

Transcendent

Chapter 6 – Rebirth

Sean awoke to the the sweet taste of apple still lingering in his mouth. He opened his eyes and found himself staring at a pure, white ceiling. He lay in the most comfortable bed he'd ever slept in, the premium, ultra soft mattress molding to his body. His frame was covered in a thick, fluffy and absurdly cozy duvet. His relaxed state prompted contented mutters as the morning fog cleared from his mind.

He looked to his right and found the sun beaming through a nearby window. It was a beautiful day. A cool breeze bristled past the curtains on either side of the partially opened portal. Sean ran his tongue around the inside of his mouth and was once again struck by the fruity aftertaste. Did the apple flavor linger because he hadn't brushed his teeth before passing out? Or was the nectar of Aphrodite so strong that the sweetness would remain on his palate forever? Only time would tell.

The next thing he perceived was the total absence of latex clinging to his body. It had been so long since he'd known anything but confinement in a tight bimbo suit that the sudden realization hit him like a sledgehammer. His slave attire was gone, yet his body still felt heavier than usual. Much like it had with breasts forms and thigh pads wrapped around his flesh and sealed to his frame with the warm caress of thick rubber.

As he sat up in bed, it became apparent very quickly why that was...

“Oh my god!”

The large, round pert breasts hanging from his chest would've been enough to shock him, but his own voice added another layer of powerful revelation. Sean raised his hand to his mouth in surprise. It was his voice, but the pitch had shifted considerably. It was now much higher and flowed from his mouth like a sultry song rather than a gruff timbre.

“I...” he looked to his left and found a tall, full length mirror set up next to an ornate dresser and matching vanity. He got his first look at himself since drinking the nectar. Sean's eyes widened in growing astonishment. “Wow...”

He hadn't seen his hair in what felt like ages. His old short, brown crew cut was replaced by long, thick, luxurious waves of darker brunette locks. His now thin eyebrows lay over the same pale blue eyes he'd always had, though they were ringed with the remnants of skillfully painted shadow.

His pixie nose, now considerably smaller and thinner, traced down to full, pouty lips. They weren't the overly plump, exaggerated ones he'd had in his previous form, stuffed with collagen to maximize his performance at fellatio. Now they were pleasingly puffy; an elegant pair of ample lips that almost formed into a heart shape when he pursed them together.

Below that, his strong jawline was gone. Sean's face ended in a much more slight, oval shape. A beauty mark dotted his left cheek. All together, he had a face any magazine would be proud to feature on its

So strong were the emissions, her fingers could feel the ropes of luscious nut coursing through her cock as she continued to glide her palm up and down. The force of her ejaculations almost sent her falling back, but Sean's strong thighs and meaty calves stood up to the test. Her muscles tingled almost as much as the reddened soles of her feet touching the cool floor.

When her fleshy plums had been drained of all their gelatinous gift, her moans ceased. Her eyes opened. Sean found she'd regained control of her mind from whatever temporary insanity had briefly overtaken her. The mirror dripped with clingy, white gruel; two thirds of its surface covered in sticky custard. It would need a thorough cleaning before it would ever serve its rightful purpose again.

“...holy shit...”

She dropped her cock and stepped toward the open door leading into the hallway. The dwelling's layout was remarkably similar to the one she'd spent so much time in with Sybil, so finding her way to the bathroom was less an adventure than she expected.

Sean entered and washed herself off in the sink. She thought about showering and returning to her room to get dressed, but the rapidly developing thirst at her core took priority. Still weary, Sean stumbled back out into the hall and headed for the kitchen.

On the way, she found a letter waiting for her on the counter. It was typed out on hotel stationary and a set of keys lay atop its surface. Sean brushed the keys aside, picked up the missive and read it. Her naked, still-flush body cooled in the open air as her half-hard cock shrank to its smaller, yet still daunting dimensions below.

TO THE NEWEST UPTOWN GIRL:

Congratulations and welcome!

We took the liberty of moving your new things to your bedroom. They're in the walk-in closet along with some spare outfits and extra toys we've provided at no cost. It's our pleasure to help you start this wonderful new chapter of your life!

