position, he flooded me, either spurting into my cervix or ever so deep in my rear – far deeper than you could ever achieve.”

“I would have guessed that. I suppose that you spent the night there.”

“Very much so and I was exhausted next day. Anyway for the record, I’ll be seeing him for a night before I see Pietrina and then I’ll bring her back here for a long weekend with us. And Jack, well, we’ll have to organise something shortly but he’s just moving to DC to work on government policy frameworks, so we may be either home or away. Okay?”

“Okay.”

“Now what about you? Tell me about this fetish club that Jane and Derek took you to. But before you do so, I have something for you – as you are my wife.”

Cassie reached over to the drawer and pulled out something that I immediately recognised, her diamond engagement ring, the matching wedding ring band – more like an eternity ring, and the earrings that I had given her, the jewels all emerald cut diamonds, her favourite. “You should wear these now, as my wife, public marks that you are mine. I’ll wear your wedding band.”

I was shocked but what could I do but put the engagement and wedding ring on, very much the symbol that I was indeed Cassie’s girl. The earrings I saved for later.

We spent the day at home, basically slobbering out, coffees and swapping stories of the week. Cassie had me dress in a lightweight cashmere jumper, ‘jeggings’ - those being half leggings but more voluminous as a pair of soft pants, bra and panties – and on went my collar and cuffs, ready for her use on me, time spent inhaling her spent panties too.

An odd day it was, a mixture of our accounts, unpacking and sorting out my male clothing, some for Cassie, a lot for charity and some disposal, a ceremonial loss of my male underwear included, except for my Hanro wear that Cassie took off and tucked away, thinking that she would fit into the androgynous panties or underpants

The day also included a laundry session for me including hand-washing our

lingerie – the joys of handling Cassie’s panties, washing them gently, rubbing her gussets to clean them and seeing the soap bubbles pop before thoroughly rinsing them out and hanging them up to dry. And then there was cooking and eating, wine too – and sex, oral sex mainly from being between Cassie’s legs to queening as she rode me, just as Jane had done, along with two sessions of being a human loo under Cassie to ingest her pee and clean her up with my tongue, experiencing that transition from the tartness of her urine to her sex taste and sweetness.

What became evident was that I needed to sort my job out as to repositioning and start a permanent depilation programme, this meaning several trips over to Richmond, ten in fact for ninety minutes each time, to a service that operated out of a house in the woods, the owner unfazed that she was preparing a man to become a woman.

My mind kept turning back to how I had been cuckolded by Cassie.

I was surprisingly calm about it. My wife, to-be-husband, had been taken another man, a real man with a very substantial penis and an who knew how to use it, strong images of him riding in and out of Cassie’s cunt, now denuded of its strawberry pubic hair, her lips accommodating him as he thrust in and out of her, his buttocks raising to drive down on her, his girth stretching the elasticity in there and his length meaning that he was fucking the depths of her vagina, places that I had never been to as I didn’t have his length, more like only half of him – and in total volume, probably only a ninth of what he had, never mind the extra cum that he could shoot deep into Cassie, the pure force of his emission soaking her and giving his sperm the best chance of inseminating her eggs.

I must say that I chuckled at Cassie’s brazenness, no extra-curricular sex for years, a want to open up this facet of her life and, in the week that I was gone, she had gone and had sex with this Jack and found herself a potential girlfriend, apparently very beautiful, feminine and girly and young – and very submissive

too.

My mind wandered over the two of them wrapped up in each others arms or with Cassie face-sitting her as she did me, the mental image of Cassie's bottom coming down on her mouth and nose, blocking out her eyesight and what would be Pietrina's reaction to Cassie's taste and her ability to cum in floods.

The other question was just how pain-absorbent she was, could she really take discipline and punishment? Cassie hadn't said anything about this dimension of their relationship – yet. However, hopefully, in just over a week I would be able to witness them at first hand and just who was and how pretty my co-submissive would be.

The one other thing in terms of my programme that Cassie mentioned was that she would be in contact with Jane as to a consultant in sex-change surgery and endocrine science. It was then I recalled that Arianne who had worked my over with my first lingerie in Burlington had mentioned that she knew somebody as well, more a specialist in just hormones though. However, she would like to get this quickly moving and I should look to a consultant visit with her within three weeks.

Over dinner, Cassie debriefed me on her ideas for the extension to our bedroom wing, showing me some sketches our architect had put together. Earlier, I had shown her some photos from Vancouver to reiterate the point that glass could be one-way.

“I've thought about your suggestion, Kaitlyn, and it's a good one as we can use the existing plans and that avoids one issue with the council as to planning approval. However, I have decided that we should look at three large bedrooms en suite and with substantial walk-in closets, one of the suites with a living

room, a study and a laundry for you and then beneath the living space, the playroom with one more bathroom suite and a bedroom opening off it.

“Wow, that is surely much bigger than we discussed last time. Why the extra bedrooms though?”

“If we have guests over for a sex party, we need space, the master bedroom for me, your room, and a major and minor guest suite. By the way, I have decided that all the bathroom furniture is going to be glass, like our main bathroom, so that I can watch you all bathe and pee instead of you watching me – and I want some queening chairs in there too, so Paige is working those too. Yes, it’s a little bigger but the cost will be about the same as you indicated, so I have suggested a cap of four hundred thou on it.”

“If it isn’t bigger at the front, then it must be at the back?”

“True, we have a cut into the bank and an appropriate easement built in to avoid issues of damp – that is all being costed in. Paige says that, as the extra space is at the back, it shouldn’t be an impact on planning as it still falls within the original block ideas and that there is no visual difference looking up or down the valley.”

“Okay, you probably have some ideas that you don’t want to share with me and you are well down the track, anything you need from me?”

“No, it’s more for fyi and I am triggering Paige this week to finalise the plans and then we can submit them to the council and get going, especially as you have give your accord to me to have an open relationship.”

That was how the week felt, time passing like that, the change on as to my job and everything else. I began the depilation process and this wasn't fun, the first week seeing my arms, armpits, legs, abdomen and my sex area cleared of hair, a little of my facial hair also worked off as well, ninety minutes a day spent on the black leather table as I was zapped using an Apilus epilator, Sarah telling me that with the technology that she was using, my skin would now be left smooth and hairless – permanently.

I realised that I would be as naked as the day that I was born, Cassie wanting this feature with her wife, the only hair permitted being under my wig, and that was thickening out with growth, and my eyelashes. From what Cassie had told me about Pietrina, and plenty more information came over the phone from the Four Seasons this time, it wouldn't be long before I was as naked as she was, just over two weeks in fact and I would be there.

A message came through that an appointment had been made for me in Montreal, one Doctor Elle Bretonneau, a consultant in Endocrinology and Transformation, the place to be at her offices down near the Île Perry in the St. Lawrence River, the time two weeks hence from Friday. I copied Cassie in on this, back coming the reply, "I know, Kaitlyn, I was copied in – however, could you let Jane know as she's interested to hear of your progress, and also where it is. I'll leave that to you."

I sent her an e-mail on the back of this response.

Dear Jane – just checking in to let you know of progress, an appointment for my hormone programme having been secured with one Dr. Bretonneau in Montreal at the Centre Métropolitain de Chirurgie on De Salaberry, though the meeting may take place at their offices, the address for that, L'Asclépiade, Gouin Ouest.

Everything going well here and, yes, I sent Cassie her e-mail and she was pleased with that. My depilation has started and all sorts of changes, mainly cosmetic and clothing, all my male wear being taken out.

Trust you are well and thank you once again for all you have done. And give my regards to Derek as well. Cassie's new man friend, Jack, may be as well-endowed as he is. Maybe you know that already – and her girl-friend Pietrina is coming for the weekend, a beautiful young sub of a girl apparently.

Love, deeply so, Kaitlyn xxx

Cassie returned on Friday evening, getting back to the house by seven in the evening. She had called me en route, just outside Montpelier, to give me early warning that they were only half an hour away and to check what I was wearing and to have my cuffs ready for her to lock onto my ankles and wrists.

The answer to her question of my dress was what she had asked me to wear when she had called me that morning, an ivory Alice Temperley basque that she had bought me that had ultra-long suspenders holding up dark-grey stockings, and then their 'Gatsby' panties, more of a full brief that they were and beautifully finished with Austrian embroidery

Over this, she still had me in Alice Temperley as she had bought me one of their black crepe jumpsuits at the time she had acquired the lingerie, the outfit with a deep v-neck to it, emphasised by a three button placket, and wide legs to it, her idea being that I couldn't touch myself, a double reinforcement to my steel belt.

I thought that it made me look like an expensive housekeeper and all the outfit needed was a waist belts with its châtelaine chains holding all the keys to the house including hat to the sex-room, and a range of tools to tackle any problems that the woman of the house could encounter such as a fraying curtain. To some extent, I had that belt as my collar was on, emphasised by the black crepe and Cassie had left me in it, leaving the cuffs to one side ready for my depilation of my limbs. I was wearing three inch black sandals to help give length to my small frame.

I heard Cassie's car pull in; it wasn't the busiest of roads out there so one could sense any visitors arriving.

I was trembling within, somewhat surprising myself. Was this a natural reaction for my first meeting with my wife's new lover, the young, beautiful and intelligent thing that she was supposed to be, the two of us to be submissive and in service to Cassie this long weekend ahead though I had my suspicions that Cassie would 'appoint' Pietrina ahead of me? This was ridiculous and I had to pull myself together, she was a slip of a girl and much younger than the two of us. She was also just a guest in our house.

I opened the door, Cassie's black Range Rover sitting there, the two women in the car.

Cassie emerged first and came around to the passenger side and opened the door, a rather odd gesture, I thought, but then the reason became obvious. Right in front of me, out stepped this drop-dead gorgeous girl, taller than me but still short of Cassie's height, as slender as anything and long blonde hair cascading down her back.

To my surprise, Cassie had her dressed in a black jumpsuit too, and she was wearing a collar and cuffs, a little different to mine but metal as well, her hands in front of her chained together and a pair of cream panties draped across them.

Immediately, I wondered if she had similar lingerie to what I was wearing on underneath – and whether she and I were going to be Cassie’s Bobbsey twins this weekend, dressed identically and, in public, directly evident that we were in service to our Domme, Cassie’s love of tethering coming to the fore.

“Pietrina, this is Kaitlyn – Kaitlyn, Pietrina.”

She came across and kissed me, French-style in cheek-to-cheek, and with a big smile, greeted me, “I’ve already heard a lot about you. Nice to meet you though.”

“Well, welcome to Stowe and I am sure that Cassie has already told you that our home is your home this weekend.”

I went to the rear of the car, the back full of shopping bags it seemed, along with three cases, two holdalls and two briefcases and laptops. They weren’t travelling light.

As we loaded up with bags and walked inside, Cassie barked out her orders and a query too, indicating Pietrina to follow her, no chain on her cuffs though.

“Put Pietrina’s bags in my room, Kaitlyn; you’ll be sleeping in the guest room tonight as I instructed you. Clean sheets down on the bed, by the way?”

“Yes, Cassie, the black rubber ones and pillows, as you requested – and the black

satin comforter too, for after your love-making.”

“Good, our sex can get quite messy. How are far are you on with supper? I’ll get some white wine poured, give Pietrina a tour of the house and then we’ll be back to the kitchen.”

“Okay, I’m nearly there. Just the rack of lamb to roast and the veg to steam but everything else is ready to go. By the way, what were the panties draped over Pietrina’s”

Once we were inside the foyer, Cassie put her bags down, released Pietrina’s cuffs and we went back to the car for the second load and only then was the car empty and we could retreat inside, the two girls going off into the living room and kitchen area while I ferried the baggage through to the bedroom, a little envious, but not jealous, that Cassie would be sleeping with her girlfriend tonight.

I finished that job, returning to the kitchen and finding a glass of Wither Hills Sauvignon Blanc put out for me, the open bottle and another sitting in a wine bucket and, from the sound of it, Cassie and Pietrina exploring our guest wing now.

I pushed on with dinner focusing on the final preparation. The dining table was already laid, nothing fancy or over-ornate as we didn’t like that, white china and glassware including the candle sticks from Simon Pearce’s wonderful facility at Quechee on the south-eastern tip of the State, one of those great places to take visitors.

I guess the girls were gone some twenty minutes, their excuse being that they freshened up. Maybe that was the case, a good kissing session perhaps but nothing more as they didn't have enough time and there was no sign of redness in their faces. Cassie brought Pietrina into the kitchen, hand in hand.

