

Preparations for Afternoon Tea
by Suzette la Soubrette

Themes: feminization, sissification, FLR, female trickery, cajoling, coaxing, and teasing, Pavlovian conditioning, lingerie, hosiery, corsetry, heels, B&D, spanking, pegging, humiliation, gradual transformation.

Scene One: Backstage

"Ah, there you are my pretty pet! All nice and comfy on your pretty perch, are we?"

I hear Miss Debra's cheerful voice from behind me. I scan the large, ornate, gold-framed mirror hanging on the wall before me, straining my corseted neck to determine her whereabouts. I quickly spot the reflection of her pretty face, as she playfully peeks between the lush heavy folds of the stage curtain that separates this luxurious dressing area from the rest of the conservatory.

"My, I see Fifi has been as attentive to detail as ever!" Miss Debra parts the curtain, then slowly and confidently strides around my dressing stand with feline grace, as if sizing up the extent of my humiliating - and to her - amusing, predicament.

"Remind me to give her a special reward for being such a good little French maid, won't you, Darling? Yes, a well-deserved reward for naughty Fifi. First, some playtime with you, Darling, then I'll spank her little bubble butt for being so naughty to you, followed by a nice pummeling of her puss and bottom with my favorite, strap-on. Mmmm!"

JINGLE JINGLE

My pretty bells jingle an enthusiastic affirmative to her plans as I find myself automatically responding to her the best way I can under the circumstances; by nodding my head the few fractions of an inch that are permitted by my neck corset and restraints, including check reins attached to my gag strap and to the display stand, keeping my head very erect and practically immobile. I also wiggle my bottom and breasts, as I've been trained to do under Debra's and Fifi's attentive supervision and the encouragement of their paddles, whips, and gloved palms, with the liberal addition of girlish cajoling, laughing eyes, and sweet baby talk, like one might talk to a treasured puppy.

Speaking of puppies, it occurs to me that I'm demonstrating a Pavlovian response to Debra. I feel like I just want to dissolve into the thick carpet below me, or at least assume my proper position on my hands and knees, collared and leashed for walkies with Miss Debra.

Wait! *What?*

I am so mortified to find myself - formerly a very masculine, independent, self-reliant male - responding to her in such a humiliating way, as the well-trained lesbian-esque sex pet that I have become under her unrelenting control and tutelage.

"Oh I could just eat you up, Babykins!" she beams as she stops directly in front of me, her beautiful face close to mine, patting me on the head like you would a small child or adored pet.

Ohhh! How condescending!

Her wonderful perfume, her smile, her sparkling eyes, her thin, arched brows, her oh-so-kissable lips, intoxicate me with her femininity.

"Mmmmmm," I sigh. Heaven!

I feel butterflies in my tummy being this close to her, whenever I'm close to her. I can't get enough of her and she knows it.

"What's that, Darling? Oh, you like my perfume, do you? How sweet. It's the one you bought for me in Paris. Remember? Delicious. Yes, and such a sweet, delicious girly girl you've turned out to be," she smiles affectionately patting my cheek. "And don't you just love how Fifi has fixed my hair and applied my cosmetics?" she exclaims twirling her well manicured forefinger in one of her dangling red tendrils and batting her lush lashes at me.

JINGLE JINGLE

"Hah! And I just love your pretty hairdo and pale pink outfit, Darling! It's just like mine. We're twinsies! Except for your shiny little bells, of course," playfully flicking the bells attached to my sturdy nipple rings. Drumming her shiny red fingernails on my exposed breasts, she brings her face close to my ringed and belled nipples, as if to examine them closely. "Your rings are a tad sturdier than mine, Pet. But yours are quite suitable for one of your - uh, station, my darling lesbian fuck slut. Yes, quite suitable for my living sex doll. Don't ya' think?"

JINGLE JINGLE

Smiling mischievously, she steps back and continues walking around me as if sizing up a horse at auction.

I find myself straining to see the full effect of her beautiful light yellow outfit, from the toes of her sexy five-inch ankle-strap spike heels all the way up to the pretty little silk pillbox hat perched atop her pretty head. The darling hat is slightly tilted, and secured to her luxurious red hair that is piled on top of her head, with several flirtatious tendrils bouncing around her ears and nape. She looks so alluring, so confident, so in control.

