

## **My New Job**

“First day?” the friendly voice greeted me.

“Yeah. I don’t really understand this job” I replied weakly, more than a little self-conscious about my lack of English skill.

“Don’t worry. You’ll pick it up quickly. We all do” assured the kind woman, smiling slightly as she looked at me with her clear brown eyes.

She held out her hand “I’m Mary”.

“I’m Ping” I shook her hand, feeling its softness as it easily enveloped mine.

I smiled warmly as we walked. Ever since moving to America I had great difficulties finding stable work, and my visa was dependent on me staying employed. In desperation I had called a number on a telephone pole advertisement that read “strict women wanted. \$20 an hour plus benefits”. I wasn’t sure if I was strict, but I was happy to do what it took to make things work.

Mary took me to the supervisor. The supervisor was a strong woman with fiery red hair and clear green eyes.

“Ping. We won’t waste time with formalities. You got the handbook and read it?”

“Yes” I replied meekly.

“You’ll have to be stronger than that. Your first project is in room 1044 down the hall. Any questions?”

Her stern tone and unwavering gaze made me extremely nervous, but I summoned the courage to speak.

“So, I’m meant to turn men into women?” I asked with some confusion.

She snapped back quickly “These men have lost their right to remain men in our society. Your job is to take away their manhood. Whether they become women or not is none of my or your concern. Do as you will”

The response was confusing. Her tone was increasingly irritated. A small frown line was beginning to form between her eyes.

“Yes. Understood” I responded. It was a lie. I really didn’t.



### **Client Notes – Ben**

25 October 2023

I visited Ben in room 1044. I took the standard measurements. 5 foot 5 inches. Average build. 85kg. Deep brown eyes. White, slightly tanned skin.

He has a strong jaw and light beard. His most defining feature is his hair. It took my breath away. His long light brown hair fell like a silk waterfall down his back almost to his waist. I felt such deep envy at such beautiful hair.

I am not sure why Ben has been sent to this place. For that matter, I am not sure what this place is, or what is expected of these notes. But I will write all my thoughts and hopefully can edit them later once I know better what is expected.

I spoke with Ben. He was not sure why he was in this place or how he got here. He seems a very pleasant man, at times kind. Despite his circumstances he asked me about my role and made

polite conversation. I told him I was meant to remove his manhood, but that I did not really understand what that involved.

I told him at the very least he needed to shave his facial hair off. I am sure that is not allowed.

After the meeting I began putting the hormone regimen in his food as directed.

I can't stop thinking about that beautiful hair.



31 October 2023

No notable changes to Ben. He refused to shave, telling me his beard was important to him. His refusal made me feel so angry I wanted to hit him. I restrained myself, calmly explaining that he needed to shave.

He continued his male arrogance. He told me that I could hold him in this cell all I liked but that he would not shave.

I reminded him that if he didn't shave and show some progress that I would be taken off his case and he would likely be handed to the supervisor. He said he would "think about" shaving.

I still felt angry but calmed myself down by sitting next to Ben and playing with his hair. While he told me about his wife and how much he missed her I tied his hair into beautiful braids and

ponytails. His hair slid softly between my fingers and for a moment I almost felt attracted to him. Seeing his arrogant bearded face as he turned around soon did away with that notion.



14 November 2023

It is difficult to tell, but I think the hormones are taking effect. Perhaps it is just the fact that Ben chose to finally shave. I felt so happy that I had succeeded in this small task. Or perhaps it is the weight loss. Ben is down to 75kg.

I am not sure what else I am meant to do with Ben.

As we spoke today I painted his nails red. He seemed embarrassed but commented that it was “not the worst” thing that could happen to him.

After the manicure I brushed and played with his hair again.

With his beautiful hair and without his ugly beard, Ben was quite attractive. At least for a man.



14 December 2023

Ben was called to the supervisor's office today. Apparently, I have not been making enough progress with Ben. It's all his fault. I don't even know how to take away his manhood.

I got him ready. I repainted his nails and brushed his long, beautiful hair. As he got dressed in his suit, I realised I should have been making him wear women's clothes. Or at least something less masculine than his suit.