This was odd; seeing my wife holding her lover's hand and so blatantly in front of me. However, I had to get used to it; after all, this was her want and our future. And, it should be said, here I was, Cassie's husband masquerading as a woman in front of a twenty-something girl, albeit a beautiful one and, in my case, not too bad a representation of a tranny at this point of time.

I refilled their glasses, Pietrina commenting, "Something smells good. I'm looking forward to this."

"I hope that you guys haven't eaten – or at least just a small salad or sandwich for lunch."

Cassie replied, "A small sandwich, that's all, Kaitlyn." Turning to Pietrina, she added, "Kaitlyn's a far better cook than I am and that's another reason that she should be my wife, never mind her ability to keep the house clean and maintained, our clothes and lingerie too. She's a natural at housework. Oh, by the way, I'll control your spent panties so that I am in charge of her little fetish, the one that I was telling you about."

"Kaitlyn, yes, I know all about your love of we girls' aroma. I think it's rather cute and you must tell me all about how you got started."

"I will, over dinner though and I'm just about ready if you two are – the ten-

minute warning to the table as such.”

We sat down to my meal of maple syrup-seared scallops served on local kale, roasted rack of lamb with a Shelburne ‘Ginger Jack’ glaze, served with small red potatoes, and Jerusalem artichokes carrying asparagus spear, a really nice ‘Cosentino’ Meritage wine from the Napa Valley.

Pietrina was sharp, very sharp in her probing of my background and how we had got into this role swap, an expressed interest in how I thought as a submissive undergoing what we were doing, and how aspects such as Jane’s training and the forthcoming hormone programme would impact on me physically and mentally.

To be truthful, at this time, I didn’t know the specific answers to her questions and all I could do is theorise, total speculation from a legal perspective.

I tried answering her questions as best I could, Cassie adding in her knowledge and opinions, her conclusion being that I justified admiration for my openness and bravery. This was risking action from Cassie if Pietrina continued to laud me, action on both of us.

What did I learn about her?

Well, just as Cassie had said, she was incredibly bright, enthusiastic and a well-placed confidence in that she didn’t come across as arrogant, unlike some of the ‘young things’ that Cassie had introduced me to when we were in Boston. This was nice to see, a girl with a very natural and bubbly personality.

She had grown up in North Carolina, her parents Swedish and originally from Uppsala, her father an orthopaedic surgeon who had been offered a major professorship in the University and hospital in Chapel Hill, her mother a lawyer – hence a combination of brains from both sides.

Pietrina was a first generation of the family in North Carolina, three other sisters beneath her, and she was schooled locally and then, for her first degree, she went to Davidson College, a quality Liberal Arts institution like Middlebury in Vermont, where she had graduated top of her class in Political Science and Government and that had won her a place at Harvard Law School.

In terms of her love life, she had always had an attraction to women, beginning with her teen years, crushes on teachers and fellow students, that sort of thing. A distant cousin had come across from Sweden when she was sixteen and tried to attack her, an attempted rape, but she had managed to beat him off, lessons in Taekwondo paying off.

Though disturbing, this really put her off the concept of men, though she had developed a curiosity as to what an intersex man would be like, a woman with a penis in effect, “I am so looking forward to learning more about you this weekend and what pushes your buttons, Kaitlyn” – to which Cassie had responded, “Women, Men and submissive oral sex at large, Pietrina, throw in aroma and taste and you have her in a nutshell.”

The one thing that her cousin did achieve was to bring her sexuality out, her parents receptive to the fact that she was a lesbian and they welcomed home her first serious girlfriend, a fellow student in Psychology, and allowed them to share a bed. It was with Kimberly that Pietrina realised that she was very submissive, even though her friends had commented on how soft she was outside her work and competitive streak, having been a talented ballerina and middle-distance runner.

Cassie had commented on this fact, “Pietrina, we should get Kaitlyn some running togs as she’s been on this fitness programme to increase her stamina for sex and, in particular, oral service. You could take her running with you though you may be too quick for her.”

“Could do. As to more oral sex in her life, I had noticed that her tongue seems to fill her mouth and I presume that is why she speaks with quite a pronounced lisp?”

“Yes, Pietrina, but it’s not natural. I had my friend Jane have her operated on by a BDSM dental friend of hers. He was the one who ground down her teeth to get them more even and feminine, whitening them at the same time and he also cut her frenulum web under her tongue, the purpose of this to lengthen her ability to stick her tongue out but leaving it a little out of control so you never know where and how she’s going to take you with it. It’s been rather delicious.”

“Are you planning more feminisation then?”

“Yes, an appointment has been scheduled with a Canadian sex specialist, a woman naturally and she will get her going on a controlled hormone programme to give her breasts and reshape her body. We’ll also be discussing some cosmetic surgery on her voice box, chin, nose, eyebrows and cheeks to soften her face and there’ll be some voice training too so as to take her, pitch-wise, to a mezzo-soprano or, hopefully, soprano.”

“My, that’s some change to undergo. Anything else?”

“She’s on a programme of depilation at the moment – we’ll see how far Sarah has got with this later but in a couple of weeks, she will be as naked as you are, and I much prefer that. It also gets rid of the hair issue if we take her to full sexual surgery.”

“I was going to ask about that; I assume you mean sexual reassignment, her castration and then building her a cunt and all the works?”

“You have it, my girl. We have yet to decide to go that far but now she is living as a woman will help with any pre-qualification time to the operation and, frankly, we need to get through this cosmetic phase first.”

“How do you feel about this, Kaitlyn?”

“Well, Pietrina, I am resigned to it. I undertook the pledge to transform as increasingly my feminine side was coming through in my life. Cassie recognised that and we needed to do something, hence this major shift in our marriage, never mind Cassie wanting to find a gf like you. So, though I am not looking forward to it, body change either through female chemicals and surgery is a necessity. The interesting thing, when you read about it, will be the impact on my mind and the way that I will think, perhaps more logical and calmer when it comes to issues – and look at you two as role models but, on the other hand, more emotional to situations.”

This was my turn for a breather, a sip of wine and we still had dessert to go.

“The sex change, that’s a little far off at this time, not that I don’t think about it. Seeing the impact of the hormones and perhaps the feeling of them will be the

first stage and we'll see."

"I love it and I'd love to be part of your life in seeing you transform from a man to a chick with a dick and perhaps then the ultimate."

"You should have been around a few months ago and you would have seen me as a man. There are photos around though that you can look at to gauge what I was like. Anyway, it's time for dessert. Plates please and I'll clean up and give you two a little time for a kiss and cuddle."

"Thank you, Kaitlyn. There's a bottle of Dolce in the fridge, as I know what is coming."

I went into the kitchen with the plates, some work to do to clear away the dinner things and finish the dessert build, a dish that I have never seen on American restaurant menus but that they love when served it, a Pavlova with its berry fruits, meringue and whipped cream, whipped from scratch and not the ghastly stuff that comes in spray cans, the only good thing for that being in spraying children or use as a sex game.

Everything assembled, the meringue with the different berries, the whipped cream over all and I came back to the table, Cassie giving Pietrina an intense embrace and kiss, her tongue bouncing in and out of Pietrina's mouth.

It was quite something to see them, my partner kissing her girlfriend with so much passion. I wondered what it was like for Cassie, the difference in our mouths and taste, aroma different too. As to Pietrina, I could put myself in her shoes as to feeling Cassie probing away but what was it like for her? Was her

vagina beginning to moisten up? Were her nipples or clitoris tingling? And what was her brain thinking – any potential embarrassment that I could walk in on them?

What I did know was that my clitoris was trying to expand in its chastity tube.

I served up, the two women parting, an appreciative ‘ooh’ coming from Pietrina; like most locals, this was the first time that she had tasted the Kiwi-inspired dish named after Anna Pavlova. I imagined eating mine off Pietrina’s slender body, enjoying the blend of meringue and cream when it came to eating her cunt out.

The Dolce also went down well and this too could be dribbled over her nipples, brown, cute and pert, as Cassie had told me - heaven perhaps in licking the sweet wine off her, some making its way down her body to her cunt.

I decided to take up the questioning rather than sit there impassively.

“So, tell me, Pietrina, the first time that you met Cassie, did you ever imagine that you would be here in her house today, preparing for a weekend of rampant sex with her, her wife watching on and running any errands for you both, completely at both of you as to commands?”

“No, I can’t say that I did, though I did find her rather attractive, a woman’s woman in being confident in herself and brilliant at what she does when it comes to law and, as I have found out, in so many other areas, not least in making love to me. I first met her in one of the panelled meeting rooms of Bernstein’s, a gathering of my mentors and I was being asked to present my credentials and the scope of the project, along with deliverables and anticipated timing and the gates

by which progress could be monitored. In walked this strawberry-haired woman...”

At this point, Pietrina took Cassie’s hand and squeezed it, a loving gesture right in front of me.

“and looking gorgeous. I admit that my heart did skip a bit but no way did I ever imagine that I would end up here. First of all, reality struck home when I heard that she was based here in Stowe and, secondly, that she was married to you. I envisaged a conventional rurally-based marriage meeting society’s norms, not what we have here tonight.”

“So tell me, when did you realise that there could be a possibility of something happening, the spark of a romantic and dangerous liaison perhaps?”

“Oh, that was very much at a dinner that Cassie invited me to, just she and I. I thought that it would be all about the project, perhaps some advice and that she was staying in town and perhaps needed someone for company.”

“I can understand that, so tell me how things developed.”

“Surely Cassie has told you?”

“Bits but not all, as she may have thought that I would have reacted negatively.”

Cassie intervened here, “Tell her, Pietrina, I am interested as well.”

“Where do I begin then? I thought the venue was a little strange as we went out to Beacon Hill to ‘The Hungry I,’ just ten minutes from where Cassie here was staying. Strange, as this is one of those restaurants that are more romantic than business-like, the tables small and the place intimate, and very much geared for ‘diner à deux. It’s a French bistro in a restored brownstone.”

“I know it”

“Of course you, do silly me. I’m forgetting that you lived there. Well, Cassie had reserved a table near the fire, a round one near the centre room fireplace, the mood romantic as usual with its dimmed lighting, the antiques all around and the candlelight.

We sat down, a glass of a nice white wine, similar to the one you served and we ordered, their Clams Venezia and dredged shrimp, followed by two of their delicious venison au poivre noir and its flaming sauce in cognac, sour cream and a shot of Brouilly. That’s if I remember right.”

“You do,” chimed in Cassie.

“I guess we chatted about my project for a brief while and probably no more than ten minutes, Cassie raising an important point about looking into their PCG registrations and seeing how far their global reach covered, if any at all and then we migrated onto my background, Cassie probing away at my family, schooling, the town I came from and it wasn’t long before I was spilling the beans about my sexuality and why.”

“I know; you don’t have to unearth bad memories around here, if you don’t want to. I understand though that this triggered Cassie to tell you about her latent wants and what was going on between the two of us?”

“Yes, and that was fascinating – it’s so good to see the two of you recovering from what could have been a bland marriage in time sexually with all the frustrations that can bring for both of you. It was as she was telling me that I instinctively offered her my hand, more as a comfort thing and to encourage her to keep talking.”

Pietrina looked at Cassie, “It was so instinctive and there was quite a spark that went across both ways, an immediate bonding. Whether it was the striking of the arrow, only Cupid knows – if Cupid can strike between two women?”

Cassie responded, “I don’t see why not.”

“Anyway, I wanted her to teach me and perhaps the other way around as to what the sensuality and femininity of a woman with a woman can be like and, from that, to experience some great orgasms and love, love that again only two women together can have. Yes, I had her as my mentor, now she was going to become my Dominant, my top.”

“So dessert, two of their screamingly fabulous tarte-tatins with home-made vanilla ice-cream and then coffee over, Kaitlyn, and I had decided to invite Pietrina back to the hotel, a late night-cap and then to my bed, if she was interested – which, of course, she was. Talking of the subject of love making and bed, can we get a coffee and night cap in our snug on the other side of the fire?”

“Yes, of course. I’ll get these plates in the dishwasher as well as the last load and I’ll bring it through. A Cointreau on the rocks please, Cassie, if you are fixing

the drinks.”

With this, I retired to the kitchen again and I guess it was about ten minutes later when I came back in with a tray of coffee, milk, sugar and some chocolate and almond biscotti that I had prepared, my balloon of Cointreau sitting in front of the sofa opposite from Cassie and Pietrina.