Likewise, your refrigerator has some complimentary offerings to help you get started. It's not much, but it should last you until you get a chance to go shopping.

If you have any questions or need anything at all, you can contact the front desk 24/7. Of course, your Sisters are your best resource and most will be eager to help you get settled, so don't hesitate to reach out.

Enjoy your stay and, once again, welcome!

*- Management
Creme De La Creme*

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Sean didn't know if it was coincidence or kismet that she found herself in a building she knew so well. There were many other communal dwellings for the Uptown Girls throughout this sector of the city. Either way, it was a short elevator ride down to the floor where the collared, male version of herself had lived with Sybil for some indeterminate length of time. It had definitely been months. Perhaps even years. Time was an ephemeral thing in Chrysalis.

Her black leather of her outfit gleamed as she strode through the well-lit corridor. The moans of amorous Uptown Girls fucking bound slaves was ever present in the lavish living facility. The sounds were as pleasing as ever, though Sean found her appreciation for them was now somehow different.

Sean's cock strained within her leather pants as she approached Sybil's door. She straightened the matching trench coat around her body and pulled the strap at its waist tight before ringing the bell. Sean ran a hand through her long brunette hair, pushing it aside as she waited for a response. Within moments the door opened and a smiling Sybil was revealed.

“Hello, Sean.”

She smiled back. “Hey, Sybil.”

At first, she was surprised *'Hello, Mistress'* hadn't rolled off her tongue, but this registered in her mind as an annoyance. Habit brought the thought to bear, but the words no longer felt appropriate.

“C'mon in. I just put some coffee on.”

“Is that an order?” Sean joked.

“Not at all. If it was, you wouldn't do it.”

Despite his new beauty, stature and confidence, Sean's face betrayed a hint of disbelief.

Sybil leaned against the doorway and smirked. “**KNEEL!**” she called out in a sudden, loud and much more authoritative voice.

Sean recoiled. The black leather creaked around her body as she leaned back and her brow scrunched. The muscles in her body tightened, responding defiantly. It was a reaction Sean had forgotten was possible until this moment.

Sybil's grin returned. “See? That's not who you are anymore.” She released the door and waved Sean in.

Sean followed her to the kitchen, a smile of understanding blooming across her lips. Their dual pairs of stilettos clacked across the floor as they made their way. Sybil was wearing one of her classic latex bodysuits. Her curvy form shined in tight yellow rubber.

“Have a seat” Sybil invited with a gesture to the kitchen table. “You want java?”

“I'd rather a bottled water, if you don't mind.”

“Ah..” Sybil responded with a look over her shoulder. “You're still recovering from your first...”

“Yeah.”

“I remember it well” she added with a wistful smile. Sybil opened her fridge, reached in and extracted two shiny, red apples. She tossed one across the room. “Catch!”

smack

Sean caught it in mid-air. She studied it briefly before nodding. “That's right. I now have the privilege, don't I?”

“One of many.” Sybil's answer echoed from the interior of the icebox. She grabbed a bottled water before closing it. The fully relaxed Futadom poured herself a fresh cup of coffee before striding to the table and joining her.

“I have so many questions” Sean opened as she uncapped her beverage.

“Happy to answer them” Sybil said before bringing the mug to her lips and taking a long sip. “Though, I hope you won't keep me talking all day. I need to begin the hunt for my new sub...”

Sean's happy expression faded. “About that... I'm sorry, Sybil.”

“Don't be” she reassured. “This has happened many times and will happen again.”

A wave of *deja vu* rolled over Sean. It felt like a flashback to his last conversation with Delilah.

“And you're okay with that?”

“Of course” Sybil stated confidently. “We had our fun as Mistress and slave, but that time is over. Now, I have a wonderful new sister instead. Another honey pot who will attract even more flies to the web.”

Sean's mouth went agape in sudden realization. “Is that how it works? This place...”

“Mmmhmm.”

“So do all the guys who come here, eventually...?”

“Go all the way? Like you did? Heavens no! Only some small fraction of them. The rest are happy to spend their lives being fucked, fisted and flogged. Serving at our feet. And thank goodness for that! It would hardly work if we were all Dommies.”

