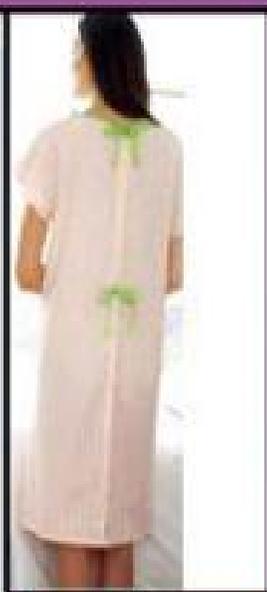




*A Sissy Story : Feminized For Her  
'How he became a lesbian' : Male  
Chastity, Forced Feminization,  
Female Domination & Forced  
Transgender*



*Cross Dressing;  
Schoolgirl Domination*



# *Feminization Stories Second Collection:*

*Feminized For Her*

*Crossdressing: Schoolgirl  
Domination*

*By Sabrina Jen Mountford*

**Feminization Stories**  
**Second Collection:**  
**Feminized For Her**  
**Crossdressing: Schoolgirl**  
**Domination**

*~ By Sabrina Jen Mountford*

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

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*Enjoy the story.*

*~ Sabrina*

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

## ***~ Power Cut***

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

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

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

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

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

the best he could expect. He'd long since resigned himself to this; she seemed to spend more or less all of her spare time with her flat mate Karen anyway.

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

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

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

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

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

Working his way through the gloom he entered the living area and sat on the sofa, opposite the candle strewn coffee table. He could hear her striking a match, then the soft rumble of a gas hob lit. The tap running... Then the clatter of cups and spoons being gathered.

She called out from the kitchen area, “How do you take it? Still milk and one sugar?” He sighed and called back, “No sugar thanks, just milk.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He knew the club now, suddenly it made sense, it was a dingy gay night club on the outskirts of the city centre. He’d never been of course – he was straight. “I erm, I think I’d feel a little bit uncomfortable going to a ‘gay bar’.” She pulled her face at him, “Hmmp, well I feel a little bit uncomfortable going to a ‘straight bar’

come on, don't be such a baby – they play good music and the beer's cheap.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Leone!”

The call came from across the room. Sitting in one of the booths against the wall, a slim girl wearing a tight, satin, strapless violet dress had called her. Leone looked over and led Peter to the booth,

“Connie, how are you? I’ve not seen you in ages! Are you on your own?”

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

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

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

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

The unfairness of it burned him to the core.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He smirked, “I don’t care what glass it comes in, I feel like something wet and alcoholic.”

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

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

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

She patted the cushion next to her, “Come and sit with me – I won’t bite.”

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

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

She shook her head, “That’s so weird, they’re my favourite too! I’ve never met anyone else who liked them.” He shrugged, “These Hollywood blockbusters are okay, but I always feel like they’re for children, they’re so unsubtle and crass.”

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

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

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

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

“Queen, David Bowie, Starship... Stuff from the seventies and eighties really... I’m not much into new music... Actually, Leone was

right – they do play good music here.” , “Hah, that’s exactly the same as I like... If you were a girl, I’d probably go out with you.”

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

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

Connie laughed at this, smiling, then she reached down quickly and jiggled his genitals about with her hand gently, “Sure, we’d just have to get these whipped off... Get you some hormones...” She reached up and cupped her hands on his chest where breasts would be, “Breast implants... A nice round thirty six D do you think? Sorry Peter, there’s something in my head, I can’t associate feelings of sexual attraction with men.”

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

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

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

A few drinks later, and much laughter, and mutual smiles, the club was closing. Peter got up and offered Connie his hand and allowed her to pull herself up. Her hand was cool and her skin silky smooth, her gentle touch sent shivers up his spine. As they walked to the door she pulled his shoulder back, “Peter, its Saturday tomorrow...”

Do you want to meet up in town? Do some shopping together, go for a coffee, that sort of thing?”

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

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

### **~ Shopping**

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

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

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

She led him by the hand towards a shop which sold exclusively ladies clothing and lingerie. He was conscious that he was the only

man in there, being led by the hand past the rows of lingerie, ball gowns, silk, satin and party dresses.

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

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

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

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

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

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

They sat, they talked they laughed... Every time a new topic of conversation came up they found themselves agreeing with each other and nodding vigorously in agreement, matters of faith, politics, popular culture, morality... Peter genuinely thought he'd found his

soul mate and in every respect Connie felt the same way, except Peter was Peter and Peter was a young man, rather than a girl.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And so they walked on, still hand in hand. He’d known her for less than a day, but he felt almost like they were a couple who’d been going out for weeks. They talked more over tapas, had a couple of beers and went to see a Spanish film at the film theatre. At the end of the film, when it was time to part ways he hesitated, “Connie... Can I walk you home?” She smiled back at him, “I’d like that very much.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

More glasses of wine were filled and emptied, they ended up spending more of the film laughing and talking with each other than

watching the film. When it ended Connie turned to Peter, “Oh Peter... I wish you were a transsexual waiting for an op... I’ve really enjoyed today, I love spending time with you.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Please? Humour me? They won’t bite...”

He took the panties and placed a foot in each leg then slowly pulled them up, they were too tight to fit his balls and penis in which was now raging hard and spilling out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She worked on, a look of concentration on her face, Peter felt uncomfortable made up – whenever she wasn't in his face and he caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror it sent a shiver down his spine, each time he looked more and more convincingly feminine. The lipstick felt waxy and thick on his lips, the aroma wafting upwards into his nostrils... She stood back and studied him again,

“Hmmm, I think we’re getting somewhere... Peter, I need to pierce your ears now.”

He gasped, “I don’t want my ears piercing!” She rolled her eyes at him, “But we’re doing so well! Come on, don’t be a spoilsport – most schoolgirls have them pierced by the time they’re fourteen! Don’t be such a baby, they’ll heal over eventually if you leave them out. I’ve got a new pair of studs, I just need to sterilize a needle, wait here.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“This, is a Kali’s Teeth bracelet... Before I came out, I bought this for my boyfriend of the time – he never wore it though, he couldn’t stop

playing with himself... Time and again I caught him masturbating, sometimes wearing my underwear... He wouldn't stop voluntarily so I told him he either wore it for me or we were finished... He refused so we split up... It's funny really I used to find him attractive wearing my underwear... I think that's partly how I realised I was gay... Anyway – this is locked onto your penis, and I keep the key. It's designed so it won't come off unless I unlock it and while you are wearing it you are unable to have erections or masturbate, because as you get hard, your penis presses on the spikes, the pain makes it shrink back and the spikes stop you from pulling it off.”

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

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

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

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

His predicament was worsened by the fact that Connie had begun removing her clothes in somewhat of a hurry. Her top, her jeans... Within seconds she was down to her bra and knickers. As her final clothes fell to the floor she climbed onto the bed and crawled over Peter, she pulled him to her and began kissing him enthusiastically, her tongue probing his mouth her hands caressing the back of his corset. His senses felt overwhelmed, encased in female lingerie and make-up he almost felt like he was having a surreal out of body experience. Connie gently pressed her lips against his, her tongue

invading and exploring his mouth. Their lipstick was smearing, giving him a taste of the substance. The perfume filled his nostrils and he enjoyed the moment, she was running her fingers through his blonde wig now and pressing her breasts against his, her groin against his.

