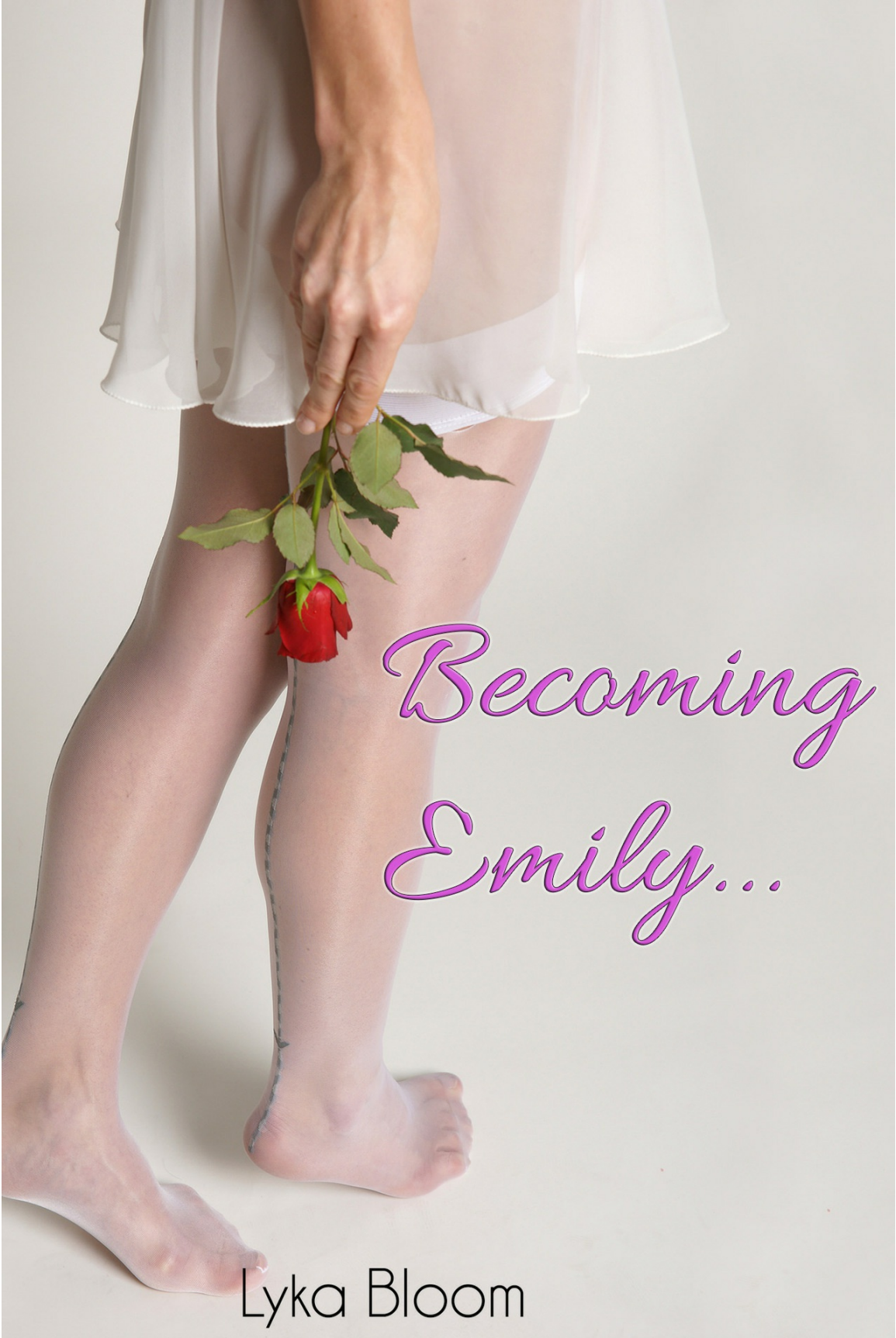




*Becoming
Emily...*

Lyka Bloom



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BECOMING EMILY

by Lyka Bloom

BECOMING EMILY

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Written by Lyka Bloom

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Richard cranked the music up from the controls on his steering wheel and pushed the coupe past 80, the stinging rain smacking the windows like colorless bugs. His wipers kicked and back and forth quickly, and the rhythmic *whoosh-rub* was like a metronome, daring him to keep his eyes awake.

He hated driving at night, and more so when the rain was coming down like this, making the road and lines melt together in a haze of dark gray and reflective light. He rolled the window down a crack to let the cold night air rush in, and he was even grateful for the stinging pellets of water that found their way inside, splashing against his cheek.

He checked the clock on his dash again. Nearly three in the morning, too late for him to call Jessie and let her know that he was on his way. Their conversation ended abruptly, and Jessie had refused to answer his calls following her declaration.

"We're just becoming different people," she'd said, over the din of voices in the background. It sounded like she was at a party. "We tried to make it work, Richie, and I think we should be proud of that, but it's over. You stayed and... I moved on."

His fingers tightened around the steering wheel. He was angry and hurt, and when combined with his exhaustion, he could barely think straight. As soon as he realized she was not answering his calls, he'd thrown a backpack with a change of clothes and a wad of money from his sock drawer into the back seat and headed for Ohio, where Jessie was attending. It was an eight hour drive, and a boring one at that, but he'd made it again and again when Jessie had first gone away to school. As his job had expanded to demand work on the weekends, he realized that Jessie would not be making the trips home as he had to her.

He could feel her slipping away from him, like the thread that existed between them, like gold to airy thinness beat, was growing more thin and precarious in its strength. With that call, it risked being severed entirely.

"She just needs to see me," he said to himself, his fingers tapping along to the beat. "We see each other, and it's all going to be alright."

He didn't see the deer loping out onto the highway until his beams struck it directly, leaving him thirty yards to react. He hit the brakes with both feet. Twenty yards. The rear end fishtailed, and Richie turned the wheel in the opposite direction, the nose of the car now beginning to spin, too. Ten yards. The deer was frozen in the road, staring at Richie's car and the wide-

eyed driver within.

The car swung wide, missing the deer, but the angle was too sharp, the skid too wild, and Richie felt the wheels crunch on the gravel of the shoulder and then nothing as his car floated through the air, freed of earthly bonds. For a brief second, Richie saw his phone suspended in midair beside him. And then the car stopped suddenly, accompanied by the sound of metal bending inward and Richie felt an intense pain in his left leg before blackness overtook him.

Sixty feet above, the deer shook itself free of its fear and ran from the sound, the ticking of a car engine the only sound after a beat, hidden from most by the sound of the rain falling in its cool sheets.

It took no more than ten minutes for the flashing lights of an EMT vehicle to arrive, and, by that time, Richard was gone.

Richie started to bring his hand to his head, then realized he could not. A thick fabric cuff was wrapped around his wrist, that fixed to the sides of a hospital bed. Then he remembered the accident.

"Hello?" he called out, though his voice was barely a whisper. It scratched and croaked when he tried to use it, and sharp pins of pain accompanied the effort.

A scan of the room did nothing to ease his panic. Beside the bed was monitor, pinging as it calculated his heart rate thanks to the cups affixed to his chest, and his blood pressure, using the data from the cuff around his right bicep. Aside from that machine and the bed he rested on, the rest of the room was bare, save for a small table on his left, sporting a lamp that lit the room gently, and a chair beside the bed. A single portrait of a ship lost at sea rested on one plainly colored wall.

As consciousness returned, he felt a million small aches from all over his body, no part of him exempted from one level of pain or another. None was too extreme, and he supposed the IV dripping into his arm was partially to thank for that.