However, they weren't sitting together; Pietrina was on her knees in front of Cassie, her head between Cassie's thighs and obviously taking in her scent, Cassie's black skirt over Pietrina's head and her black stockings showing, a hint that she was wearing suspenders. Cassie's chain had been put back on to Pietrina's collar and that came up from under the skirt.

I couldn't believe the sight in front of me, my cocklet in its tube trying to stiffen against the heavy-duty plastic that it was made of, an impossible task to fulfil.

“Give me my coffee, Kaitlyn and put Pietrina's next to her Amaretto – one sugar, no milk, please. Then you can go and sit down and watch her at work – at the moment, her nose and mouth are pressing into the fabric of my panties and she's enjoying taking in my scent, as you do – and I am wetting up.”

I did as she requested, sitting down to watch this sex spectacle unfurling in front of me, some ten minutes of nasal worship performed before Cassie looked at me,

“Shall I remove my panties, Kaitlyn, so that Pietrina can serve my cunt? Would you like to see that or would you rather be in here, enjoying me?”

I thought that this was a loaded question and there was no right answer. I tried a diplomatic response “That is your choice, Cassie, as our mistress.”

“Good – then the two of you kneel on either side of me and remove my panties with your mouths.”

With this, Cassie pushed Pietrina away from her service and then edged forward on the sofa so that her cunt was well clear. We moved to either side and took hold of her waist band, the trick being for the pair of us to work together in manipulating her panties off.

Slowly they came down, Cassie’s erotic aroma filling the air – indeed, as she had said, she was turned on and both Pietrina and I could scent her.

Finally, they were clear of her feet and Pietrina was steered back into position, whereas I returned to my seat, Cassie’s panties over me, her aroma so strong.

Pietrina licked away – actually I couldn’t see a great deal except for Cassie’s face and how she was enjoying being taken like this. Ten minutes of submissive bliss for Pietrina and Cassie beginning her climb to a torrent of orgasms during the evening.

Then Cassie surprised me, a wry smile across her face as she ordered me, “Kaitlyn, now go and remove Pietrina’s panties with your mouth.”

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing as I had thought that I was going to be

excluded from sex with them. I got off my seat and crawled over to Pietrina and lifted her skirt to find that she too was in stockings and suspenders, her panties being a pair of black ones, from the brand 'Candie,' with white side-insets and a clingy nylon and Spandex material, sourced from Kohl's as she later told us, ideal for a small girl and, as I was to find out, for Cassie's submissives too, such cheaper underwear being added to my closet.

I could smell her sex too, a very different aroma to Cassie's, not as intense, a slight hint of mango on it. I could also see it to, the panties hugging her cunt, her crevice and her vagina evident, as she was also as damp as her lover would be now. Even her anus was indicated by a little compression of the material into her orifice.

I took the back of them by my teeth and pulled downwards, over her bottom before it became taut and then went around to her right side to repeat the motion and bring the panties down her thigh as far as was possible before the fabric locked up on her skin. It was then to the left side and this pattern was repeated six times, the panties slowly coming down and eventually off her ankles.

Just as Cassie had said, she was completely naked underneath, not a pubic hair in sight, a wonderful view of what she was offering her lover, thin labia defined and with a creamy pink area in between, this already very wet indeed, the labia extending out into dilated majora, her clitoris showing above and a hint of the entrance to her vagina, that love area that Cassie had already taken several times to make her succumb to her different cocks and toys.

I heard Cassie bark an order, "Bring them to me, Kaitlyn - now – and in your mouth and on your knees."

I obeyed, shuffling over to her, Pietrina continuing to worship her lover's cunt,

her head moving up and down under that black skirt. I 'handed' them to my wife and in one movement, she had them over my head and Pietrina's gusset right over my nose.

"You'll keep these on all night, so you can imagine me enjoying Pietrina as I take her. You'll see the beginning of us making love but when I say 'go,' you will leave the room and go over to the guest room. In there, there is a second pair of Pietrina's used panties and you will put them on, along with a pair of her used jammies and you'll spend the night enveloped in my lover, imagining me dominating her, using her and enjoying myself. You may even hear us making love. Am I clear?"

"Yes, Cassie."

"Now go through to our bedroom and kneel to the right of the bed, six feet away from it, on the edge of the rug. I'll just let Pietrina take me now and then I'll bring her through."

I got up, Pietrina streaming in to me and obeyed her, walking out of the room and down to our suite to take up my position, our bed in front of us and waiting for Cassie to take Pietrina in it, cuckolding me in real time, as such, introducing another girl into our relationship, a girl very much focused on female sex and not interested in a man with a penis.

How life had changed.

I knelt there, my knees on the rug for some fifteen minutes, contemplating life and the sight of the four chain tethers laid across the bed, ready to take this girl

of Cassie's into its bonds and present her for whatever Cassie wanted, be it pain, restraint or pleasure.

It seemed that Pietrina was skilled at eating pussy, the sound of some low moans filling the air. I could imagine her enthusiastically kissing and sucking her around Cassie's depilated cunt before darting her tongue in and out of her mistress's love orifice.

The thought of her soft probing sent sparks of pleasure through me, not that there was anything that I could do about it and images of Cassie spreading her legs wide and holding Pietrina tight to her cunt came to mind, her whorish and submissive face pressed hard in, Cassie's aroma and taste filling her, the probing, sucking and tongue play along the walls of Cassie's vagina and then focusing on her extended clitoris.

God, imagine that sub's tongue running over Cassie's swollen sex and flicking across its surface smoothly, actions that had been very much my domain, Cassie taking pleasure from another girl and not me, her new wife.

Then I heard Cassie cum, a good orgasm evidently washing through her, the scream of delight coming all the way through from the snug. No doubt, her hands would either continue to hold Pietrina close to her or gripping the sofa, her legs wrapped tightly around Pietrina's head, her thighs the vice-grips, Cassie wanting Pietrina to swallow more of her femininity, her womanhood, and her sex.

Pietrina had brought her off - not that Cassie would be satisfied with that but well done, Girl.

Some five minutes later, in walked Cassie and Pietrina, both of them stripped down, Cassie in one of her familiar black basques, her suspender straps holding up her black stockings, her newly exposed cunt on show in its full glory, a thick taper of her strawberry red pubic hair coming away from her clitoris, that also naked now, and rising up in a thin triangle all the way to near her tummy button.

To think that all that pubic hair on either side that had extended out to each groin had been removed – one more sign of change in our lives.

Pietrina was completely naked bar her thin Myla suspender belt and stockings, carrying her matching ‘Candie’ bra to her panties, her collar and cuffs on and a chain coming from the front ‘D’-ring to Cassie’s right hand.

“Throw Kaitlyn your bra, she can try it on as it may just fit her, pressing into her breasts to remind her that she is as much yours as she is mine, Pietrina. Then onto the bed with you on your back.”

Pietrina obeyed her mistress, the bra duly draped around my neck, her small breasts on full view, her brown nipples already pert, stiff and very enticing to being nuzzled and worshipped. She climbed onto the bed, lay down, and Cassie attached each tether to her collar and cuffs.

Once Cassie had her secure, she spent time looking at her submissive and then kissed her, really kissed her, as forceful as she would be with me, her tongue probing her mouth and exploring, long deep French kissing – and evidently passionate.

Then she produced a blindfold, a proper one blacking her eyes out to be

followed by a pair of panties, the ones that she had been wearing and put them over Pietrina, just as she had done with me.

Hold on this was my turf, surely?

However, Cassie had learned the power of her smell and was now using the technique she had used on me with Pietrina, this all about training her lover on to worshipping her cunt – two potential disciples to her cum.

I wondered what Pietrina was thinking, Cassie's unique red-head smell, so strong and cummy filling her nose and, probably at the back of her mind, that her face, nose and mouth would be soon coated with her emissions, a call on taking Cassie into her mouth.

As for me, I had Pietrina to contend with, the visual of her boyish form, the imagination of her sporting one of our harnesses and entering me, and the pleasure of her scent, the youthfulness of it, the freshness, a little saltiness and very girly and cummy, a Chanel 19 to its senior sister of Coco when it came to comparing their cum and perfume.

Cassie dropped down her body, teasing her nipples and, to my amazement, she went into her bedside drawer and brought out two nipple clamps, of the thumbscrew variety, which were then fastened and tightened down, Pietrina gasping as she fought the pain and stimulation in her love points.

Out came her Feeldoe and a butt plug, one of our metal ones that was of reasonable girth and seven inches long, the cold stainless steel that would sit in her equivalent of my boy-pussy.

It was the signal to move further southwards, Cassie gliding over Pietrina's tummy to find the love area that she had rapidly come to adore, Pietrina's pussy ever so delicate and, frankly, that of a young, hairless girl – which I suppose she was, as aged twenty-four, she hadn't shed all the vestiges of her teenage years and alluring it was.

Cassie took the plug to rub it up and down Pietrina's cunt to pick offering and then hers, some of her natural co-mingling and union of their love and expressed as a lubricant to glide the taper into its natural home, more gasping from Pietrina as she was filled and took the weight of it, no doubt feeling it there on the underside of her vagina and cervix.

I wanted to feel it in me – I was missing not being filled – here I was by myself, nothing to masturbate on and not even a dildo up my cunt. I was relying totally on my mind and Pietrina's sticky gusset, any climax on my part to be mental in nature. However, I was being turned on by what I witnessing, never having done anything like this in my life before – and I wondered if Cassie had.

Once the plug was home, Cassie concentrated on enjoying her new girlfriend's cunt, working it over with her tongue and nose, a clear view of this afforded to me, Pietrina becoming very excited and it wasn't short of her cumming that Cassie pulled back, edging her – and, in fact, another two times before she shifted position, sliding her legs under the left change to begin scissoring Pietrina.

Cunt to cunt and clitoris to clitoris, Cassie brought her to an immense climax, Pietrina's body positively quivering as the sexual earthquake blitzed its way through. Not that Cassie didn't explode – she did, the usual strong orgasm and a lot of jism emerging, Pietrina to sleep in this tonight, the black rubber holding it fresh and sticky on its surface to create a cummy film under the subbie.

No way was Cassie finished; she came out from under her girlfriend, the black panties pulled a little one side and dollops of Cassie's cum offered to Pietrina. I thought that this would be the moment where Cassie would face-sit her and demand Pietrina to clean her up, a full meal of protein to be had, a few mouthfuls that I would have loved to taste but no joy on that front.

Instead, once her kissing and cum-feeding was over, Pietrina eagerly lapping the creamy cum off Cassie's fingers, Cassie kneeled on the bed to fix the Feeldoe into place, a full view of this for me as she pushed the Domme end of the toy home, her cunt taking in the black bulbous part of the twin cock to leave her seven-inch shaft standing proudly upwards as if it was a man's decent-sized cock ready to take the woman beneath her.

She moved forward between Pietrina's thighs that were still spread out by the chains from the bed-frame to her ankle cuffs stopping her from closing them or from escaping. I saw the insertion, Pietrina's cunt readily absorbing the penile head presented to her, the cock no doubt riding hard inside her and up against her anal plug, effectively a double-penetration, Pietrina moaning as she moved into her first thrusting.

Cassie looked at me and barked a quick message of "Go to your room, leave the doors open and you can listen to me making lesbian love to my new female partner. Become a full woman yourself and you may share the two of us. Now off with you – and keep Pietrina's panties over you. In fact, I would tie an old stocking in behind them to get her gusset to cling to your nose."

That was it, I was dismissed and I rose from the sofa to go to the guest room, Pietrina still infiltrating me as her panties clung to my nose, cheeks and ears, a gorgeous feeling of how Cassie had exerted her power over me, making me sub to Pietrina, Pietrina being a woman – though I had yet to ask Cassie about her logic.

As I left the room, there was Cassie's ample bottom thrusting up and down into her lover in the missionary - the male role, my ex-role being acted out right in front of me, a confirmation that I was to be her lesbian wife and not a proper male.

I walked back to the guest room, having found an old stocking in my closet and securing Pietrina's panties as requested and leaving the bedroom doors opened, a last glimpse of Cassie still thrusting into her girlfriend, moans of satisfaction and sexual urge now beginning to fill the air.

Back in the guest room, I saw Pietrina's cream used panties and unbelievably stained, as well as her pyjamas in a lilac in colour, the pants with a wide waistband and no flies.

