

Patrick looked at the quaint shotgun house that he'd visited a dozen times before. It was almost commonplace to see them in New Orleans, but that didn't stop the nervousness Patrick felt as he grabbed his suitcase from the trunk of the taxi. Mistress Genevieve had already paid the fare and was waiting for him, a smile on her face and a mug of chicory coffee in hand. Once the taxi left, there was no going back, or so Genevieve had claimed. Given some of the magic that Patrick had seen her friends use, when Genevieve said that him showing up on Christmas was going to change everything for the better, he felt that could mean almost anything was possible.

Carrying the suitcase up to the small porch, Genevieve gave him a kiss on the cheek and stroked the pink collar that he'd been wearing for the last month. It had been a test, as had the women's jeans he was presently wearing, not to mention the panties and bra underneath. Truth be told, Patrick was as comfortable being Genevieve's doll as he was facing bank presidents and handling multimillion-dollar deals. He didn't feel like he belonged in that world, though. He needed someone else in control, to let him be the pampered pet. He wanted to be his mistress's Pattie.

Genevieve took the suitcase from Patrick as soon as they were inside. The tall, busty, voluptuous woman handled it with an ease that showcased her substantial strength, while Patrick had struggled to get it inside. Patrick loved that she was larger than he was. Few women were. "You won't be needing these," Genevieve said with a smile. "Did you put in for a leave of absence, my good girl?"

"Yes, Mistress," Patrick replied with a nod. "I also had all of my belongings moved into a storage facility, per your request." He didn't dare look into her eyes. He was too uncertain that she'd go back on her promise. "Does this mean I'm finally going to get to stay, Mistress?"

Tilting Patrick's chin up with her finger so she could look him in the eye, Genevieve gave Patrick a gentle smile. "Yes, my pet. You'll be able to stay," she said as her fingers moved to unzip his jacket. "However, you know the rules, pet. When you're in my home, you wear what I want and, right now, I want to see you in your bra and panties like a good girl."

Patrick blushed as Genevieve took his coat. He pulled his t-shirt off and kicked off his shoes, making sure to leave his shoes near the door. He then wiggled out of pants and sat down on the couch to take off his socks, before standing quickly and blushing. "My apologies, Mistress. I forgot the rule about the furniture."



Genevieve clicked her tongue and spun Patrick around to smack his rear end. “Next time, I’ll make it count, my doll,” Genevieve said, guiding Patrick to the Christmas tree, under which were two gifts, a small one the size of Patrick’s hand and a larger box the size of a toaster oven.

Patrick knew well enough to kneel at Genevieve’s feet and smiled when she handed him the smaller box. It was labeled “To Pattie from Mistress”. He carefully unwrapped the metallic pink paper, noting that Genevieve had sprayed it with her perfume. Inside was a vial of bubblegum pink liquid and a tag attached by a thread to the stopper reading “Drink me”. Patrick gave his mistress a curious look, which her arched eyebrow told him that she expected him to obey. Uncorking the vial, Patrick quaffed the contents without another thought.

The sweet liquid warmed Patrick, focusing on his chest first before spreading through the rest of his body. He was about to ask about the other gift when he felt an odd weight on his chest. Looking down, his eyes widened as his waist began to narrow and two lumps formed inside the bra he was wearing. “Mistress,” he said with glee, “I’m growing udders.” Patrick blinked as his voice rose, confusion overtaking his expression. “I mean I’m growing titties... fuckbags... knockers.” His eyes widened as his breasts continued to swell out rapidly, nearing the size of melons, while his bra somehow magically grew to fit them. “I, like, keep trying to say a word, Mistress, and I can’t, moo.” Patrick’s hands smacked over his lips which felt larger and softer. “Did I just moo, moo?” Patrick asked with a giggle.

Genevieve giggled, too. “Yes, you did, silly cow,” she said, reaching down to give Patrick’s swelling breasts a good grope, eliciting a moo of pleasure from Patrick’s puffy, pouty lips. She could wait to kiss them or feel her pet’s bee-stung lips sucking on her pussy lips. She took a moment to admire Patrick’s growing backside before explaining. “You wanted to be my pet and you loved being a woman. Truth be told, you were the first man I was ever attracted to and that attraction continued to grow once you let me dress you like a woman. I decided that, if I were to keep you, I’d want you to be my girl.

“I could’ve made you a cat or a puppy, but I know you love big titties, just like mine. What better a pet to have nice, heavy, breasts than a cow,” Genevieve explained with a smile, just as Pattie’s bra changed again to be a nursing bra, knowing full well that Pattie’s now bowling ball sized udders would have plenty of milk. “Now be a good girl and open up your other present.”



Pattie smile as she felt her cock invert and a slit for between her legs. She tore at the wrapping paper of the second box and opened it. Inside was a strap-on and nursing pump. "Is Mistress going to fuck her pet and then milk me, moo? Please? Pet is so horny right now, moo. Pet needs a good fucking." Pattie said, her tone eager as she brushed back her now long, blond hair back behind her slender shoulders. She was female from head to toe now and the thought of being fucked by her mistress was making her wet.

Genevieve smiled at her fully transformed pet. Pattie's basketball sized tits, narrow waist, and wide hips were going to drive men and women crazy with lust. Genevieve knew it was driving her insane with it already. Wiggling out of her pants and panties, Genevieve moved to sit on the couch, spreading her legs as she beckoned Pattie to her. "First, you'll make me cum, then I promise you, pet, I'll give you the fucking you deserve for being my good girl, now and forever."