

As a journalist, you wrote a scathing review of an online dominatrix who you thought was suckering people out of their money. You end up kidnapped and slowly are force feminized into a busty, lactating bimbo sissy maid that can't help but act like a cow when the dominatrix calls you her pet.

In hindsight, perhaps I should have listened to the warning bells that went off in my head at my self-righteousness. My only hope is that someone somewhere finds this and comes to save me. As much as I emotionally crave what has happened to me, logically, I know that I shouldn't want any of this. It is my life now. Perhaps I earned this fate.

It all started with another friend dropping off the grid. Andrew and I had known each other since grade school, had attended the same college with both of us playing college football until he'd blown out his knee and I'd hurt my shoulder, and worked for the same tech start-ups before going our separate ways. He went to work as a consultant for a biotech firm and I started writing for a local paper. One night, at a bar, he mentioned that he'd met a woman named Jennifer online and was going to go see her. He didn't go into too much detail, other than she'd verified who she was and that the pair of them shared some interests better not talked about in public. I laughed it off and wished him the best and to let me know how it worked out.

A week later, I hadn't heard anything, so I checked his social media accounts only to find that he's deleted all of them. That was odd enough that I shot him an email. His email addresses bounced back that there was no account at that name. Now I was really worried. I headed to his house. That was when things went off the rails. Out front were two moving vans. I walked up to the door and peeked in. "Yo, Andrew, are you here?" I shouted. No one replied. I stopped one of the men moving the stuff. "Where's Andrew?" I asked.

"Andrew? Oh, you mean the guy donating all of this? Not sure. Never met the guy. We got a call and fax stamped by a notary public, then a key mailed to us," the mover explained. "All of this is going to a local charity." He paused. "Hey, do you know anyone named Michael?"

I nodded. "Yeah, me."

The guy yelled back into the house. "Hey, Paul! Some dude named Michael just showed up. Where'd you put that letter?"

A taller gentleman walked to the front of the house, pushing a dolly, and handed him an envelope. "We were going to pitch the thing. It's not like the shelter's going to want it."

The first mover handed me the letter. "Well, at least it's not our problem anymore," he said with a shrug. "Anyway, we've got to get this stuff boxed up and packed."

I moved over to the porch swing and sat down to open the letter.

"Dear Michael,

Thanks for being a friend all these years. If you're reading this, something has gone either horribly wrong or wonderfully right. If you feel the need, go to the police with this but, at the least, try to find

me. Mistress Jennifer is very convincing. She has an indescribable presence to her that can't be denied. Here is her contact information. You'll likely be able to find her online. I hope that we'll see each other again.

Andrew"

Looking at the information, worry twisted my gut. I wanted to take it to the police but I wanted more information than just this letter. I wanted to make certain Andrew was okay.

Later that evening, I was sitting only in on a chat server I'd never even considered. As they say, I was pretty vanilla. Bondage and domination were barely concepts in my head. Here I was, though, logged into a server where everyone deferred to Mistress Jennifer. All of them vied for her attention like desperate sycophants. She played them all like the puppets they were. I found myself playing along to try to get more information. She told them what she wanted and people would post pictures of themselves doing whatever she asked. One even sent a screenshot of sending her two thousand dollars electronically. That was the first time she posted a picture to the chatroom, of her dressed in a t-shirt and blue jeans, holding a piece of paper thanking them by name. A young woman was lying across her lap, idly playing with her naked breasts with one hand and typing into a wireless keyboard with the other.

This was enough for me. This was too crazy. The woman was exploiting these people. I had to stop her by exposing her.

An hour later, I finished writing a scathing blog about what Jennifer was doing. I wrote about Andrew being missing. In the back of my mind, though, I felt there was something seriously off about this. There were too many people doing her bidding. Shaking my head, I chalked it up to paranoia and submitted my blog.

I should have listened to those warnings.

Later that evening, I left my apartment to head out to grab some dinner. As I entered the elevator, there was another man inside. I should have paid more attention. The bag went over my head before I knew what was going on and then I felt a powerful shock. My body convulsed as I collapsed. I heard the door to the elevator open and felt someone pick me up. I was too weak to resist. I heard a van door slide shut as I was bound. I felt the mask being lifted from my mouth only to have a mask covering it. I passed out not long thereafter.

