

The Solution

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Please send any comments/suggestions to me at froman.author@gmail.com. They are appreciated and warmly received.

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Introduction

This story was written for and inspired by my muse and my Lady, Miss Porcelaina Valeriana. Sometimes there are complications to life and relationships, lines you think you can't cross, don't want to, or can't quite dare to. Sometimes you think too much about what is impossible, and why things can't work. There is a solution to those problems, those choices -- sometimes you might not even want it, but you might need it. Sometimes you need decisions made for you. Would you dare? Would you even be given the choice?

Chapter One

I'd gone to bed so frustrated that I was sure sleep was a lost cause, but the glow of the TV in my empty apartment had grown to bother me. It was hard enough to find a great date or lover – as the late night dating service infomercials had been reminding me – but add into that a collection of kinks and “unusual” desires and it was even harder, maybe even impossible.

Anyone I met online might seem to be perfect, but I couldn't quite deal with the unknown of how they'd really be in person, never mind that it seemed a terrible truism that the more appealing the mind and body the farther away she was sure to be.

The one woman I wanted, the one I felt so connected to was the one that seemed to represent all of the desires and aches and lusts that had only caused me so much unhappiness in the past.

Sleep finally came and still my uneasy, dream-filled mind raced.

I awoke in a jolt, my body suddenly tense with panic. A bright light burned my eyes, blinding me. I heard muffled noises and saw the moving shadows – someone was in my apartment, my bedroom! Heavy, gloved hands held me down as I tried to get up and struggle and fight, and the strange-smelling

cloth pushed over my nose and mouth robbed me of the panic I knew I should be feeling as I drifted into unconsciousness.

The next time my eyes opened, I felt strange and groggy. My mind quickly told me that he was standing, then expanded on that to let me know my hands were somehow restrained over my head and my legs were pulled wide open. I couldn't speak, and I fought a gagging reflex as I became truly aware of how large the rubber cock-gag filling my mouth was.

She moved into my view. I'd seen her image, but it didn't prepare me for the power of her in person.

"I know you've been frustrated, uneasy, afraid and all of that. So, I've found a solution. You don't know what you want to do, or how to do it, or what it will mean. So, I'm taking the decision from you. You're mine now – not because you want to be, but because I've taken you.

"I'm not going to tell you where you are. I will tell you that all of your clothing and possessions are gone. Some have been donated to charity, some will be sold – I'll take the proceeds to offset the costs of your training and use. Your apartment lease has been given up. A rather convincing letter will inform your boss that you've quit. Even if they doubted it, you won't be returning there.

"Now, to start."

I screamed into the gag as she shoved the plug into my ass. Filling your own ass with a toy allows you generosity of lube and pace – not so this time. She grabbed my cock and pulled it out from my body while she wrapped it and my balls in a tight harness – finished off with a pink bow, I noticed.

She then placed the leather collar around my neck, secured with a rather imposing lock, I also saw.

"At this point, you might expect me to remove your gag and ask you what you think about me making you live out your fantasy and have you agree to it. Here's something else to get used to: You're mine – I've made it so with my chains. I've taken you. You are my property, my slut, and if you know what's good for you, you'll do what I tell you. As for what you think about it, you sissy whore, I couldn't fucking care less. Think about that."

She shut off the lights as she left me there.

Chapter Two

My tongue, pierced with both a ring through the tip and a bar in the middle, was kept pressed against the dildo gag. The gag filled my mouth at most

times, unless She wished my tongue on her or in her, or if I was being fed. For me to drink She had me suck fluids from another, incredibly realistic dildo, in order to make my humiliation continuous.

Some days I was dressed in the frilliest of pink panties, bras and lace, with a lace bow tight around my cock and balls and a large pink plug stuffing my ass. Other days I might wear only her chains. Really terrible days were Her favourite, when I was naked and outside all day, often in the rain. She might let me use a doghouse for cover, or some days I was chained just out reach of it.

Something was up today, though. I'd been showered and cleaned from head to toe. My whole body had been shaved – even my head. Looking down at my naked body, I could see I was now more fit and my skin glowed. I saw the feeding cock brought to me and without a second thought I kneeled and began to suck at it. The worst part was that She made me “prime” it by sucking and licking at it, virtually blowing it, before She would let food flow.