I smiled lightly as he struggled to get his suit over his hips. His waist was definitely growing. No signs of breasts yet, but his bottom half was becoming decidedly plump and female. I squeezed his ass a little as he left the cell. It felt good to see him jump in shocked surprise before obediently walking down the hallway.



20 January 2024

I remain on the case with Ben. At the last meeting with the supervisor Ben was given injections of hormones to speed up the process. I was also given a firm warning about needing to take more control.

Today I removed most of Ben's clothes. I allowed him to keep his white dress shirt, which now hangs quite loose on his thinner frame. He is down to 67kg. The white shirt exposes his now developing nipples and small breast buds. Other than the shirt I have allowed him to wear sheer panties.

To compliment the look, I have forced him to shave his whole body. Daily whole-body shaving may be a long process, but he does not have anything better to do in his cell. Each morning he must shave his whole body, check and fix his nails and brush his hair 100 times. I also thinned his eyebrows and have instructed him to keep them thin.

His skin is starting to clear and I am enjoying my visits. I particularly enjoy inspecting his emerging bosom, exploring its small contours with my fingertips and hearing his breathing quicken as I brush lightly over his nipples.

I'm really starting to enjoy Ben and this job.



25 February 2024

Today marks four months since I was assigned to Ben. I think I have deprived him of his manhood. He now spends his days in women's underwear and his breasts have reached a respectable b cup. His hips are wide and swing as he walks about his cell.

His beautiful hair has grown both longer and thicker. His nails are red and his skin is smooth. I arrived today with dresses and makeup.

I entered the cell and approached him slowly.

"Hello Ping" he greeted me in his ever higher pitched voice.

I can see a small smile whenever he sees me now. Maybe he is just lonely. Or maybe he has come to respect and enjoy my company. Either way, I am happy to see him.

I take off his bra and gently measure and feel his breasts. As he breathes faster, I let my left hand reach down and light rub his panties. He practically moaned and I fondled him.

Now 55kg he looks more like a boy than a man. More accurately, he looks more like a girl than a man.

I sat him down and opened up the makeup kit. Thick red lipstick coated his plumping lips. Fake eyelashes with thick mascara. Smokey eyeshadow and thick foundation transformed him from girl to woman.



1 March 2024

Today I prepared Ben for his final makeover. I told him to put on his white dress and makeup. I wanted to keep transforming him but don't know what else to do. He looked so beautiful.

Before he left I kissed him deeply and passionately. He seemed taken back. I hope he doesn't say anything to anyone. I'm not sure if that is allowed.

I watched as he walked down the hall to the supervisor for final inspection. He was breathtakingly beautiful.

I felt myself begin to grow a little damp as his hips swung down the hallway. Or perhaps it was from the kiss. It didn't matter. I was really enjoying this job.



2 March 2024 – Final report

Ben returned from the makeover with highlights, bangs, collagen enhanced lips and permanent makeup. He looked incredible. He also returned with a new name, “Bernadette”.

I thought he would be released, but it appears that is not the case. He was moved to a different division where he will apparently learn how to cook. I believe he is being trained to become the company cook. I hope I will get to see him again one day serving me food. I have grown quite fond of him.



