

Mistress Hannah's Pathetic Husband Part 4

By 1ball

Published on Lush Stories on 24 Oct 2011

All of my stories are original stories. Copyright is held by me.

Mistress takes the humiliation to a new level

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/crossdressing/mistress-hannahs-pathetic-husband-part-2.aspx>

The third and final day of my transformative weekend started poorly. I had aches and pains all over. My neck and back and thigh muscles were sore. I had a little irritation from body hair that was growing back. And of course, my asshole felt all stretched out and very tender. I wondered if it would ever feel tight again. I also wondered what the evening would hold. I couldn't imagine that it would be anything more humiliating and degrading than the previous evenings. I wasn't wearing a buttplug or even feminine clothing, except for the new red panties Mistress had selected for me. So I started feeling more masculine again. Since Mistress seemed content to read her romance novels all day, I thought that I would probably just be cooking dinner and wearing panties again. She told me to spend the day relaxing and pampering myself and I did. I had no idea how devious she could be. Around four PM, Mistress gave me a glass of white wine and a small yellow pill. "Take this," she ordered, "and then strip." I did as she commanded and she inspected me very carefully, writing down a list of touch ups for me to do. I had to remove my pubic hair again and give my face a really close shave. I also had to give myself two enemas and use hair removal cream on my legs. When this was completed, she actually had me sit in a bubble bath and sip more wine. All this lead to me feeling unusually mellow and I thought maybe the pill was a tranquilizer, because I didn't even get excited as I watched her put some makeup items into a pink purse. While I was soaking, Mistress also showered and dressed in casual clothes. When she told me that bath time was over, I dried and walked into the room with a somewhat dreamy feeling. She gave me a manicure and a pedicure and then started painting my nails bright red, teaching me her techniques for doing all of this. I thought this was amazing and I was even more amazed as she applied my makeup and perfume and then began dressing me. Soon, I was dressed head-to-toe in pink, topped off by my redhead wig and including a pink dog collar to cover my adam's apple. When I saw myself in the mirror, I was surprised how sexy and feminine I looked. She accessorized me with my first set of gold hoop earrings and then inserted five large black beads that were all strung together into my asshole. Finally, she told me it was time for "date night". I could not believe she wanted me to leave the house dressed in women's clothing, but she said that I needed to do this to get a true appreciation of what women put up with in the real

world. "Just pretend we're a Lesbian couple. Let me do the ordering and nobody will ever know you ever had balls." I didn't like the way she phrased that and began to wonder how far she was going to feminize me. I hoped nobody that I knew would see me, but she didn't seem to be leaving me any choice and the idea of going out on the town as a hot chick was kind of exciting. We went first to dinner and that was pretty tame. I was becoming fairly comfortable walking in higher than normal heels on tighter than normal shoes. I managed not to fall and give anybody a peak up my tight pink sheath dress. We went from there to a club that I never knew existed and it took me a while to realize that eclectic and in some cases eccentric described the people here. Clearly, many of the couples were gay and there were many other crossdressed of both genders, but it was a couples-only kind of place, not a meat market. It was a small place and standing room only, so we stood at a bar for a while and had some more wine. Mistress played with my ass a lot and when a chime sounded from her cell phone, she read it and gave me a second pill. Soon she was casually reaching up inside my dress and popping the fifth ball in and out of my ass with ease. This activity was fairly concealed, but I can't say I really cared whether it was seen. I was floating in a dreamy state. When she received another text message the fifth ball was currently out, so she left it out, she took me through a door and down a hallway to a small room. The room had a makeup table at and a full length mirror and she told me to remove my false chest, freshen up and look as presentable as I could make myself. I told her that I didn't think the dress would hang well without my fake boobs but she said not to worry because I wouldn't be wearing it for very long. She also ordered to make sure that only one ball stayed out while sat at the table. This ball felt really large when I sat down so I did a few quick touch ups and then stood up while she was off somewhere down the hall. She soon returned and took me to another section of the building which seemed different. We stopped and waited out of sight beside what was clearly a stage curtain. It was then that I heard these chilling words spoken into a microphone by a vaguely familiar voice, "Ladies and gentlepeople, to start our entertainment tonight we have a special treat. A new mistress and slave have joined us. Please give a warm welcome to Mistress Hannah and sissy-boy Michelle." With that, Mistress Hannah pulled me by hand out in front of a crowd of about 50 couples seated in an old theater. There was appreciative applause and some giggles and wolf whistles which, since they came from women, I assume were directed at me. I've never been so embarrassed in my life, but for some reason I was relaxed and felt welcome and accepted among that unusual group. The Mistress of Ceremonies looked familiar to me. It was Mistress Bella! She started reading from cards as Mistress Hannah ordered me to step forward and curtsy. "Michelle is brand new and this is her first public appearance. She's had almost no training and is currently not even sure she's here tonight." This drew a round of appreciative giggles. Mistress Bella then nodded to Mistress Hannah who ordered me to remove my dress. I was somewhat apprehensive, because I could tell my cock was hard, but it was almost like I didn't really have the ability to refuse. As I slid out of the pink sheath, a second round of catcalls and wolf whistles encouraged me. Taking the dress from me, Mistress Hannah ordered me to spin around slowly. When my ass was toward the audience, the whistles of appreciation gave me a good feeling. "Michelle has begun anal training and Mistress Hannah popped her anal cherry just yesterday. That