The singular door set in the opposite wall opened, and a woman entered. Not quite a woman, Richie corrected himself, for she could not have been out of college. She had soft brown hair, long and pulled back from her forehead, with a flirty curl at the tips. She wore a black dress, the hips and thighs surprisingly form-fitting, and the collar of the dress was banded in white, suggesting a nurse. Her legs were in black hose and Richie saw as she

approached that the heels were unexpectedly formal, with tall and pointed heels lifting her feet four inches from the floor.

"Where am I?" he rasped.

"You are in the home of Mistress Eleanor Cade. You were in a car accident and Mistress Cade came upon you first. She brought you here to recover."

As she spoke, the young and very pretty nurse checked his vitals and made a note on the chart she carried, then removed a syringe from her pocket, depositing the contents in his IV line.

"Hospital," he whispered.

"I'm afraid Mistress decided against the hospital. She will be along to speak with you shortly. I gave you something to relax. Let me know if your pain level increases to a point where you need more medication."

She placed her thin, delicate fingers on his forehead and swept them along his cheek as she released him from her touch.

"All your vitals are strong, Sir. If you need any other service, please let me know."

"What is your name?"

She smiled, looked down, a soft blush highlighting her fair skin.

"Nicole," she said and hurried away.

Richie watched her leave, the confusion at his predicament momentarily sidelined for an appreciation of Nicole's curves. She was slim of build, but she was undeniable pretty, and possessed of a demure nature that surprised him.

After she had gone, Richie struggled again with his restraints, and found that his ankles were likewise bound. There was a slow-moving floaty feeling that was spreading through his body, and he found himself relaxing into the sheets. His head was spinning, but in a pleasant way. Even the soft light of the lamp seemed to waver and send ripples across the ceiling of the room like the reflection of water in motion. The tingles were so intense that he found himself laughing, as if he had received too much laughing gas at the dentist.

"I see the drugs are taking effect," a woman's voice said, interrupting his reverie.

He leaned his head up to see a strikingly beautiful woman standing at the foot of his bed. He could see the slimming skirt she wore that clung to her slender hips and the expensive-looking button up with a frilled collar at its

top. Her hair was done up in an elegant style, and her makeup was sparse and tasteful. She looked like she could have been ripped from a Victorian portrait, and this thought, too, generated more uncontrolled laughter.

"I am Mistress Eleanor Cade," she said, stepping around the bed to come beside him. "You've been with us for some time. The accident was severe. Do you remember the accident?"

"A deer," he managed, then sank back into his smiling fog.

"There was severe trauma to your chest and face, I'm afraid. Luckily for you, I am acquainted with several excellent plastic surgeons. You were better with me than any hospital."

"Why?" he asked, struggling to lift his arms to show off the restraints.

"You were experiencing some seizures following the accident. And the sight of yourself now that you're awake. Let's just say that it's for your own good. But we shouldn't worry you over that just yet. I'm sure you have several questions, and you will be answered in time. For now, you should know that you are now in my possession. The rest of the world thinks Richard Trent is dead, his body lost to the river near the accident."

"What?"

"Lie back," she said, placing a hand on his chest to settle him back. The drugs created their own gravity, too, and he sank back on the bed. "I am always in need of quality girls, and you feel into my lap, as it were. The proper build and the way you'd been injured, you were essentially raw material, Richard. And that dizzy feeling you have? A special cocktail designed to keep you very docile. The next few weeks will be unpleasant, Richard, but after the work is done, you will be beautiful."

"Don't... want..." He trailed off as the drugs gripped his consciousness and dragged him down into darkness, the sound of Eleanor Cade's plans for him chasing him into oblivion.

The tingling continued. Even when he was awake, which was more often than he liked, he felt that same sense of drifting. It was as if his whole body had fallen asleep and all he could feel of himself were the pins and needles where his limbs should be. He remembered Nicole coming in and out, sometimes talking, though he couldn't recall what they discussed. No matter, she would inject more unnamed fluid into his IV before she left him.

When he would fall asleep, he would be awakened by a loud blaring sound coming from a hidden speaker. In addition to the haze from the drugs

that were being fed into his veins, he was exhausted. The woman, Cade, would come in at meal times to feed him, as he remained restrained at all times. He felt humiliated by the infantilization of being forced to relieve himself in bed pan and be fed by his captor.

"You are doing so well," she would tell him as she collected spoonfuls of soup, guiding the food to Richie's mouth. "Your body is responding wonderfully. And it won't be long before your mind follows suit. And then, sweetheart, Richard will truly be dead. A whole new life awaits you."

It went on like this for more time than he could measure, his mind reeling with lack of sleep and what must have been hallucinogens of some kind. When he tried to focus on a fixed image, like the table beside him, he could see its image waver and bend, like the few times he'd done acid in high school.

One night – or maybe it was day, he had no way of knowing – Richie was again awakened by the alarm, blaring in his ears as he jerked awake. His body ached with vague pain and exhaustion, and his mind was splintered by the program of psychic warfare the woman waged against him. Unable to move any appendage more than a foot in any direction, brutalized by his inability to focus or understand what was happening to him, Richie cried. He released great big sobs that shook his body as he eulogized whatever he had been. An obsessive boy trying desperately to win back his girlfriend whose name he could scarcely remember. She thought he was dead, and wasn't he? He knew his name, but what else could he feel sure of? He had no idea what he even looked like anymore, though the woman, Cade, was quick to tell him he was healing.

He wept for who he had been and who he might become. More than anything, he only wanted to sleep, uninterrupted, for as long as his body would allow. Unbeknownst to him, he had reached his breaking point, become a shattered vessel. And elsewhere in the building, Eleanor Cade watched Richie's psyche collapse and she smiled.

"Good morning," Nicole said, backing into the room, carrying a tray in her hands. She wore a thin smile, but Richie welcomed the interruption from his own fractured thinking.

He looked forward to the visits from Nicole, not only for the dreamy fog that followed her administration of his medication, but because he had grown more enamored of her as the days went on. With her light brown hair

and fine features, gentle brown eyes that spoke of a timid sweetness, Richie had grown to think of her as his guardian angel, despite her complicity with Cade.

He imagined that she had been taken, like him, and was being held against her will, forced to perform in Cade's sinister games.

"Good morning," he replied, giving her his best smile in return. It was weak, and his eyes fluttered. He breathed deep, taking in the scent of her perfume, a light and floral aroma that calmed him.

His voice was no longer raspy, but he could not seem to force it back to his remembered voice. As the rasp had faded, so had the bass in his tone until he was almost embarrassed to speak for how highly pitched he sounded.

"It's a big day for you," Nicole said, resting her tray on the table by the bed and taking a seat on the edge of the mattress. Her closeness to him made Richie feel safer somehow. The depression of her seat on the mattress warmed him, and he raged against his restraints once more. If he could touch her, maybe she would tell him what was happening.

"Big day?" he asked in his shamefully airy voice.

"Mistress is almost ready to reveal yourself. But you are a mess. The sponge baths are a far cry from a proper bath. Would you like that?"

"Yes, please," he said. The thought of being let loose to sink into a hot bath sounded like a piece of heaven.

"Good. And you will behave if I release the restraints?"

"Yes. I promise."

"Good, then," she replied with a smile. "Now prepare yourself. You're going to be very weak."

She circled the bed, pausing at his feet to unsecure the restraints on his ankle with the fabric tear of heavy Velcro coming free, and Richie found that, despite being unrestrained, it was difficult for him to move his legs. He wiggled his toes and tried to lift his leg from the bed, but he could only manage a few inches from the surface of the mattress before his leg fell back onto the bed.

"No fidgeting," Nicole chided.

