

Pink Bliss: An Institute Tale



Lyka Bloom

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by Lyka Bloom

The Trial

The gavel came down three times in quick succession as the courtroom fell silent. The stir created as Lady B entered the room calmed, but all eyes continued to dart to the figure sitting at the defendant's table.

No stranger to audacious attire, Lady B was dressed as conservatively as she had ever appeared in public, a deep pink leather skirt falling at mid-thigh, wide-knit fishnets descending into high platform heels of a color matching the skirt. The bustier she wore beneath white half-jacket lifted her impressive chest and several were certain they could make out the sliver of a nipple peeking over the cups, like an erotic and barely-glimpsed Autumn moon. Her platinum hair was pulled back in a ponytail and a pair of cat-eye glasses rested on her nose, pink and shimmering. Her skin was deeply tanned and winking with pink light thanks to the glitter applied to her chest and cheeks, her glossy lips full and half-opened as she crossed her legs and swung a heel off her painted toes.

From the Plaintiff's table, she was met by three separate reactions. The attorney, a tall, thick-haired man whose body was lean beneath the tailored suit, pushed the dark-hued locks off his forehead and stared at Lady B with deep blue eyes, bemused by her appearance. He wore the look of someone used to being in control, and he saw the appearance in court of the gorgeous Lady B as a point in his favor.

Beside him sat a sharp-featured woman in her thirties, her long hair light brown and lustrous under the courtroom fluorescents. The smartly-tailored business suit she wore hugged hips growing wider as the years passed and a chest made diminutive by the ample assets of Lady B, despite being C-cups. Her lips were pursed, a tight grimace as she stared at the woman she believed to be the source

of all her troubles. Her hazel eyes tossed daggers at the woman across from her, but Lady B seemed immune to the glare, a pleasant half-smile on her face.

At the far end of the Plaintiff's table sat another man, slumped in his chair, transfixed by the pink-clad woman. He twisted a wedding ring on his finger as he stared at her, the wrinkled suit he wore matching the askew mess of his hair and the bags under his eyes. When his wife beside him caught his attention, her simmering fury intensified as she realized that her husband's affection for this caricature of sexuality across the aisle had not wavered.

"Order, please," the judge said, the echo of the gavel strikes still reverberating in the courtroom. Her dyed hair was frozen in place by spray, the wrinkles around her eyes and mouth deep crevices on her features. "Is the defendant settled and ready to begin?"

"Yes, your Honor," Lady B's lawyer said, half-standing. He was older than the opposing attorney, with a balding pate and a heavy gut. He shuffled nervously beside the stunning woman as he resumed his seat.

"Mr. Harkins, your closing statement?"

The attorney for the Plaintiff stood and swaggered toward the jury box, most of their attention still ensnared by Lady B. His lazy smile was infuriatingly smug, but not without its charm, Lady B thought. She watched him with pink eyes, her contact lenses colored brightly behind the glasses.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, just look at the defendant. The person who sits before you, who has not deigned to enter the courtroom until today, has systematically manipulated my client until she has taken nearly all of their assets, placed significant strain on their marriage and left poor Mr. Klein with something worse than any typical addiction, preying on his weaknesses until she has stolen everything but his very identity!"

Lady B smirked as the attorney paced before her.

"We ask that justice be done," Harkins continued, "and that the money taken from the Klein family be returned in full along with additional money for the damage the so-called 'Lady B' has visited upon them. You have heard the attorney for the defense admit that

his client received money in exchange for deviant sexual acts, furthering Mr. Klein's sexual addiction. The only defense presented by Mr. Abbott and his client is that Mr. Klein entered into a verbal agreement willingly. While this may work in the schoolyard, in a court of law, we demand satisfaction when someone has wronged us. And Lady B has knowingly preyed on the weakness of Mr. Klein and all but ruined him. Monetary compensation is the least the defendant can do. I would ask the jury to find in favor of the plaintiff and, further, to award my client the maximum compensation allowed under law. Thank you."

Harkins dropped a subtle wink to Lady B as he passed by the defense table and sat down. Mrs. Klein leaned to him and whispered something, prompting another self-assured smile and a nod.

Lady B watched them closely, the way her hand slipped to his thigh as she bent to him, the way Harkins closed his eyes as she spoke... Lady B saw it all.

The judge addressed the court once more, looking down her nose at the defense table as she spoke.

"We will adjourn for the weekend, after which time we will hear the jury's verdict in this case. I urge the parties to reach a settlement before Monday morning and leave the rest of us out of it."

Another bang of the gavel and the murmuring of the courtroom began anew. Lady B stood and straightened her skirt, then blew a kiss to Mr. Klein as he turned to face her. His wife saw the exchange and struck his shoulder with the back of her hand, quietly chastising him.

Harkins approached and extended a hand to Lady B, dismissing her attorney, Abbot, entirely. He seemed to know instinctually where the power was located in the room.

"Lady B, I've heard so much about you."

Lady B took his hand and held it still.

"Abbot has told me you've painted quite the image of me as a monster. I hope I've lived up to it."

"You know how these things go. There's the prosecution and the defense and somewhere in between lies the truth. If I may be so

bold, I recommend you pay my clients what they paid you and... let's say... seventy-five percent of the damages we've asked for."

Lady B's smile never faltered, though she could feel an unfamiliar anger boil inside her. Instead she gave his hand another friendly shake and widened her smile.

"Why don't you draw up the papers to that effect and come to my office tomorrow. I'll sign anything you like there. But only on the condition that you bring the Kleins. Both of them."

For a moment, Harkins' confident expression betrayed surprise, then restored to the mask of control he projected for the jury.

"Wonderful. I'm glad to see we can end this amicably."

"I think everyone involved will be happy at the end of it," Lady B said and released Harkins, turning her back to him and striding out of the courtroom with almost every eye following the sway of her hips.

"I'm not going," Barbara Klein said, folding her arms across her chest. "That's what I'm paying you for."

"Honey..." Ian started, but snapped his mouth shut when his wife froze him with a withering stare.

"This is all your fault, you know that? I wouldn't have to be anywhere near that woman if you could just keep your dick in your pants."

Ian didn't feel that it was time to correct her, though his dick had hardly been the focus of his meetings with Lady B. The thought of her made his mouth water, and he shifted on his couch to hide the growing erection.

"So, what do we have to do?" Barbara asked, every syllable a sigh of frustration.

"Meet her at her office. I have the papers drawn up and ready to sign. We sit down across a desk from her, she signs on the dotted lines, and we leave with a check in hand."

"And that's all?" Barbara asked, chewing her lip in consideration.

"That's all."

"Fine, but we don't stay a minute more than we have to. I can hardly stand the thought of being in the same room as that pervert."

She whipped her head back to her husband. "And when we have the money back, you and I are going to talk seriously about our future. I swear, I can't believe what's happened to the man I married. If your father was alive today..."

She trailed off, leaving the last as a final sting in Ian's hide, but Ian had built tougher defenses over the years against his wife's barbed words. Now, he merely took it in stride, allowing himself to linger on thoughts of Lady B and their sessions together that brought him such joy and freedom.

After Harkins had taken his leave and Barbara ascended the steps to the master bedroom, leaving Ian alone again, he found his way into the laundry room. In a box on the wire shelf, he found them, hidden away from Barbara's cold judgment.

As soon as the pink silk panties slid up his shaved legs, smooth at the instruction of Lady B, he tugged them tight against his sex. The vague arousal he'd felt all day after seeing Lady B in the courtroom now exploded into full ecstasy. He left the laundry room and slipped through the dark hallways until he returned to the living room, a decidedly more pronounced rocking of his hips with every step.

He laid himself on the sofa and shoved his hands beneath the waist of the panties, allowing himself to feel the way Lady B had instructed him to feel - feminine and aroused and blissfully happy. He tugged his thick member until it tented the pair of panties, thoughts of Lady B's own delicious shecock filling his thoughts. He remembered the feel of it in his mouth, the heat it gave off and the taste of the seed it shot into his eager mouth.

His cock hard and aching, he shuffled his hand over the shaft, squeezing at the tip. When he pushed two fingers into his mouth, he began sucking them automatically, his cock squirting his seed onto his belly as he writhed on the couch. Lady B had taught him to clean up after himself and Ian wasted no time in collecting the sticky sperm from his belly and scooping it into his mouth. He sighed happily as he covered his panty-clad hips with loose sweats and curled onto his side, drifting into a blissful sleep.