I vaguely recalled flashes of waking up to music and the color pink, only to pass out again until I woke more clearly. I was in a pink room and strapped to a bed. The girl that had been laying across Jennifer's lap in the picture was sitting in a chair, naked from the waist up, reading a fashion magazine. I tried to speak but realized that I was gagged. The girl must have heard my muffled words as she looked up at me. "Michelle, you're awake," she said, smiling. "I should go tell Mistress." She got up and walked out. I tried to tug at the bonds but realized they weren't going to budge. Why did she call me Michelle?

"I'm quite cross with you, young lady," I heard a woman's voice say. It was melodic and oddly comforting if stern. As she came into view, I realized that it was Mistress Jennifer. Dressed in a white t-shirt and black skirt, her arms were crossed under her considerable bosom. She had a look of confidence on her face. "You wrote some rather mean things about me. Fortunately, Andrea was watching for just such a thing. She's such a good girl. Unlike you, who will need to be properly trained to serve."

I glared at her, unable to retort with the gag in my mouth. She'd have to remove it at some point to let me eat. She smiled at me with that smug grin. "I bet you're dying to call for help or tell me off. Let's test your resolve, my pet." She reached for the restraints first, which surprised me. As she undid them, I reached up to remove my gag then thought better of it. I paused and sat up and started to reach for my gag again, only to stop. I glared at her as she began to laugh. I began to sit up only to notice two new things. First, there was an odd pressure near my groin and, second, that there was an unusual weight on my chest. Looking down as I moved my hands to my chest, realizing that, hanging from my chest, were two small breasts. It was only after I got over the shock of that that I noticed my fingers were slenderer while my nails were longer and painted pink. I felt tears run down my cheeks. What had she done to me?

"Do you like your new titties, Michelle?" Mistress Jennifer asked. "They're nowhere near full grown yet, but they'll get there." She reached for the blanket that was covering me from the waist down, tossing it aside. I'm not certain what I expected but to have my cock, which once was almost ten inches long, was now much smaller and kept in a pink cage. She then smiled at me. "It's nice to see your training has already taken root. It probably annoys you that you can't bring yourself to remove your gag. The hypnosis files you've been listening to for the last week have fully integrated, it seems." She then removed the gag.

"Like, why are you doing this, moo?" My eyes went wide as my hands went to my throat. The voice that left my throat was a good octave higher than I was used to, let alone the fact that I just mooed? What the actual fuck? "What did you do to cow slut?" Why couldn't I use the word "me"? "And stop calling cow slut, Michelle. Cow slut's name is Michelle. Wait..." I watched, frustrated, as Mistress Jennifer's smile kept getting wider. She reached to undo my ankle restraints, leading my eyes to my now hairless legs. My feet were angled, which made little sense.

"I bet my cow needs to use the potty," she said with that evil grin. She moved away from the bed and gestured for the door. I did need to go but I couldn't bring myself to leave the bed. "I give you permission to use the bathroom, my pet."

Hearing those words, I felt lighter and found myself standing up only to have my legs cramp and for me to fall to my hands and knees. Mistress laughed at me as the pain in my legs eased. "Silly cow," she reprimanded me, pointed at the boots by the bed, "you forgot your socks and heels."

I really needed to pee but something about the heels seemed familiar. I struggled to pull the need high socks on and then slipped the right pink heels on after. I pulled myself back to my feet only to mince my way back to the bathroom, my hips swaying back and forth. I reached for my penis only to moo in frustration. Given the cage, I'd have to sit down to pee. Further humiliated, I sat down on the toilet and relieved myself. I washed my hands and got my first look in the mirror. My face was similar to my old face while my hair was blonde and fell to my shoulders. My breasts were small handfuls while my waist

was narrow and my hips slightly wider than my shoulders. Aside from the dick in a cage between my legs, I looked like an attractive young woman.

I minced my way back to the room only to find the girl from earlier. She was holding a metal serving tray. I looked at the food on it and felt my mouth water. "Hungry?" Mistress Jennifer asked. I nodded. "If my pet wants to eat, she needs to pleasure her Mistress first."

"Pleasure you, moo?" I asked. "Why does cow slut keep mooing?" Andrea giggled only to have Mistress Jennifer glare at her. It dawned on me. I kept calling myself a cow slut. "Mistress is making cow slut into a cow?" I asked in disbelief.

"A bimbo cow maid to be precise. You did write about not believing how people would do whatever I asked, thinking I was the greatest. What you didn't realize is that they were doing it hoping I'd make them exceptional, just like Andrew here."

"Andrew?"