As Cassie had ordered me to do so, I tried on her bra, the chest size a little tight but not uncomfortable, her cups pressing down on my falsies though, the difference between our cup size the cause. I slipped into her jammies, these a little long and baggy on me but here I was, wrapped in her lingerie, this alone educating me that I was to be hers as much as I was Cassie's – or even Jane's. I knew I was reeking of Pietrina and it stunned me how magnetic this was.

Cassie knew what she was doing in positioning the two of us, an appreciation that I would be taken in by dressing in another girl's worn clothes. She was more than right.

I lay down on the bed, Pietrina bombarding me with her scent and a few seconds later, I heard her cum, my imagination of her trying to buck her mons up to receive Cassie, to get that cock of hers as deep in as possible, perhaps to trigger a

cervical sequence. God, this was so powerful and I couldn't even get to my cock-cum-clit to masturbate it and bring myself off.

I heard her secondary tremors vocally expressed and a 'Oh God, I love you, Cassie' just as Cassie decided to cum, my brain turning to that bottom of hers pressing into Pietrina, allowing the bulb in her own cunt to do its stuff against her g-spot and take her over the top, the two of them together, Cassie in control though as Pietrina would be unable to wrap her thighs around Cassie and hold her, Cassie perhaps putting the weight of her ample breasts and large pink nipples down on Pietrina's chest, those brown nipples still hard and trying to press back, Cassie taking advantage of Pietrina's mouth with a long kiss.

Things went quiet for a few minutes, was this the climb-down from 'Sex Mountain?' That was unimaginable, given Cassie's previous narrative of their previous encounters. Sure enough, I began to hear more noises, Cassie's voice this time combining orders with sounds of appreciation, little grunts and moans in Cassie fashion.

I realised that she was in either a sixty-nine or was queening Pietrina, no preference to imagine on my part, the thought of my wife getting her lesbian pleasure in this fashion making me try to get erect again – and with no success, my chastity tube constraining and biting me back.

I wish that I could see it, Cassie's bottom riding rough-shod over her lover's face, a wish to be in that position with my nose and mouth being used, being literally washed in her copious love juices that would be left on my face and in my hair to crust up over night, the damp sheet beneath continuing to remind me of my role once we had turned to the matter of attempted sleep.

I could imagine Cassie with her head thrown back, drawing in air, pinching her

own nipples or perhaps playing with Pietrina's, the occasional lust forward to retrieve some of that nectar which would be flowing from Pietrina's cunt and then Cassie licking her fingers with it – or perhaps she had a dildo in play, one with veins where Pietrina's cum would stick to them, sliding it in and out so that Cassie could then lick it clean to enjoy the taste and play on her mind, the feeling of yet another climax beginning to build.

I heard the climax and then a quiet period, the familiar sound of a crop being used and grunts coming through to my room. Evidently, some punishment and pain was in order and my thoughts turned to Pietrina being released from her missionary position, turned over, re-tethered and with the rubber-covered pillows under her stomach to push her bottom up in the air to provide an enticing target for Cassie's whip.

No doubt, she would still be enveloped in Cassie's panties, Cassie enjoying the fact that she was inflicting punishment on her young charge whilst providing some love stimulus inside Pietrina's brain, a conflict of pain and pleasure designed to stamp indelibly her presence and the need to worship her Domme on Pietrina's mind.

How many times had Cassie done this on me, a devotion to my husband-wife coming into play and intensifying with each session, the cropping almost cathartic in the way it built this new love and trust between us, the same now being applied to Pietrina and to make her Cassie's new property and love, perhaps a different sort of love between them than Cassie enjoyed me and, for the moment, more physical than what we enjoyed – in fact had always had with the mental friendship and devotion more important than sex between us, though the sex had improved for the better.

With Pietrina's bottom no doubt well marked, I could hear the grunting beginning again, perhaps a little clue that she had been gagged, a ball gag in her mouth and buckled off at the back of her head, the gag pushing Cassie's panties

into her mouth and stretching its gusset tight over her nose, every breath inhaled impregnated with Cassie's love cum and the rest in whatever pussy crud she had shed and the remnants of a few pearls of her pee – and, if higher up the gusset, the more rustic and powerful anal juices left behind.

This was a powerful image, Pietrina beginning to buck her bottom to receive Cassie. How used was she to receiving a cock in her anus and having it probe her other love tube? What sort of length was Cassie using – and what girth? Was there a dildo now lodged in her, pushing up through her vagina towards her cervix and pressurising her g-spot at the same time? All unanswered questions but the evidence was there that she was being fucked from the rear now.

Pietrina was getting to me. Forget my cock unable to respond in full to the heavy stimulation that it was receiving, it was my mind that was being bombarded and taken up the mountain.

I knew what was going to happen – I was about to self-milk. I guessed that was what Cassie suspected would happen, a release and soaking of Pietrina's panties that I was wearing, a first appreciation that Pietrina would control me, in many ways similar to what Cassie practised but answerable to her – Domme to female to tranny, the order of the house being gradually established.

This was going to be a long weekend, one of abject subjugation to the two of them, the girls wrapped up and entwined with each other, both mentally and physically, my role coming as a cuckolded observer, fluffer and servile attendant, the job to ensure that they were both satisfied sexually and non-sexually, a foretaste of what was to come in my life.

Chapter 8

Montreal Beckons

The weekend with Cassie and Pietrina was indeed challenging but an interesting one, a strong indicator of how my life as Cassie's wife would develop, sexual service and worship the name of the game – oh, and complete obedience to the women in my life.

My introduction to Pietrina's body came the next morning.

Hearing that they were awake and probably making love from the sound of it, I made some coffee and walked into the bedroom. I was still dressed as Pietrina even down to her panties over my head and nose being in place, my clitoris back out.

There, on the bed, Pietrina was riding one of Cassie's harness cocks, her body bouncing up and down, the nipple clamps back on as was the ball gag, Cassie's panties hanging out from behind it, the gusset turned inside out no doubt.

The bedroom was quite a mess with a large range of our toys, restraints and accessories all over the place, a good time had by all, evidently.

I quietly said, "Morning girls" and got into the kneeling position, Pietrina not that far off cumming as shown by the colour of her face and the way her bottom was rising up and down on her girlfriend, oblivious to the fact that I was here and watching her.

A few seconds later, she came, her eyes rolling back in her head as euphoria hit her, Cassie too joining her in this state of morning bliss.

As Pietrina came off her peak, she clambered off Cassie, the pink cock all slimy with thick girl cum. Cassie invited me over to the bed with the coffee and it was then that I got to see the state of the sheet beneath, still damp in patches, crusty parts where their cum had dried out.

“Thank you for the coffee, Kaitlyn – in return, you can lick my cock clean and taste Pietrina second hand, first hand will come soon.”

I leaned forward and took the penis into my mouth, thinking of the way Derek’s had filled me, the taste delicious and far more preferential to his sperm, a reflection of what was still hitting my nose, the stringy pits a lovely precursor to having breakfast.

Cassie released me from my part-veil and we sat there having coffee, a discussion about the day ahead, all very civilised until I was ordered into the bath, naked other than my bondage, and to drink Pietrina, my first direct contact with her.

She climbed onto the edge of the bath, legs apart, her naked vulva above me, all neatly laid out, her little rosebud of an anus showing signs that it had been well used in that her rings were still apart, as was the entrance to her cunt.

She crouched down right over me, close enough to smell her, Cassie saying to

her that she shouldn't worry in spraying me and that I was used to being used this way. Slowly, her golden stream appeared, mainly directed at my mouth, some of it making its way into my hair and down my body, her taste a little tart but a hint of sugar there, perhaps from the Pavlova from supper the evening before.

However, the sweetness and consistency of her cum resumed as, subsequently, I became her toilet paper, lapping away to clean her up, Pietrina experiencing my uncontrolled tongue as it danced between her lips and up and down from clitoris to her open sphincter.

“Okay, that's it, girls, time to shower and get ready for the day out – Burlington here we come, especially lingerie shops, ‘Bertha's Church’ and ‘Aristelle’ for Pietrina and Kohl's for Kaitlyn.”

I went out in Pietrina's clothes from yesterday, lingerie and all, great fitting that it wasn't, Cassie wanting to keep this psychological pressure on me, both Cassie's and Pietrina's panties in the car, Burlington indeed our destiny.

Sure enough, we shopped the lingerie shops, Pietrina coming away with some gorgeous Cosabella and Empreinte lingerie and me with a Chantelle set, before we drove the short distance down to South Burlington to find the strip with the Kohl's store. However, before this, Cassie made both of us worship her vagina, skirt up and panties down, in the quietness of the Church of the Immaculate Conception.

Kohl's saw us emerge with a fair handful of new panties, bras, chemises and nighties, all from the same brand that Pietrina used, her Candie's wear, clingy and cheap that they were. In her presence, I was to wear such lingerie and she the luxury brands, the total spend on my bags of goodies less than one bra and

panties from Cosabella. The driver to this was coming very shortly, part of the preparation for what would happen in Montréal, as Cassie and Pietrina pulled out small cup bras in my size.

Dinner in Burlington, an Italian meal at L'Andana and we made our way back to Stowe for another long session with a very similar pattern to the night before, except that I was permitted to being both of them to orgasm with my tongue – mind you, it was languid flat-tonguing and sucking of both of their clits and lips and so heavenly.

However, this defined the extent and Cassie's limitation of my sex with Pietrina, going forward.

Montréal loomed up ever so quickly, too quickly it seemed. Planning permission had been granted and our builders were in and had broken ground, the back of the house behind our suite, or rather Cassie's suite, churned up and looking like the early stages of the building site it was – in short, a muddy mess.

We drove up to Montréal on the Thursday afternoon, Cassie having suggested a night in the city to get me mentally switched on and confident as what was to happen the following day, the visit to Doctor Bretonneau's office at Gouin Ouest.

I wasn't too unconcerned when I set off; after all, this was only a consultation session, or so I thought.

The trip to Montréal was uneventful, the usual two and a half hour run, Cassie driving. We had decided to stay at the Ritz-Carlton on Sherbrooke Ouest, close

to the McGill University campus, their business school just up the road, and the Musée des Beaux Arts just behind the hotel.

I understood that Cassie had booked us an executive corner room for the night but, when we checked in at the rather splendid Victorian or Edwardian reception and lobby area, we discovered that we had been upgraded to the Royal Suite, an enormous expanse with its two living rooms, dining room butler's area, two bedrooms and bathrooms. However, décor-wise, it wasn't the prettiest suite that I had ever seen, a lot of use of purple and three awful Roman-warrior paintings dominating the dining room. The main lounge and bedroom were not too bad and certainly functional with all sorts of accessories.

Where the Ritz excelled was its service and a light tea later, we were refreshed for a little session of 'Cassie worship' before dinner, followed by a pee service and then showering, the realisation that sex was on the cards when Cassie told me to take an enema – thank goodness for the Fleet that I was carrying in my wash bag.

We dressed for dinner out; I had booked a table in the Latin Quarter, its boundary being University Street, the de facto frontier between the French and English speaking areas of the city. The restaurant was Laloux, a long-standing local French restaurant that had had its ups and downs but was now on a high under the guidance of a top Québécois chef, Seth Gabrielse and a talented crew including one David Vincent, the sommelier, sitting atop of one of the finest wine cellars in North America.

Cassie allowed me to wear black, a little dress that I had bought in Vancouver, called a Condesa by 'Second Female', elegant that it was with a button-up-front, V-neck and tie-waist, the dress's knee-line hem lower at the back than the front and the back pleated. Underneath, she had chosen my Fleur of England 'Allure' set with its suspender belt, bra and bikini briefs, all of them with sensual front panels of hand-cut French eyelash lace on beds of Italian 'invisible' tulle.

It was certainly more upmarket than the Candie underwear I had been wearing most of these past few days, though surprisingly comfortable that it had been.

Dark-grey stockings and low-heeled sandals completed my look, Cassie having dressed in one of her black jumpsuits, this one from Armani and finishing it off with three inch heels so that she towered over me.

My collar and cuffs were on – I wasn't surprised by that -for if we were out and about, this was pretty much the norm, Cassie using her chain on me, usually from my right wrist cuff, Cassie holding me by a leash in her left hand.

We went downstairs to the bar for a pre-dinner drink, this located in the famous Pam Court, a sleek black bar dedicated to Dom Pérignon. A glass of Brut sounded just the thing, along with a brief session of evening people-watching from a quiet corner before we caught a cab for the trip across the 'frontier,' the restaurant about ten minutes away on Avenue des Pins.