probably explains Michelle's walk, " she joked, bring hoots of laughter, "Well, that and the fact that she currently has five 1" beads inserted." More laughter at my expense. "Show us!", came a shout from the audience and that was followed by many mutters of agreement. After receiving a nod, Mistress Hannah ordered me to get down on all fours with my ass toward the audience. She pulled my panties down in back and of course the words "FUCK HERE" and the arrows pointing to my asshole and the one bead that was exposed drew hoots of derisive laughter from the audience. "Oops," Mistress Bella corrected, "Make that four beads. Looks like Michelle is already a little loose." The audience laughed and then laughed even harder when Mistress Bella insulted me with a well-timed, "Slut!" Mistress Hannah pulled on the wide flat ring at the end of the bead string. As the next bead popped out, the crowd shouted "Two" then "Three! Four! Five!" When all the beads were out, Mistress Bella asked the crowd, "Back in?" and received a round of affirmatives, so Mistress Hanna reinserted them slowly as the crowd counted back down "Five! Four! Three! Two! One!" Mistress Hanna then pulled my panties back up and ordered me to stand and then curtsey again to applause from the audience. Mistress Bella continued with, "Michelle became a sissy-boy because she was a pathetic specimen of a man. She's being trained to fulfill the duties of a man, but the training requires these few next steps." She nodded to Mistress Hannah who ordered me to remove my panties. I was devastated, but I had to comply. I pulled my panties off and handed them to Mistress Hannah. I wanted to hide behind her or at least cover my genitals with my hands, but it was clear that my inadequacies had to be displayed, so all three inches of my raging hardon were exposed for the derision of the crowd. "Yes, that's full size. It makes for a pretty big clitoris, but that's not much man meat. It's 3" long and 3-1/4" in circumference. But that's not the worst of it. Her control is so lacking, it comes in less than a minute." "Show Us!" I guess I should have seen that coming, but I didn't. This much of a public display was not from any of my stories. Mistress Hannah leaned close to my ear and told me to come quickly and make her proud of me. She cupped her hand and held it in front of me. I began to caress my stiff little weiner and as soon as I touched it, I knew that I would not last long. I did not try of course, but with that much arousal I doubt that anything could have stopped me from coming quickly into Mistress Hannah's palm. The crowd cheered as Mistress Bella read the stopwatch. "Fifty-eight seconds! And that's actually an improvement!" More laughter at my expense. "Now turn sideways and kneel", Mistress Bella ordered. "Look up and open your mouth." Mistress Hannah slowly tipped her hand and the cum oozed down and into my mouth, accompanied by cheers and applause from the audience. She swirled her hand around so some of it streamed around my face and then she brought her hand to my lips and ordered me to lick it clean. When I was done, Mistress Bella glanced at Mistress Hannah and received a nod. Then she called out to the audience for any women who would volunteer a strapon. A very large woman whom I had seen earlier and who was leading a very small man around on a leash held up a monstrous strapon and shouted, "Got ya covered, B." My jaw dropped when I saw it and I must have had a deer-in-the-headlights look on my face because the audience laughed. Mistress Bella laughed also and reminded "Sammy" that I had just started my anal training and that we all didn't need another visit from the EMTs. Sammy laughed as hard as the rest of the crowd. Then somebody else shouted, "The Twins!" and the chorus was