When his arms, too, were free, Richie rubbed his wrists and noticed that his skin was even paler where the restraints had covered it. He also noticed that his arms were nearly as weak as his legs, and that his skin felt remarkably soft, which he attributed to his confinement in a windowless room for an indeterminate amount of time.

Richie had spent his time in bed in nothing but an open-backed hospital gown, and he felt it come open, exposing his back and rear as Nicole wound her head under his arm and eased him onto his feet. His knees buckled almost immediately, and it was Nicole's support alone that kept him from spilling onto the cold, bare floor.

"Easy, sweetie," she whispered, encouraging him to take one step, then another, until he was moving his feet heavily across the floor, toward the door.

"Outside?" he asked, feeling suddenly very dizzy. The lack of sleep and cocktail of drugs kept him from focusing too long on a single object or thought, and he had almost forgotten he asked when Nicole pushed open the door to the only world he'd known since his accident.

The hallway was stone-floored, bare cinderblock walls. He noted a pair of doors they passed, one on either side of the hall.

"That's the quiet room," Nicole said, her tone respectful. "You don't want to go in there," she finished, nodding to the door on the left.

Richie tried to think of a response, but could only nod. He had a more difficult time with the stairs at the end of the hall, leading them up to a closed door. Nicole paused with him on each step as he dragged the dead weight of his feet from one step to the next, higher one. He hated himself for feeling so weak, and clung tighter to Nicole, thankful for her aid. Maybe she was leading him out, he thought, as she opened the door at the top of the stairs and bright light struck them both, Richie jerking his arm up with a spike of pain as he covered his eyes.

"It's okay," Nicole reassured him, guiding him up and out of the basement of the meticulously decorated and expansive home.

"Where is this?" he gasped.

"Your home, sweetie. I know it's been hard on you, but it will all be better soon, I promise."

"Thank you," he whispered. "Thank you."

Richie tried to drink in the sights as they moved around a corner, down another hallway, this one carpeted and lined with pictures of Cade, some with Nicole at her side. And then they were in another room, the biggest bathroom Richie had ever been in, with a wide tiled floor and tall bath, steps leading up to the lip of it.

Nicole turned him and sat him on the edge of the bed. "Let's get the rest of this off of you. Can you sit up on your own?"

Richie straightened some and nodded. As he managed the Herculean task of sitting still, Nicole lifted his arms, removing the papery gown. The water had already been run, and he could feel the heat of it on his bare skin, even sitting at the edge. He was already luxuriating in the idea of being consumed by those waters when he noticed the funny feeling of his chest as he sat slumped. His chest felt loose and flabby, but Nicole pushed his hands away when he lifted them to feel the skin there.

"Be good, honey. You want to swing your leg over for me?"

He nodded again. He used his hands to help lift his leg from the floor, Nicole's steadying hand on his shoulder, and slip it into the hot water. It stung sweetly, and then he felt the heat seeping into his sore muscles. It was a welcoming cocoon of heat as his left leg joined his right and Nicole eased him into the bath. The water was milky and opaque, and there was a faintly sweet odor that wafting up with the steam rising from the water. He sighed in relief as his body sunk beneath the surface and the ends of his hair dampened.

"We'll need to do something about this mess," Nicole said, mussing his mop of hair. He had no idea how long it had been since it been cut, but it fell almost to his shoulders, now.

He relaxed as Nicole wetted a sponge and began running it over his shoulder, behind his neck, to his cheeks and forehead. Everywhere the sponge went, it left a clean feeling behind, along with a more oily trail, as if he were being coated in lotion. The moisturizing agents were seeping into his skin, making the soft skin suppler.

He was starting to drift again, Nicole's arm disappearing under the water to scrub his chest and stomach and back, when he felt the sponge brush across his cock and between his legs. He straightened with a sudden splash of water and Nicole giggled.

"Don't get excited, sweetie. We're only cleaning you."

"Sorry. I just..."

"Quiet, Sweetie. Miss Cade will be along in a bit. She'll tell you more. Your job now is just to relax. Okay?"

"Yes. Okay," Richie sighed and settled back into the womb-like waters as Nicole continued her cleansing, running the sponge down his legs to the bottoms of his feet. When she finished, she helped him up to a standing position, and he was more able to support himself. His eyes widened as he saw in the swirling, draining water a thin film of hair on the surface. He looked down at himself, at his pale, sunken body, and saw that no hair

remained on his body below his neck.

"What happened to me?" he asked Nicole, but his attention was already shifting from his hairlessness to the fact that his skin looked and felt satiny after the bath, softer than he had ever felt. It was the softness he associated with girls.

"Come look," Nicole said, offering her hand.

Guiding Richie across the wide tiled floor, Nicole positioned herself behind Richie, her hands on his shoulders, aiming him at the mirror. He blinked, then lifted his hand, watching the reflection do the same, assuring him that the reflection was him.

Only it wasn't. His fingers traced the new geography of his face, the higher cheeks and the rounder look, the pert little nose that turned up ever-so-slightly, the fuller lips. With his hair damp and hanging around his head, he had the appearance of a young girl. When his eyes continued down his body, he could even make out the subtle growth on his chest.

"You look very pretty."

Richie's mouth dropped open, maybe to respond, though no words would come. His mind cracked as he saw someone who was so different from himself.

"Let's get you ready for Mistress."

He let Nicole guide him as he was further pampered and prepared. His hair was blown dry and brushed out, still a bit wild, but suggesting a messy bob style. Nicole applied a lotion to her hands and ensured every inch of him was covered and the lotion was rubbed into his skin. When she attended the area around his penis and shrunken balls, he felt some sort of stirring, but his cock only shifted a little from its flaccid state.

Once his skin was readied, Nicole guided his legs into a pair of silk pink panties with white trim at the waist and legs, the material settling sensually against his body. His cock tickled at the rubbing of the material over his tip. Nicole then slipped his arms through bra straps and fixed a matching bra to his chest. Richie watched in confused terror as he realized the padded bra gave him a hint of cleavage.

More work was done to help shape him. Nicole wrapped a corset around him and carefully laced it in the back. He grunted in his higher-pitched tone as she pulled it tight, the sides pulling his sides inward until he could hardly turn, and then Nicole gave a final pull, cinching it tighter, before she laced the back of the corset.

Following the constrictive corset, she sat Richie on the edge of the tub and helped him into white hose that settled over his panties after the languorous process of rolling the fine fabric up his legs. He sighed as the pleasurable feeling of the rich material against his smooth legs, and offered no protest as Nicole again lifted his arms, draping a dress over his body. She smoothed and tugged until it was in place, then turned Richie back to the mirror.

What greeted him there was a vision of a very feminine girl, the dress in pink with a flaring skirt, his slim legs in white, his mussed hair the only thing that did not suggest pure femininity.

"You're still too weak for heels, but that will come in time. For now, I think you are ready for Mistress! Are you excited?"

He nodded. The psychological torture he'd endured for weeks and the shocking revelation of his appearance left him too stunned to react. He followed behind Nicole as she led him from the bathroom and into the hall, where his feet slid on the floor some in his stockinged feet. His dreamlike daze kept him from noting the finer points of the décor, but the house was richly furnished, and he felt smaller inside it, like being in the maw of some great beast. Nicole guided him around turns and corners until Richie was certain he would never find his way out again. And then she was opening a high, white door, ushering him in along with her, depositing them both into the spacious study of Eleanor Cade.

The woman sat in a high-backed chair before a fire, as if she had just been posing for a portrait. She slid slim half-glasses from her nose and closed a book opened in her lap.

"Nicole. Very nice work. And how does our newest girl feel?"

Nicole nudged him with her hip, and he lifted his head, muttering a terse, "Good."

