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If you like T-gurl Vanessa's adventures please email me at: sissymaidvanessa@myspace.com

Vanessa's New Life Part II

By Vanessa Anne James

"Now my dear Vanessa, I want to show you the rest of my home, please turn around." he said. I turned and he told me to put my arms behind me palms facing. He then slipped a leather "single glove" up my arms. He proceeded to pull it up as far as it would go and then took the straps, one under my left armpit and over my breasts and shoulder and buckled it to the receiving buckle on the left side of the glove. He then repeated the task on the other side buckling them tightly. One final strap went from one side of the glove underneath my arm pits under my breasts and buckled onto the receiving buckle on the other side.

"Now I am going to lace up the glove, Vanessa. Later on in your training I will be able to lace you until your elbows meet," as he slowly pulled the corset style lacing up the back of the glove pulling my poor arms closer and closer together. "Ohhhh Master, it hurts so much," I groaned. "I know my dear, it is supposed to hurt but that is as tight as I will lace you for now;" he replied, "It is all for your own good and a necessary part of your training."

Being laced into my corset and now into the single glove, I was hurting and light headed. "Vanessa, darling gurl, I have changed my mind about your collar for now." He unlocked the little padlock, unbuckled my collar and removed it. "Do not move, I will be right back," he said.

"Yes Master," I said with my head bowed.

He returned shortly and told me to turn around. He then placed a 3 to 4 inch black patent posture collar around my neck, adjusting it firmly as he buckled the two straps and then locked it. My collar severely restricted my head movement. He attached my leash and led me as best I could in my 5" stilettos on my "tour" of his home.

Truth be known, even though I was in some pain and uncomfortable; I loved being his bound maid and slavegirl.

His home is wonderful, beautifully decorated and furnished and the bedrooms are simply gorgeous. The kitchen is huge and I loved it; one could not ask for a better equipped kitchen. I was looking forward to using it a lot. The bathrooms were also very beautiful with full bathtubs and showers and they all had bidets. One thing about my bathroom I noticed was the two long hoses in the bath/shower. One was equipped with a pulsating shower head and the other was fitted with an enema or a douche nozzle. I knew what they were for...!

Lastly he took me to the basement. Walking down those stairs in heels and having my arms severely bound was very difficult but he held on to me to steady me as we descended the stairway.

What I saw sent chills down my spine and I began to tremble. “Ohhhh Master, oh my,” I moaned softly.

He had everything one could think of including an X frame with leather cuffs at the bottom and top portions of the X plus one heavy leather belt at the center where the X meets. There were several crops and small whips hanging from the wall as well as heavy locking steel restraints and collars. There was a wooden stocks at just above waist height wherein ones arms and neck would fit and the upper part lowered and locked to keep on in a bent over position giving anyone present full access ones mouth and boy cunt. I felt deep inside that I would eventually experience the stocks. I also saw a padded sawhorse complete with restraints, a metal cage like a large kennel and then there it was. I saw a complete set of tan leather pony tack with harness, wrist cuffs, head harness, wide leather chastity belt with plug and what I had often dreamed of. There was a bit and bridle complete with reins. The bit was also tan leather and the metal was golden bronze as were all the buckles on the outfit.

“Vanessa, I just know you will love this darling,” as he showed me what would be my tail. It was a lovely two foot long gold blonde horsehair tail attached to a large, 6 inch butt plug. It was designed so that the chastity belt between my legs would hold it in securely and tightly depending on how tightly the belt was buckled to my harness. The belts and straps could be very tightly buckled if Master deemed necessary for punishment or harsh training. I was trembling with fear and excitement as I did not know what was to come.

Master then decided to remove my single glove and ordered me to fix him a Scotch and water and bring it to him in his study. I prepared the drink as he ordered, 2 ounces of Scotch with 6 drops of distilled water. I place it on a small tray and before I entered his study I knocked on the door. He told me to enter. I walked into the room, curtsied and served him his drink. “Is there anything else you wish Master?” I asked. “No Vanessa, you may go now to your room. I want you to remove your plug and thoroughly cleanse yourself inside. I then want you to bathe and shave your lovely legs. Afterwards, call on the intercom and tell me you are through. I will lace you into your corset again.” He then unlocked and removed my collar. “Oh yes, Vanessa, you are absolutely not allowed to pleasure yourself. You know what I am talking about don’t you.”

“Yes master,” I said.

I went to my room and undressed and drew my bath with deliciously scented oil. Then I had to pull out my plug and clean it. I took the douche nozzle and inserted it and turned on the warm water slowly until I was filled. Shortly, I released all the fluids into the toilet and repeated the process two more times.

After pinning up my hair I stepped into tub and lingered in my luxurious bath for about 15 minutes before I shaved my legs and underarms. It was heaven and my clitty was very excited but I didn’t dare touch myself to get release.. Afterwards I lightly toweled off and then patted myself dry. I pulled on my stockings and heels and called Master to tell him I was ready.

He came to my room and I was standing with my head bowed at the lacing bar. “You are marvelous Vanessa; now place your hands on the bar.” He tightened the cuffs around my wrists and pulled the bar up stretching me again. Again he placed the corset around me, fastened the busks and inserted the lace protector. He pulled firmly on the laces more and more until my waist was again reduced by about 4

inches down to 26 inches. While I was hanging there he attached the eight garters to my stockings. He then lowered me and my breasts settled nicely into the half cups of the corset.

“Now Vanessa kneel and place your hands on your thighs palm up with your head bowed.”

“Yes Master.”

He walked behind me and placed my posture collar around my neck, buckled to two buckles and locked them. “You may rise Vanessa,” he said as he helped me up.

