



# **A Sissy Story : Feminized for her 'How he became a lesbian'**

**SABRINA JEN MOUNTFORD**

# **Sissy Story: Feminized for her (How he became a lesbian)**

**~ By Sabrina Jen Mountford**

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*Forward:-*

*What follows is a 19,000 word erotic fantasy fiction involving chastity belts, orgasm denial and forced feminisation. All of the characters and events within are entirely fictional and any resemblance to real life*

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*For more information please see the FAQ at the end of the story.*

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*Enjoy the story.*

*~ Sabrina*

**A Sissy Story : Feminized For Her 'How he became a lesbian' : Male Chastity, Forced Feminization, Female Domination & Forced Transgender**

***~ Power Cut***

Peter was a fairly lonely soul, he worked in IT and lived in a small block of flats on the outskirts of town. His time was split more or less between working, watching television and cleaning his flat. Maybe it was the fact that he worked on a helpdesk that meant he seldom felt like socialising after hours. He'd had friends of course, but his core friends had left for university or moved down to London to seek their fortunes.

One winter's night he was sitting watching the latest soap opera when everything in the flat went black as he was plunged into darkness. A power cut! They happened from time to time; usually power was restored within minutes. However, as he sat in the dark and waited... It soon became clear that this wasn't a momentary disruption.

High winds were raging around the tower block, possibly taking out a power line?

He groaned audibly and cursed himself for not buying some matches or candles or even a torch. It was only seven pm, so far too early to go to bed. After waiting a little longer, he decided the power was not going to be coming on again, so he rose and walked to the window to survey the city. There was a large chunk that was lightless; clearly the power cut was quite widespread.

He was distracted by a short, sharp knocking at the door. A little confused he fumbled through the darkness wondering who it might be. When he got there and opened the door he let out a sigh of relief. It was his neighbour with whom he shared a landing – Leone. He'd actually met her some time ago on a training course – they worked in the same industry but not organisation. Since then he more or less accidentally moved into the same block of flats. She was attractive, he'd always been a little attracted to her, but there was something subtle in their interactions which implied a friendship was the best he could expect. He'd long since resigned himself to this; she seemed to spend more or less all of her spare time with her flat mate Karen anyway.

He looked at her face, illuminated by the soft glow of a wax candle. "Leone... Hi..." She smiled back and spoke in her soft, barely perceptible Scottish accent, just strong enough to give away her ancestry, "Peter, I thought with the power down, and nothing to do you might want a chat – it's been ages since we've caught up." Peter smirked, "Hmmm, sure... Isn't Karen about though?" Leone shook her head, "She's working a night shift tonight so I'm on my own."

Karen was a nurse, he'd seen her arriving back in the mornings in her uniform from time to time, but generally he'd hardly spoken to Karen.

He shrugged, "Do you want to come in? I haven't got any candles or anything though?" Leone gestured towards her door, "Why don't you come around mine? I can get the camping kettle on the gas hob and make us a cup of tea?"

Peter nodded, relieved to have some company, "That'd be great; I'll just get my keys."

So Leone waited for a moment while he grabbed his bunch of keys and followed her into her flat. The décor and furnishings had a subtly feminine theme to them, not overtly, but enough to invite that feeling of being an intruder that a teenage boy would experience when entering the bedroom of a teenaged girl. She'd already got several candles burning in the living room and kitchen. She pointed to the living room, "Have a seat, I'll put the kettle on..."

Working his way through the gloom he entered the living area and sat on the sofa, opposite the candle strewn coffee table. He could hear her striking a match, then the soft rumble of a gas hob lit. The tap running... Then the clatter of cups and spoons being gathered. She called out from the kitchen area, "How do you take it? Still milk and one sugar?" He sighed and called back, "No sugar thanks, just milk."

She chuckled at this, "Sweet enough now eh? Won't be a minute..." So he sat patiently, casting his eyes around the flat, into which he'd never ventured before. Unusually for flat mates she appeared to have a surprising number of photographs of herself and Karan adorning the walls and surfaces. In many of them they were either holding hands or had their arms around each other.

He sat and studied them one after another – from the ages of the photo's he deduced they'd known each other for a long time. From the poses and the look of affection on their faces he decided they were really close friends.

She eventually entered and passed him a mug. He gestured towards the photos, "You're really close to Karen aren't you?" Leone's face lit up somehow as she spoke, "Och, she's lovely..." He rubbed his chin thoughtfully, "Where did you meet? How long have you known her? How come you' both flat share still? I mean I'd have thought you could each afford your own place."

Leone supped her tea and looked a little confused at him, "We met at 'The Club' we've known each other for eight years now... How come? \*Chuckle\* Peter, I don't think we'd want our own places – she's my girlfriend!"

Peter drew an even more puzzled look on his face, but as he spoke his face lit up with recognition, "Of course she's your girl... Ahhh... When you say girlfriend, you don't mean 'friend who's a girl' you mean, 'girlfriend'?"

Leone nodded, "I'm surprised you never figured it out!" He looked at her, she was a lesbian, she clearly had been since the first time he'd met her. He'd been attracted to her, he'd lusted after her, she'd provided him with several masturbatory fantasies...

Yet none of it could ever have come to fruition... "You're gay..." It wasn't a question, it was a statement. She simply seemed bemused by this, "Well it's not rocket science is it? You're not homophobic or something?" he shook his head vigorously, "Of course not, I just didn't think... I never expec... Look we can still be friends surely? I mean... I used to find you really attractive... I still do I think, but I always thought you just wanted to be friends... I guess I know why now..."

She rested a hand on his shoulder, "Of course we're still friends, for what it's worth – I know we've not spoken that much..." His head was spinning a little, he wasn't sure why – it didn't really affect him. It was just...

He supped his tea, “\*Sigh\* I should have picked up on it... Listen, at least we know where we stand now though? In some ways it might make life easier, I know that ‘friends’ is all that’s on the cards, so let’s be friends.” She smiled and finished off her tea, “Aye, that sounds good to me... This power cut could be on for a long time – shall we do something?”

Peter thought for a moment, following the revelation, he fancied a drink and didn’t have anything in. “How about we go for a drink? We could walk into town? I think the electricity is still on in the city centre.”

She suddenly looked defensive and leaned back in her chair, “Where would you like to go?” He shrugged, “The pub? We could go to Quenchers?” She looked a little perturbed at this, “Erm, I rather not... Do you want to come to the Club?”

He knew the club now, suddenly it made sense, it was a dingy gay night club on the outskirts of the city centre. He’d never been of course – he was straight. “I erm, I think I’d feel a little bit uncomfortable going to a ‘gay bar’.” She pulled her face at him, “Hmmp, well I feel a little bit uncomfortable going to a ‘straight bar’ come on, don’t be such a baby – they play good music and the beer’s cheap.”

Peter raised an eyebrow at her, “I don’t know...” She groaned audibly, “Awe, come on – don’t be such a baby! You never know, you might have fun.”

He glanced up at the photo’s then at the darkness outside the window and the allure of lights in the distance. He didn’t fancy staying in, he didn’t fancy ‘flying solo’ and it seemed pretty clear she didn’t want to go to the pub. He wasn’t homophobic, the beer was cheap – so why not?

“Alright, let’s go to the club...” She grinned, “Great, I’ll get my coat – see you on the landing in a minute – we can take my torch... Do you



want to take a candle to get changed?”

He nodded and they parted momentarily. When the rendezvoused on the landing she had a small flashlight on and he'd put his jeans and t-shirt with a sweater and a jacket on.

He locked his door then turned to her, “Ready?”, “Aye, I've already locked up – let's go.”

### **~ *En Route***

They traversed the stairs and shuffled out onto the street. It would be a fifteen minute walk before they would arrive at the city centre. All the time something was bugging Peter, something just nagging at him. He found himself staring at Leone who eventually, as they walked down the street challenged him, “Is everything alright?” He looked away uneasily for a moment, unable to hold eye contact with her, “Yeah, it's just erm, well... I'm still a bit surprised that you erm, ‘bat for the other side’ you aren't really what I think of as ‘classic lesbian’ material. I think that's why I never picked up on it.”

She raised an eyebrow, “Classic lesbian? What exactly do you mean?” He thought for a moment on how to explain it, “Well... I used to be good mates with a lesbian, her name was Louise Beaufort – used to live with her partner Louise Ryder... It was quite confusing when you rang her actually – they both sounded alike. They looked a bit alike as well, big, hefty build, short shaved hair... Yet you're so slim and erm, feminine looking.” She chuckled at this, “Haha, thanks... I'll take that as a compliment... We're not all bull dykes you know...”

He smiled, “I mean Louise was great, she was a really good mate... One of the lads really, she'd always have a pint, played pool – good at darts... I think she was captain of the local women's rugby team or something. I even saw her drink a yard of ale on one occasion.”

Through this little description, Leone was smirking and laughing, then shaking her head. She eyed him up and down while smiling, “Well, just because a woman is gay doesn’t mean she has to be ‘ladies shot-put champion’ and happy to drink a yard of ale! Look at you, you’re straight, but you’re actually very feminine looking, slim, soft features, you even have a feminine voice.”

He looked puzzled at her, “No I don’t!”, “Yes you do! There are some gay men I know that look, act and sound much more macho than you do... Hah! You should fit in well at the club actually, you might even get lucky and get an offer!”

He rolled his eyes at her, “I’m not gay... I don’t fancy men.” She rested a hand on his shoulder, “I know, I’m only teasing... You aren’t very manly though Peter... No offence.”

He tried to hide his obvious hurt at these comments, the trouble was the truth hurt and everything she’d said rang true. He was quite feminine looking for a man, he tended to try and hide it as much as possible though. Nobody had come out and drawn his attention to it like that before though – it made him feel uncomfortable.

The conversation had more or less been killed and they walked the remainder of the way in silence, avoiding each other’s looks.

### **~ *The Club***

When they eventually arrived at the club there was no queue to get in. Sure enough there was one doorman, befitting of a quiet night. As Leone had hinted he was a good three inches taller than Peter, broader and more muscular. He looked as manly as a person could, yet when he greeted Leone, his voice had a sharp edge to it which gave away to a better degree, his sexuality.

“Leone! Hi sweetie, who’s your friend? New boy in town?” She looked up at him, “Hi Carl, no he’s just my neighbour, he’s straight – just come out for a drink.”

Carl winked at Peter, "Awe, that's a pity... Well, let me know if he changes his mind."

Peter rolled his eyes as they entered the club. He'd half expected leather waistcoats and handlebar moustaches, or men mincing about in pink leggings or wearing drag or something... The reality was rather mundane, it was simply a slightly run down club with what appeared to be fairly normal looking people. The only clue to the truth of the club could be seen in the fact it seemed to be mainly male and male couples and female and female couples, but the individuals themselves looked quite ordinary.

Leone saw the look on his face and punched him on the shoulder playfully, "We're just normal human beings! We're not aliens!"

"Leone!"

The call came from across the room. Sitting in one of the booths against the wall, a slim girl wearing a tight, satin, strapless red dress with a big bow on one hip had called her. Leone looked over and led Peter to the booth, "Connie, how are you? I've not seen you in ages! Are you on your own?"

Connie, was achingly beautiful, her looks made Peter feel like melting on the spot, and her silken voice sent a shiver down his spine. She gestured at the empty seats in her booth, "It looks like it... I've been stood up I think..."

Leone sighed deeply, "Aaah I'm sorry... A date?" She nodded, "A girl I met at the hospital – Karen knows her... I... I don't want to bother you with my troubles anyway, I thought she might be messing me about. My tip – don't try to initiate a date with girls you work with, it's only going to end up in embarrassment – not if, when."

Peter was transfixed, he studied her petit features carefully, her long silky brown hair falling over her shoulders, her glossy, pink lipstick,

her eyes, so beautiful... He felt like he was falling in love with her there and then, as soon as she stopped speaking he ached to hear her voice again. He looked at Leone and Connie, "Can I get you both a drink?" Connie, smiled, "I'll have a small lager and lime please." , "Same for me Pete... Thanks." He stood, stepped passed Leone and desperately dragged his gaze away from the ultra-attractive, lesbian whom they had joined. All the way to the bar he was cursing the cruel fates that the most attractive woman he thought he'd ever seen was a dyke.

He approached the bar, almost lost in his thoughts as he ordered the drinks. She'd spellbound him; he wanted to touch her, to feel her skin on his. She was quite pale, but with creamy smooth skin and curves in all the right places, she was perfect – or as close to perfect as he thought a girl could be – yet he couldn't ask her out, as she was gay and he was a man...

The unfairness of it burned him to the core.

When he eventually returned to the booth the two girls took their drinks eagerly.

Connie sipped her drink as Peter sat down, "Who's your friend Leone?" Leone smiled, "Connie, this is Peter – my next door neighbour. He lives across the landing from me and Karen."

Connie nodded, "Oh, I don't think I've seen you in here before – are you new to the area?" Peter shuffled awkwardly on his seat, "Erm, no – I've lived here all my life, I just erm... I'm straight." Connie laughed at this, seemingly amused that he'd appeared to be a little embarrassed to declare his sexuality as straight because he was in a gay club. A situation that would perhaps have been reversed for homosexuals, many times before in straight pubs or circles of friends.

Her laughter died down slowly, "Well don't worry, we don't bite... Well that's not strictly true – stick with me and Leone and you'll be

safe.”

Leone clicked her drink onto the table, “That’s assuming you want to be safe Peter? I know some really nice guys who’d be happy to get to know you better, they’d be really patient with you, ease you in slowly...” Peter was going red at this thought.

He looked down sheepishly, “I don’t fancy men!” Leone shrugged, “We’re only teasing... You would have no trouble getting a date with your feminine looks though, a lot of guys like that...”

He glared at her. Leone shrugged, “Take it as a compliment! Don’t you think he’s quite feminine Connie?”

Connie’s piercing eyes were on him now, studying him while sipping her lager. He wanted her so much, she was a picture of attractiveness. After studying him for a few minutes she nodded, “Yes, he is quite petit, almost girlie, isn’t he?”

Peter took a gulp of drink and looked at the door, “Leave me alone! I don’t want to look ‘feminine’ as you put it.”

Leone was about to speak again, but Connie jumped to his defence, “Leave him alone, Leone, he’s upset – he’s been pretty brave coming here tonight.”

Leone looked put out, she was about to say something when her eyes were pulled to the door, “Ahhh... Karen’s finished her shift – I sent her a text to tell her I was here. I’ll see you both later.” And with that Leone got up and left to be alone with her girlfriend.

That left Connie and Peter alone together, they’d finished their drinks, Connie clicked her glass onto the table first, “Can I buy you one back?” She smiled warmly as she spoke, lighting her face up. Peter groaned internally, in other circumstances he would be on the date of his dreams... He smiled back, “Just a lager please...” She raised an eyebrow and leaned closer, “Lager was invented to try to

get ladies into drinking beer you know... \*Chuckle\* Would you like a ladies glass?"

He smirked, "I don't care what glass it comes in, I feel like something wet and alcoholic."

Connie rose and crossed the club, showing him her hips and buttocks shifting rhythmically in her tightly fitting short, red dress as she walked, her five inch heels, clicking on the hard floor.

While he waited for her to return he took in his surroundings again. The music was good, they hadn't played any 'Village People' just a mixture of popular music from the eighties and nineties. It was literally just a club where there didn't appear to be much trouble and everyone appeared to be having a good time. If you looked hard you could see homosexual couples together – but it didn't feel threatening in the way he'd expected it to.

Connie returned, taking her seat opposite and clicking two ladies lager glasses onto the table with a smirk. His embarrassment waning he chuckled and took his drink and had a gulp.

She patted the cushion next to her, "Come and sit with me – I won't bite."

He slid around onto the bench of the booth until he was closer enough to smell her perfume, she leaned into him brushing shoulders together so they could talk more easily.

"So, Peter, what do you do?" He sipped his drink, "I work on an IT helpdesk.", "Hah! Me too... At the hospital! Okay, what are your favourite films?" Peter thought for a moment, "I actually prefer world cinema, French films, German films, with subtitles."