Cade stood and Richie only now appreciated how tall she was, nearly six feet and taller than he was, and the heels she wore gave her another inch. She was slim, but not gaunt, and the red blouse she wore billowed at her chest to suggest a large bust. With her tight black skirt hugging her thighs to the knees and the black stockings leading to the patent heels, she looked to Richie like a demonic school mistress.

She stood towering over him, her long fingers gently cupping his chin and lifting his eyes to hers.

"Whatever you were before, whatever you thought was true, that is

over. Your name is Emily Cade. You are my sissy. Do you understand?"

Richie blinked hard. It was so difficult to follow her words, but he knew she was saying something about him, about what had happened to him. He just wanted release, sweet darkness to take him and steal him away from this insanity.

His eyes popped open as Cade struck him, bring her hand across his cheek in a crisp *smack!* He blinked quickly, tears stinging his eyes, and focused on the authoritative woman.

"Do you understand, Emily?"

"Yes!" he said quickly, unsure of what he was agreeing to, only that he didn't want to be hit again. He only wanted to sleep.

"Good. Nicole will take you to your room. You'll be confined until you prove to be trustworthy. You are a beautiful sissy, Emily. I'm sure you will be very happy in time." She looked from Richie to Nicole and nodded.

Just like that, he was being whisked from the study into the hall and up the stairs again, his feet faltering on the stairs, his heavy body only wanting the world to stop. He could hear the name Cade called him – "Emily" – stuck in his head like a mantra, a word enigmatic and terrifying all at once.

He was led to a room and helped inside by Nicole, who deposited him on a very large and soft bed, the white comforter like a cloud beneath him. He collapsed backward, spreading his arms and reveling in the feeling of something comfortable beneath him. Even his stockings felt silken and pleasant on his skin.

He felt himself being turned onto his stomach, and he allowed Nicole dainty hands to move him unimpeded. He could already feel the gravity of exhaustion sucking him down into sleep. There was a sharp prick in his bottom after a lift of his dress, and then the fabric was settling back against his legs.

"Get some sleep, Emily," Nicole said, standing in the doorway. "A whole new world starts tomorrow."

Richie was in the same clothes he had fallen asleep in, and his face felt oily beneath the makeup Nicole applied to him. He was finally able to stand on his own two feet, accompanied by the whisper of the expensive blanket and the delicate fabric of his clothing. He felt stronger, although that was certainly a relative expression. His overall sensation as that of diminished size and weakness, the impression that his face had not only been changed,

and that breasts were clearly budding on his chest, and all of these factors continued to cause Richie that he had awakened in someone else's body.

He first tried the tall door of the second-floor bedroom, and unsurprisingly found it locked. In his weakened state, there was no question that he would be unable to force the door open and so he resolved to explore his surroundings in more detail.

The room was large, just as they all seemed to be. Whatever Cade did to earn her money, it was a lucrative business. The bed sat in the middle of the room, the headboard pushed against one wall, with a table on either side and a soft-glowing lamp on either of those. High windows were set into one wall, covered by elaborately-detailed curtains revealing a wide, green landscape beyond. Even pressing himself against the window and turning his head, he could see no signs of life past the sea of rolling hills around him.

One corner was decorated with a small vanity and chair, the surface littered by bottles of perfume and a well-organized tray of cosmetics of all kinds. He had a sudden vision of himself in that chair, looking at himself in the mirror as he brushed out his hair, and the image both frightened him and offered a twinge of arousal.

Beyond that was a mirrored dresser, so Richie could never forget that the feminine face staring back at him was, in fact, his own. The drawers contained undergarments, but none that would ever be described as masculine. Matching bras and panties, lingerie sets, other items he could barely imagine how to go about putting them on... They felt nice in his hands, though, and he felt further excitement at the realization that these would be his only choices for clothing for the foreseeable future.

Further exploration revealed a door that had been hidden from view before, set as it was into the wall. After finding it, and the release to open it, Richie felt a brief moment of elation, thinking he had found some way out, but the door led not to safety, but to a walk-in closet that was filled with dresses and tops and skirts of all kinds, the floors lined with shoes organized on racks beneath the hanging garments. They were almost all in pink or white or black, with a few alternate colors, and he noticed that the clothes were all in a size that would fit him. Likewise, the shoes appeared to have been purchased just for him. He had to close his eyes at the dissonance between his shock at what his life had suddenly become, and the strange thrill of being surrounded by feminine finery that somehow aroused him.

The only other space he could claim as his own was a bathroom, this

one far smaller than the one he had been bathed in, but still spacious and elegant. Under different circumstances, he could have enjoyed how lavish his surroundings were, but imprisonment always cast a pall over things, he mused.

He darted from the bathroom when he heard the bedroom door opening in the main room, scurrying back to the bed, prepared to see Cade standing regally in the doorway. Instead, Nicole had returned, and looked as pretty and cheery as ever.

"Good morning, Emily! Mistress has work for you today, but we have to get you ready first. The first few days I'll be here to help. Mistress has her preferences."

Nicole was grinning, and there was something adoring in the ways he spoke of Cade, when all Richie could muster was fear. The fact that he had not initially protested when Nicole called him by his feminine name struck him, too, but he knew better than to pick that battle. In his mind, he realized that he would have to go along for a bit, find a way to navigate his circumstances to find his freedom.

These thoughts were frantic, pursued by the darker ideas that he was, in fact, dead. If Cade were being honest with him, and, despite the madness of it all, he had no reason to believe that she was not, his parents had believed for weeks now that their son was dead. His extended family, his friends... no one searched for him, no posters were stapled to utility poles with his face on them. Riche was gone.

In his place, was the face that looked back at him still Richie's? Certainly not. Even he recognized very little of his old features in this new face, the one that boasted the soft, glowing skin and only a few fading scars to imply that his predicament had all been the result of happenstance.

"One of the reasons Mistress is so wonderful is that she won't expect you to know everything all at once. She'll explain it more. The one things she wants for now is that you are awake by six each morning and that you are prepared by seven. That means bathed and dressed and the makeup done to an appropriately level. That's what I'm here to help with."

Richie nodded. What else could he do?

"Secondly, when you greet her, you should curtsy."

Richie frowned. "Curtsy?" He hadn't spoken yet that morning, and was humiliated further by his high-pitched voice.

"Like this."

Nicole gripped the hem of her pale pink skirt and lifted it, her legs placed one before the other, bending at the knee as she bowed her head reverently and descended into a slight bow. When she had bent, she held it a second, then returned to standing, carefully returning her soft satin dress's skirt back with little disturbance. It was a graceful motion, and spoke of a beautiful subservience that further stirred Richie's loins. Something about its deference, but the action did seem lovely to him.

"You try," Nicole instructed.

Richie frowned, gripping his own dress before thumb and forefinger on each side and bending in imitation of Nicole. Even as he performed the action, he could feel the awkwardness of his motions, and understood that Nicole must have performed it hundreds or thousands of time to develop the same easy grace with the gesture.

"Not bad," Nicole smiled. "For your first time. You'll get better. Mistress wants to see you at nine, so we have some time. Let's get you cleaned up!"

What followed was like a boot camp in his newfound femininity. He was led to his bathroom, stripped with a soft efficiency, right down to the corset. When that first came free, Richie sighed in relief, the constant pressure on his sides more noticeable now that it had gone. As Nicole helped him out of his clothes, he noticed again how pale and soft his skin had become. He traced his fingertips over his arm, blinking against the disorientation of touching his skin, feeling it, and yet understanding this was never how his skin had felt.