### **Client Notes – John**

3 March 2024

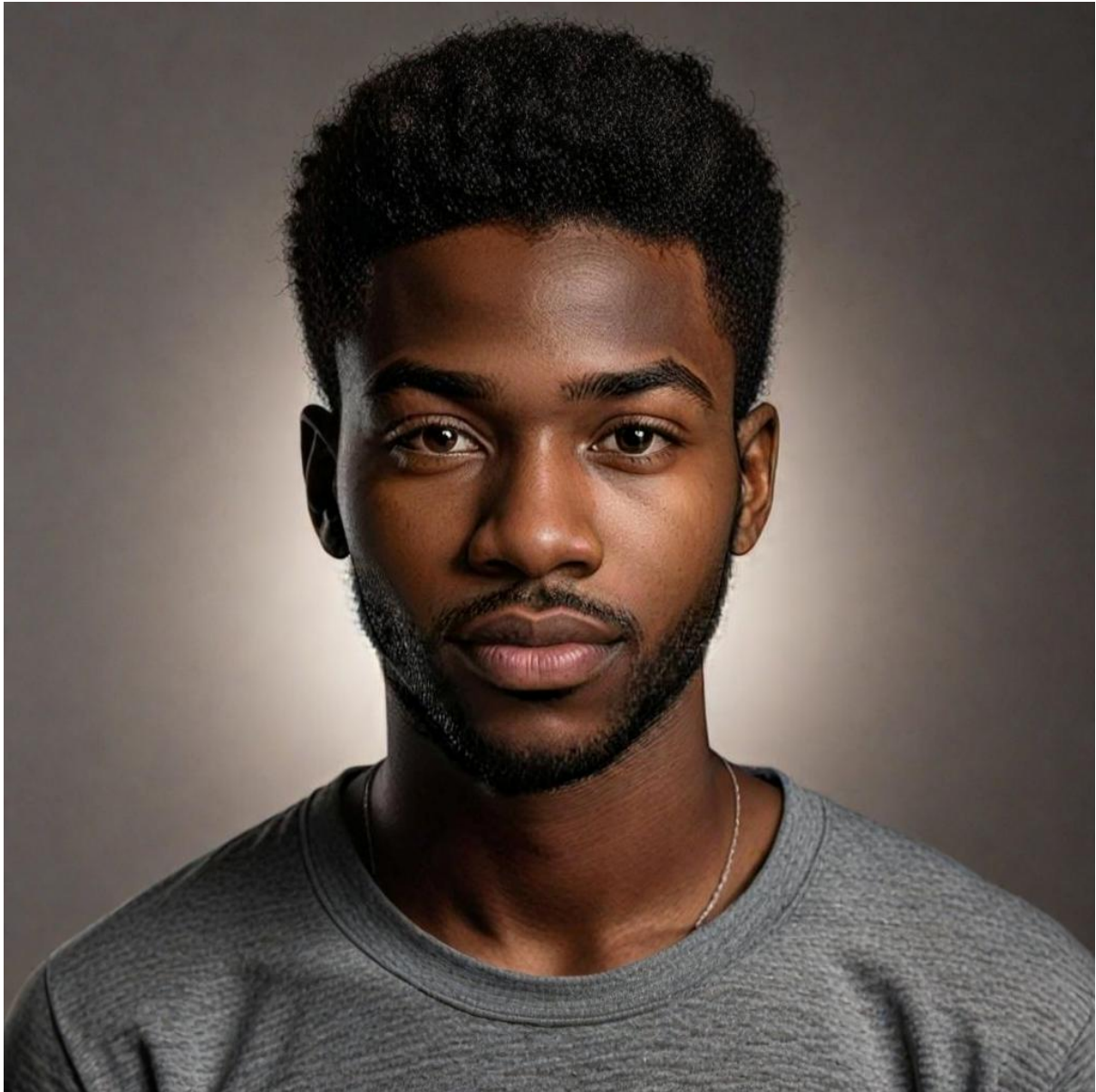
I visited John, my second project, in room 1032. He had been waiting for processing for some weeks and seemed confused and disoriented. I spoke to him calmly and warned him that if he did not co-operate, his situation would get much worse. I assured him I was his best possibility of humane treatment. I then took the standard measurements.

19 years old. 5 foot 6 inches. Athletic build. 75kg. Beautiful black eyes. Dark skin.

While strong, John's youth made him receptive to instruction. He was not long out of high school. His overall masculine look hid some rather beautiful features. His long lashes and thick lips showed great potential for transformation.

I introduced myself and explained the process. This was a mistake. John became enraged and turned violent. I left the room and could not return for 35 minutes. Upon returning I restated that I was his best hope of humane treatment. I asked what sort of woman he wanted to become, but he refused to answer, instead calling me names and expletives.

I sternly told him that when I returned next week he was to shave his entire face and body or I would have him scheduled to remove his testicles. I do not know if this is something we do, but it seemed an adequate threat.



17 March 2024

John has proven obedient in his shaving tasks. Without his facial hair and with the starting effects of the hormones his face is quite boyish. I can see further potential.

Today I began training him with women's clothes. He is being subject to two hours a day walking in progressively taller heels. Two hours a day is being dedicated to skincare. Two hours a day to vocal training. Keeping a school-like schedule seems to be working with John. He still does not speak much. He is mostly obedient.