“Vanessa, you may go to be now, as he handed me a little black babydoll nightie; you have to be up early in the morning. Do not forget to set your alarm.” he admonished. “You have a full day tomorrow. I think I may acquaint you with pony play tomorrow since you said you may like it.” “Oh yes, I want my breakfast served in bed at 7AM...don’t forget.”

Needless to say, I slept little that night.

I awoke around 4:30 AM, slipped into my heels and sat at the vanity to put on my makeup and brushing out my hair being careful to do it perfectly. I lowered the maids uniform that Master had laid out for me over my head pulled it down to fit. I managed to zip the back and then noticed that the front was so low cut that it revealed a lot of cleavage; so much that it fit below the cups on my corset therefore putting my breasts on display. Immediately my nipples got rock hard and stood out proudly. I finished by tying on my little satin apron and putting on my little maids cap.

I went to the kitchen and, taking my time, prepared Master’s breakfast of black coffee, French toast with whipped cream and maple syrup. When I finished, I placed everything on a bed serving tray and went to his room. I put the tray aside and knocked on his door. “Come in Vanessa.” I opened the door, picked up the tray and gently walked to his bedside. He was sitting up and I placed the tray over his lap and poured his coffee.

“You look stunning this morning Vanessa; your corset and that dress look wonderful on you, especially those pretty snow white breasts are so beautifully displayed. I like it very much,” he said.

“Oh thank you my Master,” I replied blushing and lowering my eyes.

Before I stepped back, he reached around and put his hand under my dress and felt my bottom to see if I was still plugged, which I was. I jumped when he touched me and was glad he waited till I poured his coffee otherwise I would have been in a lot of trouble...! I curtsied and asked, “Will there be anything else you desire Master?” I asked bowing my head. “Not right Vanessa, but wait there for me while I eat.” “Yes Master.” I replied standing straight with my hands clasped in front.

A few minutes later and a second cup of coffee I remove his tray after he tells me to return it to the kitchen, make sure everything is clean including the dishes and the kitchen. I finally complete my chores and everything is spotless. I turn to go back to his room but he is standing in the doorway watching me a smiling.

“Come with me Vanessa,” as he attaches my leash to my posture collar and leads me back to the basement. Once there, he locks my leash to a steel ring on the wall and says, “I will return in a few

minutes, don't go anywhere my darling." He then puts his arms around my waist and pulls me to him, kissing me deeply and passionately as I put my arms around his neck and accept his tongue. He then bites my nipples sending delicious pain through me as I moan loudly.

He abruptly stops and leaves the room and me all excited. A few minutes later he returns carrying the thigh high hooved ponygurl boots. My excitement continues to grow. He unlocks my leash and leads me to the passed saw horse and orders me to sit. I sit down and he removes my heels and sets them aside. The he massages my stockinged legs a bit and slips the boots on my legs one by one making sure my feet are well seated. He then zips up the long zipper on each boot.

"Now Vanessa, please stand; I will assist you." he said. As I stand I am amazed that they are reasonably comfortable. The soles are very stiff and my heels are about six inches high but there are no heels as such only relying on the stiffness of the soles. I have to walk on the balls of my feet but the sole is fitted with metal hooves. "OK Vanessa, take a few steps for me," as he steadies me by holding my hand and holding up my leash. As I walk nervously the clip-clop sound of the hooves on the floor sound like a real pony walking and I am so excited. He holds my leash and tells me to walk in a circle around him to practice.

It is a little difficult at first since I am still wearing my posture collar keeping my head erect. It's hard to see where I am going. I finally got a bit more comfortable walking in my pony boots but they do tend to stretch ones calves so I had to rest a couple times.

Master decides he wants more so he removes my uniform and cap leaving me wearing only my lingerie. He then loosens the laces on my corset and detaches the garters. He then presents me with a beautiful heavily boned tan leather corset which he places around me and pulls the laces so he can adjust it to my body. Once done he pulls the laces from top to bottom until my waist is crunched now to about 25 inches. "Don't fret Vanessa, later your waist will be taken down to at least 22 inches possibly 20 inches," he said. He then places leather cuffs on my wrists and attaches them to each side of my corset keeping my arms and hands well restrained.

Once done, he removes my panties and attaches the chastity belt on the back of my corset between my legs and buckles it to the front of my corset. "Now your lovely tail," Vanessa, he says. The chastity belt is designed so a plug can be inserted and held in by the belt. He lubes the plug, then widens the slit in the belt and slowly inserts my tail plug into my anus. I hurts going in but finally settles in comfortably and he buckles the front buckle tighter making sure the plug is firmly held deep inside me.

I take a few steps and love the feeling of the plug moving inside me at every step is marvelous and I love my cute tail as it gently touches my legs with each step.

"Vanessa, you are doing wonderfully, I am very proud of my new white pony. You are going to make a great show pony," he says. He walks away but returns shortly with more leather tack including my harness and bit and bridle which he proceeds to harness me up. The harness fits tightly around my waist and over my breasts joined by straps in front and back.

Finally he places my head harness and bit and bridle on me fitting the bit tightly in my mouth and buckling it in back locking it to my collar preventing me from making any sounds other than whinnies or moans. Another strap goes under my chin and is firmly buckled to my head harness which fits over my head and forehead and the side of my face adjusting it with several buckles. It is also fitted with blinders

preventing me from seeing anything other than what is in front of me. He then gathers my hair in back and creates a high ponytail.

Lastly he attaches two reins to my bridle and holding the reins he steps back and looks me over.

“Beautiful, very beautiful my dear ponygurl. You ponygurl name, I think, will be ‘whisper’ yes, I like ‘whisper.” Your new stainless steel collar will be engraved (whisper-Property of Master Jevan). Once you have been further trained you will make a wonderful show pony and I intend to show you at many ponygurl events.”

Vanessa’s story continues.....