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Vanessa's New Life Part 3

By Vanessa Anne James

The idea of being forced to become a show pony by my Black Master excited and aroused me so much I could barely control myself. With my bit in my mouth I could only plead with him with my eyes and weak pleading moans and whinnies. He looked at me and smiled; he knew what I was trying so desperately to tell him.

"Oh no my darling whisper, that is not going to happen; I will not allow you any release until I think you deserve it no matter how much you squirm and moan and beg me with those beautiful eyes. Now since I have you all tacked out and ready I think we should try you out." he said as he reached for my reins and began to lead me to the double doors of the basement. The clip clop sound of my boots on the concrete floor excited me even more.

He opened the doors and led me out into the open, what I can only describe as a corral with a tall pole in the center. The pole was fitted with a right angle extension about 8 feet long to which was attached at the end a pair of ropes that dangle down to about shoulder height. The ropes had two adjustable loops of soft nylon harness material.

"Come whisper," he said as he led me to the harness. Before he does anything he tightens my chastity strap holding my plug/tail in even more firmly. "Stand still, gurl...there its good and tight...good gurl," he said as he gently pats and rubs my butt. He then places me just in front of the loops and pulls the ends under each shoulder and fastens them. He then walks over to the center pole and pulls the ropes which pull the loops and me upward so that I am lifted somewhat but still standing. "This is a lunge training device whisper, it will let you practice your walk and prance and not allow you to fall. Now begin by walking in a circle around the pole...now, whisper," he commanded, "I want to see you walk then prance." I began, doing the best I could in my new boots and being so tightly bound and I was somewhat clumsy.

"Good gurl whisper," he said, "now prance for me as he took his crop and taps me behind my right leg. "Lift your leg as high as you can and hold, whisper." "Down, now the other leg, lift and hold; now prance lifting you legs as high as you can," he instructs. I continued this for about 20 minutes as he watches and encourages me. He finally walks over to me and I am sweating and very tired. He holds my reins and says, "whoa gurl, whoa...good gurl."

He releases me from the lunge harness and leads me back into the basement stable where he removes all my tack including my boots and corset and my lovely tail... I am so tired and relieved. "You have done well for your first time, I am pleased but I expect much more from you; I expect you to become a prize winning ponygurl and you have much to learn. However, now I want you to return to your room, take a nice scented bath. Call me when you are through and I will lace you into your corset again." he said. "Yes Master." I replied, curtsied and slowly walked up the stairs to my room.

Ohhh my hot bath with scented oils was luxurious as it helped relax my poor aching muscles; I almost fell asleep. I think an hour passed before I finally got out of the bath and patted myself dry. I went to my vanity, dried and brushed out my hair. I applied fresh makeup, spritzed on some perfume and was beginning to feel much better and fresher. I slip on a pair of fresh black stockings and black 5" heel

pumps with locking ankle collars and I then call Master and let Him know I am ready. He comes into the room and tight laces me into a beautiful white satin corset. He tells me I shall not wear panties for the remainder of the day so I step into a white petticoat and then slip my white bridal satin maid's uniform over my head and he zips it up. I puff up my petties until they are almost straight out. I place my little cap onto my head and slip on a pair of black shoulder length kid leather gloves. Master then places my satin apron around my waist and ties into a big bow in the back. "Thank you my Master, is there anything you wish of me?"

"Yes Vanessa, you will go and prepare lunch for me, the menu is posted in the kitchen." he said. "Yes Master, right away."

"Wait Vanessa until I dismiss you." Vanessa go to your bed and get in; I want you on your arms and knees with your face on your pillow." he commands.

"Yes Master."

I get into bed as he instructed and I hear him unzipping his pants and he removes all this clothes. I cannot see him but I want to see his beautiful Black body. He climbs into bed behind me and lifts up my dress and petticoats. He moves closer and then inserts a finger in my boy cunt. I moan softly and begin to purr. He pulls it out then inserts two moving them around for a short time and I love every sensation. "Ooooh Master, that is wonderful please more, you are driving me crazy...I want more." He pulls out his fingers and I fell something big, warm and slippery at my little boy cunt and then pressure as he tries to enter me with his big cock. He pushes harder but slowly and it hurts me as I scream but then he enters me and begins to push slowly in deeper and deeper and I am going crazy. "Oh Master I want all of you in me please make me your slave I want you so much to keep me filled with your seed," I moaned loudly.