Cassie ordered a second glass and we were enjoying that when, suddenly, Jane appeared out of the blue. She strolled across and greeted Cassie with a kiss before repeating the same thing with me, eyeing me up and down.

I was speechless and I had no idea that she would be coming along. Okay, she had mentioned something about it but I had discounted it, thinking that this would be more for the procedural phase.

“A glass of champagne, Jane?”

“Oh, yes please, a Brut like you two.”

“All settled in – I presume that you found the suite with no problem?”

“Yes, spacious it is, good for our play with Kaitlyn. Now how are you young lady, I haven’t seen you on your knees to welcome me properly.”

I dropped to my knees and Jane flipped her dark grey patterned long dress over my head and stepped right over me, my mouth and nose at her panties level, her scent immediately detectable and quite strong. I kissed the place where I thought her clitoris lay and brought my nose down her cleft to find a little more give, the portal to her vagina, taking time over this adoration.

I guess that I was there two or three minutes before she released me, stepping off me just before the waiter brought across her champagne, leaving me floundering on the floor and looking a little stupid in front of the girl.

Once I was settled back in my chair, Cassie proposed a toast, “To the visit to Elle Bretonneau, girls,” and we raised our glasses and sipped.

It didn’t take long before it dawned on me that Cassie and Jane knew each other and, by this, I meant that they had already met and not just through the medium of e-mails and Skype. It was one of those ‘Oh Christ’ moments, the thoughts turning to how I had been set up, Ottawa a complete false stage for what Cassie had wanted to achieve with me in setting out the landscape, Vancouver becoming the delivery mechanism.

Before I could ask a discreet question about this, we were off. Coats on, into the foyer and Ed, the chief concierge flagging down a taxi, a cordial and then adding “Au Revoir Mesdames. Have a good evening, Ladies, I am sure that you will thoroughly enjoy Laloux.”

The restaurant was a mix of a 1950s Scandinavian style and French bistro, a lot of woods used as to the floors, space-dividers and tables, the walls an intense cream colour. One of the woods that was used was a black ebony around huge mirrors and then the blackness taken through the marble in the bar and seating, be they padded bar-stools or wood chairs.

We were shown to a table of three, some people-watching of us, three women of which one was on a chain.

The food was modern French and turned out to be superb, an apero of six huitres or charcuterie, starters of scallop carpaccio, boudin tart or roast octopus and even a Foie Gras Torchon on the menu. The beef flank, saignant, with oyster mushrooms, black garlic, roasties and a red-wine sauce was outstanding, Cassie and I going for this, Jane for their Duck Magret.

The conversation was very general, more about what had been going on for both women, Jane wanting to hear the low-down on Pietrina. It was just before they turned to what would be happening next day as to Doctor Bretonneau that I got the question in.

“Can I ask you both a presumptuous question? I’m coming to the conclusion that you two knew each other before we started on this voyage of discovery and, as such, I was set up to some extent.”

Cassie looked at Jane, Jane at Cassie, Jane remarking, “Kaitlyn’s your wife, Cassie, or at least your wife in training, so you should answer it. Go for it, Girl.”

Cassie had a swig of the excellent 2010 Margaux and looked at me.

“Yes, Kaitlyn, we met at the bar of the Boston Ritz a few months ago and way before all this started. We got on like a house on fire and fixed a dinner together, the two of us talking long into the night about our relationships and love-life and that meant that I discussed us and my frustrations with you. All Jane did was listen, a few prompting questions here and there to clarify things and put me at ease.”

“And then?”

We met the next evening, Jane was there in Boston for some training work for the hotel, insights and best practice for both industries, and this time she came armed with a personality questionnaire, the subject being you – and, to cut the long story short as we spent time talking through examples, she came out with the conclusion, ‘Do you know what, Cassie, I think that you two would be best suited as a couple that takes on gender reversal in your marriage. Kaden should become your wife, as he has all the traits and markers of being a woman, not a man – and probably not even a sissy, a full on tranny, I would say.’”

I think that I paled.

“I had to think about it but then it hit me, my response being ‘God, you know,

Jane, you may well be right. How could I have been so blind?’ To which she replied that it was fairly common that those who live with someone closely don’t always see the wider picture. She went on to explain how this could play out to my sense of natural dominance and my want to expand my marriage and sex life. It was like the blinkers coming off a racehorse.”

Cassie smiled, memories of the evening flooding back,

“Then it was a question of how we would develop you, Kaitlyn, and the rest was, as they say, history, the two of us working the overall thrust of our plan to feminise you, a string of e-mails and phone calls then to fine-tune it, including the set-up of you meeting Jane in Ottawa. Yes, you have been duped and for the better, I would say.”

I didn’t know whether I should blow my top as to this deception or remain quiet and passive. Things were driven home by what Jane said, “Kaitlyn, Cassie is and has been telling you the truth, maybe not the whole truth but at no point has she lied to you.”

This was true and, I guess, it fell under the adage of ‘if you don’t ask, you don’t get.’ I hadn’t asked the questions, their deception so good that they had completely covered their tracks and left no evidence of knowing each other. It was assumption on my part, a wrong assumption, but I had found a role that, sexually, I was more comfortable with – and so to was Cassie.

Cassie and Jane now talked freely how they had plotted my downfall, if it can be called that, Jane having teased out of Cassie information about my physique, the way I ticked, my mind and emotions and then into my love of lingerie and my sexual peccadilloes, Cassie’s remark being that ‘how the fog had suddenly lifted’ and how she better understood me and could shape a future forward that would

lead to domination, control and, of course, sexual release and experimentation on her part, the goal to take me towards sexual reassignment and to reverse our roles as husband and wife.

This was all to peak in a re-affirmation of vows in due time, with me dressed as the bride and expressing full obedience to my female-husband and perhaps submission to other women in my life – for that read ‘Jane and Pietrina.’

How could I protest then? I couldn’t and so I took it on the chin and remained passive to what had happened.

We got to Laloux’s desserts, the restaurant known for its patisserie. From light and fruity to dense and chocolaty, offerings such as a chocolate pot-de-crème with caramel and salt to tarte-au-citron with rosemary meringues and, my favourite, caramel profiteroles served with home-made vanilla ice cream, hazelnut cream and nougatine, this served with a Graham’s twenty year old tawny port, a rather unusual pairing that I would remember for future home dinners and suppers.

The chat moved on from what had occurred to the way forward and what was to happen tomorrow, a discussion about the different areas of body modification that the girls had planned and we weren’t talking about piercing, tattooing or branding – yet.

Hormones were the first area, Jane asking me if we had sent my medical records to Doctor Bretonneau, which we had, the focus on what levels I should take, allowing for the risk factors on my liver and kidneys and their agreement that, if the Doctor advised it, I would be accelerated by regular injections. We even covered the possibility of implants, something that I didn’t really want and, fortunately, Chrissie was of the same opinion.

On we went, voice-box surgery and training to lift my voice tone into a woman's pitch, nasal, chin, eyebrows and cheek surgery, even some modification to my lips in 'pursing' them into a button and how this could increase my lisp, my tongue unable to move around as much and therefore twisting in my mouth a little more.

However, what got me and was unexpected was Jane's mentioning of whether I should undergo castration and a reshaping of my scrotum so that my clit-cum-cock would be changed more into a faucet, or tap, the perineal area to be the sight of my future vulva and vagina. I had thought that this wasn't on the cards, as of the moment, and was just an option way off in the future. The facial surgery would be a bad enough experience as to recovery, even if the actual operation techniques were relatively low on the risk scales.

"Come on Kaitlyn, we have to consider and think through these things so as to prepare the battle plans as to what surgery and over what time horizon. You know that. You also know that your penis is pretty useless and will shrink with the hormone programme and that will also help neutralise your sperm and possibly make you sterile. Castration would ensure that you lose your male functions in that area and that your cum would be more feminine in nature."

"But wouldn't I lose my drive, sexually, my virility and all that?"

"You have never really had it in the first place, so what's the difference. This would prepare you for any future operation in being one less procedure down. You could still cum off your prostate but your sperm wouldn't be added. Your erections still can happen but these of course will be smaller in size and that, to us, is a good thing for the future. Yes, your sex drive may be down but that isn't your decision anyway, it's when Cassie or I want you to serve us."

“We are certainly going to discuss it with Doctor Bretonneau tomorrow and you had better support it or your life will not be worth living. Sooner than later, I would say, as I can’t risk you getting Pietrina pregnant, can I?”

“No, Cassie, I guess not.”

“And that makes it easier for me, or Cassie, to have the two of you serve us in tandem, so that would be better, wouldn’t it?”

“Yes.”

“Good, let’s get a coffee and then we can have a nightcap back at the hotel before you have to serve two Dommies tonight.”

We settled the bill and made our way back to the Palm Court at the Ritz-Carlton.

We walked into the Dom Pérignon bar for the second time, the area here far cosier than the light and airy Court. It was here that I got my second shock of the evening, Cassie walking up to this man that she saw and kissing him full on.

“I’m glad that you can make it up here for the weekend, Jack. Can I introduce you to my wife, Kaitlyn and close friend, Jane – girls, this is Jack Barnett.”

Jack was a hunk of a man, all of six foot two or three, broad-shouldered, brown-haired and visually chiselled, Cassie's descriptor as looking like a George Clooney look-like being a pretty good descriptor of him, deep voiced and definitely all male.

He was wearing a blazer, open-collared blue Hermès shirt, beige slacks and English Church shoes, very stylish but conservatively dressed – I could see why Cassie had fallen for him. Not least, the bulge in his pants suggested that he definitely dwarfed me.

He came across and kissed Jane and then turned his attention on me, Cassie still having me on her leash and chain, off my right cuff, as normal.

“So this is Kaitlyn, Cassie's transsexual wife, nice to meet you in the flesh as I have heard plenty about you. Now give me a kiss.”

He was establishing his authority there and then. I leaned forward and pecked him to which he responded by kissing me full on the lips, his tongue pushing on mine, invading my other sex orifice.

I was mortified – if the patrons of the bar knew that a man was kissing a man, albeit masquerading as a woman right in front of them, what would be their reaction?

I muttered, a ‘Nice to meet you, Sir,’ this emerging as ‘Nithe to meet you, Thur.’

“Ah, your lisp, I gather your tongue is rather delicious and I hope to feel it on you know where tonight.”

‘Oh God, am I really going to take that snake into my mouth and, no doubt, elsewhere.’

Drinks were ordered, a good Morangie Scotch for Jack, Cognac for Jane, XO Armagnac for Cassie, whilst I had my Amaretto, such manly drinks as the other three were having not allowed now, a Cassie rule, as such.

We sat down, Jack with Cassie, Jane taking my leash. Here I was, at the start of the full cuckolding process, my wife to be surrendered to another man, a far better specimen of the human race when it came to maledom than I could have ever mustered at any time of my life. Cassie was all over him, like a teenage girl and putty in his hands, something that I had never seen before, a completely different facet of her personality, a woman in awe of her man.

Their chat was ever so embarrassing to listen to; more about Pietrina and how the weekend with me had passed, Cassie recounting about putting me in Kohl’s Candie lingerie to emulate Pietrina and how I had worn her used lingerie and clothes as a reminder of where I was in the pecking order, effectively there as a sex toy to Cassie – and tonight Jack and Jane as well.

Once again, the subject of our appointment with Doctor Bretonneau came up, Jack asking about the details but saying that he had arranged a meeting in the city next morning so he wouldn’t be coming. The subject of my castration came up again, Jack endorsing what Cassie and Jane thought, “Kaitlyn would be far better off without his balls, it takes him closer to being a woman mentally and physically, so I would have him knackered as soon as possible if I was you, Cassie.”

A second round of drinks and my subjugation continued on, leaving me rather tired and exhausted, the knowledge that I was in for a hard night also playing on my mind.

Finally, we came to leave to go upstairs and it became apparent that we were all in the same suite, endorsed by Jack's baggage being in the entrance hall when we entered, Cassie leading me in, her other hand locked onto Jack's.

I was led into the main suite, Jack asked by Cassie to bring through one of the heavy dining room chairs to the bedroom, each one with sturdy arms to them, and then to place it in full view of the bed.

God, this was a repetition of what she had put me through when she had taken Pietrina at the house on that first night when she had visited us in Stowe.

Jane and Cassie proceeded to strip me, down to my lingerie, my chastity belt clearly visible under my suspender belt – this felt so embarrassing with Jack watching me with interest. “Imagine Kaitlyn in a year when she has proper breasts, Jack, with lovely pert nipples too, ones that you can tease and we can all whip.”