She shook her head, "That's so weird, they're my favourite too! I've never met anyone else who liked them." He shrugged, "These

Hollywood blockbusters are okay, but I always feel like they're for children, they're so unsubtle and crass."

She was nodding agreement, "You should come around to my house one night, I get sick of watching them on my own... Hey, you could bring some of yours around?"

He nodded, then paused, "Won't your girlfriend mind?" She sighed, "I'm single Peter – remember, I was supposed to be on a date and I got stood up?"

Recognition flashed onto his face, "Oh yeah, sorry... I always forget stuff when I'm nervous." She smirked, "Me too..." They looked at each other for a moment, both smiling, both making eye contact. Peter felt like kissing her, he hardly knew her, he'd only just met her – and she was a lesbian, but he...

Eye contact broke, the moment was gone. Connie spoke next, "What sort of music do you like?"

"Queen, David Bowie, Starship... Stuff from the seventies and eighties really... I'm not much into new music... Actually, Leone was right – they do play good music here." , "Hah, that's exactly the same as I like... If you were a girl, I'd probably go out with you."

He rolled his eyes, "Well you ARE a girl and I'd definitely go out with you... You're beautiful, funny, kind..."

She frowned, "Stop it, you don't even know me – you only met me an hour ago... Anyway – you said you don't fancy men... Well, the feelings mutual I'm afraid..." Peter laughed, "Well, you said I had feminine features..."

Connie laughed at this, smiling, then she reached down quickly and jiggled his genitals about with her hand gently, "Sure, we'd just have to get these whipped off... Get you some hormones..." She reached up and cupped her hands on his chest where breasts would be,

“Breast implants... A nice round thirty six D do you think? You’d have to grow your hair for me and get used to dresses and makeup of course! Sorry Peter, there’s something in my head, I can’t associate feelings of sexual attraction with men.”

As she touched his private parts he immediately grew hard, she was obviously joking. He didn’t particularly want to part with his testicles, even for the girl of his dreams.

They changed the subject, growing closer, growing fonder of each other – from Connie’s point of view as a plutonic friendship and from Peters he found himself finding her more and more attractive and more desperate to be with her.

By the end of the night, Connie was secretly wishing Peter was a girl, she enjoyed his company, but she couldn’t feel what she needed to feel, her sexuality felt set in stone.

A few drinks later, and much laughter, and mutual smiles, the club was closing. Peter got up and offered Connie his hand and allowed her to pull herself up. Her hand was cool and her skin silky smooth, her gentle touch sent shivers up his spine. As they walked to the door she pulled his shoulder back, “Peter, its Saturday tomorrow... Do you want to meet up in town? Do some shopping together, go for a coffee, that sort of thing?”

He smiled, “I’d love to... Hah! Sounds like a date...” She raised an eyebrow at this, “Can’t two friends go shopping together? Is that not allowed?” He shrugged, “I suppose they can... I imagine it will look like we’re a couple though... I don’t mind though – I’d love to spend more time with you... Here’s my mobile number.”

He gave her his number and they parted company, Peter didn’t see Leone on the way home. When he went to bed tired but frustrated, all he could think of was how cruel and twisted fate was that Connie was gay and how he wished she was straight.



## **~ Shopping**

Connie had texted him as promised, and she turned up on time, wearing jeans and a top, her make-up and hair as immaculate as ever. They'd agreed to meet in the foyer of the large local shopping centre, called the pavilion. He smiled when he saw her coming, "Connie! Where shall we go first?"

She was wearing a casual but feminine ensemble of jeans with a longish floral patterned top and some flat shoes, she carried a medium sized black leather handbag over her shoulder, "Peter! Hi... I want to go dress shopping first, you can come and watch me try some on – give me your opinion."

As they started walking towards the shops, he felt her hand slip into his and grip it. He looked at her a little astonished, and she looked up and smiled, "Well, if people want to think we're a couple, why not help them along the way? Some people can be very judgemental Peter, it'll be nice to blend in and be invisible for a day."

She led him by the hand towards a shop which sold exclusively ladies clothing and lingerie. He was conscious that he was the only man in there, being led by the hand past the rows of lingerie, ball gowns, silk, satin and party dresses.

She roamed from rack to rack examining dresses, occasionally pulling one out and holding it against herself, "What do you think?" Eventually she'd settled on a silk and chiffon black dress and an emerald green satin dress with a belt around the waist.

"Come on, I want to try these on." He followed her to the changing rooms and waited patiently while she got changed, when she emerged, she was wearing the black one first. She wandered out and gave him a little twirl, ending with her back half showing to him, peeping sexily over her shoulder, "What do you think honey?"

He raised an eyebrow at the use of 'honey' but decided it was part of her pretending to be straight for the benefit of onlookers, "I like it... It's a nice dress, and it shows off your figure."

She smiled and darted back into the changing rooms again, emerging minutes later in the green dress, it was a little more formal, but it really extenuated the shape of her breasts and her hourglass waistline, "Beautiful, I think you should buy both."

She smiled, and nipped back to get into her jeans. Soon they were walking hand in hand through the pavilion shopping centre, Peter carrying her bags and smiling dreamily. She turned to him as they walked, "Do you want to look at any clothes for you?" He shook his head, "Nah, I'm good... I'm just enjoying spending time with you."

"How about a coffee?" He agreed and they sauntered into the café area of the shopping centre.

They sat, they talked they laughed... Every time a new topic of conversation came up they found themselves agreeing with each other and nodding vigorously in agreement, matters of faith, politics, popular culture, morality... Peter genuinely thought he'd found his soul mate and in every respect Connie felt the same way, except Peter was Peter and Peter was a young man, rather than a girl.

They were both atheists, liberals, liked 'the eighties', liked the same films, the same music, same books... It was uncanny.

After the coffees Connie led Peter by the hand into a lingerie store and took him around to help her choose some new underwear. She purchased two matching sets of bra and knickers, after asking Peters opinion and a black, satin, boned corset and suspender belt.

On the way out of the shop Peter said to her dreamily, "Hah... That's an experience I didn't expect to have." She looked at him quizzically, "Experience?", "Shopping for sexy lingerie with a beautiful lesbian... It's quite bizarre really, men just buy pants or boxers, based

exclusively on comfort... Women's underwear is so much more complicated."

She raised an eyebrow, "Complicated? It's pretty simple really... I can explain what everything is for..." He sighed, "Alright, not complicated, interesting." She giggled softly at this, "Interesting? Well, if you're THAT interested - I doubt they'd be too keen to have you trying on in the shop... Perhaps I should lend you some of mine so you could experience it first hand? I have a nice set that would suit you, in lilac satin, a bra, a corset, panties, suspender belt – still interested?"

He groaned, "No, I'm not wearing girly underwear... You know what I mean..."

She smirked, "Well, if you change your mind – After all, maybe I'd start to find you attractive in a nice set of 'girly' underwear?"

This comment made his heart lift a little, then sag as he realised she was joking. She'd made it clear where she stood and getting decked out in female attire wasn't going to make him into a woman, it would simply make him into a man in drag.

The afternoon wore on, she joked with him, he laughed, they seemed unable to run out of things to say. At the end of the day when it was time to part she grabbed both his hands, and faced him, "Peter, I've so much enjoyed spending time with you today... I don't want it to stop – shall we go out for a meal together? We could even head down to the Film Theatre at the University, see if they are showing a world cinema tonight?"

He looked at her longingly, "I'd love to, you know I would... Did you have somewhere in mind?", "That tapas place on the way to the University."

And so they walked on, still hand in hand. He'd known her for less than a day, but he felt almost like they were a couple who'd been

going out for weeks. They talked more over tapas, had a couple of beers and went to see a Spanish film at the film theatre. At the end of the film, when it was time to part ways he hesitated, "Connie... Can I walk you home?" She smiled back at him, "I'd like that very much."

So they walked through the quietening streets, Peter carrying Connie's bags, and wishing they could be going out. When they eventually got back to her small house on the outskirts of town he waited for her to unlock the door then handed her the bags. She took them, then leaned on the door frame, "Do you want to come in for a coffee, or something stronger?", he stepped forwards eagerly, "Why not?"

The door clicked shut behind him and he was in her domain. It shouldn't have felt strange, sexually they were incompatible, but he felt immediately nervous and slightly vulnerable. If she did too, she didn't show it. She placed the bags on the floor and slipped her shoes off, then gestured to him, "Trainers off please..." He frowned as he lifted one foot up, then the other and undid his laces and removed the trainers. As he finished she was already heading into the next room, "Come..."

He followed her mesmerised by her swinging hips and exquisite figure. She spoke over her shoulder to him, "What would you like, coffee or something else? I could open a nice bottle of red? Can you stay a bit? We could watch a DVD?"

Her house was immaculate and modern, and his nervousness reminded him of the forgotten fact that they had only very recently met. "I'd love to stay, and wine would be great." As he spoke he looked around the living room, there was no television or DVD player to be seen. She returned from the kitchen carrying glasses and a bottle, she didn't pause but headed straight to the stairs, "Come on, I hate sitting in here, I've never had a telly in the living room – I like to lie in bed to watch films."

So he followed her up the stairs. Sure enough when he entered the bedroom the TV and DVD player were lined up to face the bed she pointed at a stack of films, mainly foreign films with subtitles, "Pick one." Peter studied the titles, some he'd heard of, some not, it was an impressive collection. Eventually he settled on one and pulled it free holding it out to Connie, "I haven't seen this one."

She poured him a glass of wine and handed it to him, then poured herself one and dropped the glass and the bottle onto the bedside table. She then took the film and studied it, before letting out a brief chuckle, "En Soap eh? Hah! Appropriate choice, this is a Danish film about a pre-op transsexual and a woman, if you were on the waiting list for gender reassignment surgery it would be us!"

He frowned, "Hmmpf! I'm not sure I want to see that...", "Don't be silly, I do – I haven't watched this for ages – and it is good... Come and sit on the bed with me."

He sat on the bed while she put the film on and lowered the lights.

More glasses of wine were filled and emptied, they ended up spending more of the film laughing and talking with each other than watching the film. When it ended Connie turned to Peter, "Oh Peter... I wish you were a transsexual waiting for an op... I've really enjoyed today, I love spending time with you."

He finished his glass and dropped it onto the bedside table, "Well, you could always decide to go straight, or bi-sexual, after all I'm a bloke and you're a girl and there's not much that can be done about that."

She raised an eyebrow, "Oh I don't know...", he smirked at her, "Look you're the one who has an issue, you're homosexual.", she nodded, "I am, but I can't change how I feel – that uncomfortable feeling you had when we joked about you making love to men – that's what I get... But I wish you were a girl... You COULD change, you COULD get gender reassignment surgery."

He glared at her, "You're not serious!" She smirked, "Maybe semi-serious... Can we try something?"

Peter looked uncomfortable at this, she had a mischievous glint in her eye, but he felt he wanted to do anything for her – he was smitten. "What do you want to try?"

Connie climbed out of bed, "Come on, get undressed, take all your clothes off..." Peter shaking swung his legs off. He was starting to feel hard... He slowly removed his jeans and t-shirt and socks so he was standing there in just his boxer shorts.

She pointed at the boxers, "Those too I'm afraid." He gasped, "Why?", "Trust me, I just want to try something."

Nervously he removed his boxer shorts and stood there hiding his genitals in his hands. She turned and opened her drawers and began rummaging, eventually she pulled out some skimpy, pink satin panties with black lace trim and a little ribbon bow on the front, and a matching bra. "Put these on." He groaned, "Connie!"

"Please? Humour me? They won't bite..."

He took the panties, holding them as if they were radioactive. "Come on Peter! They're just panties, they won't hurt! Just try them on!". Gulping, he placed a foot in each leg. Connie giggled softly. "That's it, now pull them up." His hands shaking, he slowly pulled them up, they were too tight to fit his balls and penis in, which was now rock hard and spilling out.

She held out the bra for him, "Put your arms in... Good." After he'd slid his arms in, shaking with anxiety all the way, she stepped behind him and adjusted the straps and fastened him in. Happy she stepped to the front again, and studied him up and down, "Hmmm, better, you DO have quite feminine features... I think... Hmmm – wait there."

He stood red faced while she began rummaging through her things again. Soon she was holding up a satin black corset with floral embroidery on the front. She unfastened the clips on the front and approached, placing it on from the back and clipping it together at the front, "Right, I'm going to put you in this corset, when I start lacing it tight – breath in."

"Connie, come on!"

"Shhh, don't be such a baby, let me try this!"

He gasped as she stepped behind and began pulling the laces tighter, and tighter – then tying them off. It took his breath away and made him feel a little light headed. She then produced a suspender belt and stockings, and proceeded to help him get into them.

Now fully adorned in female lingerie she walked around him studying him, "Hmmm, it's a pity you don't have longer hair – you'll have to grow it for me, I like my girlfriends to have nice shiny, long hair... So I can run my fingers through it... You need some make-up too... Come to the dressing table, sit down – I'm going to give you a make-over."

He whined at her, "Connie, I don't want to do this, I don't want to be a cross-dresser.", "Not even for me? Anyway who said I wanted you to be a cross-dresser, I just want to try something... Don't be such a baby, it's only a bit of make-up, it won't hurt I promise."

Nervously he sat at the dressing table and she switched on the make-up lights so he could feel the heat off them.

Sitting on the little stool in front of the dressing table and the large mirror, naked except for a matching set of ladies lingerie; made him feel vulnerable, timid and submissive. She didn't start straight away, instead she studied him carefully, rubbing her chin thoughtfully.

Eventually she took a soft makeup brush and began applying foundation, “Keep still, we’re going to need quite a bit of this...” He sat silently while she layered and layered the foundation. Gradually he could see his features softening, and appearing more feminine. Eventually she stood back and started peering at his eyes, “Hmmm, I think we’ll do your eyes next... Keep still for me – some of this stuff stings if it goes in your eye.”

He tried to comply, she began by using a strange tool which appeared to have handles like scissors at one end, and an eyelash shaped clamp at the other, she clamped his eyelashes and turned them back, holding them in place, trying to make his eyelashes stick up and be more visible. Once done, she studied each eye, one after another, “Hmmm, you have quite long, feminine looking eyelashes... Still, a little mascara can only help.” Taking a black spiky brush she stroked his eyelashes, “Keep still... There... Now some eye shadow – close your eyes for me.”

He closed his eyes and felt her stroking his eyelids with something soft, one after the other. “Hmmm, you can open them now... Hmmm, some lipstick and some lip liner next I think, then maybe a little blusher to finish off?”

She worked on with a look of concentration on her face, Peter felt uncomfortable made up – whenever she wasn’t in his face and he caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror it sent a shiver down his spine, each time he looked more and more convincingly feminine. The lipstick felt waxy and thick on his lips, the aroma wafting upwards into his nostrils... She stood back and studied him again, “Hmmm, I think we’re getting somewhere... Peter, I’m going to pierce your ears now.”

He gasped, “I don’t want my ears piercing!” She rolled her eyes at him, “But we’re doing so well! Come on, don’t be a spoilsport – most schoolgirls have them pierced by the time they’re fourteen! Don’t be such a baby, they’ll heal over eventually anyway if you leave them



out. I've got a new pair of studs, I just need to sterilize a needle, wait here."

She left and eventually returned with a needle, he clenched his teeth together and watched her pierce and stud one ear after the other. The pain went through him, making him whimper softly, then it was gone. She pressed the studs in and fastened the clip on the back.

She studied him critically again... Peter was feeling totally out of his comfort zone. The female face staring back at him from the mirror looked like a stranger; instead of himself he saw an attractive female.

As he pondered this Connie opened her wardrobe and then a cupboard within and withdrew a shoulder length blonde wig, she proceeded to pull it down onto his head and adjust it for the best look. Eventually she was happy and he was almost bowled over by how feminine he looked. They were right, he DID have feminine features, the only give away that he was male was his flat chest, male genitals and body hair.