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

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

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

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

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

Eventually, she chuckled, “Oh Peter, you’d make a fine lesbian... I so wish you were a girl...”

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

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

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

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

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

Connie climbed out of bed and retreated to her wardrobe again, she emerged eventually with what looked like a dildo, and a bundle of straps, with a small plastic bottle in the other hand. She began

unravelling the straps and strapping them tightly to her thighs and waist, with the dildo at the front. It was clearly a strap on dildo, and the container Peter assumed must have contained lubricant.

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

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

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

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

Stimulated from the inside he felt himself try and grow again, and again making him whimper. At the same time the sensation of being

penetrated was so powerful, he felt so submissive and emotional as she slid in and out, back and forth, her hips kissing his buttocks at the end of every thrust. He would have come just from the pegging, if the Kali's Teeth Bracelet wasn't constantly preventing him. It left him with a deep, mental arousal which transcended the brief physical pleasure an orgasm would bring. Soon he was panting and sighing as she penetrated deeper, deeper.

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

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

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

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

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

He opened his eyes to see her smiling at him. He tracked her with his eyes as she stood and removed the strap on, then climbed back into bed with him. "Do you mean it? We can go out?", Connie wrapped her arms around him and pressed her body against his, "I

think so... We have some work to do on you I think... First of all the bracelet stays on – I'm not having you acting on those male urges... Secondly we need to work on making you more feminine, I think you should move in with me, so I can help you, teach you. We'll get rid of that nasty male body hair, we'll get you some false nails until you can grow your own, maybe get you a professional manicure and pedicure? You'll have to wear a wig until your hair has grown, and we'll have to get you some breast forms... Maybe the kind that we use surgical glue to fix on? If it works and we're happy together – then we'll look at putting you on hormones... That should soften your voice a bit more... Get those breasts growing, help your hair growth... Then send you to be castrated and surgically altered to be fully female, full gender re-assignment surgery, finally a course of electrolysis to permanently sort out that nasty male body hair..."

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

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

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

When Peter awoke, he felt disorientated, confused... He was in a bedroom which wasn't his own... It was an obviously female owned bedroom. He saw Connie's face opposite him, sleeping blissfully. It brought back surreal memories of the previous night. He then felt

the sexy female lingerie he'd slept in, and remembered the conversation they'd had before falling asleep in each other's arms. He recalled the discussion about him becoming her girlfriend... Castration, gender reassignment..

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

Maybe...

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

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

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

He sagged slightly, "But you said we could take it sl...", "Yes, I said we'd take it slowly, but there's no sense in taking steps backwards is

there? Your make up is all messed up, as is mine... Look, it's Sunday today, we'll have a shower, get dressed, put our make-up on, then go shopping for some feminine clothes for you?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She vanished into the backroom and appeared with two teardrop shaped breast forms and several products. “Here we go, two thirty six D flesh coloured, surgical glue and silicone paste... This is

everything you need – would you like me to show you how to apply them?”

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

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

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

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

The little old lady grasped his hand, “Try to relax dear, this won’t hurt... Hmmm, it’s easiest to do this for someone else – will you be able to help her? You’ll need to re-do the silicone paste over the seams probably once a month, and the breast forms will have to be re-glued once every six months... You start by mixing the surgical glue, its two parts. Then use the spatula to spread over the breasts like this...”

Connie was leaning over watching as the paste was mixed, then spread liberally over Peters chest. The little old lady then grabbed

the breast forms, one in each hand, “When you apply them the easiest way to make them nice and symmetrical is to point the narrow part of the tear drop at the neck, and then press the dimple in the centre of the underside onto the nipple – she’ll feel when it’s right. There... How does that feel, does that feel right?”

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

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

The proprietor smirked and helped Peter off the chair. Before he got dressed himself he caressed his own breasts experimentally. The glue seemed to extenuate feeling, the pulls on the forms pulled his own skin, making them even *feel* real. Slowly he replaced the bra and corset, noticing how he felt more forwards heavy now and his breasts stuck out in front of him, it made him feel yet more feminine and when he’d climbed back into his dress he looked into one of the shops mirrors to adjust his wig and gasped at how female he looked.

Connie noticed and squeezed his hand, “You look very pretty... Come on, we should go and get you some more lingerie and dresses

– you can't keep borrowing mine!"

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

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

A tear started welling in his eye, and he started shaking, realising again the enormity of the path he'd very suddenly embarked upon, "Connie... I don't want my testicles off..." She sighed deeply, and gripped his hands harder, "I know... That's some way off though isn't it? And you love me don't you? You want to be my girlfriend don't you? I know it's difficult, but I'll support you through this... Once you've accepted losing your testicles, you can really embrace your new life as a woman can't you?"

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

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

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

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

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

He frowned at her, “Connie, I just...” She put a finger to her lips, “Shhh, we’ll carry on as we are for now – if it comes to it, as long as we’ve not had your testicles removed, you can change your mind?”

You could stop hormones, let the surgical glue wear off, and start wearing male clothes again – yes?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The following day Peter did go to work as Petra, amid gasps of surprise from his co-workers. People reacted differently some with a subtle disgust, some with sniggers, some with pure astonishment... One of the men he knew at the office seemed so at ease with the situation he'd even flirted with him and made some suggestive comments.

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

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

It'd had an air of finality when he'd thrown his male clothes away, but it clearly made Connie happy so he didn't mind. They shared Connie's bed every night, falling asleep in each other's arms. Petra got used to the feel of lingerie and dresses, make-up and perfume, sitting on the toilet and walking in high-heels. To make sure he had enough practice Connie ensured he never bought any shoes with less than a four inch heel on them. His hair grew longer and in time he didn't need the wig any more, at first Connie kept fixing the silicone paste on his breast forms and then re-gluing the forms on for him. Going to salons for feminine hairstyles was a strange experience at first, which he soon got used to. His already feminine features meant he passed so convincingly that nobody ever questioned his gender and always took him to be a girl.

As weeks turned into months, Connie arranged for him to start hormone therapy, and he soon began growing small breasts, his hair

grew thicker and longer, his voice became softer and higher, his body hair became thinner and more sparse, his already shrivelled penis and testicles shrivelled up even further... He started to feel more emotional and got tearful at times... He had electrolysis to remove all traces of male facial hair... There was one final barrier for him to overcome, the point of no return.

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

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

Petra was in her room at the clinic, already wearing a patient's gown, waiting for theatre. Ever since Connie had locked the Kali's Teeth Bracelet on him over two years previously she'd never allowed him out to have an orgasm. Whenever he'd raised the issue, and asked she'd raised an eyebrow and complained that because he wanted to fulfil his 'male' urges he wasn't serious about becoming female.

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

The surgeon, a female Thai girl entered, wearing her scrubs, "Ahhh, Petra, you're all ready? I just need to go through what we're going to

do so you can sign the consent forms.” Connie and placed a reassuring hand on Petra’s shoulder as the surgeon continued, “First of all, we’re going to put you to sleep, then we’re going to cut open your scrotum, remove your testicles and snip them off. Then we’ll cut apart your penis and reform the penis and scrotum into a labia, clitoris and vagina. Then we’re going to install breast implants to take you up to a thirty six D and we’re giving you buttock implants to give you a more pleasingly feminine posterior – finally we’re going to smooth out that adams apple and feminize your vocal chords, re-shape your face a little, give you softer, more feminine features. If you’re ready – just sign on the line here.”

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

The surgeon nodded and left with the form.

