

Life of a Dominant Futanari Week 8 Chapter 315/ 01: New Morning Routine

I slowly carried my exhausted girlfriend upstairs, put her in bed, and kissed her on the forehead, making her smile. She looked at me with heavily lidded eyes and said, "Mmm, I don't deserve to love someone so great like you." I looked at her seriously, but her eyes shut, and her breathing was instantly that of hers when she slept. She was out like a light, and I looked at her with a complicated expression.

Instead of saying anything more, I quickly grabbed my stuff and found my weights. I started to put everything on and get ready for my run. I smiled, thinking my entire day would be spent training, and I could not help but look forward to it. I got myself all ready, and I headed out the door. A moment later, I was out the gate, and I was stretching without a worry on my mind. My muscles flexed, and I stretched my normal amount before I got ready to run. The morning air was cool, and I smiled as it licked on my skin.

I loved the cool air, and I tied my long straight blonde hair that went down to my ass into a ponytail. Then I set off into a jog that moved into a run before I started to sprint to school. I would sprint, then slow down to a run before sprinting again. The cool air licked at me, and I felt my hair flying behind me. The quiet early morning streets were amazing, and I quickly zoned out as usual till I reached the school. The doors had not yet been opened, so I took another lap around the school, followed by another when I noticed that the Janitor, Nelson, god bless his poor soul, was walking up. I quickly ran up to him but slowed to a jog a dozen feet away, and I wiped away a bit of sweat as he looked at me.

"You're early this morning," Nelson remarked.

Nelson looked to still be in his mid-to-late forties, and he had this relaxed deposition about him that I liked. "Yup, Girlfriend got me to wake up early to cook pancakes for her," I replied.

"Mmm, Well, Go do whatever meeting you have planned without me knowing about it, okay?" Nelson said quickly, "I am just going to give you a heads up, though. You might want to find a new place to enjoy your activities before the next semester. I heard the principal thinks that you being segregated is disgusting and that you will be going into the women's locker room like an Intersex woman is supposed to be doing."

The shock hit me like a truck.

"What?!"

"Yeah, you did not hear it from me, but Principal Black is actually an LGBT alliance type, and you are pretty easy to advocate for. There are no other people to worry about, and so he is pushing forward to get over the last conservative Principal that kicked you out into the Teachers' locker room," Nelson told me, and I felt astonished.

Something inside me quivered a little as I remembered my few days in high school in the Women's locker room. I was going to gym class as normal when the Principal at the time made a huge spectacle of me not being a woman trying to go into the women's locker room. The Principal at the time even accused me of wanting to molest or rape the women.

The memory hit me like a truck as I was told that I would be allowed back into the Women's locker room despite the fact that Mrs. Grendier was already letting me do that. The memory of that humiliation stung still, and I remembered the promise that if I met Mr. Mitts again in my life, I would beat the ever-living fuck out of him for that day.

I shook my head and I smiled and nodded, "Thanks for letting me know," I replied and he smiled and nodded. "I was already planning on moving it out of the school. I am buying a house, I thought I told you," I finished and Nelson shrugged.

"Good for you girl. The world is getting more expensive, so getting in earlier is better. Now go, you're exhausting me," Nelson finished and shuffled off, making me chuckle. I was about to head toward the teacher's locker room when I noticed Kylar coming in and Jake a moment later. My eyebrows shot up when I noticed Jake in the girl's uniform, and he saw me. Jake was still the strong young man who was hovering around six feet but not quite there. His muscle definition was still there, too, but the girly side was starting to show, and I noticed that he had makeup on!

Kylar, on the other hand, was still wearing the male uniform, which I would have to change in the future. Yes, I would have Kyle go full woman in the future and even have him change his name. I decided here and now that he would abandon his whole old identity as Kyle whatever his last name is and take on something that I want him to take on.

That thought sent a primal roar through me, and I loved it. I wanted it more than anything to completely claim my little maid in every way, shape, and form, and Kylar had already begun taking that path. One day, Kylar will be in so deep that he will not even notice that the door to freedom is gone, and he will be so addicted to me that he would never even think about turning back.

Looking at Kylar, he was just as androgynous as before, and his hair was starting to grow out. His pants and school outfit looked good on him, but they were now too masculine for my tastes on such a small femboy. No, I would order him to get rid of them, just like Jake now, who was looking pale inside a woman's school uniform.

"Come," I ordered, looking at Jake and then at Kylar, who nodded with a shy smile.