Connie was beaming, "One more thing..." She reached onto the dressing table and grabbed some perfume, then proceeded to spray it quite liberally about him, making him even smell feminine. "Okay, we're done I think, you can get up."

Gingerly he rose to his feet, feeling more uncomfortable than ever, he felt bathed in femininity, he felt so female, it was unreal. His long blonde wig tickling his shoulders, his face heavy with make-up, his female lingerie tickling him in unfamiliar places each time he moved.

Connie looked him up and down critically, "Thanks for doing this Peter, It'll be worth it – I promise... Hmmm, your nails next I think." , Peter groaned, "Connie, hasn't this gone far enough?" She shook her head, "Trust me, I know you're uncomfortable, I'll make it worth your while though – give me your hands."

He complied and she painted and lacquered his nails a feminine, deep metallic red. When he rose again she reached out and felt his breasts, “Hmmm, it’s a pity these are so flat... I like my girlfriends to have nice round, soft but pert, breasts... We’ll have to get you some breast forms, maybe get you on hormones...”

Her hand then reached down to his panties, and her face cringed in revulsion, “Urgh... I don’t know if I can do this...” Peter tilted his head and leaned forwards, “What’s the matter?” She pointed to his raging hard on, now probing up out of his panties, leaking pre-cum , “This! It’s so... Urgh! I... I don’t think I... Hmmm, wait one second – I have an idea...”

He stood uncomfortable while she darted to the kitchen. When she returned she’d grabbed a bag of frozen peas from the freezer. “Okay, lie down and hold these frozen peas over your penis and balls, I need to make you nice and small for me.”

Peter complied with a puzzled look on his face, “Why? What are you going to do?” She smiled at him and pushed the peas onto his groin harder, “Keep them there... I can’t get rid of your little penis, but I can get rid of those nasty erections, make it less obvious... Wait here.”

When she returned from rummaging deep in her draws she was holding a little ring of polished steel, it was about an inch and a half in diameter and an inch thick. It had holes for a padlock and row upon row of spikes on the inside. Peter shivered at the sight of it, “What’s that?”

“This, is a Kali’s Teeth bracelet... Before I came out, I bought this for my boyfriend of the time – he never wore it though, he couldn’t stop playing with himself... Time and again I caught him masturbating, sometimes wearing my underwear... He wouldn’t stop voluntarily so I told him he either wore it for me or we were finished... He refused, so we split up... It’s funny really I used to find him attractive wearing my underwear... I think that’s partly how I realised I was gay...”

Anyway – this is locked onto your penis, and I keep the key. It's designed so it won't come off unless I unlock it and while you are wearing it you are unable to have erections or masturbate, because as you get hard, your penis presses on the spikes, the pain makes it shrink back and the spikes stop you from pulling it off."

"Urgh, sounds painful..." She shrugged, "It will be a little at first, but you'll soon learn not to get hard... Will you wear it for me? Can I lock you in?"

Peter was shaking, he felt mentally aroused, but by now his penis and balls had shrivelled up... He could always get her to remove it if it hurt too much, "If you promise to unlock it if it's too painful..."

She grinned, "Good... Now keep still while I lock you in."

He felt her remove the peas then quickly clamp the spiked ring onto his penis and tuck his genitals into the knickers so as to give him as feminine and flat a front as she could. Now when she stood up, she looked at him differently, there was something in her eyes, which made her look ravenous almost. Immediately he felt his penis try to grow, and spike itself making him whimper and wince.

His predicament was worsened by the fact that Connie had begun removing her clothes in somewhat of a hurry. Her top, her jeans... Within seconds she was down to her bra and knickers. As her final clothes fell to the floor she climbed onto the bed and crawled over Peter, she pulled him to her and began kissing him enthusiastically, her tongue probing his mouth her hands caressing the back of his corset. His senses felt overwhelmed, encased in female lingerie and make-up he almost felt like he was having a surreal out of body experience. Connie gently pressed her lips against his, her tongue invading and exploring his mouth. Their lipstick was smearing, giving him a taste of the substance. The perfume filled his nostrils and he enjoyed the moment, she was running her fingers through his blonde wig now and pressing her breasts against his, her groin against his.

Of course while this was happening; he was squirming and wincing at his constantly trying to grow penis... Despite the discomfort and the pain, the pleasure of tasting her and holding her closely outweighed it, and he embraced her back, sliding his tongue over and under hers, making her sigh with pleasure.

This continued for several minutes, neither Connie nor Peter willing to instigate a halt in proceedings. Eventually Connie pulled away and positioned herself on the pillows, she pulled her panties down to her ankles and spread her knees, "You have to give me an orgasm... Use your tongue..."

Peter manoeuvred himself into the correct position, pulled her panties down and began caressing her labia with his tongue, the blonde wig tickling the inside of her thighs. Slowly he worked his way around all her genitalia, probing deep into her vagina with his tongue, then swirling it around her clitoris, making her moan with pleasure. As he increased the speed and intensity he could feel her becoming wetter and seeping pussy juice into his mouth. She reached down and rested her hands on his head, helping to set his rhythm. He increased the intensity further and she started to run her fingers through his wig and caress his head gently.

As Peter worked to a crescendo, smearing pussy juice all over his face and frantically tickling her clitoris with his tongue she began pulling his head into her pussy, rocking her hips back and forth making it hard for him to breathe.. Then she came with a loud sigh and released him.

She was panting softly, he lay on his back, getting his breath back, the taste of Connie's sex lingering in his mouth.

Eventually, she chuckled, "Oh Peter, you'd make a fine lesbian... I so wish you were a girl..."

He laughed at this, “Hah! I feel quite ‘like’ a girl how you’ve dressed me up... You have to unlock this bracelet thing, I have to come!”

She turned to him now with a hurt expression on her face, “Peter! I don’t want to be reminded of your ‘maleness’ by seeing you masturbating and getting hard and spraying come everywhere, making my bedroom smell of male sex!”

He looked crestfallen at her, “But..” She scowled and handed him the key to his Kali’s Teeth Bracelet, “Fine, do what you need to do, but afterwards you’re leaving and I don’t want to see you again... \*Sigh\* I thought we could make this work...”

Peter took the key and turned it over in his hands, then reached down, pulled his shrivelled penis out and inserted the key into the lock... Then paused and looked at her. She was so beautiful... She seemed like the most attractive girl he’d ever seen, and they got on so well! He enjoyed her company more than he’d imagined was possible... He felt like he’d found a soul mate, so matched to him, that it would be a travesty to let her go... The only barrier to their happiness was that he was straight and she was a lesbian, but she seemed willing to try to work around it...

With a deep sigh he pulled the key out and handed it back to her, “I’m sorry Connie, I’ll keep wearing it... I just thought...” She smiled as she took the key from him, then paused and looked at him, “Oh Peter... Hmmm... Petra? Yes, Petra... Thank you for this... Hmmm, I know what I can do... Seeing as you’re embracing your feminine side, and learning about being a lesbian, maybe I can teach you a bit more about how we make love? Wait here...”

Connie climbed out of bed and retreated to her wardrobe again, she emerged eventually with what looked like a dildo, and a bundle of straps, with a small plastic bottle in the other hand. She began unravelling the straps and strapping them tightly to her thighs and waist, with the dildo at the front. It was clearly a strap on dildo, and the container Peter assumed must have contained lubricant.

Once she'd made the strap on a good fit she walked closer smiling, her black, plastic penis swaying two and fro as she walked. Peter quivered with fear, "Connie... I don't..." She held a finger to her lips, "Shhhh, I'll be gentle... It's a pity you don't have a pussy yet... One day maybe? For now, I'll penetrate you anally... Try to relax and enjoy it – how would you like me to penetrate you? Doggy style? Or the Missionary position?"

He gulped, she was by the bed now waiting expectantly with lubricant in hand, strap on looking threatening. "I'll... Erm, I'll try doggy..." She grinned, "Good... Pull your panties down... Get onto your hand and knees then, try to spread your buttocks for me, arch your back... Good... I'm going to apply lubricant now..."

He'd taken position and he felt her lubricating his anus, probing gently with her finger and smearing it around the opening, then a pause as she lubricated the dildo up. He was shaking with anticipation, "Try to relax Petra, I'll be gentle, I'll start nice and slow for you... Deep breath now!"

He took a sharp intake of breath as he felt her slide her strap on deep inside him. It wasn't a small one either, he felt like he was being stretched. It didn't hurt particularly, she'd lubricated thoroughly and slid it in very gently – it just gave him an uncomfortable feeling of fullness. As soon as it was in he wanted it out and tried to squirm forwards to escape, but her hands gripped his hips gently and pulled him firmly back. "Shhh, try to relax, that's the hard part over with... Relax... Relax..." As he stopped struggling she began sliding it back and forth through his rectum so it massaged the back of his prostate.

Stimulated from the inside he felt himself try and grow again, and again making him whimper. At the same time the sensation of being penetrated was so powerful, he felt so submissive and emotional as she slid in and out, back and forth, her hips kissing his buttocks at the end of every thrust. He would have come just from the pegging,

if the Kali's Teeth Bracelet wasn't constantly preventing him. It left him with a deep, mental arousal which transcended the brief physical pleasure an orgasm would bring. Soon he was panting and sighing as she penetrated deeper, deeper, milking his prostate thoroughly.

Eventually his arms collapsed, making him fall off her. She stroked the back of his neck with her fingernails, "You like? Roll over spread your knees and I'll penetrate you in the missionary position."

He complied, pushing his knees wide. She carefully slid the strap on back in, tucking her knees under his thighs. Again he was in sensory overload, feminized, lying submissively on his back looking up at Connie, while she penetrated him deeply with her strap-on, massaging his prostate.

He closed his eyes... He felt female, he felt like a woman, having sex passively felt strange and unfamiliar. The feeling of fullness, the sliding back and forth was effectively scrambling his brain. He seemed to feel more and more aroused, but of course there was no release.

After several more minutes of loving, gentle penetration she withdrew and pulled his panties up, "Well, did you like?" He sighed deeply, his eyes still closed, "It was amazing... But I'm so frustrated! Connie I..."

She cut him off, "You aren't going to mention those nasty male urges again are you? We can't have you bringing that up if you're going to be my girlfriend, can we?"

He opened his eyes to see her smiling at him. He tracked her with his eyes as she stood and removed the strap on, then climbed back into bed with him. "Do you mean it? We can go out?", Connie wrapped her arms around him and pressed her body against his, "I think so... We have some work to do on you I think... First of all the bracelet stays on – I'm not having you acting on those male urges... Secondly we need to work on making you more feminine, I think you

should move in with me, so I can help you, teach you. We'll get rid of that nasty male body hair, we'll get you some false nails until you can grow your own, maybe get you a professional manicure and pedicure? You'll have to wear a wig until your hair has grown, and we'll have to get you some breast forms... Maybe the kind that we use surgical glue to fix on? If it works and we're happy together – then we'll look at putting you on hormones... That should soften your voice a bit more... Get those breasts growing, help your hair growth... Then send you to be castrated and surgically altered to be fully female, full gender re-assignment surgery, finally a course of electrolysis to permanently sort out that nasty male body hair..."

Peter was in tears, "Connie... I don't want to be a woman!" She held a finger to his lips, "Shhh, we'll take it slowly, you can always change your mind... Up until the point where you're about to have those testicles whipped off at least... I love you... Petra... I want to be with you – but I can only be with you if you'll be my girlfriend, will you be a girl for me Petra?"

He looked at her face, smelled her aroma and felt her soft caress... He so wanted to be with her... He thought he'd have given anything to be with her... But to be castrated? Surgically re-assigned as a female? He buried his face in her shoulder sobbing and she cuddled him tightly, reassuring him, "Shhh, don't be scared... I'll help you with your transformation all the way, we'll be the most loving lesbian couple ever, you'll be a very special girlfriend, because I'll always know what you've sacrificed to be with me..."

***~It's a new day, it's a new dawn, it's a new life... For me...***

When Peter awoke, he felt disorientated, confused... He was in a bedroom which wasn't his own... It was an obviously female owned bedroom. He saw Connie's face opposite him, sleeping blissfully. It brought back surreal memories of the previous night. He then felt the sexy female lingerie he'd slept in, and remembered the conversation they'd had before falling asleep in each other's arms.



He recalled the discussion about him becoming her girlfriend...  
Castration, gender reassignment..

He groaned and instinctively reached for his genitals, they were there of course, but his penis was still locked into the teeth bracelet. He experimentally tried to pull it off, but the spikes held it in place. She was fast asleep, could he find the key, unlock himself, have a discreet orgasm and then lock himself back up without waking her?

Maybe...

But then he looked at her face again, so perfect... She'd lured him into a surreal bizarre situation, which he'd have never expected to be in. Despite only meeting two days prior he didn't want to unlock himself because it would upset her to know that he'd done it. He wanted to orgasm, so, so badly... But he couldn't hurt her... He pulled the covers back and shivered at the sight of his feminine lingerie. Slowly he swung his legs out of bed and walked to the bottom of the bed. His male attire was lying in a crumpled heap on the floor. He bent down, gathered it up and lay his boxer shorts, jeans and t-shirt on the bed, then started fumbling behind himself, reaching for the clips on his bra strap.

The commotion roused Connie who curled sideways and shoved her elbow on the bed, moving her palm under her temple and leaning her head on her arm, "Ahem... What are you doing?" Peter frowned, "Getting dre..." She cut him off, "Taking your underwear off? Putting your jeans and t shirt back on?" His puzzlement continued, "Of course?!"

She sighed deeply, "Petra, I thought you were going to be my girlfriend? Don't you want to be my girlfriend?"

He sagged slightly, "But you said we could take it sl...", "Yes, I said we'd take it slowly, but there's no sense in taking steps backwards is there? Your make up is all messed up, as is mine... Look, it's

Sunday today, we'll have a shower, get dressed, put our make-up on, then go shopping for some feminine clothes for you?"

He looked longingly at his male clothes, "But I thought...", "No buts, if you're going to be my girlfriend, I don't want you wearing male clothes ever again – I'm not attracted to 'bull-dyke' lesbians, I like my girlfriends to be nice and feminine – agreed?"

Peter sighed, "Okay Connie... Can you get me out of this?" She smirked, "You're going to have to learn how to take off a bra and corset on your own! I'll help you this once though..."

She climbed out of bed and slackened the laces on his corset for him, then unfastened the bra and suspender belt – showing him how to do it in future. With a sigh of relief he pulled his knickers down and she undressed too.

They showered together, Connie using some, hair remover cream on him. Once he'd been lathered in the foamy substance and it was showered off his whole body was perfectly smooth and hairless. After they'd dried, she outfitted him with fresh lingerie, and the process of making him up started anew. This time she tried to explain how she was doing it, what products she was using and how to make a good job of it. By the time she was finished he looked perfectly feminine again. She'd insisted on a corset again, to help give him a nice feminine figure and having his breath restricted actually seemed to help him to maintain a soft falsetto voice. His voice was fairly feminine anyway, so in every respect he seemed very passable.

The final stage was to choose a dress and some shoes for him, luckily he was the same size as Connie. He'd asked her about wearing simply a top and some jeans – but she'd been very strict about it – if he was going to do this, he should do it properly and a dress would be the most fitting garment to wear. In the end she chose him a silky material short, strappy dress, which hung down to the knee. It had a fairly high neckline at the front to hide his lack of

breasts, but apart from the straps his back felt very exposed. It had no sleeves so she gave him a fashionable, dainty cardigan to wear over the top, one of her more feminine long over coats and a pair of black five inch heels, which worked as he was very short, less than five foot three. To complete the look she also put a silver bead necklace on him, a dainty female wristwatch and some silver bracelets.

Being fully feminized in this manner, with his manhood still trapped in its spikes was another testing experience. By the time she'd finished he looked at himself in the mirror and was taken aback. Essentially when he looked in the mirror he didn't see himself, he saw an attractive young woman looking back at him. Connie as it turned out decided she *would* wear jeans, but she wore high heels to match his height and an attractive, cream, feminine blouse.