“What makes me different?”

Sybil shrugged. “There's something else inside of you, obviously. Something other than submission. If there wasn't, you would've stayed as you were. I'm no psychologist, though. That's one you should ask the good doctor.”

“And what about the other women? The ones in South town?”

“They have a role to play, like everyone else. Some of them go on a journey, like you did, eventually making their way here and becoming one of the Uptown Girls. Most are happy where they are.”

Despite some new, wiser voice advising caution in the back of her mind, Sean couldn't contain her overwhelming curiosity. “I hope it's not rude to ask, but you've piqued my interest. Which were you, before your change?”

Sybil smirked. “For the record, it **IS** rude to ask.” She lifted her apple and took a bite from its surface with a satisfying crunch. She chewed a bit and swallowed before speaking again. “Perhaps I'll tell you some day, once I've gotten to know the *new you* a little better. For now, you can just relish the mystery.”

The flustered brunette raised her hands in distressed appeal. “**Sorry!** You're right, that was inconsiderate.”

“You're still thinking like an insecure guy” the haughty mocha-skinned Domme declared before taking another swig of her brew. “It's crazy to me how much of that mentality remains, after all we put you sluts through... But don't worry. It won't last. Not when your new urges come to the forefront.”

“That's good to know...”

“Besides” Sybil said, ducking her head down and locking her almond eyes on Sean's shimmering blues. “Ask yourself... Does it really matter? Didn't we have an amazing time together?”

Sean raised the water to her lips and downed much of it anxiously. By the time the cool liquid funneled into her stomach, she realized how right her former Mistress was. Sean set the spring water on the table and nodded earnestly. “We did, indeed.”

Her stomach winced in hunger. Now it was Sean's turn to lift her apple and take a crisp bite. They sat in silence a while, enjoying their little brunch. A wry smile returned to Sybil's face.

“So, are you sticking with *Sean*? It's customary, for someone who's been reborn, to choose another name, but it's up to you.”

“I haven't thought about it yet. This is all still so new.”

“I understand. Certainly, there's no rush. If there's one thing we've got, it's plenty of time.”

Sean thought back to their first encounter; seeing Sybil on that foggy street corner in South town, cigarette in hand. One thing she'd said, in particular, had touched a chord. At first, because it seemed like such an odd, off-hand comment. Now, because it felt more like a revelation.

'Sean... That's a lovely name for a man. Or a woman, for that matter.'

Her eyebrows scrunched as she gazed at Sybil intently. “Did you always know?”

“Know what?”

“That I would see it through and drink the nectar.”

“No. It's impossible to know for sure. Though, I did have my suspicions.”

“Based on what?”

“That look in your eyes. From the very first moment I saw you, until now. As much as you were discovering yourself, enjoying yourself, making your way... There was still something missing.”

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That afternoon, Sean took her first trip downtown to do her own shopping. It was a weird feeling, visiting the commercial district to procure items for herself instead of Sybil. Odder still was that some of the same women she encountered on the street, who'd once looked down on her with haughty condescension, now offered her a pleasant greeting and nod of approval. Their collared and leashed slaves, men she'd once exchanged quick looks of submissive solidarity with, now stared up at Sean, awestruck.

She was on her way back with some bags of staple foods and rudimentary supplies when a commotion arose in the distance. It was a lone voice shouting, louder with every sentence, as the person in question became increasingly distressed. It was a deep male voice and after it echoed through the streets for a few moments, Sean realized she recognized it.

'Jim!'

The yells of panic turned to blood-curdling screams and Sean's eyes went wide. She dropped her bags and took off in the direction of the anguished cries. To say she ran would be inaccurate, because running in thigh highs with stiletto heels was almost impossible. To stop and take them off would take even longer, so she half-jogged at the best pace she could manage.

As Sean rounded the corner that led to the old church, she heard scraping noises and the sound of metal grinding across concrete not far away. The fearful screams ended and all that was left were the horrific sounds of brutal, frenzied impact growing louder in Sean's ears. The moist slamming noises sent shivers down her spine, but didn't deter Sean from rushing forth at her best speed.

