Life of a Dominant Futanari Week 8 Chapter 352/ 38: Your Choice

"You heard me, boy. Where are you?" the woman's voice snapped. "You were in the car, and then when we got here, you were gone! Where did you go?"

"I- I didn't want to go," Kylar replied, "I don-"

"Did I fucking ask your opinion?" The voice snapped, and I looked at the phone. I could see Crystal's face darken. "You live in my house, Mister, and you will follow my rules. I fucking spend thousands of dollars on food for you for you to have a roof over your head and a place to sleep. You think I frankly care what you want, I told you that we are going to my brother's house, and you knew that. Now, you are not here and the family is asking where you are and why you are not here. Your cousin Stanley really missed you."

My eyes narrowed as I watched Kylar flinch at the name Stanley, and how the woman said his name concerned me. The way she said it was sinister and dark, as if the promise of Stanley meant something. "I think you will spend next week up here at my brother's place. I think you need to apologize to him by working on the farm a little. Maybe that will man you up a bit and stop looking like a little prissy bitch. You should bulk up a little and stop being a little fucking girl."

I looked at Kylar and at Crystal, and I started to think it might be a good idea to get Kylar out of that house. "Well, you are not speaking, SPEAK BOY!" The woman's voice shouted on the other end. "Well, your father wants to talk to you. Since you seemed to have lost your voice again, I believe he knows how to straighten you out."

The noises you hear when someone is handing over the phone are heard, and Kylar somehow pales more. I thought that Kylar was in a good relationship with his family or at least neutral, but something by his facial expression told me what we were about to hear would be worse.

"So you decided to stay home, boy," the phone said in a much more masculine voice now, and Kylar shivered. Do you know how embarrassing it was for us to make up an excuse when the family asked where you were?"

"Y- Yes, S- Sorry," Kylar finally replied.

"Then why did you do it if you knew it was going to embarrass us?" The voice snapped. "You wanted to embarrass us? Your mother's mom was here, and she wondered what was going on with you. Are you trying to make us look bad? Huh? Are you?"

"I- I just-"

"You just what boy? You already look like a prissy bitch. Do you think that i haven't found those fucking women underwear that you had in your room. I thought you finally found at least the

courage to steal a girls panties but maybe you just a faggot. Is that what you fucking are? A fucking faggot piece of shit? You're looking for boys around now because you can't stand up for yourself?" The voice was sneering, and my eyebrows had disappeared into my hair at this point. I was surprised.

"D- Dad, I just-"

"Just what?" The voice snapped.

"I AM AT A GIRLS HOUSE!" he cried out, shaking with desperation. The other side of the line went quiet, and then I heard laughing.

"He said he was at a girl's house," the voice mocked. More laughter erupted on the other side of the phone, and now Kylar was blushing with shame. I felt a sneer reach my lips. Crystal's face was twitching, and the voice continued, "Oh, our little Kyle is no longer a Virgin? Did she pop your cherry?"

"In fact I did," I said, my voice loud enough to silence the man's voice as the others in the back continued to laugh. "I rode his massive cock like it was the largest cock in the world. Not that it is any of your fucking business," I sneered.

"He lost his cherry in a threesome," Crystal added, and Kylar was looking at us with wide eyes and his mouth opened and closed. "But I think a little fucking prick like you would never have had a threesome in your life let alone lose your virginity in it. Your son is just so much more manly than you."

"I mean, I wonder if he even has been with more than one woman in his life?" I asked, my voice mocking. At least Kylar has been with more than one woman in his life. I mean, how many women have you been with at the same time?" I asked, my voice full of mockery, and I heard the laughter on the other side slowly die out as the man's face probably was changing at this moment.

"Who the fuck are you?!" He growled.

"It doesn't fucking matter who I am," I snapped.

"You are saying that the boy can fuck better than me?" The man mocked, but it lacked the earlier venom.

"Better?" Crystal snapped, "I can tell by your voice that you have a fucking tiny pecker. Probably live with a Micro penis and your wife is probably looking for other men to be with. I wonder if Kyle is even your child. You seem the type to have been cucked more than once."

"YOU FUCKING LITTLE BITCH! I WILL FUCKING-" The phone was suddenly being fought over and I heard it being in a tussle and I looked at Crystal and I nodded and I reached over and hit the end call button.

The phone went silent, and we both were looking at Kylar, and he was shivering and looking as small as possible, and I did not know what to say to him. I could clearly see he was struggling at this moment. "What the fuck was that?" I asked finally and Kylar flinched a little.

"Kylar, honey, do you need a moment?" Crystal asked. Kylar flinched again, and I could tell that Crystal was going to be better at whatever was coming next, so I went silent.

"I- I am so-"

"There is no need to apologize honey. Tell me, was that normal?" Crystal asked slowly and with a calming voice, and Kylar looked at her before nodding a little. "How often?" Crystal asked.

