



Calista

A TRANSGENDER FEMINIZATION NOVELLA

SUSAN DONNYM

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by Susan Donym

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Calvin Blake was born in Manhattan to wealthy parents. He was a delicate, fanciful blond child with big, pretty blue eyes and a gentle, rather feminine manner. If Calvin had gone to a normal school the other boys no doubt would have bullied him without mercy, but his parents protected him by having him tutored privately. Nothing was too good for their darling boy and they lavished him with expensive toys and trips around the world.

Living a life of such pampered privilege Calvin could have grown up horribly spoiled, but the boy's heart was kind and good. He had the face of a little angel, and he was as innocent as an angel too.

Calvin grew up never knowing a day's hardship or worry, never having to work for anything. But then, on his eighteenth birthday, his world fell apart when his parents were both killed in a plane crash.

Calvin was taken in by his sole living relation, his mother's step-sister Grace. She was still young, barely more than 30; but while she was beautiful to look at, inside she was as ugly as Satan himself. Grace had a heart as evil as Calvin's heart was pure.

Grace had been the outcast of the family, making her fortune as an international peddler of flesh. She owned a high-price escort agency that was frequented by the famous and infamous. She took one look at Calvin's sweet, pretty face and she hatched a truly vicious scheme.

"I won't pamper you," she told him, "the way my fool step-sister did. You're going to have to earn a living now. Your free ride is over, you pathetic little wimp!"

Grace started giving Calvin lots of pills and taking him to the doctor for shots. She told him that this was what he had to do so he could become useful to her, but she refused to elaborate further. Calvin was quite anxious about all this of course, but he was such an innocent boy he assumed that Grace had to know what she was doing. Since Grace was always telling him how small and weak and girly he was, perhaps these drugs were going to make him big and strong.

Calvin didn't become big and strong, but other strange things did happen to his body. His skin became even softer, and then his bottom got bigger, like a girl's. It was so distressing to look in the mirror and see his big, soft, round butt sticking out there! He was also getting thick around the hips, although his waist was still slender. It even seemed as if his manhood was getting smaller. He kept telling himself that he had to be imagining it, that once a boy grew down there he didn't get smaller... but every time poor Calvin measured himself with a ruler, he was smaller and smaller.

One day he was putting on his shirt and he saw that he had two soft, pointy little bumps on his chest. Calvin had never seen a girl naked before, but the bumps definitely looked like a girl's breasts to him. When he put his shirt on the bumps poked out quite noticeably, there was no hiding them. They were extremely sensitive too, so much so that touching them sent a funny little jolt right down between his legs.

He tried to ask Grace about what was happening to him, but she only laughed and told him to be quiet and stop asking so many stupid questions.

“You'll understand,” she said. “Soon enough.”

So Calvin's face got softer and prettier and his bottom kept growing and his chest got bigger and bigger and his manhood shriveled away, until everybody who saw him just assumed he was female.

Poor Calvin was 18 now, ready to go out and find his place in the world as a young man, but instead he looked like a bosomy blond girl! When he went out strange men whistled at him in the street and shopkeepers called him “young lady.” When he corrected them they looked at him strangely, as if he was lying. He was of course terribly embarrassed about it all and he wanted to cut his hair short and wear baggy clothes to try and hide his curvy new figure, but Grace wouldn't let him. She made him grow out his hair and wear dresses, and the dresses clung to Calvin's curves just like he was a real girl.

“Please,” he begged Grace. “I'm not a girl, I'm a boy! You have to take me to the doctor to fix me!”

“Don't worry,” she said. “I'll fix you, soon enough.”

And so the day came when Grace said it was time to fix Calvin. They boarded her private jet and flew for hours, landing in some faraway little town that was dark, cold and rainy. Calvin was taken to a strange clinic and rushed into surgery, and when he woke up he was distressed to find that he still had his big boobies and bottom, but he was missing something else.

“From now on,” Grace told him, “your name will be Calista.”

Calvin's new pussy barely had time to heal when Grace made an announcement.

“You'll begin working tonight, Calista. A gentlemen will come here, and you will entertain him.”

“Entertain him? How?”

“You'll make love to him.”

Calvin was stunned. He'd grown up so sheltered that he hadn't mingled much with other kids. He was attracted to girls, but he'd never even kissed one! How could he make love to a man?

“Please, Grace! I can't be with a man, not like that!”

“You can, and you will. Don't worry. I have a feeling he'll be very satisfied with you.”

“But we'd be fooling him, making him think I'm a normal girl! Won't he be angry if he finds out I'm really a boy?”

“You *are* a girl now, Calista. I paid plenty to make you one. And this gentleman is fully aware that you used to be a boy. As a matter of fact, he

likes it.”

“He does?”

“There are some strange men who are very excited by girls like you, dear. You're what we might call a specialty item. Oh yes, you're going to fetch Grace a very pretty penny.”

Calvin went back to his room feeling all strange and fluttery inside. It was kind of like the feeling he used to get when he thought about girls, but now instead of getting hard down there he felt all puffy and damp in his panties. He was afraid to be a girl, making love to a man... but for some reason, the more he thought about it, the more tingly he felt down there.

Grace commanded Calvin to wash up, spray on some perfume and put on a tiny pink dress that showed off his new curves. Once Calvin was all dressed up he looked at himself miserably in the mirror, seeing how the dress fit his girly body and put his cleavage on display. Then Grace came in and made him sit still while she put makeup on his face. She brushed mascara on his lashes, painted his lips a glossy pink and put rouge on his cheeks.

When she finally turned him back to face the mirror, Calvin's heart skipped a beat. He was terribly pretty, just like a real girl. He looked even younger and more innocent now, like a girl dressed up for her first prom.

“Perfect,” Grace said.

That evening a wealthy man from Georgia arrived. Calvin hid upstairs, peeking over the banister while Grace met the man in the living room.

Calvin kept wondering if he should make a run for it. He couldn't run fast in his high heels, but if he got rid of the shoes he could probably make it to the back door and out to the street.

But even if he did, what would happen to him then? He'd just be some poor lost girly boy in a little pink dress, with no family and no home. He was frightened to think about what might happen to him out there alone in the world.

As frightened as Calvin was, maybe Grace knew what she was doing. She had gone to so much trouble to turn him into a girl, and she said that this was the only way he would ever be useful to her. He was 18 now and he had to make a living somehow. If he looked like this and there were men who would pay Grace a lot of money to make love to him, maybe he should at least try it once. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad.

No, this couldn't be. Calvin was a boy, not a girl, and he didn't want to make love to men! There had to be some way out of this.

When the man from Georgia arrived, Calvin was pleased to see that he was very handsome. Of course it wasn't that Calvin actually wanted to be with a man, but if he had to do it he was glad that this man was so handsome. Calvin tried to imagine kissing the man. How very strange that would be. Looking like this, like a girl, wearing a pretty dress... and kissing some man!

"Calista," Grace said impatiently from downstairs. "This gentleman has flown a long way to see you, so stop hiding up there like a silly little child and come down to say hello."

Calvin flinched, feeling caught. He hadn't known they were aware that he was watching them, and now his soft cheeks were flushing as pink as his dress.

"Yes, Grace! I'm coming!"

He hurried down the steps in his pink high heels and when he reached the pair Calvin found himself looking up at an intimidating and truly enormous man. Calvin's nervous excitement crumbled, replaced by terror.

The man chuckled, seeing the alarm in Calvin's eyes.

“What a trembling little flower,” he said. “Really, Grace, I'm afraid you must have your girls mixed up. There's no way that a pretty thing like this could have ever been a boy!”

“Oh, she was indeed. But now she's been fixed, and she's ready to please a man. You'll be her first.”

Calvin took a hasty step back, thinking about running again, but Grace seized his wrist and held him still. She was bigger than he was, and much stronger too.

“I'll leave you two to get acquainted,” she said. “Calista, see that our guest is well entertained.”

After she was gone the man looked at Calvin like a lion looking at a zebra calf with a broken leg. Calvin gulped, fumbling for words.

“I... I'm not...”

But then the man pounced on Calvin, all pretenses of civility gone. He'd come here to make love to a girl like Calvin, and he expected satisfaction.

Calvin was afraid and he made an effort to push the man away, but his itty-bitty fists were no use against such a great beast. The man grabbed Calvin's skinny wrist, hauled him over to the couch and yanked up his skirt. Calvin had bare, freshly-shaved legs and he'd lost his high heels in their tussle, and looking down now he saw the flat crotch of his little pink panties.

Their eyes met and Calvin realized that as frightened as he was, his panties were really wet and sticky. Somehow it was exciting to feel so small and helpless with a great big man, to see the bulge in a guy's pants and know it was for you. Calvin was struggling against the man, but the struggle was mostly for show. Calvin really wanted this now, even if some part of him didn't want to want it.

But then the man grabbed hold of Calvin's pink panties and ripped them right

off, exposing Calvin's little blond bush to the chilly air of the room. Calvin squeaked with shock and brought his legs together, trying to hide his pussy, but the man grabbed Calvin's knees and shoved his legs apart. Then the man laid his whole heavy weight down on top of Calvin and yanked down his own pants so his penis came flopping out, huge and hard.

Calvin felt his face flush hot with shame. His own penis hadn't been half that size, and now he didn't even have one at all! He'd been a scrawny little wimp of a young man, and now he wasn't even that. Calvin was just a girl with a damp pussy between his soft, hairless legs. This big brute with his big dick, that was the way a real man was supposed to look.