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

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

can introduce you to a new world of sexual pleasures... And those nasty male orgasms will become a distant memory..."

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

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

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

In the anaesthesia room, Petra was sobbing louder and tears running down her cheeks, the surgeon tried to smile reassuringly, "Don't worry, a lot of gender reassignment patients get emotional before surgery – it's normal. Think of it this way, your new life starts the moment you wake up."

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

### **~Soreness**

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

She opened her eyes, to see a nurse in scrubs smiling at her, "Ahhh, Petra, you're awake. Everything went well, we've been able to

complete all the planned surgery – you are now officially a post-operative transsexual, you are a woman... Try to rest, don't fight the anaesthetic, sleep it off.”

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

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

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

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

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

He'd not allowed Connie to penetrate his vagina or give him cunnilingus yet. According to the doctors, they had to abstain from sex for a couple of months and he'd wanted to leave it a little longer to be sure... There was something sacred about the first time he'd

explore his female sexuality. It felt strange having no penis, no testicles, he ran his fingers over his labia and clitoris as he'd done so many times before – but it still felt like the first time. The surgeon had done a fantastic job, when he pulled back his clitoris hood and stroked his clitoris, it sent a tingle up his spine.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He sighed, "Connie..."

Slowly she sidled up into the space between his legs. Gently, she pushed his knees apart exposing his vagina. She grabbed the lubricant and smeared it over his pussy, then sidled closer, "Shhh, try to relax... Lie back, relax... Good... I'm going to penetrate you now – I'll go slow..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

eye, implying that she found Petra sexually attractive and wanted to have lesbian sex with her.

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

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

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

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

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

Petra's jaw dropped, and she started crying in full, "I was castrated, so you could be with me as a woman, and now you're leaving me for a man?!" Connie rested a hand on Petra's shoulder, the touch sent a shiver down her spine, "Petra, don't take this the wrong way... back when you were a man, you weren't really much of a man. You were

very short, very petit, feminine features... Not really very well endowed... You're better off as a girl anyway... And we've had a good relationship haven't we? You should thank me for helping you to realise who you are and holding your hand, leading you into femininity!"

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

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

### ***~A sinister ménage a trois***

It had happened...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Petra didn't like where this was going, "I've never been with a man, on those terms I suppose I am a virgin, and I want it to stay that way." Gary sipped his coffee, "Not even curious? You shouldn't knock it until you've tried it... Besides, if you decided you were bisexual as well, then, well, things might work a lot better in this house. I'm pretty decent guy, I... I find you really attractive as well as Connie... Truth be told I feel kind of guilty knowing you're in the second bedroom all by yourself while I'm having wild, passionate sex with Connie... I mean I don't think Connie would mind, we could all share one bed, every night, we could just swap places... I really fancy you Petra... Imagine, imagine you, me and Connie, all making love to each other!"

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

Petra placed her now empty coffee cup, "Gary, I really don't like where this is going... I don't think Connie would either." Gary flipped, weeks and months of frustration bubbling to the surface - his

face turned into a snarl, “Bitch! I try and make things better for us all and what do you do? You threaten to go blabbing to Connie!”

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

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

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

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

Petra was crying hard now, tears streaming down her cheeks. She could feel Gary’s penis sliding in forcefully and he started rocking his hips back and forth – moving his spare hand to her wrists, then

separating them. She was pinned down, and Gary was sweating and moaning, "Do you like it bitch? I know you like, tell me you like it... I can tell you... Urngh... I'm coming.."

He continued, Petra crying and trying to squirm free. Eventually he sighed deeply, but left his penis in... Petra was sobbing, "Take it out! Please... Gary... Take it.,, Out... Gary... I'm a man, I had a..."

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

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

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

Petra was wriggling, and pleading, begging him to stop, but Gary didn't listen. His penis still covered in cum, he slid it forcefully up Petra's bottom and began thrusting, making her cry out. He held her wrists uncomfortable on her back and pumped away, Petra tried to squirm free, to wriggle out, but he was too strong.

Then the door opened.

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

Gary was dazed, Petra crying, he tried to get up, but Connie was in his face screaming with a fury that made even Gary shudder in fear

and back away, “You complete asshole! Get out, and never try to contact me again! Petra – ring the police!”

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

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

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

Petra was still lying on the bed, curled up in a ball crying, cum seeping from her anus and vagina. Connie wrapped her arms around her, “Shhh, Petra... I’m so sorry... It’s okay, he’s gone now and he’s never coming back – we’ll call the police.”

Petra looked up, “Don’t call the police...” Connie looked at her, “But Petra, he was rap...” Petra cut her off, “I don’t want the story getting out! Can you imagine if it made the papers? I don’t want it getting out and coming between us.”

Connie sighed, “But he can’t be allowed to get away with it!” Petra pleaded with her, “Please Connie...”

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

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

their testosterone stupidity... I only want you, Petra will you marry me?"

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

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

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

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

Connie smirked, "I think he needs to learn to respect women a little better, here's how it works, we sneak in, give him a little rohypnol to knock him out better, then we take him to the hospital. Karen, Leone's girlfriend works there. While he's out cold we use the surgical glue to glue your old breast forms onto him, and to glue his penis and scrotum up out of the way. Then we use the flesh coloured silicone paste to make the breasts look real, and to hide his 'glued up' male genitals behind a fake pussy, which I mould out of the silicone. We use the surgical glue to fix that old blonde wig on to him – then we put him in a patients gown, let him wake up and get

Karen to tell him he's been a transsexual for over a year, but that he's just had a brain tumor removed or something and ask him whether there's been any memory loss. To make it more convincing, I have a dress that my old girlfriend Sarah left here that will fit him – we'll leave him female clothes at the hospital to change into... Oh to see the look on his face..."

Petra smiled, "That's evil... I like it!"

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

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

### ***~Vengeance***

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

Gary awoke to find an oxygen monitor and a blood pressure monitor on him... He felt hung-over and groggy. When he forced his eyes open he could see he was in a hospital room, hooked up to

monitoring equipment. A nurse was watching him, holding a clipboard and pen, "Sophie? How are you feeling?" Gary forged a puzzled look on his face, "Sophie? What are you talking about? Where am I? I'm Gary!"

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

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

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

Gary could barely hear her, he saw the female clothes and started crying harder and harder, feeling his breasts and groin desperately... Wishing it wasn't true.

## *~Happily ever after*

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

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

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

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

Connie and Petra had a beautiful white wedding, a civil partnership officially... But they didn't care – they both wore matching ivory satin wedding dresses with trains and veils and all the paraphernalia. Leone and Karen were bridesmaids, and Connie and Petra's relationship only grew stronger and more loving as time went by.

Occasionally Petra would remember his life as a man, and Connie caught him once or twice sitting tearfully playing with his groin. He'd

tell her he was just emotional about their journey. After the Gary incident they'd left town and changed jobs, everything had happened so fast... and Petra was very happy with Connie...

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

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

~fin

By Sabrina

## **Crossdressing : Schoolgirl Domination**

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### **~Thorfield Academy**

Thorfield Academy was a rather posh, rather well to do private school. It held the sort of traditions which tended not to be held by modern schools. Girls and boys were both taught of course – but separately. Corporal punishment was not just, 'on the books' but used frequently – parents asked to sign a disclaimer that they consented to their child receiving corporal punishment upon enrolment. Uniforms were of the traditional variety, and the dress code was very strict, as were all school rules.

