

Transformation 2

Crimson Rose

~ ~ ~

Transformation 2

Copyright© 2018 by **Crimson Rose**. All rights reserved.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to **ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY**. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

Copyright License Notes:

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

“Aaaahhgghhh!” a woman yelping startled me out of a sound sleep. “O-One. Thank you Mistress,” the woman said as I bolted upright and looked around. My fiancé Caitlyn was nowhere to be seen and as I got out of bed the woman yelped again – this time a little less dramatic than the first. “Two. Thank you Mistress.” My sleepy brain finally waking up I realized I recognized that voice. Jumping out of bed, I ran to the living room to see my parents and fiancé. My father was butt naked and kneeling with his hands locked behind his head. Eyes drifting down, I saw he was still locked in the cock cage my fiancé put him in the night before. My mother was kneeling equally as naked.

The cane connected with my mother’s ass for a third time. “Three. Thank you Mistress.” “MISTRESS!” I exclaimed. “What in the hell are you doing? You told me you wouldn’t train them and here you are caning my mother. What the actual fuck?”

“Watch your tongue or you’ll be next,” Caitlyn replied.

THWACK!

“Four. Thank you Mistress,” my mother continued counting and giving thanks.

“Someone had better start telling me what is going on here before I lose my fucking temper,” I fumed. “Mom? Dad? Care to explain?”

“They are not permitted to speak until I’m finished caning your mother’s ass,” my Mistress replied. “I suggest you be a good girl and kneel. I’ll explain just as soon as I’m done.”

The look on her face told me I would do well to heed her advice and so I assumed a kneeling position and waited.

Swat after swat struck my mother’s ass and as if she had done it a thousand times she counted and gave thanks after each. After forty she sat back and offered Caitlyn her breasts which were given ten. Through it all I was a mixed ball of emotions. First there was anger at my Mistress for going back on her word. Then there was humiliation at my cock growing harder by the swat and excitement that my mother accepted her punishment with the grace of a well-trained sex slave.

Walking over to me with cane still in hand, my Mistress grinned. “I know what you’re thinking and I can assure you I have not broken my promise not to train them.”

“She’s telling the truth,” my mother groaned as she gently traced a finger along her welt-covered breasts. “When your father and I left last night we spent several hours talking and pouring over every scrap of information we could find on the internet. Long story short, I knew deep down I wanted to be trained, but the one thing I feared the most was being disciplined. Your father and I talked and agreed to ask Mistress Caitlyn to cane me. To her credit she adamantly refused at first but we practically begged her to do it and she graciously agreed.”

“Dad?” I said, looking over at my father whose eyes were now locked on the floor, his face beet red. “Is that true?”

“Every word of it, Aiden.” Biting his lip, his eyes never left the carpet as he leaned forward and assumed the punishment position.”

“Mistress?”

“They both agreed to let me cane them, Aiden. If this is going to be a problem then you are free to return to the bedroom until we’re done.”

“Trust me, I’ll hear it just as well in there as out here. Thanks for waking me up, by the way.”

“Sorry,” my mother apologized. “I figured it was going to hurt but didn’t think it would sting quite that much.”

“What else have you begged Mistress to do to you?”

“We shared her pee.”

THWACK!

“Uhn!” my dad grunted at his first taste of the cane. “One. Thank you Mistress.”

“We, um, the thing is...”

“Tell her,” Monica,” Mistress commanded. “She deserves to know the whole truth.”

“Y-Yes Mistress. I know how you feel about all of this, Aiden, but your father and I don’t know anyone else with the skill and experience to train us so we also begged Caitlyn to be our Mistress and she agreed until we’re able to find someone else.”

“You’ve got to be kidding me.”

“Don’t worry,” Mistress said as she lined up to swing “they will not be trained here.”

THWACK!

“Two. Thank you Mistress.”

“Wait! I gathered from our conversation last night that you were going to let dad train you,” I said to my mother. “Are you telling me you’re both being trained as submissives?”

“That’s exactly what we’re telling you son. Sorry, wait, now that you’re mostly a woman do I still call you son or should we call you our daughter?”

“Well, considering I go by female pronouns I suppose you should get used to referring to me as your daughter. So, seriously, you’re both being trained as submissives?”

THWACK!

“Three. Thank you Mistress,” dad counted and gave thanks.

“Seriously. But we’ll get dressed and leave right now if you say you’re too uncomfortable with your fiancé training us.”

“I think it’s a bit too late for that now mom. If this is happening I want all three of you to agree to a few rules. Break any of them and I’m leaving this relationship and all of you in it. First, dad, unless she is confirmed pregnant you will always wear a condom when having sex with my fiancé. Second...”

THWACK!

“Four. Thank you Mistress.”

“Second, this is the last time anything like this happens here. You are free to visit whenever you like, but the bdsm stays at the door and that goes for everyone including you and I Mistress. To clarify, as long as you’re here she is Caitlyn to us all. And third, I don’t want to hear a word about your training. As far as I’m concerned what you do together is between the three of you and that’s where it should stay. And now, with your permission Mistress, may I be excused to use the bathroom and take a shower?”

“No. I promised to let you train me as your personal urinal and I’m nothing if not a woman of my word.”

THWACK!

“Five. Thank you Mistress.”

“You may come over here and use me as such,” Mistress continued as she dropped to her knees and opened her mouth.”

Knowing better than to argue, I got up, walked over to my fiancé and placed the head of my cock on her tongue. She closed her lips and with a slight nod told me she was ready. Normally, I would have peed a little, allowed her to swallow and pee some more, but I was in no

mood to wait and she needed to learn to take it no matter the situation so I let loose full stream and did not let up. Her mouth quickly filled. She gulped it down, but more followed faster than she could keep up. She started gagging and I kept pissing. It gushed out of her mouth with every cough and soaked the carpet in front of her.

“Looks like you need a lot of practice Mistress. And the carpet is going to need a thorough cleaning.”

“Jesus Christ, are you trying to choke me to death?”

“If you want to be a good toilet you need to be ready for anything, Mistress. I’m going to go take a shower and then head out and do some toy shopping for our shows. Assuming we’re still going to be webcam models, that is.”

“Your father and I need to talk to you before you go.”

“I’m listening.”

Getting to her feet, Mistress lined up and gave my father another swat.

“We talked about it last night and this morning and we’ve decided it’s in everyone’s best interest if we booted you out of the apartment,” I saw Mistress’ hand stop mid-swing “and move you into Forsyth Street,” She continued, referring to a beautiful and massive twenty-three-hundred square foot neoclassical ranch sitting on eleven fenced-in acres they owned. “And by move into we of course mean give. Think of it as an early wedding present.”

“Are you serious?” I gasped. “That place is worth a small fortune.”

“Eight-hundred-eighty-thousand to be exact and yes, we’re serious. It’s large enough for your growing family and private enough for you to live this lifestyle without nosey neighbors getting all up in your business. Anyways, you might want to hold off on buying a bunch of toys unless you want to move them twice.”

Given my very checkered past I was amazed they let me live in one of their apartments and while it was briefly mentioned when I came out to them as transsexual I never imagined it would happen this quickly or that they would just give us one of their most valuable properties. My emotions going wild again, I got on my knees in front of my mother and hugged her tight. “Thank you so much.”

“You’re very welcome sweetie. Your father and I couldn’t be prouder of the changes you’ve made the last few months.”

We hugged for another minute or so before we separated and I went to the bathroom to take a shower to the music of my father being caned.