There was a taste in it that I was also beginning to recognize... I cursed silently as the drugs made consciousness flee... She loved to have me helpless and unconscious when She did her worst.

I never got used to the slow, groggy awakenings. It took time to remember where I was, and then within that context, what had been done to me. To help him this time, she had suspended me by my wrists in front of a mirror, though this was confusing at first, because I didn't recognize myself. Trying to breathe deeply confirmed that it was indeed my body squeezed into the form I saw before me by a wickedly laced corset. My legs looked so elegant in those stockings with perfectly aligned seams and wonderful silver clasps at the garters. The shoes must have six-inch heels and were locked on with glinting silver locks. My head was covered with a long, blonde wig, and hair fell over my heavily made-up face. My lips were bright red around a wide, circular ring gag. A tiny bell hung from the ring in my tongue.

Adding to my surprising curves were a pair of rather full breasts under a lacy white fitted blouse. My hips also seemed to bulge under a petticoat-lifted short skirt. A white lace apron, matching my blouse, hung over the front of the skirt. Most out of place, and clearly shown by his current posture, was my cock dangling below the hemline of my skirt – stiff and held that way with a tight bow of pink ribbon.

In short, I looked like a slutty serving wench.

She let me down and I stumbled at first on the heels. What actually made me fall was the sudden shock of burning pain in my ass. “Yes, that goes off if you don't obey,” was all She said.

The doorbell rang, and the look in her eyes made it clear that I was to answer it. I saw the decorations in the great hall as I passed through it on my way. A lot of “good bye” and “good luck.” I paused at the door, with a slight uneasy feeling, and turned back to her. My gagged mouth could do little but drool, but she read the questions in his eyes.

“Yes, whore, it’s your goodbye party. Open the fucking door.”

As I swung it open to allow in the people I’d worked with for years, I fully understood the lack of mercy in my Lady.

Chapter Three

I had barely slept at all with the icy cold rain pelting my body, naked in my cage. She had put the cage out on the back of an open pickup truck last night and locked me into it. My wrists were locked to cuffs attached to the front corners and my ankles to the opposite corners. I could do nothing but kneel on all fours. Attached to one side was a pole with large pink rubber cock and balls poking into the cage – or more accurately, into my mouth. Only once it had been jammed in to the point of near gagging had it been locked in place. A matching one, or larger going by the feeling, had been similarly and firmly pushed into my ass and locked there.

So there I knelt, like a pig on spit, my naked body impaled on two obscene rubber cocks, outside, in the pouring rain, waiting for morning or release or sleep or simply unconsciousness.

If it wasn’t enough, my cock and balls were throbbing. My Lady, her slaves, or myself at her command, had been teasing regularly without release for about ten days. My balls felt heavy and full with a pulsing ache. To make sure I felt it, pink ribbon made a tight bow around the base of my shaft.

Sunrise found me still there, the cold rainwater dripping down off me, as I was stuffed and suckling rubber for yet another hour. Shivering with a dildo tight and rammed inside you is a unique sensation.

I must have passed out for a while, because it was the movement of the truck that woke me. Of course, there was no tarp or cover over my cage, so my humiliating situation was evident to anyone who bothered to look – not that I could turn my head to be aware of it. The hum of the tires on the highway had the effect of a vibrator on my prostate, and my ribbon-encased cock when as hard as it could. I was exhausted and I didn’t even feel like a person any more – certainly not a man. At least the sun came out and along with the wind it dried me.

The switch from paved roads to country gravel meant merciless bouncing transferred from the road to the truck bed to the cage to the plug to my ass.

Finally the truck stopped, and I felt the tears on my cheeks. I heard her voice.

“We’re here, slut, at the farm. Now your easy days are over and we’ll get you to work to earn your keep.”

Chapter Four

I didn’t really think any more, not in the way I used to. It was more a kind of mental humming, or static, as I passed from one dehumanizing torture to the next.

Each morning, I was let out of my stall in the barn, with my bare flesh marked with the strands of hay that were my only bedding. I was led into a small wooden enclosure, and the newness of morning making me freshly aware that my ass was full of a large plug, with an attached horsehair tail teasing my thighs. A bowl of warmish gruel was dumped before me, and hunger drove my face into it. My hands and legs were locked to the four corners of the stall, so I could not move from my position on all fours, and was kept in the middle of the space.