Cassie had me sit down on the seat, Jane coming back into the room with a number of soft ropes and the two Dommies started by tying me to the chair, arms behind, my legs to the front legs and rope around my chest and waist and wrapped around the back of the chair several times to pull me into it and hold me securely in position.

That wasn't the end of it, two pairs of panties coming out, Cassie's for my mouth

and fixed in with a ball gag and a strong pair of Jane's to whet my brain – they knew me too well.

“That should keep her quiet for the moment, Cassie.”

Jane was standing right in front of me and removed her clothing to reveal that thin black leather corset that I knew so well, her black stockings riding taut on the long suspenders hanging from it, her small breasts exposed but bouncing around, her nipples ever so enticing.

“No that's better, Kaitlyn; you are more in your natural habitat.”

I tried to offer a muffled comment but this was impossible. I realised that any attempt to speak would be totally futile.

“No doubt, you have been bad in my absence, Kaitlyn. Well, you are going to sit here while Jack fucks your wife and makes her his sex conquest, the proper male that he is, and de facto, he becomes your owner. I'm going to fuck him as well – and also Cassie and I may make love too, as we have done so before. As to you, we will see, but Jack will expect a good blow-job from you at some point, expert cock-slut that you are and as you proved yourself to be in Vancouver. You'll just have to be content and watch proceedings to begin with.”

She brought her head down low over me and close to my panties and belt as I tried to offer a muffled moan, almost as if she was going to kiss my clitoris. She blew on me, my clitoris responding but it couldn't, locked in as it was.

“No joy for you, Kaitlyn, not for now.”

Cassie was on the bed with Jack, right in the middle, her hands everywhere, Jack’s mouth locked onto hers, the passion between them as evident as she had shown with Pietrina.

Jane left me to my own world, jumping onto the bed and next to them, effectively creating a Jack sandwich and he was the filling in the middle, the girls on either side of him. They began alternating their kissing, the girls looking to feel his body but staying clear of his cock, now on show.

As Cassie had told me, it was huge and very impressive, looking as if it stretched from his balls all the way up to his belly button, not only such stunning length and all of the nine inches that she had mentioned, but also what girth he had, in my book it must have been nearly four-and-a-half-inches’ diameter, his cock topped by a massive penile head, mushroom shape and designed to stimulate vaginas or rectums as it slid in to their orifices.

The girls were particularly adept at teasing him, their kisses and touching provocative but never directly on. At one point, they leaned across him and, just as he thought that they were going down on him to take one side of his cock each into their mouth, they kissed each other, their lips entwining in yet another passionate lock, an act of lesbian love designed to titillate this man of theirs tonight.

I could feel my own clitoris wanting to expand, two women that I loved and worshipped having sex with a man whom I had never met before tonight.

Jane pushed Cassie onto her back, Jack hovering, and playfully flicked her tongue across those large nipples of Cassie's, bringing them to the fore, stiffening them up and then inviting Jack to enjoy Cassie's left breast, the two of them nuzzling away.

I saw Cassie open her legs – wide open, her cunt already wet and her labia dilated, ready for taking tongues or even Jack's stiff penis. Not surprisingly, her clitoris was out of its hood and standing proud and wanting stimulation.

Jane provided that, the lesbian show now well and truly on, dropping down her friend's leather-covered tummy, over her mons and its tailored pubic hair and onto Cassie's clitoris, this sending even more pre-ooze to drip over her perineum.

Meanwhile, Jack took on both of her nipples, cherishing her large areola and lavishing them with kisses. Cassie was beginning to be turned on, even more pre-cum being produced and, almost telepathically, the taste of her in my mouth began to increase. Mind you, Jane's was also on the way up, filling my brain with visions of her cunt and anus from underneath, so many hours in Vancouver having been spent in that submissive position.

Jane was, consciously or subconsciously, cruel; she let me see what she was up to in her oral service of her friend, Cassie gasping as Jane's tongue danced and flicked all around her sopping-wet pussy. I had to say that I was sexually envious when I saw Jane passing her tongue through my wife's wetness, wetter than I had seen her before and certainly when I had been down there.

This pushed Cassie over her first edge or up her mountain, the location, setting and that this was a form of group sex involving my cuckolding by both her Jack and Jane. It was a shame that Pietrina wasn't there, as perhaps, just perhaps, we

could have had a double submissive play, the two of us locked by our cuffs and collars into a delicious sixty-nine.

All this did was to heighten the passion and the delivery on the bed and, as for me, there was nothing that I could do, my clitoris straining, my mind also as this was so emotional, seeing Cassie being genuinely pleased in this troilistic play – and, frankly, the pure sexiness, almost of porn magazine or blue film magnitude, right in front of me.

It was time to use a silent, ‘Oh Christ’ – and how much of this could I take.

Jack stepped to the fore now, Cassie and Jane rolling off each other, the two of them crawling over to him to celebrate that immense, hard cock in front of them, the first time that Jane had seen this infamous Jack.

They kissed and nuzzled his huge testicles, one either side, moving up to take in his pre-cum that was oozing out of his hefty tip and seductively running down his considerable shaft. Cassie looked at me, a suggestion in her face of ‘I love this – though I may love you, this is what the future as to men in my life is all about.’

She flicked her tongue over his head and then, leaving me completely astounded to her talent, she slid the full length of his cock down her throat – and in one motion too, Jane working Jack’s underside.

Given everything that had gone on and with such an oral assault in current action, it was fairly obvious that Jack wasn’t going to last that long. Cassie only just made it in withdrawing his cock from her lips just as he blew a copious

amount of manly cum over her face – and, very quickly, it made its way into her mouth, her tongue working feverishly to ingest his male offering.

Never had I ever done anything quite like this, so alpha and male driven.

What was Cassie's reaction but to wrap her lips around him and take his cock to the back of her throat again – to my astonishment, soon he was discharging a second emission into her mouth, this time expecting her to swallow it.

My beloved Cassie swallowed most of it, just a small stream making its way out and down onto Jane's face as she took his testicles into her mouth, my position to this totally helpless, the pure cuckolded vista unfolding in front of me and I was unable to do anything about it.

Cassie backed off and let her hands massage some of that masculine Arnica into her breasts, Jane moving up to tease Jack and keep him rigid with the expectation of a fuck of one of them, her hand, looking small, aggressively rubbing his enormous cock.

After a couple of minutes, Jane pulled back and in stepped Cassie to straddle him, her right leg over his body, her front facing me. Jane darted between them and guided Jack into Cassie, some evidence of cum on Jane's face too.

Slowly Cassie took him into her, her movements deliberately slow as she made herself comfortable on the cock, as thick as a detergent bottle. Once in, she quickened her pace, riding Jack right in front of me, allowing me to see everything happening and, in particular, the way her vaginal entrance was responding with each stroke in and out.

Just to add to my torture, Jane began licking the remnant of Jack's cum off Cassie's breasts – God, I just wanted to cum now, my head being bombarded with most of my senses, all of them except being able to touch them – even then, I had Jane's panties pressing into my nose.

Cassie didn't last long, another orgasm washing through her as she pressed Jack's cock deep into her and up against her cervix, an amazing look of sexual contentment on her face.

Jane came over to me, cum all over to me, her pert nipples stiff and her fingers covered in cum – this she smeared over my panties veil, a mark of me, but the real kicker was that she said they were going to take Jack over and again – and he would deliver.

The pure size of Jack had Cassie going now, approaching a cervical plateau, orgasm after orgasm now coming through. She broke away after the fifth one, pulling off Jack's cock, a distinct cloop like a champagne cork coming out of a bottle as she separated from her love toy, this wet and slimy in both their cum – and heading for Jane's mouth as she moved into replace my wife.

Cassie stood right in front of me, Jack's cum everywhere, not only her crotch but across her breasts, face and mouth. She placed her hands on my arms, removed Jane's panties and kissed me, the smell of Jack's cum filling my nostrils, so coated in his jism that she was.

Suddenly, Jack was off the bed and behind Cassie and then I realised what he was doing – he had pushed his cock, erect again, back into her and was fucking her from behind. Jane was down on her knees, amongst their legs and I heard her say, "Kaitlyn, I'm going to suck Jack's testicles as he takes your wife again and confirms that she is his fuck-toy now not yours. Your job is to serve us all from

now on, you little girly wifey.”

Here I was, watching Cassie’s face as she was taken, each thrust pushing her closer into me, the smell of raw sex becoming stronger and stronger, Cassie’s breasts bouncing right in front of me, her nipples as hard and large as I had ever seen them.

Jane pulled Jack away and back onto the bed, positioning him so that his huge balls were pointing in my direction. Then she helped an exhausted Cassie onto him, reverse cowgirl style, once again that erotic sight of her hand guiding Jack back into Cassie’s sopping and stretched cunt, letting Cassie begin fucking him again.

Jane was back down, straddling Jack too, just under his chin, giving him a sight of her bottom and sucking on Cassie’s nipples. Jack was performing as I could see Cassie’s hips increasing in tempo, her clitoris frotting against the base of his cock and balls as she inched forwards, increasing the pressure on him – and, in doing so, inside her too.

This was incredible, Cassie about to come again, Jack too – I had never seen anything like this, never mind the fact that it was Cassie who was in such a euphoric state. She let him explode deep in her, her back arching as she received his rich cum, timing it so that they were all but together in orgasm, their joint jism beginning to leak out of her cunt, that little space between his penis and her walls.

My Cassie was full of his cum, pumped out one could say – she lifted herself off him and a biblical flood of cum poured out of her wide-open cunt and onto his cock, Jane jumping into enjoy this, both off his cock and Cassie’s cunt.

Jane hadn't been fucked yet but she was certainly enjoying herself, rolling onto her back for Jack to massage her nipples and rub her cunt, bringing her very quickly to a clitoral climax.

Meanwhile Cassie was in front of me, scarlet in her face and panting, covered in cum and proud of the fact that she had been used as such, or rather, had used Jack for her satisfaction.

“So Kaitlyn, you're a lucky girl tonight, Jane wants to fuck you.”

She released me from my chair and undid my gag, taking advantage of me by sliding her wet fingers into my mouth.

As I came to my senses and was led across to the bed and into the wet pool on the sheets, I saw Jane. She was sporting her large black penis, this one hanging off her belt and already lubricated up.

“Look Kaitlyn, Jane is ready for you and she wants to take you in your cunt, you know that.”

I was spread out on the bed and I felt Jane cover me, her cock pushing into me, the familiar discomfiture as she came in and then, as I adjusted, she began to take me – and hard.

At some point, she turned me through ninety degrees – I didn't even feel it – and

suddenly, I realised that Jack wanted to take me in my mouth, his penis pushing into me, still wet with all that cum from both of them, a very different form of a cream-pie.

I didn't last that long, the feel of two very substantial penises in me at either end, a spit-roasting and a half as Jane thrust her hips, taking my love gland out, and Jack driving his penis right to the back of my throat.

Jane knew what she was doing, the assault on me to start to milk me, my girly jism oozing out of me. "Think Kaitlyn, if you aren't sterile now, you soon will be when those womanly hormones kick in, starting tomorrow."

I groaned and more came out of me.

Cassie and Jack were kissing again, Cassie having moved over my back, the mental image of that making a mark on me, the feel of her wet cunt against my back also adding to that feeling of Cassie having a proper male lover now – and what my role really was in this relationship, or when Pietrina was around too.

I was shattered as Jane pulled out of me but I had to regroup as Cassie wanted her share of me, this to be followed by Jack, his penis monstrous and, yes, bigger than Derek's when I thought about how I had been stretched, his stamina and ability to keep erect more than impressive and something that I had never been able to achieve.

On we went, deep into the night, a memorable one and a second night, as I was to discover, to come.

Chapter 9

Dr. Bretonneau – My Womanhood Really Begins

Somehow, we made breakfast even though I still don't know how, the sensible decision to have it in the suite made by Cassie and Jack, a mountain of food appearing half an hour after ordering including the hotel's 'Oeufs bénédictine sur muffin anglais maison avec jambon blanc de La Ferme Gaspor,' omelettes of different descriptions as to their contents, a wonderful caramelised French toast with chocolate chips, unusual cereals, and lashings of coffee and hot chocolate, the overall effect on the body miraculously uplifting and teeing the four of us up for the day.