"A- At least once a week," He paused, "More usually."

"Do you want to stay with us from now on?"

"Can I?"

"Of course you can," Crystal said, "You already dedicated yourself to Angela. Why would we reject you?"

"B- But," Kylar paused, "I- I thought-"

"Kylar," I said slowly, "You are mine. Why should I let others abuse you when you are mine? It is like others playing with my toys," I told him, and he looked at me with an odd look I could not read. "Why should I let other people break my toys? If anyone is going to break my toys it will be me. Fuck them," I said pointing at the phone, "I have no fucking idea what is going on and frankly, you don't need to tell me if you don't want to. Crystal is probably better than me at these things than I anyway. That being said, all you have to do is ask and you can stay with me and Crystal. I have a house now, and you have already dedicated your life to me. Why would I say no? All you have to do is ask, you are eighteen and there is nothing your family can do about it."

Tears started to well in his eyes, "Really?"

"Why would I lie?" I asked, "I already have a budget set aside for you."

He looked away and I wondered if he was going to talk about it, "Are you okay, Honey?" Crystal asked.

"C—Can I live with you two?" Kylar asked slowly, clearly holding back his crying. "I—" He paused. "I do not want to talk about it; I just want to stay with you two without questions."

"That is alright," I said with a shrug, "You can tell us if you want or never tell us. I am not one to dictate someone's life. I am curious but I also know to keep my fucking mouth shut when it is not my business. But I do have one question." I said slowly and Kylar looked at me and nodded.

My voice turned dark and I put my elbows on the table and leaned forward, "What the fuck did Stanley do to you?" I asked. Kylar flinched and almost staggered back. "See, I remember you telling me that you were going to your uncle's place and you were quite nonchalant about it. You even seemed fine declining the weekend because you needed to. Then you showed up here yesterday morning and skipped. I am guessing because you learned Stanley was going to be there, which has me thinking. What did Stanley do?" I asked again, "Because I don't think it was your family that stopped you from going, it was Stanley, which meant the thought of Stanley was worse than your family yelling at you by at least a magnitude of order. So I find myself more and more curious." I paused and took a breath, "Honestly, you don't have to say," I told him as I saw him pale, "In fact, forgive me for asking after I said I wouldn't. But-" I cut myself off and I sighed. "You know what, never mind," I said, getting up, walking around the table, and hugging the frightened boy. I patted his head and said, "I am here when you need me. I might be an idiot sometimes, but bear with me and take care of myself from now on. I think I am going to leave you with someone much better than me at this."

I got up, walked away from the table, and saw Crystal looking worried. "T-Thank you, Mistress," Kylar spoke up, and I nodded, leaving the room. I felt a rage build in my heart, and I heard the phone ring and paused. I turned around and I walked back. I saw Kylar pale again, looking at it. Crystal reached out, took the phone, and looked at me as I put my hand out. She nodded and handed me the phone.

I picked up the phone and walked into the living room. I heard them yell as I held the phone away from me. I could not hear what they were saying, but it was loud enough to become almost incomprehensible over the phone. I waited and took a seat in the living room, and I waited for them to finish yelling at who they thought was Kylar. Five minutes later, when they ran out of gas, I slowly brought the phone up to my ear.

"Hello, you finally calmed down enough that I can talk," I said slowly, and for a couple of seconds, I heard nothing on the other side of the phone.

"Who the fuck is this? Its the fucking bitch again isn't it?" The man snapped.

"Congrats, you can tell a woman's voice over the phone," I said, holding the phone to my ear as I clapped. "It's amazing you have some worth after all."

"Now you listen here, hussy," the woman snapped, and I could tell they were on speaker phone now.

"No, You shut the fuck up, bitch." I snapped the contempt in my voice, obvious as I replied. "You must be Kyles fucking mom or something and the other one his Dad. I honestly don't give a fuck. What I do know is that you are his tormentors as well."

"Now listen-"

"I am not listening," I snapped, "I literally could not give a single flying fuck who you are. What you are, when you are, who you are, where you are, why you are, or how you are. You matter

so little to me that when I take a shit later, I will have cared more about that shit then I will either of you. You are so fucking worthless I do not give a single fuck. Do you understand how fucking little I respect you or care for you?" I asked, my voice full of contempt, about as much contempt as I felt I saved almost exclusively for Jake, which somehow got two new people to the list. "That faggot son of yours is no longer coming home to you. He will now be living with me and you will no longer have access to him. I don't care how that makes you feel, just know, he is living a better life than you. I am a multimillionaire and he will be living with me." I told them and heard a gasp, "His net worth will be higher than yours, and his living worth will be better. He will wear more expensive clothing than you and his car will be more expensive than yours. You will not see a fucking dime of any of that or anything like that. I have so much contempt for you I cannot believe I could feel so fucking little for someone. But here I am listening to scum that i rate at the same level as a fucking rapist."