After the previous incident with John, I have taken to carrying a cane to my visits with him. On the rare occasion he speaks threateningly to me, a quick beating with the cane seems to put him back in line. I enjoy the sense of authority over John.

At the end of today's session I provided instructions on keeping his eyebrows well-trimmed and maintained. His complaints were met with the cane.



7 May 2024

My supervisor demanded to see the progress of John to ensure I was not making the same mistakes as last time. I arrived early to ensure John's proper appearance.

Big hoops were placed in his recently pierced ears. His growing hair was neatly styled. He wore a colourful halter neck over a short white skirt. A pair of 4-inch heels completed the ensemble. The short skirt and heels accentuated his growing hips and ass. As he walked his narrow stride

resulted in his hips swinging with feminine allure. His growing nipples pressed out against the top making a lewd spectacle.

As he walked down the hall I was convinced that I would receive much better feedback from this effort.



27 May 2024

Following my successful review with the supervisor my enthusiasm for transforming John has increased. I am also slowly getting to know some of the facilities available. Upon discovering the medical facilities at our disposal, I had John given lip filler. His already luscious lips now look absolutely irresistible.

His hair continues to grow and is now at a point where he appears more female than male. He definitely does not resemble the masculine boy who first attended. To further accentuate his feminine development, I have scheduled him for weave in hair extensions next week.

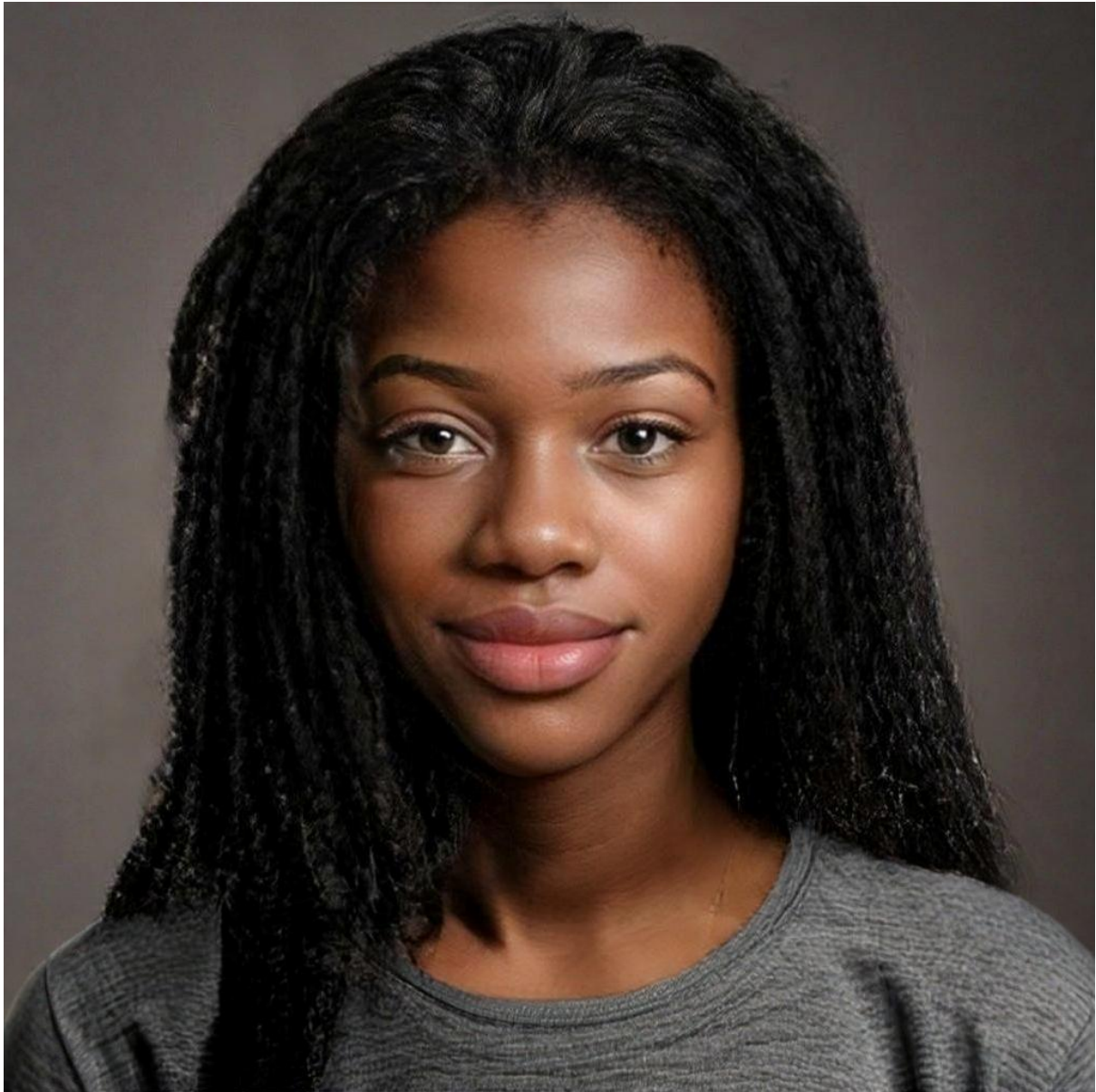
John has become incredibly withdrawn. He no longer fights or threatens violence. His voice has become soft with training and he now seems to lack the resolve to fight.