"You are so tight and hot Vanessa," as he increases his speed pumping me, "you are going to be just what I need," his breathing is faster and he is groaning. "Ohhhh Vanessa, I am cumming...AAAHHHHHH!" I feel as he injects what seems like gallons of his sweet Black juices into me. He pulls out of me with a "plop" and bends over me and kisses the back of my neck, "You are perfect my white bitch; now get a warm wet towel and clean me." "Yes Master." I quickly get out of bed and get the towel and clean him. Before I finish and looking at his big rock hard 10 inch manhood I said, "Oh Master it is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. Master may I clean it further?" Before he could answer I had it in my hand, and began to ring its head with my tongue and he moaned. I slowly began taking it into my mouth while looking up at him. I am able to take it further and further but gag a bit and back off using my tongue on the underside. He is smiling down at me with approval. So I try again and I again take it further and further into my throat. He puts his hands on the back of my head and forcing it down and down in my throat until I have his entire shaft deep inside my throat. He is moaning loudly as he pulls out some and pushes back in. He is fucking my throat and I love every inch of Him.

After a few minutes he shoots another load of his delicious cum deep into me...he has filled me completely and now I am part of him. I now belong to him...completely.

After we both return to reality, and I am kneeling before him on the floor, he places a white 2 inch wide patent leather collar around my neck and locks it. Then he has me stand and bend over and he inserts my plug again. He tells me it is for ass training and to keep his seed in me. "Thank you Master, I do love my collars and my plugs."

"I know you do my darling Vanessa, I know you do. Now my little white girlyboy bitch go fix my lunch."

“Yes Master,” as I curtsy turn and walk hurriedly wiggling my ass so he can see me as I leave the room.

He only wants a light lunch so nothing much to prepare but a salad and a sandwich and iced tea, unsweetened. I take it to him in the dining room and set it before him. “Do you desire anything else Master Jevan?” as I take a step back and curtsy. “No Vanessa, you may fix yourself a salad and eat in the kitchen.”

“Yes Master.”

“By the way Vanessa, we are going out tonight around nine o’clock so I will decide what I want you to wear. In the mean time, after your salad, you may clean my bedroom and bathroom. Oh and make sure the kitchen is spotless. I will not tolerate a messy kitchen.”

“Yes, of course Master.” I replied thinking how am I going to get all that done and get ready to go out? Then I realize I have 6 hours so I don’t have to be in such a rush. The hardest part was the kitchen but I managed OK and the rest was pretty much a breeze. I was a little tired but was excited to be going out with my new Master. I was able to sit down and relax for about an hour until Master came to my room. He told me to take a quick shower and get myself ready while he decided my eveningwear. He told me to put my hair up since this evening was somewhat formal.

I did what I was told and my hair was really pretty, sort of coiled in back with tendrils hanging down the sides showing off my slender neck. I checked my nails and everything was fine; did my makeup for an elegant evening and returned to my room. I pulled my little clitty between my legs and then slipped into a pair of tight stretch satin thong panties, then comes a pair of very sheer nude stockings and gold strappy ankle strap sandals with 5 inch heels.

“Very nice Vanessa, your hair is just right. Now go to the lacing bar,” he said. “Yes Master.” He laced me into my white satin and brocade corset until my waist was a tiny 22 inches. “I don’t think it will be much trouble getting your waist possibly down to 18 inches, Vanessa, but it will take a while,” he commented. He released me from the lacing bar and takes me to the closet where he picks out a gold sequined floor length column evening gown. “Oh Master it is soooo beautiful, I love it,” I said.

My dress had no walking slip at all requiring the wearer, me, to take small steps. It has narrow straps over the shoulders and zipped up the back. After attaching my stockings to my garters I slipped into the dress. It was tight fitting to say the least and hugged my waist wonderfully. The front revealed more than I expected before trying it on. The corsage was of a shelf design and so low-cut that my breasts were almost completely displayed. If I leaned over a little one could see my nipples with no effort at all. This was a dangerous dress but I adored it.

I put on my gold dangle earrings on and he then placed two wide gold cuff bracelets on my wrists and then brought out a beautiful 2 inch wide gold collar and snapped it closed in back and then locked it with a small key. On the front of my collar was a small D-ring and an engraving of “SISSY” and very easily seen.

“Absolutely stunning Vanessa, I cannot wait to show you off this evening,” he said. He then attaches a gold chain leash to my collar. “One more thing my dear, turn around,” he said. “Yes Master.”

“Put your arms behind you gurl,” he says. I put my hands behind me and he attaches my wrist cuffs together with a very short gold chain.

“You are ready my dear,” as he leads me to the front door and to the car. He assists me into the car since I am pretty helpless with my hands secured behind me.

