

# Slave Girl

## Part 2



**Katrina Susan Henderson**

A "New Woman" Novel



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# SLAVE GIRL 2

By Katrina Susan Henderson

## 5. Advanced Training

After we had served lunch and then had some of our own, we were taken by Lusia to a large dance hall where we met the Lady Aurora who would serve as our dance Mistress. She didn't need Lusia or Roth to keep us in line and was quite adept with her crop if we failed to do as she instructed. We always knelt in her presence until she ordered us to rise and start our dance practice. Over the next six weeks she would teach us the Love Dances of Venus, of which there were fifteen and the Dance of the Love Starved Slave girl. We would practice for many hours over the next few weeks.

My legs often grew stiff with all the unaccustomed movements they were called on to make. My wrists and hips would ache from all the pelvic thrusts and swivels. I also would discover, over the course of the next six weeks, that my ass had become rounded and

my breasts had become permanent as Karla had said they would. I was consequently out of the medicine she had given me and was informed by the Mistress that it was no longer needed. My waist was shrinking from the constant exercise and diet and my body had become rounded and very feminine.

Lady Aurora was relentless and often used her crop in directing our dance steps, pressing us harder each day to achieve her standards of perfection. She used her crop to show us how wide our hips must sway and how to rotate them for maximum effect. Eventually, as time wore on, my movements became more fluid and smooth as my body became accustomed to the movements.

She made us concentrate on stroking the air as if it were a lover and how to excite the airy body with every bump and grind we made. She was a relentless task Mistress and urged us to more and more difficult dance steps and gymnastics maneuvers. Eventually, after what seemed like a lifetime, we completed our dance lessons.

During this time Lusia, using Karla as our model, taught us how to stand with poise, how to walk gracefully, how to keep a vacant smile on our face and how to perform other household chores. I knew a lot of the regular chores from helping my mother and had little trouble.

Also during this period came Lady Messillina who taught us how to play the harp and how to sing pleasing songs. I was very surprised to discover, under her tutelage, that I had a very pleasant and feminine singing voice. I wasn't so fortunate with the harp and had many beatings and a lot of hard work before I could play it reasonably. After six weeks had elapsed,

Lady Messillina was satisfied that she had taught us all she could and left the house.

The day after we had completed our dance and music instruction, the Mistress herself entered the slave quarters. Swiftly we knelt on the floor and pressed our foreheads against the stone until she deigned to order us into movement. She prowled around us on the floor, occasionally coming so close as to brush our bodies with the bottom of her ornate stola. Eventually, she resumed her position in front of the door.

“You may look up, girls,” said the Mistress.

Obediently we looked up and leaned back on our knees with them widely apart as we had been taught.

“Today will begin your advanced training, girls. It is time that you found out what I have decided to do with you. First you, Karla. You are hereby released into the custody of your mother, Lusia. You and she are both free to leave here as per my agreement with your mother. Also, there will be a small payment to you for being so helpful in the training of my other two slaves. You may say goodbye to your former slave sisters, then you must go with your mother and leave Rome,” spoke the Mistress.

Karla went over first to Media and said, “Goodbye, gentle Media. Bring pleasure to the Mistress and your life will be soft and sweet in her service. I’m sure that, eventually, you will find pleasure in serving her. I love you, Media.”

“Goodbye, sister Karla,” replied a weeping Media.

Karla then turned to me and said, “And you, Drusilla. You still have a lot to learn and many things yet to accept coming your way, but I know you will succeed in gaining your heart’s desire. You will be the woman you were always meant to be and you will have cause to celebrate your newfound womanhood. Venus will bless you, dear sister. I’ll always think of you with fond memories.”

“Goodbye, sister,” I replied and hugged her to me.