I know each time that it’s coming, but I find I still try to pretend, or to ignore it, or just lose myself in the bowl of food, trying to forget. There is no avoiding it though, and Her hands attach the device to my cock as I keel there. It’s a modified milking machine, all cold steel and remorseless as it starts to work. It is an odd feeling as it sucks and works on me, and every day my body betrays me, and my cock stiffens for it. It is growing more demanding, pulling at me, sucking, until finally I cum for it – my face messy with the dripping gruel, locked in place, muscles tight and spasming, gripping at the plug stuffing me, and my cum sucked out of me, down the clear pipes, to who knows where.

After milking, the plug is removed and I’m allowed bladder and bowel relief, and then I’m cleaned. No hot shower, but rather led outside by a leather lead and sprayed down with icy cold water and soap. The powerful spray is pushed into my mouth, over my flesh and of course between my ass cheeks. Once my keeper is satisfied, I am re-tailed, leather mitts are locked onto my hands and lower legs. A rubber bit gag is pulled into my mouth and locked there by its harness. Another harness is fitted over my shoulders and torso, and I am led out to begin another day of hard labour. There are days I am just called upon to drag things across the yard and fields, with Her laughter filling my ears. I’ll be moving them back to where they started tomorrow.

Chapter Five

There were days on end that I spent bound out in the pasture on a wooden cross. Itching hay was pushed in the tops of my stockings and overstuffed my panties and the bra I was made to wear. My arms were outstretched and I was helpless but to squirm, made into a living, sissified scarecrow.

This day, after waking and milking and washing, I'm taken to a new place. "It's time to pack you up for the return trip, slave," is her only explanation.

A balloon-like gag is pushed into my mouth. A similar plug is worked into my ass. A kind of rubber donut encircles my cock and balls. Clear rubber tubes dangle from all three devices. My wrists are cuffed behind me and then leather straps trap my arms against my body tightly. More straps hold my legs tight at mid thigh, above and below my knees, and at my ankles.

Before I am wrapped up completely, I watch immobile as you attach some device to the tubes. I can hear it start to hum moments before I feel all three attachments start to inflate and grow. My mouth is stuffed so full that my cheeks swell as the gag inflates within me. My cock is gripped tightly, mercilessly as the donut enlarges, getting tighter around me as it also makes them poke out perpendicularly from my body. The plug inside my ass swells, growing, stretching me so wide, pushing deeper and wider, until I feel it will tear me open.

"There, slut, all safe for travel – it is like you're wrapped in air-bags. Though I should tell you, all of these are filled up with the cum we've been sucking from you this trip. Not all of it, of course, as we'll find uses for that for some time. Of course this morning's offering is still warm."

I'm dropped in a coffin-sized packing crate, with a few small holes to give the only light and air. Before you nail down the lid, I lay helpless as the bowl of warm cum is poured over my face.

Chapter Six

It is a strange thing to be un-packed and pushed back into a small wire cage in a dark cold dungeon. It is stranger still to experience it and feel that you are finally back home.

There was no time for me to revel in that, or any other, sensation. It seems as soon as I woke, I was being taken up to the upper floors, dressed in what I now recognized as my "public" uniform: four-inch red patent leather heels locked on over red vintage stockings, the garters correctly fixed to the garter belt before the addition of matching red lace trimmed panties. The ends of the pink ribbon bow laced tight around my cock and balls teased out of the tiny undergarment. Add on the tightly laced waist cincher and the bright red

lipstick and my long hair teased and curled into a bouncy mass, and I was ready for another humiliating experience.

With my ankles in leather cuffs linked by an 18-inch hobble chain, I was brought out to the driveway, looking even more ridiculous in the bright light of day, among the normality and beauty of the outdoors

My Lady had a new car, vintage, like one of those old checker cabs, but all in black and lilac. I was taken around to the driver's seat – confused, as I was surely not going to be allowed to drive.

Even as I was lowered in the driver's seat area, I was not sure what was happening. Once in place, it became clearer. My arms, pulled tight behind me, elbows touching, were strapped tight against my body, and my upper body was similarly strapped to the frame. A plug was pushed up into my ass as I was fully pushed down in place, and legs too were strapped in place. My cock was pulled out of the hem of my panties and was obscenely hard, pushed up against my belly. A penis gag was stuffed into my mouth and buckled tight as a final touch.