I started to walk down the hallway, and it felt so weird walking with someone in the morning to our fuck spot; it was super interesting, and I got to the teacher's locker room. We entered, and I quickly turned around and locked the door after letting Kylar and Jake into the locker room. Jake was looking around, and Kylar was grinning, and I handed him my phone with a smile.

"So, Jake, what did your Master tell you?" I asked bluntly, and Jake shuddered and looked at me with a frown.

"C- Can you take me back, Angela? No, Mistress. Please, I swear I won't disobey you," he pleaded, and I grinned. I could see the quiver of his lip and the sadness pervading him. I took sick satisfaction in his absolute dread of his current life. The rapist piece of shit deserved it, if not worse.

But I fucked up too, and so I could not just report him to the police. No, I would change Jake, and with Daniel assisting, who was clearly much better with Naughty sissy bitches, maybe one day I would bring him back into the fold as the lowest member.

I really did need to watch what Daniel did to him once.

"H- He told me," Jake blushed, "He told me to humbly request you fill me with cum once or twice while I wear this gag," Jake said, and he turned to a small bag I had not noticed on his back. It did not look like a backpack, but I was not really paying close attention to him either. Then he pulled out a strap that I did not get. He blushed, and I noticed that it had a large dildo on one side and a pair of very realistic-looking lips on the other side. The straps matched Jake's skin color, and I looked at him surprised as I finally realized what was happening.

"Put it on, Now, then get ready to be fucked by me," I told him, not caring about Jake at all. I just wanted to see what surprise Daniel had planned for me.

"Master Daniel also requested this time to plug this sissy whore with this," Jake said, blushing hard, and pulled out a bright pink mean-looking plug with sinister-looking spikes with rounded tips on it. That inside a sensitive asshole would not feel good.

"Did you do something to get punished, Sissy?" I asked slowly, looking at it all, and Jake nodded. "What did you do?" I asked curiously.

"I arrived late to a meeting," Jake replied, and I giggled.

"Hmm, it seems that I was never strict enough with you for you to learn properly," I said, turning to Kylar. "See how good I am to you, Kylar?" I asked bluntly, and Kylar blushed hard.

"Mistress, I love your treatment of me. I would never want to serve another master or Mistress. You are the only one for me," Kylar replied bluntly, and I smiled in reply.

"Good Girl," I said slowly. I turned to Jake, who was looking at Kylar with jealousy, and I snapped my fingers, making him turn back to me, surprised. "Now, show me that sissy pussy for me to fuck and put on that gag; your voice wears on me."

Jake blushed, but he put the dildo into his mouth and then shoved it deep. It was six inches of plastic cock, and when it reached the base, his lips pressed into the fake lips, and it blended seamlessly into his mouth, much to my utter surprise. My eyes widened, and Jake blushed. I

stepped forward, and his mouth looked closed, so I touched his fake lips. I could tell they were fake by touching, and his face was a little larger, but it made it look natural with him not being able to talk.

"Where the fuck did he get something so interesting~!" I exclaimed as Jake looked completely normal with Six inches of cock down his throat. Then I grabbed him by the throat, and his eyes widened, and he shivered as I looked into his eyes. I shoved him forward and lifted his skirt, and said, "Hold onto that plug; I am going to enjoy myself with your pussy."

I pulled my cock out from my panties, and it was only half hard, and I looked at Kylar, who was filming with my phone, and I snapped my fingers and pointed at my cock. Kylar lit up and moved quickly before me. He was on his knees a moment later, and I felt his soft lips a moment later. He kissed the tip and used his hand to start jerking my half-hard cock that was limp in his hands and started to stroke before spitting on my cock and starting to lubricate it. I moaned as his lips parted and shoved the head of my cock into his mouth and licked all over and started to shove it deeper and deeper while licking all he could before he pulled out and then licked the base of my cock. Then I pulled back and grinned as I held Jake in one hand and Kylar's hair in the other. "Good Girl. Go continue in the corner," I ordered, and he nodded.

Kylar got up, bowed, then moved the phone up so he could record as I lined my cock up to the sissy's asshole, and I now noticed there were no panties right now. I chuckled and felt the head of my cock touching the outside of his asshole and slowly stretch around my cock with each passing second till it opened up for me. I pushed in deep, shuddered and moaned.

Jake moaned, but it was barely heard, and I shoved myself deep into his asshole, twitching on my cock hard. I shivered, and I thrust in, and Jake's ass accepted all sixteen inches of my massive Futanari cock without issue. He shivered harder, and I pulled back, and my hips thrust forward and slapped his ass once more; he trembled more, and I grinned.