quickly taken up by the whole crowd. Pretty soon after, two short blond women who were dressed alike and were clearly twin sisters came in from the lounge and both were already wearing strapon that I was happy to see were shorter and thinner than Mistress Hannah's. Someone in the audience shouted, "Spit-roast!" and that was repeated by many others as the twins climbed up to the stage. They were wearing matching black leather outfits. The only way to tell them apart was that one had a pink dildo and the other had a blue dildo. I was unfamiliar with the meaning of "spit-roast" and I had never fantasized about sex with two mistresses, but when I noticed that both were wearing knee pads, I caught on pretty quick. I was so glad that both of their rubber cocks were so very much smaller than the one that Mistress Sammy had offered. Mistress Bella ordered me to beg them for a spit-roast, and when I glanced at Mistress Hannah, she nodded to me. Mistress Bella held a cock shaped microphone up to my face and I barely whispered, "Please Mistresses, please spit-roast me." My cock was already hard again and the audience was loving it. "Louder!", they called. I managed a little more volume this time and said, "Please Mistresses, spit-roast me on your beautiful cocks." "Louder!" "Please Mistresses, spit-roast me on those beautiful cocks!" Mistress Bella nodded to them and in unison they ordered, "On your elbows and Knees slave!" I got down on the floor and they began to circle around me. The audience started to sing a song to the tune of Row Row Row Your Boat. "Fuck fuck fuck yer butt, Firmly up your ass. Suck my cock and come a lot, and maybe you will pass." When the song ended, the blue twin dropped to her kneepads in front of me and I sniffed her rubber cock. It had the distinct scent of pussy on it and she said, "Suck it slave and taste my better half. Hers would taste just like it." I began to suck it as I felt the beads being slowly pulled out of my ass. The audience was counting down, "Five!, Four!, Three!, Two!, One!" while Mistress Hannah was whispering in my ear. "Try to swallow this cock Michelle. It's smaller and you're in the right position now." The blue twin slowly began to fuck my mouth while the pink twin eased her cock into my ass. "Stay still," they ordered after they were finished adjusting their positions and soon they synchronized and thrust into me at the same time. I found that I could open my throat and take the blue cock all the way in until my nose touched leather and this brought a round of approval from the crowd. I began to hear moans and a quick glance suggested that maybe 1/3 of the crowd had dropped out of sight to service their partners. Mistress Blue Twin ordered me to jerk my meat and soon I was getting close to a second orgasm. "We're going to stop and you're going to rock between us until you come on three, two, one, now." They came to a complete stop and I rocked forward and back, swallowing the blue cock and feeling leather and then backing over the pink cock until I felt leather on my ass. As I picked up the pace of my wanking, they moved slowly closer together so my strokes on their cocks were shorter. The sounds of moaning from the audience became clearly orgasmic, but as it became clear that I would come soon, some started singing again softly to a slightly different tune. "Fuck yer butt You naughty slut Take it up yer ass Suck me off and tug your cock Because you come too fast." "Mmmmmff, mmmmmff, mmmmmff, mmmmmff, mmmmmmmff!", I moaned as my little cock spurted a load of cum onto the stage to cheers from the audience. The twins backed away from me and Mistress Hannah gave my panties to me and ordered me to wipe the stage with them. When I was finished, Mistress Bella ordered me to stand and curtsy to the crowd. Then she

ordered me to thank the twins. "Thank you Mistresses for spit-roasting me." "It was our pleasure, slave." After a call for a final round of applause, Mistress Bella nodded to Mistress Hannah to take me from the stage. I followed Mistress behind the curtain, certain that my butt had developed an unfamiliar wiggle. "What aren't you?" Mistress asked. "I am not useless," I replied with a wry smile. Then I asked what tranquilizer was in that pill she had given me. She smiled and pulled a small package from her pocket, showing it to me. "They're just ordinary allergy pills. The wine and the pill probably relaxed you a little bit, but I wouldn't give you anything that deprived you of choice. That would defeat the purpose, because anyone can direct a robot. I want you to understand this, Michelle. You'll always have choices with me and you'll always do what you choose. You may not like the choices offered, but the drug you were feeling was the pleasure of getting what you wanted." Before we left that night, we signed up as regular members of Mistress Bella's Unholy Sunday Night Theatre Club. I learned that new slaves like myself were rare and celebrating them with spit-roast was popular. We received free drinks for the next several months from couples that had seen our show.