Michael was fourteen, one of the younger boys in the year prior to the year in which everyone took their GCSE examinations. He was a rather weedy boy, not broad shouldered, or muscular, in fact except for the fact he wore the male school uniform he could be

easily mistaken for an under-developed school girl. He was one of the youngest in his year, but he also looked very young for his age. He wasn't good at sport and generally looked for any excuse to skip it, he was the sort of boy who went to lessons, sat alone and then spent break times sitting alone reading science fiction novels.

Michael wasn't a sociable boy at school, even the geeks and the nerds considered him, 'un-cool' and bullied him – he tended to spend his time hiding from the other boys and avoiding speaking to them for having fun made of him or worse.

Now the curious thing about Thorfield was that originally it had been a boy's school, the girls school had opened decades later. Rather than building a separate building for the girls, the owners had elected to simply split the school down the middle, the old east wing of the school became the boys school complete with its own school yard, sports facilities, staff-room and class-rooms, while the old west wing of the school became the girls school with same facilities. The students were generally led to believe there was no passage between the two halves of the building – although there was through the visitors entrance which was more or less in the centre of the building, and hadn't changed much since the time when it was one school, full of offices, grand foyers and administrative areas.

Occasionally, the boys would hear girlish giggling and wonder where it was coming from, and the girls would hear the boys shouting, but not be able to ascertain the source. Even sports day was segregated; the school believed firmly in segregation and in fact even tried to hire teachers who fitted in with the gender segregation in the school – though this wasn't entirely possible.

On this particular day Michael was sitting in English, at his desk, on his own. Miss Mellor was taking the lesson – a bubbly, flirtatious teacher who oozed confidence and played off the fact that these naïve adolescent boys found her attractive. She was in her mid-twenties, though she dressed older. Her hair in a short bob, this particular day she was wearing a black and white checked short

skirt, with tights and heels, and high necked lilac blouse, with a necklace of pearls for decoration.

She could have been wearing nothing at all at this time because Michael wasn't paying attention, he was thinking about the science fiction novel he was currently reading and had more or less switched the rest of the world out.

Miss Mellor was parading around the room, swinging her hips and waving her arms about in bold gestures – he had no idea what she was talking about... He was too deep in thought. It was PE next and he'd forged a note from his mother excusing him – so he'd be able to read some more of his novel.

As he sat thinking he felt something slightly wet and soft plant itself on his cheek. Miss Mellor had leaned down and kissed him on the cheek, her red lipstick leaving its mark for all to see.

He gazed up startled, "Wha..." She smirked at him, "Ahhh... Young master Burton – glad you could join us... I thought that might get your attention." He reached up to wipe the lipstick off but she grabbed his hand, "Oh no you don't... That can stay there I think – let it dry on, I want everyone to see that I caught you drifting off."

He stammered, "I... I wasn't drifting off – I was just thinking." She leaned closer to him threateningly, her bright red lipstick inches from his face, "Just thinking eh? Not drifting off... Do you know what I was talking about?"

He screwed his face up and thought back – the last thing he remembered was her going on about the school play, "The school play?" She nodded a little surprised, "Very, good... You were listening – perhaps I won't have to give you a detention or corporal punishment..." This brought a murmur of audible sniggers from the rest of the class and Michael went bright red. Miss Mellor leaned closer still, "Well, then seeing as you were clearly paying attention

you heard my question but hadn't decided on an answer – I would like your answer now please, I take it it's a yes?"

He thought about asking her what the question was, but that glint in her eye suggested punishment would follow that admission. Instead he checked the faces of his class-mates, all he was getting was an expectant look though – no clue as to what she'd asked him.

The pause had Miss Mellor grinning evilly, "Dear me... Maybe you weren't paying attention? Technically I should put your name down for a caning in front of the school at tomorrow's assembly, but perhaps I should take you over my knee here and now to get it out of the way? Well? Have you got an answer for me, or would you like to receive a bare bottom spanking over my knee... In front of the class?"

Michael quivered and went redder, she looked serious... He'd seen it before too, Miss Mellor seemed unnervingly keen on spanking her students and definitely seemed to enjoy it – he wouldn't give her the satisfaction. He looked around again, then sighed, "Yes?" To which the class gave out a resounding roar of laughter. She leaned back, "Good... It's always difficult to find a boy willing to play our female lead, especially as we're doing Romeo and Juliet this year... But I'm glad you agree that you should have the role because you are by far the most feminine boy in the school... \*Sigh\* Michael, sometimes I look at you and think you should be next door in a gymslip and boater, learning needlecraft... Still, that's my Juliet problem solved..."

Michael burst out, "Bu..." She shrugged, cutting him off, "No buts, you're going to be Juliet in the school play and that's final. Make sure you're in the hall every lunchtime for rehearsals."

The class was laughing at him now, he wished he'd heard what she'd asked him – in fact what he'd missed was, "Michael Burton, wouldn't you like to play Juliet in the school play? After all, don't you

think you're the most convincingly female boy in the school?" Then she'd planted the kiss on his cheek when he didn't respond.

It was PE next, the bell went and he climbed to his feet cursing himself for being trapped so easily. Every year some poor boys ended up playing girls in the school play, this year it would be him and it'd be a starring role. He thought about trying to be really bad on purpose, but gave up figuring it would lead to a caning if he wasn't careful... It wasn't even as if the school play would be a low budget, simple affair – it was usually quite lavish and a lot of effort went into the set and the costumes... He tried to put it to the back of his mind on the way to PE, thinking about his novel again, lost in his thoughts... Of course he was trying to avoid the jeers and laughter of the other boys as he walked.

### **~Sicknote**

When he got to PE he was a little late as usual, and the PE teacher Mr. Maddox was glaring at him while his tapping his watch. Michael approached, reaching into his blazer pocket. Before he could withdraw his note Maddox rolled his eyes, "Let me guess Burton, another sick-note? Can't do PE? What a surprise... I'm sick of... Actually, I'm not... You're useless at Football, hopeless at Rugby, when you play Basketball you look more like you're trying to play netball... In fact I think that's probably your best sport, next time you're actually fit enough for PE if the day ever comes I'll send you next door and ask Miss Evans to put you in a netball skirt and see how you fare at that? Perhaps we'll finally have found your sport... Hmmph! Well, you can get in the PE store-room and tidy up and clean. You may not be well enough for football, but I'm not having you sitting there reading your book every time." Michael looked pleadingly at him, "But sir!" He held out his hand, "Give me the book, it's confiscated – you can have it back if you do a good job on the PE store-room, now get to it!"

Michael groaned audibly. He had been pushing it, lately he'd missed more PE than he'd done – perhaps he'd taken it too far. Having said

that, getting changed and having people poke fun at him and throw his clothes around the room was worse... Maybe tidying up the PE store-room wouldn't be so bad.

He trotted off and opened the door to the PE store room, it was a room deep in the boys school, towards the girls school, at the end of a corridor that ran along the boys gym. Nobody went in there, all the kit they used was actually left out in the gym, or down at the pavilion by the sports field.

When he opened the door he was greeted by piles and piles of old equipment, mainly things which should have been thrown away, everything was covered in layers of dust. He methodically started emptying the large baskets out, then sorting the equipment so it was with similar things – the footballs into one, the basketballs into another. There were medicine balls and shot-puts, cricket balls and javelins, everything you could imagine. Initially it was strewn all over the place, but as he began organizing and sorting the gear he started to find it quite therapeutic, it was a release from the daily stress of school life.

