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## Vanessa's New Life

By Vanessa Anne James

As far as I can remember I have felt feminine and I have loved every minute of those feelings. I adore being girly, wearing frilly things and sexy clothing. My name, by the way, is Vanessa Anne. However, I must admit, I am not a girl but a 22 year old boy but my mind and heart say otherwise. I am totally smooth below the neck and have undergone laser hair removal on my face. My hair is now below my shoulders and is a gorgeous light blond with bangs, I might add. I do so love my bangs. My oval tipped snails are about a half inch long beyond my figure tips and are kept perfectly manicured as are my toenails. I started living as a female about four years ago and I pass with no problems. I also began hormone treatment about two years ago and my breasts have developed to a perky B cup while my aureoles have grown in size and my nipples are very, very sensitive. My skin is very soft and smooth and loves being touched. I have worked very hard to achieve this. Did I mention I love being a gurl...?

I purchase only the most feminine lingerie and clothing, except what I have to wear to work. I am a receptionist in an office building so I would normally wear skirt and blouse or a suit. You know, the girl that sits out front and answers the phone and greets people as they come into the office complex. Anyway, satin and lace are my favorites along with leather and very high heels. I normally wear flats to work then change to hi-heels once I am there.

I am 5'8" tall and weigh in (soaking wet) at about 130 pounds. I never wear pants but always a skirt or a dress, stockings and matching heels. A year or so ago I became interested in the internet and managed to find several sites dedicated to cross-dressing and transgendered issues. Most had interesting information and chat rooms. I was truly amazed at the number of people involved so I knew I was not really alone in my deep seeded feelings.

Now, I have to admit that I have a fetish for leather; the smell just does things to me. I love my leather skirts and have often wondered what it would be like to be bound with leather restraints or laced into a leather corset. So, eventually I admitted to my fetish in a couple of chat rooms and it felt like a heavy burden had been taken off my little shoulders. I met several interesting people most of whom were doms or dommes and were quite experienced in fetishes and bondage of different forms or another. I have always felt that I was of a submissive nature but I was about to find out how submissive I truly am. I chatted often with a Dom named Jevan and he instructed me in some of the duties of a true submissive gurl. He insisted I send him a photograph of me dressed in Black lingerie and heels which I did. I was dressed in a Black satin demi-cup bra and panties along with a Black garter belt, Black stockings and Black 5" heel pumps. Jevan said he was impressed but that we could

only do so much online and that he would like to meet me in person. I was hoping for a little more of a compliment than that so I was a little hurt.

He suggested we meet and that frightened and excited me. Of course I had to acquiesce and I excitedly and reluctantly agreed. He wanted me to meet him on Saturday evening at a local restaurant I knew about and he told me how he wanted me to be dressed. He also told me to call him "Master Jevan" from now on. I answered, "Yes Master Jevan."

Over the next few days I could not concentrate on my job making silly mistakes. Saturday morning I slipped on a little print sun dress and heels and drove to the beauty salon to have my hair done and have a manicure and pedicure. The girls at the salon knew about me and always did their best to make me perfect. My hair was done in soft curls and bangs with the ends flipped up slightly just below my shoulders. My nails were as usual but this time in a bright red and they were beautiful. My makeup was flawless from my eyes to my beautifully shaped lips in the same bright red and gloss as my nails.

I drove back home and took a bath and shaved my legs being careful not to muss up my hair and makeup. I then picked out the clothing I was told to wear. I was instructed to wear the same lingerie as was in the photograph plus a Black leather knee length pencil skirt and a red satin blouse with a Black leather belt. As I carefully put on my lingerie I pulled my little boy clitty between my legs and pulled up my panties letting it rest nicely in its stretch satin nest. I then pulled on my stockings and attached them to the six garters of my gartebelt after which I slipped into my Black patent ankle strap pumps with 5" heels. It is always a wee bit difficult buckling the ankle straps when you have long fingernails but these straps were wide so I managed to buckle them quickly. My jewelry was simple, a gold necklace with matching bracelet and gold 2" hoop earrings. As it got close to time to leave I called for a cab.

I arrived at the restaurant and the cabby opened the door for me and as I slipped out of the cab I smiled at him as he got a nice glimpse of my stocking tops. I tipped him and thanked him for the nice ride. Then before I could turn around I heard, "Vanessa?"

I turned and there stood a tall wonderfully built Black man who looked at me deeply and said: "Vanessa, you are Vanessa aren't you?" I lowered my eyes and replied, "Yes Master Jevan, I am Vanessa."