The man grabbed his shaft, slid it deep up inside of Calvin and started pounding. It felt too tight at first and it hurt, but as the man pumped and pumped Calvin felt everything loosening up. It was so strange having a man inside, feeling his big thing thump around like that in your belly. Calvin thought he didn't like it, maybe, but then the man slowed down a little and that felt good. Really good.

Too good.

Calvin wrapped his legs around the man and made soft, encouraging sounds. Calvin's voice had always been high and since the pills it had become ever higher, and when he moaned like this he sounded just like a girl.

The man smiled, grabbing the fabric of Calvin's pink dress and ripping it away in one smooth motion so Calvin was left wearing nothing but his lacy pink bra. Acting on instinct Calvin reached behind his back, undid the clasps and tossed his bra away, then he looked down and watched his big boobies bounce while the man fucked him. Calvin's breasts had only recently stopped growing from all the shots and pills, and he'd been terribly embarrassed about how big they were. But they looked really good, bouncing all around like this.

Then the man groaned and Calvin felt something warm and wet inside, filling him up. He'd masturbated plenty of times before, back when he was a male, so he knew what this was. But it was one thing to pull your own little thing

until you finished on your belly, and it was another thing to feel a man doing this inside of you! Feeling a man in there was much better, Calvin had to admit.

After the man was done Calvin felt funny, kind of kissy and cuddly. But the man didn't even want to look at Calvin; he just pulled up his pants, paid Grace and was gone. Calvin was left feeling warm and full between his thighs but kind of cold and empty everywhere else. He was ashamed of how much he'd enjoyed having sex with a man, as a woman, and he was determined to never let it happen again.

Grace came in with a pink silk robe to cover Calvin. He put it on and pouted up at her.

"I'm still a guy," he said. "Even if I don't look like one, I'm still a guy inside. And I like girls, not men! I don't want to do things like that with other guys! It was awful!"

Grace rolled her eyes.

"Awful? Oh, please, Calista! I could hear you down here, yowling like a cat in heat. The way you carried on, the whole neighborhood could hear you! You had yourself a fine little time, and don't even try to deny it."

"I made noise because it hurt," Calvin lied. "I was just crying out, because it hurt me. So much."

"Poor baby. Well, you have another guest to entertain tomorrow, and perhaps he will be more to your liking."

Calvin sulked, crossing his arms over his cleavage.

"Please," he said. "I really don't want to do it."

But then, a moment later:

"What's he like?"

And so Calvin became a popular Manhattan escort, catering to wealthy men from all over the globe. The men always raved about his feminine beauty, and soon he even began to take it as a sort of compliment when they told him they couldn't believe he'd ever been a male. The sex with men was really fun, much more fun than he wanted it to be, but afterwards he always complained to Grace so she wouldn't know how much he was enjoying himself.

"I'm a *guy*," he'd whine while he powdered his nose. "Please, I want to stop all this and just be a normal guy!"

But Aunt Grave just laughed in his face, and every week she brought him new men with more exotic tastes.

The men paid extra when Calvin wore costumes and play-acted various roles. A number of men liked Calvin to play a ballerina for them, so he learned some basic steps and got pretty good at twirling. He didn't like that one so much because he felt kind of silly in his pink tutu, but he did enjoy playing schoolgirls with pigtails and a plaid, pleated skirt. Growing up home schooled he'd always been curious about what regular school was like, and he'd had a lot of fantasies about dating schoolgirls. Now he wasn't dating a schoolgirl but he kind of got to *be* one, and it was fun to pout and play with his pigtails and watch the men lose their minds.

The men weren't all cruel and cold, like that first man from Georgia. Some of them were very nice and treated Calvin like a little princess. They'd come to town with jewelry, boxes of chocolates and pretty dresses for Calvin. He liked the nice men, but deep down he kind of preferred men who were bossy, who knew what they wanted and told him what to do. That way he could tell himself he was just doing it all because they were making him do it, and it was less confusing.

Calvin still wished he was a man making love to girls instead of a girl making love to men, but he couldn't deny that some men were really good lovers. He developed distinct preferences about dicks. He liked them thick, but length

didn't matter so much. Actually, some of the really big ones hurt! So, just kind of big or medium-sized, those were his favorites, and even the short ones could be cute. As long as they were nice and thick.

Grace's rules were pretty simple. Calvin was to do whatever the men desired, without resistance or complaint. But some of them men did want rather strange things, putting their dicks in all sorts of places. A lot of the guys wanted to do stuff to Calvin's mouth, and that took some getting used to. In the early days he gagged a lot, and he hated swallowing. But then he figured out how to relax his throat muscles and giving head got a lot easier. He even kind of enjoyed it and he learned to savor all the different tastes of men.

But he never learned to enjoy it when the men pulled out and finished on his face, in his hair or on his boobs. It was such a sticky mess, like glue almost, and it was such a pain to clean off! It was kind of gross and humiliating, and sometimes he thought that was why the men liked it so much. He got so he could tell on sight if a man was going to be the type to make a mess on him. When Calvin got a messy man, he was always sure to bring some extra wet wipes in his purse.

Calvin also met plenty of men who liked to do things to his plump little bottom. He didn't mind the spankings, as long as the men didn't get carried away. (Some of these guys slapped his poor ass like they wanted to leave a permanent hand print on his skin!) But he didn't care for it at all when the men put their dicks back there. He was too tight, he couldn't relax, and it always hurt. The men hardly seemed to care if he enjoyed it, and some of them even seemed to enjoy his pain.

It was several months before one of the men said he wanted to eat Calvin's pussy. Calvin was stunned to learn he could come that way, by a man's tongue! In fact it was the most intense, wonderful orgasm Calvin had ever experienced. He wanted more of it, but unfortunately most of his men had no interest in pleasuring a girl like that and he was much too shy to ever come out and ask. He'd rub his little muff in their faces, hoping they'd take the hint, but they'd just put a strong hand on the back of his head and push him down onto their dicks. They boys all wanted a pretty girl to give them head, but most of them were too selfish to return the favor.

Calvin daydreamed about Grace letting him see some women customers, but whenever he asked she'd get nasty.

“Why would a woman ever want you? You have nothing to offer her. It takes a special kind of guy to get off on a girl like you, honey. You're one for the freaks.”

Her words hurt Calvin deeply. He knew he was pretty, he only had to look in the mirror to see it. But he figured that Grace was probably right. Why would a girl want a girl who used to be a boy?

So Calvin was left in a strange limbo. He didn't think of himself as a girl exactly, or at least his mind wasn't female even if his body was, but when he made love to men he didn't think of himself as gay. (He had boobies and a pussy now, after all. If he made love to men, how could that be gay?) In his mind he was a normal boy who liked girls, but he happened to be in a girl body and he was enjoying the things a girl enjoyed.

He was like a traveler in a foreign land, enjoying all the local customs without ever quite feeling at home.

Calvin had been an escort for one year when everything suddenly changed. One Saturday evening Grace called him down to the living room, and when he arrived he found that they had a guest. He was a tall and very handsome fellow with a commanding air, and Calvin immediately sensed that this man wasn't like all the others.

“Calista,” Grace said, “this gentleman is named Kurt.”

Calvin bowed prettily, as he'd been taught.

“Hello, sir,” Calvin said. “I'm very pleased to meet you.”

Kurt smiled.

“I'm pleased to meet you as well. You are every bit as lovely as Grace said.”

Calvin felt so strange in this man's presence, trembling with an excitement he'd never known. Kurt had such dark, penetrating eyes, they seemed to strip Calvin bare. As much as Calvin wanted to look at this man, he was also afraid to look.

"Have you come here to see me?" Calvin asked with a shy smile.

"Yes. But we'll be leaving here, quite soon. You're going to be coming along with me."

"Where will you be taking me, sir?"

Grace smiled a smug smile and gave Calvin a soft slap on the bottom, moving him closer to Kurt.

"I've just sold you to Kurt, Calista. He owns you now.”

Calvin gasped.

"*Sold* me? But... Grace, you must be joking!"

“You know I never joke.”

“But, you can't really mean that you...”

"That is exactly what I mean, girl. You belong to Kurt, and you will obey him always. You've had it easy, up until today. Kurt will expect you to satisfy his desires in bed, but that's not all. He also needs a pretty little maid to keep his home tidy. You won't just be his lover. You'll also be his servant.”

Calvin stamped his foot, so upset now he couldn't think clearly.

“But, I don't want to be owned by a man, Grace! It was one thing to work for you, entertaining men, but to be sold as if I'm property...”

He was interrupted by Grace slapping him across the cheek hard enough to make him stumble on his high heels. Calvin whimpered and hugged himself protectively, feeling about three feet tall. Grace had said many cruel things to him, but she'd never struck Calvin before.

“You *are* property,” she snarled. “You belonged to me, and now you belong to Kurt. Do you understand?”

Calvin shrank back, bowing his head. Submitting utterly.

“Yes, Grace. I'm very sorry for making you angry with me.”

Kurt took Calvin's soft and tiny hand in his own big, rough hand.

“Now now, little one. Don't be so upset. As long as you obey me, we should get along very well. Of course, if you disobey me, then you will suffer.”

Calvin looked away and bit his lip, wondering if Kurt meant the fun kind of suffering, or the bad kind. He was afraid to find out. There was a darkness in Kurt's eyes. Calvin's natural inclination was to obey, but he was filled with horror at the idea that he was now this man's property.

“I'll pack my things,” Calvin said quietly.

“No need,” Grace said. “You'll be leaving immediately, and you won't be taking anything.”