Finally ready to go out Connie pulled her leather jacket on, "Are you ready to face the world Petra?" He shivered in fear, "I... I don't know..." She smiled, "Come on, the sooner we get out there, the sooner we know if you pass. I think you do! You look really pretty... Try a few steps in the shoes..."

He did as directed, wobbling a little and looking awkward, Connie corrected him, "Try again, swing your hips more – heel toe, keep your knees closer together, take your hands out of your pockets, its unladylike."

Peter groaned audibly, "Connie... I'm really not sure..." she took his hand, "Shhh, you'll do fine... Hmmm, let me just make some fine adjustments to your wig... There – perfect. Now I'm proud to have you as my girlfriend. Shall we? Don't be scared, I'll be with you all the time..."

Reluctantly he allowed her lead him out of the house. It was quite a surreal experience sauntering down the street in high heels, the wind blowing through his stocking clad legs. His penis was still continually trying to grow, but sure enough as Connie had promised it was

starting to learn it's lesson, putting him in his place – at the mercy of Connie's spikes lining the inside of the KTB. Walking was difficult at first, the slightly uneven surface of the pavement made it more challenging than the even, flat floors of Connie's house. However he was getting the hang of it, Connie held his hand and he felt good... A little strange, it was so far out of his comfort zone he couldn't imagine... But he was with her, and that made it all alright.

“Okay Petra, I think first stop is a little shop I know of, some of the guys from the club told me about it – it's a transgender friendly shop, where we can get you some breast forms.”

He nodded, feeling a little nervous about speaking. As he walked he glanced at people to see if they were drawing attention. They weren't though, any passers-by who looked at them, seemed more interested in the fact they were holding hands than the fact that he was a man wearing female attire.

When they finally arrived at the little shop Peter was starting to get the hang of high heels, though his calves were aching and his feet were a little sore. Connie entered first and held the door for Peter. The woman who ran the shop was a little old lady, there were no other customers. She eyed them critically for a few moments, then approached from behind the counter and addressed Peter, “What can I do for you?” Connie stepped forwards, “Hello, this is Petra, soon to be my \*ahem\* girlfriend... She needs some breast forms though, I think something like a thirty six D? Ideally flesh coloured so they'll blend in.”

The woman smiled, “Ahh, I see... Hmmm, well wait right here and I'll get you everything you need.”

She vanished into the backroom and appeared with two teardrop shaped breast forms and several products. “Here we go, two thirty six D flesh coloured, surgical glue and silicone paste... This is everything you need – would you like me to show you how to apply them?”

Connie beamed, "Could you apply them here?" She little old lady smiled warmly, "Certainly, here's the bill, we'll get this sorted then I'll take her into the back and show you how to use them."

Connie seemed delighted, "That would be wonderful!" She pulled out a credit card and handed it over, the bill was paid and the little old lady gestured for Peter to follow, "Come on dear, follow me through here..." In the back room was an old dentist chair. Peter followed nervously with Connie at the rear, the little old lady gestured towards the chair, "Don't be nervous, it's just easier to get them nice and even and hide all the seams if I lie you down – okay take your dress off, there's a good girl."

"Connie, I'm really not sure–"

"Shhh, just try to stay calm. You're scared of people seeing you're a guy, you might not like it, but breasts will help your disguise, people are less likely to look if you're a bit less flat-chested."

Peter was quivering with fear and anxiety, but he submitted.

He was shaking with nervousness. He almost felt like running, turning and sprinting out of the shop – but his heels wouldn't allow it and when he saw the joy on Connie's face he relented. Nervously he removed the dress and also the corset and bra.

The proprietor patted the seat of the chair, "Hop up, good girl... I'll just pop you back." Peter was shaking with fear, his stocking clad legs swung onto the foot rest, his arms shaking on the arm rests of the chair. He gulped as the back lowered, until his legs were higher than his chest and he was effectively incapacitated.

The little old lady grasped his hand, "Try to relax dear, this won't hurt... Hmm, it's easiest to do this for someone else – will you be able to help her? You'll need to re-do the silicone paste over the seams probably once a month, and the breast forms will have to be

re-glued once every six months... You start by mixing the surgical glue, its two parts. Then use the spatula to spread over the breasts like this...”

Connie was leaning over watching as the paste was mixed, then spread liberally over Peters chest. The little old lady then grabbed the breast forms, one in each hand, “When you apply them the easiest way to make them nice and symmetrical is to point the narrow part of the tear drop at the neck, and then press the dimple in the centre of the underside onto the nipple – she’ll feel when it’s right. There... How does that feel, does that feel right?”

Peter felt his nipples pop into the small cavity for them on the breast forms, “I think that’s right...” she smiled at him, “Good, now we just hold that for a few minutes... Good, now the paste... When you’re not using it keep the container air tight, it bonds well to skin, the main thing to remember is to cover all the seams liberally, it’s water proof so you can go swimming with it – but if it’s been on for more than three weeks avoid swimming. When the latex filler or the breast forms start to peel off use warm soapy water to ease them off, dry them, clean them and re-fix them... The full instructions are in the boxes.”

Connie watched as the seams were pasted and filled. The forms were beautiful with two matching large, realistic aureole and nipples. By the time the job was done and the chair was being raised Peter had the upper body of a female in appearance. It was flawless, Connie gently caressed them and pulled them slightly, shaking her head in disbelief, “Oh Petra, they’re beautiful... So realistic... I’m going to enjoy playing with these...”

The proprietor smirked and helped Peter off the chair. Before he got dressed himself he caressed his own breasts experimentally. The glue seemed to extenuate feeling, the pulls on the forms pulled his own skin, making them even *feel* real. Slowly he replaced the bra and corset, noticing how he felt more forwards heavy now and his breasts stuck out in front of him, it made him feel

yet more feminine and when he'd climbed back into his dress he looked into one of the shops mirrors to adjust his wig and gasped at how female he looked.

Connie noticed and squeezed his hand, "You look very pretty... Come on, we should go and get you some more lingerie and dresses – you can't keep borrowing mine!"

And so the shopping spree continued. Connie led Petra to all her favourite shops, buying lingerie, only ultra-feminine, silk or satin pieces, some corsets, bras, panties, suspenders, suspender belts, stockings... Then on to the dresses, everything Connie picked out was sexy and feminine, she seemed to be dressing him to fulfil her own lesbian fantasies and avoided suggesting any practical clothes. As they shopped on Peter turned shocked, a thought suddenly occurring to him – he'd been so caught up in the whirlwind of events since Friday night – he'd forgotten about work, "Connie! What am I going to do about work?" She raised an eyebrow at him, "What do you mean?" He stammered, "I... I can't go in like this!" She shrugged, "Why not? Simply go in as usual, and explain to everyone that you've been living as a woman for some time in your recreation time, and that you've decided to pursue a gender re-assignment surgery so need to live as a woman full time... I can't see a problem...."

He stopped, looking defeated, "But..." She grabbed both his hands, "Petra, do you love me? Do you want to be with me?" He nodded, "Good... Then you have to do this for me... You'd have to do it eventually... If we're going to get you castrated and book you in for full gender re-assignment... So the sooner we start, the sooner we can get those testicles whipped off, your penis and scrotum re-shaped into nice, female genitalia and make you 'all woman' right?"

A tear started welling in his eye, and he started shaking, realising again the enormity of the path he'd very suddenly embarked upon, "Connie... I don't want my testicles off..." She sighed deeply, and gripped his hands harder, "I know... That's some way off though isn't

it? And you love me don't you? You want to be my girlfriend don't you? I know it's difficult, but I'll support you through this... Once you've accepted losing your testicles, you can really embrace your new life as a woman can't you?"

He sighed, "Connie, it's all happening so fast... I never wanted to be a woman..." She embraced him, "Oh Petra, I know it's all moving fast, but I want it to move fast, I've never felt so sure about being with someone... But I can only be with you if you're a woman! What does it really matter to you whether you are a man or woman anyway?"

Peter pulled away from her slightly, "I... I don't know... I thought maybe one day I'd have children? I've always been, I mean... It's so final... I... I never thought I'd even think about gender re-assignment, I've always been happy as a man."

Connie leaned forwards, "If you want, we can get some of your sperm frozen before we have your testicles removed – then if we want children later we could, using your sperm – I could provide the egg and carry the foetus? I just know you'll love being a woman... Let me help you! Let me craft you, mould you into the woman of our dreams!"

His head was spinning, everything had happened so fast, he felt like his feet hadn't hit the ground since he'd met her. He was constantly shrugging off the pain of the KTB on his penis and struggling to get his head around the many facets of his life which he'd literally overnight elected to change...

It was bizarre, for last twenty five years he'd been a guy called Peter, now over the course of three days, that had changed and he was going to be a girl called Petra. He liked the name, he liked how he looked, he was even starting to like the feel of lingerie and dresses against his skin. He'd have to grow his hair and his nails, maybe start hormones... He'd have to learn how to put on make-up... His world felt like it had flipped inside out.



He frowned at her, “Connie, I just...” She put a finger to her lips, “Shhh, we’ll carry on as we are for now – if it comes to it, as long as we’ve not had your testicles removed, you can change your mind? You could stop hormones, let the surgical glue wear off, and start wearing male clothes again – yes?”

He nodded, “Okay...” She smiled, “Good, now seeing as you’ve brought up the work question, I think we should get you some more business-like clothes, a few blouses, a few skirts, maybe a ladies suit or two? Hah! Think of it this way Petra, at least you don’t have to worry about wearing a tie anymore!”

His mood lightened at this, “I never did like wearing a tie!”

The shopping trip continued, purchasing one pink and one red, lacy, long, satin nightie for him to sleep in, they stopped for a coffee and afterwards Peter decided he needed the toilet. Forgetting himself he headed for the men’s toilets in the shopping centre, but Connie noticed, “Where do you think you’re going? Aren’t you forgetting something?”

When he turned he had the flash of realisation on his face, she leaned close to him and whispered, “You’re a lady now, so you need to go to the ladies... And even though you probably don’t need to until you’ve been castrated and re-assigned, you should sit to pee. You wouldn’t want to arouse suspicion would you? Come on, I need to go too, we can touch our make-up up too.”

Connie in the lead they visited the ladies room and he sat as instructed, his panties around his ankles, his dress hitched up. Again he found himself desperate to play with himself, to masturbate. Despite this desperation the KTB was fixed firmly onto his penis, the spikes holding it solidly in place. He tried stretching, pulling, pushing... Eventually frustrated he gave up, admitting defeat and did a pee, his penis still confined to its circle of spikes.

They touched up their make-up together and walked home together.

### ***~Day Three of my new life...***

That night they had lesbian sex again, then changed into their nighties and fell asleep in each other's arms – bathed in femininity.

The following day, after a lot of convincing, almost bullying from Connie, Peter did go to work as Petra, amid gasps of surprise from his co-workers. People reacted differently some with a subtle disgust, some with sniggers, most with pure astonishment... One of the men he knew at the office seemed so at ease with the situation he'd even flirted with him and made some suggestive comments. The suddenness of going to work as a woman made it feel surreal, he felt swept up in it. It was almost absurd that the previous week he'd never even considered cross-dressing, now, days later, his lesbian girlfriend has essentially committed him to gender reassignment and pretty much made him go to work as a girl!

It'd felt strange going to the ladies instead of the men's and difficult to concentrate on his job on the helpdesk while confined in ladies clothes, his KTB constantly keeping his erections in check.

The following weekend Petra and Connie cleared out Peters old flat, he'd only had bric-a-brac furniture so most of it was skipped. He'd wanted to store his male clothes in case he changed his mind – but Connie talked him into throwing them away, stating that clothes weren't expensive and he should throw them away to demonstrate how serious he was about becoming her girl. This again, gave his situation a strange air finality. He'd been living as a girl for a week, and now he was throwing his male clothes away!

The air of finality when he'd thrown his male clothes away was hard to come to terms with, but it clearly made Connie happy so he didn't mind. They shared Connie's bed every night, falling asleep in each other's arms. Petra got used to the feel of lingerie and dresses, make-up and perfume, sitting on the toilet and walking in high-heels.

To make sure he had enough practice Connie ensured he never bought any shoes with less than a four inch heel on them. His hair grew longer and in time he didn't need the wig any more, at first Connie kept fixing the silicone paste on his breast forms and then re-gluing the forms on for him. Going to salons for feminine hairstyles was a strange experience at first, which he soon got used to. His already feminine features meant he passed so convincingly that nobody ever questioned his gender and always took him to be a girl. His prostate remained surprisingly healthy despite being in the KTB for so long, mainly because Connie milked him with her strap-on so regularly. His erectile function was probably damaged by the months of no erections, but by the time it was he was more or less resigned to the fact that he was going to receive gender reassignment surgery.

After several months, Connie arranged for him to start hormone therapy, and he soon began growing small breasts, his hair grew thicker and longer, his voice became softer and higher, his body hair became thinner and more sparse, his already shrivelled penis and testicles shrivelled up even further... He started to feel more emotional and got tearful at times... He had electrolysis to remove all traces of male facial hair... There was one final barrier for him to overcome, the point of no return.

Then came the day, the day which Connie had been waiting so patiently for, but which Petra had been dreading. Connie earned good money, and during the course of the two years she inherited a large house which she was able to sell for a big sum of money – enough to afford to book Petra into a private clinic for a radical, total feminization surgery.

### ***~Surgical Castration and Gender Re-assignment***

Petra was in her room at the clinic, already wearing a patients gown, waiting for theatre. Ever since Connie had locked the Kali's Teeth Bracelet onto him over two years previously she'd never allowed him out to have an orgasm. Whenever he'd raised the issue, and asked

she'd raised an eyebrow and complained that because he wanted to fulfil his 'male' urges he wasn't serious about becoming female.

It had been hard, crippling at times, sometimes he'd lain awake for hours desperately waiting for an erection to subside... He had so much pent up sexual energy, he felt like he was ready to burst. At first he'd put off the surgery, but he'd fallen deeper and deeper in love with Connie and she'd been so patient with him at first, he sensed she'd been losing patience with him and after suggesting it was the right time several times he'd finally, almost reluctantly agreed to be operated on. When it came down to it, he enjoyed Connie's company so much, her touch, her caress... That when it came to a choice of losing his testicles, or Connie he chose to lose his testicles. Of course by this time, the hormones had shrunken his genitals to a fraction of their former size anyway.

The surgeon, a female Thai girl entered, wearing her scrubs, "Ahhh, Petra, you're all ready? I just need to go through what we're going to do so you can sign the consent forms." Connie and placed a reassuring hand on Petra's shoulder as the surgeon continued, "First of all, we're going to put you to sleep, then we're going to cut open your scrotum, remove your testicles and snip them off. Then we'll cut apart your penis and reform the penis and scrotum into a labia, clitoris and vagina. Then we're going to install breast implants to take you up to a thirty six D and we're giving you buttock implants to give you a more pleasingly feminine posterior – finally we're going to smooth out that Adam's apple and feminize your vocal chords, re-shape your face a little, give you softer, more feminine features. If you're ready – just sign on the line here."

She handed him a clipboard and with a shaking hand Petra signed his name – now signing as Petra. As he finished, he went cold and started shaking, "Could I have a minute alone with Connie please?"

The surgeon nodded and left with the form.

He looked up at Connie, "I'm scared..." She smiled sweetly at him, "I know, thank you for doing this for me Petra... I know how you must feel." He looked pleadingly at her now, "Connie, I know you keep the key to my Kali's Teeth Bracelet on a chain around your neck for emergencies... Can I have one orgasm before they castrate me? Please?"

Connie sighed deeply, "And what would that achieve? It'd probably make you want more, and you'd probably start to question yourself, maybe try to pull out? Look, you're being castrated, you're going to have your testicles permanently removed shortly... And with them, all those nasty male urges too! I've spoken to Dr. Lowe and she's happy for me to come into the anaesthesia room with you, and remove your KTB once you're under anaesthetic... We're even going to use an electronic device to force you to come while you're under anaesthetic – so we can save some sperm - Then when you wake up – you'll be my girl, like we've talked about for so long? I can penetrate you in the vagina with my strap on, I can use my tongue on your clitoris... I can introduce you to a new world of sexual pleasures... And those nasty male orgasms will become a distant memory..."