When he was fully nude, he found himself turned to the mirror as Nicole ran a hot bath and prepared the water with more bath salts and perfumes. If he brought his arm to his nose he could smell the delicate floral scent of his skin held over from the previous bath. In time, he supposed, he would grow used to the feeling that he had been ripped from his old body and placed in a new one.

The only remnant of his former life seemed to be the cock between his legs, but even this look diminished, his testicles shrunken and tight against his pelvis in their wrinkled purse. It looked almost vestigial, and afterthought of flesh still attached to him, but even his light touches did nothing to stir his sex.

"Emily?" Nicole called from the side of the tub, and Richie instinctively crossed to her, his strength returned enough to allow him to step into the

warm and scented waters of his own accord. Once again, he was bathed by Nicole, whose attendance with the bath sponge was thorough, causing him deep shame at this pretty girl seeing his emasculated frame.

It was only then he thought she might be like him, a product of Cade's twisted games. He wondered if this girl, whose gender he had never once doubted, also hid a useless little cocklet now, too. He was further embarrassed by how the thought aroused him.

When his bathing was done, Nicole dried him with a soft towel and blow-dried his hair, teasing the length out into it fell into its shaggy bob.

"You are so pretty," Nicole mused, pausing to rest her arms on Richie's shoulders, looking past him at their reflection in the mirror, her face just behind Richie's. When he took in the sight, Richie gasped. He looked like one of a pair of sisters, young and fresh-faced and seductive in their innocence.

"So are you," Richie said, honestly.

She smiled and gave Richie a pat on his rear, which he noticed had been rounding and widening, giving his shape a more feminine air. With that prompt, which elicited the first smile from Richie he'd shown since waking in this place, the two of them hurried back into Richie's bedroom.

Nicole was full of information, and Richie felt his weary mind grow numb under the weight of Nicole's advice. Matching his underthings, putting on panties before hose or garters, how to properly wear his bra – more necessary now that the buds on his chest began to sag ever so slightly as they grew – and how to keep it from chafing, how to wear his stockings without bunching them behind his knees or at his ankles, the undershirt that would keep his corset from rubbing cruelly against his skin... This last was soon added to his outfit, again shaping him until the slight flare of his hips was more pronounced. When he looked at himself in the mirrors around the room, little glimpses stolen as Nicole instructed him, he saw himself looking wholly feminine. With his mind so warped by Cade's early training, it was easy to let himself slip into this assigned persona, and he found himself laughing with Nicole as they fumbled through the secret closet, pressing dresses to Richie's chest to find just the right one.

The one selected by Nicole was a white dress, a babydoll dress that fell to his mid-thigh with a pink collar, the tips rounded. With his white stockings peeking out below the hem of the dress and his white heels that he still walked in like with heavy clomps, the look of sensual innocence was more pronounced. He felt... pretty.

"Having fun, girls?"

Both turned quickly to the doorway, locked by the imposing silhouette of Eleanor Cade.

"Yes, Miss Cade!" Nicole said quickly, bending into her graceful curtsey.

Richie hesitated, then copied her movement, hoping to avoid whatever storms might arrive with Cade's displeasure.

"You both look very pretty. Nicole, would you leave us alone, please? Go on and start some breakfast for us, won't you?"

"Yes, Miss Cade," Nicole replied quickly, but not unhappily. She dipped into another of her curtsies and hurried from the room, leaving Richie alone again with the tall and powerful-looking woman.

Richie felt a rush of fear as Cade stepped into the room. The long pencil skirt showed her slender curves, and a corset-like top lifted her pert breasts and held them high. Her hair was pulled back into a bun, her makeup subtle but sharp in its application. Richie shuddered as she stalked into the room, then turned and seated herself on the edge of Richie's bed.

"Come here, honey," she said, and opened her arms.

Richie gaped, looked back at the open door, then to Cade again. She looked almost maternal with her arms outspread, and her expression was gentle.

"Come on," she urged, waving her hands toward her.

Richie took a hesitant step, then several more, until he felt her hands on his shoulders, pulling him closer and up until he found himself sliding into her lap, his waist pinched by the corset into a more formal sitting position, but his body rested against the woman who had sentenced him to a life in this diminished body. And yet, as her arms closed around him and a hand furrowed through the tangles of his hair, he sighed in comfort.

"That's it. How is my new girl today?"

"Good, I think," he whispered.

He winced as Cade's hand, the one resting lightly against his calf, gripped his skin through his stocking and pinched him harshly. He twisted in her lap and whimpered.

"Good?"

"Good, Miss Cade."

"I'm happy to hear that," she said, the stern expression now settling back into one more serene. "You seem to have hit it off with Nicole. I'm glad."

She is my personal servant, as well as a great help to you. And I think she's happy to have another girl in the house for the time being."

While he didn't dare dispute Cade's view of him as her "girl," Richie lifted his head from her bosom and tried to meet her eyes.

"What is happening to me, Miss Cade?"

"Ah, Emily," she said and hugged Richie tighter, "you are becoming my pretty sissy. And you are doing well. So very well."

He hated it, but her praise of him was warming, a sense that he was pleasing a parent.

"Thank you, Miss Cade."

"And if you continue with this attitude, you'll be a member of our house in no time. Would you like that?"

"Yes, Miss Cade," he said, automatically. Whatever he had to say to prevent more pain, more of the torture that was already fading into a nightmare of sleeplessness and derangement.

"Very good. I think it's time we offered you some training, then. Come, Emily," she said, and gave Richie's thigh a pat to spur him into action, sliding out of her lap. He instinctively straightened his dress as he rose to his full, if below average, height.

"First lesson," Cade said, rising with him. "You will always allow me to lead. You will remain a step behind me. Understand?"

"Yes, Miss Cade," he repeated.

"Very good, Emily."

He hated the rush of pleasure he felt at receiving the small praise, but he followed as Cade started out of the room, weaving a bit on his heels, slight aches in his feet and claws reminding him how unfamiliar these sorts of angles were for his legs. Still, he managed reasonably well, maintaining his respectful distance behind Cade. Twice, she stopped suddenly to force Richie to stop short, as well, testing his attentiveness. The first time, he nearly collided with Cade's back, but the second instance he was not so fooled, easily pausing his gait with hers.

They descended the stairs and made their way into a sitting room of sorts, brightly decorated with rustic-style furnishings. Richie noticed there were even pictures scattered around, some of Cade alone, but some of her and Nicole. In each of the latter style, both were smiling, and Nicole clung to Cade like an adoring daughter.

"There," Cade said, pointing to a cushion before the elegant chair Cade

was settling into.

Richie held his skirt as he bent to the cushion, finding a comfortable position resting at a slight angle, his legs together and extending from beneath his dress. With their white hose and the heels, he couldn't help but admire how his legs looked in the outfit.

"Emily, now that you are awake, you should realize what has happened, so we can forget all about it. The boy that died in the accident is gone forever. You are and will remain Emily. Both the reconstructive surgery done and the shots you've been receiving have ensured that you will never be mistaken for a boy again. Isn't that nice?"

"Yes, Miss Cade," he said. Despite the finality of her words, Richie was horrified at the subtle relief he felt. He wondered what had been done to him in the hazy times of his sleeplessness and drug-addled fog. Nonetheless, he felt a rise of happiness that worried him. Was he really, deep down, this effeminate girl? He'd been soft and somewhat feminine all his life, but was his what he had secretly wanted? To be in frilly clothes, treated as a girl?

"Now that that business is out of the way, we come to what is expected of you. As a sissy, Emily, you are expected to be delicate and docile, a perfect servant and admired for both beauty and servitude. Though I will own you, you are free to explore ways of expressing your feminine beauty. You have a full wardrobe, and if you desire other things, you have only to tell me and I will decide if that request is appropriate. Do you understand?"