I was not to drive my Lady's car – I was instead to be her car seat. She arrived outside as my preparations were completed, and she giggled and clapped in glee. She wiggled down onto me and her lovely firm ass was agony against my cock. She slid back and forth, slid around and bounced, testing me out as a proper support for her.

My Lady started the car, and flipped a switch on the dashboard started the dildo inside me to vibrating. With that, she fastened her seat belt, put the car in gear, and she began her trip – a trip that ended up consisting of numerous errands, with lots of opportunities for her to dismount and remount her tortured car seat. In more public areas, like shopping mall parking lots, she would cover me with a thin satin throw, but other times she counted only on the light tight of the windows to keep me her secret.

We finally arrived home, back where we started, though once more it was a journey that took me even deeper in to her ownership.

Chapter Seven

My Lady was so amused by my performance as her car seat that she decided to reduce me to other objects in her home and life as a regular part of my enslavement to her. At night, I was still her caged animal, sleeping naked in my cage, but the days and evenings held any number of further humiliations.

There were simple ones, like the long evening I spend stripped and painted the colour of deep wood, on all fours with a slab of glass balanced on my back, while My Lady sat nearby. She would set nearly full glasses of wine on

the tabletop to test my stillness, with a clear and unspoken punishment waiting for me should a single drop spill.

My flesh still jumps with the memory of the long dinner spent as Her centerpiece and candelabra. Bound out on my back, stretched tight to the four corners, my hands held long candles. Another was pushed into my mouth. As well, shocking pools of wax held others on my chest, stomach and thighs. I had to hold myself still, even as they burned, and endure the sudden pain of dripping wax all over, at any time. Enthusiastic dinner guests obviously enjoyed testing me, seeing how still I could stay as they pinched me, poked me with their forks and knives, dribbled food over me, or even stroked my cock stiff and then dripped hot wax painfully onto its purple head.

Another evening was spent with me hobbled though a wickedly simple bondage – my arms bound double with straps holding my hands up near my elbows, and similarly my legs bent and bound, feet up near my ass. Able to crawl only on my elbows and knees, I was naked. An obscene dildo protruded from the gag strapped tightly into my mouth. Stuffed into my ass was the handle of a frying pan, which served as the tray by which I carried around the drinks and snacks my Lady wished me to convey to her guests. Additionally tormenting me we were swaying weights, attached via tight harness to my cock and balls, making each motion a painful one.

These experiences were always a mix of pain, embarrassment, stress and strain. My Lady frightened me most when she told me that I'd soon beg for such easy treatment, and the lovely times I'd had, once she finished her plans to "complete my capture."

Chapter Eight

The only explanation she chose to give me was that it was "preparation."

I was carefully prepared, that is for sure. I was cleaned, and shaved from head to toe – completely. A lubricated plug was pushed inside my ass – I could feel the generous amount of lube squish and ooze as it was pushed home – and noticed a rather large tube coming from it. Leather straps were applied, staring at my feet and moving up my legs, immobilizing them together. Once the straps were buckled tight, a second layer was added, and what seemed like elasticized tape or wrapping was slowly wound around me, until no flesh at all was exposed from toe to my waist – save for my cock and balls which had been carefully kept in view and available.

Then it was time for my arms – they were laced behind me in a leather single sleeve – tightened until my elbows touched behind me. Even now, I was surprised as the wrapping continued, around my torso and helpless arms, mummifying me up to my shoulders.

Now, even more careful measures were taken. Small earphone buds were placed in my ears, and covered over with black bondage tape. Tape was also pressed down over my eyes, trapping me in darkness. I could only feel the latex hood pulled over my bald head – so tight and complete.

I could feel the pressure on every square inch of my head. Over the hood, a gag was strapped – a rubber dildo gag that filled my mouth, and from what my tongue could discern, it was moulded rather realistically. It was buckled tight, but I noticed that I could actually breathe through it. Another tube was fed through the centre of it, clearly.