Petra looked pleadingly at Connie, "Can't I just experience one last orgasm before I'm castrated? Please?" She shook her head, "It wouldn't be good for you Petra, now try to relax, the quicker we can get those testicles whipped off and thrown away, the sooner we can get on with our lives..."

The surgeon re-appeared, "Petra, we're ready to take you through now..."

He was wheeled on the gurney through to the anaesthetic room, he began crying on the way, Connie gripping his hand and reassuring him, "Shhh, everything's going to be fine, just wait and see."

In the anaesthesia room, Petra was sobbing louder and tears running down her cheeks, the surgeon tried to smile reassuringly,

“Don’t worry, a lot of gender reassignment patients get emotional before surgery – its normal. Think of it this way, your new life starts the moment you wake up.”

The crying continued, as a cannula was put into his hand and an infusion of propafol was injected. Instead of counting backwards from ten, Petra simply cried and cried, at the thought that his testicles were about to be removed...

### **~Soreness**

When Petra came around she could feel a blood oxygen monitor on her finger, and a blood pressure monitor on her arm. Her face was heavily bandaged and sore, as was her buttocks, chest... And groin... They’d done it... He was as woman as he could be without a womb and ovaries.

She opened her eyes, to see a nurse in scrubs smiling at her, “Ahhh, Petra, you’re awake. Everything went well, we’ve been able to complete all the planned surgery – you are now officially a post-operative transsexual, you are a woman... Try to rest, don’t fight the anaesthetic, sleep it off.”

He gave a muffled whimper, then drifted off again. He was a she now...

Eventually he came around a second time, this time back in his private room. Connie was there waiting for him to wake. When he opened his eyes she beamed at him, “Oh Petra, I can’t wait for you to recover properly... I love you so much for doing this for me.” They held hands, he couldn’t talk properly – a result of whatever they’d done to his vocal chords he presumed. He still felt tired, so tired and so sore...

He felt strange too, that build-up of emotions and desires that had been fuelled by being locked in chastity for so long... Was gone...

### ***~Several Weeks Later***

Petra was standing by the mirror, it was a Saturday morning. Connie had taken her out for a meal the previous evening, and they'd fallen asleep in each other's arm so many times now. Despite losing his testicles, and his male sexual urges, he felt... Or rather *she* felt more and more in love with Connie. Petra stood admiring herself in the mirror, her scars and bruising had healed, her breasts felt wonderful, her bottom felt more feminine, her facial features were softer and more female... The voice was amazing, before the surgery, maintaining a convincing feminine falsetto was difficult at times, now he couldn't sound male if he tried. Even putting on as gruff a voice as he could muster, it still sounded like a girl being silly pretending to be male.

He'd not allowed Connie to penetrate his vagina or give him cunnilingus yet. According to the doctors, they had to abstain from sex for a couple of months and he'd wanted to leave it a little longer to be sure... There was something sacred about the first time he'd explore his female sexuality. It felt strange having no penis, no testicles, he ran his fingers over his labia and clitoris as he'd done so many times before – but it still felt like the first time. The surgeon had done a fantastic job, when he pulled back his clitoris hood and stroked his clitoris, it sent a tingle up his spine.

He stroked it gently a few times, shuddering with pleasure each time, then probed deeper into his vagina, exploring it. With his other hand he felt his breasts, it was strange, it felt pleasurable, and sexual, sensual even... But that intenseness that came about from having a male orgasm simply wasn't there.

Connie had woken up and was watching him from the bed, her temple resting on her palm, elbow on the bed, smirking, "Oh Petra, playing with yourself again? Have I got to have you fitted with a female chastity belt now?"

Petra turned around and gasped, then smiled, “Oh Connie... I didn’t know how I’d feel being a woman... I... I’m really glad you talked me into it though – I’m so happy.”

She gestured to the bed with her finger, beckoning him, “Come... “ Petra climbed back into bed and satin nighties rubbed against each other, their manicured hands exploring each other’s bodies. Connie took great pleasure in playing with Petra’s breasts, then she let out a satisfied sigh as her hand delved into Petra’s crotch, creeping under her nightie. Connie’s touch made Petra quiver with delight, and she lay back panting, as Connie began gently massaging her labia and clitoris, occasionally probing into her vagina. After a few moments, Connie lifted the satin nightie up and initiated cunnilingus, the soft caress of her tongue sending shivers up Petra’s spine and causing her to sigh with pleasure.

The tongue caressed, and probed, then swirled, then Connie’s hands reached up and started to play with Petra’s nipples. She moaned softly, her former male self, seeming like a million lifetimes ago... Then she stopped, “Petra, wait here...”

She lay back panting while Connie took her nightie off and recovered the strap-on dildo from her drawer. After donning it she approached menacingly, the plastic penis swinging side to side, complete with little plastic testicles hanging underneath – teasing him, reminding him of what he’d sacrificed to be with her.

He shuddered, “Connie, I don’t think I’m ready!” She put a finger to her lips, “Shhh, it’ll hurt a little the first time... But we can use some lubricant to make it easier on you... I’ve been looking forward to taking your virginity for so long...”

He sighed, “Connie...”

Slowly she sidled up into the space between his legs. Gently, she pushed his knees apart exposing his vagina. She grabbed the lubricant and smeared it over his pussy, then sidled closer, “Shhh, try



to relax... Lie back, relax... Good... I'm going to penetrate you now – I'll go slow..."

Then he felt her plastic penis probing at his pussy, it felt big, too big – like it might rip him in two... He held his breath as she slid it in forcefully, then started rocking her hips back and forth. She leaned forwards, her breasts hanging over his, occasionally brushing against them. She grabbed his wrists forcefully, pinning them to the bed and began rocking faster, penetrating him deeper and deeper. It felt strange to be on the opposite end of penetration, she was gripping his wrists tightly, and sliding the fully length of the strap-on in and out with some vigour. It was painful, but as she rode him, the pain softened and gave way to a strange pleasure, it made him feel more feminine, more submissive... He didn't come as such, not in the way he'd come as a man, but he felt a release of energy in his brain more than anywhere and he let out a sigh and she slowed to a halt, leaving the huge strap-on inside.

She smirked at him, "You like?" Petra looked up, "Oh Connie... That was..." Then Petra wriggled his wrists free of Connies grip and embraced her...

Peter had never considered being a woman before he'd met her, he'd always assumed lesbians were cropped hair and male clothes 'bull-dykes' but now here was after two years in a loving, caring lipstick lesbian relationship...

***~All good things...***

For the next twelve months, Connie and Petra had a perfect relationship. They did everything together except work. Petra began to forget her former life, her testicles being removed and thrown away, and her days of climbing out of bed, throwing some jeans on and ambling out of the house. Each day she spent time carefully preening and beautifying herself, make-up, perfume, sexy lingerie and very feminine clothes, even her business suits were feminine and sexy.

At work, the rest of the department came to accept her as a woman, and treat her as one of the girls. People left, people joined, the people who'd shown her some discrimination initially were either silenced or left and new starters didn't even know that she'd once been a man.

Occasionally she'd met up with Leone, Leone had raised an eyebrow at the on-going transformation Connie appeared to putting Peter through, but as Peter became more and more feminized, Leone could only agree that because of his already quite feminine features, and that he and Connie got on so well, if it worked for them, then why not? Of course, when it had gotten to the stage where he'd been booked in for surgical gender reassignment, she'd asked him if he was sure and told him it was a big step and that there was no going back. When they met post operatively, she could only agree that femininity seemed to suit him, and he appeared happier and more contented than he'd ever been as a man... She even hinted that if Petra ever broke up with Connie and She ever left Karen, then she'd happily go on a date with her... It was said with a mischievous twinkle in her eye, implying that she found Petra sexually attractive and wanted to have lesbian sex with her.

It was a strange situation to be in, Petra had enjoyed male to female sex and had no attraction to males still – yet she found female to female sex so much more satisfying, caring, loving... It just seemed to make more sense, she started to feel like she should have always been a girl and resent the years wasted being a man.

As time went by though, things didn't remain as magical as they had been originally.

Connie began spending longer at work, and seeming a little indifferent to Petra when she was at home. They talked less, they made love less frequently, Connie began to seem a little indifferent to Petra. After months, Petra decided she had to tackle the situation. They'd been to work and dined together, but Connie had gotten back from work late as was often the case these days and she now seemed irritated and distant.

Lying in bed Petra turned to Connie, “Connie... What’s the matter with us lately?” Connie sighed deeply, avoiding eye contact, “It’s not you...” Petra looked puzzled, “What then? Things haven’t been right with us for a while now... Why are you always late from work?” Connie gulped, looking guilty, “I’m sorry Petra, I suppose I had to tell you eventually... I... I’ve met someone else...”

Petra’s face sank... Tears welled up in her eyes, “You’re leaving me for another girl? I gave up my male life for you!” Connie still avoided eye contact, “I know... I’m sorry... If it’s any consolation, it’s not for another girl... I’ve met a man, and I... I find him really attractive, funny... I don’t know... I...”

Petra’s jaw dropped, and she started crying in full, “I was castrated! I had my balls cut off, so you could be with me as a woman, and now you’re leaving me for a man?!” Connie rested a hand on Petra’s shoulder, the touch sent a shiver down her spine, “Petra, don’t take this the wrong way... back when you were a man, you weren’t really much of a man. You were very short, very petit, feminine features... Not really very well endowed... You’re better off as a girl anyway... And we’ve had a good relationship haven’t we? You should thank me for helping you to realise who you are and holding your hand, leading you into femininity!”

Petra wiped a tear away, “I was happy as a man... I only became a woman for you...” Connie sighed, “I know... I’m sorry... I just feel like I need a man, a real man...”

Petra started crying again, burying her face in her hands. It carried on for some time then Connie wrapped her arm around her and pulled her into her chest, burying Petra’s face in her breasts, “Shhhh, Petra, I... I think I still love you... I... Let me see if I can find a solution – I don’t want to stop seeing Gary... But I don’t want to leave you... Leave it to me... I’ll make everything okay.”

***~A sinister ménage a trois***

It had happened...

Gary had moved in with them. In the end Connie had told him she was bisexual and she'd only continue to go out with him if he'd accept her continuing her relationship with her lesbian lover 'Petra'. It hadn't been easy, he'd been reluctant at first, but Connie's allure and convincing arguments had eventually won him over.

Connie never told him that Petra had been Peter, just that she was her lesbian lover.

At first, it was a tense and strange affair as the three participants in the love triangle found their place in it. As it happened Connie was clearly the stronger more dominant of the girls and Gary was stronger and more dominant still. Petra was forced to give up her regular spot in Connie's bed, except for the odd night when Gary wanted to stay out late drinking with his friends.

Petra was always looking forwards to those nights... They'd watch a film, drink some wine, caress each other... Then have sensual, long lasting lesbian sex. Though Connie seemed to increasingly stray away from the use of the strap-on, preferring fingers and tongues.

The three ate dinner together, Gary and Petra took turns to go out with Connie, though invariably Petra would be permitted to join her on mundane trips, such as shopping or would have to wait until Gary was going out with his mates. Petra found comfort in some of this, she still enjoyed going out trying on dresses with Connie and when Gary wasn't around it was perfect... Gradually Petra and Connie grew closer again, but always there was the barrier, Gary always insisted that Petra was second choice and was always fighting for her to spend less and less time with Connie.

One day Connie had been booked on a training course with work on a Saturday, leaving Petra and Gary in the house alone. Petra, was in the living room, ironing Gary's shirts. Part of the arrangement seemed to be that Petra did most of the housework, at times she felt a little like Connie and Gary's live in maid. Of course things were different when she was alone with Connie.

Gary walked in, he was tall, muscular... He went the gym several times a week during his lunch break, he was very masculine and very typically male. He smelled slightly of beer, the tinge of alcohol on his breath after a heavy night out. His speech was a little slurred as if he was still drunk.

Petra found solace in the time she had alone with Connie, but couldn't help but feel a little hurt, lying in bed, listening to Gary having vigorous sex with Connie on some nights.

Gary approached and handed her a cup, "Here... I made you a coffee..." Petra put the iron down and took it, "Thanks Gary..." He had a cup as well and he took a sip, while eyeing her up, in an almost predatory way. Eventually he sighed, "Petra, are you happy with the situation here? You, Connie and me?"

Petra paused, "It's okay... I'd rather share Connie than lose her..." Gary smirked, "Hah... You and Connie... It's not right... Why can't you see sense and go find yourself a boyfriend like Connie? Then we could all have a nice normal life... I still find it weird when I'm out, thinking about what you and Connie are doing to each other – Urgh!"

Petra raised an eyebrow, "Well, I preferred it when it was just Connie and me... Anyway it's not that simple, I'm a lesbian, I don't find men attractive..."

Gary sipped his drink and shrugged, "Have you ever been with a man?" Petra laid her cup down uncomfortably, "What do you mean?" Gary sighed, "Look, doing whatever 'lesbian' stuff you and Connie do – I don't think it counts, I think unless you've actually had sex with a man, you're still a virgin."

Petra didn't like where this going, "I've never been with a man, on those terms I suppose I am a virgin, and I want it to stay that way." Gary sipped his coffee, "Not even curious? You shouldn't knock it until you've tried it... Besides, if you decided you were bisexual as well, then, well, things might work a lot better in this house. I'm pretty decent guy, I... I find you really attractive as well as Connie... Truth be told I feel kind of guilty knowing you're in the second

bedroom all by yourself while I'm having wild, passionate sex with Connie... I mean I don't think Connie would mind, we could all share one bed, every night, we could just swap places... I really fancy you Petra... Imagine, imagine you, me and Connie, all making love to each other!"

Petra started to feel very uncomfortable, even if he'd still been a man it appeared Gary would've been easily much stronger than he was, after the hormones and the adopting of a feminine role, Gary could easily over-power her and he seemed to be getting frustrated.

Petra placed her now empty coffee cup, "Gary, I really don't like where this is going... I don't think Connie would either." Gary flipped, weeks and months of frustration bubbling to the surface - his face turned into a snarl, "Bitch! I try and make things better for us all and what do you do? You threaten to go blabbing to Connie!"

Petra backed away from the ironing board, "Gary, you're scaring me!" He grabbed her, "I'll scare you, dyke bitch, I'll show what it's like to be with a man whether you like it or not!"

With that Gary slapped her hard across the face, then as she went down grabbed her hair and dragged her up the stairs kicking and screaming. Petra lashed out with her hands, but he was holding her in an iron grip and in such a way that landing a blow was nigh on impossible.

Once she'd been dragged into the bedroom Gary sat on the end of the bed, and forced her over his knee – still kicking and screaming. Then he quickly moved his hands to grip her wrists, again in an iron grip. Petra felt Gary hitch her dress up and pull down her panties. "Gary, please stop!" He simply grunted at her, "I'm going to teach you a lesson bitch, you had to go and be awkward, ever since I moved in I've seen the way you look at me – teasing bitch! You've been practically flirting with me! And then to say you don't want it? I know your type, I've known them before – it's all, 'no, no, I don't want it...' then the next minute they won't let me stop even though I've already come! You're trying to break Connie and me up, well I won't let you, I'm going to teach you to mess with me bitch!"

Gary started spanking Petra as hard as he could, each stroke causing Petra to yelp and squeal, making her bottom sore and throbbing. Petra started to cry as the strokes landed one after another each harder than the last. Just as he'd slowed down he hauled her onto the bed and climbed on after her. She kicked, and fought him, but he was too strong for Petra. Then he was on top of her holding Petra's wrists with one hand and clearly intending to feed his penis into her vagina with the other.

Petra was crying hard now, tears streaming down her cheeks. Gary tried to slide his penis in, but she wriggled around and screamed, desperately, just managing to prevent herself being raped.

He continued trying, Petra crying and trying to squirm free. Eventually he glared at her "Stop struggling bitch! If you don't I'm going smash your face in!... Petra was sobbing, "Get off me! Please... Gary... Get off me... Gary... I'm a man, I had a..."