In a few minutes, we could hear joyous laughter as Lusia and Karla gathered their things and left the villa as free people. Karla, at least, didn’t betray me, not like Lusia. Together Lusia and Lady Octavia must have had plans earlier to conspire to turn me into a woman. Karla, at least to me, could have been just a pawn in their plans. But what was behind this conspiracy to keep me alive and turn me into a woman? The Mistress waited until they had passed out of hearing range to continue, consequently giving Media time to stop crying.

“Media,” continued the Mistress. “You will move into my quarters and share my bed. There I will teach you the art of the Lesbos and you will be my adoring love slave.”

“Yes, Mistress,” replied Media, a bit shaken.

I trembled as the Mistress turned to me. I was more than a little afraid of what she was about to do to me. All of my friends had been removed to separate fates and I knew that I still wasn’t ready to be the complete woman she wanted me to be.

“Drusilla,” pronounced the Mistress. “You will for a short time serve Roth as his slave girl along with his

present one. They will teach you what you will need to know about being a woman so that you will suit your new Master. When Roth has determined that you are satisfactory, I will see you again and will personally deliver you to the man who will keep you for the rest of your life as his adoring love slave.”

I spoke up in a trembling voice, “May I ask a question, Mistress?”

“Yes, Drusilla,” prompted the Mistress kindly.

“To whom am I to be given?” I asked softly.

The Mistress laughed and answered, “To my only son, dearest.”

With that, Lady Octavia spun on her heel and, taking Media, left me alone in the room. After an hour, the door opened and a beautiful blonde haired girl dressed in house slave garb entered the room. She shut the door behind her, then approached me, looking me over intensely.

“I’m Erica, slave girl of Roth the Charioteer. You must be Drusilla. I’ve heard quite a lot about you from Roth,” she announced.

Quickly, I dropped to my knees and replied, “Mistress. Forgive me. I didn’t know it was you.”

“Oh, get up, Drusilla. I insist that instead of addressing me as your Mistress, you address me as your sister since, for a short time, we are to share the same man,” she said.

I got up onto my feet as gracefully as I could and replied, “I’m surprised that you don’t hate me. I think

that I would in your place. Aren't you upset about having to share your man with the likes of me?"

"It is nothing to worry or be upset about, Drusilla," answered Erica. "We are owned by the Mistress and her desires are paramount. You are to be trained to serve her son as a woman in every way, that includes how to please a man in bed. I and Roth will teach you what must be done and I know, from what Roth has told me, that you will not be with us long."

"You don't think it will take long?" I asked, not believing what she had just told me.

"Yes, it won't take long. Roth says that you have a natural aptitude in pleasing a man. Besides, the sooner you are gone, the sooner I have Roth to myself again. The Mistress knows that I will want to get rid of you at the earliest opportunity, so she will not accept my judgment on your progress. Roth will be the one to decide if you have learned what you need to be able to please Lady Octavia's son."

"Do you know who her son is?" I questioned, hoping she knew.

"This is the first time I have been in the house since he got back from the wars. She never mentioned his name and I've always been in the stable house. That is where I am going to take you now. Follow me to your new quarters and I'll get you settled in, sister," answered Erica.

"Yes, Erica," I replied, following her out the door.

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Erica led me out of the main house and into a covered and fenced walkway that went through Lady Octavia's dog-infested yard. The dogs were huge and menaced us with their growling as Erica led me toward a small house next to the stables on the edge of the Mistress' property. The fact that Roth was a slave charioteer was no surprise to me, in that Rome had many such. What did surprise me though was that Lady Octavia, who didn't seem to be a partisan of the races, owned him. Perhaps, I thought, he had been simply a business investment on her part, one that apparently paid pretty well. Eventually, we arrived at the little house and Erica opened the door.

The house was well furnished and comfortable. The stone floors were covered in fine Persian rugs and the walls were adorned with Roman chariot race tapestries. In the main hall was a huge case in which were displayed the olive wreathes of the victor in Caesar's chariot races in the Forum. From the number of them, I figured that Roth being a good investment was right for he seemed to be no stranger to championship in the Forum.