Finally, the churchyard came into view. As Sean hurried to the front of the old gothic structure, she could see the large shrouded figure of the Stalker lumbering away. The bulky black-robed assassin slipped from the sidewalk onto the street. The spikes of its weighty weapon, dragging behind it, scraped across the pavement with tortured iron screeches. It began to cross the road as it slunk away from the scene of its grisly deed.

Sean's eyes became fixed at the center, focused on the stairs of the church as she grew closer to the entrance. Her breath came fast and her jog slowed to a walk as she took in the full horror of the scene. The white stone steps were steeped in sticky plasma and bits of torn flesh. Sprays of crimson slashed across the once holy site, decorating it in thick trails of Jim's still-hot blood. What remained of his body lay among the mess, its own fluids and tissues melting from open wounds all over his torso.

As she grew close enough to see the murderous scene in sharp detail, Sean gasped and raised a hand to her mouth. Jim's entire head, including the face she'd never fully seen, was destroyed beyond recognition. What was left above the neck was nothing but a gaping sore of blood, brain and puss. Pieces of bone stuck out, intertwined in a mish-mash of bludgeoned flesh. Strewn teeth dotted the growing pool of blood. Air and fluids gurgled from the large lacerations across his neck and chest.

Sean turned away, unable to bare the horrific sight a moment longer. She bent over and almost vomited, but barely kept down the bits of apple she'd eaten earlier. In the distance, the large, bloody mace continued to grind away on the asphalt as the Stalker shambled off. Sean looked up, her teeth gritting as she watched the phantom retreat.

“HEY! YOU!” she called after the specter. She righted herself, glimmers of anger and desperation entering her eyes along with the beginnings of tears. **“WHY?!? WHY DID YOU DO THAT?!?”**

The wraith stopped in its tracks and turned. The Noh mask that had terrified Sean so many times slowly came back into view. Its blank face, dark eye holes and thin, crimson lips no longer struck fear in her heart. In fact, for the first time ever, Sean felt a different emotion emanating from its pitiless face. Perhaps she was projecting her own feelings upon it, but in that moment, she couldn't help but think the creature looked sad.

The two stared at each for long moments. Sean collected herself, catching her breath before shouting at it again.

“YEAH, HE WAS A FUCKIN JERK! BUT WHY?!? DID IT HAVE TO BE THIS WAY?!?”

The Stalker's only reply was its cold gaze. A breeze whipped through the street, carrying no answer from the hulking reaper. There were no ear-piercing screeches. Not even a whisper as the specter turned away and continued its advance. Only the large sledgehammer, its many protruding metal spikes scraping across the thoroughfare, broke the awful silence. The ever thinning trail of blood extended across the road as the phantom made its way to the opposite curb.

Sean watched it withdraw with tears leaking from her eyes. She wrapped her arms below her bust as the creature entered an alley and disappeared into the darkness forever. It was the last time Sean would ever see the Stalker. There was no way she could know that, yet she felt it intuitively.

Before its weapon followed, crossing from the light of the day into the all-consuming black, Sean's awareness was jarred with a sudden epiphany. The bloodied make-shift mace, with all its custom adornments and spiky teeth, looked strikingly like an oversized model of a certain kitchen utensil.

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For the first week of her new life, Sean mostly stayed at home. She settled in, arranged her new surroundings as she liked and answered the surging libido that overcame her with frequent, frenzied masturbation. She ate and re-hydrated. She processed her emotions. Sean grew more familiar with her new body and changing disposition.

She made a sticky mess of her new condo with startling regularity. Once or twice a day, a cleaning crew

of slaves came knocking at her door. She let them in and watched the hooded and collared males go about their work; washing, drying and polishing her soiled walls, floors and furnishings. Occasionally, one of them was heavily feminized, like Sean had been in her previous phase. Seeing them in her home stirred many memories, but also a new and growing longing.

Sean knew she could take any of them any time she wished. Likewise, she could strut out into the hotel halls and take advantage of any bound slave she desired. She knew only too well that the building's many community centers were BDSM orgies that rarely, if ever, stopped. She'd been the center of the Uptown Girls attentions so many times.