Yikes! I suddenly shiver in fright and desire, realizing once again that I am putty in her pretty hands. Her tutu-style, taffeta skirt sticks almost straight out from her waist about eight inches. A cute little cloud of rustling petticoats under her stiff skirt swish and bounce hypnotically, barely concealing her stocking tops and panties, sending shivers up and down my spine. My eyes are like saucers, longing for a glimpse of her prettily pantied tush or smooth pussy. She has made me addicted to both. Her long legs are beautifully sheathed in pale yellow thigh-high stockings that extend to the tip tops of her sexy legs, attached to her corset by a dozen silk garters, just like mine. I feel the nerves in my bottom tingling, as if receiving a light shock from the electricity of her aura.

"Mmmttthhhtttwwttthhhh.... pppthhhlllzzzz!!!"

"What's that my pet? You know I can't understand a word you're saying with your pretty cock gag locked in that kissable mouth of yours," pretending distress with my unintelligible speech. I suck my silicone cock gag uncontrollably, like a baby sucking on a dummy. A plastic tube, connected to the IV bag hanging overhead, runs through the base of my gag, feeding me a constant mix of special herbs and other nutrients that I happened to have discovered on one of my business trips to Hong Kong; back in the days when I wore pin-stripped, custom-tailored suits. Those days are gone forever.

The concoction has the effect of giving me a nearly permanent erection - for her pleasure - of course. All for her pleasure, and her amusement, and that of any other woman with whom she cares to share her "lesbian" fuck slut, her latexed toy, her dolly girl.

She pauses to thoughtfully catch a thin line of drool dripping down my chin, then mischievously dabs it onto the tips of my hard nipples. "There we go, Pet. Toy's nips are nice and shiny now." Then she impulsively sucks my left nipple between her succulent lips, gently nibbling on it with her teeth.

She tugs on my engorged nipple, growling like a playful puppy, then releases it with a plop, smiling. She is such a mischievous tormentress.

She steps back. I can't help but admire her pretty hourglass figure, achieved in part by the beautiful pale-yellow satin corset, so feminine with its decorative fringe of white lace around the top and bottom - an exact duplicate of the baby pink one I have been laced into by Fifi, our maid. Funny, I think, that OUR maid has been given so much control over me, her employer. Grrr!

Miss Debra has a mischievous twinkle in her eyes. I quiver. The flirtatious red ringlets hanging down from her pretty hairdo hypnotize me as they brush her soft, smooth cheeks. Her face comes towards mine as if for a sensuous kiss. I close my eyes in anticipation, recalling our most recent make-out session, passionately kissing just like when we were in the back seat of my car

in college. As she moves in close I get a whiff of her beautiful hair. Mmm. So intoxicating. Heavenly. Just like our college days.

"Ooooo, I just love the way your cock gag fills your mouth, Darling. And those prettily painted lips of yours hugging it so! Sucking sucking sucking. Just like a baby!" Giggling, she gently pinches my distended cheek as you would a cute baby. Her beautiful smiling face takes up my entire field of vision. I'm swimming in her beautiful eyes, her lush lashes, her finely arched brows, her femininity and power. "I am so glad we took the extra pains to have your pretty suck toys modeled after your own equipment, aren't you, my pet? Isn't it ironic that you should be plugged at both ends with identical models of your OWN equipment?" Laughing, she playfully bats the bell attached to the o-ring embedded in the base of my gag, back and forth. "Haha! An exact replica of your own cock. This one, occupying your wet mouth, and the other all snug as a bug in your cute bum," she coos, affectionately patting my pantied bottom. "And THIS, the wonderful original - peeking out so flirtatiously through the slit of your delightful pleasure panties, like a pretty periscope! So hard, too! Is all this for little 'ol me?" she teases with a mock southern drawl, playfully slapping and spanking my cock.

I blush crimson with embarrassment at being so humiliatingly displayed on my display stand - as she and Fifi call it - attached to the sturdy and ornate frame by my pale pink wrist and ankle cuffs, and matching leather check reins, like John Willie damsels-in-distress that I used to adore and fantasize about so much. I just never imagined that I would ever be one. I'm unable to hide a single little thing from her. My most secret places and thoughts are spread out before her to feast upon. And by the look in her eyes, she's quite hungry!