Erica showed me to a small room completely filled with female clothing and said, "This will be your room when you aren't serving Roth, Drusilla. You will also help me around the house with the chores and will tonight observe me with Roth. The following night, I will observe you with Roth and critique you on your performance. If Juno is willing, we may be able to get you to your new Master within a few days. By the way, do you worship very much, Drusilla?"

“No, Erica. I haven’t worshipped any of the gods since my mother was taken from me,” I replied.

“Well, it’s time that you got to renew your relationships with your goddesses. I didn’t worship the goddesses enough in Scandia and was taken slave. Maybe, if had worshipped them more, my life would have been better. However, the goddesses of the Romans have helped me to accept my fate and learn to love it and them. You being a Roman should find it easier as the goddesses of Rome are more kindly disposed to one of Roman blood. Did you only worship the male gods before?” explained Erica.

“For the most part I worshipped none, Erica. The only god or goddess that I did worship was Juno and that was mostly when I was younger because that was the goddess my mother worshipped. I didn’t have a father since he died. Making my mother happy was the best thing I could do and I often joined her in silent service at home,” I responded.

“That is good, Drusilla. Tomorrow, we will go into town and you will be able to renew your relationship with Juno at her temple in the city. We will also visit the Temple of Venus and pray for her to bless my romance and grant you one with your Master to be. For today, until Roth gets home, you will start doing the laundry in the enclosed courtyard and I’ll go in and fix us a bit of lunch,” answered Erica.

She led me out of the room and into a fenced-off portion of the courtyard. There she set me up with a pot, a washboard, and a bag of clips for the clothesline that was strung across the courtyard between two olive trees. I then helped her carry out two large baskets of clothes. Erica slipped back inside as I dumped the clothes into the pot, then knelt down at

the washboard and began to wash the clothes. It was an odd but somehow nice feeling to be dressed in a short slave girl dress out in the open air washing clothes, just like many of the other slave girls and free women were doing at the same time all over Rome. After a bit, I decided to do what they probably did while performing these simple chores. I began to sing one of the songs that Lady Messillina had taught me. I found that the music made the work easier and the dogs outside the fence grew silent as I sang. I felt oddly liberated even though I was a slave girl.

“That was very sweet, Drusilla,” said Erica who had crept up behind me while I was singing.

“Thank you, Erica. I’m almost done here,” I answered.

“That’s good, sister. I’ll bring the food out and we’ll have it on a blanket under the shady tree,” decided Erica.

“Sounds good to me, sister,” I replied happily.

I heard Erica give a delighted feminine laugh and disappear into the house. I had noticed while I was washing the clothes, that most of them had not even been soiled. I thought that Erica had been instructed to make sure that I knew all the duties of an obedient slave girl and I wasn’t about to blow it at this late stage. I don’t know exactly when I had come around to this way of thinking. It surprised me and frightened me a little to think that I now wanted and needed to be accepted as a female slave. As I hung up the last of the clothes, Erica came out of the house with a large basket and a fine blanket. I wiped off my hands and joined her beneath the shade tree. We knelt there as two girls with our legs folded under us

and talked about the delightful weather at this time of year. Erica was voracious for information about my past and acted totally absorbed in every word I said about it. I was happy to have found a good friend and confidant again after losing the two I had and being betrayed by Lusia.

After we finished lunch, Erica took me into the house and there we cleaned up the rooms and got them presentable. Erica stated that she wanted the floors so clean you could eat off of them and I did my very best to make them so. I noted that all this time Erica had treated me as if I were her younger sister and not as an interloper. My respect and admiration for her increased every minute. I understood what the Mistress wanted to teach me about being a slave girl loyal to the interests of her Master. When it became close to dinner time, Erica taught me how she prepared certain dishes that were Roth's favorites, many of which I was unfamiliar with. I also taught her some of the recipes that my mother had taught me, as I had to do most of the cooking after my father was gone. She also filled me in while we worked on the local news and gossip that she had heard in the market the previous day. We were simply two women preparing the evening meal for the Master of the household and I enjoyed every minute of it.