The Meeting

Barbara insisted on driving, and Ian wondered, not for the first time, if the domineering role she assumed in their marriage hadn't been at least partially to blame for his acceptance at being dominated so wholly by Lady B. Unlike Lady B, however, Ian's pleasure was not the end result of Barbara's control. He believed she did it because she felt life was so out-of-control that exerting influence on her husband gave her at least one thing that she could exercise total guidance over, but his relationship with Lady B had upended even that for her. She wasn't a bad person, not really. Just... needy.

When they first met, she had been loving and funny and spontaneous. It was with the death of her father, a very wealthy and entrepreneurial type who had instilled in his daughter the need to watch every penny and let the dollars take care of themselves, that something had changed in Barbara. When he died quite suddenly, it was a reminder to Barbara that the world was unfair and suddenly cruel when it wished to be. She had grown cold to him during this time and had never fully returned. In a strange way, it was her guiding hand that he had missed most of all when she retreated into her grief.

When he saw an online ad for Lady B's services posted on a website that boasted nothing but female domination videos, it had never occurred to him to respond. After frequenting the site for several weeks, his taste for mere viewings of humiliations and female worship had soured, and he needed something more tactile to get him off. Finally, he succumbed to his curiosity and arranged a meeting.

Their first session had been friendly, and Ian found Lady B attractive, to say the least. They chatted and laughed while Lady B set him at ease. She described her services as a swimming pool of erotic exploration, and Ian was free to stay in the shallow end as long as he liked, but was invited to explore the deeper waters of his desires as he felt comfortable doing so.

After a few more sessions, and Ian's comfort with Lady B now a given rather than an eventuality, she had proposed hypnotic suggestions for him. He was entertained by the thought, imagining the stage shows he'd seen advertised in the paper where someone was made to believe they were a chicken or someone else was convinced they were wearing no clothes. When he expressed his amusement, Lady B had urged him to experience it for himself and decide. Ian had relented and their next session took place away from Lady B's office at a large building she referred to as the Pink Institute.

To say it was a shock to see buxom blondes in skimpy schoolgirl outfits and cross-dressing maids tending to the upkeep of the building was to diminish his reaction. He was stunned by the world of forbidden passions the Institute promised, and the students, for lack of a better term, as well as the teachers and maids, combined to offer him a glimpse into a world he'd never believed possible.

He was taken to a classroom with several others, all men in some stage of feminization or another. Ian had been the most masculine by far, dressed in his khaki pants and polo shirt. Lady B guided him to a seat between two others, one a slim blonde, no more than mid-twenties, who wore a pale pink summer dress, her hair in a bob, her face made up expertly. Even her chest seemed to be somewhat developed and Ian could see a gentle cleft between her budding breasts. He was all smiles when she greeted Ian, and he suspected that the cross-dressing lovely was actually flirting with him.

To his left was a more masculine student, wearing a white tank top, though Ian could see a training bra beneath, and a pair of very tight shorts that showed off a well-toned ass and the bulge of his crotch. His hair was very short, and Ian could discern no make-up or nail polish like that of the blonde.

"Today's lesson is all about loving the feminine," the instructor began, a voluptuous woman who wore a nametag that stated 'My Name Is... Nikki.' Her face was made up with a light pink hue that cast her features in a softness that appealed to Ian almost instantly. It didn't hurt that the bubble-round ass was packed into tight black

shorts, her tan legs shaped by four-inch platforms. She wore a tight white shirt, tied under her massive breasts, and Ian could see her nipples forming little tents under the material. Her hair was long and dark, with bright pink streaks bringing flashes of color as it tumbled over her shoulders, her hips swinging as she paced the front of the room.

The 'students' on either side of Ian stared with rapt attention at Nikki, while Lady B retreated from the room, leaving Ian to stare at his new instructor as a low, bass-imbued hum began filling the room. Before he could properly focus on the sound, Ian realized that pictures were being projected on the walls of the classroom. In all of them, a woman in various stages of undress stared out, as if meeting his eyes. As the images flashed and displayed new variations, Ian realized he was staring at pictures of women who possessed a startlingly large bulge beneath panties or skirts or tight shorts.

Glancing to his left and right, Ian realized that his classmates were stroking themselves, their cocks erect and on display as their shorts or panties were pushed down or pulled aside to free their hard members.

Another glance at the walls and Ian saw a beautiful brunette in bright white, lacy lingerie complete with garters and stockings, the right cup of her bra pulled down to expose a perfectly-shaped breast, her hand cupping it. Her other hand was on the stiff cock she sported between the dangling clasps of the garter belt, and the look of ecstasy on her face made Ian's own sex lurch in his pants.

"Go on, honey, don't be afraid," Nikki's husky voice whispered in his ear.

Ian opened his mouth to protest, and shut it just as quickly as Nikki's arms slid down his chest from behind, her fingers nimbly locating and releasing the clasp of his slacks. Her long nails brushed his boxers open and Ian moaned as her hand wrapped around his flesh.

"That's it," she whispered, her tongue lapping at the tender skin behind his ear. "It feels so good," she purred, and the lust in her voice was nearly enough to send him over the precipice of this forbidden pleasure.

Her hand continued to squeeze and caress his sex until it stood straight and hard, aching with the need for consummation. He could hear the click of Nikki's heels as she circled to face him, her hand releasing her firm grip on him, but he felt the constant presence of her fingers, a nail tickling the top of his shaft, a pad pressed against the tip, already sticky with his pre-cum.

Standing before him, his eyes were locked to Nikki's hazel stare. He barely noticed her touch leave him, so transfixed by her sultry beauty he was. His attention was demanded immediately as her shorts were unbuttoned, her thick cock suddenly at eye level. It seemed so strangely out of place against the feminine curve of her waist and the hairless plain of her mound. Still, there was something thrilling about the sight of it, and, when Nikki's nails dragged through his hair and urged him forward, he did not resist. He moaned as her sex parted his lips and Ian felt the tip press against the roof of his mouth. Nikki's hand returned to his erection, squeezing and teasing as his mouth was filled by the gorgeous shemale's taste. He closed his eyes, the sound of the hum coupling with the moans of the others bringing themselves to orgasm around him.

When Nikki came, Ian found himself swallowing automatically, the heat of her cum sliding down his throat and warming his belly. The sense of heat at the core of him sent him past reason and he, too, spilled his seed, gasping and twisting in the schoolroom chair.

His eyes opened to find Nikki smiling down at him, stroking his cheek with the back of her hand.

"Good girl," she grinned.

Sitting in the passenger seat, Ian couldn't restrain his arousal at being so near to the site of so much pleasure. It was Pavlovian, really. Being so near the Institute meant pleasure was sure to come, and he shifted his body away from Barbara to hide his excitement.

She said little on the way over, but Ian watched her lean and stare up at the Institute on their right as they passed by, following the curve of the drive until it split and pointed them down a small hill to Lady B's home.

"Pervert," Barbara hissed from the driver's seat as she saw Ian staring out the window at the blonde, busty girls mounting the steps to the Institute for a new day of classes. Ian tried to peel his eyes from them, but his will to look away was weak. This might be his last opportunity to see so much bliss, so much beauty.

She parked their sensible sedan behind the classic Porsche driven by their lawyer. Harkins leaned against the door of his car, looking business casual in his white button-up with the monogrammed pocket and the dark pants and expensive-looking loafers. His sleeves were rolled up with practiced casualness. When Barbara cut the engine, he hurried over to open the door for her.

Her dress was a dark gray, a woolen knit that clung to her hips and fell to her mid-calf. The sweater she wore hid an admirable body, a body that Ian had lusted after once upon a time, before time and experience had turned her cold. Still, he could appreciate the way she had worked to remain in shape, even if time had begun to soften the firmness of her youth.

"Barbara," Harkins said, holding her hand by the fingers as she regarded the more humble home and offices of Lady B.

"Let's just make this quick, Lyle. This whole place makes my skin crawl."

"I'm sure we'll be done in half an hour. Be civil, please. After all, we're getting almost everything we asked for and we don't have to spend another day in court to get it."

"I know," she said, but the disapproving scowl she wore only deepened as she looked back to Ian, stepping out of the car and shoving his hands in his pockets in an attempt to hide the erection that strained against his zipper.

"Hurry up," she said and turned away from him.

The look of shock and repulsion on Barbara's face gave Ian a small sense of satisfaction as she encountered one of Lady B's personal servants for the first time. Unlike the students at the Institute, these servants were silent and statuesque, wrapped in colored latex and shaped by tight corsets and boots pointed at the

toes. To give them all a uniformity, their faces were covered by matching-colored hoods that hid their faces from the outside world. Ian had seen several of them, but could only differentiate them by the color they wore, so similar were they. This one was purple, opening the door for the trio and ushering them inside with a wave of its hand. Ian assumed they were female by the bounteous latex-covered chests, but such things were undeniably fluid at the Institute.