As he tidied and sorted he found himself working his way further and further back in the store room, soon he was so far back he wondered if he was in the girls school – then heard it. Quietly at first, the murmur of conversation... Soft, high pitched voices, giggling... He tried to follow the sound around the room. It was coming from further back. He had to maul an old worn out pommel horse out of the way, then clamber over an old vault with the leather and foam partially missing. It was becoming clear that nobody had been to the very back of the store room in several years. At the very back of the store room it was fairly dark, there was a desk back there with ancient, sun-faded pictures of sports teams and a sports teacher who had long since left. It seemed like nobody had been there in over a decade the dust was so thick. The giggling was louder now, he thought he could hear...

The picture... There was a photo of a past PE teacher standing proudly with a trophy, it looked like it was from the sixties. Slowly he lifted the picture. It was very dark at the back of the store room, well the room which appeared like it might have been the old PE teachers office, now a store room. Behind the picture was circle of light, only small...

He carefully leaned over the desk and peered through, winking one eye shut. He gasped at what he saw. It was the girls changing room, and showers in the distance.

It looked like they'd just had PE, some were still in the shower, their naked bodies wet and smooth looking. These girls were well developed too, he decided it must be the year above him as they all looked at least fifteen or sixteen, they were all confident and not shy about parading around, their naked bodies on show. Michael of course was quivering at this, on the one hand thinking this teacher who had left so many years ago had been spying on them! Now of course he was, but he couldn't take his eyes away... One girl was rummaging in her bag with a towel on her head, wrapping up her hair. She pulled out a bra and started pulling it on while one of the other girls twirled a towel up and towel flicked her on the bottom causing her to squeal and the other girls to laugh...

Michael started drooling, strange feelings awakened in his groin... Everywhere he looked there was bottom or breast, feminine curves, bras and knickers... He reached down and felt his penis had grown solid as a rock. He started to stroke it, then one of the girls seemed to catch his eye – he froze, not daring move, then she looked away.

There was laughing giggling, he looked again; watched them dress, some of them wearing sexy lacy satin underwear which he wouldn't of guessed such young school girls wore under their uniforms. The girl whom he'd thought had caught his eye whispered something to another girl who vanished, but she didn't look at him again. He continued his voyeurism, finding it making him harder and harder... He started to massage his penis again, making him shiver with

anticipation... Then there was a click from behind him, before he could pull away he felt himself grabbed and dragged backwards.

He tried to cry out as he was pulled away... Into the light, into the girls changing room! There'd been a door into the girls changing room, hidden by the dim light. He had four girls pulling him, in varying states of dress, there was about twenty girls surrounding him, all looking pretty cross...

The one who'd caught his eye approached, she'd now got her bra and knickers on and a towel around her head. He struggled in the grip of the girls holding him. She eyed him up and down, "Well, well... What have we got here? Spying on us? Hmmph! Little pervert!" Michael shuddered, "I... I can explain!" She was taller than him, she leaned forwards and dipped her head towards him, "There's no need to explain, I thought that old store room was out of bounds, it's a good job I spotted you... How many times have you hid in there watching us undress? Hmmmm?" He looked around for a friendly face, there were none. He was in an iron grip and almost in tears, "This was the first time I promise, I'm sorry! It won't happen again! Let me go!"

She chuckled, "I'd like to believe that... I doubt it somehow... And I don't think I should let you go... Hmmph! Spying on us... Urgh! It's disgusting... What should we do with you I wonder?" He looked pleadingly at her, "Don't tell! Please don't tell on me! I'll do anything!"

She laughed at this, "You're in no position to barter, we'll do what we like with you, regardless of how you feel about it... Hmmmm, what to do with you..." She looked at him thoughtfully for a moment, then a grin grew on her face, "Oh I know... It's perfect... Girls – strip him!"

He yelped as he was pulled into a space in the middle of the changing room and they began pulling his shoes off, then his trousers, "Please! Stop!" He struggled, trying to wriggle free, but

when he did more girls joined in holding him. Soon they were pulling his shirt, tie, blazer off... Then his boxer shorts.

The girls surrounded him while some spirited his clothes away, Michael standing quivering naked in the middle of the room, cupping his genitals trying to retain some modesty. He couldn't look up, instead he muttered under his breath, " Alright you've had your fun, give me my clothes back!"

The ringleader tutted softly, "Such a spoilsport... Had our fun? We haven't even started yet – pin him down." Before he could defend himself he was grabbed, dragged to the floor and held down, several on each arm and leg, leaving him helplessly spread-eagled on the floor. She then looked at one of the girls who was already dressed, a tall girl with simple innocent features, long dark hair, wearing a short pleated skirt, tights and low heeled shoes. "Nancy, give him a good kick in the balls to start with I think..."

She approached, the pleats of her skirt swinging to and fro rhythmically, "With pleasure... Let's just line him up properly first... Keep still." Michael struggled, as Nancy leaned down and carefully lined up his penis and testicles in such a way that she could strike them all with one good kick. She glared at him, "You're not keeping still! That's two kicks... Now KEEP STILL!" He whimpered, quivering in fear at her sharp looking, hard shoes. Then tried to wriggle free, Nancy leaned in again, "That's three kicks... How many times do you want to be kicked in the balls? Keep struggling, I'll keep counting... Now are you going to keep still for me? Good..."

He was helpless...

Every time he struggled all he succeeded in doing was messing up Nancy's careful alignment of his genitals and upping the count. He lay back submissively, feeling the many pairs of arms holding him still, "Please!" Nancy leaned closer, "Shhh, try to relax – this will be over in just a tick... Would you like something to bite down on?" One of the girls had unthreaded his leather belt from his trousers and

doubled, then quadrupled it up. She leaned close to his head, her breasts hovering over his face and offered up the folded up belt to his mouth, "Open... Wider... Good... Now bite down."

The taste of the leather in his mouth was horrible. He wanted to wriggle and try to avoid the inevitable blow, but doing so would just invoke more punishment. He bit down, and felt the hard toe of Nancy's shoe gently touch his scrotum as she lined up the shot. The arms gripping him gripped harder, then he watched her knee, underneath the short pleated skirt with black tights on swing back. He held his breath...

THUMP!

He squealed like a pig, tears running down his cheeks and the girls echoed a chorus of giggles at him. Nancy paused, leaning over him, "One... I'll just line you up again..." Michael spat out the leather belt, his voice shaky and broken, "Please... Please don't..." The girl who'd put the belt in his mouth picked it up and offered it up to his mouth again, "Now, now... You've got to take your punishment... Open... Open wide for me... Wider... Good... Now bite down... Any more complaints and we'll add another shot on to your sentence... Okay he's ready."

Tears were streaming down Michaels cheeks as Nancy leaned forwards and carefully realigned his genitals for the most effective kick. He felt the hard shoe just kiss his already sore scrotum, nudging one of his balls which was now aching, a deep, dull ache that sickened him to his stomach. Then the grip on his arms and legs tightened, the knee swung back and accelerated towards his groin.

THUMP!

He cried out in agony, whimpering with pain. Nancy leaned forwards, smiling warmly at him, "There... That's two... We're nearly done now – then we can move on to the rest of your punishment... Unless you start to complain of course – then it'll have to be more kicks I'm afraid... Are you going to be good for me?"