Gary went bright red, fury growing on his face, "You're a WHAT?!" Petra was sobbing, helplessly pinned down, "I used to be man... I had a sex change so I could be Connie's girlfriend..."

She didn't see the strike coming, he slapped her so hard it threw her head to one side, "You're lying bitch!" She looked pleadingly at him, "It's true! I don't fancy men because I WAS one!"

Gary sneered at her, pulling himself out, then staring at her vagina in disbelief, Petra was sobbing. Realisation grew again on Gary's face, then anger. He climbed off, wrenched Petra up and threw her down on her front, "So you're a transgender are you bitch? I should have given it to you up the ass..."

Petra was wriggling, and pleading, begging him to stop, but Gary didn't listen. Having failed to rape her vaginally, he tried to slide his penis forcefully up Petra's bottom, but again she wriggled and squirmed, struggling with all her might, then crying out. He held her wrists uncomfortable on her back and tried again, desperately trying to penetrate her anally, but failing. Petra tried to squirm free, to

wriggle out, but he was too strong. She felt the glans of his penis on her anal sphincter, he was about to penetrate her...

Then the door opened.

"Gary! What the hell are you doing!?" Connie's jaw had dropped she was glaring at them, "Petra!" Then she saw Gary's hands still locked onto Gary's wrists and she stepped forwards and slapped him as hard as she could, knocking him off Petra and causing him to fall off the bed and bang his head on the floor.

Gary was dazed, Petra crying, he tried to get up, but Connie was in his face screaming with a fury that made even Gary shudder in fear and back away, "You complete asshole! Get out, and never try to contact me again! Petra – ring the police!"

Gary fought his way to his feet backing away from Connie, "Weird bitch! Petra used to be a guy? And you made him get a sex change so he could be your lesbo lover?!"

Connie glared at him, "I never made him do anything! He became a girl so he could be my girl – because he loves me! I wish I'd never met you... It's a pity that fall didn't knock you out – I could have snapped your testicles off too, might have done you some good, allowing you think with your brain rather than your testosterone! Now get out!"

Gary headed for the door while Connie watched him, glaring, now holding the phone in her hand. Before he left Connie yelled at him, "Keys!" He threw them at her petulantly and stormed out.

Petra was still lying on the bed, curled up in a ball crying, sobbing at the thought of what had nearly happened. Connie wrapped her arms around her, "Shhh, Petra... I'm so sorry... It's okay, he's gone now and he's never coming back – we'll call the police."

Petra looked up, "Don't call the police..." Connie looked at her, "But Petra, he was trying to rap..." Petra cut her off, "I don't want the story getting out! Can you imagine if it made the papers? I don't want it getting out and coming between us. Anyway, he didn't he tried to, but I managed to fight him off."



Connie sighed, "But he can't be allowed to get away with it!" Petra pleaded with her, "Please Connie... He tired, but I managed to keep him from penetrating me."

Connie sighed and hugged Petra tightly, stroking her forehead, "Come on then, let's get you all showered."

They showered together, for a long time... Even then Petra still couldn't feel clean. Eventually they donned their nighties and lay in bed together embracing each other. Connie sighed deeply, "Petra, we really should tell the police... Over the last few weeks... I've realised I didn't... I don't want anything to do with men any more, or their testosterone driven stupidity... I only want you, Petra will you marry me?"

A tear welled up in Petra's eye, "Oh Connie, do you mean it?" Connie pulled her tightly into her breast, "Yes, you gave up your male life for me, I want to give myself to you too... Things haven't been good with Gary for a while, I'm really sorry it came to this though... I should never have... Hmmm, we can't let Gary get away with what he did..."

Petra raised an eyebrow, "I don't want to ca...", Connie placed a finger gently on Petra's lips, "I'm not talking about calling the police, there are other ways of punishing Gary... Hmmm, he'll know it was us – we'll have to leave... But I have the perfect solution. we still have your breast forms, surgical glue and silicone paste don't we?" Petra nodded, Connie smiled, "Good, tomorrow most of the stuff, we'll move to my sisters place in Forley, she has a cottage – Gary won't be able to find us there..." Petra raised an eyebrow, "What do you have in mind?"

Connie chuckled, "I know Gary, he'll be out on a monster drinking spree with his friends tonight, he'll stay the night in Kevin's ground floor flat on the sofa. I have a copy of the key – don't ask me how I got it. They'll be so drunk come three O'clock they'll be out cold and won't notice us entering, Gary won't remember a thing."

Petra leaned closer, "What are you intending to do?"

Connie smirked, “I think he needs to learn to respect women a little better, here’s how it works, we sneak in, give him a little rohypnol to knock him out better, then we take him to the hospital. Karen, Leone’s girlfriend works there. While he’s out cold we use the surgical glue to glue your old breast forms onto him, and to glue his penis and scrotum up out of the way. Then we use the flesh coloured silicone paste to make the breasts look real, and to hide his ‘glued up’ male genitals behind a fake pussy, which I mould out of the silicone. We use the surgical glue to fix that old blonde wig on to him – then we put him in a patients gown, let him wake up and get Karen to tell him he’s been a transsexual for over a year, but that he’s just had a brain tumor removed or something and ask him whether there’s been any memory loss. To make it more convincing, I have a dress that my old girlfriend Sarah left here that will fit him – we’ll leave him female clothes at the hospital to change into... Oh to see the look on his face...”

Petra smiled, “That’s evil... I like it!”

Connie sighed, “I think that will give him his just desserts, then we can live at the cottage for a bit... Get my sister to sell off the house and the furniture... Make a fresh start somewhere new – just you and me, new town, new jobs, new life...”

Petra grinned, “Let’s do it... What will become of Gary?” Connie shrugged, “Not our problem... The surgical glue eventually wears off – I imagine within a few weeks his fake vagina will start to fall apart... He’ll realise it’s not real soon enough – or will he? He’ll have to go back to his parents’ house – he gave up the lease on his flat when he moved in with us... He’ll realise, but he won’t be able to take his breasts off or have an erection or orgasm until the glue wears off... Ha! I think it’s worth it just for the thought of him crying his eyes out while he puts his bra, panties and dress on to leave the hospital!”

**~Vengeance**

Connie and Petra managed to execute their plan. Karen had helped them when she'd heard what Gary had done and organised a private room in a disused part of the hospital.

Gary awoke to find an oxygen monitor and a blood pressure monitor on him... He felt hung-over and groggy. When he forced his eyes open he could see he was in a hospital room, hooked up to monitoring equipment. A nurse was watching him, holding a clipboard and pen, "Sophie? How are you feeling?" Gary forged a puzzled look on his face, "Sophie? What are you talking about? Where am I? I'm Gary!"

A concerned look grew on the nurses face, "Oh dear... Sophie, you've just come out of a coma, what is the last thing you remember?" Gary looked down at himself, under his patients gown he could see female breasts... His groin didn't feel right either, he reached down to feel and found his penis and balls were missing, he spoke shakily with a tear growing in his eye, "What's happened to me!? I... I was on a night out with... Then... I can't remember... I feel terrible... Why am I a woman?"

The nurse leaned forwards, "I'm afraid your treatment has effected your memory. You feel a little hung over from the anaesthetic – it will pass." He glared at her and grabbed one of his breast through his patients gown, gasping with shock at how real it felt, "Why am I a girl?" The nurse looked at her clipboard, "Sophie, from your records, I can tell you that a little over eighteen months ago you completed hormone therapy and were castrated and received gender reassignment surgery, that's when you changed your name to Sophie..."

Gary's hands were now frantically probing his groin area, it felt strange, but there was no penis and no balls there. He started crying, harder and harder. The nurse opened a cupboard to reveal a floral print dress, with a set of ladies underwear, "Sophie, I think you should get dressed and go home as soon as you feel well enough, it might help jog your memory. I can imagine it's quite distressing to discover suddenly you've had a sex change..."

Gary could barely hear her, he saw the female clothes and started crying harder and harder, feeling his breasts and groin desperately... Wishing it wasn't true. Finding it hard to believe it was true, it was a complete head-mash!

### ***~Happily ever after***

As it happened it took Gary some time to realise he'd been tricked. His anger and confusion had been worsened when he'd seen himself in the mirror with his long hair. He'd changed out of the patients gown and put on the ladies clothes reluctantly, seeing no other choice – and gasping at his female breasts and genitals in between... In the end he got dressed hurriedly, through a cloud of tears, unable to bear looking at his female body. He'd gone home nervously of course, he'd not been home long before the puzzlement of people grew and it became clear something was up...

Having his penis and scrotum surgically glued together and the underside of his body between his legs, Connie had effectively given him a temporary surgical chastity belt. The breast-forms were also solidly glued on as was the wig...

It was an uncomfortable few months for Gary as the surgical glue loosened... Though it was a relief to find he hadn't been permanently feminized. Little did he know, when he'd been unconscious Connie had toyed with the idea of 'whipping his testicles off' just to teach him a lesson and to stop him thinking with his testosterone rather than his brain...

Eventually Gary's life returned to normal, with a vague memory of waking up discovering he was a woman, and new respect for both women and homosexuals. Of course he also had a burning desire for revenge against Connie, but he never saw her again.

Connie and Petra had a beautiful white wedding, a civil partnership officially... But they didn't care – they both wore matching ivory satin wedding dresses with trains and veils and all the paraphernalia.

Leone and Karen were bridesmaids, and Connie and Petra's relationship only grew stronger and more loving as time went by.

Occasionally Petra would remember his life as a man, and Connie caught him once or twice sitting tearfully playing with his groin. He'd tell her he was just emotional about their journey. After the Gary incident they'd left town and changed jobs, everything had happened so fast... and Petra was very happy with Connie...

But every now and then, though he never admitted it to Connie, he would feel his groin area and cry a few salty tears, that in order to be with the woman he loved he'd had to agree to have his testicles 'whipped off' and his manhood taken away forever... That never again would she experience the intensity and the release of a male orgasm...

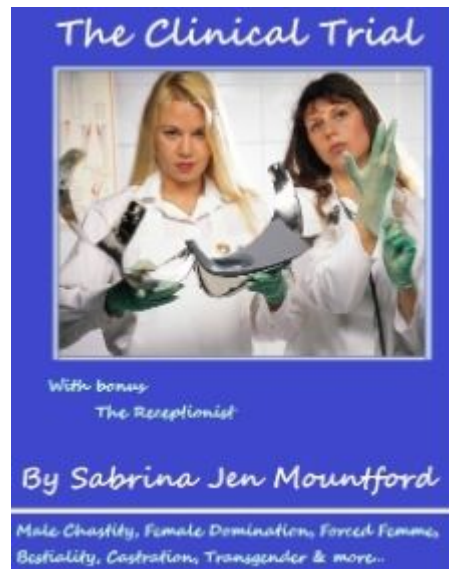
Only the comfort of Connie's loving embrace, their satin nighties rubbing together and their hands caressing and exploring each other's bodies – while their tongues explored each other's mouths could console her...

~fin

By Sabrina

Further Information:-

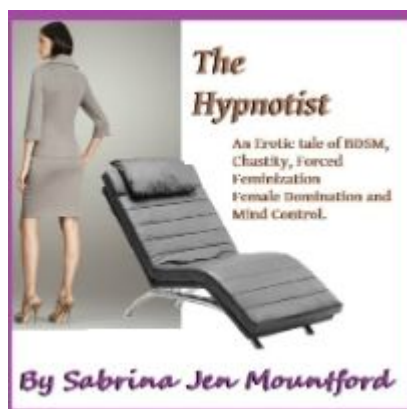
*If you enjoyed this story, and are interested in reading my female domination, erotic fiction - look out for my other work:-*



***The Clinical Trial & The Receptionist : Male Chastity and Forced Femme Fiction.***

*Marcus is a down on his luck student looking to make some easy cash and set about finding some guilt-free student sex. When he signs up for a clinical trial he gets more than he bargained for and ends up enslaved and forced to live as a live in sissy maid. Only his surprising saviour can find a way of releasing him from the captivity of his cruel female tormentresses.*

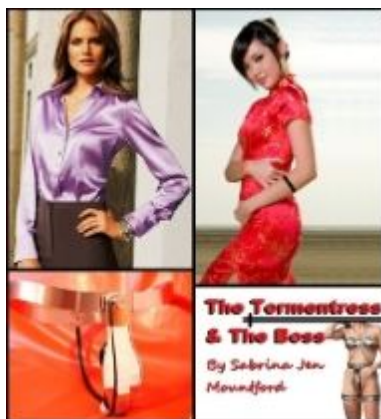
*Contains chastity, forced femme, forced bi, forced bestiality, forced oral, genital shaving, forced ejaculation and forced castration and sex-change operation.*



***The Hypnotist : Chastity, Forced Feminization and Female Domination.***

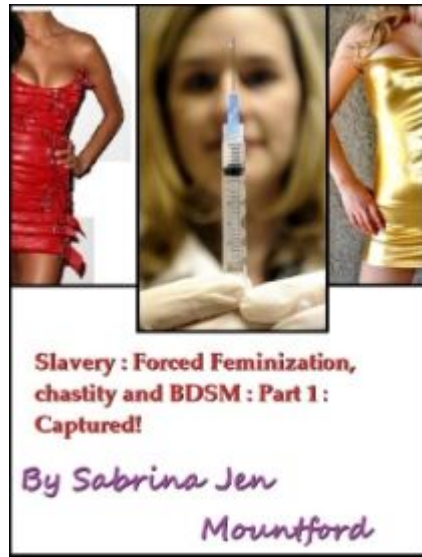
*Denise and Alex had a great relationship, now it's becoming stale though and Denise wants to liven it up by engaging in some kinky fun... With her as the dominant of course. Alex isn't interested. Denise gives up the ghost and books Alex a course of 'smoking cessation' sessions with a renowned hypnotist. He's been trying to quit for years so is happy to give it a go. However his memory of the sessions is very hazy, and he finds himself more and more interested in Denise's fetishes... Whenever he starts to suspect there's more to Dr Eve's hypnosis sessions than 'smoking cessation' he finds he forgets what he's thinking about...*

*Contains chastity, forced femme, pegging, forced oral, sensual mind control and brain washing.*



***The Tormentress and the Boss.***

*Kevin starts a new job, finding himself surrounded by beautiful women. His troubles really start when he's caught with his trousers down – instead of the sack he gets a chastity belt. Alicia meanwhile finds a dark side of her personality awakened. Alicia and Kevin's strange relationship develops, while neither of them knows the sinister truth about Fisher Creative and its owner, Samantha Fisher.*



***Slavery : Forced Feminization, chastity and BDSM : Part 1 : Captured!***



***Slavery : Forced Feminization, chastity and BDSM : Part 2 : Operated on : Forced Transsexual.***

*(Available in one package also, in this story, the protagonist is captured by a group of dominant women who sell and market BDSM equipment. He is mercilessly used to demonstrate the goods, and by the end of part two has been surgically altered to be fully feminized, but with a cruel twist.. .Will he find happiness in his captivity?)*





***The Male Bridesmaid: Chastity, Forced Feminization and Female Domination.***

*Gary is addicted to Kindle Erotica, and has some fairly extreme sexual fantasies. His girlfriend Alison doesn't approve, and decides to give him, 'aversion therapy' whereby she will dish out his fantasies to him in such doses that she forces him to dislike them. The trouble is, Alison starts getting a taste for keeping him locked up in his chastity device and wearing ladies clothing... By the time Alison and her twisted sister, bully Gary into being a bridesmaid she doesn't want to stop... All the while Gary is helpless to obey the whims of his female tormentors, because he's wearing a clever, remote controlled electric shock device in on his cock. When Alison decides to force him to orgasm against his will, she chooses to force-feed him his own semen to further his aversion therapy. When it comes to the crunch and he's offered a choice – which life will he choose?*



***A Sissy Story : WPC Domination : Male Chastity, Slavery, BDSM, Forced Feminization and Female Domination***

Craig is caught speeding by two female police officers, when he pleads with them not to issue him with a fixed penalty he gets more than he bargained for. Handcuffed and bundled into the back of a police car he endures humiliation and pain as he is feminized, chastised and judicially caned. The torment doesn't end there though, with the sensual Anita returning from 'Slavery : Forced Feminization, chastity and BDSM : Part 2 : Operated on : Forced Transsexual.' And Dr Eve returning from 'The Hypnotist' his punishment contains dental torture, force-feeding and eventual castration... Of course not all might be as it seems? How far did the punishment really go? How much of his ordeal was real?