"Ugh," she muttered as she passed by the latex drone, Harkins pushing her forward with a reassuring hand on her shoulder.

They were led to their right, where a book-lined study awaited. Lady B was at her desk, typing quickly at her computer, a feat Ian would have doubted if he hadn't seen it himself. Her nails were always long, always exquisitely manicured, and she seemed to have adjusted to their use in work and play.

She smiled up at them as they filed into the room, standing to reveal her more typical outfit than the relatively conservative ensemble she had prepared for court. She wore a corset that held her breasts up, giving them a globular appearance, the rim of each nipple undoubtedly exposed by the abbreviated top. A pink mini covered her toned ass and the tops of her thighs, but Ian had learned to look twice and, sure enough, he could make out the tip of her penis exposed by the brevity of the skirt.

Harkins shook Lady B's hand and gave her a winning smile, but Barbara only sat in a nearby chair, three of them arranged in a rough semi-circle before the desk. Ian sat to the far left of Lady B, Harkins between the married couple. Lady B flashed a smile at Ian, who returned it, though his contained more than a hint of apology.

"So," Harkins began, "I guess we can get this over with. I had my office send the paperwork over. I assume you received it?"

"I did." Lady B crossed her legs, thigh-high white stockings covering most of them. The glimpse of brown flesh between the brief skirt and stockings made Ian long to touch it, to feel his lips play along the lotioned skin.

"And you have the check prepared?"

"I do not," she replied, and the pink smile on her face was full of an intimate mirth.

"I don't understand," Harkins began, looking to Barbara Klein. "We had an agreement."

"We did," Lady B nodded, "but I really wanted all of you here to ask one very simple question."

"Come on, Lyle, this is a waste of time." Barbara stood, making for the door, but stopped short when she saw a pair of the latex-dipped dolls standing at the doorway. One was the purple drone from before, the other clad in all black. "Step aside," she said, but her voice sounded weak in the presence of these strange creatures.

"Sit down, Babs," Lady B said, sternly, but not without humor. She rose from behind the desk and moved to the front of it, flashing that predatory smile at Barbara, who flinched as if she had been struck.

Barbara looked back at the latex dolls and shuffled back to her seat, holding onto the arms of the chair as if she expected to be catapulted into some other new and world-shattering revelation.

"Look, we came on good faith," Harkins said, ramping up to another speech, but the sly look on Lady B's face stopped him.

"I hope she thanked you," Lady B grinned, then waved her hand in the air dismissively. "You came here because you are greedy. I want to ask you, Babs, did the money Ian paid me for my services cripple you financially? I know for a fact that sweet little Ian was doing just fine. I don't take more than my customers can afford. I even discounted Ian's sessions towards the end because I like him. He has real potential."

Ian met Lady B's pink-tinted eyes and felt a soft warmth ripple through him.

"Answer the question," she said, eyes still on Ian.

"That's not the point."

"I'll take that as a 'no,' then. So, if it isn't the money, not really, what is it? I suspect you saw that Ian was growing away from you, becoming stronger, something you couldn't control. Am I right?"

"Lyle, do something." Barbara's face was flushed red, her eyes darting between Lady B and her attorney.

"In fact, I think the thing you hate most of all, Babs, is that Ian was actually enjoying himself."

"Stop calling me that! My name is Barbara!"

Lady B looked flatly at the woman across from her and her lips curled up into something approximating dark glee.

"Not for long, it isn't."

Lady B nodded and the latex drones moved forward, positioning themselves behind the chairs of Lyle Harkins and Barbara Klein, their hands wrapping around their heads and forcing a cloth over the mouths and noses. Barbara clawed at the black latex arm of the doll who held her, her eyelids growing heavy and difficult to keep pried open.

Ian watched from his chair, an 'O' of surprise on his mouth, but he made no move to help his wife, who teetered on unconsciousness. Lady B moved to him and bent down, squatting until she was eye level with her former client.

"Lady B..." he started, but she simply shook her head and made whispering noises - shhh shhh shhh.

"Ian, would you like to finish what you started here? If you say yes to my proposal, you'll be guided down a road that will give you tremendous joy and you will make your home here from now on. If you refuse, I'll release your wife and your lawyer, I'll even pay you what your lawyer asked for. But I don't want it to come from him or her. I want to hear it from you."

Ian looked to Harkins, who was slumped in the chair, eyes closed. Then, to his wife, who struggled to keep her eyes open, though Ian could see they were rolling up into her head. He imagined the years ahead of him if he chose to leave with them.

There would be a divorce, shame from his employers and co-workers, a life of regrets, not for what he had done but for abandoning his true joy.

"I want to stay with you," he said.

Lady B took his head in her hands and kissed him, not passionately but with genuine affection. When their lips parted, he met her pink gaze.

"Why don't you go change, sweetheart," she said. "I need to make our guests feel more comfortable."

A Place for Everything

Lyle awoke with a start, twisting his body in the chair. The chair was padded and not uncomfortable, but the short chains that extended from the arms and legs of the chair to the cuffs on his wrists and ankles made its comfort irrelevant. He was being held against his will. He tugged at the bonds until his skin chafed and burned raw and red.

The room was all black, so much so that it felt as if he were suspended in an inky blackness that had no beginning or end, an eternity of darkness he would be unable to escape. Only by feeling along the arms of the chair could he find the hoops that the chains which held him originated from.

The only other sensation was of the softness that covered him, a fabric stretched over his body from his toes to his neck, otherwise he could sense his own nudity and that, more than anything else, cut him free of his moorings. So much of himself was tied up in his appearance, the expensive suits and the silk dress shirts that told the world just who they were dealing with. He was Lyle Harkins, and he was a success. One look could tell you that.

When the door opened, he squinted at the sudden white light, a rectangle of illumination in the otherwise black void. He turned his head away from it, red stars exploding beneath his lids. The room grew dimmer as a figure covered the wash of light and entered the room, heels clicking on tile or marble by the sound.

"Let me go," he said, his voice hoarse. He wondered how long he had been out.

The figure said nothing, silhouetted by the light of the doorway. Slender legs moved toward him, and Harkins could make out the flare of a skirt above them. The approaching figure stopped before him, and Harkins could make out soft, if masculine, features, though makeup and very bright red lipstick gave the face a more feminine aspect. He was hairless, no sign of stubble on his face, dark hair curled around his head in a fashionable feminine style.

"Drink," the stranger said, and tilted a glass to his lips.

Harkins drank, gulping down great mouthfuls as soon as his tongue confirmed that it was, in fact, very cool water. When he finished, the figure wiped away an errant droplet with a silk handkerchief, then turned to exit.

"Please," he whimpered, "let me go."

The stranger did not respond and Harkins again rattled the bonds that held him. He looked down at himself finally, and groaned aloud at the sight. From his neck down, he had been covered in a silken and sheer bodysuit, his body shaved to accommodate its smoothness. It rippled and darkened with creases as he moved, but would settle again to caress his flesh when his thrashing ended.

The door closed, leaving Harkins in darkness once more.

He had no idea how long before he felt the first tingling, only that the passage of that time had occurred in the same black void as everything else. He found himself gnashing his teeth, grinding his molars together as an electric hum coursed through his body. He squirmed in the chair, this time not to free himself, but to touch his silk-covered skin which tingled madly. He turned and squirmed, his knees rubbing together. The whisper of silk against silk seemed to fill the emptiness of the room, and Harkins realized that he was growing hard, his penis extending within the silk cocoon. He moaned aloud as the tip brushed against the silk, extending it at his waist until the bodystocking grew taut around it. He rocked his hips, creating a rhythm which loosened the silk, then pulled it tight, pressing against the tip of his cock and sending sparks of pleasure through him. A creeping shame wound its way through his gut, but the sparks of pleasure were overwhelming and Harkins found his rocking hips only moving more insistently.

He audibly gasped when the bright light appeared again and the man in the dress strode toward him again, heels clicking. Harkins tried to push the lust he felt away, to formulate some plea that would set him free, but the stranger only knelt by the chair and wrapped his hand around Harkins' cock, stroking the tips of his fingers across the thick vein on the underside of Harkins' penis. At the sound of his sighing pleasure, the stranger gave Harkins' erection a squeeze and slowly stroked up and down.

The blossom of shame earlier had now spread through him, but was entangled with an undeniable need to finish, to bring this desire to its fruition. The stranger continued his manipulation of Harkins' turgid cock, using the bodystocking as a silky lubrication, increasing his pace until the lawyer could stand it no longer, shutting his eyes tight, bottom lip stinging between his teeth. Harkins spasmed as his cum erupted from him, caught by the bodystocking which stuck wetly to his member. He could feel hot drops of it sliding down his cock and pooling, collecting until fat drops of the sticky pearlescent seed ran in a thick rivulet down his thigh.