Red in the face, nodding, tears streaming down his cheeks Michael waited for the third kick. She initially skipped the careful alignment this time, he felt her hard shoe gently touch his scrotum, but even the gentle touch hurt. Nancy gave him a friendly smile, "Let's make this a good one?" She re-aligned his genitals carefully for maximum impact, her slender hands paradoxically gentle while carefully lining up his balls and penis for the most effective kick. Then she started a practice swing again making him whimper for mercy. The shoe just, just kissed his scrotum, then the knee swung back and shot towards him.

THUMP!

He howled in agony, whimpering softly as the girls all giggled at him. His balls felt bruised, swollen and throbbing at this point, even touching them would hurt. Nancy looked at the ringleader, the girl who'd spotted him, "Well Alice, what shall we do with him now?"

Alice walked around him spread-eagled on the floor menacingly, "Oh, I don't know... Hmmm, What to do... Hmmm, I think seeing as

he's so interested in the girls changing room, we should get him changed... Into girl's clothes... Nancy – get the lost property box.”

He started struggling again, but Alice leaned close this time, “Would you like ME to give you three kicks as well pervert? I'm not as gentle as Nancy... No? Didn't think so... We're going to dress you up... Then I think I'll have you over my knee... Hmmm, but before we do... I have another idea...”

Nancy had returned holding the box and raising an eyebrow, “What are you going to do Alice?” She chuckled softly, “I think he needs to learn to control his little libido a bit... Wait here.” She went to her bag and pulled out a little circlet of steel with spikes on the inside and a padlock.

Nancy tilted her head into a confused look, “What's that?” Alice held it up for all to see, “This ladies... Is a Kali's Teeth bracelet. I got this for my boyfriend – he plays with himself too much too, but it was too small for him but that won't be the case with tiddler here... We lock this onto his penis and it won't come off unless I unlock him... While it's on he can't masturbate, or get even get a simple erection without severe pain... I think it's perfect for him. Hold him still while I lock him in.”

Again Michael found himself struggling, but he was held so tightly he couldn't move an inch. Alice kneeled down between his spread-eagled legs and gently placed his penis into the circle of spikes, then pulled it shut and snapped the padlock through.

Immediately he began struggling, clearly in pain as his penis tried to grow, much to the laughs of the girls holding him. “Urgh! Please, take it off, TAKE IT OFF!”

Alice shook her head, “Sorry sweetie, I think you should stay in that for a very long time... You should have thought about that before you started spying on us getting changed... We're going to teach you a lesson you'll never forget.”

Nancy appeared with the lost property box. Michael was still struggling, as A new girl with a short blonde bob fished out a bra and knickers and approached menacingly. Nancy grabbed his chin, “Wow, you must really like being kicked in the balls... Now stop struggling or I’ll keep kicking you in the balls until there’s nothing left in that pathetic little scrotum but mush...”

She had a menacing look in her eye, he felt like she meant it – so he allowed them to dress him in the bra and knickers. Afterwards some black tights were pulled on to him, then a short, pleated grey skirt, a blouse and the girls school blazer – then a pair of girls patent leather shoes.

The girls circled him laughing and jeering, making him look down in shame. They’d even stuffed some socks down his bra to give him breasts and extenuate his embarrassment. Alice piped up, “Well, well, don’t you look the ‘pretty girl’ I think it’s time for your spanking... What’s your name sweetie?” He didn’t look up, “I’m not telling!”

Alice sighed deeply, “Pin him down – Nancy, line him up for another three kicks...” He stammered in a panic, “Michael, Michael Burton...” Alice chuckled, “Michael? Michelle I think then – today you are going to be Michelle... First up – I’m going to spank you silly.” She sat on the bench in the centre of the changing room, she was still wearing only her underwear. “Okay Michelle, over my knee or you get your balls turned to mush.”

Reluctantly he approached to a chorus of giggles, wobbling in the dainty girls shoes she helped him to lower on to his knee and pinned his arms together behind his back. Her grip was firm, her spare hand hitched his skirt up exposing his tights and knickers, then pulled them down just enough to expose his bottom. Michael wriggled a little, trying to get comfortable – made all but impossible by the steel band of spikes fixed to his penis. Alice leaned down pressing her breasts onto his back, “Keep still Michelle... You wouldn’t want me to have to start again would you? Good...”

There was pause, silence, then SMACK! He squealed in surprise and wriggled as the stinging blow landed squarely on his buttocks. Alice whispered in his ear, "One... I'm giving you thirty for starters, if you'd like more – struggle!" The girls forming a circle about him were giggling and whispering. Michael felt helpless, he allowed Alice to continue spanking him, each blow causing him to grunt or squeal. His balls were badly bruised and throbbing, his penis kept growing into the spikes, he was in a cacophony of pain – all the while dressed as a little school girl. The pain was bad; the worse pain was the dull throb from Nancy's merciless kicks to his balls... He was actually a little scared they'd done some real damage down there. The spanking continued for some time, until Alice had reached her count of thirty five, having added five on for his struggling. By the time she'd finished, Michael's bottom was red raw and sore, and Alice's hand was aching. Still holding him onto her knee she addressed the crowd, "Would anyone else like a go?"

The girl who'd put his belt in his mouth to bite down on stepped forwards, brandishing his unthreaded belt, "Let me try this on him!" Michael saw his belt dangling below her pleated skirt, stroking against her black tights and he shuddered, instinctively trying to wriggle free, Alice gripped him tighter, "Keep still, Jill wants to try out your belt on you!... Still! Or it's ball-busting time!" Defeated he lay still over Alice's knee as Jill began by gently stroking the belt over his tortured buttocks for a measure – then whipped it around with incredible speed and force. The clap was louder and harsher than Alice's spanks leaving a deep red line on the already glowing area of buttocks. Jill chuckled, "Hah, that was fun... Ready again?"

He grimaced in expectation as the belt fell again, faster still... She continued laying stroke after stroke on his buttocks. Soon the pain in his buttocks was as bad as the pain in his balls, red lines were criss-crossing over his bottom and tears were streaming down his cheeks while he whimpered softly. Jill's arm eventually grew tired and time

was running out for the girls PE lesson. Alice loosened her grip, "Alright Michelle, I think that will do for now... Up you get."

Michael rose to his feet shakily, his balls throbbing right to his stomach, his bottom on fire and his cheeks bright red and tear stained. The girls were all giggling at him. He looked at Alice pleadingly, "Where are my clothes? Can you unlock this bracelet thingie you've locked onto me?"

Alice shook her head, "I don't think you understood... You're in the girl's school now, you're a girl now, we'll have to sort your hair out... It's pretty long but we're going to have to put it into a feminine hair style so as not to rouse suspicion. Then a touch of make-up, not too much – we don't want you getting caned for 'too much make-up' in front of the whole girls school... Or do we? Hmmm... We'll think about that one... Now come and stand by the mirror – Nancy, sort him out while I get changed, you're going to be the new girl in the class today Michelle."

Nancy, Jill and some of the other girls man-handled him over to the mirror and began work on him. He hurt from his groin to his buttocks and everywhere in between. Walking in the girls shoes felt unfamiliar and difficult. They were a pump with a small heel, a floral pattern in the leather and a slim strap over the bridge. During his ill-treatment his boy's uniform had been whisked away and hidden.