We were just about finished with the meal when we heard the front door to the house open and close again. Swiftly, Erica and I ran out of the kitchen and quickly knelt on the floor of the hallway, face down. Roth motioned us to look up and I saw that he was dressed in the fine leathers of a charioteer and on his brow was another wreath of victory. He stopped in front of us with a big grin on his handsome face.

“Get up and serve me my dinner, girls,” he ordered, then walked into the dining room and sat down.

“Yes, Master,” Erica and I replied in unison.

We got up and quickly ran into the kitchen. Erica went in first with the appetizer and then I hauled in the main menu. Roth had both Erica and I feed him and seemed to enjoy it immensely. The appetizer went well; after all, it was one that Erica knew that Roth liked. I was a little nervous about the main course as I had prepared my mother’s favorite, Parmesian Suckling Pig with Olives and I didn’t know if Roth would like it. Much to my relief, he flashed me a smile and ate it with gusto. I looked down and smiled, pleased at his reaction to my food. The dessert that followed was a lemon custard pie. During most of the meal, I also had to pour wine for Roth as well in order to test the lessons I had learned.

“That was a good meal, girls,” said Roth when he had finished eating.

“Thank you, Master,” replied Erica and I in unison.

“I will be gone until the nine o’clock hour tonight. I have business tonight in Rome. Drusilla, Erica will show you where you will be observing our lovemaking tonight. Tomorrow night it will be your turn to please me in bed. I have high hopes that you will be superb and be ready for your man soon. Watch carefully tonight with your heart as well as your eyes. Put yourself in Erica’s place and feel with her. You will learn what it takes to please a man to the fullest by the time I am done with you,” said Roth who gathered his cloak and exited the house.

After the door had shut, Erica said, "Come along, Drusilla. Let's eat and then get everything ready for tonight,"

"Yes, Erica," I replied, helping her carry the dishes back into the kitchen.

Erica and I had our evening meal, then washed up the dishes, me washing and Erica rinsing. After we had put away all the dishes, Erica led me to the Master bedroom which was in the east wing of the house. The Master bedroom was dominated by a huge feather bed with red silk sheets and two large and comfortable looking pillows. Also in the room was a large men's wardrobe and a chest made of solid oak with Celtic carvings on it. There were huge curtains to seal off the bedroom from a small open courtyard in the interior of the house. On the wall opposite the bed was a huge carving of an old bearded man's face.

"Come over here, Drusilla," ordered Erica, motioning me to the carving.

Erica pushed on one of the stones at the end of the carving's nose and a small door opened at the bottom of the carving. It was obvious that there had been constructed a hollow space behind the carving so that one could see the entire bedroom without themselves being seen. In the hollow space was a seat where one could look out the mouth to see the bedroom, especially the bed which would be completely visible at all times.

"Why does a bedroom have such an observation area?" I asked in complete bewilderment.

"When the Mistress first bought Roth, she used to watch him make love to slave girls every night. When

she tired of watching him, she just left it and returned to the joys of the Lesbos. I remember asking her why she had not removed it and she said that she might one day need to use it again,” answered Erica.

“So this is where I will be tonight,” I said.

“That’s right, sister. From here you will watch Roth and I frolic in love play. Don’t fall asleep until after we do or you just might miss something you will need to know in order to make a man happy. I wouldn’t want you to miss it for I want you out of here and away from Roth. So, the sooner you learn to make love to a man, the better,” replied Erica.

I looked down, embarrassed, but smiled happily. Erica placed a good-natured hand on my shoulder, then insisted that I try the bed out. I delightedly removed my slave girl dress and laid down on that marvelous bed. The bed sloped toward the middle and soon I found myself face-to-face with Erica.