Her feelings on this were conflicted, at first. Some shrinking aspect of her former psyche remained, wishing she were the one still scrubbing floors, taking orders, being reprimanded with a crop and presenting herself to be used and abused in any way a Mistress chose. But with each passing day, those thoughts drifted further from her mind. They were replaced by ever longer stares at her subordinates, the licking and biting of her own lips and powerful erections that threatened to rip through the sensual material of whatever fetish attire she was wearing.

Not long into this process, Sean felt her first *calling* as a woman. Sybil told her that she would feel it soon. An indescribable pull in a different direction. A sudden awareness that she belonged somewhere else. It was similar to how she felt, so long ago, on the outskirts of the city. Also to how she'd felt after her crazy night at the *Ball Buster*.

Every fiber of Sean's being was telling her she needed to go back to South town. It was the only impetus, clear and distinct within her mind, that rose above the ever thickening fog of lust that surrounded her. This coincided neatly with the first piece of mail she received at her new address. It was a letter from Dr. Lena confirming their final appointment. The last session would take place at her office in South town, where they'd initially met. And it was coming very soon.

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As Sean entered the outskirts of the southern district, she was shocked to find her feet weren't barking. She would've worn something other than thigh-high boots if her closet had anything else on offer, but that was not the case. Besides, this particular pair matched her glossy, purple catsuit and black corset perfectly. The full ensemble made her feel powerful and sexy beyond measure. Her tied-back ponytail of dark brown hair bobbed in the breeze as she stalked down the street in full fetish regalia.

It seemed the Uptown Girls had supernatural toughness to go with their absurd sexual stamina and otherworldly endowments. It made sense, in the bizarre logic of this place. One needed uncanny strength and a spine of steel to wield the extra large mammaries, full, round asses and colossal cocks that she and her sisterly compatriots possessed.

It was a long walk from Uptown, but Sean felt no fatigue as he strolled down the fairway toward the center of the older, more rundown half of Chrysalis. Her boot heels clicked away as she passed over cracked pavement. Light birdsong chirped through the early afternoon air. Interestingly, there wasn't as much debris littering the roads and sidewalks as Sean remembered. It was as if a cleaning crew had been through, making some noble attempt to beautify the south side.

Her energy felt endless. Sean had grown used to walking in height-enhancing heels, yet there was one distracting sensation that would not go ignored for long. It had been only four hours since last shooting her vast, virile load, but the dire need to climax was creeping across her sultry curves again.

Sean's growing erection formed a fleshy column in the purple latex of her left pant leg. Her sensitive, bulging phallus was caressed by warm, stretchy rubber with each stride. Her face went flush. Sean's body buzzed more urgently with the need for release with every dozen steps.

She looked up and saw the marquis for one of the shops coming up on her right. The store was called '*Carnal Commodities*'. One look in the window revealed it to be a sex toy and fetish apparel shop. The amorous Uptown Girl abandoned her southward trek and turned into the establishment without delay.

She strode into the store, unsurprised to find it devoid of any staff, yet plentifully stocked. It was just like the previous time she'd visited a sex shop down here. For once, the rows and racks of shiny garments held no interest for her. She ignored the wonderful selection of hats, boots and other fetishwear accessories. Sean went right to the sex toy section and made a hasty appraisal of the goods.

There was an entire shelf dedicated to fleshlights. Sean wanted nothing so badly as to unbox once and shove her entire twitching length deep in tight, slick silicone. Sadly, one look at the sordid assortment revealed that few would endure her girth and none would accommodate her full length.

Annoyed, Sean pressed deeper into the back rooms. If necessary, she could shoot her voluminous wad in the restroom or find some piece of furniture to decorate with her nut, but she was tired of merely jerking off and wasting her glorious seed. She wanted a hole to fuck. To fill. To clog with her sticky emissions until it overran.

While desperately searching for a spot to unleash her liquid fury, Sean stopped in her tracks and gasped. Peering into one room, there was an entire station set up for the customization of fetish sex dolls. One, in particular, looked like it had recently been finished. It was draped over a table, its body wrapped in clinging black latex from its hooded, gagged and blindfolded head to its inanimate feet. Only the crack of its ass was visible, its bottom unzipped and in full view.