She removes her diaphanous, wrist-length white gloves that have pale yellow fringe around the wrist. They are just like mine, though mine with pale pink fringe.

"Mmmm, let me feel. Oh! I love when Fifi polishes your cock. You stud, you!" she mockingly chimes as she strokes my hard, oiled cock with her graceful fingers and soft palm. "Fifi hasn't been remiss in her duties, I see. After all, it's the little things that count, right, my pleasure pet? Though you certainly aren't very little right now, are you?" giggling and flicking the bell attached to the head of my full erection. Miss Debra then gives a playful tug on the puffy bow of the baby pink ribbon tied just behind my purple head, setting my erection to sway back and forth, like a happy toy vying for her attention. I blush again with embarrassment at my humiliating state of arousal, especially dressed and displayed as I am now.

"Mmmmmmmmm!"

Strutting over to the make-up table, she places her gloves atop the table, then opens a drawer and pulls out a latex glove. I continue sucking away like mad, as if my life depended on it, watching her with fascination in the reflection of the mirror.

Slowly sauntering back to me, and smiling sweetly at my reflection in the mirror, she pulls the latex glove on over her left hand, tugging and snapping it in place with dramatic effect, for my benefit, making me gasp. She is so theatrical. These cute antics are the vestiges of her college career in comedy and drama; melodramas, musicals, and Shakespearian plays. She has always been drawn to the limelight and adoring audiences. Now she has molded me - and Fifi - into her adoring pets that give her all the attention and love she can handle. Yes, her collared and leashed lesbian pleasure pets. Me, usually leashed by my leather cock and ball harness. Fifi, by her clit ring. Led by our most intimate attributes for Miss Debra's devilish amusement.

I see the reflection of my lavishly made-up eyes widen over my cock gag, fearing what she might do next. She seems to sense my trepidation; my fear making Miss Debra even more excited and amused as she steps directly behind me, jiggling the bell and o-ring of the cock dildo impaling my bottom. She moves in close. I can feel her soft warm breath on my neck, causing the hair on the back of my neck to stand up. Every little atom in my body stands at attention before Miss Debra. The sound and feel of her tutu and petticoats rustling and brushing against my crotchless-pantied bottom are indescribably erotic and feminine. I want her touch so much! Let her feminize me. I don't care!

Wait! *What?*

She rests her hands gently on my bare shoulders, and nonchalantly pulls the bra strap of my pretty pink, quarter-cup satin brassiere, as I had done to so many of my girlfriends. That was a lifetime ago, it seems. If they could only see me now!

"How about a little slut stroking for my cherished pet? Slut stroking and finger fucking? We have time, and you'd like that, wouldn't you, my little fuck toy?" she coos as she deftly pulls the ribbon of my embarrassingly large cock bow, letting the untied pink ribbon and bell fall to the thick carpet. Then she unstraps the dildo that impales my bottom, pulling the narrow leather crotch strap up through the o-ring of the dildo, but leaving the pale pink strap dangling from the back of my corset. She slowly and teasingly eases the dildo out of my bottom, but can't resist pushing it in and pulling it out several times.... in-out, in-out, in-out, in-out, in-out.

"Aaaahhh! Ooooooooooh!"

Finally, she removes it completely. It seems to exit my round bottom in slow motion. And with a plop, out it comes. I'm embarrassed by the squishy sound and the feeling that my bottom seems reluctant to see it go. I reflexively wiggle, causing my bells to jingle, as if they are mocking me. Mistress purrs and giggles.

"Now, Pet, how did you tell me it works? Oh yes, slut stroking; stroke stroke stroke... each stroke away from your body, like so. Oui, Mademoiselle? Generating just the right amount of friction to keep you soooo hard but soooo unable to realize your - uh - potential, so to speak!

Non? Steady now, Girl!" Almost simultaneously she begins to finger fuck my bottom, still liberally lubricated from the dildo.

squish squish squish

The dressing room is quite for several moments, except for the squishing sound of her finger fucking me, the creaking of my display stand, and my soft moans of bliss. Miss Debra is taking in every detail.

