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Subject: MISTRESS RAINY, SLAVE KAREN AND THE NEW BI WOMAN

MISTRESS RAINY, SLAVE KAREN
AND THE NEW BI WOMAN

by

Roberta Angela Dee

They call Indiana, the "Crossroads of America." It's also called the "Hoosier State."

Whenever I thought of Indiana, I'd think of peonies, tulip tress, the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, or Lake Michigan. I'd think of huge caves, beautiful forests, and motor homes. The last things I'd think of were whips, dommes or CBT. Yet, while reading a popular magazine for those with an interest in bondage and discipline, or sadism or masochism, I came across a half-page advertisement for Mistress Rainy.

The advertisement featured a portrait of the mistress -- a tall, strong and beautiful woman. She was very curvaceous with dark hair and eyes. A leather-clad master stood behind her, partially in the shadow -- his face covered with a black leather mask. At the mistress's foot, there sat a small, thin, fragile looking blonde with hazel eye. The blonde was identified as the submissive slave to Mistress Rainy. The slaves name was Karen.

A number of things sparked my curiosity about the advertisement. First, the vague outline of the master seemed to suggest that he was there to protect the mistress and her slave. Yet, one need only glance at the mistress to know she was a woman who needed no one's protection -- male or female. Second, the demeanor on the face of the mistress was cold and quite stoic. Yet, the expression on the face of the slave seemed to suggest deep contentment, almost a euphoria, as she sat at the feet of her mistress. "What could it all mean?" I wondered. Was there a subliminal message, or was it merely the juxtaposed imagery of a thoughtless photographer?

The advertisement provided an e-mail address. So, I decided to write to her, explain my particular situation, and request an opportunity to serve her. The letter read as follows:

Dear Mistress Rainy:

My name is Roberta. I am a bisexual transgendered woman who lives in Georgia. Recently, I was fortunate to review your advertisement. It was most impressive. Consequently, I would be honored if you would allow me to

serve you. A digital photograph is attached to this e-mail. I eager await your reply, at your convenience.

Sincerely and submissively,

Roberta

I was surprised to discover a reply in my in-box the very same day. Her response read as follows:

slave roberta:

I am familiar with the term transgendered. However, different people use it differently. So, please specify how you are using the term.

You appear to be an attractive woman. Therefore, you must understand that if I accept your request, you come to Me as a woman. If you expect that allowances or considerations will be made due to your transgendered status, you are mistaken. You will serve in the manner I deem appropriate to any female. So, if you have any doubts as to your ability to be a woman, I very strongly suggest that you rescind your request. For if you are not a woman when you arrive, you will most definitely become one or you will be directed to leave.

Graciously,

Mistress Rainy

There was no doubt in my mind that Mistress Rainy was totally about business, and that she meant business. What I could not ascertain from her letter was whether it was being served to me as a challenge. Was she, in fact, questioning my womanhood? Was she expecting me to somehow prove my womanhood? What was the most logical way to interpret her reply?

I was careful to explain that by 'transgendered' I meant that I had been born a male but had begun to live and work as a woman by the age of 25 years old. I also began taking female hormones. As a result of the hormones, I could no longer ejaculate or attain an erection. I was also sterile.

I further explained that I climaxed through foreplay -- being kissed, caressed, hugged, having my breasts fondled and attention directed to my anus -- or "girlie hole" as I preferred to call it.

Being aware of how most women feel towards women like myself, I added that I felt very confident that I would meet or exceed her expectations of me as a woman.

Again, her response was swift and direct. It read as follow:

slave roberta:

You provide a unique and challenging situation. I have had discussions about you with my spouse. He is a Master but is skeptical about your capability to serve fully as a female. The final decision, however, rests with Me and with Me alone.

Since I already have a live-in submissive, your arrangement will differ from hers in so far as you will be required to provide your own income and to also contribute to your room and board. The amount will be modest. However, you will be expected to hold a job in addition to your duties and responsibilities as my submissive slave.

Arrive with no more than you require to fulfill both roles -- that of employee and slave. Regarding your capabilities as a female, I offer this final warning: If you request or require any special consideration because you are transgendered, or if you fail to expel my husband's skepticism, you will be asked to leave.

Graciously,

Mistress Rainy

The Mistress' response left no doubt that I was being accepted as a woman, only under the condition that I measured up to the role, in her eyes and those of her spouse. It was unsettling to be asked to agree to such subjective terms. However, I felt confident that things would work out.

I gave two weeks notice to my employer, and arranged for certain items to be shipped to Indiana. Three weeks later, I was standing at the Mistress' door and ringing the bell.

The young blonde -- Karen, who I had seen in the photograph, answered the door.

"Oh, hi," she said, greeting me with a friendly tone of voice. "You're the new slave."

She opened the door a bit wider, stood back, and said, "Come in, slave roberta. I'll let Mistress Rainy know you're here"

"Thank you, Karen," I replied.

Mistress Rainy entered the room a minute or two later. She was an impressive figure -- as beautiful as she was stoic.

I smiled and said, "Hi."