As Sean entered and drew closer, its silky, silicone hole presented itself. It was considerably wider than any of the toys up front. Hopefully it was deeper as well. A bottle of water-based lube sat beside it. It was as if Sean had made a reservation for a badly needed rut. The store was serving like some perverse pit stop and they'd laid out the red carpet just for her.

She didn't waste time overthinking it. Sean strode to the waiting fetish fuck-doll and unzipped herself below. She sprayed a trail of greasy lube over her rapidly expanding shaft and seized it in her right hand. Her black latex glove, layered over the purple rubber of her suit, slid up and down her moist flesh with a series of wet squelches. Sean bellowed out a low moan as her cock hardened to monstrous dimensions and the flow of pure pleasure began.

Her warm, fat tip pressed against the cool, rubber opening of the waiting vessel. It made Sean shiver, but she knew the frigid sensation wouldn't last long. It would be hot with her own expanding warmth very soon. The lustful vixen slid her cock into the long, clingy passage without delay.

“Ohhhhhhhhh... **Ohhhh yesss!!!**”

It took half of her prodigious length in one shove. Her advance slowed after that, but her still expanding girth continued to tunnel in, even as her insertion slowed to a crawl. Sean's heavy ball sack hung from the opening of her suit, her plump testicles twitching with the dire need for release.

She couldn't wait a moment longer. Sean seized the dolls rubbery arms, reared back and plowed her erection deep into the waiting cum receptacle. She pistoned back and forth unrelentingly, shoving her cock deeper until most of her fat cum cannon was buried in the lifeless thing. Sean released its arms, her gloved hands trailing down its latex torso until she seized it closer, at the hips.

Her body flew into a smooth procession of back and forth pumps as Sean's cock slurped in and out of the accommodating doll. The substitute slave accepted her full length and Sean's hips smacked into its latex clad bottom as it hung just over the edge of the table. Her moans grew in length and intensity as Sean railed the helpless thing into oblivion. The rubbery suction inside its deep cavity was wonderful, clinging to her steaming fuck-stick with every withdrawal and caressing it lovingly with each blissful insertion.

Sean's heavy breasts heaved in the tight purple rubber of her costume. Her strong legs and hefty scrotum grew tense as the glow of climax encroached. She moaned as the giddy sensation of impending nirvana flooded her every pore. Sean rammed her massive erection into the luscious hole hard and fast, trying to drill even deeper than the sturdy love doll would normally allow.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! TAKE IT!!! TAKE IT YOU FUCKING SLUT!!!”

Her first stream of nougat filth discharged and flooded the cock sleeve's tight confines. Sean leaned forward, buried her cock to the hilt, and held it there as her second and third expulsions funneled into the already drenched pocket. She released its hips with her right hand and brought her latex palm to the back of the thing's hooded head. Sean pressed it down into the table, leaning against the gagged face as she screamed and climaxed uncontrollably.

Several thick strands of congealed cock-snot splattered into its depths and her massive load began to backflow. It splattered out around the base of Sean's cock, sending splotches of semen blasting over her glossy, purple legs and caking her still-quivering sack. Semen dripped in gooey trails to the floor, pooling into an ever growing lake of sticky spunk as it expanded in all directions below.

Sean's guttural yells and extended moans continued as she emptied her balls in the now warm and sloppy canal. She held the doll in a tight, rubbery grip as the last thick blasts of semen exited her glans and pushed even more white, bubbling, gelatinous sludge from the seal around the base of her cock. It slobbered to the ground in hearty slaps as Sean finally regained control of her bliss-wracked body and hazy mind.

She pulled back, slowly righting herself and extracting her thick schwanz from the slick, gripping toy. Her soiled cylinder came free with a pop; a thick trail of heavy seed still connecting its head to the doll's latex depths. The much needed orgasm had been wonderful, as expected. Still, as Sean studied the object of her affections, an emptiness overtook her.