He hesitated. It felt like a snake coiling around him, wresting control of his own life away from him. The more terrifying part of the experience was that part of him wanted this surrender, to be an owned thing for this striking woman to control.

"Yes, Miss Cade."

"Stand please."

Richie gather his legs beneath him and stood. Even standing, he realized he was barely taller than Cade in her chair. With his new wardrobe and the drastic change to his features, not to mention his brain's ability to process what was happening to him, he felt small and weak.

"Take down your stockings and panties, please."

Richie's slim fingers played at the edges of his dress, unsure of how to proceed.

"Do I have to ask again?"

Richie felt himself flinch. "No, Miss Cade."

He closed his eyes as he hooked the waist of his white hose with his thumbs and pushed them down until they bunched between his knees. With another bend, he did the same for his panties and resumed standing, feeling helplessly exposed with his diminished penis now exposed beneath his dress.

Cade leaned forward, lifting the skirt of his dress to examine him. The thought excited him, strangely, as the matronly woman ran her hands over the pale, smooth skin of his inner thighs, around the tight clasp of his testicles.

"Very smooth. You and Nicole have done very well. Now, I want to hear you say 'My name is Emily. Miss Cade owns me.' Go on."

Richie opened his mouth, but could produce no sound. Only a rasping squeak came forth.

"Emily?"

He was trying to find the words, trying to avoid some punishment from Cade, but it felt as if saying those words would erase him from existence, or whatever his existence had been before.

"Emily?!" Her tone was rising, and a tension filled the air between them.

Before Richie could delay any longer, Cade seized his wrist and yanked him forcefully toward her. With his inexperience on the heels he wore, he was soon hurtling through the air, guided by Cade as he found himself collapsing, belly-first, onto her lap. He was squirming as Cade arranged him in her lap until he was lying across her knees, the tight corset making his gasps for air all the more difficult.

He turned to look over his shoulder, then jerked as a loud *smack!* Sounded in the room and his right buttock woke with a sharp pain.

"Ow!" he cried, but his exclamation was cut short by another smack, then another, until the right side of his bared bottom felt hot and filled with pins. Tears squeezed from the corners of his eyes as Cade's assault continued until he was a blubbering mess in her lap. Finally, after what felt like an eternity, the spanking ended and Cade helped him back to his feet.

"Are you going to be a good girl, now?" Cade asked with a stern tone in her voice.

"Yes, Miss Cade," he replied, rubbing the hot skin of his rear.

"Then say the words."

His lip was quivering and his voice wavered, but in his newly-feminine voice, Richie said, "My name is Emily. Miss Cade owns me."

The words floated in the air between them, drawing a smile from Cade

while Richie felt himself diminish further. His cheeks were almost as warm as his bottom as he flushed deeply, feeling wholly powerless before this woman.

"Very good, Emily. Again."

"My name is Emily. Miss Cade owns me."

"Again."

It went on like that for several minutes, until Richie could say the words without thinking, which, he supposed, was the point. Alone under the thumb of this woman, he *was* Emily. And she, undoubtedly, owned him. As the realization struck, there was a sense of something like relief.

"Good," she said finally, ending the call-and-repeat session. "Now, so you don't forget that, I have a little surprise for you."

"A surprise?"

Cade narrowed her eyes.

"I'm sorry. A surprise, Miss Cade?" he corrected himself.

She smiled and turned in her chair slightly, removing a device that looked bizarre and somehow medieval from a nearby drawer. It was steel, with looping rings and a bent cylinder that made up most of its rather small size.

"Take a step toward me."

Richie did, and Cade unceremoniously lifted his dress again, exposing his withered sex. He watched her hands as she slipped a metal ring around his bunched testicles and then added the cylinder, guiding his flaccid penis into it before encircling all with the other ring, securing it in place. When she was done, he saw his penis covered by the trap and Cade ensured no amount of worrying would remove it as she slid a small padlock into one side and snapped the lock closed, fastening the cage to his pelvis. The weight of it wasn't too heavy, but it was a reminder that even his body was not his own. He noticed that a slit had been cut into the tip to allow him to use the bathroom without incident or removal of the device. When the job was done, Cade settled back in her chair, allowing the dress to fall back into place.

"Those little things are the cause of so much of the world's troubles. It's best you let me worry about when and how to use it, don't you, Emily?"

"Yes, Miss Cade," he agreed, though more out of self-preservation than agreement.

"Good girl. You may pull up your panties and hose now."

He did, the silky panties fitting around the cage with only the slightest

bulge, and the hose drawn up further hid his one remaining sign of masculinity.

"In time, you will have a host of responsibilities. Today, I would like you to follow Nicole and see how she performs. If I don't see you before, we'll talk again at dinner. Do you have any questions, Emily?"

He had a million, but all he could say was, "No, Miss Cade."

"Very good. Now off with you."

Richie turned to leave and was stopped by a shrill, "Wait!" from Cade. He froze in his spot, half-turned to the door.

"Have you forgotten something?"

He strained to think what it might be, then the realization dawned on him.

"Sorry, Miss Cade."

He lifted his skirt and dipped into a respectful curtsy. When he rose again, still feeling inadequate compared to Nicole's grace, he left his head lowered.

"Good girl, Emily. Now you may go."

He trailed Nicole throughout the day, following her as she did the laundry, prepared a lunch for Cade, cleaned some of the rooms of the large house, seemingly larger than he'd thought after exploring it with Nicole, and began dinner before he was excused to prepare for dinner. Nicole followed him to his room and helped him touch up his makeup.

"You're very pretty," she said as she tugged at an eyelid, applying a hint of shadow.

"Thank you. So are you," he replied honestly.

Throughout the day, he'd watched her bend and move and work, her dress form-fitting at the chest and billowy below the waist, so that he could make out the ample shape of her breasts and the lithe build of her body. She aroused him, but he could not seem to muster an erection. The one time he began to swell, watching her lean over the back of a chair to dust a shelf, one leg lifted off the ground, her chest bent over the back of a chair, the cage on his cock had met his swelling and kept it contained, almost painfully so, before his erection subsided. Worse, the fact that his very sexuality was under Cade's control aroused him further, but without that accompanying swelling of his member.

Nicole took to brushing his hair, their eyes meeting in the mirror.

"I know it's hard at first," Nicole said, "but I'm glad you're here. Miss Cade has been looking for a new girl. I was afraid she would be awful, but you are sweet. A little shy maybe," she said with a smile.

Richie met hers with a bashful smile of his own and looked down at his lap. His eyes drifted closed as Nicole placed the brush on the bathroom counter and raked her fingers through his hair. Her nails scratched pleasantly against his scalp, and then he felt her lips on his neck, warm and moist and gentle. He tilted his head away from her, sighing at the kiss.

"Girls?!" Cade called from downstairs, snapping Nicole back to attention.

"Come on. We don't want to keep Miss Cade waiting."

Richie trailed behind Nicole, awash in a vague arousal and a continuing feeling that he was no longer in charge of his fate. He could run, he supposed, but to where? He had no identification, and, no matter how he might protest, convincing anyone of his former identity would be an uphill battle. He tried to imagine a life lived in this state, in some twilight of gender, and he retreated from the idea. Miss Cade had, after all, treated him kindly when he was obedient, and her rules were not outrageous, all things considered.

Nicole led them to the dining room, where they were greeted by a long table, Cade at the end. Nicole hadn't cleaned this room earlier, so the sight of the extravagant dining table made him gasp. Nicole curtsied, and Richie hurried to follow suit, chastising himself again for his fumbling nature. Nicole was so beautiful, so graceful, it boggled his mind she might have ever been a boy. Despite their nearness all day, he could not bring himself to ask.