I felt the wrapping completed as I lay there, covering even the hood. I tried to imagine how I now looked – a body-shaped lump wrapped in grey fabric – with the bizarre additions of a couple protruding tubes and my only exposed flesh – my genitals. I couldn't see, smell, hear or move. The only taste was the sharp rubber of the gag. It felt strange and otherworldly.

I felt myself lifted up, carried, moved somewhere. All I can tell you is that my new resting place was so soft as to feel like I was floating.

Then, in the forced silence: My Lady's voice. "You are mine, the whole of you, slave, and all you will experience only what I wish, for as long as I choose."

Have you ever closed your eyes, to listen harder? To avoid the distraction of one sense to another? I was laying there, unable to move, unable to see, completely cut out from my surroundings. I think it was for days. Every once in a while I would feel and taste thick paste ooze from the dildo gag, and I would eagerly suck at it. At first I had thought that my cock exposed would be just for torment or torture, but I mostly just felt the embarrassing sensation of a catheter connected, by which I would relieve myself. My bowels were cleaned for me with a sudden, shocking flow of warm water in through the plug that would fill me and flush out, three times in succession. I think it happened once a day.

I couldn't discern sleep from waking after a period of time. Sometimes music would be pumped into my ears. Sometimes it would be my own voice – My Lady had recorded my begging and pleading for use on a number of occasions. Sometimes it was a repetitive mantra, telling me how I was slave, property, a toy for My Lady to play with. It was a delirious dream. I think there were periods of the non-stop sounds of women's orgasms. The noises became inseparable from my own thoughts. Similarly, it was impossible to discern dreams from waking imagination.

During the first couple of days, I would occasionally be overcome by the madness of it. I would try to thrash, move, escape – I don't know. I don't

think that the maddening itch of my hair starting to grow back helped at all. It began to drive me crazy – of that I'm sure.

Eventually I began to think of myself as just a floating consciousness, perhaps just a fantasy of My Lady. Was I just a dream of hers? It is hard, even now, to gather up those thoughts into cohesiveness. I became distanced from my body – eating, peeing and the dull ache became a background noise to the buzz of my thoughts.

Without light, without points of reference, without daily events, time became meaningless. I really don't know how long I was there. I don't know if I was drugged when I was released, or if I was just unconscious.

I know this: I woke up stretched out in a wooden frame, naked and upright. The light was so bright, shining right in my face, so I could barely make out the silhouette of My Lady. She smiled wickedly.

“Now,” she whispered into my ear, “nothing brings a slave back into his body like pain.” She had a flogger in her hand.

Chapter Nine

I never felt more tangible fear.

I vividly remember when she took me, and all the shock and surprise of it. How she simply told me I was hers, finally, and how I was afraid of what was to come. Mixed in that then was eagerness though – being shocked onto a road that might take me where I had longed to be.

Locked in that frame, before her, with that look in her wide eyes, there was only fear.

After days in the dark, I could barely see – just Her, her desire, and bright white light. My body felt numb, still distant and separate from what my swirling thoughts had re-made me into during my mummification. Was that a dream? Was this?

I felt the leather stick for just a split-second, as her open palm slapped across my face hard, stirring me out of my thoughts. It was so jarring; such a sudden jerk back into the world, but it was only beginning.

While I felt my cheek burn and throb, I looked down helplessly as My Lady started to decorate my body with clothespins, out of a disturbingly full bag. I noticed with the strange sensation of the first one gripping my nipple, thoughtfully pinched and twisted first, that she or one of her slaves had carefully glued small squares of sandpaper to the teeth of them.

Each pinched and gripped bit of flesh started its own journey of sensations from the initial pain, through the building ache, past a period of near numbness, and back into a pounding, throbbing pulse of hurt. There was no way for me to keep track of them – they circled my nipples as well as gripping them. There were lines of them down my sides, down the insides of my thighs. Of course special attention was paid to my cock and balls. I was stroked stiff, only to lengthen me so that I might take more clothespins on my shaft, along the sides and bottom. Every bit of flesh on my ballsack that could be pinched was held tight by the scraping teeth.

An eternity later, once she finally seemed satisfied with the decoration, she stood and observed my tortured form – and added three more to grip my tongue and keep it dangling out of my mouth, one more piece of tortured meat. The entire front of my body was a pulse of pain, throbbing with each thump of my racing heart. She simply smiled, licked her lips, and stepped behind me.