Silence took hold in the conversation, and I smiled. "Now do you understand? Now, I have one question: What did Stanley do?"

"What did that little faggot boy say!" A voice snapped on the other side and it was not the mom or dad. It was a younger voice and I felt my smile grow.

"Oh, it must be Stanley!" I almost exclaimed into the phone, "Kyle has told me everything," I said into the phone, not loud enough for Kyle and Crystal to hear. "You are such a good cousin to Kyle. You must be proud of your worthless self." I mocked.

"Fuck you bitch, i know that little faggot isn't with a fucking woman, who are you?" He snapped.

"The question is, Who are you?" I asked back. "All I can hear on the other side of this phone is people who are trash. I usually toss trash into the garbage but can't from this distance." I paused and I could practically hear them seething in anger. "A real shame that, because even as a woman, I could kick the fucking shit out of you. You weak pathetic trash, so how about you tell me what you did?"

"You fucking whore, did he pay you for this?"

"Nope, I am paying for him. He is quite delicious by the way. I hear he eats a bit of pineapple so his cum tastes better and Mmm Mmm," I moaned, "Delicious."

"YOU FUCKING BITCH I DONT GIVE A SHIT!" The person I suspected Stanley yelled.

"You get awfully worked up that Kyle is no longer yours and is now mine. Maybe you are the fucking faggot," I said slowly, "Is that right Stanley? You want Kyle's fat fucking cock in your little asspussy?"

"You fucking whore, I don't know who you are, and I do not give a fuck, I will kick your ass. I PROMISE YOU," He snapped.

"Listen here," I said, my voice no longer mocking or joking but pure cold, "Bring it. I will dismantle you in an unfair fight and a fair fight. I will demolish you into small tiny pieces and feed you to the fucking dogs. You will disappear from the fucking face of the earth and all those who are good in the world would not give a FUCK!" I snapped, "Now, you will leave Kyle alone. If I hear from him that you talked to him, touched him or even fucking breathed the same fucking air as him, I will make you regret it. That is my threat, Does a simple minded person like you understand?"

Silence met my threat and I smiled, "Good, you fucking do, Now, I will be getting Kyle a new phone number, you will no longer contact him. Period. Bye."

With that, I hung up the phone and almost tossed it. Then I stopped myself, got up, and walked back to the kitchen. Kylar was looking more ashamed. I leaned against the wall and looked at him. "This phone, I am breaking it," I told him. “We will go buy you a new one, Okay?" Kylar nodded and just looked defeated. I looked at Crystal, and she shook her head.

"Alright, then I have your permission. In fact, you're done with your family. Do you need to pick up anything that you want to keep from your house?" I asked. "We could go pick it up before they are back, or we could just buy you new things that you need."

"I- I need my uniform," Kylar said.

"That's it?" I asked, and he nodded. "Then you don't need anything from your house. We are taking you to the tailor store that does uniform orders, and we will get you a couple of uniforms and a couple of things to wear. Do you mind if we get you female uniforms, or do you want to stay in the male uniform?"

Kylar looked at me stunned for a moment. "S—Should I change?" he asked, his voice unsure.

"Look, Kylar, or Kyle, whichever you want to be called," I began, "I am not going to force anything on you. Understand, when I ask, it is because I am giving you the choice. You might be my maid at home, but that is your time at school. So you decide. I will not have a maid who can't make big decisions for themselves. Imagine I need you to make a big choice for me in the future while I am not there, and you are doing something for me. This is your life, how you choose to live outside of me is on your terms. I will not dictate that."

Kylar looked away. I was not being nice to him right now, but it was clear that a soft hand was not needed right now. Kylar was clearly in an abusive home and I think he was dictated to and was not used to making his own decisions. Stanley was something of a darker thing, I suspected as well. I could clearly tell that it was not something that he wanted to talk about, but it was clear. I also think his family is the reason that he wanted to be a man even though he acts like a woman, and clearly has no issue dressing as one. He wanted things but was not willing to completely reach for them, and now, I was making him think about them.

"I—I will get the woman's uniform, and call me Kylar, please," Kylar said now, and I nodded softly as he made this choice. He might not have been ready to transition or go farther than this for a long time, but he clearly stepped onto this road.

"Okay," I said, looking at Crystal, "We will go now. The uniform store will be the first place we go, and then a cellphone store. If we need anything else, then we can think of it while we are out. Come on, we did not have much planned before but now we got some shit to do." I said and I stretched and I could see the grateful look on Kylar's face. He was happy that I was not making a bigger deal out of this or it was something else. Either way, he was happy and we started to move.