"The herb concoction we're feeding you will be sure to keep you hard, Pet, and right where I want you, my little fuck slut; as my lesbian love-love, with a permanent 'dildo' toy to play with," she chuckles, playfully spanking the underside of my erection.

Miss Debra casually slut strokes and cock spans me with her bare right hand while slowly finger fucking me with her latex-clad left. Resting her chin on my shoulder, looking at our reflection in the mirror, humming some light airy tune, as if milking a cow in the barn.

My big blue eyes flash back and forth between her pretty right hand on my hard, oiled cock, and her beautiful face, which are her only features I can see in the mirror. Two pretty, feminine faces, side by side, her's and mine. Her feminine arm reaching around my 26-inch corseted waist, stroking and spanking the last vestige of my masculinity with her skillful fingers. I'm so embarrassingly feminized and displayed, my naughty cock jutting so provocatively - so brazenly - through the open crotch of my pale pink ruffled panties. I think it has a mind of its own. I'm watching all this in the reflection of the mirror, almost like a disinterested bystander, except for the butterflies flitting about in my tummy, and the naughty fairies dancing around in my pretty little head.

"Oooooooooooooo!!"

"My my, judging by your reaction you must be thinking some very naughty thoughts in that pretty little head of yours, Darling! Such a naughty naughty girl!" she teases. Then, with a dreamy look in her eyes, "As a matter of fact, I can hardly wait to have your pretty little head strapped between my thighs, right where it belongs! Won't you just love that? Being right where you belong, Darling? My cute little lesbian pussy slave? Well, if you're a good girl, maybe I'll strap your pretty little head into my crotch harness later, after the show. IF you're a good girl. And you do want to be my good girl, don't you, Sweet? Your lush mouth, tongue, and teeth servicing my needy puss-puss while Fifi bangs your bum with her strap-on? Sounds delicious, non, mon amie?"

JINGLE JINGLE

My long lush lashes flutter as I get lost in her naughty words and tender, skillful ministrations to my oiled cock and bum. Oh her rhythmic finger fucking! She owns me!

"Mmmmm, your lips look so full, so succulent, Pet... so ripe for nibbling. I want to taste them. I think it was a great idea of yours to switch to the Henna dye. The stain doesn't rub off, and it lasts so long. You're brilliant, once again!"

"Mmmmmmmmm!"

Miss Debra lifts herself up on tiptoe, tilting her body forward over my shoulder, pressing her beautiful breasts into my back as she reaches around to sensuously lick my face and flick my stretched pink lips with her tongue. The chiffon of her diaphanous bodice tickles my sensitive skin.

"Mmmmm, very tasty. Don't you feel silly now for objecting to my decision to have your sweet lips filled out so they're all full and pouty? That lipo transplantation procedure has done wonders for your appearance -- as have your beautiful new breasts," she whispers in my ear, probing it with her wet tongue. "I think using your own fat to make the enhancements we've made to your cheeks and lips was a wonderful idea of yours. I am so glad you happened to mention it, though I'm sure you had no idea what I was up to when I asked you to check into various cosmetic procedures, such as fat injections and breast implants," she smiles, gently scratching the underside of my perky C-cup breasts. Her well-manicured fingernails feel like heaven through the pink satin of my daring bra, as she slowly scratches my new breasts back and forth, up and down. They are so sensitive. My nipples are so hard! And the nipple rings and bells feel so heavy!

"Of course the research wasn't for ME, silly!" she chides, playfully tugging on my large, sturdy stainless steel rings that are permanently attached to my elongated nipples, highlighted by the mortifying nipple holders that tug my nipples straight out, as if on proud display.

Wincing, I muse to myself, "Thank goodness the piercings have healed completely!"

Tweaking the tips of my hard nipples as she talks, Miss Debra continues, "But isn't that what you thought, Darling? At first, I mean? No no! I wanted YOU to come up with ways to feminize yourself! That's the beauty of it, don't you see? You did all this research on ways for a woman to look and feel more feminine; ways for her to become a dollified bimbo slut for her lover, but what you didn't realize, silly head, was that these techniques would be used to utterly and irreversibly feminize YOU, my darling dolly! Aren't I simply diabolical sometimes?" laughing, obviously pleased with herself, tousling my red locks. I look up in alarm at my reflection to see if she's damaged my well-coiffed hair, then blush in embarrassment to think that this even occurred to me. I realize how successful she has been in feminizing me, making me her lesbian Barbie doll.