"Hi," she said, mocking me. "Oh, brother! I might have bitten off more than I can chew with this one."

She took a deep breath and then continued, saying, "That's not how you will greet me. In the future, you will say, 'Good evening, Mistress Rainy,' then you will curtsy. Is that understood?"

"Yes, Mistress Rainy," I answered, and then I executed my best curtsy.

"Show her to her room, slave karen," Mistress Rainy ordered. "Then, disrobe her and return with her in 15 minutes to meet the Master."

Slave karen acknowledged the order and curtsied. I curtsied as well. Then, I followed slave karen to a small but comfortable bedroom. There, I discovered the belongings I had shipped earlier. Next, I disrobed and returned to the living room within the allotted time. Mistress Rainy and the Master were already present.

I curtsied for Mistress Rainy, then said, "Greetings, Master," and curtsied for the Master.

The leather clad man burst into laughter.

"What the hell is this?" he asked with a loud and threatening voice. "Is it a man with tits or is it a woman with a penis?"

"This is slave roberta," Mistress Rainy replied. "She's come to me to be trained as a female submissive. Time will tell whether she's a woman."

"How can she be a woman?" the Master asked. "She has a cock."

"The cock is all that remains of her former manhood," Mistress Rainy replied. "It is not functional. Besides, there is more to being a woman than meets the eye. I am expecting her to be a woman in character. She will be given every opportunity to prove herself."

The Master refused to comment. He merely walked away. I was next provided with a long list of household duties and reminded to seek employment.

The amount I was required to bring into the household was indeed very modest. I was able to pay that amount through my employment as a sales girl at a local boutique.

I paid for my cigarettes, personal toiletries, and saved a few dollars each week -- just in case Mistress Rainy asked me to leave. There was, however, very little communication between the Mistress and I for the first month of my residency. Anything she required was communicated through slave karen. Basically, I worked five days a week and a Saturday, every other week. When I returned home, I would perform my household chores while wearing a bra, panty, garter, stockings and high heels.

On one occasion, the Master approached me, lowered my bra, examined my nipples, then walked away without saying a word. I was totally humiliated but curtsied as he left the room. Otherwise, I was left alone.

Then, on the Saturday of the fifth week of my residency at the house, slave karen knocked at my door. I asked her to enter. She entered with a blindfold in her hand and told me I had been summoned but that I would need to secure the blindfold about my eyes. I did as I had been instructed and was led from the room by slave karen. I wore only my undergarments.

Although blindfolded, I was familiar enough with the house to know that I was being led like a helpless school girl to the dungeon. I was filled with anticipation and a respectable amount of fear.

Slave karen led me to the center of the room, then released my hand. The next voice I heard was the voice of my Mistress.

"Bend over and grab your ankles, slave roberta," my Mistress ordered. "Keep your legs stiff and your tongue still."

She then instructed slave karen to hold me steady. Then, she said, "Proceed, slave michael."

Almost immediately, a man's hand grabbed and lowered my panty. I felt him spreading a lubricant onto my girlie hole. He fingered me lightly, then slowly inserted a finger. More lubricant was added and an additional finger, then a third. He spent about 5 minutes lubricating me,

then stopped.

A few seconds later, I felt the head of what felt like a very thick cock. I knew it was erect because he began to insert himself. The insertion was slow but very deliberate.

He then moved placed his hands upon my hands and began a very slow thrusting motion. The lubrication had been sufficient and I was soon taking about 6-inches of his manhood. Soon the pace of his penetration quicken and he became far more aggressive -- fucking me as though his life depended on it. I felt his big hairy testicles slapping against my cheeks as I prayed he was wearing a sheath.

Then, he removed a hand from one side of my hips and used to fondle my breast. He was very rough and at this time of month my breasts were especially tender and sensitive. His vigorous massage not pleasant.

Slave michael released an incredibly loud grunt, and I suspected he had ejaculated. He removed his penis from my body and slapped me on my behind.

"Was she enjoyable to you, slave michael?" Mistress Rainy asked.

"Oh, yes, Mistress Rainy," the slave confessed.
"Thank you, Mistress. I very much needed that release.
Slave likes tight pussy!"

"Take the bitch back to her room," Mistress Rainy ordered.

Slave karen led me back to my room. Before leaving I managed to curtsy and raise my panty. When we reached my bedroom, Karen removed my blindfold.

I had been fucked and called a bitch. Needless to say, I was both humiliated and angry.

"Who the fuck was that man?" I asked.

"You don't need to know," Karen retorted.

"Well, I need to know if the mother fucker had AIDS, or herpes, or some sort of venereal disease."

Karen scoffed, then said, "I'll report your concern to Mistress Rainy."

"No, wait a second," I yelled.

Karen simply smiled and left the room without saying another word. A few minutes later, she returned and told me I had been summoned by the Mistress.

I arrived and found Mistress Rainy seated in a huge chair in the den. I greeted her and curtsied.

"Slave karen informs me that you have some concerns," she began. "What are your concerns, slave?"

"Well, I didn't know that man and I had a concern that he might have had some sort of disease."