About 30 minutes later, I am not sure; we arrive at a very exclusive club and he parks about a block away. He helps me out of the car and says we are going to walk back to the club. He takes my leash and we walk slowly back to the club while everyone on the street sees this tall, strong Black man leading his beautifully dressed and collared white shemale on a leash. My breasts bounced with every step in my heels and I knew people were staring at me with curiosity and puzzlement. I am so turned on, excited, aroused and feeling so completely helpless my clitty is rock hard between my legs and all I can think of is having him fuck me. My plug moves within me with every step. “Ohhhh Master,” I moan softly. I cannot look at anyone as we walk but I know there are many people on the sidewalk and they are all looking at me. Shortly before we arrive at the club he stops me, reaches into his pocket and pulls out a black penis shaped gag about 3 inches long.

“Open your pretty mouth Vanessa.”

“Yes Master,” I reply very softly.

He then, as people stare, places the penis gag into my mouth and then buckles the leather straps behind my neck and pulls it tightly seating the gag deep in my mouth. “There my beautiful girlyboy, now you are perfect. I know everyone will enjoy you this evening,” he says.

We arrive at the club and are shown inside and I then realize it is a BDSM club and all eyes are on me. I also notice that everyone in the darkened club appear to be Black and I am the only white person there. We are shown to our table as master leads me with my leash. He then orders me kneel beside him which I do as he assists me since it is very difficult in my dress. He tells me the program will start soon and that I will love it. I nod my head slightly. He is brought a bottle of expensive wine but only he drinks as I am not allowed since I am gagged and my arms are bound behind me and, besides, a slave does do such things in public. He orders his meal and it is brought to the table in about 20 minutes. He slowly eats his dinner while I get nothing since he will not remove my gag.

Shortly thereafter he finishes his meal and with a last drink of wine he stands and helps me to stand. He leads me to the stage where we go behind the drawn curtain. There, at almost center stage is what I can best describe as a display stand for a mannequin with slight differences. “You are going to be our on-stage display model this evening Vanessa,” as he leads to the stand.

The display stand has a fairly wide metal base with an adjustable shaft. The top of the shaft has a small bicycle style seat which is adjustable for ones height and is equipped with a large Black penis shaped dildo attachment. The base also has movable and lockable ankle restrains attached to the center shaft. He maneuvers me to the stand. A stage hand lifts my dress up and abruptly cuts away my panties and then removes my plug as ordered by Master. The shaft is now maneuvered between my legs. Master places the ankle restrains around my ankles and locks them securely. He then lowers the seat. Then he takes the large dildo and lubricates it with KY jelly and affixes it to the seat.

He then raises the seat upward until it touches my awaiting anal ring. I moan softly at its coolness knowing what is going to happen to me.

He pushes with increasing pressure until I open and the 8 inch dildo enters me. He continues to push as I groan unable to make any sounds other than small moans with my eyes wide open with pain. Master looks at me and smiles but continues to push the monster into my boy pussy. The pain finally subsides and I am then completely impaled by this thing and he raises the seat further and further and it is even

stretching me that I am standing on the balls of my feet and my heels are off the floor. I am now completely immobile as they allow my dress skirt back down and let it fall to just above my ankles. Now, after a few touchups and adjustments to my clothing and hair, Master says with a big smile, "Ahhh, very nice my pretty, what a beautiful sight, the perfect display for my pretty slavegirl."

There, I am completely helpless. I am dressed in a tight-laced corset, stockings, and 5" heels topped off with a gorgeous gold sequined floor length evening gown and perfectly made up. I am wearing a wide locked gold collar, my arms are bound behind me, I have a penis gag firmly seated in my mouth. After all that, I am impaled by a large Black dildo while seated on a mannequin display stand with my ankles firmly locked to the base.

"You make a beautiful mannequin my darling; you must remain like this until I am ready to leave," he says. "I know everyone will enjoy seeing you and know you are owned and dominated by a Black man and Master." He then returns to his table leaving me alone.

As the evening entertainment ends Master and an assistant free me from the impaling mannequin stand and I am led to Master's table where I am allowed to eat a small steak and salad with a glass of Merlot. "You have done well Vanessa, I am pleased with you. You are going to make an excellent maid, ponygurl, and slavegurl for me."

"Oh thank you Master, I do so want to please you. I have given myself to you and I belong to you and I love wearing your collar." I say lowering my eyes, "I am yours to do with as you please and want to make you happy."

"That pleases me very much, my dear, but remember you will require much more training and if you displease me, punishment can be harsh but awards can be most pleasurable for you. You are my property and you must always remember that my darling," he admonishes as he attaches my leash to my collar and we prepare to leave the club.

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