This thing would never moan around its gag. It would never beg for its blindfold to be removed or plead to be fucked again. She could wrench its arm behind its back, but it would never feel the sting. She could bind its arms and legs, but there was no need. She couldn't order it to turn around, get on its knees and clean her filthy schlong with its obedient mouth. It couldn't lick her boots, rub her shoulders

or fetch her refreshment after a long, powerful rut. It had no nipples to clamp and nothing below to lock in chastity.

The doll had fulfilled one function, the most basic that a woman of her stature required, but it wasn't enough. Not by a long shot. There was more that she desired. So much more that a woman of her beauty, proportions and appetites deserved. For the first time, she felt it unequivocally. The deep, abiding desire to collar and discipline. To evoke fear, inspire obedience and foster devotion.

As she watched the last of her semen drool and drip from the doll's destroyed hole, her authentic self came into full focus. Her true craving, full needs and life defining purpose became crystal clear. What filled her spirit now, full to bursting, was the unyielding will to dominate.

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knock knock knock

Sean wrapped on the doctor's open door before proceeding into her office. She found Lena not behind her desk, but relaxing in an arm chair, nose deep in a book. The room looked the same as the first time she'd visited. No bondage furniture. No restraints or dungeon decor like her sadistic den in Uptown. Just the quintessential, comfortable setting of a professional therapist.

Even her outfit was back to normal. The insightful brunette was in typical office attire sporting a gray, pleated top and navy blue skirt. To Sean, this form now felt like a disguise, having seen her so many times as an increasingly stern Dominatrix. Were it not for her own transformation, it would've felt like Sean had gone back in time.

Lena looked up and smiled. She set her book aside and adjusted her glasses before rising from the chair. She approached Sean with open arms.

“Welcome back!”

“Good to see you, Dr. Solomon.”

They embraced in a brief, friendly hug before Lena stepped back and ran her hand down Sean's right side.

“My goodness, look at you! You look amazing!”

“Thank you. I feel amazing!”

“Is it still Sean?”

“At the moment.”

“Very good. Please, Sean, have a seat.”

Sean slid onto the sofa opposite Lena's chair, her rubber outfit creaking as she got comfortable. Lena

lowered back into her chair before reaching for her clipboard and notes. She set them in her lap before folding her hands and resting them on the board.

“You've been through a lot, but I can already tell it was worth it. It's good to see a smile on your face for more than a few seconds. You rarely did, before.”

It registered for Sean, in that moment, how consistently she was beaming. Her pearly whites had been showing since the minute she walked in. “I suppose that's true. I certainly feel lighter. More at peace. Sometimes I catch myself grinning in the mirror and for a split second, I forgot that it's me.”

“I take it you've been feeling things out in these early days? Still getting a grasp on the new you?”

“Very much so. But I think, now, the fog is starting to clear. Even on the way down here, I learned a lot about myself. I feel like great things are just around the corner.”

“That's wonderful to hear” Lena replied while jotting down some notes. “In our last session, we finally broached the subject of your parents. It took us a long time to get there and I know it was painful, but it had to be done. Tell me, how do you feel about them now?”

Her glowing smile faded as she gazed back at Lena. Her eyes remained focused and calm, betraying neither dismay nor resentment. A quiet confidence unfurled in Sean's now feminine voice. “Indifferent. Whatever sadness or anger I harbored... it's not there anymore. The bitterness is gone.”

“And with it, the self doubt.”

“... Yes.”

“Excellent. That's why you feel lighter, you know?”

“I figured as much.”

“Well, that and your bangin new body” Lena added with a wink.

Sean chuckled and nodded in agreement.

“It would seem my job is just about done” Dr. Solomon spoke. “Do you have any questions?”

“Just one” Sean replied as she uncrossed her long, latex legs and leaned forward. “You may or may not be able to answer it, but I have to ask. Where it concerns my newfound urges, were they always buried deep inside of me? Or is it something about-”

“Chrysalis?” Lena finished the question.

Sean confirmed the query with a nod.

“How interesting... No one's asked that in a long time. Most don't care once they've been here for a while. It's a question I used to think about a lot...”

“But not anymore?”