"Good girl," he said, "Now come with me," as he took my hand and led me into the restaurant. To my surprise and astonishment all the patrons were Black. We were escorted to our table and held my chair for me as I sat down while smoothing my skirt. I was so self conscious and anxious to be the only white "girl" in the place.

"Vanessa, to show your submission to me, you will wear this at all times," as he got up and walked behind me. "Lift your hair girl," he said.

"Yes Master Jevan," I replied as he placed a 1" wide leather lined shiny stainless steel collar around my neck, closed the latch and locked it with a small padlock. "No one has the key but me Vanessa and only I can release you," he said. "Yes Master."

"Now stand and put your hands behind you, Vanessa," he said. I was powerless to resist this man as I put my arms behinds me and felt him place leather wrist cuffs on me then latched them together. Oh what have I gotten myself into but the feelings in me were amazing and made me feel so so sexy. I was embarrassed, humiliated, and was about to explode from desire. He then attached a leash to my collar and led me around the restaurant so everyone could see this man and his white slavegirl her head bowed dressed in leather and satin and hi-heels.

"I love t-gurls Vanessa and you are very beautiful and very sexy and are perfect for my needs. If you agree you will be my property. I will be your lord and master." he said softly in my ear. "Your collars will be engraved (vanessa- Property of Master Jevan)." "You will wear one of your collars at all times, even to work. The humiliation of wearing your collars in public shows everyone who and what you are my dear."

"You must remember my darling Vanessa...I will own you. Your training will begin upon your signing the contract of submission. I require total submission of you Vanessa. I will control you and you will serve my every need," he said firmly. I am a firm Master and your training can and will be harsh as I deem necessary if you displease ne. I want you to be fully aware of what could be in store for you and that you will be submitting your mind and body totally to your Black Master."

He then added, "You will be kept in leather and satin; you will submit to tight lacing in corsets for waist training; you will always wear hi-heels, maids uniforms, and whatever clothing I want you to wear. Perhaps you may undergo pony training if I so desire. Pony training has become an interest of mine as of late so you will most probably become a ponygurl. Public humiliation will also be part of your continuing training. Humiliation is a very important part of your training as an absolute submissive gurl. You will, in fact, become my white slavegirl. I will give you two days to decide if this is what you wish to do. You will then call me and inform me of your decision and then we will go from there."

"Yes Master Jevan," I replied as I lowered my eyes and bowed my head in submission. My little clitty was very hard as I tightly crossed my stocking clad legs and trying not to squirm as I needed release badly...I was so hot and excited. I needed to be milked and did not care if he milked me there in front of everyone. His every word was driving me crazy with desire and lust for him.

"Ohhhh Master Jevan, I don't need two days to decide, I am willing to do as you say and I am so willing to submit to you in every way. I am yours to do with as you desire and I will your slavegirl, your maid, your ponygurl..." I said moaning softly.

"Good gurl," he replied, "now I just happen to have a Contract of Submission with me and you must sign it now, my darling." Without

reading the contract I quickly signed it when he told me to sign and I became his, totally and completely. I was trembling and weak kneed still so very apprehensive and frightened but I just could not resist this Man...my Master Jevan.

He took a drink of his wine, got up from his seat and walked behind me. He held my leash and pulled upward and helped me to stand. I stood, still trembling and weak and he led me out of the restaurant into his awaiting Cadillac. "I am taking you to my home my dear where you will be prepared for your service to me. All your belongings will be brought to your new home and your male clothing and everything male you own will be destroyed. You will be a gurl 24/7 until I no longer desire to have you around then I will probably sell you to another Black master or mistress. You will serve Blacks from now on my beautiful girlyboy darling Vanessa;" he informed me.

"Yes my darling Master," I said as he kissed me passionately and deeply. At that moment, I cannot express my burning desire to take this beautiful man's cock in my mouth and then to be impaled by him and to be filled with his seed.

We arrived at his home in a palatial neighborhood. Needless to say his home was large and so beautiful; I could not believe it. He assisted me out of his car and led me inside. "Your room is upstairs so we will go there now so we can begin," he said still holding my leash firmly as though I could escape. My room was not large but was very feminine in its fixtures and looks. My bed was a queen sized four post style. There was a dressing table with mirrors and a satin covered duvet and it was filled with makeup and perfumes. My closets were filled with dresses including beautiful and very sexy evening gowns, maid's uniforms of different colors along with matching hi-heel shoes and boots with heels from four inch to six inches.