Calvin whimpered again. He had some treasured mementos left from his parents, and he'd also become rather attached to some of the prettier dresses and jewelry his clients had given him as gifts. But from the look in Grace's eyes Calvin knew there was absolutely no hope of negotiation. None of Calvin's old things would be of any use to him in his new position as Kurt's servant.

Calvin looked up at Grace, his sole living relation, and he struggled to blink back the tears in his eyes.

“Will I ever see you again?”

“I don't see why you would. Kurt has paid me a very fair price, and I have no further need of you.”

Calvin sobbed, hoping that Grace would take pity on him and at least offer him a kind word or a little kiss on the cheek, but she only gave him a nasty smirk.

“My step-sister was so pious,” Grace said, “so smug. The bitch was always looking down on me, as if she was so much better than I was. Oh, I wish I could see the look on her face, if she found out how I turned her precious, pampered son into one of my girls and sold you to the highest bidder!”

Grace turned and left the room without another word, leaving Calvin alone with his new master.

"Goodbye," Calvin said, his voice so soft that he wasn't sure if Grace could hear him. Of course he knew that even if she could hear, she wouldn't care.

Calvin turned to face his new owner with tears sparkling in his pretty blue eyes. Everything was happening so quickly, and he was terribly sad and afraid. Kurt smiled.

“Do you know me, little one?”

“No, sir. We've never met before, have we?”

“No. But I am a rather famous television star. Most people have heard of me.”

Calvin flushed, embarrassed.

“Oh. I'm sorry, sir. I'm afraid Grace doesn't allow me to watch television. I spend most nights... entertaining.”

Kurt smiled. He was very charming when he smiled, and very intimidating

when he didn't.

“Don't be sorry, little one. I think you're just as cute as a girl can be. Of course, I wasn't kidding when I said that you'll suffer if you disobey me. Do you understand?”

Calvin flushed, feeling resentful, but he curtsied just as Grace had taught him to do in the presence of his betters.

“Yes, sir.”

Kurt's smile took on a strange edge.

“Grace told me about what she did to you. You were a young man, and she took your cock away forever and turned you into a girl. There must be some part of you that hates her for it. Some part of you that wants to fight this. To fight me.”

Calvin swallowed hard, confused. His face felt hot and he was shaking, not understand the swirl of emotions within him.

Kurt stepped close to Calvin, close enough that Calvin could feel Kurt's warm breath on the skin of his face.

“So weak,” Kurt said. “So little and afraid. Grace snipped off your balls and now you don't have even a bit of fight in you. Do you, girl?”

Calvin looked down, listening to his heart thump in his ears. Kurt's words made Calvin feel angry and ashamed, but there was nothing he could do. He *was* weak, little and afraid, and he couldn't even hope to fight a big, powerful man like Kurt.

“I guess not, sir,” he said softly.

“You *guess* not?”

Calvin flinched. Kurt apparently wouldn't settle for anything less than totally

humiliating his new servant.

“I mean,” Calvin said, “no, sir.”

Kurt laughed a deep, hearty, masculine laugh, like a pirate. Even if Calvin still had his balls, he never could have sounded like that.

“Panties off,” Kurt said. “Now.”

Calvin gulped again.

“Oh! Are we..? I mean, are you going to... make love to me, sir?”

“Don't ask foolish questions, girl. Just do as your master says.”

Calvin shimmied his pink panties down around his ankles and stepped out of them, holding them in his trembling hands. He could feel the cool air of the room traveling up his skirt and blowing against the warm skin of his thighs and pussy.

“Give me your panties,” Kurt said.

Calvin did as he was told and Kurt took the panties and held them to his nose, giving them a deep sniff. Calvin held his breath, afraid that the big man was going to make fun of the smell of Calvin's pussy. Calvin already felt so pathetic and emasculated right now, he couldn't bear any more of Kurt's teasing.

Kurt nodded as if he found the smell of Calvin's panties satisfactory, but then he ripped them in half and tossed the scraps aside.

“You won't be needing these anymore,” he said. “In fact, you won't ever wear panties again. I want your little pussy available at all times, waiting for me beneath your skirt with absolutely nothing to get in my way.”

Calvin reflexively brought his knees together and covered his crotch with his hands, feeling very nervous about this new no-panties arrangement. None of

his lovers had ever complained about the smell of his pussy, but sometimes when he was horny and he got really wet he could smell himself down there, and it was kind of embarrassing. He had never smelled another girl's pussy and he wasn't sure if they all had that kind of salty smell or if it was just him. What if he got really horny and wet sometime? He wouldn't have any way to hide the salty smell of his pussy!

Kurt looked furious and gave Calvin a sharp swat on the bottom.

“No,” he said. “You must never put your knees together like that, or cross your legs. From now on you are to keep your legs open and waiting for me, at all times. You must never forget that you exist purely to serve me and I own your pussy. If I ever catch you with your knees together, I'll punish you most severely. Do you understand?”

“Y-yes, sir. But I...”

“Be silent. I didn't buy you for conversation. Speak only when you're spoken to, or if there's an emergency.”

Calvin nodded meekly, his hands clasped behind him and his legs well apart as he stood. It was going to be difficult to remember to always keep his legs like this, but he knew he'd face dire consequences if he ever forgot.

Kurt looked Calvin up and down and smiled, obviously pleased at the sight of this helpless, totally submissive little blonde.

“If you have any questions for me,” Kurt said, “you should ask them now, while you can.”

Calvin took a deep breath. His head was full of questions, but he knew he had to choose his words carefully.

“Please, sir,” he said in a faltering little voice. “You talk about punishing me, but you don't say what these punishments would be...”

“They will vary, depending on the situation. For a lighter transgression you'll

merely be spanked, with my open hand. If you really misbehave, I'll use the paddle."

Calvin gasped, the color draining from his cheeks. He'd read old books where naughty children were punished by being paddled on the bottom. The very idea of it sounded too humiliating to bear. Calvin was a grown up now, not some naughty child!

"Yes," Kurt said. "You'll find that I'm quite fond of the paddle. It's a good way to remind a girl who is the boss. Of course, for some very bad girls, a little paddling is no punishment at all. They love it."

"They do?"

"Oh, yes. And I have a feeling that you may be one of those girls."

Calvin suddenly realized his heart was racing and he could smell himself, down there. He was already getting too horny, and his pussy was getting all wet and sticky so you could smell him!

He tried to clear his mind and calm down, but there was something so irresistibly exciting about the idea of being tossed over Kurt's knee and paddled. Calvin had been spanked before by his clients and he'd enjoyed it despite himself. But what would it be like to serve just one man, to have a stern master bossing you around and paddling you if you misbehaved? Calvin almost wanted to misbehave, just so Kurt would punish him.

Calvin felt so confused. Kurt said that only bad girls liked to be paddled, and of course Calvin didn't want to be bad. But it was thrilling to imagine Kurt really angry, whacking Calvin's bottom with the paddle. If thinking about it turned Calvin on so much, did that mean he was really one of the bad girls?

"You'll be tamed," Kurt said, "bit by bit. Broken, until finally you think nothing of yourself. You'll exist merely to fulfill my needs."

Calvin trembled as he listened to Kurt's words. He was very worried that as time passed he might begin to feel things for Kurt that he didn't want to feel.

If he was living to serve Kurt, if Kurt was the focus of his whole existence, this powerful attraction that Calvin already felt might bloom into something deeper.

Calvin took a deep breath, attempting to calm himself down. He had another question he wanted to ask, but he was afraid that asking it might get him in trouble.

“Sir, will I ever be allowed to leave?”

Kurt smiled.

“No, but eventually you won't want to. I'll make you love me, with time.”

Calvin took a deep breath and forced himself to look Kurt in the eye.

“I don't think so, sir. You can make me work as your servant, cooking and cleaning and... doing other things. But you can't make me love you.”

Kurt laughed that pirate laugh again.

“We'll see about that, little one. Come, let's get going.”

“Where will we go, sir?”

“We're heading for my mansion down the coast. During the trip you'll be in the hands of Heather, one of my other maids. She's going to help you get ready for your new position, and you must do whatever she says.”

He took Calvin's hand, leading him outside. Calvin felt dizzy, experiencing a rush of confusing, contradictory emotions. Some strange part of him kind of liked the idea of being owned by this man, of serving him and being his property. But Calvin knew he had to fight this feeling, that he could never give in to it.

Calvin was still a boy, no matter what he looked like. And he would never, ever let himself fall in love with Kurt!

Calvin was escorted to a white limousine, and he gasped at the sight of it. While he had ridden around town in limos with clients many times before, he'd never been in a car as large as this. It had impressive amenities, including its own well-stocked bar, but even though Calvin was rather thirsty he had to just sit there in meek silence while Kurt sipped whiskey and looked after some business on his phone.

Sitting on the limo seat felt funny without any panties, and Calvin was very self-conscious about the growing aroma of his damp little pussy. Several times he almost gave in to instinct and closed his legs together, but then he remembered just in time that he was required to always keep his thighs spread well apart. That was going to be hard to get used to. He hoped that eventually it would become an automatic thing for him, but he suspected it never would be.

When they arrived at the airport Kurt took Calvin's arm and hurried him aboard an enormous private plane. Kurt had to be a very successful actor indeed, to afford a plane like this. It looked like something the Pope would fly around in!