“When the Mistress is between lovers, she sometimes came down to share the joy of Lesbos with me. Since you are now my sister, we must love each other. Come to me sweet sister and let me share the love of Lesbos with you. Look at how your breasts jut out, wanting a man’s touch. Perhaps mine will do for now and you will learn to know about your own slave girl needs,” said Erica who began to knead my breasts.

I felt the nipples on my breasts become erect and a bolt of pleasure shot through me as she began to suck and nibble on my left breast. Soon she had me moaning in pleasure as she, at the same time, rubbed her leg in my groin. After doing this for a while she presented her breasts to me and I treated

hers as she had mine. After she was tired of our breast play, she dragged herself up my body and placed her sticky smooth puss right on my mouth. I licked her there as she wanted me too and soon she was bucking against my head, lost in pure ecstasy. After she had come with a loud scream, she got off of me and climbed out of the bed.

“Come along now, Drusilla,” she said as she put on her dress. “The Master will be back soon and we must prepare me for tonight.”

“Yes, Erica,” I replied putting on my dress, envious of her womanhood.

We went to Erica’s room and bathed in a tub she had in the room. We washed each other playfully and then I helped her put on her evening makeup. We rummaged through her wardrobe until we found a silky provocative nightgown for her to wear. Erica then showed me where to apply perfume so that a man would find her more exciting and notice and fulfill her needs.

“It is very important for a woman to be sexy and provocative in order to incite a man’s lust and to be able to fulfill your own lust at wanting to be had by that man,” explained Erica at the completion of the lesson.

“I understand, Erica. But why no jewelry?” I questioned.

“Because while engaged in the act of love, scratching tends to interfere with the pleasure of the act,” she replied.

“Oh. When I am in the observation area, will I just be wearing what I am now?” I asked.

“No, you silly girl. We will have to put you in some nice nightclothes. Come, I’m ready, so let’s get you ready for your late night watching and your cramped sleep,” Erica said, leading me back to my room.

We went in and went straight to the wardrobe. After a bit of rummaging, Erica brought out a fluffy soft wool robe in a nice pink color and a white silken gown.

“These will do fine. The robe will keep you warm if it becomes a bit chilly. Ah, and here are pair of pink wool slippers to keep your dainty feet warm. We’ll get a pillow and a blanket out of the hall linen closet. You should relieve yourself before you enter the observation area. It wouldn’t do for you to have an accident while you’re in that confined space,” stated Erica.

“I wouldn’t want that to happen,” I replied, laughing lightly.

“We’d better hop to it, girl. The Master will be back soon, it is nearly nine,” ordered Erica.

I quickly relieved myself and got dressed. Erica then installed me in the observation area. I got myself as comfortable as I could in that confined space and placed the pillow behind my head to rest on while I could still see the bed clearly. Erica busied herself by preparing an oil lamp on each side of the bed and lighting them. She then lay down on the bed, propped up on a pillow with her legs wide apart. It wasn’t too long before we hear the front door open and close again. After a few minutes, the door to the bedroom

opened and in walked Roth wearing only a loincloth. He approached the bed and lay down next to Erica.

“How is my little love pot doing?” asked Roth casually.

“Overheating, Master,” replied Erica, batting her eyelids at him.

“Ah, then I should sip it before it gets cool,” answered Roth as he began to remove her nightgown.

Soon he was fondling her breasts and raining hot kisses on her lips. I heard Erica moan with pleasure and was uncomfortable when my own nipples became erect. Roth then concentrated his mouth on her breasts and soon she was twisting in the throes of passion.

After he had done this for a few moments, he laid back on the bed and ordered, “Taste my spear of passion, girl.”

Erica did and soon Roth was spurting his man juice into her mouth.

I watched her greedily gulp down every drop and then lick off the excess. I found myself wondering how it tasted. Roth then slammed his spear to the hilt in her smooth puss and soon she was screaming in total abandon. They made love three more times, once orally with each one giving, once Greek style up the rear and then the regular way again. As the evening wore on, I grew tired and fell asleep just as they had in each other’s arms.