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BISEXUAL MISTRESS

by

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If you are looking for fiction, you will not find it here. The accounts I provide are based on actual experiences. If the ideas of female domination or female superiority are offensive to you, I suggest you read no further. This account is provided for the enjoyment and pleasure of bisexual women. Males can jerk-off to something else.

This particular account concerns this author, a Goddess Gwendolyn, and a male slave. Each of us were bisexual.

I, in addition to being bisexual, am also transgendered. In other words, I was born a male but have always been female in mind, heart and spirit. Consequently, as soon as I was able to do so, I began living and working as a woman.

I do not, nor can I, perform sexually as a male. This is the result of female hormones that I have taken to enhance my feminine attributes and qualities.

Two years ago, I began studying Dianic philosophy. It is essentially a philosophy concerned with the superiority of women. I met Goddess Gwendolyn while researching the internet. When I discovered that she lived in Atlanta, GA, I contacted her, immediately. I told her who I was and she arranged for us to meet.

It was a 2-1/2-hour drive to Atlanta but it was well worth the time spent to meet a professional mistress who is indeed a goddess.

Goddess Gwendolyn was everything I expected and more. She is a statuesque woman with very full breasts which she proudly presents to the world. Most important, she is articulate and intelligent. For her, male domination is an art, and unlike most women -- even those who work as mistresses -- Goddess Gwendolyn has cultivated domination and developed it to an art form.

Our initial relationship was conditional. She agreed that I could work as her assistant and learn the art. However, she had never worked with a transgendered woman, and did not want to commit to a relationship until she was absolutely certain that I was as much a female in mind, heart and spirit as any other woman with whom she had worked. I agreed to this arrangement.

Goddess Gwendolyn wore a white long translucent gown that covered her without conceal her curvaceous proportions. I wore knee high boots a black silk thong and a black lacy demi-bra.

We are certainly a contrast in black and white, she quipped. This was as much as a reference to our attire as it was to our skin color. The goddess is Caucasian. I am African American.

The goddess had a throne that was raised above the floor level. It sat on a platform about 16-inches high. She elegantly walked across her very well equipped dungeon and then sat on her throne. Once comfortably she seated, she called for me to come over.

She opened her robe and parted her thighs, revealing a beautiful pussy and neatly trimmed bush.

Your first task will be to eat me, she announced. I need to know if you eat pussy like a man or like a woman. You may begin.

Kneeling between her legs, I moved my face between her thighs and began licking and fingering her delicious pussy. She was sweet and already very moist. My tongue flicked around her clit. I was careful not to touch it until I felt that she had been teased enough to completely enjoy my oral massage.

In spite of her apparent readiness, she was not as sensitive as I had anticipated. It took quite a bit of sucking, nibbling and eating to bring her to the level of arousal I desired. I knew she had reached that level when she moaned loudly and then grabbed the back of my head and pushed my face into her electrified bush. At that point, I licked and sucked her like a lesbian in heat.

She started yelling obscenities, call me her bitch among a long list of colorful nouns and adjectives. Some of the words were just barely enunciated. A short time afterwards, she reached her first orgasm.

I continued, of course. Within the 45-minutes that I attended to her, Im certain that she climaxed at least four times. After the fourth orgasm,

she pulled me up and kissed me wildly.

Damn, youre good, girl, she confessed, apparently as much surprised as she was elated. Some of the best connoisseurs of cunt in the country have feasted between my thighs. I can tell you that youre among the best!

Thank you, Goddess Gwendolyn, I replied. Im happy Ive met with your approval.

Well, you certainly know how to eat pussy, she answered. If you do half as well in the other areas that I intend to test you, youll be an exceptional assistant.

I certainly hope to do well in all the areas, goddess.

Suddenly, Goddess Gwendolyn was very interested in learning about my being transgendered, and asked several questions. We continued chatting for near to an hour. Then, the phone rang. I delivered the phone to Goddess Gwendolyn and examined the incredible array of equipment while she talked. When the conversation was over, she announced that a male client would be arriving within the next 5 minutes.

She described the equipment that would be required for the session. I had trouble selecting the right instruments because I had never been a dungeon so well equipped. The goddess was patient and did not hold my ignorance against me. She promised that given sufficient time I would become knowledgeable of all her tools, as well as their proper uses.

The slave was a white male, very good looking. He was about 5-feet, 10-inches tall and weighed about 160 pounds. He sported a very neatly trimmed mustache and modern hair cut. His hair was as dark as his mustache and his eyes were brown.

She never called him by name. He was simply a slave and needed no name. I was introduced to him as Mistress Roberta. The slave was then instructed to remove all of his clothing, to put it in its proper place, and then return to his spot in the dungeon.

He did not hesitate to obey the goddesss instruction. He returned as naked as the day he was born. At that time I was able to observe his penis. It was flaccid and about 5-inches long. It rested on a beautiful set of hairy testicles.