The plane had a luxurious bathroom with a sparkling gold bathtub, and it was here that Kurt handed Calvin over to Heather. She was a tall, gorgeous brunette with broad shoulders and biceps like a fitness trainer. She was wearing an old fashioned French maid outfit, a little black dress with a poofy skirt and a frilly white apron, but despite all these feminine flourishes she was a somewhat imposing figure. Calvin shrank at the sight of her, nervous to be around a woman who was so much bigger and obviously stronger than he was. But her manner was gentle, and Calvin hoped she would be kind to him while she helped prepare him for his new life as Kurt's servant girl.

Heather instructed Calvin to strip off all of his clothing. He reached for the zipper on the back of his pink dress, but then he realized Heather didn't seem

to be leaving.

“I'm going to bathe you,” she said with a friendly smile.

Calvin swallowed hard, feeling a sudden dizzy thrill. He'd spent a year making love to men, only ever men. Now he was at last here with a woman, a very attractive woman, and she was going to bathe him!

But then he sighed, remembering how Grace had always said that no woman would ever want him. He was a boy with a girl's body, and he had nothing to offer women. He was one for the freaks, as Grace put it.

“That's OK,” he said to Heather. “I can do it myself. You don't have to help me.”

She giggled, covering her smile with her hand.

“Don't be shy,” she said. “It'll give us a chance to get to know each other. Please, I really want to see that gorgeous little body of yours.”

Calvin blinked, surprised.

“Gorgeous? Me?”

“Come on now, sweetie. Don't play dumb with me. You must know how sexy you are!”

As Heather spoke she filled the tub with warm, sudsy water. Calvin kept his back to her, anxiously unzipping his dress and shimmying it down off his shoulders. Did Heather know that he wasn't a normal girl? If he was naked in her presence, would she see something that would give away his secret?

Finally the tub was all filled up and Calvin was stripped bare. Heather giggled and gave the water a playful little splash.

“Come on. Time for a good scrub, new girl.”

Calvin gulped, not sure if she meant that Calvin was merely the new girl in Kurt's employ, or if she meant that he was a *new girl*. (He'd been a girl for a year. Was he still new?)

Calvin climbed into the tub, wincing at the water's heat. He was a pale and delicate thing, and his skin instantly flushed bright pink from his scalp all the way down to the tips of his toes.

"Look at you," Heather said with a laugh. "Like a little beet boiling in the pot! I'll put in some cooler water."

"No," Calvin said, blushing now from embarrassment as well as the heat. "I'm fine like this."

"Now now, honey. No need to play tough with me."

Heather introduced some cooler water, immediately easing Calvin's discomfort, then she went to work scrubbing him with the washcloth. She took her time on his tits, scooping them up and gently scrubbing beneath them. Calvin's nipples were stiff, and Heather smiled while she circled each one with the warm, wet washcloth.

"Are you excited, honey? I mean, about working for Kurt?"

"Well, yes," Calvin said, "but I..."

Heather moved the washcloth down between Calvin's thighs and started scrubbing his pussy. Calvin was struck dumb. He was terrified that Heather would find something that wasn't supposed to be there, something that would give away he wasn't a normal girl, and she would pull her hand back in disgust. But at the same time, he was positively swooning with arousal, dizzy with pleasure.

A girl was touching him, down there! Even if this wasn't quite the way Calvin had always dreamed about it back when he was a boy, Heather was still a gorgeous woman smiling while she touched his most sensitive, intimate place.

“You're afraid of Kurt,” Heather said. “You're very attracted to him, but you're also afraid.”

Her words woke Calvin from his lusty haze.

“Yes,” he said. “But how did you know that? It's almost as if you can read my thoughts.”

Heather laughed.

“Oh, yes,” she said. “I have mysterious, magic powers, and I *can* read your thoughts. And right now, I know you're thinking how nice it feels to have your pussy washed by another girl.”

Heather was gently scrubbing the sensitive lips of Calvin's pussy now, swirling the washcloth all around. Her fingers stroked him through the cloth, tickling his pink, swollen little pearl.

“Yes,” he sighed. “Yes, it is... very nice.”

“Good. We want you to be all clean and fresh for your your new master.”

She looked him over carefully.

“How old are you, honey?”

“Almost 19.”

She giggled.

“Oh, please,” she said. “With that sweet little baby face? You're obviously *much* younger than that. Come on now, there's no need to pretend.”

“No, really. I am 18. Almost 19!”

She gazed down at his body.

“Well, you certainly have titties like a grown up. But you have barely any hair at all, down around your pussy.”

Calvin frowned. His body hair had always been pale blond and sparse, and it had only become more so since Grace gave him all the drugs for his transformation into a girl. Now he was nearly hairless between his soft, shapely legs, and it did make him look younger than he liked. He thought it was kind of mean for Heather to point it out. She had seemed so kind, but now it seemed as if she was going to make fun of him too. Everybody was always teasing him for being small and weak and feminine, all these things he couldn't help.

“I have hair down there,” he said. “Maybe not as much as some girls, but plenty enough!”

Calvin was feeling rather fussy now and he was about to tell Heather he could finish washing by himself, but then she surprised him by dropping the washcloth in the water and slipping her middle finger deep inside of him, all the way up to her knuckle. Calvin leaned back in the tub, his tension instantly gone and his whole body unclenching.

“Oh, sweetie,” Heather said soothingly, “please, don't be upset with me. I was only having a bit of fun with you, that's all. Of course you're all grown up, I can see that.”

Calvin couldn't answer her. He was utterly helpless now, in a swoon of bliss. All he could think was, “A girl is touching me, down there. A real, live girl is fingering my pussy!”

Calvin had become so accustomed to a man's touch, and being touched by a girl was like nothing he'd ever experienced. Heather's fingers were so smooth, gentle and skilled, not at all like the rough, probing fingers of a man. She seemed to know exactly where to touch to make him feel good.

“All grown up,” Heather said in a soft, sing-song voice, like a nanny playing peek-a-boo with a child. “You're a *big* girl, aren't you?”

Was she teasing him again? Calvin couldn't tell, and right now he didn't care as long as she kept working his pussy. He closed his eyes, imagining he still had a penis and it was hard and Heather was working it. He'd never been touched like that by a girl, not even once. He never ever got to got off like a man.

Heather was really thumping her finger deep inside Calvin now, and his little fantasy about being a boy poofed away to nothing and he was a girl again. Feeling her finger pounding inside, her knuckles brushing his lips. He was wide and loose now and she slipped in another finger. And another. Heather's thumb found Calvin's clit, tickling it just right. His eyelids fluttered as he experienced pleasure like he'd never known.

Calvin gasped, realizing he was coming, and he bucked his hips in the tub and sent some sudsy water splashing over the edge. Heather leaned in to kiss him, their tongues meeting. Her cheeks were so smooth and soft, no stubble scraping him. Not like a man at all.

They kissed while Calvin came, and after his orgasm finally peaked Heather lifted her fingertip away from his clit but carried on gently stroking his pubic hair while she kissed him.

“There,” Heather said. “All clean and fresh.”

Calvin rose up from the tub on wobbly legs and Heather dried him off with a soft pink towel. She lingered on the downy thatch of blond fuzz between his legs.

“Now then,” she said. “It's time to give you a shave down there.”

Calvin flinched, instinctively covering his pubic hair with his hands. He had so little hair down there as it was. He already felt self-conscious about his baby face, and he didn't want to have a bald little pussy too!

“I'd rather not,” he said. “I prefer it the way it is.”

“Sorry, new girl. House rules. Kurt likes his women to be shaved smooth.”

Heather moved over to a padded table and patted the surface.

“Come on. Hop on up here, and spread those pretty legs of yours.”

Calvin sighed and did as Heather said. Somehow this felt like his most emasculating ordeal so far. Now he wouldn't just be a girl who was forced to walk around without panties. He'd have a bald little pussy too!

Heather lathered him up, making a cool mound of white, wet froth and rubbing it into Calvin's pubic hair, then she went to work with a straight razor. Her shave was quick but close, and Calvin could feel his little tufts of fuzz being whisked clean away.

When Heather was finished Calvin looked down at himself miserably. His genitals looked as unmanly as they could ever possibly look, all smooth and pink with cute, puffy little lips. Heather saw his pouty face and snickered.

“Aw, poor baby! Do you feel a little bare down there now?”

“Yes,” he whined. “Everything is so... exposed.”

“Well, don't worry. Now we're gonna fancy you up a bit.”

Heather came toward Calvin with a lipstick and he puckered his lips for her, but then she surprised him by leaning in between his legs.

“Hang on,” he said. “What are you doing?”

“This is a special kind of lipstick, made to be used down there.”

“Oh, I don't know about that. I'm pretty pink down there already. I don't think I need any extra coloring.”

“Don't worry, you'll like it. It'll make your pussy really pretty.”

Calvin sighed and stretched back while Heather swooped the lipstick around his pussy lips, giving him a rosy gloss. She smiled down at her work and capped the lipstick, then she got out a little spray bottle and pointed it between Calvin's legs. He sat up quickly on his elbow, looking up at her nervously.

“Hang on! What are you doing now?”

“It's only perfume, scaredy cat.”

“But, right on my... down there?”

“Yes. A little spritz to make you smell nice and flowery.”

“Well... won't it sting?”

“Perhaps a bit. But you know, sometimes we girls just have to suffer for beauty.”

She gave Calvin's pussy a spray of perfume; the freshly-shaved skin of his groin tingled and burned a little, and his pussy lips felt so hot Calvin flinched and covered them with his hands. Heather smiled.

“It'll pass,” she said, not unkindly. “Just give it a few moments.”

Calvin's eyes were watering, but finally the burning feeling faded.

“Ouch,” he said. “I hope I never have to do that again.”

“You will. All the time.”

“But it hurts!”