He breathed heavily, eyes squeezed shut. He could not bear to look at the man who had, to use the common parlance, given him an exquisite handjob. When the click-click-click of the man's heels retreated from him, Harkins looked up in time to see the door open, grow dark with the stranger's silhouette, and close again. He sat in the silent darkness, his sperm cooling and drying against his flesh, gluing the bodystocking to his shrinking sex.

Barbara was in no mood for these games. Her husband may have enjoyed playing out his perverted fantasies, but she was made of sterner stock, and she knew that what was happening was illegal. She was being kept against her will and she would have her revenge, of that she was sure. She would play it cool, look for a weakness and exploit it. That was how she approached every problem.

When she had wanted the new Volvo, Ian had balked at the price, at the practicality of such an expensive car when, after all, she didn't work so why did she need something so expensive to get around town?

His logic was sound, Barbara knew, but logic meant nothing in a relationship. It was all about control. Who had it, who was losing it. She agreed with him, nodded politely, told Ian that he was absolutely correct, and filed it away. She would have her car, but not this day. 'Rome wasn't built in a day,' her father told her over and again. 'You have weapons, Bar-Bar, you just have to know how to use them.'

After a nice dinner, and nary a word about the Volvo, Barbara led Ian to bed and she had made love to him with abandon, offering herself to him completely, even allowing him to enter her anus, which was a point of entry reserved for holidays and special occasions. That night, she had begged him to enter her ass, to fill it with his cum. He had obliged. Later, her rectum sore and stretched, their bodies painted with sweat, she had kept her tongue still on the subject of the car.

Two weeks later Ian mentioned to his wife that he was considering a rental home for them, another piece of property to add to their portfolio. They had rental homes in two cities, including their home town, and the rent collected served to supplement their income well. She often mused that Ian could retire in ten years or less, meaning he would be home all the time. The thought wrinkled her nose and creased her brow, but she could find ways to delay that eventuality. When he proposed the third property, complaining that, despite the great deal on the land, he simply had no time to devote to three rental properties, Barbara was quick to suggest she could serve as landlord for this one. Provided, of course, she had reliable transportation. She casually mentioned the Volvo again, off-handed, as if throwing an idea over her shoulder that had just occurred to her.

Ian rubbed his chin, always so scratchy, even after he shaved, and said, "You know, that car might work after all. It would practically pay for itself if you can keep an eye on the house."

"You think so?" she asked, her tone filled with a casual innocence. "I know it's expensive."

"No, no, it's an investment. Beats having to hire someone."

And, just like that, Barbara had her car. She thought of this, the control she had within her, the patience and persistence of her scheming, and she was certain she would free herself of this, too.

The room she had found herself inside when she woke was like something out of a teenage girl's subconscious. Or, perhaps, more like something out of a masturbatory fantasy of a teen girl's room. The floor and sheets on the bed were nearly blindingly white, the furniture, including the headboard of the Queen-sized bed, a bright pink with white trim. She investigated the attached bathroom and

found it to be filled with bright, candy-colored makeup and the shower was stocked with body wash and shampoo and conditioner.

The closet beside the bed was stocked with clothes that were best found on the bodies of actresses in pornographic films or strippers. Rhinestone-accented tops and tiny skirts and heels that were tall or plastic or both. She also cataloged several pairs of boots, all with very high heels, and she wondered what practical purpose they could serve. Seeing some of the population of the Pink Institute from her prison/bedroom, she realized practicality was not the first concern on these grounds.

She had tried all the doors and windows for a chance at escape, but found them securely locked. For the majority of her time spent outside of her explorations of the room and its security, she had simply sat on the edge of the bed, smoothing her long skirt and folding her hands in her lap. She would not panic and she would not plead. In time, her captor would come to her and, if Barbara was patient, she would find the weak link in Lady B's chain and she would exploit and free herself. Maybe even Lyle and Ian, if she was able. Or she would run, flee to the police, and smile as she watched from the back of a patrol car as Lady B was led away in chains.

She felt the grin on her face as she imagined the scene, interrupted by a soft, electronic hiss. Her head scanned the walls above her head before finally locating the source - a speaker built into the wall beside the door, too high up to reach without a chair from the vanity.

"Morning, Babs," the voice said, and she knew at once it was Lady B.

"Good morning," she said, biting back the urge to scream, to demand to be released. She would not break so easily.

"How proper!" Lady B assumed an aristocratic tone. "Yes, good morning, Barbara. I hope you find your room to be comfortable. Please let our staff know if they can make your stay more comfortable." Then, her breathy voice erupted in a staccato laugh, high and full of glee.

Barbara shifted on the bed and pressed her lips together. 'Patience. That's what was called for. Don't let emotions get the

better of you,' she thought, 'Bide your time. Be ready.'

"Babs," Lady B went on, "You're a little bit of a bitch. But that's okay, because I can be a little bit of a bitch myself. I respect it, in a way. But you have to understand one very simple thing."

There was a pause, begging Barbara to ask the question. She only twisted her hands in her lap and remained silent.

"I am in control here."

A hiss filled the room, and Barbara turned to her left and right, pink clouds of gas emerging from the vents on the floor by the window and more from the bathroom. She stood on the bed, keeping as far away from it as possible, craning her neck to the high ceiling. Glancing down, she could see the gas accumulating, billowing like misty pink clouds through the room. She tried to steady her breath, but it came in ragged gulps, her heart racing. She could feel her skin tingling where the exposed flesh met the pink haze, leaving behind an oily coat.

"Stop it!" she cried out, the veneer of her control falling away.

She was answered only by the hissing sound of the gas as it filled the room, climbing higher until she could feel the tingle of it in her nose. Her eyes blinked against it, irritated, and she noted before she collapsed that it smelled somewhat like cotton candy.

Barbara's eyes felt glued together, but she finally pried them open. She turned to her side, the blankets covering her warm and comforting. She tucked her legs up, gliding across the satiny sheets she was cocooned by. When she remembered where she was, the gas that had filled the room, she shot up in the bed, climbing toward the headboard until her back was pressed against it, the pink satin sheets curled in her fists. She looked quickly about the room, sure some intruder would be watching her from the corner, or the detestable Lady B would sit at the edge, her Cheshire grin full of malice. But, she was alone.

She stood, swinging her legs from beneath the sheets and planting them on the soft white carpet. Her legs were slippery against one another and Barbara gasped realizing that they were

covered by silken white stockings, long garter belts holding them in place. She saw the ribbed corset cinching her waist and dragged her nails over it in disgust. Someone had been in the room. They had undressed her, changed her. Her cheeks were aflame with humiliation.

She hurried into the bathroom, staring into the mirror in horror at what had been done to her. Her soft brown hair had been teased out, framing her face and spilling over her bare shoulders. Her lips had been painted with a bright pink gloss, her cheeks highlighted by a slightly deeper color, but pink nonetheless. Glittery pink eyeshadow adorned her lids, giving her whole appearance a light and slightly dim look. The garters were attached to the corset, which was laced and tightened, the clasp secured by a padlock she could see if she turned her back to the mirror. She fumbled with it a moment before realizing it was real and not just for show, trapping her within the waist-shaping clothing. The worst part of the ensemble was the lack of panties, her pussy on display beneath the lower lip of the corset. Her breasts were bunched and lifted by the corset top, creating deep cleavage. Not that she was without an alluring breast size, but she did not display her sexuality in this way. This was unacceptable! She looked like a... like a... like a common whore!

"Let me out of here!" she screamed. "I'm Barbara Klein and I will not be treated like this!"

A click and a hiss and Barbara knew the intercom was on again. She hurried into the bedroom staring at the spiral of holes, behind which was the speaker.

"Babs, Babs, Babs... I would have thought a 'Thank you' was in order."

"Where are my clothes?"

"Gone. I had them tossed into the incinerator. I have all the wardrobe you'll need."

Memories of the contents of the closet reminded Barbara of her nudity and she flung the door open, finding only empty hangers within. A hitching sob came as she rushed from the closet to the pink-and-white bureau, opening drawer after drawer, finding them all empty.

"You're a beautiful girl, Babs, and if I let you have just anything, you'd cover that sexy body up. We can't have that, can we?"

Barbara crumpled to the floor, leaning against the bed and holding her head in her hands, her pink-nailed fingers gripping her hair.

"Please. Please let me put on my clothes."

"I'll make you a deal, Babs. You can have an outfit to cover you up, much as I hate to see that body hidden. You really have been taking care of yourself. Anyways, I promise to give you what you want. But, you have to do one thing for me."

"What?" she asked, the tears drying as she realized that there was still hope after all.