**A Sissy Story : Feminized For Her 'How he became a lesbian' : Male Chastity, Forced Feminization, Female Domination & Forced Transgender**

During a powercut, Peter ends up being talked into going for a drink at a gay night club. It's the last place he expects to find love, but when he meets Connie he feels a strong attraction. As he gets to know her, he realizes they are soul mates and perfect for one another, in all but one aspect... He is a man and she is a lesbian. They enjoy each others company so much they meet the next day anyway as friends, but as time goes on Connie begins to wish Peter was a girl. He has quite feminine features, so that night after a few glasses of wine Connie talks him into participating in an experiment, which involves being fully feminized - and locked into a Kali's Teeth Bracelet chastity device. He agrees because he finds her so attractive... Connie becomes convinced she can turn Peter in the girlfriend she's always dreamed of. She takes his hand and leads him slowly into the world of femininity, but is clear from the start that one day she expects him to have his testicles 'whipped off' and full gender reassignment. He can't resist her, always putting off the thought

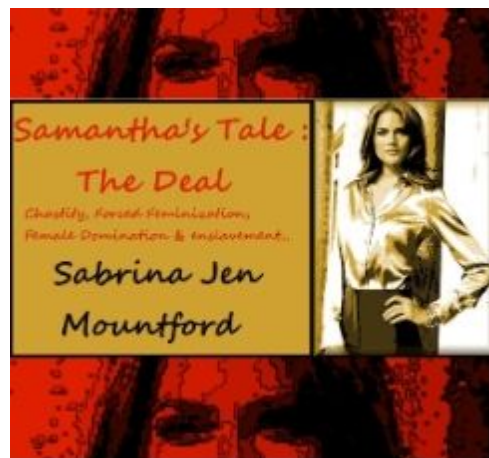
*of being castrated as something that might not happen. In the end  
Connie's patience with her 'project' is running out and he has to make a  
choice - lose Connie, or lose his testicles...*



### **Cross Dressing : Schoolgirl Domination**

*A story about a boy, caught spying on the girls changing room. The girls capture him, bust his balls, spank him, lock him into a chastity device and dress him up as a girl. Humiliatingly he is then forced to attend the girls school and receives further punishments from the strict teachers including a public caning at assembly.*

*Just when he's starting to get used to his situation, a final twist changes his fate forever. Will the magic work? If it doesn't, will Alice keep her end of the bargain and allow him to return to his life as a boy?*



### **Samantha's Tale : The Deal**

**(Prequel to 'The Tormentress & The Boss')**

*Samantha is down on her luck, she's lost her job and is going to lose her flat. A mysterious offer from the seemingly rich and powerful 'Serena Carlotti' is her last hope. Serena draws Samantha Burns into the world of domination, fetish and BDSM. She thinks she's going to teach Samantha how to be a dominatrix, but Samantha is a natural... Soon Samantha is booked up and living a life of riches, so many men fall under her spell and are desperate to be dominated by her. Eventually Donald Fisher of 'Fisher Creative' a wealthy man who has inherited a fortune and a huge country house enters the equation. Fascinated with the idea of female domination he books a session with Samantha who visits him and delivers a most exciting session which involves not just Donald but his vanilla maid, Marien. At the end of the session, despite the fear and anticipation, and the pain... He wants more... How far will he go in submitting to the whims of the ultimate dominatrix Samantha Burns? Locked into a cruel chastity device, hypnotised, feminized... The more he's subjected to, the more he wants... In the end when he's given a choice, submit completely or go free... What will he choose? Will he be able to resist the thought of being locked into Samantha's 'emasculator device' again?*



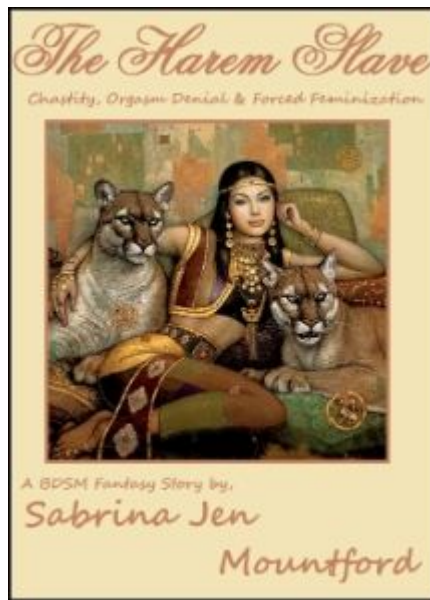
### ***Anita's Tale : The Sperm Donor***

*Edward Mason is a down on his luck student, looking to earn some cash to fund his studies. When he answers an enigmatic advertisement asking for sperm donors and offering to pay well for them - he is naturally intrigued. Anita Grey, (Anita from: 'WPC Domination', 'Slavery 1 : Captured!', 'Slavery 2 : Operated on!' and 'Samantha's Tale : The Deal' ) gives Edward an incredibly intimate and invasive physical examination, probing every orifice mercilessly and thoroughly. Edward of course finds this experience very arousing and he finds Anita very attractive.*

*When he's accepted onto the program, initially reluctant he agrees to join on the promise of a date with Anita. She pierces his genitals and fits him with a chastity device and proceeds to show him the time of his life. At the end of a fantastic date, she encourages Edward into a sexy feminine nightie and whilst keeping him in denial makes good use of him.*

*Now deeply in love with one another, Anita feminizes Edward more and more, and falls more and more in love with him. Eventually, when the study comes to an end Anita has made a decision, she wants to Edward to become a full-time permanent, 'she' so they can live happily ever after. As the mysterious Serena Carlotti suggests, things don't always turn out how we expect them to.*

*The consequences lead Anita to honing her surgical skills to perfection and creating the ultimate feminization surgery...*



### **The Harem Slave**

*Roy and Henry are backpacking, on their gap year from university. When they are offered a chance to visit a previously unknown tiny country run by a Sultan, a last stop before they turn around had head for home, it's too tempting an offer to pass up. Little do they know, they will find themselves being offered for sale at the slave market, and after an invasive poking and prodding from the achingly beautiful princess Hadjina, they are taken away to become the princess's new eunuchs. Their story twists and turns as they end up in chastity, feminized and being domestic servants for the ladies of the harem. Their life becomes a long, unending bout of tease and denial as they squirm and squirm in their devices.*

*Of course it can end at any time, because the princess promises them, if their situation becomes too much, just let her know and she will arrange the surgery for them to become eunuch's after all.*

*The tease and denial culminates in a scene where the hapless Harem Slaves are forced to watch the Sultan 'visit' princess Hadjina while she lies back, playing idly with their cruel chastity devices... Who will break first? Will either of them manage to leave Rijakistan without becoming eunuchs?*





### ***Femdom : The Dressmaker***

*Shaun is a fairly lazy about nineteen year old. His older sister works at a bridal couture shop. When he remarks about her job being a skive Caroline suggests he should try it... Except she's not sure how he'd look in a dress. Feeling defiant Shaun ends up making a bet, he bets she can't get him a job there and she bets he can't hack it.*

*As it turns out, Francesca, the boss has been getting grief from the job centre about discriminating against males in her employment policy. Not one to be defeated, she takes Caroline's suggestion about hiring her brother as a challenge and an opportunity... How far will her efforts to 'feminize' Shaun go? How will Shaun find his new life, blackmailed into Satin and Lace and working in the dress shop, trying on for customers and acting as Fran's manequin.*

*In the end, thanks to a little help from Dr Eve Wilshaw [Of 'The Hypnotist'] Shaun ends up not just accepting his new female status... He embraces it...*

*When Fran supplies him with a new experimental drug to make his breasts grow the results are quite surprising...*

*This is an adult themed forced feminization fiction fantasy story, which is unsuitable for under 18's. It features themes of female domination, male chastity, forced feminization, and orgasm denial.*





### ***Femdom : The Ex's Revenge***

*Femdom: The Ex's Revenge is a sequel to 'The Tormentress & the Boss'. In Femdom : The Ex's Revenge, Angelo is a male chauvinist pig... He's lazy, overbearing and ignorant. When he dumps his girlfriend Melissa because she refuses to wear high heels and have breast implants he doesn't realize the repercussions his actions will have. Melissa goes to work at 'Fisher Creative' and her new employer 'Samantha Fisher' upon hearing about Angelo agrees to help her reap a terrible revenge.*

*Angelo is employed, hypnotized, feminized, chastised and forced to service several of these dominant women who are all out to teach him the power of femininity. He ends up with polypropylene breast implants and locked into a steel pair of high heel shoes - meaning the shoe is now definitely on the other foot. When he ends up in a special chastity belt which gives his owners the ability to 'push button' castrate him at any time his obedience is assured...*

*Eventually Melissa's revenge is complete and Angelo is completely tamed... When it comes to it, what fate will Melissa choose for poor Angelo? And how will he adapt to his new life?*

*This is a very adult, femdom themed, forced feminization fiction fantasy story, which is unsuitable for under 18's. It features themes of female domination, male chastity, forced feminization, and orgasm denial.*



### ***The Male Bridesmaid 2 : The Reluctant Cuckoldress***

*Alison and Gary's relationship fluctuates and changes after Sarah's Wedding, and Gary's ordeal as Sarah's Bridesmaid. This story picks up where 'The Male Bridesmaid' left off and involves more female domination and orgasm denial, with more punishments, maid training and a strong element of cuckolding.*



### ***Tickle Torture : Tickled into Submission***

*When a couple out shopping are approached, to be tickled on camera for a tickling website, they can't imagine the extreme tickle torture they're letting themselves in for, as they are 'Tickled into Submission'*

*Kevin and Alicia are out shopping. When they are approached by three girls asking if they'd be willing to be tickled on camera for a tickle fetish website for cash, their curiosity is peaked. Reluctant at first, the devious trio coax Alicia into agreeing to be tickled with Kevin acting as chaperone...*

*All is going well until Kevin finds his drink tasting a little funny, then he starts feeling a little woozy... Before they know it both Kevin and Alicia are securely restrained, enduring a relentless, merciless tickle torture session, being gang tickled by all three of their captors...*

*Warning this 5500 word short story is an adult themed book, for 18 plus only please.*



### ***Tickle Torture : Tickled until she wets herself***

*Follow Nancy as she is tricked into participating in a trial in tickling, and is ruthlessly tickle tortured, 'Tickled until she wets Herself'*

*Nancy is a rather smug, irritating girl who needs to be brought down a peg or two.*

*Gina gets the perfect opportunity to arrange this when a fellow student tells her about the research project he's working on. Nancy, foolishly signs up to volunteer without reading the small print, she then finds herself restrained and at the mercy of the researchers who tickle her relentlessly, injecting her with a drug to enhance ticklishness, and eventually tickling her until she wets herself.*

*Warning this 6500 word short story is an adult themed book, for 18 plus only please.*

## Corporal Punishment : A Study / in Caning



By Sabrina Jen Mountford

### **Corporal Punishment : A Study in Caning (The BDSM Studies)**

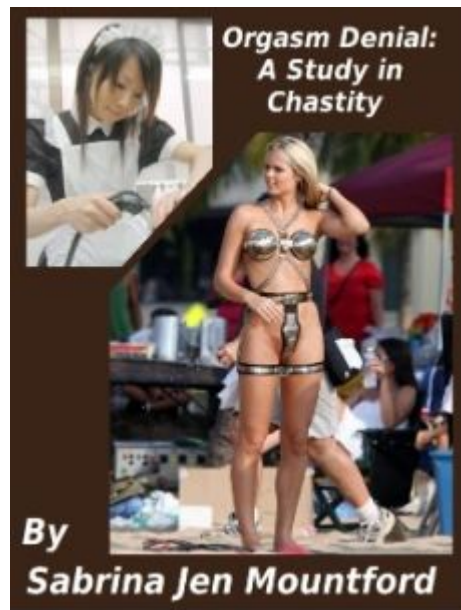
*When Professor Jacqueline Reed is reading an article about corporal punishment and the effects it's abolition may have had on academic results she questions her own thoughts on it's use. A Samantha Fisher, of Fisher creative happens to have been peeping over her shoulder and suggests she run a study.*

*With a morbid fascination, all stemming from her childhood and both a fear and curiosity surrounding the headmistresses cane - she decides maybe a study is in order? Samantha Fisher promises to get the study through ethics, and the beautiful young Professor is well and truly down the rabbit hole. A visit to a professional dominatrix to receive some tuition results in her receiving more than tuition and she's left with a lasting memory that will shape her destiny forever.*

*As a natural switch, both beautifully submissive and deliciously dominant, her students volunteering for the study are in for an unforgettable experience. The professor attaches probes and sensors to monitor their response to corporal punishment and humiliates them mercilessly in front of each other. Of course enjoying every minute of it...*

*As the study progresses, the professor makes a startling discovery about corporal punishment and the study comes to a surprising conclusion...*

*This 19,000 word story is a very adult, femdom themed, forced feminization fiction fantasy story, which is unsuitable for under 18's. It features themes of female domination, male chastity, forced feminization, and orgasm denial.*



### ***Orgasm Denial : A Study in Chastity (The BDSM Studies)***

*The beautiful switch, Professor Jacqueline Reed, is back. The doctor of psychology, after another interesting conversation with the enigmatic Samantha Fisher, decides to pay another visit to the professional dominatrix Mariella Jane Hall. Her intention, to learn more about chastity and orgasm denial, leads to her being quickly enslaved by the dominatrix, who locks her into an interesting chastity ensemble, which both arouses and punishes arousal. Over the course of several days the professor is forced to do uniformed domestic service, and give her beautiful new owner personal services too, all while in strict denial and being forced to desperately suppress her own arousal.*

*When Mariella asks her repeatedly if she wishes to become her property permanently, her permanent, frustrated and denied, chaste sex slave - Jacqueline is so, so tempted... She almost agrees.*

*Eventually Mariella releases Jacqueline from her chastity devices and service, and Jacqueline, the natural switch, decides she has to experience the other side of this relationship, and who better to dominate than her favourite two 'test subjects' Simon and Celeste? Whom she'd spent the previous two semesters caning and forcing to orgasm?*

*Throughout the submission and the dominance, Jacqueline finds herself learning*

*more about herself and learning more about her sexual preferences, having always considered herself 'straight', after being submissive to Mariella and dominating Celeste, she finds herself feeling more that she is a lesbian, and possibly always has been.*



***Forced Feminization : A Study in Sissification (The BDSM Studies)***

*This 16,850 word story is the surprising conclusion to Jacqueline Reed PhD's story. It starts where 'Orgasm Denial : A Study in Chastity' left off, with her intending to try forced feminization, turning Simon into Simone to further her selfishly enjoyable experiments into domination, submission, forced femme, BDSM, chastity, orgasm denial and sexuality. However after a brutal judicial caning leaves one of her subjects unable to sit down, suspicions are raised.*

*Her career under threat, her secret life of domination and slave owning about to be exposed, there is only place Jacqueline can hide, only one person she can turn to, the dominant Mistress who has asked her to submit fully, and to her, to become her property, her sex slave, the dominant Mistress Mariella Jane Hall...*

*\*Warning this 16,850 word novella contains depictions of severe, judicial caning, corporal punishment, forced femme, genital piercing, branding and slavery and various fetish elements. It is NOT for the prudish or those offended by these topics! - Over 18's only please!\**





### ***Gender Swap : Anita's Transgender Pill : A Gender Bender Story***

#### ***Gender Swap : A Forced Feminization, Transgender Story***

*When chauvinistic Alex walks into a bar, seeing a potential 'conquest' sitting at the bar, he smiles to himself. What he doesn't know is the beautiful woman sipping wine and watching the news on the suspended television set is the formidable 'Anita Grey' the sociopathic dominatrix with a penchant for forcibly feminizing men through various different means.*