“Yes. But don't worry, you'll get used to it. You'll get used to a lot of strange things, working here. Come on, we still have to get you all dressed up.”

Heather painted Calvin's lips and nails a shade of crimson red, then she gave him two sweeps of luminous blue eye shadow and went over his lashes with mascara. She brushed his long blonde hair, slowly and carefully, then she swept it up and pinned it into a tight updo. Finally she brought out a glossy black corset, designed without cups so it would leave a girl's breasts exposed. Calvin stared down at it nervously.

“You mean, that little thing is supposed to fit around me?”

“Obviously, dear,” Heather said. “Now, I'll need you to exhale as deeply as you can.”

Heather remained at Calvin's back, reaching around to wrap the corset around his middle. Calvin bit his lip, trying not to tremble as he felt the corset squeeze around his belly and ribs. It wasn't so bad at first, but it kept getting tighter and tighter, crushing the breath out of his lungs. Finally there was one last great squeeze, then he could feel Heather tying the laces against his back.

Calvin was straining to breathe and he knew he'd never be able to take a deep breath as long as this pinching little undergarment was around his body. It was a frightening prospect, but it was something that he would simply have to become accustomed to.

Next Heather placed a dark, silky garter belt around Calvin's hips and he lifted his feet, each one in turn, so that Heather could slip dark fishnet stockings onto his shaved legs. The stockings were joined to Calvin's garter belt with shiny silver clasps. He stepped onto a pair of black high heels, and through his stockings he could see his glossy red toenails.

Heather reached into a wardrobe and pulled out a black evening dress, a shimmery thing with a full skirt.

“Of course,” Heather said, “ you'll normally wear much more revealing clothes for your new master. But to celebrate your arrival, I've been told to dress you like a lady.”

The dress was tight and without the corset Calvin probably wouldn't have been able to fit into it. He blushed, seeing how his big boobs were packed into the cups so they jiggled with his every little movement. If he breathed too deeply it seemed likely his breasts would pop right out of this dress! The blush of his face was spreading so he felt hot all over, and soon his cleavage was bright pink too. Heather noticed and gave him a sly grin.

“Nice,” she said. “*Very* nice indeed. Your new master will be very pleased.”

The dress was low-cut to expose Calvin's copious cleavage, with an opening up the side that would part to show off his legs every time he took a step in his high heels. He still wasn't wearing panties, and he knew that if he walked too quickly the slit in the dress might swish open to reveal his little blonde bush. This dress made him constantly aware of his vulnerability; at any moment there was the potential for humiliating exposure.

Heather dabbed a bit of perfume behind his ears, then she gave him a little spritz down his cleavage so his breasts smelled sweet and flowery. Calvin was about to complain but before he could say a word Heather slipped behind him and clasped a pearl necklace around his neck. The pearls tumbled down into place, gleaming prettily between his tits.

Calvin looked at himself in the mirror, seeing a girl he didn't recognize. Who was this little blonde bimbo, all dolled up with her great big boobs on display so you couldn't help but look at them? She couldn't really be Calvin!

Heather was smiling at him in the mirror, over his shoulder. She seemed to sense his distress and she put a warm hand on his bare arm.

“So little,” she said. “So soft.”

Calvin felt his blush burning even hotter. When Heather stood close to him like this, it made him even more aware of how she was so much bigger and stronger than he was. His boobs were bigger than hers, but that was all. In every other respect he was like a child in her presence.

She leaned in, close enough that he could feel her hot breath on the back of

his neck.

“So,” she said. “Is it true that used to be a boy?”

He stepped away from the mirror and folded his arms over his cleavage. He felt dizzy with shame, as if he might faint.

“I'm... I'm not... I mean, I'm still a...”

Heather giggled and moved closer, looking down on him. For a moment Calvin thought she was going to pounce on him, to make love to him again, but then they were interrupted by three chimes overhead. Heather smiled.

“Saved by the bell,” she said. “We're about to land.”

There was another limo waiting at the airport. Calvin climbed in and found Kurt waiting.

“Ah, little one,” Kurt said. “How lovely you are.”

He kissed Calvin's hand. Calvin could feel his heart pounding but he swallowed hard and tried to calm down. It was one thing to pretend to be a girl and have sex with men, but this weird, fluttery excitement was something else. It felt like *real* girl stuff, and Calvin was determined not to give in to it. But he could feel the blood of his rising passion, thumping in his pussy. He was getting all wet and salty down there again, aching for Kurt.

Kurt and Calvin were alone, riding silently together in the limo, and they were sitting so close together that Calvin could feel the warmth rising from the big man's body. Calvin's nipples were pointy and stiff now like little almonds, straining against the black fabric of his dress.

The car turned a corner and Calvin at last saw his new home, away in the distance atop a hill. It was the largest home he'd ever seen. It even had tall towers like a castle from a fairy tale, and he wondered if it had its very own

dungeon. (If it did, he just hoped he wouldn't end up down there for displeasing his new master.)

As they entered the enormous home Calvin was struggling to hide his amazement. The place looked a lot more modern on the inside than he'd expected and he could tell that Kurt must have put a lot of money into it. Just the monthly heating and cooling costs must have been enormous!

Kurt took Calvin's hand and led him up a great staircase.

“This way,” he said, “to the bedroom.”

Calvin gulped, nervous about what was coming next, but he reminded himself that Kurt wasn't a total brute like some of the other men. This was a very wealthy man with an air of sophistication, and maybe he liked a little romance. Maybe Calvin would find that the bedroom was lit by flickering candles, with soft, fragrant rose petals scattered across the bed.

They arrived at a heavy door and when Kurt closed it behind them Calvin found himself in a huge, elegant bedroom. It was kind of dark and a bit chilly, but everything was quite tasteful and expensive-looking. He stepped closer to the enormous four-poster bed, noticing that each of the posts had a little metal ring screwed into the heavy wood. He wondered what the rings were for, and he reached out to touch one.

“For restraints,” Kurt said, as if he'd read Calvin's mind.

There was a bottle waiting, and two glasses. Kurt poured one and handed it to Calvin.

“To masters,” he said, by way of a toast, “and servants.”

Calvin sipped his drink, then Kurt ordered him to turn around. Calvin did as he was told, then he trembled to feel Kurt's hands at his back, unzipping the dress. The zipper traveled down along Calvin's spine, then the dress fell away from Calvin's shoulders and landed in a heap around his ankles to leave him standing there in his corset, garter belt, stocking and heels.

Kurt put a hand on Calvin's shoulder to turn him around and Calvin looked away, too shy to meet Kurt's gaze. Calvin had serviced many men in the last year, but this felt so different. Calvin had never been so thrilled, or so afraid.

"Gorgeous," Calvin said. "There's no other word for you but gorgeous."

"Thank you, sir."

Kurt looked Calvin up and down.

"Lie down," he said. "On your stomach. Stretch your arms above your head and part your thighs as wide as you can."

"Very well, sir."

Kurt pulled out four strips of long, red fabric to bind Calvin with. He seized the young man's right wrist and yanked it so roughly that Calvin feared it might break. Kurt tied Calvin's wrist with the red cloth, pulling the knot tight enough to cut off Calvin's circulation, then he tied the other end to the bedpost at the head of the bed. Calvin whimpered in discomfort.

"Please, sir..."

Kurt just chuckled, obviously enjoying the distress of his new plaything. Calvin already felt a tingle in his hand, and looking at his fingers he could see them flushing pink. He pulled at the fabric but it only made the knot tighter against his wrist.

Calvin turned his head just in time to see Kurt tying off Calvin's other wrist, then the big man moved to the foot of the bed and grabbed Calvin's feet. He roughly tied a strip of fabric around each of Calvin's ankles, tied the other crimson strips to the bed and then pulled them taut, leaving poor Calvin spread eagle on the mattress with his tits rubbing against the sheets. Calvin was able to turn his head but otherwise he could hardly move at all.

Kurt went over to an enormous cabinet and opened it, deliberating over the

contents. Calvin couldn't see what Kurt was looking at and all sorts of ghastly possibilities flashed through Calvin's mind. Finally the big man closed the cabinet and came back with a wooden paddle in his hand. Calvin whined and tried to break free of his restraints but the movement only made him jiggle on the bed.

“No,” he said. “Please, haven't I done everything just as asked?”

“You need to be broken in, girl. A good going-over with the paddle will show you who is to be the boss here.”

Calvin trembled, sensing he was about to endure the most humiliating, painful ordeal of his young life. He made up his mind then that no matter what happened, he wouldn't protest. Kurt wanted Calvin to be weak and cry like a girl, but Calvin wouldn't give the sadist this satisfaction.

“This paddle is my favorite,” Kurt said. “It's an antique, used at a German girls' school in the late 19th Century. Who knows how many girls were punished with this before you? It will make your soft pink bottom red and shiny like a plump tomato. There are few things I love to see as much as a girl's freshly-spanked ass, and I can tell that yours will be a real beauty. Unfortunately you won't be able to see the spanking for yourself, since you'll be on the receiving end.”

He slapped the paddle against his palm as he came around the side of the bed, where Calvin couldn't see him. Calvin heard Kurt breathing heavily, then the cruel bastard took one last deep breath and slammed the paddle down on Calvin's bare ass. Calvin heard himself make a high, keening sound, like a baby's cry.

Kurt spanked Calvin, over and over again, harder and harder, and with each slap of the paddle Calvin felt the pain like strikes of lighting. Calvin was trying so hard not to cry like some little girl, but finally he simply couldn't bear it anymore.