"Go to the nightstand."

Barbara pushed herself from the floor, standing and looking at the speaker as if it were the face of Lady B herself. She awaited further word from her captor, but none came. Finally she turned to her left and stood before the matching pink-and-white nightstand.

"Good. Open the drawer."

Barbara's hand trembled as she obeyed, sliding the narrow drawer out. As it reached its limit, a light pink dildo rolled to the edge of the drawer, a tube of lubricant beside it. The phallus was transparent, and the way it wiggled as it rolled suggested a jelly-like consistency.

"All you have to do, Babs, is lube up your little friend and use it until you cum. When you do, I'll have clothes brought to you."

"I won't do it," she said in a voice so low, even her own ears strained to hear it.

"You don't have to, Babs. You can stay just like you are. Word of warning, that corset is going to start getting ripe in a few days. And don't feel like you have to do it right now. Turn out the lights, get under the sheets. You strike me as the kind of girl who likes to stay hidden. Enjoy!"

The speaker clicked off and the room was silent again. Barbara's tears wet her cheeks, the dildo rocking back and forth in the otherwise empty drawer like a finger curling and beckoning.

Ian sat in a room overlooking the back lawn of Lady B's home and office, watching as one of the latex-dipped dolls navigated a garden path, watering rose bushes that produced fat pink blooms. He was transfixed by the mechanical nature of the drone, its silence and perfection, both in form and purpose. All in service of Lady B, he mused, everything here, everyone here, all for her.

As if summoned by his thoughts, he heard her speak behind him.

"Beautiful, aren't they?" she asked, drawing his eyes from the window.

"Yes," he answered, though he was unsure if the shemale Domme meant the latex slave or the flowers. The answer was the same either way.

Lady B sat on the corner of his bed, given to him for as long as he wanted, she promised. The room was full of rich browns and deep wood grains, matching the decor suggesting elegant wealth. Even the vanity he sat before looked antique, and the gauzy curtains pulled aside were almost certainly silk.

"How are you feeling?" she asked, placing a long-nailed hand on his thigh.

His skin was bare, smoothed thanks to the depilatory Lady B had provided for his shower. Below the neck, he was now completely hairless. His torso and upper thighs were hidden by a simple green camisole, his finger- and toenails painted a matching shade of luxurious green. His hair was wild, untended since he had stepped from the shower and into the waiting pair of satin panties and a bra that gave the merest suggestion of breasts against his flat chest. Still, he felt gloriously soft, and relaxed in a way he could not recall feeling since... since ever. This was a manner of being, of feeling, that had been denied him by expectation and shame, but at the Institute, there was only acceptance.

"Good," he said. "Strange."

Lady B nodded and took his hand in hers, stroking the tops of his fingers.

"There have only been a few people to come to me the way you have, Ian. You were ready for me before I ever met you. Do you remember what I told you after the first meeting we had?"

"You said you could make all my fantasies come true."

Lady B smiled and nodded, her fingers continuing their caress of his fingers.

"I did. And you've shown that you trust me completely. You've sacrificed your wife for me. I don't want you to think for an instant I don't recognize what you've given up. But, I have to ask you for a little more."

"What do you need?" he asked, quickly, drawing a pleased expression from Lady B.

"I need you to trust me with your life. If you do that, I'm going to erase what you were and make you what you want. You can say no to me this second, and you can leave here forever. Though we may have to negotiate for your wife. I'm starting to enjoy the challenge. She's stubborn."

"She is," he replied, and Ian thought wistfully a moment about the intractable positions she had taken over the years. With those memories - the time she had refused to visit Cannes because she hated smoke, or the way she would look down her nose at him when he drank beer from a can rather than a glass - came a bitterness, too. There had been wonderful times, but the woman he'd fallen in love with in college had been replaced by a colder and more distant version of that girl.

"You can leave right now, but if you do choose to stay, you'll be mine. More than that, you'll be a part of this place, and you will be a valuable part of it. I think you can give back so much to the clients here. And I would love for you to stay. The choice is yours."

"What do I have to do? If I wanted to stay, I mean."

"There's some paperwork. Also, you'll be filing for a name change."

"My name?"

"By the time I'm done with you, gorgeous, Ian will not be appropriate. You will be beautiful and exotic and tempting and glorious." Her voice lifted and curled around each word, and, though

Ian could not picture himself as any of those things, he knew Lady B had more than just charisma. She had money and doctors and had made a science of altering the personality of her subjects. Whatever she envisioned for him, Ian wanted it. He wanted to be her latest creation, to be reborn in her flames.

"When can I sign?" he asked.

Lady B leaned forward and kissed his bare lips.

"I'll get the papers."

A Good Student, A Better Maid

Barbara paced the bedroom, chewing the skin of her thumb where it met the nail. It was an old habit, a bad one, but the tension she felt as she watched the sun fall and set and do it all over again was making her frantic. She muttered to herself, breaking the silence of the room, which had been total since the last words from Lady B.

'Enjoy,' she said.

Barbara laughed bitterly at the word. She was terrified and ashamed in equal measures. There had been no further communication from Lady B or anyone else, no opportunities to escape or negotiate. She had been kept in total isolation.

When the sun set the first night, Barbara's resolve had been iron, and she felt a self-righteous dignity in her refusal to perform for her captor. She watched out the window as the bimbos that made up the student body had filtered out of the Institute doors, some lasciviously pressing together as the last bell faded.

After an indeterminate amount of time, as the room had no clocks and her watch had been stripped from her, the room had filled again with the pink gas and, again, Barbara had climbed the bed, holding onto consciousness as best she could.

When she awoke in the morning, she was dressed no differently, though she suspected the stockings were changed as they seemed lighter and fresher somehow. Her makeup and hair was retouched, keeping her in a state of perpetual whoredom, as she had come to think of it. When she saw that she had been remade Barbara fell into

a dark rage, taking the makeup left behind, smearing her lips with the pink gloss, up her cheeks, throwing the tubes of lipstick and bottles and shampoo and anything her red-tinged fury could find to hurl across the room.

Before she could complete her destruction of the room, the gas had come again, pulling her back into a coma-like sleep.

When she awoke, just as before, she had been carefully made up, only now the remaining makeup had been removed and the room tidied as if nothing had happened. She wept, then, a feeling of hopelessness settling over her completely. She sat on the bed the rest of the day, shoulders slumped, hands in her lap, one breast pulled free of the top of the corset to expose her deep brown nipple.

She sat like that until the sun fell behind the Institute and carved shadows along the walls and floor and the room settled into a dim gray. When the gas came, she did not resist.

And this was the third day, the third time she had seen sunlight come through the barred window, the third time she awoke to find her face painted pink and bejeweled by pink sparkles on her eyelids and her body bared for any to see. Someone had tucked her breast back into the corset, or perhaps released her as she slept in her drugged state as the corset seemed tighter, the curve of her waist more pronounced. She understood, finally, that the control she had possessed outside these walls was illusory.

All control, she had learned, is a matter of geography and context and in this place she possessed none.

Without passion or expression, she rose from the bed and twisted her body into a sitting position, facing the nightstand. She opened the slim drawer and removed the dildo, resolved to do as she had been told if for no other reason than to precipitate a change. She laughed humorlessly at the way the dildo bent in her hand, firm enough to hold its shape, but limp at the pull of gravity.

The tube of lubrication was smaller than that of a tube of toothpaste, but shaped the same, with a plain white surface. There was no brand name or instructions, a notion that elicited another bark of laughter. She supposed one knew what to do with a tube of lube, regardless of the instructions on the label.

She unscrewed the cap and tested the contents on the tip of her finger, brows lowering in curiosity as she brought it close to her face. It was clear and slick, just as she had expected, but there was a warmth to it, though the petroleum-like substance was cool to the touch. It warmed her fingers as she rubbed them together, and Barbara guessed it was some variant that produced a not-unpleasant heat as friction was applied.

Without thinking, she brought her finger to her mouth and was greeted by the same warm tingle at the tip of her tongue as her fingers. It was not unlike the feeling of her hand falling asleep and suddenly called to action, a thousand little pinpricks that created a tickle on her tongue. She giggled in spite of herself, as if she had taken too big a pull on laughing gas.

She withdrew her fingers quickly, the sensation spreading over her tongue and to her cheeks and lips when she licked them. Her mouth felt swollen and sensitive, but she dared not touch her tongue again with the lubrication on her fingers still. She would finish what she started and she would see what came next.

'Me,' she thought, squeezing the open tube over the flaccid dildo in her hand. When she had painted a line over the surface of it, she used her hand to coat the thing, that same tingling now spread to the entirety of her right hand. She waggled it before her, trying to put a name to the sensation. Not numbness, precisely... more like a heightened sensitivity.