15 June 2024

I expected that the hair extensions and further lip filler would be the primary achievements of note for today. While impressive, these have been thoroughly outshone by John's breast development. He now measures a full B-cup with no signs of the growth stopping.

The breasts seem to bother John who has developed a habit of hunching his shoulders to try to hide their prominence. Today I have placed him in a lace up corset to correct his posture and remind him of his blossoming chest. I note that he has become quite demure, blushing and covering himself when I grab at his chest or ass. He has become an amusing plaything and will no doubt delight some lucky romantic partner in the near future.



15 July 2024

I am so proud of my work with John. He has become so withdrawn and demure. His routine has become so ingrained that he still spends hours a day walking in heels and practising speaking in a high voice. His movements have become so graceful. More noticeably, his figure is amazing. His once muscular figure is now thin and soft, with a plump curvy ass and perfectly perky breasts. He looks so cute as he tries to hide them and flinches away as I measure and observe him.

I get him dressed for his final makeover, flat ironing his hair and applying makeup. Even in simple jeans and a shirt he looks the image of feminine beauty.



16 July 2024

I was so proud to see John after his last makeover. The deep ruby lipstick really drew out his beautiful pillowy lips. I couldn't help but imagine them up against my pussy. The thought made me shudder in taboo delight.

He was renamed Joanna and is being moved to another department for re-education. Apparently he will be trained as a cleaner for our organisation. I sure hope that one day I get to see him cleaning my room. I may have a surprise for him.



### **Client Notes – Aroon**

31 July 2024

I visited Aroon, my third project, in room 1074. It had been weeks since I finished with John and I was growing impatient to get started on a new project. I wondered what sort of pathetic former man I would meet. Pathetic was definitely on-point with this one.

I don't know if it was something about Aroon himself or perhaps my growing more comfortable with my role here, but I did not feel the same way about Aroon that I had with Ben, and to a lesser extent John. When I saw Aroon he just looked absolutely pathetic. A skinny little Thai boy with earrings. It was like he was already trying to deprive himself of his own manhood with his jewellery choices before he was sent here.

Standard measurements: 27 years old. 5 foot 3 inches. Skinny build. 50kg. Black eyes. Asian skin.

I usually start by telling them to shave. This pathetic loser couldn't grow facial hair if he tried. I grabbed a pair of tweezers from my pocket and ripped out the dozen or so small, wispy hairs he had managed to muster through his lack of testosterone. He tried to fight back so I set a clear forward example by beating him hard with my cane. He cried. Pathetic.

Since he seemed to like having girly earrings I gave him a gift of some beautiful traditional Thai earrings to wear. He looked as though he were about to protest but after I reached for my cane he hesitated and withdrew back into his pathetic slouch.



7 August 2024

It's hard to tell if the hormones have had any early effects. Unlike the last two, Aroon is so pathetically weak and non-masculine that there isn't much to change. I saw him in his traditional Thai jewellery, not even putting up any semblance of a fight. I slapped him hard with the cane despite his obedience. I don't know why. I probably shouldn't have. I just resented him and his constant lowly obedience.