“Please, stop! It's too much! Stop, I beg you!”

Kurt laughed.

“You just earned yourself another five minutes. And harder than before.”

“What? No, please!”

Smack, the paddle came down, making Calvin's buttocks quake. Calvin clenched them, trying to stop the shiver of his flesh, but he knew that by clenching like this he only made his bottom a more inviting target.

The pain was beyond belief, pushing Calvin past rational thought, and as he wept and groaned he felt hot all over and he was drooling on the bed. Some strange, terrible, animal part of him was enjoying this. All he could think about was the raw heat of his ass, this burning, shameful pleasure.

Finally there was a sound of wood clunking against wood, Kurt tossing the paddle to the floor. Then the handsome sadist came around so Calvin could see him and unzipped his pants, pulling out the largest cock Calvin had ever seen. It was long and thick like a beer bottle and it looked about as hard as one too. Calvin trembled at the sight, knowing he would be expected to take this thing. He'd taken a lot of cocks this last year, but never one as big as this. Never one even close to it!

Kurt reached into the top drawer of one of the bedside tables and took out a jar of lubricant.

“I'm going to lube up your little pussy now, but don't imagine even for a moment that this is for your sake. It's purely for my own benefit, so I'll be able to go deeper inside you. The lube should make you slippery enough to take me fully, but if not I have other means to loosen you up.”

Calvin whimpered. *Other means?* What might they be? The idea was terrifying, but kind of thrilling too.

Where Kurt was standing now, Calvin could see the man's huge, hard cock, purplish and pulsing with lust. Calvin thought again about how much smaller his own penis had been, when he'd had one. Kurt's balls were so big, too.

Everything about him was so big, so manly. Everything Calvin wasn't. Calvin wanted to look away but he couldn't take his eyes off Kurt's engorged member, the bead of pre-cum glistening at the very tip. Calvin swallowed hard, his mouth watering. Longing to taste.

But then Kurt climbed onto the bed behind Calvin, between Calvin's spread thighs. Calvin couldn't see what was happening now and he trembled with a mix of terror and a desire he could not suppress. Calvin had long since ceased struggling to escape from the ties at his wrists and ankles. He knew that if he struggled, they'd only get tighter.

He heard the sound of Kurt opening the jar and the grotesque *squish* as Kurt scooped his fingers into the lube, then he felt Kurt's rough hands, spreading the cheeks of Calvin's ass and rubbing the cool lube into Calvin's pussy. *Squish, squish*. Calvin moaned softly, utterly helpless and vulnerable, and without thinking he clenched his buttocks tight.

Smack. There was a hard slap against Calvin's ass, which was still hot and tender from the brutal paddling he'd taken. He yelped in pain, blinking back tears.

“Bad girl,” Kurt said. “Don't you tense up on me now.”

Kurt went back to work with the lube, his thick middle finger penetrating Calvin's ass now, all the way up to the knuckle. Calvin closed his eyes, hot with humiliation but also more aroused than he'd ever been. He heard himself making high, soft sounds. Girl sounds. He tried to imagine that he was the man now, doing this to a girl. The moans he heard were from a girl going wild with passion as he touched her. Calvin wasn't the girl, making these sounds.

But then he felt more of the lube being squished inside his pussy, and more still, until it oozed out all over his thighs. Calvin yelped again, feeling the big finger pop out of his pussy, then he heard more of the squishing noises back there and there was movement on the mattress behind him. Kurt was slathering his own dick with the lube, getting ready to plunge himself between Calvin's thighs.

Calvin tried to relax as much as he could so the penetration of his tender pussy would hurt less. He felt those big hands back there again, gripping the cheeks of his ass and spreading them apart. There was something hot and hard and wet back there, bumping all around, sliding in. Teasing Calvin's lips, tickling them, making Calvin squeak like a tiny mouse.

Suddenly Calvin had a great big dick inside, the biggest dick he'd ever taken. It felt as if his entire body was stretching to accommodate this thing, as if he could feel the dick all the way up into his chest.

“Relax that cunt,” Kurt said impatiently. “Come on, open it up for me.”

“I'm trying, but... you're just so big!”

It hurt, a lot, but then...

Oh, no. It felt good. Too good. Calvin's belly was all filled up with Kurt's dick, and Kurt's dick was too big to fit but that felt really good. Now Kurt was thrusting, faster and faster, and that hurt even more but it felt even better too. Calvin bit the pillow, to keep from screaming out his pain and pleasure. He remembered hearing gay men called “pillow biters” somewhere, it was an old-fashioned insult. Now Calvin was doing it, actually biting the pillow.

God, why did having Kurt inside have to feel so good? Calvin just wanted to be a normal young man with a girlfriend and everything, but instead he was a girl taking a huge dick and loving it!

Kurt was going deeper and deeper, shoving more and more dick into Calvin's raw little pussy. How much dick did this beast of a man have? It felt like he was going to keep going until his shaft scraped Calvin's throat and popped out through his mouth, running Calvin through like a pig roasting on a spit.

Kurt was pushing harder now, determined to fit his entire dick in Calvin, refusing to give up. But Calvin's little muscles were fighting back, refusing to take it all. Calvin heard a wet sound down there and he experienced a jolt of pain, ripping inside. Just wanting this wasn't going to be enough. Kurt was

too big, and Calvin was too little.

“Please,” Calvin whimpered. “It's so tight...”

Kurt was fucking as hard as he could, slamming his cock inside Calvin. Calvin's back was sweating and he could feel Kurt's sweat dripping down unto him, their hot perspiration mixing together. Kurt throbbed within Calvin, as if he was about to cum, but then he just kept going. He did it again, and again, taking Calvin to the brink of ecstasy but then leaving him wanting. Calvin was disappointed, but some part of his mind told him he had no right to complain. Kurt was the man, the boss, and Calvin was just a servant girl. Calvin existed for his master's pleasure and Kurt could use Calvin's body in any way he wished.

Calvin was drooling onto the pillow now, his mouth hanging open. He felt a spasm of the shaft inside, stronger than the others but surely just another cruel tease. Then another spasm, and another, and more still, until Calvin felt a squirt inside, a rush of wet warmth. He groaned helplessly, feeling his belly fill with Kurt's seed.

Then a cold jolt as Kurt abruptly pulled out, making Calvin gasp. One moment Calvin was filled to the limit with dick and the next moment he was empty inside. He felt his walls collapse around the place where the huge dick had been, everything going slack after being stretched far beyond capacity.

“Damn it,” Kurt said. “You're much too tight. I could barely fit half of it in you.”

Calvin held his breath. *Half?* He'd taken so much dick, it almost felt as if he'd had two men in there at once. He closed his eyes, feeling ashamed of his littleness and delicacy, his inability to take such a gargantuan prick. He told himself that it was crazy to feel like that, but he couldn't help it. Some part of him really wanted to take Kurt all the way, and he hated himself for failing. Even as a girl he was a failure, too small and weak to fuck a man right.

Kurt leaned in, untying the red fabric that bound Calvin's ankles and wrists. He also massaged Calvin's limbs with surprising gentleness, sending the

blood flowing back into the little blonde's feet and hands. Calvin rolled over, trying not to look down at Kurt's cock. Even now, only half-erect, the thing was still bigger than any cock Calvin had ever seen.

“Look at it,” Kurt said. “All wet and sticky. I want you to clean me off.”

Calvin leaned forward, ready to spring up and go to the bathroom to fetch a damp cloth, but Kurt seized his wrist and stopped him. Calvin winced in pain. He could see bright purple bruises from the ties around each of his wrists, and he knew it would be a long time before they went away.

“No, no,” Kurt said. “Clean me, using your mouth. It's your fault I'm so dirty, and as my servant it's your job to lick me clean.”

Calvin felt himself blush. This was all so humiliating, and he hated how much he enjoyed it. He got down on the bed, kneeling before Kurt, and parted his lips. The cock was still flushed brownish-purple from their fuck and it was already getting hard again, pulsing and rising to meet Calvin's hungry mouth.

No. Calvin wasn't going to kiss it. He wouldn't give in like that, he wouldn't give Kurt the satisfaction.

Calvin leaned in close, kissing Kurt's thighs. He told himself that he was just stalling for time, giving himself a moment to think of a way to avoid giving Kurt head. But then Calvin got down low and turned up his chin, nuzzling Kurt's balls. He smiled, feeling the warm and hairy testicles bump against his cheeks and nose. Calvin could smell Kurt's arousal, salty and delicious. He flicked out his tongue, tasting the man.

Damn it. Calvin was kissing Kurt's balls, licking them like candies. This had to stop! He moved up, hoping he could summon the willpower to pull away, but then suddenly he was flicking his tongue against the shaft of Kurt's prick.

“Not so light,” Kurt commanded. “Come on. Suck it clean.”

Calvin made a little face, but he knew better than to complain. He put his lips

on the cock's head and gulped it in, taking it as deep as he could manage. He could taste his own pleasure on Kurt's skin. He'd never tasted his own pussy juice before and he knew it should have been gross, but he thought that it was actually really tasty. He forgot he was supposed to hate this, he forgot everything, his whole mind focused on licking and sucking until that dick was clean.

“Your pussy,” Kurt said, “it's much too tight. It will have to be expanded.”

Calvin froze, mid-suck.

“Effpnded, fir?”

“Don't stop,” Kurt said, tapping his dick impatiently. “I didn't say you were allowed to stop what you're doing.”

“Yeff, fir.”