"Hello, girls. Please have a seat. Emily on my left, please."

Richie climbed into the chair to Cade's left while Nicole took the seat to the right. He raised slightly to smooth his dress beneath him.

"Good day?" Cade asked, sipping from a gold-rimmed glass of red wine.

"Yes, Miss Cade," Nicole replied. "Emily helped me clean up some and I showed her how you prefer your laundry, so I think she can do that now."

"Is that so? Do you feel capable of that task, Emily?"

Richie nodded.

"Speak up, honey."

"Yes, Miss Cade. I think I could."

"We'll try soon, then. Between you girls and myself, laundry is an important part of our home."

Richie's eyes widened as a door from the kitchen opened and a middle-aged man, his legs shaved and his doughy body encased in a maid's uniform, appeared with a serving dish and placed it on the table in the center of them.

"Thank you, Kim," Miss Cade said, smiling at the cross-dressing maid. She then looked back to Richie. "You will find a stream of servants that may come and go, Emily. Unlike you and Nicole, they are not part of our home. They pay for the privilege of serving, and they know not to disturb you or your sister."

Richie nodded, as if this made all the sense in the world. He felt his head swim and a wave of dizziness follow behind. The suggestion that he was now a permanent fixture of their home, that Nicole had become his "sister" in function if not name...

"Yes, Miss Cade," he said quietly.

More serving dishes were brought in before "Kim" served each of them, Cade first. It was the first time Richie hadn't been fed through a tube or in a locked room, and the odor drifting off the savory meat and the gravy-drizzled vegetables was divine. He had to keep himself from devouring the meal, forcing himself to slow down his chewing when he saw Nicole and Cade staring at him.

"I know this has been difficult for you," Cade said as the meal was ending, Kim standing near the kitchen door, awaiting further instruction. "But being mine does have some privileges."

Richie looked from his captor to Nicole, who was smiling at her owner.

"Shall we relax some?"

"Yes, please, Miss Cade!" Nicole chirped and scooted to the edge of her seat in anticipation. Seeing her enthusiasm, Cade even chuckled as she rose.

Nicole and Richie fell into step behind her as Cade led them to the same living room where Richie had been caged earlier. With the sun down and a yellow lamp lighting the room, there was a soft and comforting glow in the room. Nicole took a seat at Cade's feet as she relaxed in an overstuffed chair while Richie stood awkwardly in the middle of the room.

"Come sit," Cade said to Richie, pointing to a spot beside her chair opposite Nicole. "Let's just enjoy ourselves a bit before bed."

"Yes, Miss Cade," he replied and curtsied before settling to his knees beside her.

Almost instantly, her hand reached for him and Richie winced, flinching away from her.

"Oh, Emily, don't be so skittish. You have done nothing to earn a punishment and I am not as fickle as all that."

He relaxed and allowed her hand to reach him, and was surprised by the gentle manner with which she stroked his hair. His eyes closed as she caressed him, and he listened as Nicole told Cade about her day and the lovely Mistress nodded along, drawing an occasional blush from Richie as Nicole mentioned his help throughout their tasks.

Richie was further surprised when he felt Cade's hand on his wrist pulling him up. There was no anger in the gesture, and she guided him into her lap, where he sat with his legs drooping off the seat, Cade's arms around him. She held his head against her chest, and Richie felt soothed and comforted in a way he could not recall.

He could feel himself, in that very moment, releasing himself. It was as if Richie were some stranger now, set upon the sea on a small raft and Emily was shoving the raft off, sending the man he had been over the horizon to be consumed by the vast nothingness of time. When Cade called for bedtime, he offered no resistance, save for his disappointment at being forced from his Mistress's lap.

He and Nicole curtsied, and he felt the meaning of the gesture more than he had before. This time, he realized, it was truly done out of respect, and not simple fear.

As a further surprise, before they left, Cade hugged each of them, her embrace full of affection and strength.

"Thank you, Miss Cade," he whispered, shocked that the words had come, but he had meant them. He felt a gratitude toward this woman, now his caretaker, and he would allow her to guide him.

"Who are you?" Cade asked, her head slightly tilted, a gentle smile on her face.

"My name is Emily," the sissy replied. "You are my owner."

About the Author

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The Curse of Madeline



It wasn't until he had turned his key in the door and saw a light turn on in the kitchen he remembered Shae was home, and with some stranger. Fingers crossed, the light in the kitchen was Erin, come down to heat up his dinner. He chuckled. That would have been a sight. Professor Harbrough with her feminist studies degree warming dinner for her drunken husband.

He dropped his keys in the bowl on the foyer table, missed, and heard the metallic jangle as the sound echoed in the small space. He winced, bending unsteadily and reaching out a hand to support himself. He made a show of placing the keys carefully and quietly in the bowl this time, grinning as he held a finger to his lips in a 'shhh' gesture.

Using the wall as a guide, he made his way to the kitchen, pausing at the doorway, blinking at the sight awaiting him. What he had thought was the proper light of the kitchen was actually the open refrigerator door, the light silhouetting the figure of a young woman as she stood considering its contents.

He could tell by the chestnut hair pulled back into a ponytail it was not his daughter - Shae had never been so lithe. One arm hung on the open door, the other perched on the girl's hip, a leg bent as a bare foot tapped. She wore

very tight black shorts that hugged her firm ass, the small of her back exposed by the half-shirt she wore, just as tight as the shorts.

She turned, sensing someone in the room with her, but she showed no sign of nervousness or fright at the sudden appearance of a man behind her. Dennis knew he was staring at her, the small points of her nipples visible beneath her top, securing pert breasts in place. Where Shae might be called voluptuous by some, and it disgusted Dennis to think of anyone considering his daughter in a sexual context, this girl had the body of a dancer, compact and athletic and entirely appealing.

"You have any beer?" she asked, with a crooked little smile that raised the left corner of her lip.

"Afraid not. Erin doesn't like me keeping it around."

"That's a shame. I'm Madeline."

She crossed to him and gave him her hand. Her fingers were slender, and he held it as the refrigerator swung slowly closed behind them, darkness descending on them like a curtain.

"Dennis. Mr. Harbrough."

"I like Dennis," she said. He liked the way she said his name, something breathy in her voice, like the whisper of a lover.

"You must be Shae's friend," He said. He knew he should feel awkward and uncomfortable with this young woman so close, his wife upstairs, his daughter nearby, but the heady mix of arousal and drunkenness and the girl's apparent flirtation – he could find only want in himself.

"Yes. She's nice. A good girl. I guess that's why we get along. Opposites attract and all."

"Are you saying you're not a good girl?"

"I'm saying I'm good at what I do, but sometimes what I'm good at is awfully bad."

His member was stiff, straining against the zipper of his slacks. Madeline walked her fingers up his chest and Dennis realized the top of her head came up to the base of his neck and she had to tilt up to see him. She flattened her palm against him and ran over the breadth of his chest, and Dennis heard himself gasp.

"I should probably go to bed," he offered, closing his eyes as the girl's hand slipped between the buttons of his shirt and ran over his bare skin, his nipple squeezed between two slim fingers.

"Me, too, but I just couldn't sleep. I was looking for some milk, but

there's one thing that helps me sleep better than anything." She leaned forward, rising on her tiptoes. "I always sleep better when I cum," she whispered, and flicked the lobe of his ear with her tongue.

His defenses crumbled, and he seized her, lifting her and kissing her hard. If Madeline was surprised by the action, she showed no sign of it, returning the kiss passionately, her legs wrapping around Dennis's hips, and he could feel her hips moving against him, grinding against the turgidity in his pants.