“No” Lena acknowledged, setting her clipboard aside. “Look, it's entirely possible you were never solely a masochist or bottom, but a sadomasochist. Or that your time as a submissive is what birthed your inner dominant. Believe it or not, that's not uncommon.”

Sean's brow furrowed as she listened intently.

Dr. Lena continued. “It's perfectly natural for someone with that makeup to go through a heavy submissive phase before they discover the other half of their psyche. In many ways, it's healthy. After all, what could be a better regimen to train a dominant than years spent in bondage and servitude? You've lived the experience of everyone who will ever serve beneath your heel. You know what to do and not to do. When to reward and when to punish. When to press boundaries and when to ease off. You've gained the most valuable insight by fully experiencing the other role. People like you often become the most wise, powerful and effective Dommies of them all.”

The cat-suited patient's eyes grew big as saucers. She stared into the distance as the pieces came together. What the doctor was saying made perfect sense.

“So what you've experienced could be completely organic.” The psychologist shrugged. “Or maybe we exist in an ethereal realm of manipulative perversions, pushed and pulled by forces we'll never fully understand.”

Sean's eyes darted back to Lena's, incredulous that she would suggest the latter so casually. “Could it be both? Some bizarre combination of natural inclination and supernatural influence?”

Dr. Solomon grinned. “Perhaps. I considered that once. But the truth is, I don't care anymore either. I'm just glad to be here.”

* * * * *

The hour was late. Scarce few lampposts lit up the streets of Chrysalis' south side. The neon sign advertising the diner buzzed and flickered outside continuously. Sean gazed into the gloom. The calling had brought her here. There was little to do but watch and wait.

She was on her third cup of coffee. It had been refilled, each time, by the friendly owner of the establishment, Ruby. With hours to reflect and sip her drinks, Sean had concluded that the curvy proprietress had almost definitely been a man named Richard in a previous life.

The diner was cleaner than Sean remembered, but the leather seats were still in tatters; quick-fixed in many spots with long stretches of electrical tape. She sat at the left end of the eatery, wedged into the same corner booth that a certain gorgeous goth girl had been sitting in the first time Sean entered. Her thoughts turned to that first encounter. Delilah's voice echoed in her mind.

'Chrysalis has an odd way of bringing people together. People who need each other, if you know what I mean...'

Sean stared down at her dark, hot beverage.

Was it really Chrysalis? Or was it fate? How long until, like Dr. Lena, she no longer cared?

Sean jumped in her seat upon hearing the scuffing of shoes on pavement outside. She peered back into the darkness and saw the outline of a person approaching the diner. Sean corrected her posture and fixed her long brunette hair with a few quick glides of her palms. She looked down at her glossy purple form and made an adjustment to her corset, propping up her sizable rack just right. She took a deep breath and settled into a casual, relaxed pose.

Within moments, the front door creaked open and a young man walked through. The door clacked shut behind him and he made a few steps toward the counter. Sean studied him from the corner as the stranger looked about and took stock of the run-down restaurant.

He was a fit young man who appeared to be in his late twenties or early thirties. Not quite six feet tall with a full head of short, blonde hair. A black leather jacket and white t-shirt covered his medium build torso, followed by a pair of ripped jeans below.

“**Hey Ruby! You got a customer!**” Sean called out, knowing full well the woman probably wouldn't hear her.

The newcomer turned, sighting the glossy Goddess in the corner. His eyes expanded to their widest, taken aback by the sudden appearance of such a beautiful and imposing woman. Sean waved to him and the man smiled before strolling down the aisle towards her booth.

“Welcome to **dicks**” Sean said playfully before taking a sip of her brew.

“Don't you mean Rick's?” the guy asked as confusion crept across his face.

“No” Sean answered with a wry smile. She set her drink down and gave her upper lip a quick lick, highlighting the plump, scarlet rim of her mouth. “You're new in town, right?”

“Yeah...” he admitted, his face already growing flustered.

“What's your name?”

“Brendan” he answered while walking directly to the end of the table. “And you are?”

A mischievous smile spread across her face. “Nice to meet you” she said before gesturing to the seat across from her. “I'm Shawna.”