Quite a specimen, the goddess commented. Dont you agree?

Its quite inviting from here, I confessed.

Hes about a full 10-inches when hes erect.

Thats what I would have estimated, I told her.

So, you have had some experience with men as well, she inquired.

One or two, I replied and then giggled.

Im sure, she answered. Well, Im curious as to what you can do with a man. If you don't mind, Id like you to give him head.

She must have been reading my mind. I had been thinking about his cock the entire time.

Have him fetch a chair and place it near the rack. Then, tie him to it.

The slave fetched a chair for the mistress to sit and watch. I fastened the shackles to his wrists and ankles. It was exhilarating to stand back and look at a man -- naked and spread eagle before me.

Goddess Gwendolyn handed me a condom, then said, Hes all yours, sweetie. Let me see what you can do.

Not a problem, I replied. Not a problem at all.

I began by lifting his flaccid penis. then, I licked his balls. They responded instantly. I kissed them for being so well behaved, and then mouthed them. As soon as his testicles were in my mouth, his penis began to enlarge almost instantaneously. When it enlarged to about 7-inches, I covered it in the latex sheath.

I looked up at him. His eyes were closed and his facial expression suggested it had been a long time since he had last received a womans pleasure.

I began sucking him and could feel his penis continuing to enlarge while it was in my mouth. I was certain he had reached his fully extended 10-inches as I could not contain all of him between my lips.

I sucked him deeply and furiously, careful to breathe through my nose so as not to gag. I looked over at Goddess Gwendolyn and could see she was impressed. I smiled.

In less than 3-minutes, the slave ejaculated. He tried to back away to remove his cock, but I held onto it with my mouth. He began writhing but I

refused to release him. When I felt he had surrendered to me. I allowed his penis to slip from between my warm and moistened lips.

Very well done! Goddess announced, applauding while she looked on. Very well done! I'd love to watch him fuck you. I mean, if you don't mind. It's entirely up to you.

Sucking his cock had left me quite aroused and so I agreed to fulfill her wish.

While I released him from his shackles,, the goddess inquired, You have to do it doggy style. Don't you? I mean, because you still have a male thingy.

I can do it any position that any other woman can, I replied. I just need to use a little lubricant which I have in my purse.

That's wonderful, she said. Slave! Go fix me a drink.

The slave ran across the room to the bar. He fixed what appeared to be two shots of Scotch. No ice. He returned, knelt before the goddess, and without uttering a single word, handed her the glass.

Thank you, slave.

You're welcome, Goddess Gwendolyn. It is my supreme pleasure to serve you.

I know. I know, she replied. Well, you're doing for a treat today. So don't fuck up. I want you to screw my lovely assistant properly, and if you dare cum as quickly as you did the last time, I'll have your ass.

I reclined on my back, smiling at the goddess while I lowered the back of my head onto the carpet. I had the slave lubricate me and instructed him to insert a finger to help me relax.

Within three minutes, he was able to insert four of his fingers. I knew that was more than sufficient. I told him that he could mount me, but Goddess Gwendolyn revoked my command.

Eat her pussy first, slave, she ordered. I want her good and hot!

Why thank you, goddess, I commented. That's very thoughtful of you.

No problem, sweetie, she answered. You and I have a lot more in common than I had thought.

The slave licked me in typical male fashion. It felt good but I was unable to reach an orgasm. His technique just wasn't assertive enough. Still, I allowed him to continue for a few minutes. Then, I repeated my command for him to mount me.

Size isn't everything, but it's impossible to ignore a 10-inch cock riding up and down your snatch. He fucked like a jackhammer, quickly and savagely.

The boots were heavy, still I managed to raise both legs up over his head.

You go, girl! the goddess shouted. Fuck her good, slave. If you don't, I'll have your ass. Fuck her little cunt till it sings!

With that announcement, the slave's thrusts were not only deeper but considerably faster and more forceful. He fucked like a young stud just released from a 10-year prison sentence and getting his first pussy. It was wonderful! Absolutely wonderful! He lasted a good 15 minutes just long enough for me to reach an incredibly intense orgasm. I squeezed his cock with my pussy to make certain I got every last drop of him.

Girl! You've passed every test I can think of giving you! She announced. She seemed as much excited as I.

Slave, this session is over. Consider yourself lucky. You'll endure a regular session next time. Right now, I need to spend some time alone with Mistress Roberta.

The slave paid the goddess and left far more happier than he arrived. Goddess Gwendolyn reached for my hand and led me to her beautiful decorated bedroom. She told me to relax on her bed, then walked over to her dresser drawer and fumbled for a few minutes. When she turned around she was wearing the most life-like strap-on cock I had ever seen.

She looked at me and smiled.

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