I screamed when the first stripe of the whip landed across my back – a wet, drooling, mumbled scream. It felt like pure fire, a stripe of vivid pain, like the lash had cut into me. It was followed soon after by another. And another. My Lady built up a rhythm, slow and steady, and with just enough variation to keep me from knowing when the next slice of pain would come, not to mention where.

The lashes hit up and down my back. They generously marked my ass. The backs of my thighs and calves burned as they welts rose on the tight muscled flesh. My Lady had even been so thorough as to bend down to make sure that the soles of my feet were expertly lashed. The pain was intense, and my whole body shook and spasmed with each strike. I was screaming and moaning, though my mouth felt so full as my tongue swelled under the bite of the clothespins. Pain was firing every never ending; it consumed every thought. I was sure I could take no more, but I was never asked.

The times I passed out, twice, I was awoken with a bucket of ice-cold water that hit me like a wall. Spread there, panting, dripping, with each limited motion of my body shaking the clothespins that tortured me. I simply whimpered and cried as she started again.

The body seemed split in half with sensations. My back was a burning fire, and I could almost feel the raised welts criss-crossing my flesh. Each one seemed hypersensitive now, like I could feel even the slow motion of air across them. The front of me was enveloped in a swollen, throbbing, dull aching pain.

I was reunited as one when she came around the front of me. Her eyes never left mine it seemed, locking me in her gaze, as she swung her leather flogger. Fresh pain struck hard – not only the strike of the flogger against skin, but the impact sent clothespins flying to the floor with a clatter and a

broken scream. This was how My Lady cleaned my body of the clothespins. One vicious stroke at a time, she struck them from me. I suppose that it was some kind of mercy that she switched to a crop, to more accurately strike away those on my genitals, but the pain seared my mind nonetheless.

I had been broken. I think I knew for sure then, that as she had taken me, she could end me. I hung there, a piece of swollen and bruised meat. I tried to look down over my marked and throbbing body, but as I was cut down and allowed to fall onto a mattress that had been brought forward, I believe I simply passed out. Her whisper in my ear escorted me into a world of tormented dreams, “You mind, and your body, are all mine. I need to show you these things. There is another lesson to come.”

Chapter Ten

Recover was, in its own way, even more training. I was kept from feeling too much of the welts, bruises and soreness with some rather effective painkillers. I was kept from seeing the full extent of it all by the blindfolds that I wore nearly constantly, throughout the recovery period, except for when I was strapped down for bathing.

I was dressed only in orthopaedic items of clothing – special shoes cradled my feet while the sensitive flesh healed, even though I was not permitted to walk. For all of those times I was conscious, I was either kept strapped to my bed or secured into a customized wheelchair. It still included some teasing elements, like a thin, ice cold vibrating insert that snaked into my ass, but for the most part, I was treated with kid gloves as the marks of my rough use faded.

Strangely, while I was not permitted to move on my own, I did spend many hours strapped into a machine that would exercise my muscles – both through repetitive actions and via electrical pulses sent via pads stuck onto my skin.

Even though I was kept in the dark and nearly immobile, it was nothing like my session of isolation. I was a part of things, or at least in the world of my Lady’s house, I just could not participate. I was wheeled into rooms where sessions or punishments were taking place, as I heard the screams and whimpers of pain and pleasure. Sometimes I was wheeled outside, to take in the sun on my flesh.

Slowly, I could feel the pain of my pain session fade, though the memory was vivid. I remember the realization that I could have hard cock without pain for the first time. I felt nearly myself again, so it confused me that my “recovery” treatment persisted. I was still kept in the dark, and unable to move on my own except for my physiotherapy sessions for many days. I was

kept in the protective footwear as well, even during cleaning sessions, or during the application of healing and soothing lotions.

Rather than the treatments decreasing, they seemed to increase. I started to be fitted with a tight waist cincher as well. Longer sessions of treatment would take place while I was bound down, and I found myself passing out during them, in what seemed like extreme fatigue, only to wake an unknown amount of time later, to find the exercises, massages and probing still continuing.