One pair of thigh high boots was quite unusual as they were fitted with pony hooves and no heels although the soles were very stiff designed to keep the heels at least six inches high. They were designed; I suppose to require the wearer to walk on the balls of her feet. I wanted to try them on right then and there but that had to wait.

There was a dresser with drawers filled with lingerie including 4 heavily boned corsets, two of which were heavy leather. Several pairs of panties most of which were thongs and there were matching bras, some half cup and open tipped.

There was also a steel bar hanging by two chains from the ceiling the bar being fitted with two leather wrist cuff on either end. I finally figured what it was...a lacing bar for lacing one into a corset or it could be used for punishment. I could not wait.

At that time Master removed my hands from their restraints behind my back and told me to remove my skirt, blouse, and garterbelt which I did.

"Now, he said, come to the lacing bar and put your hands to the ends." He then affixed the cuffs to my wrists and pulled the bar high stretching me so I was standing on my tippy toes. He took a red satin corset from the drawer and placed it around my torso. He fastened the front busks

then walked behind me and drew the laces in firmly. He attached the eight garters to my stockings and then inserted the lace protector and began to draw the laces tighter and tighter while allowing me to move a bit so the corset could seat itself to my body. He finished the lacing and informed me that that would be enough for now but as my waist training continued I would be laced tighter and tighter until my waist was at least 20 inches. "Vanessa you will be required to wear a corset 23 hours a day. It is necessary for proper waist training," he said. "I want my gurl to have the perfect figure."

He lowered the bar and as I settled into my corset my breasts nestled into the half cups perfectly as they stood out proudly. He inspected my breasts with my oh so hard nipples and informed me he would like to see me with larger breasts, perhaps a C cups or even D cups. "Yes Master," I said meekly; as he firmly tweaked my nipples making me gasp with delicious pain.

He then went to the closet and took out a very short black PVC maid's uniform and very full petticoat. He slipped the uniform over my arms and head and pulled it down to nestle over my hips. He then zipped it up in back and the fit was perfect. I then stepped into the white petticoat and pulled it to my waist. Again, a perfect fit and it made the little dress stand almost straight out. Next came the little white satin apron which was tied in back in a large bow and finally my little satin and lace maid's cap was fitted on my head.

"Ahhh...very nice my little girly maid, the outfit is wonderful and you will wear this type of uniform most of the time and with your collar you look very, very sexy. I will have your collars engraved as I stated earlier. One collar is a two inch stainless steel which will be engraved 'Ponygurl whisper-Property of Master Jevan' which you will wear in your ponygurl training and when you become a show pony."

"You will have two inch leather collars of different colors to match your uniforms and they will be locked to prevent you from removing them. You will wear your collars with pride showing your obedience, submission and ownership to and by me. You will also wear matching leather wrist and ankle cuffs as part of your daily uniform. The color of your daily uniform will be determined by me and you will wear whatever I tell you without question," he said.

"Yes my Master. Of course," I answered.

"I will give you your work schedule later but you will arise at 5AM, bathe, dress and prepare my breakfast and serve it at 7AM each morning. The rest of your schedule will be written out for you and must be followed to the letter," he said, "without question."

"You will present yourself for inspection at any time and you must be perfect and I want to hear no excuses. Do you understand, Vanessa?" You will be punished if you are not perfect."

"Yes Master, I understand."

He then unlocked and removed my stainless steel collar in order for it to be engraved and replaced it with a black 2" wide PVC collar that matched my uniform and locked it.

"There is one more thing for right now, Vanessa," as he led me to the bed. "Bend over and put your arms and face on the bed." I did as I was instructed. He pulled down my thong and began to lubricate my boy pussy. He inserted a finger and worked it in and around as I gasped deeply and then another finger. "Ohhh Master," I moaned. I then felt something cool touch my ring with pressure.

"Another item I will require you to wear my darling is one of your many plugs. You will be plugged at all times except when I give you permission to remove it. This will train your boy cunt to take anything I wish to insert," he said. He told me to relax and then inserted a butt plug into me as I squealed in pain. It was a wide plug that tapered down to the base so it cannot slip out or further in. "I think my gurl should always be plugged, don't you Vanessa?"

"Oh yes Master, if it pleases you." I replied, "I love my plug."

Vanessa's New Life continues....