I had spent a good deal of the night with Jack's large penis in my boy-cunt, Jane's panties over me. Finally, he had left to take Cassie one more time and I ended up sleeping with Jane.

Breakfast over; it was time to dress, Cassie removing my collar, cuffs and chastity belt for the visit to the consultant. Even then, I wasn't allowed to leave totally free of bondage as Jane surprised me by producing a cock cage, something that I had never seen before in reality. Before I could say anything, I was locked in this, my panties to go over it but the outline clearly visible through the semi-transparent tulle fabric.

This one was made of steel, a series of rings put together with a cage to cover my penile

head, a back ring behind my balls and the smallest size marketed, this connecting onto the last ring of the spiral and secured by a padlock to make my clitoris look like a sissy's, particularly when behind panties and, secondly, not allowing me to become fully erect, just like my Neosteel belt had done.

Cassie and Jane dressed me in a cream 'Lou' tulle and lace bra and panties set that played very much around the 'Kaitlyn's a submissive sissy' theme. Hold-up stockings were then permitted, the outer clothing a 'Le Kasha' lima cashmere jumpsuit in charcoal with its wrap-effect bodice, drawstring waist, side-slant pockets and ribbed trims, all of which I thought was a bit much for a late morning visit to a Doctor, not that I could argue about it. This was their choice, period.

We set off from the hotel by car around ten thirty, the Doctor's offices a fair distance in being up on the north side of Montréal, close to the Prairies River and on the other side of Mont Royal. The 'Hôpital du Sacré-Coeur' was nearby and, rather ominously, the 'Établissement de Détention.'

Jack had left at nine-fifteen for a client meeting, so it was just the three of us, two women and one on course to become one.

It took thirty minutes to get up there, the area very much suburbia and full of nineteen thirties style architecture, the use of a lot of redbrick evident. Our destination proved to be like that, a sizeable house with large windows, porches and extensions finished in white-painted wood, set in its own gardens.

I have to say that my nerves were running, even though I was fairly exhausted from the 'exercise' the night before and wanting sleep, nodding off in the car but then to be woken at the prospect of what was to come.

Cassie, Jane and I got out of the car, Cassie taking me by the hand and we walked up the steps and into reception to be greeted by a very pleasant receptionist who offered us tea or coffee as Doctor Bretonneau was running late

by around some fifteen minutes.

The delay wasn't doing me any good and served me to reflect about what or wasn't in store, all set in the sterility of the waiting room, functional as it was like surgery rooms the world over, most of the original features of the house long disappeared.

The Doctor appeared twenty minutes later, a woman in her late forties, smallish, glasses on, the ubiquitous medical white gown, her hair shoulder length but pinned back, once blonde in colour but showing signs of greying.

"Sorry that I am a little late, now which one of you is Kaitlyn and who is Cassie? Call me Elle by the way."

We introduced ourselves and were led through to her consulting room, Cassie with Jane on a sofa with me perching on one of those surgery padded tables.

The first twenty minutes were spent talking through the psychology of my want to change, Doctor Elle not making any comment or opining on our relationship. Towards the end of it, she asked for our two letters of reference, one from Doctor Amy Kaplan, no relative of my dentist, and the other from my Stowe doctor along with a copy of my records, these also having been sent through to Elle's offices, along with my results covering HIV, full blood count, blood urea nitrogen, sugars, urine and an ECK, or EKG as the North Americans term it.

"Good, Kaitlyn, obviously you have the living time to qualify for reassignment surgery but all is in order and this is useful as to consent and going forward for cosmetic work, including your castration."

This was news to me – I knew that Cassie and Jane were interested in this but I didn't think that this had been added to the list. One look at Cassie told me to keep quiet.

“There's also your hormone programme and that we can begin today so that we can see your breast development – I'm hoping that this will be naturally driven. What size were your mother's breasts and any sisters?”

“D cup for my mother, one sister too and the younger one with a C cup.”

“I ask, as men can develop breasts quite naturally, even to lactation if stimulated, the usual size around your mother's and I would say that a C to D cup is perfectly feasible for you to attain. How big were their nipples if you know?”

“My sisters have large ones,” knowing that Elle would add, “And so will you,” a look of contentment on Cassie's and Jane's faces to that news.

“Good; now I need you to strip down and I'll conduct a visual look at you. Bra and breasts off please, as I assume that you are using attachable silicones, leave your panties on for the moment.”

Here came the embarrassing moment, the revealing that Cassie and Jane had my clitoris imprisoned in a cock cage – there was no hiding this and, frankly, it bordered on humiliation that I was so presented. Why, oh why – and I didn't really have the answer to that one.

I climbed out of my cashmere jumpsuit and let it drop to the floor, before picking it up and handing it to Jane. I was on full view now, my bra coming away to be

followed by prizing my breasts loose, again to be handed over to the girls.

“Nice breasts, Kaitlyn, soon we will have your own and may I suggest that when you feel some aching in your nipples, even possibly your breasts, you should move over to wearing them naturally, starting with A cup bras to begin with and working upwards.”

“I have some already in preparation of this moment.”

“That’s excellent.”

“On the couch with you, then.”

For twenty minutes, Doctor Elle pushed and probed away, a few tests like blood pressure and even hearing and sight, a fair amount of time spent around my breasts, nipples and arm pits, explaining that she was checking for space for tissue and lymph development.

She was also looking at my fat distribution and explained how this would shift as the hormones about to be prescribed impacted on my body. It wouldn’t just be waist to bum and thighs but also I would see changes in my arms and shoulders and even my neck and face, other changes being hair thickness and even pubic distribution – though she noted that I was depilated.

“Actually, whilst it helps us, Kaitlyn, our reassignment techniques can handle pubic hair, so no electrolysis or laser is necessary. However, I guess that it is

personal preference.”

Cassie and Jane grinned at that comment.

Finally came my cock-cum-clitoris.

“Lift your hips, Kaitlyn, and help me slide your panties off.” Turning to Cassie, “I presume that you have the key to her cock-cage, don’t you?”

Cassie opened her handbag and passed it across. Christ, a doctor, a female one, someone that I didn’t know was undoing my cage, knowing that I was a submissive as well as being a woman in transit. I bucked my hips and Elle removed my cover and then I felt the padlock break free and I was out of the cage, the master ring left in place around my balls.

More prodding and probing, even measurement – was this all designed to humiliate me further? “I’m presuming an erection of about four and a half inches now, Cassie?”

“Yes and not that good girth either.”

“Well, once Kaitlyn is experiencing the full power of the hormones, the most that she will get is around an inch and a half to two inches and, at rest, it will become very small, no more than a large clitoris. Her balls will shrink accordingly and whether she will remain in sperm production, that is very questionable. To be sure that she is sterile, then castration is the best assurance on that front.”

My mind was in a spin at this.

“So what do you want to do on this front?”

Cassie was the one who responded, “Elle, I need to discuss this with Jane and Kaitlyn; personally, I think we should have her castrated. However, would that impact on your penile inversion if we proceed to reassignment surgery?”

Elle flicked my penis, “Not really, she’s quite small already but what we can do is a nip and tuck in taking her scrotum and shaping the outline of a vulva where her clitoris and labia will lie. Think of it as a reservoir of future material waiting for our use. I just want to double-check this.”

She ran her fingers up and down my shaft, pinched it and then did the same thing around my testicles before feeling my perineum all the way down to my anus. She pushed my legs apart and felt around my sphincter and entered my boy-cunt, reaching up to my prostate.

“This will also get smaller but the good news is that everything seems to be in order, so a cut and tuck is fully in order, I feel.”

This was awful – the fact that I was exposed to both Cassie and Jane, well this was so degrading, not that the three women were bothered by this or even picking up on it. It was just me and I was left to suffer.

“I could even look at re-aligning her urethra and get it in closer to its future

position, rendering her cock even more like a clitoris. This would mean that she would ooze her ejaculate out through here without the benefits of the surge through her penis, this already discounted by her missing testicles. I haven't talked pricing yet but this would be an additional three thousand U.S. on the four thousand for the castration and four for the vulva cut, tuck and shaping. How does that sound?"

Cassie responded, "Reasonable, if that is the right word. How much is a full reassignment then, if I may ask?"

"Nineteen thousand U.S, Cassie; however, with the castration and tucking that would come down to fifteen."

Gawd, this was like being in the abattoir being scouted out for what the best meat profile that they could figure out."

"That doesn't include the cosmetic work – can I turn to that now?"

"Oh yes, we are very interested in this as, visually, this takes her seventy-five per cent of the way, the other twenty-five per cent, her breasts."

"Good, talking of that, I can act as the coordinator for this – let me be clear though, you are wanting voice cord tightening, a rhinoplasty, cheek lifting, eyebrow lifting, lips and a chin reduction. This can be done in one operation if I have two of our cosmetic surgeons working together, the length of the stay four days including the day of check-in and pre-op and, to give you an idea of cost, this will be six thousand dollars, American, of course."

“When could we schedule this, Elle?”

“Oh, should we say a month to six weeks. Let me come back with specific slots for you. Kaitlyn, it’s better to have it done all at once. Your face will be a bit of a mess for two weeks but it’s only the one time as a result. Now let me take some photographs and load them into the computer – I have a clever application as you will see.”

Doctor Elle took various photographs of me, a cable attached from her camera to her computer to upload the pictures straight across. She then sat down, pressed a few keys and what appeared on the screen was mind-blowing.

There on the screen in front of us were three images of me as if I had been operated on, a simulation of what I would look like, a very feminine and cute looking Kaitlyn, a much smaller nose to me, a button mouth and higher cheekbones, my chin weakened too.

“Not bad – you will make for a very pretty woman, young lady.”

I was speechless.

“Cute, very cute, and exactly what I am looking for in you, Kaitlyn, a beautiful looking wife, not in the make-up sense, one to make others look at you. Yes please to this as soon as possible. Tell me, Elle, can we have the castration done at the same time.”

“I’d rather have the hormones do their work first and see how she develops – the operation is very easy and it will just require a night in as to shaping her pseudo-vulva area under what will become her clitoris. Talking of hormones, let’s explore this and we can think about getting you going on them.”

Doctor Elle pulled out a manila envelope and got the contents out.

“I have here all the results....” She started going through the readings, “Liver panel and triglycerides, CBC with differential, renal panel, hepatitis B and total core ab all ok.”

She looked at me and continued on with her medical Greek, “glucose, hep C ab, VDRL, HIV negative, your Prolactin level, antibodies, antigens, Chlamydia, urine GC, testosterone levels and estradiol – that one, Mmmm.”

“I’m not sure what you mean by that, the Mmmm?”

“Your testosterone level is a little low, balanced by a higher estradiol. Have you been taking something already and, if so, off the black market?”

“Nope, Doctor, not at all.”

“Well, I guess it could help explain why you are, that you lean more to being a woman naturally. Let me feel your breasts again.”

Elle prodded and squeezed away again, particular care given to my nipples.

“Yes, there’s some signs of duct tissue here – it must be a natural result but, overall, it means that you will grow breasts quite quickly. Overall, everything is fine in proceeding to hormones. Now, what I am going to do is give you two injections of an anti-androgen to start the suppression of your testosterone and then we’ll get you going on eighty mg of Aldactone per day, this is also a testosterone suppressant and is known as Spironolactone generically. Over time, we’ll build this up to three hundred mg a day. Clear?”

“Yes, on that, what about the Estrogen?”

“A low level of Estrace, an estradiol, say two mg a day building to eight over time. There’s no point in more as any excess to your body will be converted to testosterone by an enzyme called aromatase and it can even hinder growth. We’ll be monitoring you monthly to begin with, a visit therefore in four weeks – after that your GP can send me the results that I need and I’ll see you quarterly.”

“Thank you, Elle.”

“Now you are aware of the side effects aren’t you?”

“Yes, fat redistribution, softer skin, a lower risk of acne, thicker and softer hair, longer eyelashes, the possibility of sterility and less ejaculate, reduced libido, loss of erections in that I may not be able to penetrate a vagina, mood changes but against that calmer in situations, and more tearful and elated.”

“That’s pretty comprehensive. Good. There’s nothing more to add to that, so I suggest we get you injected and en route. First though, any questions?”

“Yes, just one. What happens with castration, the hormones that is?”

“Good question. Essentially, you won’t need the anti-androgen but we’ll carefully measure the reduction in testosterone levels and adjust downwards accordingly and gradually.”