It didn't take them long, a brushing, combing, hair clips, then a red hair band to hold his long hair in a short pony tail. Once that was done they started on the make-up. Strict school rules on make-up meant they couldn't risk going over board, so they settled with some subtle foundation, clear lipstick just to give his lips more shine and some mascara to extend and show-off his eye-lashes.

Just as they were touching up, the bell went. Alice and Nancy grabbed him by the elbows and pulled him towards the door, "Come on Michelle, we've got cookery next – then it's needlework after lunch break."

As he was mauled out of the changing rooms he whimpered to Alice through his throbbing pain, “When are you taking the spiky thing off? It really hurts!”

She put her arm around him and leaned closer, “Good... It’s supposed to! I don’t plan to ever take it off at the moment – if you want it off you’re going to have to be really good to me... And be very obedient...”, He looked at her, “What about my lessons this afternoon?” She shrugged, “I suppose they’ll think you ran off into the grounds for a skive this afternoon?”

### **~ Cookery Class**

The girls uniform would have been really bothering Michael, but the dull, throbbing ache from his punishment in the changing rooms eclipsed everything. The fact that he was in the forbidden territory of the girls school made him feel even more vulnerable and helpless. Teachers, stern looking ladies would study him as he walked the corridors – then his black tights, pleated skirt and blouse became a shield, a shield which he hoped would successfully hide the reality from onlookers.

When they got to the cookery lesson, the teacher, a petit young woman with long blonde hair tied neatly back – was waiting for them, “And what time do you all call this? You’re all LATE!”

Alice smirked, “Sorry miss!” There were giggles, Michael, sandwiched in the middle tried to keep his head down, but the teacher noticed him and stuck her hand out, “Stop! Who are you? I don’t remember seeing you before?” Nancy stepped forwards, “This is Michelle miss, she just started today.” The teacher placed a manicured finger under Michaels chin pushing his face up until she Michael was looking up at her, straight in the eye, “Well Michelle, I am Miss Grisham, and I do not tolerate any bad behaviour, any laziness or any incompetence... And I don’t just put your name forward for punishment during assembly, I will take you over my

knee here and now if you give me a breath of a reason to – are we clear?”

Shaking Michael responded, “Yes...” Miss Grisham leaned forwards, “Yes?” Michael stammered, “Y... Yes Miss Grisham.”

She studied him for a second, then satisfied waved him in. As he walked the pleated skirt flapped about his knees, the rest of the class followed and Miss Grisham closed the door. Michael was feeling surreally out of place at this point, nothing seemed real – he was supposed to be back in the boys school, having a geography lesson, instead he was here, dressed as a schoolgirl, made-up like a girl, in severe pain starting a cookery class.

The other girls were all putting blue, pinstripe aprons on. However despite Michael looking around – he couldn't see one for him to wear. Miss Grisham was eyeing him suspiciously, eventually she approached, “Michelle, where is your apron?” He looked up sheepishly, wincing at the pain caused by his Kali's Teeth Bracelet, “I haven't been able to get one yet Miss.” Miss Grisham sighed, “Hmmmph, well make sure you get one for next week. As you're new, I'll overlook it this once and you can borrow one of the spares – forget your apron again... and I'll take you over my knee and put you forward for punishment in assembly the next day... Are we clear?”, “Yes Miss.”, “Good... Now wait here, while I get you an apron.”

She vanished into a cupboard at the back, she returned with what looked like a maids style apron rather than the practical ones the other girls had on – with frills all the way up the straps and around the bottom and an embroidered pink heart on the front. Miss Grisham approached and dropped the apron over Michaels head to the chuckles of Alice, Nancy and the other girls. Then she stepped behind, and pulled the frilly waist straps tighter, tighter and tied them in a nice big bow.

Michael walked nervously to a spare spot in the kitchen trying to avoid the other girls and keep his head down. Miss Grisham had

walked to the front, “Shhh, quieten down girls... Now, we’re going to be making the fruit cake we discussed at the end of last lesson – get your ingredients out, a mixing bowl and a wooden spoon.”

Michael hadn’t got any ingredients of course, he wasn’t even supposed to be there. He could see the other girls busily fetching ingredients from their allocated cupboards. Miss Grisham was glaring at him, so he put his hand up, “Yes Michelle?” He lowered his hand, “Erm, Miss Grisham, I don’t have an ingredients either?” She shook her head at him now tutting softly under her breath, “My, my Michelle, we’re not off to a good start are we? Perhaps I should skip to the inevitable and take you over my knee now? Hmmph, you’ll have to borrow some off the other girls.”

Miss Grisham walked to the front of the class and began issuing instructions. Michael of course feeling very silly, dressed as a schoolgirl, wearing his frilly apron and trying to follow a fairly advanced cookery lesson having never done cookery before in his life.

The other girls were racing ahead, following the recipe with ease, whereas Michael was missing instructions, getting confused and not catching up. As Alice was passing, holding her mixing bowl she whispered in his ear, “I’d get your skates on Michelle, Miss Grisham will go spare if you don’t finish.”

He tried to quicken his pace, but as he did he made more mistakes. His cake was the last to go in the oven and it looked a sorry state even before hand. Miss Grisham took his cake tin and looked inside, then raised an eyebrow. Michael hung his head low, looking down, avoiding her gaze – of course this meant looking at his frilly apron with a heart on the front and this made his penis grow into the spikes even more – making him jitter and fidget. “Hmmph! Michelle... This is awful... I’ve been watching you all lesson and you’re a total shambles! Have you never done cookery before?” Michael avoided her gaze, “No Miss...”, “Hmmph, well... I think you should have said so at the start of the lesson, then I could have paired you with one of

the other girls... I don't feel like taking you over my knee right now – you can leave your apron on, instead of lunch break, you can stay in and wash everybody's pots - I'll be supervising you... Then I'll put your name down for say, hmmm, three strokes of the cane? Tomorrow mornings assembly? Yes, I think that might help you to focus.”

Alice, Nancy, Jill and the other girls were removing their aprons and leaving, chuckling at Michael, soon they were all outside, while Michael was moving about the cookery classroom gathering up pots and placing them by the large sink. Under Miss Grisham's watchful he began dutifully washing the pots, while enduring an incredible sensory overload.

He stood at the sink, bright pink marigold's on, washing and scrubbing. Occasionally he caught a glimpse of his feminine face in the side of one of the stainless steel pans, and it made him shudder. If he'd been one of the bigger boys in his class, they wouldn't have gotten away with it – he'd have been spotted immediately. As it stood though, he had quite effeminate features and was slight, almost petit – so it didn't take much stretch of the imagination to see him as a girl. Particularly when seeing him wearing a girls school uniform, and the frilly apron, with a feminine hair style and some subtle make-up. He was in a paradoxical state of mind – on the one hand hating his female attire and appearance, but on the other hand believing it was his only shield about being discovered in the girl's school and getting into profound trouble. The girl's school and the boy's school were strictly out of bounds to each other for students.

Washing the pots was hard work; Miss Grisham sat at her desk watching him. Whenever he slowed down she'd call out, “Michelle, pull your finger out and get washing or I'll add another three strokes to tomorrow's punishment.”

He didn't expect he'd be in the girls school assembly tomorrow morning – but something nagging told him not to rule out the possibility. Certainly, if Alice had her way he'd probably be there

somehow... And if he didn't end up there – and it was discovered he'd spent a day masquerading as a girl – well, he'd probably have his punishment transferred and probably doubled.