Calvin went back to work, licking Kurt's dick until it was once again fully erect. Kurt's dick was so big that Calvin couldn't hope to swallow it all and could only give the shaft soft little kisses. He wondered if Kurt was going to cum again (with balls *that* big, it would surely be a huge mess,) but just when Kurt had reached what seemed to be his full girth he pulled his dick away from Calvin's lips.

“That's enough, girl. We'll turn in for tonight, and then tomorrow you'll begin your first full day of work as my servant.”

Calvin gulped down the pre-cum at the back of his throat and looked around the palatial bedroom.

“Will I be sleeping here, sir?”

Kurt laughed a deep, nasty laugh.

“Certainly not, you uppity little maid. You'll have your own room, a servant's quarter's, down below.”

Kurt called for Heather and she came to fetch Calvin. She led the exhausted boy from the bedroom and down the long staircase. Calvin recalled how classy he'd felt going up those stairs in his fancy dress, but now that feeling was completely gone. Kurt had stripped Calvin of all class and left him feeling small, degraded and dirty. Now Calvin was nude aside from his corset and stockings, and he wasn't sure if he'd ever be allowed to wear a fancy dress (let alone boy clothes) ever again.

Finally they arrived at a small door and Heather led Calvin inside. The room was sparsely furnished but feminine, with pink walls and a bed with a frilly bedspread. Heather pointed to the closet, indicating Calvin should open it. He did so, revealing hanging rows of identical, short black dresses with fancy white trim. He took one down and saw that it was an old-fashioned maid uniform just like Heather's, with a daringly low neckline, a full skirt with fluffy crinolines, and puffy sleeves.

A pink cabinet was lurking in the shadows of the closet and when Calvin opened the cabinet drawer he found many pairs of black fishnets and bundles of white fabric. Unfolding one of the bundles, he saw that it was a lacy apron and a little maid cap.

"I'll come get you at 6 AM," Heather said. "Try to get plenty of sleep tonight. You have a very busy day ahead of you, new girl."

Calvin slept poorly. He had no pajamas so he was forced to sleep naked, and the little room was chilly. He liked to sleep on his back, but now his bottom was too sore and he tossed and turned all night. When his alarm clock went off at 5 AM he gave it a swat, switching it off without thinking, and the next thing he knew Heather was standing over him with a smirk.

"You overslept, you lazy girl! Come on! Up, up, up!"

Calvin staggered out of bed and reached up to wipe the sleep from his eyes, but before he knew what was happening Heather had grabbed his wrist and

she was dragging him down the hall. He found himself shoved into a shower, the icy water blasting his face and breasts.

“Heather!”

“No whining, new girl. Before you can clean the master's home, you need to be nice and clean yourself.”

She got the soap and went to work scrubbing him, but this time it wasn't a slow, sensuous bath. She was washing him like a dog, roughly scrubbing his belly and down between his thighs. She was smiling like she enjoyed humiliating him, and Calvin wanted to hate it but Heather was so pretty that it felt good to be touched by her at all. The cool water was really soothing on his red bottom and he couldn't help leaning back into it and sighing. He looked down, seeing how stiff his nipples were, and he bit his lip and tried to look annoyed.

“I'm freezing,” he said. “Does the water have to be so cold?”

Heather turned the faucet so the water was even colder, then she tweaked Calvin's nipple and giggled while he whimpered and whined.

Once they were back in Calvin's room Heather got one of his uniforms out of the closet and laid it out on the bed, along with some stockings, a garter belt and a bra, but no panties. Calvin looked down at it all and felt woozy with dread. Heather gave him a grin.

“Go on, new girl. Get dressed.”

Calvin sighed, got the fishnets and pulled them up his silky smooth legs, then he fumbled with the garter belt. He'd worn one before but he was still sleepy now and his hands were clumsy. Heather rolled her eyes.

“That's not how you do it, silly. Here, I'll show you.”

She bent down in front of him, her face close enough that he could feel her warm breath on the skin of his belly, and she went to work with the straps of his garter belt. Her fingers kept brushing against his legs, tickling his thighs, and he had to bite his lip to hold back his nervous giggles. Then Heather got the bra and indicated he should raise his arms.

Calvin stood still while Heather got behind him, slipped the bra over his shoulders and clicked the clasps closed against his back. He was reaching up to adjust the straps when he gasped to feel Heather's hands reaching around to grope his tits, adjusting them within his bra to maximize his cleavage. She took her time, squeezing and squishing him, making him jiggle all around.

“Okay,” Heather said at last, “time to put on your uniform.”

Calvin picked up the maid dress and stepped himself into it. When he zipped it closed it hugged his curves just right, as if it had been sewn just for him. (Had Grace provided Calvin's measurements, when she sold him?) The full skirt swished around him as he moved, the crinolines rustling against his thighs, bottom and pussy and sending a little thrill up his spine. Heather slipped behind him once more to tie a white apron around his waist, then she slipped a choker around his neck and clipped a frilly maid cap in his hair. Finally she grabbed his shoulders and turned him to face the mirror.

Calvin looked at himself and felt his face flush hot as he experienced a swoon of confused desire. He'd always had a fascination with maids; you might even call it a fetish. When he was a little boy he'd had crushes on the maids who worked for his parents. He used to hide in the closets, under the tables or behind the curtains, so he could watch the pretty young ladies while they worked. He'd been especially taken with that one blonde amazon, Helga. She always looked so good in her tight uniform, her big breasts jiggling as she mopped the floors and scrubbed the windows. Sometimes Calvin had been extra messy on purpose, so Helga would have to scrub and scrub. He remembered the way his heart would thump while he watched her from his hiding place. He was always terrified she might find him, but some part of him had also kind of hoped that she would.

And now he he become his own fantasy maid, a bosomy blonde in a tight,

frilly uniform. Only this was no fantasy, and he wouldn't get to just hide and watch. The pampered little aristocrat had become a lowly servant girl, and he would have to work like one.

Heather clapped her hand on his shoulder, jolting him back to reality.

“Now,” she said, “there's just one more thing you'll need...”

She reached into a drawer and pulled out a shiny pink dildo, quite thick but only four or five inches long. It had a strange, segmented design, and straps. Heather got down low, beneath Calvin's poofy maid skirt, and then she got to work fastening the straps around Calvin's hips. She slid the dildo inside of him, giving it a few taps to really sink it deep, then she stood up and gave him a smile.

“You'll wear this all day,” she said, “until your little pussy has stretched enough to take your master. And then you'll keep wearing it every day, until the stretching is permanent.”

Calvin looked away, his cheeks burning. As humiliating as this was, he was at least grateful that the dildo wasn't *too* big. It filled him up but didn't stretch him too badly. The hilt of the dildo bulged out in a funny way against his crotch, making a little lump in his skirt so it almost looked as if he had a penis. It had been a long time since Calvin had had any bulge down there at all, and he'd sorely missed one.

Heather reached down beneath his skirt and Calvin felt her flip a switch, then he jolted as the dildo began to hum and throb inside him. It was slowly plunging in deeper, then retracting, then plunging in again. It felt as if it was somehow getting thicker too.

“It's an ingenious design,” Heather said, “a prototype from a Swiss sex toy company the Master has a majority share in. It telescopes, expanding and contracting so it can slowly stretch you out.”

Calvin was so distracted by the dildo he could hardly understand what Heather was saying. The damn thing was filling him to the limit and then

backing off, constantly taking him to the very brink of cumming but stopping just before he got there.

Heather gave him a light slap on the bottom, signaling he should move.

“Come on,” she said. “Time to get to work. Those floors won't mop themselves, you know.”

Calvin shuffled along behind her with his eyelids fluttering and his mouth hanging open stupidly. How was he ever supposed to get any work done like this? It was all he could do just to stay on his feet!

Calvin spent the day dusting, sweeping, mopping and scrubbing while the dildo hummed and throbbed within him. As the sun set his muscles were exhausted but his mind was in a jittery, desperate state from all those hours of sexual stimulation without release. When Heather finally unstrapped the dildo from between his thighs he had to force himself to not tackle her to the floor, straddle her pretty face and shove his muff in her mouth. He was like a little beast in heat, mad with need.

Heather bent down to flip up his skirt, then she stuck her index finger inside him. Before he could say a word she stuck in a second finger and then a third, feeling around as if she'd lost something in Calvin's pussy and she was trying to find it. He gasped, feeling her slip her whole hand in, then he gasped again as she balled her hand into a fist and pumped.

“Yes,” she said at last. “Your pussy is looser now. I'd call it a good start.”

Calvin slumped his shoulders. A good *start*? How loose was he going to have to be, until Kurt was satisfied?

As Calvin headed up the stairs to bring Kurt his dinner, he felt a new

lightness in his step. It was freeing to no longer have that cursed dildo constantly at work inside of him, but now that it was gone Calvin had a funny feeling like something was missing, almost as if he was hollow inside. He was trying to enjoy finally having some peace and quiet down there but it actually felt kind of strange to not be all filled up, to not be on the brink of orgasm.

But Calvin's pussy wasn't empty for long. Kurt finished his dinner quickly, then he tossed Calvin onto the bed, flipped up his skirt, climbed in behind Calvin and mounted him. After a long day with a plastic dick inside Calvin had almost forgotten what a real one felt like, but now it all came rushing back to him. Kurt's prick still felt a little too big, but now at least Calvin was sure he was taking the whole thing. He could feel it thumping around inside him, slamming him in the belly.

“Better,” Kurt said when he was finished. “But tell Heather to turn your dildo up a notch tomorrow, and another the day after that.”