Doctor Elle went over to one of her cabinet and preparation areas and came back with two small syringes and needles. Within two minutes, I had the Spironolactone aboard and my feminisation programme had just taken a huge step forward, an odd feeling, as I hadn’t been expecting to begin it during this first meeting.

We exited the office, my cock cage back on and locked down, having said goodbye to Elle and settling a small bill for the consultative fee and then paying down for the first month of pills, change out of one hundred dollars, just the tip of the financial iceberg that was to come. Cassie and Jane kissed me, congratulating me for beginning this part of my journey to becoming their woman.

A celebratory lunch was called for, though we had dinner to come with Jack. On Elle’s recommendation, we ended up at an Italian restaurant in the Île de Montréal, a delicious Fettuccini alla Gigi, pizzas and a simple Italian Chianti.

As we came back towards Sherbrooke, Jane suggested a detour around the back of the Molson School of Business and, once we had the car parked up, we found

ourselves in a Montréal sex shop, 'Sexe Cité,' Jane saying that this was one of the best shops in the city.

We emerged with an interesting collapsible stand, a plate with a pole and then a traverse arm bar forming quite a clever cross, arm and leg restraints built into the bar and the base - and we had two crops. I knew who would be receiving these, a comment made by Jane that I ought to behave as she and Cassie could always dispatch me down here to serve as a girly recipient on the inside of their glory holes, the sound of men enjoying themselves of this service or from the porno moves coming through into the shop from behind the red drapes called curtains.

I shivered at that; being tied to this Meccano-set of a cross and being punished sound was infinitely better than that.

Back in the suite, Jane and Cassie soon had the pole built and me naked. I was made to stand in front of the pole, this assembled in the main bedroom of the suite, just in my bra and panties, taking in Cassie's aroma from her panties. This allowed the girls to prepare themselves and I began to realise that there were more than just these two new crops when it came to whipping and spanking material.

It was Cassie who had me thinking as I stood there, "Kaitlyn, I thought you were a little bit cheeky and presumptuous with Elle – you know what this means?"

"I think so, punishment?"

"Yes, we want you to stand there and think about the whipping that you are shortly going to receive, think of that whip mark running down your back."

I readied myself. Suddenly there was the sound of a whip near me and I probably squeaked, the adrenaline and fear in me bursting out, the sense of trepidation of what was to come.

The girls approached me, not with their crops but with what turned out to be yobi bull floggers, cowhide leather with nine inch handles finished with turk knots and then the whip, the leather that then extended into the whip and this separating into twelve leather tails or plaits, soft to the touch but deadly on the back. I had no idea that these were even with them – what else was in their case?

It was Jane who attached the cross's straps onto my cuffs, my feet splayed and my arms spread, her panties put in my mouth and our black ball gag in my mouth, my body having been turned through one hundred and eighty degrees and facing the pole now, my back and bottom exposed.

As soon as she was finished, Cassie struck her first blow, the whip black and blue in colour, yobi strike after yobi strike, the two of them slow to start and letting the impact of their blows sink into me. They built their speed up to a constant rhythm, one that had me flinching and the slapping burn against my skin becoming more and more painful.

I thought about trying to shout but I couldn't.

Suddenly, they stopped, the sense of relief huge, a gentle burning across my shoulders and backs, the feeling more like that of sitting on a warm radiator on a cold north-eastern day.

However, they weren't finished, anything but, Jane producing two paracord whips and these were far more ominous and painful, three metres of pure hell as I was about to find out. The first strike from Jane was almost a relief, the sharp sting of the paracord playing against the warmth and throbbing in my back.

This didn't last very long, more and more stripes of stings laid across my back – I wanted to break free, float free, to just go anywhere, my world imploding. I could hear Cassie and Jane chattering away, probably proud of their work and the pain that they were inflicting, all of this designed to make me submit to them, to impart the clear message that they were my Mistresses.

The only relief that I had was Jane's panties but they couldn't prevent me from screaming into my gag. Actually the worst thing was playing on my psychology, Cassie taking her whip and cracking it close to me, that crackling sound and little explosion that came with it, the whip not hitting me but the air near me made to move.

It teed up a sense of relief but it was also scary, not knowing if the next one would be taking me out, the tension of waiting building and then when my flesh was struck, the crack resonating deeply into me and a sense of fear of what else that they had in their armoury.

Then I heard Cassie's words to Jane, these making me proud if one can imagine that during this assault, "God, Jane, she's bearing up to this, she's tougher than I thought when it came to pain."

Jane's response was, "I'm not surprised. I saw a bit of this in Vancouver."

My back was on fire, stinging and aching, the pain excruciating but somehow, under Jane's panties, I managed a smile – however, these words spurred me on, so uplifting that they were. I threw my head back and shut my eyes.

Then I felt the crops, ever so difference, more of a caning stripe to be laid on the damage already inflicted on me, each of their strokes on my bottom echoing their way through my body, even my cock cage bouncing now. God, what would my back and bottom look like after all of this? And, oh my God, had I packed any Arnica for post-treatment.

On with their cropping they went. I have no idea just how many strokes they inflicted on me but I felt my knees going. Why had they brought these along – I really could have done without this.

Jane, I think it was, who noticed this and stopped it. Thank goodness, but not before Cassie added a final flurry with one of our paddles, the evil one in that it had holes in it that allowed the wood to swish through the air with ease and make more of an impact on my buttocks.

The sensation was extraordinary, no pain now but one more of sensual pleasure building almost as if ecstasy was around the corner, the weird thing being that my pain could coalesce together and allow for a pleasurable intensity in me, this manifested by suddenly feeling Jane's slimy harness cock finding my anus and entering my orifice to add the love dimension, that feeling of being filled, used and, ultimately, triggering my milking.

I just melted and my ejaculate followed, dripping onto the floor.

I think Cassie had her way too; quite frankly, I was completely out of it by now, exhausted, sore, filled, emotionally drained and spent – and beyond anything that I had ever experienced. This was not only because of what I had just been through but all the earlier emotions from Doctor Elle's hitting home, no pun intended.

Cassie rubbed Arnica into my wounds that criss-crossed my back and bottom, some painful ones on the top of the thighs and then we dressed, a cream cami and French knickers for me so that I didn't have the tightness of the bra strap in to my back.

Casually dressed, we went downstairs to wait for Jack to return, a discussion of where to have dinner, the consensus being La Récolte, over on rue Bélanger, a restaurant that had attracted a groundswell of enthusiasm, praise and known to have a buzz.

There in the comfort and elegance of the Palm Court, we took tea, something that the hotel was famous for, ever since they had opened in 1912, a spot where Montréalers could socialise and be seen.

The table groaned, a selection of fine teas, homemade canapés, scones, delicate sandwiches and pastries on offer, gentle music on the air adding to the overall atmosphere.

I probably groaned to, the pain and heat in my bottom and back still there and making me sit on the edge of my chair, probably as women back in George V's time did, listening to Cassie and Jane.

Then Cassie gave me the news.

“Kaitlyn, I want you to know that Jane will be moving in with us and she’ll occupy the new suite. You’ll have two mistresses to serve therefore, all the time. And we’ll be co-sharing Vancouver too.”

“May I ask why she wants to live in Stowe.”

“I have two new contracts to undertake, Kaitlyn, one here in Montréal and the second one in Burlington working with the airport to improve service levels. Green Mountain Coffee and Land Air may also be interested as well, so there are some sizeable opportunities.”

“Think Kaitlyn, this will work well. We’ll try and schedule it so that one of us is always around to keep you on the straight and narrow and that you will have one if not two of us to worship and take in every day. What could be better?”

This was a shock, one that I had no say in obviously, a done deal in effect. I looked at them and remarked, “Well, it looks like that I am to be a wife not to one Mistress-female-husband but two of you, two Mistresses.

Just at this point, Jack strolled into the lounge, a grin on his face, a successful conclusion to his day and now the prospect of sex with two women and a tranny girl ahead, the girl now with female hormones coursing through her body.

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The End

The Postscript

Towards Volume Two?

Six months on, another glorious Vermont fall approaching and the views from our windows down the valley towards the town of Stowe quite stellar with the intensity of the red, orange and yellows on the trees, the change to the cold and snow of winter being signalled, I reflected on all that had gone on and how my life was changing.

This wasn't just the change in my professional life – I had reverted solely to my specialist advice business, dropping the rest of my activities and this made for the old seventy-thirty rule, a third of my time spent on work and achieving income that was seventy percent of what I made before, the rest of my time devoted to the house and Cassie and Jane, even menial tasks performed down to bed linen and hand-washing their lingerie.

My fascination for used lingerie hadn't lessened, despite my libido falling back, all hormone related, though that didn't really enter Cassie's and Jane's thinking.

My life was now devoted to being a housewife, Cassie's wife, Mrs. Kaitlyn Cassandra Janine McIntyre-Probert as my papers, Green Card and driving licence were to reflect, my name to incorporate both a reference to Cassie and Jane's names as well as their maiden surnames.

The new extension in Stowe had been finished, Jane moving in to her suite in our master wing and, indeed, I was serving two mistresses. Never mind all the day-to-day responsibilities of the house, the new sex room had become familiar territory for me, both as a submissive participant and as house-keeper for it.

In fact, two was becoming three, Cassie having had extended an invitation to Pietrina to come and work for her and be based in Stowe, Cassie now with her wife, her girlfriend and best dominant friend to be under the same roof. At least this meant that submission would be spread between the two of us, even though, sexually, I was to answer to Pietrina, just as I did when she came up to Vermont to visit us.

We saw Jack from time to time, his base still to the South but an occasional visitor to our temple of lesbianism and other activities.

As to me, my breasts were developing and already approaching a C cup and how my body shape had changed, far more feminine in form and, as Doctor Elle had predicted, all the other changes had come through, the thickening of my hair, the softer skin, my sperm nearly sterile, and my thinking and mood swings adjusting too.

I had undergone the first round of surgery as well and had virtually recovered from that. Visually, I was just like that computer image that Doctor Elle had run when I went for the first consultation with Cassie and Jane, my chin softened, my cheekbones higher, my nose re-sculpted, smaller and its tip upturned and my lips tighter.

My lisp was still there, yes, it was somewhat annoying to live with but not so as to Cassie and Jane. They loved it and teased me about my sissy voice.

My voice was pitched higher too, voice training still continuing but now I spoke as a woman should, no strain involved in artificially trying to lift my tone.

The one thing that I was now facing was my castration, Cassie and Jane wanting this too, Doctor Elle to perform it and then shape my underneath to a 'neo-vagina' with a repositioning of my urethra so I would pee and ejaculate more like a woman, my cockette, now shrunk to three inches when erect, essentially reduced to being a clitoris and the prognosis that, within the year, I would be down to under an inch.

I must say that I wasn't sure about this, but then this is why I had Cassie in my life – she made and makes such decisions for me, her approach always logical and well-thought through.

This was all designed towards the ultimate, my eventual surgery, and then to be truly Cassie's wife, the change in our relationship to be endorsed by a service of vows with me duly prepared and dressed as the bride.

I should add that how I fitted into all of this from a physical perspective was that I was the smallest of the three of us, five foot three with a slender frame for a man, slightly smaller in the chest than both women at thirty-five inches and now sporting C cup breasts with perky nipples, twenty-six on the waist and thirty-six on the bottom, ideal for wearing panties as my bottom had always been full and feminine, as if I had been blessed naturally with feminine fat in the right places.

Inside my panties comfortably sat my cock, no protrusion from the side elastic of the leg holes or waistbands, my clitoris as it was termed now a mere three and a half inches and down from its previous five, this driven by the hormones that I had been on, both women looking to sissify me and turn me into their submissive woman and housewife.

I now looked like a woman and was expected to behave like one, my future having been radically changed by these two women in my life. I was the one

with the long red hair; I was the one with the feminine features. Long since had gone my male wear, all my underwear ceremoniously burned, most of my clothing given to charity, their expectation being that I should always look like a girl and be prepared to render them the service and worship that they expected, to them or to whoever they chose, male or female and always in a submissive capacity, the key thing being their satisfaction first and not mine. My pleasure could come later, my orgasms to be more feminine in nature and always at their behest, not mine.

One Mistress had become two - my life had been turned upside down and inside out, for the better perhaps. I knew that there was more to come, after all this was all about change management and being increasingly taken in as a submissive both in deed and mentally.

Challenges were ahead and generally I was ready to cede and accept what was around the corner. Volume Two will explore this, if you, my readers of what I have written, have enjoyed the adventures so far. That I will assess from sales and any comments left behind.

Kaitlyn.