"Turning you into my darling little feminized plaything; my sex pet! And don't you feel all better now that you aren't one of those hairy chauvinistic males any more? You are so much sweeter and more agreeable now, the way you are; my lesbo, sissified sex pet," she smiles, playfully

licking my cheek again while casually flicking my nipple rings back and forth. I watch her from the corner of my eye, totally entranced by her scent, her eyes, her touch, her control.

"And speaking of pets and animals, we should get you prepared for your debut as my adorable pleasure pony girl, don't you think? Tea time, you know. And Fifi is a stickler for starting afternoon tea on time. Those Brits!" she sighs in mock exasperation. Miss Debra, so adorable; again with the dramatic flourishes.

I am in shock, my eyes wide.

"A pleasure pony girl?" I wonder, the words creating vivid images of creaking leather harnesses, bridles, brightly colored plumes. How utterly, completely humiliating - to be treated and harnessed like a pretty --- horsey! A show pony?

"Wwwhhaaatthhhhhh???"

SWAT!

"I said," she states with mock sternness, resting her palm on my chastised bottom, letting me know she won't hesitate to swat my upturned, pantied bottom again if I don't respond appropriately. "Don't you think we should get you prepared for your debut as my adorable pleasure pony girl, Darling? Hmm, Pet?"

SWAT SWAT!

"Oooohhhhoooo!" My poor pink pantied bottom! I shouldn't have hesitated!

JINGLE JINGLE

My assortment of bells jingles merrily as I try my best to signal my reluctant agreement with Miss Debra's plans. How can I resist? Though I'm constantly controlled with restraints, corsets, remote-controlled dildos, electro-shock pads adhered to the underside of my perky breasts, my nipples, my bottom and cock, I'm actually more controlled by her thoughts, expressions, sighs...so in tune with every little nuance of her being, as a dollified lesbian pleasure slut should be.

Wait! *What?*

"Ah, that's better, Baby," giving me an affectionate pat on the rump. "Note to Self," she reflects, "Always have a riding crop or paddle handy, preferably attached to Slut's cock and ball harness. Ya' never know when discipline might be required." Then seeing the distress of my wide-eyed expression over my cock gag that I continue to suck like crazy, "Oh, don't worry, my pet," she soothes as she gently strokes my pantied rear and reaches around to gently massage my smooth, hairless balls. "Don't worry your pretty little head about a thing. You just leave

everything to Miss Debra, Cutie. After all, I've already turned you into my pretty little French maid, my fuck slut, my Barbie doll, my baby girl, and my sex poodle," cheerfully rattling off my personas, counting them off on her graceful fingers to emphasize her point - my capitulation as her very own oh-so feminine, lesbian Barbie doll.

"What's to get all excited about if I transform you yet again, huh, Sexy? I've decided you're going to be my fetching pleasure pony girl, too, complete with harness, bridle, plume, tail, bit, bells, reins... the whole works! Only the best for my girl! You'll look soooooo adorable! I just know you'll love it - as will my guests!"

SWAT!

An unusually enthusiastic swat on the underside of my upturned girlish bum causes me to gasp around my cock gag. My display stand creaks.

"Oh gosh, the guests! They'll be arriving soon for your little fashion show! And did I tell you that Sabrina -- yes, my twin sister -- and Michelle, your secretary, are both coming? Maybe even a couple of your college girlfriends! Isn't that wonderful, Darling? A little reunion of sorts. Say, did you know that Michelle keeps a horse at the club, Sweetie? She's quite the horsewoman, I understand. I can't wait to see what she does with you, my pretty pony girl. You'll look oh so fetching in your shiny leather gear! My very own feminized pleasure pony girl!" she enthuses, giving me a big wet affectionate kiss on the cheek.

"Aaaagggghhhhhh!!!"

"Now don't be a silly head. There is nothing to be frightened of -- well, almost nothing," she muses thoughtfully with a mischievous smile, "But we'll just worry about that later, won't we? Now let's get started, my adorable little pleasure pet. Your admirers will soon be here! Where's Fifi when you need her?"

"AAAGGGHHH!"

JINGLE JINGLE

end of scene 1