Mistress Rainy showed no expression -- favorable or unfavorable. She merely said, "Every woman is responsible for her own mind and body, my little bitch. As a woman, I shouldn't need to tell you. Your relationship with me is based on a very high level of trust. If you do not trust me, then perhaps you should leave."

"I'm very sorry, Mistress Rainy," I answered apologetically. "I do trust you. Please disregard my concern."

"You're a bitch. Specifically, you're my bitch," she replied. "I have no interest in your concerns. Go back to your room."

I returned to my room more confused than ever. Mistress Rainy never really addressed my concern. Was this a test? If so, what were the consequences? Had I endangered myself, or -- as Mistress Rainy suggested -- was I to reply totally and unconditionally on her good intentions? I had never felt so taxed as a woman. What would another submissive woman have done?"

The following evening, slave karen returned to my room with a blindfold.

"I was well rewarded for my suggestion to Mistress

Rainy. She liked the idea of you being blindfolded."

"That was your idea?" I asked.

"Yea, but I've outdone myself for this evening," she answered with a smile. "Here, you need to put this on," she said, handing me the blindfold. Again, I was led to the dungeon.

Karen led me to a mattress that had been placed in the center of the room. She removed my panty and began to lubricate my girlie hole. She spent a good deal of time with me, until she had worked in four fingers and a part of her thumb. Then, she got up and said, "She's all yours, boys!"

There was laughter and I heard someone say, "All right!" There was a menacing tone to his voice. I was frightened. Yet, in spite of my fear, I tried to decipher as many details as I could. There were at least three males, and none of their voices were familiar.

Within a minute, a very hairy male had mounted me. He began fucking me immediately. There was no tenderness, no display of any affection. He simply inserted his cock and began fucking me as though he were a wild dog.

Then, a felt the tip of a man's penis against my lips. I quickly turned my head, but someone grabbed it and forced it back to face the cock.

"Give the man some head, girlie!" a voice commanded. I opened my mouth and began sucking the humongous appendage of the unidentified man. The other man kept laughing while he groped at my breasts like some savage animal.

It seemed that every inch of my body was being invaded or manipulated in some manner. I started crying but there was no sympathy for my tears.

The laughing man ejaculated on my face. I felt his semen on my cheeks and lips. Some of it began sliding into my nostrils and I had to exhale forcibly to prevent from inhaling his cock juice.

As soon as the hairy man climaxed, he moved from me. However, there would be no relief for me. Within seconds, another man mounted me and inserted his cock.

The three men continued raping me for what seemed like an eternity but was at least an hour, perhaps more. I'm not certain. After the men had finished with me, slave karen sat on my face and instructed me to eat her pussy. I did so for nearly 20 minutes. When she climaxed, she gushed. She really gushed! I could tell she had not been pleased in this manner for quite some time, or had not been pleased as well. She quivered incredibly as she climaxed. "Would I share her experience one day?" I wondered..

After slave karen dismounted my face, everyone left the room. There was not a sound other than that of my crying and whimpering. I must have cried for half an hour. When I stopped, I laid there hoping that slave karen would come soon. I just wanted to take a bath and go to bed.

At least another hour passed after I had stopped crying. Then, slave karen returned to the room. She removed my blindfold and looked at me. She could see I had been crying. However, she didn't say a word. She took me by my hand and led me back to my room.

I had resolved that I would leave Mistress Rainy. I could not imagine that I'd be able to accept anything worse than had already happened to me. If it had not been enough to prove my womanhood and loyalty, then it would probably be in everyone's best interest that I leave.

After my bath, I went immediately to bed and tried to forget the episode earlier that evening. I imagined several different ways I would inform Mistress Rainy that I would leave. Eventually, I slipped into a restful sleep.

I was awakened at 3:00 AM in the morning. Mistress Rainy sat on the side of my bed and she smiled at me. I could not imagine her being pleased with me and I asked what I had done wrong.

"You've done nothing wrong," she answered. "In fact, you've exceeded my expectations."

"How?" I asked. "What do you mean, Mistress? "What did I do?"

"You proved that you do not have a male ego or a male's psychological limitations. You were very brave to endure my ordeal. But now that I've had you endure a woman's worse nightmare, I can begin to strength your feminine character."

"Do you mean that I won't be blindfolded again?" I asked, hopefully.

"No," she replied. "You will be treated quite differently now. You've earned my respect, the Master's respect, and even slave karen's respect. I learned that she had been a little fearful that you had been brought here to replace her. That has all been resolved. I believe you'll find that she can be a good friend -- at least now."

"Thank you, Mistress Rainy," I replied. "I'm very much relieved."

"Good girl," she answered. "Now, get some sleep. Tomorrow will be the beginning of brighter days."

I guess I don't need to explain why I've never left Mistress Rainy. She truly became a Goddess in my life. She's taught me to be a stronger woman and a better submissive as well. I love her.

The End

The author may be contacted
at Dianic007@aol.com.

The author is also interested
in correspondence
with bisexual submissive women
who might have
had a similar experience.

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