Andrea scrunched her nose. "Mistress, you know how much I hate being called that. I'm not that icky boy anymore," Andrea said with a pout. I looked closer at Andrea. She did bear a similarity to Andrew like they might be cousins. There was no way. Andrea smiled at me. "I knew you'd find the note I left you. You could never resist a good story. I couldn't let anyone find me and you were the only one that knew." Andrea blushed.

I stood there, mouth agape until my stomach grumbled again. I watched as Mistress Jennifer moved to sit on the edge of the bed. Lifting her skirt and parting her legs, she exposed her bare, shaven slit. I'd never licked a woman's pussy before but I was so hungry. Dropping to my hands and knees, I began to flick my tongue up and down her slit. Licking her was like magic. Her taste was sweet and I couldn't get enough. I felt my cock straining against the cage it was in only to feel someone's hands on my ass. It was the only warning I had before I felt something fill my ass. I wanted to look back but Mistress held my head to her crotch. I heard myself grunt as I was fucked in the ass. Only after I had rung an orgasm out of Mistress Jennifer did she tell me to cum. Even in my cage, the stimulation in my ass was enough to make my cock throb and cum to drip down from it. I felt the shaft leave my ass and, surprisingly, found myself wanting more. I then felt something small being pushed inside me followed by something even larger than the dildo before filling my ass and staying there.

"Michelle's butt plug is in along with her meds," Andrea said with a smile. Mistress had released my head and I moved back to sit on my knees, having to adjust to the feeling of the butt plug in my ass. Andrea handed me the tray of food which I began to devour. As I drank down the thick milkshake, I felt my breasts begin to throb. Sighing as the drink was finished, I reached for fork and began to eat the breakfast scramble on the plate. Every time I took another fork full, I realized that my breasts were larger than before. I paused and watched, enraptured by my swelling breasts. By the time the food was finished, my boobs had swelled up easily to the size of melons, the veins in them evident through the skin. They began to feel tight, hot and aching.

"Mistress, like, my udders hurt, moo," I said. Udders? Why couldn't I call them breasts?

"Andrea, be a doll and get Michelle's new outfit," Jennifer said, shooing Andrea off. She reached under the bed and pulled out a wide metal pail. "Your udders hurt because they're filling up with milk, cow. If



you want me to milk you,” she continued, carrying the pail over to what looked like a large ottoman, “then get onto your milking stool like a good girl.”

I crawled over and then up onto the ottoman, my still swelling boobs hanging from my chest. Jennifer moved the pail under my breasts and began to tug on my nipples. I moaned in pleasure as milk began to spray into the pail. I felt my cock twitch with each tug and more pre-cum leaked from my caged cock. “Oh, Mistress,” I heard myself cry, “cow slut loves it when you, like, milk your cow slut’s udders.” I felt ashamed that I was enjoying it, worse still that I was talking like a dumb bimbo, but it felt so good. When my nipples began to ache, I started to whimper, but I wasn’t going to ask Mistress Jennifer to stop. I wanted to but simply couldn’t. Once she did, I sighed in relief. The pail was removed. Mistress Jennifer moved to help me stand. In her other hand was a pink maid’s outfit.

“Now, we’re going to do some training. Once we’re done, I’ll decide if you’re worth keeping,” Mistress said with a grin.

“Keeping?”

A few days later, dressed in the pink maid’s outfit, I was standing in the living room, sighing happily that everything was clean. I was still not allowed to wear panties and knew from staring in the mirror that my sissy clit, which is what I’d grown to call my now tiny cock, was evident below my skirt. Still, it was what Mistress Jennifer wanted, so, regardless of me logically wanting to conceal it, as it made Mistress happy, I did as I was told. The day before, I’d also done what Andrew had done: donated everything I owned to a charity and ended my lease.

Mistress Jennifer walked into the room along with a red-headed woman who looked like an amazon. “Oh, she’s quite nice,” the red-headed woman said with a grin. She had a faint British accent. “She’s just as I imagined.”

Mistress Jennifer nodded. “Michelle, this is Felicity,” Mistress Jennifer said by way of introduction. She then said something I couldn’t recall. The next thing I knew, I was sitting on the couch being held by Mistress Felicity, her fingers caressing my udders. In my mind, looking at Jennifer, I no longer thought of her as “mistress”. “Well, you enjoy your new pet,” Jennifer said. “I don’t think she was going to work for me in the long run. Someone may link her to me more directly.”

I mooed in pleasure as Mistress Felicity squeezed my udder. “Come on, pet, it’s time to go home to London.”

I got up, my wide hips and huge udders swaying and followed her out.