She reclined on the top of the bed, positioning herself away from the far wall where she presumed the camera to be, pushing away the thought that there could be many cameras, and spread her knees. Barbara frowned, expecting the insertion to be painful, even with the lubrication, given the girth of the dildo, but she found that she was very wet, a response that hadn't yet registered in her mind. The tip of it slid past her lips, swollen with an excitement that just now made itself known to her. The tingling sensation that consumed her hand ignited in her pussy, not only heightening the sensation of the dildo pushing deeper into her, but wiping all other sensation away, the fullness of it creating explosions of pleasure as it passed through her canal and ignited nerve endings.

She threw her head back, moaning, her only thoughts 'more' and 'more,' her wrist finding a fast rhythm as the dildo slid deeper and receded, waves of bliss rolling through her, each crest higher than the one that preceded it. She bit down hard on her lip, and that soft flesh rewarded her, too.

She found the right angle, pushing the slick dildo deep inside and drawing it out slowly, the faux-veiny surface of it slipping over her swollen clit. With each in-and-out, more of Barbara's mind turned away from her surroundings and embraced the delicious pleasure, twisting and squirming on the bed, the sheets balling wetly beneath her, jamming two fingers in her mouth to suck as she fucked herself in a way no man had ever done.

She reflected later that the goal had been to cum. As she lay curled on the surface of the bed, one nail gently stroking her lower lip, her tongue dipping to greet it at the apex of its path, she realized she wasn't sure how many times she came, if it had been four or five, as the last several blended together in a mindless gallery of images. Her tongue on her fingers, the dildo filling her, the explosions of color behind her eyes as she squeezed them shut, pink and white blossoms that filled the darkness.

"Oh, Ba-abs," Lady B's voice called over the speaker in a sing-song manner that made Barbara, unbelievably, giggle. "That was quite a performance. I think you'll make a good slut, yet."

"I'm not a slut," she said, and giggled again. Her lips were still puffy from the effect of the lubricant, turning her statement into something that sounded like, "Imnahslut."

"Go get a shower, sweetie. One of the dolls will be in to unlock your corset. When you're done, you can dress however you like."

"Mhmokay," Barbara said, twisting again on the bed. A languor had stolen over her and was difficult to shake.

She heard the door open, the squeak of rubber as the dolls' legs brushed together and their waists turned in their corsets. She felt rubbery fingers lift her hair and then the click of metal as the padlock was released and Barbara was freed of the corset.

Their fingers worked the laces and the whalebone corset loosened around her. She allowed her limbs to be manipulated as

the dolls continued to undress her, the air cool on her now-bare skin. She relished their touch, secretly hoping their fingers would continue down her flesh and find her still-wet center, coaxing yet another orgasm from her. Instead, she was pulled to a sitting position, then to her feet. She staggered, feeling the carpet between her toes, and followed the guiding hands until carpet gave way to the cool tile of the bathroom.

She woke fully when they placed her under the hot water, the stinging heat waking her and delighting her at once. Suddenly aware of her surroundings as real and tangible, she ran her hands over her body, finding enough will left to resist dipping her fingers into her cleft. Instead, she poured the pink body wash from the bottle into the palm of her hand, transfixed by the bubbles in the pink bodywash. She slid her hands together, the slippery wash coating them, then began to cover herself in the light pink soap. Like the lubrication, it left tingles behind, but these were fainter and warming, as if the water and soap were wrapping her in safety and comfort.

She didn't notice as her hands pushed water and bubbles down her skin towards the drain in the center of the stall, but each brush of her hand removed a swath of hair. By the time her hands wrapped around her legs, rinsing the soap away from her calves, she had removed all the hair from her body but from that on her head.

This she lathered with a shampoo of a similar pink shade, but darker, her auburn hair coloring it a deeper hue until it was nearly purple. She hummed tunelessly to herself as the hot water struck her chest and ran in streams down her body, fat drops falling from her hard nipples. She didn't notice the low hum that filled the room, nor the way the steam had blended with pink gas filling the bathroom. By the time its effects took hold and Barbara slid down the shower wall, her face was decorated with a smile of pure contentment.

As the dolls were drying Barbara and removing her from the shower, her smile unflinching, Lyle Harkins was depositing another jet of semen into the mouth of the stranger, whose attention had graduated from handjobs to blowjobs sometimes in the constant

night of the past days. Each time it began the same way. The stranger would appear in the doorway and come to him, give him water and disappear. In short order, the haze of desire would cloud all other thoughts and the stranger would return, bringing Lyle to climax, still clad in the silken bodysuit. They must have been dressing him as he slept, for the sticky bodystocking he fell asleep in would be clean when he awoke, just as hairless, just as confused.

The stranger sucked Lyle's seed through the bodystocking, his hand stroking his cock to milk the last droplets of cum from the tip. When there was no more, the stranger stood and turned, as wordless as the first time, and left Lyle in the darkness.

When the stranger had begun using his mouth, a new companion arrived. Some kind of whispering, just under his ability to comprehend it, accompanied by light music. He could only make out the tune, a light and airy pop sound, but the lyrics were either too low or hidden by the unintelligible voice beneath the music. The new addition had brought on a near-constant erection, whether the result of the music or the voice or some drug in the water he was unsure.

He twisted in the chair, the silk of the bodystocking caressing him as it grew taut, teasing his neverending erection further. He no longer cared how he came, only that he continued to, or what gender the source of his orgasm was ascribed to.

Thoughts had crept into his head assuring him that such things were no longer important. They told him what he already knew - it's how you look that matters. That is what defined you. The clothes made the man, he understood that from his life before this room, whether those clothes were made up of the business suits he usually wore or this delicious bodystocking and - oh god! it felt so good - the way it hugged him like a soft whisper.

Lyle had learned quickly to enjoy the ache of denial, the rumble of his desire that vibrated through him without release. There was a strange ecstasy in his arousal without the promise of satisfaction. In a way, the arousal was, itself, the culmination of pleasure. A new notion coiled around his brain, and he sensed a truth in it. The orgasm was the banishment of pleasure for so many. This unceasing need was the real pleasure, a state of eternal, mind-numbing desire

that could be measured by peaks and valleys, but would never be resolved into nothingness.

He moaned, hearing the sound echo back to him in the darkness. He bit his lip, stifling the sound, quickly swallowed up by the light music and the mysterious and constant voice hiding underneath it. He calmed himself, allowing the pleasure to fill him and leave nothing behind. Buzzing with the surety of his pleasure, he followed the voices into sleep.

There was something changed when his eyes opened again to the darkness. He sat in the same chair, sported the same delightfully constant erection, but his body was different. He felt the absence of silk on his torso, replaced by something coarser, tighter. His legs were encased in the expected silken wrapping, but his feet were sealed tightly, his toes pressed together. He lifted his hands, now freed, to his throat, finding something delicate and soft wrapping around it.

Before he could stand on his own, arms on either side of him grasped him and eased him out of the chair. He stood awkwardly, his heels lifted by the shoes he wore. He teetered, steadied himself, and felt the hands release him, though errant brushes of fingertips told him the hands were at the ready to catch him if he fell. Something about the thought made him feel soft and happy and loved.

"This way," a voice said, breathy and close.

He moved forward, steered by gentle touches on his elbows, which he held at his sides as he took shuffling steps on the heeled shoes. Behind him, he could hear the footfalls of his companions, close on either side. Soft hands stopped him and stood him still.

The light blinded him for a moment, a cone falling from the ceiling which illuminated them all. Black lace gloves held his arms, the fingers open to reveal long, cherry-red nails at the tips. Standing before them was a wide, full-length mirror that displayed them all, shadows cast by the overhead light to the floor.

Lyle blinked at the image, a reflected portrait of three identically dressed feminine-looking men dressed in the stereotypical image of a chambermaid. His dark hair was tousled and growing curly from lack of washing, but his cheeks had been colored by blush,

highlighting his already-high Nordic cheekbones, his lips painted a deep red and shining with gloss. From his shoulders to below his waist, he was covered by a black dress, tight on his chest, which had been slightly padded in the front to give his body the barest suggestion of cleavage, a black corset laced around his waist shaping it to define a feminine curve. The bottom of the dress flared out in a brief skirt that barely covered his hips, and he could feel his penis free and exposed between his legs.

The familiar silken sensation on his legs was the result of a pair of seamed black stockings, attached by garters to the corset. Black pumps had been buckled on his feet, the thin black patent strap running across his foot below the turn of his ankle. The ensemble was completed by a white apron tied around his waist, settled over the front of the skirt.