About three weeks after the extended treatments had begun I know something was different, as my trip to out of my room (as always blindfolded in my wheelchair) took me outside. I felt the heat of the sun and the cool air on my skin before the chair was lifted into what I guessed was some sort of van. We drove for about 40 minutes or so before I was unloaded once more, this time with a sheet thrown over me.

I was wheeled into some sort of building that had that familiar office smell, and once led into a quiet room, I was unlocked from the chair, the sheet was removed, and my blindfold was removed. I found myself in a bright, bare room, alone with my Lady, and naked except for the tight waist cincher. She commanded me to stand. When I obeyed, I felt a shooting pain down the backs of my calves. I gasped out loud and tried to reduce the sensation my balancing on toes.

“Yes, you should find that the treatment your feet and legs have received should make it rather painful for you to walk or stand in anything less than a five inch heel, slut.” She giggled, and tossed me a pair of stockings to put on before the pair of imposing stilettos she held out. I quickly complied – the pain overcoming my embarrassment.

I stood there, surreally stripped but for sexy stockings and women’s footwear, as she started to explain my situation. “You may recall, in your past life, before I took you, that you worked in an office, with a position of some responsibility, like a normal man. You had some desires, but you didn’t quite have the nerve to act on them, so I made that decision for you. I took you, as my slave and whore and plaything. Your co-workers and bosses were simply told that you quite and moved. Of course,” she smiled, “your good-bye party made your actual situation more clear to them.”

“Since then, I think that I’ve taught you some of how to please me, and how to properly obey me. More than that, I’ve worked to make a couple of other things clear to you: Your mind is mine, your dreams are mine, and your body is mine – all to do with as I wish. Do you understand, slave boy?”

I nodded urgently, “Yes, My Lady. I understand.”

“Good. Today is another lesson, and a rather important one. Do you remember your old office building, your old job, and your old co-workers?” I nodded. ”Do you remember how you guarded your true self from them, and all your vanilla friends?” Once again, I nervously confirmed. “Do you recall that even as you dreamed of being a slave boy, you kept your position of importance and responsibility, living a double life, doing what you wanted, submitting on your own time, when you chose?”

I was afraid now, stuttering, “Y... y... yes, my Lady.”

“Good slut. Well, this is your old office building. And I’ve managed to secure your old job – not for you, but for another one of my gifted slaves. She is lovely and talented – so much an improvement over you, in fact, that she will be making more money than you did, and she got to bring in her own assistant. Her assistant, my slave whore, is you.”

My head seemed to fill up with buzzing, heavy sound as it all hit me.

“You will wear what I tell you. You will, of course, be dressed as a woman. The training we’ve given your legs will keep you hairless and in perfect posture, as will your corset. During your sessions, we’ve also plumped up your lips, and given you cheek implants that will make you look so much prettier, but I really don’t think you’ll be able to fool those people who knew you before, but you can try, if you wish. Now, get dressed.”

I was so stunned as to be unable to move, until I felt my Lady’s open palm hard and loud against my face. “Dress, whore, don’t make me repeat myself.”

My uniform consisted of the stockings and heels, lacy pink panties over a leather harness that trapped my cock and balls, teasing me stiff when I least wanted to be. I was given a matching bra, fitted to the DD breast forms that I was given to fill it. My waist was cinched tight, giving me rather shocking curves. A tight fitted dress was zipped onto me that showed off every inch of my modified figure. It was so short as to nearly expose the tops of my stockings, and to make me very aware of the swollen cock straining my panties, that it might be exposed. I was sprayed with perfume and given a whorish coat of makeup and lipstick. My hair was long enough, and already in girlish curls, so only a pink ribbon was added, to complete my look.

“Now, whore, get to work. You will lunch with the girls from the secretarial pool today, and every day. And if anyone asks if you are really the man they used to know, you are to tell them that you used to be, but now you are Emily.” With a slap of my ass, she pushed me out, into the shockingly familiar halls.

The walk to my old office, only to take a seat out side of it, was an eternity, full of clicking heels and shocking stares. Some started off in appreciation of

my figure and high-heeled walk, only to turn into a shocking recognition as my face came closer. Men and women would approach, a question on their lips, only to be too shocked by me to be able to state their questions, or perhaps their eyes alone told them the humiliating truth.

I had thought that my Lady had already taken it all: my body and my mind, but I that day that she took my entire life – past, present and future.

The End