I began to earnestly fuck his tight asshole without caring how Jake was feeling. I did not care about whatever he was thinking or feeling. I felt his asshole spasm as I fucked him, but right now was about my pleasure, and I began spanking his ass and pulled him up to me as I smashed his ass harder and harder. My hands moved, and I grabbed his nipple and teased it as I fucked him harder and he spasmed once more,

His orgasm did not slow me for even a second as I started to fuck him faster and faster like a machine gun, and he moaned more and more, but I could not hear a thing through that gag. So I fucked him harder and reached my first peak and thrust into him and dumped a massive ejaculation into his asshole, and I shivered.

But I hated thinking of him as Jake, so I let my mind slip and thought about Crystal. Her soft smile and her Minx nature as she would tease me, and I began to fuck her in my mind. Jake did not exist; this was Crystal's tight amazing ass. She loved it rough, so I began to fuck Crystal harder and harder, making her cry and moan as she screamed my name in my imagination, and I quickly found myself releasing a load much faster inside the Sissy whore.

I moaned, and I felt like I just released a nice load into his ass, and I contemplated if I even wanted to spend more time with this bitch. I finished my ejaculation, my head feeling a little fuzzy, and I grinned. "You know what, you're not worth my time; let's see what is in that bag," I said, and I felt Jake stiffen up while I grabbed the bag strapped to his back and pulled it open so I could see inside while leaning forward. Jake was precariously putting his hands on the ground to keep us up, and I looked inside. I quickly noticed the condoms and then a small key. There was not much inside, and I grabbed the key. I noticed keys to a house inside, but nothing like this tiny key, and I had a thought.

I pulled out of his asshole, stepping back, and I pulled Jake up, and I pushed up his long hair, and I grinned. The Gag had a fucking lock, and Jake did not want me to know. I started to giggle, and I looked at Jake, "You know what," I said slowly, "I think I will keep this key," I told him, and I put the key inside, and I twisted, and it undid the gag. I quickly grabbed it, put it back in place, and instantly knew how it worked. It was the only way to take it off.

So I stepped back, took the key, and pocketed it. "Well, that was interesting," I said, and Jake looked back at me with fear in his eyes, and I grinned. My cock throbbed seeing him like that. "Plug," I ordered, holding my hand out. Jake handed it to me, and I grabbed it, and I brought it up under his skirt, and I pushed it up and in, and Jake quietly moaned as the gag suppressed it completely. Then I shoved the last bit in till it was flush with his asscheeks, and he shivered.

I slapped his ass, and I pushed him forward, forcing him to step up. "Put on your panties if you have any, and at the end of the day, I will give Kylar the Key to your gag. You can ask for it from him." I told him, and he looked at Kylar with a pleading look in his eyes. "Now fuck off; I am sick of looking at a piece of shit like you."

Jake departed and glared at me once before leaving the Teachers' locker room, and I looked at Kylar. "What do you think?" I asked Kylar for an opinion just because I was curious about his opinion.

"I think that gag was insidious and amazing. How could I not tell it was on once it was on?" Kylar said, "Do you want me to hold onto the key or find you later, Mistress?"

"You can hold it," I told Kylar, walking over and handing it to him. "Let me know if he takes it early or even attempts to. Let me know if he is good, and wait until the end of the day. I will have to go since class will start soon."

Kylar nodded, bowed a little, then lit up, "M- Mistress, w- When can I get some attention?"

"Oh, a little greedy already?" I asked, and he blushed. "When I feel like it. I am a busy woman, although I will be sure to take some time for you. How is the chastity cage?" I asked, and his blush deepened.

"Peeing through it was an oddly pleasurable experience, and it made me think of you each time I noticed that my cock was gone," Kylar admitted, and I grinned and grabbed him by the chin and kissed him.

I took my time to explore his mouth before breathing the kiss. "You will find and buy a female uniform, Kylar."

"M- Mistress?" Kylar stuttered.

"Go to class now, Kylar," I ordered, grabbed my stuff, and headed to the door. "I don't want you to be late," I added with a chuckle before exiting the teacher's locker room. I chuckled, leaving Kylar wondering what I meant for him as I told him to purchase a female uniform. It was easy to tell, but it was something that I did not care to explain slowly.

Walking into the Gym, I stretched and sighed. I started to head to the Gym office, and I thought about this morning. With the exception of talking and playing with Crystal a bit this morning. It was kind of lame. Jake was not a good lover, although I wanted that gag. It was amazing that you could hide something like that so completely. I wonder where Daniel got it and that sinister Anal plug. I had no idea how that would feel inside a sub, but I wanted to get Crystal's opinion on it.