*After a brief conversation confirms Anita's initial assessment that Alex needs to be taught a lesson, he unwittingly becomes a guinea pig in a sinister experiment, testing a new drug, so powerful it can transform a biological male into a biological female overnight.*

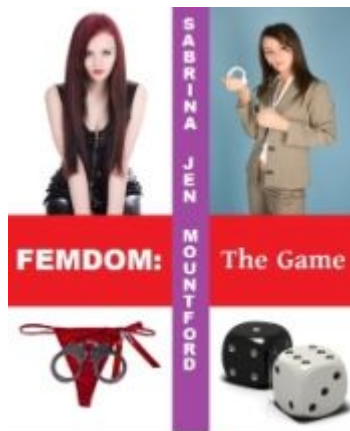
*Distraught, to find himself waking up in a female body Alex struggles to cope and to accept his fate. Not completely without compassion, Anita after subjecting her test subject to a variety of humiliating medical procedures to make sure his transition has gone smoothly, begins helping to guide, counsel and reassure him, helping him to embrace his femininity and counselling him over the loss of his male sexual organs.*

*When Alex finds out there is no way back, he goes on a self-destructive rampage, almost leading to him becoming a victim of 'date-rape'. When Anita hears about this ill-treatment of her latest 'test-subject', she sets out to wield the sort of life-changing revenge only she can...*



*\*Warning this 29,000 word novella contains depictions of forced gender change, graphic medical procedures and various fetish elements. It is NOT for the prudish or those offended by these topics!\**

*(It reads very well as a sequel to the novella ' Femdom : The Dressmaker')*



### ***Femdom : The Game***

*Jessie and Marcy have a shared interest. They both love their Kindle. They both have a fondness for a certain fetish and femdom author and tease each other about living 'the lifestyle'.*

*When an old friend suggests meeting up for a drink with Marcy, Jessie and Marcy don't realize how much their lives will change. Grace and Matilda draw them into the world of 'The Club' where games are played and forfeit's are paid.*

*Neither wants to admit how much they enjoy losing the game, and neither would dream of how quickly they get drawn into a sinister world of BDSM, female domination, forced feminization, bondage, corporal punishment and forced bi.*



### ***Femdom : The Game 2 : High Stakes***

*Jessie and Marcy have been introduced to the dark, sinister world of BDSM and fetish by Marcy's old friend 'Grace'. Having been visited 'The Club' on two occasions now, Matilda, the enigmatic owner is ready to up the ante. Marcy will see her sexuality tested and questioned as she indulges herself, exploring a bisexual relationship with lesbian encounters with the beautiful and dominant Grace.*

*Jessie will learn a new meaning to the word fear and pain as he is taken below the club, into the dark and sinister world of the dungeon below, where Lucy will teach him a new game and a new meaning of fear and pain, as she introduces him to the sinister and painful possibilities, that can come from being at the mercy of the Dungeon Dice.*

*Warning this 17,000 word novella is not suitable for under 18's, it contains very adult themes of:-*

*Femdom  
Female Domination of Males and Female Domination of Females  
Predicament Bondage  
Punishment  
Orgasm Denial  
Chastity  
Bi  
Lesbian  
Slavery  
Fetish Torture*

*\*\*\* Special Warning, this novella contains a graphic description of finger nail removal. It is NOT for the squeamish. It could be considered erotic by some, but horror by others - you have been warned. \*\*\**



### ***Femdom : The Game 3 : The Ultimate Forfeit***

*This is a 25,000 word fantasy female domination erotika story. It is NOT supposed to be realistic, it is pure femdom fantasy.*

*'Femdom : The Game 3 : The Ultimate Forfeit' continues where 'Femdom : The Game 2 : High Stakes' left off. With Jessie and Marcy agreeing to another game, a game not reliant on dice rolls or chance but a game of endurance, pure endurance. The contest? To see which of them can 'please' more patrons of Matilda's fetish club on 'swingers night'. The forfeit for the loser? A whole year living as a chaste sissy maid and live-in sex slave for the dominant ladies Matilda, Grace and Lucy. Both Marcy and Jessie agree to the game, both 100% sure they are going to win, but one of the clubs patrons has an ulterior motive for ensuring their 'slave' loses the game and goes all out to make sure of it.*

*At the end of the twelve months, both Marcy and Jessie's lives have been turned upside down, can they ever go back to the fairly vanilla life they left behind? Even if they could - would they choose to? Or would they immerse themselves deeper and deeper into the fetish world of BDSM, dominance and submission, slavery, chastity, forced feminization and regular punishments?*

*Warning this 25,600 word novella is not suitable for under 18's, it contains very adult themes of:-*

*Femdom*

*Female Domination of Males and Female Domination of Females  
Predicament Bondage  
Punishment  
Orgasm Denial  
Chastity  
Bi  
Lesbian  
Slavery  
Fetish Torture*



***Diary of Sissy Slave Alicia***

*Online slavery, Forced Feminization, Chastity, BDSM & Fetish... All under the threat of Blackmail!  
Is this erotic fiction or is it real?*

*It reads like erotica, but the photo's the emails? How real is it?*

*Read it and decide for yourself, an anonymous erotic fiction writer with a twisted, devious imagination, is contacted by a reader asking how he can get his girlfriend to 'lock him up'. She offers some basic advice, which backfires and leaves him single. Wanting to experience chastity, he purchases a chastity device himself and at Sabrina's suggestion, he freezes the keys to the device so he can't access them easily. Knowing he wants to be kept in chastity against his will Sabrina tells Alicia she does NOT have permission to unfreeze those keys, and so begins Alicia's online domination..*

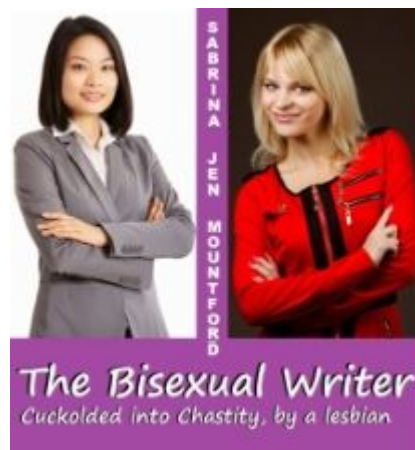
*The online domination, however soon begins to spiral out of control as Sabrina*

*asks if Sissy Slave Alicia wants to be blackmailed. When Alicia agrees Sabrina begins prescribing longer and longer periods of chastity and orgasm denial and begins enforcing more and more forced feminization, ordering Alicia into all sorts of feminine attire and banning male underwear completely at one point, leaving poor Sissy Slave Alicia with nothing but panties and bra's for underwear.*

*Over the course of the long periods of chastity Sissy Slave Alicia endures some painful and humiliating visits to local dominatrixes, as you read this account you'll ask yourself could it be real?*

*Only two people know for sure whether it's real, but this should serve as a warning to anyone interested in online domination of how far, and how extreme it can go.*

*\*Warning this 22,000 word erotika is only suitable for 18+*



### ***The Bisexual Writer : Cuckolded into Chastity, by a Lesbian***

*Forced Feminization and Male Chastity, where can they lead to? When you introduce and encourage a fetish and BDSM side to your girlfriend where can it end? When you start encouraging her to explore her bisexual fantasies and to sleep with another girl, it can end in a dark place, where you become sidelined, while your girlfriend develops a lesbian relationship, while you stay firmly locked in chastity.*

*There is an element of truth to this story. It's not a 100% factual account of how bf ended up effectively 'Cuckolded by a Lesbian' but it should give you a very good idea. There's as much truth in here as there is fiction. It's a strange cuckolding story in ways, I don't know of any other stories where a guy gets cuckolded by a lesbian. I suppose it just goes to show, that especially in the world of fetish and*

*BDSM, sometimes reality can be stranger than erotic fiction!*

*This 26,000 word, semi-fictional BDSM, fetish Erotika includes themes of:-*

*Femdom  
Female Domination  
Male Chastity  
Orgasm Denial  
Forced Feminization  
Shaving Fetish  
Forced Orgasm  
Force Feeding  
Tickling  
Genital Piercing  
Tattooing  
Domination & Submission*

*\*Suitable for over 18's only please.*



***Kidnapping, psychological torture, dental torture, force-feeding, isolation, padded cells, straight jackets and ultimately the destruction of her very mind, all await Marie in the 'Terror Asylum'***

*Marie is a psychiatric nurse, working on a secure unit which detains patients when they've been sectioned under the mental health act. She's generally been kind and*

*considerate to patients over the years, but when some patients were 'naughty' and not co-operative, refusing medication or simply not doing as they were told, she'd occasionally resorted to sedation and restraint as a punitive measure.*

*One night, after work, when leaving the unit. she has a sinister sensation that someone is following her. When she's chloroformed and kidnapped, she wakes up in a cell in an old abandoned insane asylum, wearing a straightjacket. Who has captured her? What tortures do they have in store for her?*

*It quickly becomes clear, Marie has been captured by a deranged ex-patient, who is hell-bent on revenge, determined to punish Marie for her abuse of authority, in a style which reflects the crime - the abuse of patients in a psychiatric unit. As Marie spends longer and longer isolated and restrained in a padded cell, treated as a patient, forcibly drugged and more, she starts to feel 'like' a patient and has to fight to retain her identity. Few, opportunities to escape do arise, and when you're restrained and hung-over from being drugged, it's surely only a matter of time before you end up back in your padded cell, terrified of what torture your captor has lined up for you next.*

*When a wandering urban explorer stumbles upon your locked padded cell, it seems like you might have one last throw of the dice, one last bid for freedom. With her sinister, deranged captor determined to destroy Marie's mind though, it's still not certain, Marie will ever escape the 'Terror Asylum' with her life, or her mind intact.*

*\*Warning This Horror Story contains scenes of kidnap, torture and confinement. It also contains scenes which are sexual in nature. Suitable for 18+ only.*

*\*The practices, policies and style of psychiatric patient care in this story is not intended to reflect current procedures and policies in any country and should be treated as entirely fictional.*

*\*Saddleton Brook Lunatic Asylum is a fictional setting, any similarities with real psychiatric hospitals are coincidence. The psychiatric unit which Marie works at is also entirely fictional, any similarities with real psychiatric units are coincidence.*

*This story is approximately 18,000 words long, not including the additional information provided or the promotional descriptions of the author's other works.*

## **FAQ**

**Q; How can I be kept up to date with your new releases?**



A: Email me at [sjm.author@yahoo.com](mailto:sjm.author@yahoo.com) asking to be added to my contacts list. When I release a new story I may send a quick email out. Or follow me on goodreads, I even announce the odd 'free promo' there so it's worth subscribing to my blog if you like free femdom erotica.

*Q: Are you going to be releasing more paperbacks?*

A: No, maybe, don't know... The createspace content filter is a lot stricter than Amazon's so I will only ever be able to release the tamer stories. [I have since released '17 Shades of Depravity' a compilation of most of my 2012 and early 2013 stories, and I've released Corporal Punishment : A Study in Caning and My Tickle Torture Duology as well! So do check back, I will publish little bits of paperback.

*Q: Do you create your own book covers?*

A: No, they are done for me.

*Q: Why did there turn out to be two Harem Slaves?*

A: I decided it would be more interesting to write a shared experience.

*Q: Are you a professional dome?*

A: No, I have some experience with kink, with current and former partners, but no I am NOT a pro dome.

*Q: Will you lock me up and force me to wear ladies clothes?*

A: No, that is for your partner to do.

*Q: Please?*

A: No, you could try Perry's tactic as read in 'The Beautician Trap', but I can't be held responsible for the outcome.

*Q: How can I get my girlfriend to lock me up and force me into lingerie?*

A: I don't know, it might not be possible. Some people will never be receptive to the idea of kink. You should probably broach the subject carefully, and honestly. Some people say writing down a list of kinky fantasies and then swapping them is a good idea. Sarah Jameson is the best person to help you with this.

*Q: Do you really dominate your boyfriend?*

A: Sometimes, not all the time... Kink, is a bit of fun – that's all. We play, we call it 'playing' and we have fun. I have made him go to work wearing ladies underwear on occasion, but in reality 'made' isn't true. If he didn't want to, I couldn't really make him – he's stronger than me and I don't think blackmail would work. I don't actually get that much out of knowing he's fidgeting around in my knickers, trying to adjust his bra straps and suspender belt under his work clothes – he gets a lot out of it, but it's important that he feels I've forced him to do it. Sexuality is a complicated thing.

*Q: Sounds like your boyfriend is really into his kink, are you? Or do you just do it for him?*

A: He's more into it than me. I do like the sense of being in control, and anything which puts me in control and makes him vulnerable turns me on. It's just a bit of fun though really.

*Q: Aren't your stories morally reprehensible?*

A: No, they're just stories, not to be taken seriously – they're literally 'just a bit of fun'.

*Q: Couldn't your stories encourage people to do criminal or dangerous things?*

A: I hope not! If some girl decides to handcuff her boyfriend to the bed, then castrate him because she read something similar in one of my stories – that's her problem not mine. I don't actually get turned on at the thought of men being castrated in the slightest, but I know my boyfriend does, and I like to think I understand him – so I can write that scenario. Whenever I ever feel inclined to castrate a man it tends to be because he's being egocentric, insensitive and thinking with his testosterone rather than his brain – as so many men do.

*Q: So do you hate men?*

A: No, I like most men, most of the time.

*Q: Are any of the characters in your stories or events real or based on real?*

A: Nope, sorry hun, they're all products of my twisted imagination. (Though of course real-life experience can creep in from time to time.)

*Q: So there's no Samantha Burns/Fisher?*

A: Nope... There might be some ultra-dominant woman, with a huge stately home full of dungeons and torture equipment, who is capturing, castrating and selling men... But if there is I don't know about her personally, and I doubt there is...

*Q: A lot of your stories seem to involve castration, does your boyfriend want to be castrated? Does he want gender reassignment? Do you want him to be your girlfriend?*

A: Sexuality is complicated. He fantasizes about castration and being reassigned a woman, but he doesn't really want to be... The reality here should be kept very separate from the fantasy. Having your testicles removed will have a serious effect on your physiology and sexuality. The desire to be castrated will probably vanish the minute your balls have been snipped off, but it's too late then – you might as well take HRT and have breast enhancements – once it's done, it's done and once it's done I don't think you can experience anything like a 'normal' orgasm again.

*Q: So even if I really fantasize about it all the time, I shouldn't get castrated?*

A: No, unless you feel you should always have been a woman and want gender reassignment for a deeper meaning than sexual fantasy – it would probably only make you depressed.

*Q: How many of these stories are you going to write?*

A: I don't know... I have a bubbling cauldron of ideas in my head, as long as I still have some ideas I'll write more. I might even try to work these short stories into a long novel and put it out as a physical book using create space or something...

*Q: I love reading your material, but there isn't enough! Who else can I read for similar stories?*

A: My first recommendation is to read all of 'Maia Anne Fisher' then 'Crystal Summers; then all of 'Anne Michelle', 'Grounded in heels', 'The Writers Secret' and 'Humiliation at the office' are all excellent stories. If you've read all mine and all of Anne Michelle's and still want more – then read Sara Desmarais, I suggest you start with 'A change in our marriage' it's really excellent. Also I highly recommend both 'Aimee Allison' and 'Sandy Thomas' they've both written some excellent femdom.

*Q: What do you think of 'Fifty Shades'?*

A: Haven't read it, so don't know... It's about a female submissive, I'm dominant... So unless the story, characters and plot are fantastic in the absence of any sexual content – I probably wouldn't get much from it.

*Q: Is Sabrina Jen Mountford your real name?*

A: No it's a pen name.

*Q: Can you tell me more about you? Where you live, how old you are, what your real name is?*

A: No, I don't want stalking. If you want to get to know me better – read more of my stories. Though in reality all that will really teach you is what a twisted imagination I have.