He gasped at the image before him, fitting perfectly between the other two maids in the room, identical to them in every way, save the bonnets on their heads. As he stared at himself in shock, and even a twinge of arousal, the maid on his right placed a bonnet on his head and pinned it to his hair. As it was fixed in place, a bit of fussing following to straighten and place it just so by the maid, he felt something shift in his mind, and he easily and naturally thought of himself as one of them, a maid in service of the Institute. The clothes made the man, after all, he thought, and realized he was a maid, just as they were, a servant. It's what he had always been, hadn't it? He frowned, trying to pry open a door that had slammed shut on his memories.

"Lyla," the maid to his left whispered, and he turned to her. That was his name after all, wasn't it? Lyla. Maid for Lady B and all the Institute. Devoted to his service. "Come."

Lyla followed out the door and into the light of a new life.

"She'll be training the rest of the day," Roberta said with a curtsy, her eyes flitting to the exposed tip of Lady B's cock as the Institute's owner leaned against her office desk.

"Excellent. Be sure our newest maid is only given the ribbon when she's been used by you and the other maids. I want her to enjoy herself."

"Yes, Lady B," Roberta said with a smile. She loved the induction of new maids almost as much as she enjoyed those rare occasions when Lady B asked her to tend to her wonderful shecock.

"Go on, then," Lady B said with a wicked smile and Roberta left with another curtsy.

She waited for the maid to leave, escorted back to the Institute by a yellow-clad latex doll, then mounted the steps to the guest room upstairs. She opened the heavy wooden door slowly, peeking her head in first, a curvaceous nurse in a PVC uniform leaning over the patient.

The nurse turned to the opening door, her silicone-injected lips splitting in a smile as she saw her benefactor.

"Can I come in?" Lady B asked, her blonde, pink-tipped hair hanging around her round face.

"She won't be awake for hours, yet, but it's safe, now."

Lady B nodded and entered, rounding the bed to the opposite side, away from the monitors that hummed and ping-ed. She brushed hair back from the forehead of the patient, the remains of what had been Ian Klein. Now, a new life was awaiting Klein, a new identity that would replace the frustrations and half-lived fantasies that had held him back. Lady B took a special pleasure in this creation, one done not out of revenge or necessity, but a transformation based on true desire. It reminded her of the first time she'd been toying with hypnotic induction and had unlocked untold passions in her subject, a journey that had resulted in the creation of her best instructor, Kriss.

"Her ribs will be sore and we should leave those alone for a while," the nurse said through her thick lips, gesturing to the swells beneath the simple white sheet that suggested heavy breasts now adorning the former Ian Klein's frame.

"All good things in time," Lady B agreed. "Excellent work, as always."

"A pleasure to help," the nurse said and filled a syringe from a well-stocked cabinet behind her. "You can see her tomorrow. She'll be up and around by then."

"Don't forget the headphones," Lady B advised on her way out the door. "When she wakes up, a whole new life will be ready for her."

New Lives and Old Habits

Barbara thumbed through the rack of clothes in the closet, trying to find something that felt right. She had spent the entire morning in front of the closet, trying outfits and discarding them, save for her interludes. Each time she found something that showed off her body in the way she liked, she returned to the bed and fucked herself with the dildo, well-lubricated by the deliciously tingly gel. She'd engaged in her masturbatory calisthenics four times already, generating at least ten strong orgasms over the course of the morning. Each climax had squeezed a little more of her old memories out, replacing them with new understandings.

It began when she found her hair lightened almost to the point of being truly blonde, and the discovery had only disturbed her by its lingering brown tint. She wanted - needed - it to be blonde and beautiful and long and lustrous. The kind of hair that drew the eye and made the cock hard. After brushing her hair out, she carefully applied her makeup until her lips shined with pink gloss and her cheeks fairly glowed with a soft pink hue.

The first pair of panties she had tried on, a lacy pink pair with a thick-waisted band around the waist, settled snugly against her now-bare pussy, but even that gentle pressure had ignited a need in her that she satisfied with the dildo in short order.

She realized that panties were unnecessary and a waste. She needed access to her pussy quickly. If she was lucky, she wouldn't be the only visitor to those slick folds.

She held the dildo in her mouth now, sucking absently as the base dangled from her mouth, the sweet warm tingles filling her

senses. She knew without question that each of her holes had been designed to accept and please, and the notion only excited her more. She had been reticent in using the dildo on her ass, and she secretly hoped something warmer and fleshier would be inserted into that tight hole before she grew tired of the dildo filling her other orifices.

She chose a new top from the closet, a half-top that fell just over her nipples but left the lower curve of her breasts exposed, plain white with the words 'Got Cock?' written in pink script in emulation of the classic dairy ads. It made her giggle, and she would be lying to herself if she didn't hope someone would take her up on the implicit offer.

After sliding it on over the dildo, which swung as it plopped free of the shirt collar, the thought of removing it never once occurring to her, she found a spandex pink mini that matched the light pink of the faux logo on her shirt. It barely covered her ass, but the way it showed off her well-toned bottom pleased her endlessly. She considered heels, but favored instead tall pink platform boots, the heels a clear plastic that made it seem as if she were walking on air, her pink-encased feet floating just off the ground. She struggled to secure the dildo in her mouth as she zipped up the boots, her hands stroking the pink leather once they were snug.

She stood from her perch on the bed when she had finished, swinging her hips saucily on her way to the mirror where she took in the sight of her body, each article of clothing hiding just enough to make someone want to see more. The boots lifted her heels and gave her legs a lean look that were a sweet pink invitation to be wrapped within their embrace.

Again, the mere sight of herself stoked the low-burning need for pleasure and her hand pushed the flexible skirt's hem up to stroke the hairless and eager lips beneath.

"Babs," the voice called from the speaker and she jerked her head to the wall, blonde hair whipping around.

"Yeah?" she asked, her finger continuing its path along the slickening folds.

"You've been putting on quite the show," Lady B said, her voice tinny from the speaker's modulation. "I think it's time we put your particular talents to better use, don't you?"

"I guess so," Barbara replied, following her words with a moan as her finger slid inside her petals, her self-made lubrication so much warmer than the gel from the tube.

The speaker clicked off and in mere seconds Barbara forgot about the exchange, leaning against the closet door with one hand as her finger explored the slick walls of her pussy. So thoroughly had the memory fled her that the opening of the bedroom door startled her into removing her finger from her hungry snatch. It quickly found a new home between her glossy lips and she sucked, her eyes round Os of surprise.

Lady B entered, one of the latex dolls on either side of her, though these remained outside the room, posted at the doorway.

"Oh, sweet little Bambi," Lady B cooed, and Barbara giggled. She didn't pay much attention to the words, but the tone of Lady B's voice made her feel warm and giggly. "I'm surprised by how quickly you've taken to your new life. I need you to focus for a second. Focus."

At the repetition, Barbara snapped to attention, her finger frozen in her mouth. The suggestions nestled in her subconscious informed her behavior, and the trigger word 'focus' let her foggy brain know important instruction was coming.

"Your name from today on is Bambi. You are a happy, horny slut. You work for me. Repeat it."

"My name is Bambi," she said slowly, the truth of it searing into her mind. "I am a happy, horny slut. I work for you."

"Good Bambi," Lady B grinned and the woman before her blinked and began sucking again on her pink-tipped finger. "Ready for work?"

"Totally!" Bambi said brightly, releasing her finger. She wasn't certain what the job would be, only that Lady B had something in mind for her and Bambi loved making Lady B happy. "Will I get fucked a lot?" the newly-minted bimbo asked.

"Oh, I'm sure you will. Just to keep you happy, though, maybe you'd like to start here..."

Lady B sat on the edge of the bed and hiked up the leopard-print skirt she wore, revealing her thickening cock. Seeing Bambi's eagerness had given her a thrill, and she thought it only fair to repay her new employee.

Bambi needed no further instruction, descending to her knees and placing her hands flat on Lady B's thighs. She ran her tongue along the side of the shecock, from the base to the tip, coercing it to stand taller with her wet tongue. When it had lifted up, not quite to its full height, but close, Bambi wrapped her shiny pink lips around the trunk of Lady B's meat, closing her eyes and moaning around the flesh. Lady B balled the pink sheets in her fists, her heavy rings and bracelets clicking together as the new slut's mouth worshiped her sex.

After Lady B baptized her into her new life with a healthy dose of her seed, Bambi would be taken to the Pink Pussycat where she would spend her days dancing for Lady B. After her time on the pole, there were always the rooms upstairs where a randy guy or girl (or any combination thereof) could take Bambi and use her for \$800 an hour. The money from the brothel helped keep the doors of the Institute open and Lady B's more experimental fantasies funded.