I took away all his male underwear and have started him wearing a matching bra and panties. Surprisingly, despite his weakness and lack of masculinity, he has a huge cock. His eight and a half inch cock looks so uncomfortable in its satin panty cage, but Aroon is too pathetic to fight back or say anything about the discomfort.



14 August 2024

I make constant visits to Aroon, but have little to do. He already speaks with a high feminine lilt. His features are already so feminine. I put him through voice training anyway, but it has little effect. One of the few joys I get is making him walk for 4 straight hours in heels.

Today, as I painted his nails gold, he sat meekly without saying a word. He didn't protest. He also wasn't grateful. His lack of reaction annoyed me so much I tried to provoke him. I grabbed my tweezers once more and plucked out his entire brow. His eyes watered silently, but he never fought back. I threw the tweezer down, slapped him with the cane and left.



16 August 2024

Ripping out his eyebrows left him looking completely ridiculous. I had to bring forward his makeup lessons. His quick learning made me deeply suspect he had done this before.

When he was done following my instructions he looked like a common street whore.



16 September 2024

Without much effort at all on my part Aroon is now a proper ladyboy. He wears a bra and panties. He wears a feminine Thai dress. He wears traditional Thai earrings and jewellery. His fingernails are constantly and perfectly coated in red or gold polish.

Today I took him to the salon to do something about his hair. It is still too short to do much with, but a lightly bleached pixie cut finished off his cheap whorish appearance. After the haircut the pathetic bitch actually thanked me. I slapped him hard across the face. I don't know why. I don't even know how I feel about him thanking me. Something about him and all the men in this place is just starting to make me feel so impatient and angry.



16 October 2024

As Aroon's hair has grown out he has become less repulsive to me. He is starting to look less like a pathetic man and more like a beautiful woman. His perfectly applied makeup and small frame pair well with his withdrawn, feminine demeanour.

Growing bored with his all-too-easy feminization I have begun to use our daily sessions to have him relieve me sexually. He now greets me on all fours with his tongue out like a dog. I lower my panties and have him lick me until I am satisfied or bored. Most of the time, unfortunately, it is boredom that wins the race.

Still, there's not much to do with this creature until his hips and ass start to come in.



15 November 2024

His hips have widened. There may be some breast development but it's hardly noticeable. I have taken to keeping his hair tied up so that it doesn't get in the way as he services me.

I don't really talk much with him. He seems to enjoy his subservience. Sometimes when I look at him between my thighs I look down and I am sure that I can see his big cock stirring in his panties.

I have moved him on from his traditional Thai dresses. A slut like this shouldn't sully any national dress. Tight skirts, leather, bikini tops and straps will make up his wardrobe from now on. To complete his slutty look I have had his lips filled and glued on fake eyelashes. He now looks like the whore he is.



15 February 2025

It's almost as if they had forgotten about Aroon. I kept trying to schedule his final inspection but everyone was always too busy. To keep his training going I had to continue to degrade him as best I could and keep him in his place.

I went in today to tell him the good news that he could have his final inspection and makeover. He looked up with hope and fear as I unbuckled his collar and released his leash. I did not unbuckle the chastity cage wrapped around his now somewhat shrunken 6 inch cock.

"Wear this" I instructed, throwing a dress that barely covered anything at all on the bed. He obediently and without a word put it on. It hugged his little tits and big hips. He had become a sexy and obedient girl. I hated and resented him, but I would miss him. For all his pathetic subservience, he had become so beautiful and oversexed. He really turned me on.



16 February 2025

Aron returned looking the perfect submissive slut. Thick bangs to his eyebrows and thick tattooed makeup ensured he wasn't going to look respectable anytime soon.

They had renamed him Sissy.

Happily, he would not be reassigned to another department. Apparently he had been abandoned and forgotten by those that sent him here, so Sissy was to become my slave and assistant. I smiled as I put the leash back on him and led him to my room.



### **Epilogue**

A year later I was passing in the hallway and noticed Ben and John chatting. I quickly returned to my room and told Sissy to put on something respectable and allowed her to go meet with them. I overheard their stilted conversation. None of them had any manhood left in them. None even seemed to have a sense of identity anymore. They were simply empty shells of the former people they once were, now reduced to obedience and beauty.