"I bet it's been a long time since you fucked a tight pussy like mine," she sighed, her hands holding his cheeks, resting on his hands as he supported her. That grinding of her hips was incessant, and Dennis was afraid he would explode before he had a chance to taste her.

"I want you," he moaned.

"I'm right here."

Her First Sissy



She was bringing him back around to his trigger for relaxation again, repeating the question 'Why do you want to quit?' in regular intervals, each time the answer would be slightly different, given from a place of more relaxation and, hopefully, more honesty.

"My lipstick," he said, his eyes nearly closed, but even as Elaine dimmed the lights she could see the soft glimmer of his eyes.

"Your lipstick?" she prompted, working to keep her voice slow and even.

"I like red," he said, his tone dreamy and happy. "When I smoke, it smears."

"Do you like wearing lipstick?"

"Oh, yes," Mark answered. "Weekends when I don't work, I can put on all the makeup I want. Except when I smoke. I'm afraid to go outside like that."

"And how long have you worn makeup?"

"I don't know. Years. Since I was young and first tried it with my sister.

She was younger than me, but I let her practice on me when she was learning how to do her own. I liked how it made me look."

"It made you feel good to wear makeup?"

Elaine closed her eyes. There was a slow heat burning between her legs. Something about the lazy way Mark described his enjoyment of appearing feminine...

"Oh, yes."

"What about clothes? Do you also dress like a woman?"

"When I can. I have a few things. Mostly panties, but a couple of dresses, too. And shoes. I love shoes."

She wanted to know more, to lead him into the core of his fascination with women's clothing, but she restrained herself, reminding herself that she was, after all, a certified health professional and exploiting her client's fetishes for her own amusement... well, it seemed like there was some law against that sort of behavior.

The remainder of the session went as usual, but Elaine could not shake the image of the young man in her chair, his face made-up, his body encased in nylon.

The image followed her home, back to the two-bedroom house where she lived alone. It was set back from the street, with high fences on either side to provide privacy. Her back yard wasn't large, but had been decorated by a small koi pond and a stone bench nearby. She loved curling her legs beneath her and reading by the small pond, sun filtering through the maple trees.

Even at night, cool beneath the branches of the trees, she savored the privacy and beauty of her little hideaway. This night, however, she was distracted. Her nipples were distractingly hard, and the feeling of heat inside her had only grown. She felt like she was on fire, sexually. She thought of calling Bryan, an old colleague with whom she occasionally had a fling. He had a good body and he was discreet, but it wasn't Bryan she wanted. She wanted to see Mark in his finery, made up to look as feminine as possible. She wondered what sorts of dresses he preferred, if they were elegant or overtly feminine.

Even in the open air, she could resist no longer, and spread her legs, hiking up her skirt until it bunched at her hips. She ran her hand flat over her black panties, pressing firmly to stir a reaction from her clit. She was wet already, her pussy alive with the imaginings of Mark on his heels, perhaps

bending over before her as she fixed a strap-on over her pelvis. She was panting now, biting down hard on her lower lip and stifling the murmurs of pleasure. Her thoughts whirled with images of Mark on his knees, his hair long and pretty, tied with girlish ribbons. Mark in white thigh highs and white heels and nothing else, his nude body girlish in its hairlessness. Her fingers rubbed harder over her engorged lips, mashing her button and manipulating her sex as only she knew how, using the sheer silkiness of her underwear to add heightened sensation to her caresses. She was moaning aloud, now, writhing and pushing her hips against her fingers with abandon, imagining Mark's mouth on her as she held his long, ponytailed hair in her hands. She screamed, falling back onto the bench, one arm draped over her belly, the other dangling so that her fingertips brushed the grass.

Futa Pharaoh



The temple, unlike many in Alexandria, had not been built on the backs of slaves, but by the believers. Stone by stone, they had created a hall of worship, removed enough from the city to escape the worst of the prejudices shown by those loyal to Khufu's reign. His hypocrisy knew no bound, the goddess mused, as his consultation with the trickster Dedi displayed. Dedi had been the first to warn Khufu of Nafrini's power, but his influence had been weaker, then.

Nafrini sat at the end of the great hall, facing the tall doors of the entrance, which had been opened for a glimpse into the infinite. The stars over Egypt at night were like the sands of the dunes made luminous. In these moments, she could see beyond the world of man and into the infinite, to touch the powers greater than any mortal knew. Even with her painted eyes closed, Nafrini sensed the vastness of the sky above and the distance between the stars. In that space was the breath of the gods, and Nafrini inhaled deeply of that scent, luxuriating in the power that even this brief glimpse awarded her.

At some time before, when Khaba still floundered on the throne, rejecting the wisdom of the rulers before him, Nafrini had been something

else entirely. She had served in the house of Khaba's family, a child treated as no more than a slave herself. And yet, Nafrini's beauty was such that she found she could hold sway over men, and what she wanted from them was more than the meat between their legs. She wanted their knowledge.

The one thing she would say in defense of Khufu, he understood the value of knowledge. The power of it. When he instructed his scholars to begin using papyrus to record the events of his rule, Nafrini had known he was an adversary to be deemed worthy of her interest. True, he was a man and, thus, a fool, but he was a fool with enough power to drive her from the heart of Alexandria, where Nafrini had first grown her group of devoted followers.

In her time in Khaba's home, she learned from the thin, hairy men of his house that their worship was based on tales handed down, but that some of these tales were true. Knowing the truth of things, Nafrini learned, gave you power over them, and so she devoured all the scrolls she could steal away, reading the symbols scrawled onto transient scrolls with a voracity few of the male scholars displayed. If one goes looking, Nafrini learned, there are all sorts of wonders to be discovered.

Her reverie this night was disturbed by the frantic arrival of a scrawny, wide-eyed worshipper, who dashed into the hall and into her midst, collapsing on the stone floor and lowering his head, extending his arms to Nafrini in praise, his chest heaving with exertion.

"My Goddess!" he exclaimed, "Forgive your most pitiful worshipper! He is not worthy to be in your presence!"

Nafrini waved away the servant near her, holding a jug of wine to serve her goddess. She stood, her near six-foot stature imposing, and matched only by the sensuality of her presence. Nafrini's hair was long and dark, falling into naturally straight curtains around her face. Her eyes were a burning green, like emeralds lit by a fire. These eyes settled on the man on his knees before her as she descended the few steps to the floor where he sat in submission.

"You know the price of disturbing me," Nafrini purred. "And yet you willingly do so, throwing yourself at my feet and admitting your worthless nature. What could be so important to surrender your soul?"

"Forgive me, o glorious Nafrini. But Dedi's men come to take you. I would rather fall onto a thousand spears than allow you to be harmed, my Goddess!"

"Dedi? He is an idiot, no more possessed of magic than you, worm."

"Yes, Goddess. But he marches with a hundred men and a woman I have never seen. She walks by his side, but she is not his wife. She is... different."

"Different how?"

The beggar lifted his gaze, allowing himself a glimpse of Nafrini's beauty. From the floor, he could see the curvaceous figure of his goddess, highlighted by the white cotton wrap around her generous bosom and the fall of it as it hid her sex beneath its folds. He shivered at her closeness, at the way he could feel the thrum of her power coming off her in waves.

"She is like you, goddess... she *floated* beside him."

Nafrini grinned cruelly. Another witch. Some bitch yanked from a patch of the desert where the forbidden knowledge still survived. Unlike Dedi, fraud that he was, there were nomads who still knew the ancient ways, understood that great power rested in the breath of the gods.

"Thank you, my pet. You have done well. And now you will get your reward."