He rolled over in bed, his back to Calvin. Their evening together was at an end and Kurt expected Calvin to leave without a word. Calvin was torn between wanting to stab Kurt between the shoulder blades and wanting to cuddle up with him to spend a warm night in the Master's bed.

Things continued this way for several days, then several weeks, with Calvin working all day while the pink dildo pumped between his thighs, then spending the evening serving the Master a different way. Calvin's feelings only grew more confused, his hate for Kurt all swirled up with a growing yearning. And he sensed that he wasn't the only one who felt some confusion.

At first Kurt was always behind Calvin when they fucked, then things shifted so Kurt was always on top, then the day came when Kurt wanted Calvin on top. He said it was so Calvin could do all the work, but Calvin sensed it was something more.

One night Calvin was thumping himself against Kurt's lap, when he caught Kurt gazing up at him with the strangest expression. Calvin froze, mid-thrust.

“What is it, sir? Am I doing something wrong?”

The question seemed to rattle Kurt. He gulped, and soon the hard look was back on his face, all vulnerability gone.

“I'm fine,” he said. “Come on, don't you stop now.”

Calvin kept going, but he had to bite his lip to hide his smirk.

“Yes, sir,” he said.

Calvin was down in the great room, polishing the long table. He was really putting his shoulders into it, enjoying the jiggle of his tits in the cups of his bra, when he heard a little sound from the upstairs landing, like a man gasping. Calvin glanced up and saw a figure lurking in the shadows. A familiar silhouette, watching Calvin work.

Once upon a time Calvin had been the shameful, hidden boy, watching the busty blonde maid and knowing he could never have her, and now he was the one being watched by a man who was sick with want. The idea was so strange and thrilling to Calvin that he felt dizzy. He gulped and gripped the table's edge, feeling himself instantly cum, cumming like he never had before. The orgasm slammed into him but he managed to ride it out, never giving away his pleasure. He was squirting in his skirt, a warm wet slosh down his thighs, but he never made a sound.

Being the one who was watched and wanted, that was so much better than watching and wanting.

It was more work being on top when they fucked, but it was more rewarding too. Calvin felt a new power up there, as if he was in the driver's seat. He

could speed up his thrusts and take Kurt right to the edge or he could slow down and grind deep until Kurt was whimpering for release. The sound of Kurt losing control, his helpless wailing, was delicious to Calvin's ears. Even if a man outweighed you by a hundred pounds, it was difficult to take him seriously after you'd heard him at his most vulnerable, crying like a little baby.

They were fucking now and Kurt had that funny look again, as if he wanted something more but couldn't quite bring himself to ask. Calvin froze on Kurt's lap, digging his little knees into Kurt's sides.

“What is it, Kurt?”

Calvin had never called Kurt by his name before. He was always “sir,” or “master.” But it would have felt silly calling a man “sir” when he was whining and bawling like this. Kurt squirmed beneath Calvin, not answering the question. Calvin grinned.

“Come on,” Calvin said, with a new edge in his voice. “Tell me.”

Kurt glowered up at Calvin, displeased with being called out, but Calvin just squeezed his little pussy muscles until Kurt cried out pitifully. Calvin felt a sweaty flush of exhilaration, a smug fever all over. He was in control now, and the throbbing of Kurt's dick gave away that the big man was as thrilled by this moment as Calvin was.

“No,” Kurt whined. “No...”

“Yes. Say it.”

Calvin rocked his hips on Kurt, taking him so close but stopping just short. Kurt was shivering, his swollen muscles glistening with sweat.

“No, please,” Kurt groaned. “Please... don't... make me...”

Calvin giggled. He had the power to *make* Kurt do things now, and they both knew it. All it took was a few tiny squeezes of the pussy, timed just right.

“Yes,” Calvin said. “When I catch you gazing at me with those big sweet eyes, what are you thinking? Tell me, Kurt. Tell me now.”

Kurt squirmed, trying to resist the command, but then Calvin leaned down and shoved Kurt's face deep into his cleavage, smothering him. It was a sudden impulse, one Calvin couldn't explain, but now it felt so right he couldn't imagine how it had never occurred to him before. When you had such big boobies, all heavy and warm like these, why *wouldn't* you use them to smother a boy?

Kurt was grunting and gasping, like he was suffocating between Calvin's tits, but they both knew it was only a game. Kurt's life was in no danger, but his dignity certainly was. Kurt struggled, as if he was about to perish at any moment, then he made a low, pitiful sound like a forest creature pierced by a hunter's arrow.

“Uh luff you,” Kurt groaned from between Calvin's breasts.

“What's that Kurt? I can't hear you clearly. You'll have to speak up.”

Calvin leaned back, releasing Kurt from his suffocating titty-prison just as the big man spoke.

“I love you, Calista!”

Kurt's face was already flushed pink from the lack of air, but he glowed even brighter now with the utter humiliation of this moment. He was supposed to be the boss here, the sneering bully, but now he'd admitted the truth and there was no taking it back.

Calvin thrilled to hear the words at last. He knew that whatever he did next would likely set the tone for their relationship forever.

“I know you do,” he said. “I know, you silly little boy.”

Calvin reached over to the bedside table and opened the top drawer, taking

out the pink dildo he knew would be waiting there. Kurt had used it, and others like it, on Calvin many times. But now it was Calvin's turn to put the device to work.

Calvin rolled over beside Kurt and patted the big man's thighs so he parted them. Calvin reached down to cup and lift Kurt's balls so they wouldn't be in the way, and then, without a word of warning, Calvin plunged the dildo straight up Kurt's ass. Kurt gasped, a gasp that was almost a scream, but Calvin was in no mood now to pause or ask for permission. He was seizing control for himself now and it felt too good and too right to stop.

“Shh,” Calvin said. “Don't cry like a little bitch. Just be quiet and take what's coming to you.”

Kurt whimpered like he wanted to ask for a reprieve but Calvin didn't give him the chance to protest. The smirking girly boy just shoved the dildo deeper, and deeper still, then he flicked the little switch that sent the device throbbing into motion. Kurt jolted and writhed but he still didn't say the word, *No*.

“Yes,” he said, very quietly.

“What's that, Kurt? Speak up, boy.”

“Yes. It's so good.”

“You like that, eh? You like a nice big dildo up your ass?”

“Yes. Oh, I don't want to like it. But...”

“But you can't help it. All that macho bluster, all that posturing, you just couldn't keep it up. A girl like me, shoving a pink dildo in your ass, this is what you want. This is what you need. This moment, right now... This is who you really are.”

“No!”

Calvin turned the device up a notch, sending Kurt into a hysterical, pathetic meltdown, practically weeping with pleasure. Calvin gave the big man's nipple a tweak, grinning when he saw the frustration and outrage on Kurt's face.

“You don't own me,” Calvin said. “Not anymore. From now on, your ass is *mine*.”

Kurt sputtered, obviously wanting to object, but Calvin shut him up with a deep thrust and a kiss.

Grace was arranging to have a girl delivered to a senator's home when she heard an unexpected knock on her door. Peeking through the keyhole, she was stunned to see Calvin smiling on the doorstep. He wore a stylish dress, his hair piled in a fancy updo and his face painted just so.

Grace threw open the door and gave him a sneer.

“What the hell are you doing back here? Where's Kurt?”

“Waiting in the car, wearing lace panties and nothing else. I've come to say thank you, for making me the woman I am today.”

Grace blinked, obviously thrown for a loop. She was such a self-serving and sadistic creature, she was totally unprepared to receive anybody's gratitude.

“Well, I... I never... I didn't...”

“You didn't do this to benefit anybody but yourself. I'm well aware of that, but it just so happens I'm far more happy as Calista than I ever would have been as Calvin. You meant to curse me but your curse became my blessing. You're a twisted, heartless bitch, and I owe everything I am to you.”

Grace just stood there in silence, too stunned to speak. Calvin smiled.

“Nevertheless,” he said, “I can't let an evil creature like you go unpunished. I've contacted the feds and provided them with enough damning evidence to send you to prison for a very, very long time. They should be arriving shortly.”

Grace swallowed hard, searching Calvin's eyes for any sign that he was joking. She didn't find it.

“Your old life is over,” Calvin said. “But I can offer you a new one. One of my former clients is in need of a special kind of maid, a pretty girl who will keep her mouth shut and do whatever he asks. He's prepared to take you in, give you a nice little room with a warm bed. Nobody will think to look for you there.”

Grace's face flushed a furious red and she balled her fists.

“Why, you little bitch! You scheming, hateful little...”

“The feds will be arriving any moment now, and you're wasting time. Come on, Grace, make up your mind. Life in prison, or the kind of life you meant for me. Whichever path you choose, there will be no going back.”

Grace sputtered, ready to spit more venom, but then she went pale at the sound of a distant siren.

“I'll go with you,” she said softly. “Please, get me out of here...”

Calvin giggled and took Grace's hand.

“Very well. Come along, the car's waiting.”

Calvin and Grace left the old house and headed back to the waiting car. They got inside and took off down the street, into the gathering dusk and toward their new lives.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Susan Donym is the author of [From Bro to Bimbo: A Transgender Novel](#) and the novellas [He Became Her French Maid](#), [Werechild: The Man Who Became a Little Girl](#) and [He Became a Farm Girl](#). She has also published such short story collections as [One Sip, and You're a Little Girl: 4 Short Tales of Transgender Age Regression](#), [Unbirthing Stories: 5 Twisted Tales of Age Regression](#), [Babyfied: 3 Age Regression Tales](#) and [He Became Her Twin: 6 Gender Change Fantasies](#). Her name, as you may have guessed, is a pseudonym.