I knocked as I reached the Office door, and the School bell went off, signaling the start of the first period. I heard something coming from the door but knocked again as the bell finished. "Come in~!" I heard, opened the door, and saw Mr. Trimmers working, and he smiled seeing me. "Angela, in your weights too, nice. Okay," He said, and he continued something on his computer, and he looked at me then down every couple of seconds as he began talking once more. "So we are not going to be working on your running form or your volleyball skills each morning. In fact, for the first half of the day, we are going to be working on a form of exercise called calisthenics to increase your Flexibility at the start of the morning, then yoga to cool down and center your mind. Do you meditate?"

"No," I replied.

"Well, you are about to start," Mr. Trimmers replied bluntly, "You can use that time to think or whatever, but we will have about fifteen to thirty minutes for you to sit and do nothing. Understand?"

"Yes, Mr. Trimmers," I replied and nodded.

"Good, now, I am glad you are on time, and you are going to be working hard from now on. In fact, I am going to expect you to self-regulate a lot. I am going to be making mandatory show-up times on Mondays and Fridays. I will expect you here, but I will be giving you a schedule, and you will keep it up if you want to or not. Honestly, all of this depends on your ability. You seem more than self-motivated, though, and so I am unworried that you will not follow the routine. It will be a week or two before I really start grilling you on running posture and various other things. But first," Mr. Trimmers finished whatever he was on his computer doing and stood, "We are going to get you started," Mr. Trimmers said and motioned for me to follow him.

I followed Mr. Trimmers into the weight room. He pulled out a mat and smiled. "Okay, first we start with a warm-up. Now this is different for both men and women, so we will go with the

women's calisthenics, and if that is not working well, we will go into menus. I think women will work better because of your breasts," Mr. Trimmers said bluntly, and I nodded.

"Now, to begin, we are going to start with a solid minute of toe-to-squat touches, and each one you are going to do for a minute as a warm-up." Mr. Trimmers began and started to show me what he meant, and soon, I was doing odd squats that had me flashing my cleavage as I bent down with my back straight. After doing that for a minute, Mr. Trimmers stopped me, and we continued, "Then, for the next, you will be doing interims, which is leaning down and using your arms to bring yourself forward into a plank; you will hold that plank for ten seconds then use your hands to walk yourself back then stand tall for a moment before repeating. You will do this for two minutes at a minimum."

So I followed his orders leaning down with my back straight until I put my hands on the ground and I walked myself out to a plank holding it before bringing myself back up. Then Mr. Trimmers stopped me again and said, "Good, next we are doing Pikes with toe taps; so for this, you do the same as last interim. Then, when you are in the plank position, you reach with your right hand to your left toe. You bring your ass up into the air, then back into a plank, then repeat with the opposite hand," Mr. Trimmers explained, and I got it pretty quickly, and I started to follow and could already feel my muscles starting to burn a little which did not bode well for me. "You will do this for two minutes at a minimum. Remember, this is a warm-up," Mr. Trimmer finished.

After two minutes, he called me to stop and began, "Okay, good, now, stand up for a moment before you sit for a moment." Mr. Timmers explained, so I followed. Then I sat down when he did. "Next, you are going to be on your hands and feet, and you're going to be taking your hand and stretching it over your head to the opposite side while bringing your hips up as high as you can. You want to make this as big of a stretch as possible without hurting yourself. You stretch, hold it for a second, then bring it back and do the same with the other hand." I winced as I watched his movements but followed once more without complaint, and my muscles felt like they were being stretched out. "You will do that for two minutes." He finished.

"Good," Mr. Trimmer said after a little bit. Now we are almost finished with the warm-up, " he said, and I nodded. Now stand and then bring yourself into a low squat with your feet shoulder-length apart, and you will cross your arms between your knees." He said, showing me. "Then you are going to bring your arm up and point your fingers to the sky. Feel your shoulders before bringing it back down and do it with the other hand," He continued and showed, "Then down and stretch your knees out a bit. on each arm, but not till you feel pain." Mr. Timmers grinned as I followed suit, "Then you repeat it through those steps without getting back up for at least two minutes."

I followed through and Got up with Mr. Trimmers this time. He smiled, and I felt like I was going to hate all of this. I hate the slow stretching, and Mr. Trimmers smiled. "And that is your warm-up," he grinned.

"Oh god, that was boring," I replied, and he chuckled. "Well, it was just a warm-up. Now, we are going to do the routine, and then I will show you some beginner yoga that you will start doing. After we do that, this will be your routine for the first half of the day for the next week."

I shuddered, and he grinned, but I followed Everything Mr. Trimmers showed me and memorized it. It was about to become extremely familiar to me.