Bambi's hand now gripped the base of Lady B's shaft and worked it, firmly and expertly. Lady B was already counting the money this little slut would earn her when the climax came, swallowed merrily by the air-headed bimbo whose head bobbed in her lap.

Almost directly beneath the room where Bambi tended to Lady B's needs, Lyla found herself bent over a chair, tufts of its stuffing coming out of the armrest, with her own share of semen dribbling from her ass down her stockinged thigh. All of the furniture in the maids' quarters had been requisitioned from the discarded furniture of the Institute classrooms and dormitories, falling to the needs of the

Institute's servants after being discarded by its staff and students. The maids didn't mind, though.

Theirs was a world almost wholly separate from that of the rest of the Institute. They were the scurrying ants of the facility, hard-working and silent. Amongst themselves, however, there was a hierarchy and a unique set of delights.

Claudia was standing behind the chair, her pink-ribboned and thin cock tended to by their newest maid. Lyla licked the cock that had just been plunged inside her clean, eager to please the head maid of the Institute staff. She had been used by all of the others, save the last, the maid who commanded the most respect in their circle. Lyla opened her eyes narrowly to glimpse Roberta standing off to the side, arms folded over her chest as she watched, shoulder angled against a shelf of linens.

"Good girl," Claudia said, stepping back to slide her narrow member from the maid's lips.

Lyla hugged the back of the chair, relaxing, her body tired from use, yet the embers of newfound lust glowed in her belly. To be of use was the most important thing, whether it was her service to the needs of the Institute or her sister maids, Lyla knew this above all else - it was good to serve.

"Sit up, pretty," Roberta said with a comforting smile. She guided Lyla to her feet, noting the stains of drying cum that washed the back of her stockings. She would need to be cleaned again before she could be allowed to begin her rounds at the Institute, where she would first be assigned to laundry duties. Now, though, she would need to be properly inducted and rinse away the last remnants of the life that had come before.

Lyla shivered, not from cold but from the presence of the maid all there envied to one degree or another. Roberta was personal maid to Lady B, and, as such, the closest most of them came to the presence of the shemale goddess they served. Roberta held aloft a thin strip of pink, lined by soft white lace.

"Welcome to the family, honey," Roberta smiled and knelt down. She handled Lyla's girly cock carefully as to not arouse her further, lifting it to wrap the pink ribbon around the breadth of it and tie it with

a delicate bow at the top. When Lyla felt the ribbon circle her shamefully flaccid manhood, the last subliminal tumbler turned and Lyla understood her place wholly. Not just to serve, though that was certainly what pleased her most, but to live as a quiet cog in the machinery of the Institute. Her sisters, the other maids who paused and gathered around to see the final transition from stranger to maid, to one of them, looked on as a happy glaze settled on Lyla's features and she stood straighter, proud of her own usefulness.

"Thank you, Roberta," Lyla said, genuinely moved, brimming over with happiness at the purpose she recognized in herself. She would be forever trapped in this gray twilight of gender, understood best by those who wore the same uniform. She belonged.

"Before you get cleaned up to do your duties," Roberta said, stopping Lyla even as she started for the communal showers the maids shared, "I believe I deserve a better thank you than that."

Lyla grinned, nodding, turning around to offer her ass to the maid, bending at the waist. Roberta stepped behind her, her diminutive erection stretching upward in search of Lyla's waiting hole. When she entered the new maid, Roberta remembered her own induction into this family of servitude, and that thought alone drove her pace toward the climax that, like all climaxes, was courtesy of Lady B.

She was stiff when she woke, but even that fleeting thought brought a smile. The machines beside the bed had been taken away, which meant she was on her way to recovery, though she could not precisely recall what had happened, only that there had been an accident of some kind. The nurse informed her that she had also been given an augmentation while she was under, and to be careful with the new additions to her figure. That pleased her, as she loved her full tits nearly as much as she loved Lady B's decadent kisses. She hoped her lover would enjoy them as much as she would.

She dismissed the nurse to dress, tenderly adjusting her new breasts within the tube dress, which accented her narrow waist and the flare of her hips. Her new tits were heavy on her chest and sore

when they jiggled, but she was pleased with the way the ever-hard nipples pitched little tents in the fabric.

She slipped on a pair of black heels with wicked four inch spikes and sat at the vanity to finish her makeup. She would need some more rest before the bags under her eyes disappeared, but she drew attention away with rouge on her cheeks and a shimmering peach lipstick that brought out the red in her hair. Her lips were puffy, synthetic-looking, which also pleased her. She was a picture of enhanced beauty, somehow entrancing in her fabricated appeal.

She slipped a sable fur from the closet over her shoulders, appreciating the bulge at her crotch that the tube dress highlighted. With any luck, that part of the package would get some attention at the club tonight. It was, after all, one of the few places on her body that wasn't sore.

The sight of the latex doll, this one clad in blue, waiting at the open door told her all she needed to know. Lady B would be waiting for her at the club.

She "oomphed" a bit as she slid into the back of the sedan, the door shutting behind her at the hand of the latex servant, and she held her new tits for a moment to keep them still. Despite the fact that they were sore, she also felt a sting of pleasure and scolded herself silently for kneading them a moment more than she should have.

She was out the door and on the way inside the moment the car stopped before the Pink Pussycat, and she enjoyed seeing the eyes on her as she waggled her hips with each step. The flashing, multi-colored lights and deep bass hit her like a wave of sight and sound, and she paused to take in the room. All around, members of the public, mostly men with a few brave women scattered amidst the four dozen patrons, drank and laughed and hooted as dancers on all three stages twirled around the poles.

She saw Lady B at a private table, roped off to the side, alone for the moment. She navigated the steps, trying to keep out of Lady B's sight until she slid long-nailed fingers over Lady B's eyes.

"Guess who?" she asked, her swollen lips close to Lady B's ear.

"Aurora!"

Aurora, previously Ian Klein, though she would never think again of that name, and would certainly never answer to it, pressed her lips to Lady B's and was pleasantly surprised to find a gin-flavored tongue awaiting her. They kissed for a long moment, broken only when Lady B's hand ventured to Aurora's breast, drawing a hiss from her.

"I'm sorry," Lady B laughed, "I forgot how new those were."

"Your idea?" Aurora asked, taking a seat beside her friend and lover.

"I thought you'd be pleased."

"Always," Aurora said and they laughed together. "Who's she?"

Aurora leveled a nail at the girl on stage, whipping her dirty blonde hair around as she twisted her torso up to show off a healthy pair of natural breasts. Far smaller than Aurora's, but not without their appeal.

"Bambi," Lady B said, and Aurora thought she detected a note of pride in her voice. "Just started tonight."

"We ought to break her in properly, don't you think?"

"You're sure you're up for it?"

Aurora laughed. "Honey, when have you known me to turn down a fuck?"

"Not once," Lady B agreed with a lascivious smile. "As soon as she comes off stage."

True to her word, Lady B led them both backstage where Bambi, still dressing in a pink one piece that sported cutaways between her breasts and around her waist, waited.

"Lady B!" she cried, hopping, her alluring assets jiggling within the confines of her bodysuit.

"Bambi, I want you to meet a special friend of mine, Lady Aurora."

"Mmmm..." Bambi purred. "She's sexy."

Aurora smiled and waggled her finger at Bambi, who drew close. Aurora's hands drifted from Bambi's neck to her breasts, cupping and lifting them with a lecherous squeeze.

"I definitely want to try this one," she said.

Lady B led them upstairs to one of the escort rooms, this one draped in purple velvet with a circular bed in the middle of the room, a sex swing hung above the matching purple sheets. Aurora stood on one side of the girl, Lady B on the other, peeling the bodysuit off her until she stood nude between them. Bambi kept a hand on Lady B's shecock, stroking it, while her tongue met Aurora's.

Aurora pushed the trio forward until all three of them were on the bed, Bambi naked between them. Bambi crawled in a circle until her mouth found Lady B's sex, closing her eyes as she descended on the fleshy pole. She moaned as she felt Aurora's hands on her hips, secretly hoping the shemale would take her in her as-yet unused ass.

She opened her mouth around Lady B's flesh to groan as she felt the tip of Lady Aurora's cock press against her tight rectum and push inside.

"She's wonderful," Aurora sighed, feeling her cock push deep into the slutty stripper's ass. She found an unnameable satisfaction in using this girl, but it was undeniable. She found a faster rhythm, driving Bambi's head onto Lady B's waiting shaft, the pair of gorgeous shemales filling Bambi at either end.

Aurora met Lady B's eyes, feeling an unexpected and overwhelming gratitude for a gift she could not recall. As she came, Aurora gripped the stripper's hips with long nails and moaned, eager to experience all the pleasures the new slut could provide.