Eventually the pile was going down, then it was done. Miss Grisham called out, "Good girl, now you can put them all away – then you can have lunch." Michael dutifully put all the pots away. Miss Grisham called him over, "Come on Michelle, I'll untie your apron and we can go for lunch – I think you will sit at the staff table this lunchtime."

He turned his back submissively and felt her undo the bow on his apron. Then he followed Miss Grisham to the dinner hall. In some respects being forced to sit at the staff table was intimidating, particularly seeing as he was fully feminized, in the girl's school and masquerading as a schoolgirl – but at the same time it would save him more humiliation or torment from Alice and her friends.

### **~ Lunch Break**

Miss Grisham directed him where to sit, in between himself, and... Miss Mellor! It occurred to him that he'd never seen her or any of the female staff teachers at lunchtime... And there were a few male staff members who he didn't recall being taught by... Another example of the school's bizarre segregation policy?

He tried to keep his head down so as not to attract attention and eat his school dinner quickly. He'd adopted a fairly classic male seating position though. Bum planted on the seats, knees spread apart, slouched forwards.

Miss Grisham gasped at her, "Michelle! That's no way to sit... You need to learn to sit in a more ladylike way!" Miss Mellor turned to look at her too and shook her head in dismay, "No, that will never do... Back straight, knees together, keep your knees together." Her hands drifted down and pulled his knees so close they were touching and held them there.

“Michelle, if we can’t teach you not to slouch and sit properly perhaps we should outfit you with a Victorian posture device?” Michael chanced a look, his eyes were welling up a little. In some respects it might have been better at the mercy of Alice and Nancy. He tried to keep his back straight as instructed and knees together. He wanted to rush his meal but expected further criticism for that. Once finished he rose to leave and Miss Mellor grabbed him, “Aren’t you forgetting something Michelle?” He looked at her, perplexed, then realised, “Sorry Miss, please may I leave the table miss?” She smiled, “Yes... Good girl...”

Michael got up and started making his way away as quickly as he could. Before he’d gotten ten feet away Miss Grisham called him back, “Michelle! Come back here this instant...” He turned and crept back slowly, “Yes Miss?”

“What did I tell you about your posture? And your deportment? It seems you’ve never been taught properly wherever you were before – here we take posture and deportment very seriously. Sit back down, wait until we finish, then I think we’ll pay a visit to the head mistress.”

### **~ The Headmistress: Posture and deportment**

So, Michael didn’t get to have a lunch break. When Miss Mellor and Miss Grisham had finished they had a short debate about who should take Michelle to see the head mistress, then settle on them both going.

Now Michelle was being marched in front of Miss Mellor and Miss Grisham towards the head mistresses office. He was trying to follow their advice on posture and deportment, but their continued negative comments told him that he was failing.

Eventually they were outside the heavy set oak door of the head mistresses office. Miss Mellor knocked on the door, a stern voice echoed from within, “Enter...”

Miss Grisham pushed the door open and held it while Miss Mellor ushered Michael through. The older lady sitting behind a large oak and leather desk was wearing a teachers gown, her mortar board was hanging up on a hook. She was studying a report over half-rimmed spectacles, and she continued for a few moments, leaving Michael to stand nervously between Miss Mellor and Miss Grisham.

Eventually she lowered the spectacles and left them dangling on the 'teacher string' around her neck. A plate with the crumbs remaining from a brown bread sandwich sat next to the report indicating she'd only just finished her lunch. She sighed, "Yes?"

Miss Mellor gestured towards Michael, "Mrs Whitmore – this is Michelle, she's only just joined us and..." Mrs Whitmore cut her off, "I really don't have time for this – please just put her name down for tomorrow mornings assembly – how many strokes is she to receive?"

Miss Grisham spoke this time, "I've already put her down for three strokes, but this isn't about that – it appears wherever young Michelle has come from they haven't taught her basic deportment and posture and I think we should address this immediately."

Mrs Whitmore sighed deeply, "Hmmm, well – we'll see, Michelle, can you please walk up to the book case, turn around, then walk back and sit in the leather wingchair please so I can assess you."

Nervously Michael started walking, trying to emulate the way the girls at the school walked, shoulders back, knees together, chin up, heel toe... It was too much to remember, he'd remember one part of the process, but as he corrected one aspect he'd forget something else. The three women watched him critically. Turning was awkward too, and when he sat down, he sat with his knees apart, then pulled them together, but as he tried to sit up straight he forgot and let his knees drift apart.

Mrs Whitmore was NOT impressed, she was scowling at Michelle, “Dear me... I can see we’re going to have to take some drastic measures with you Michelle. Miss Mellor, there’s a department slip in the drawer next to the book case – fetch it please.” Miss Mellor obeyed and pulled out a black, shiny material slip. Michael had never heard of a slip before – it looked like a skirt to him. Miss Mellor passed it to him, “Stand up, step in and pull it up – “ He took it, feeling the soft, smooth material in his hand, and stood... He stepped in and started pulling it up, clearly it went underneath the pleated skirt, as he pulled it up though it became apparent that the hole at the bottom through which the knees went was significantly narrower than the hole for the waist. By the time he’d adjusted it and concealed it under his pleated skirt – his knees were being held together in such a way that they couldn’t part by more than half a centimetre.

Mrs Whitmore rubbed her chin thoughtfully, “Hmmm, I think you would benefit from some practice at walking in heels – Miss Mellor the cupboard?” Miss Mellor returned to the cupboard and produced several pairs of heels, all about three inch, but with a narrow base. After a few false tries Michael’s feet were strapped into a pair which were a good fit.

Miss Grisham gestured towards the bookcase, “Okay Michelle, try again.” He started again, struggling even more now his knees were so immobile and teetering on the narrow heels. He sat at the end, struggling, not used to being forced to keep his knees together.

Mrs Whitmore stood now and turned her back to open another cupboard at the back of the room. From it she took a bundle, that included a corset, a steel bar and something else. “You’re doing better Michelle, but you’re still not pulling your shoulders and head back – this should rectify that problem, stand up, take you blazer and blouse off.”

Michael paused, quivering, “Please miss!” Mrs Whitmore frowned at him, “Either take your blazer and blouse off or bend over and

prepare yourself to receive twenty strokes.”

Defeated Michael stood and removed the girls blazer and blouse. Miss Grisham noticed his bra was stuffed, and pointed to it, “Michelle, there’s no need to be embarrassed, girls all develop at different rates, your breasts will develop in time.” He looked up sheepishly, “Yes miss...”

Without warning Mrs Whitmore had walked around him, her gown flowing about her and pulled the corset around him. Miss Mellor and Miss Grisham hooked the front up and Mrs Whitmore started pulling it tighter. The corset had several effects, firstly it pulled his waist into a more feminine hour glass shape. It also forced his back straighter as it constricted him. As it was tightened he could feel the steel bar sewn in to the corset pushing his lower back forwards and pulling his shoulders back. She finished by clicking a small padlock on the eyelets so the corset couldn’t be loosened or removed.

Then she picked up the last thing, it looked like a collar, but in red silk with black lace and a little black ribbon bow at the front. Underneath the decoration it was steel however. He felt Mrs Whitmore pull it around his neck for a snug fit and fasten it – then she pulled it back so it met the bar which protruded from the corset.

“Miss Mellor, pass me those rivet pliers and two rivets please...”

He felt his neck pulled back uncomfortably by the collar then heard two clicks as it was riveted to the bar. His back was being forced into an arched position, he couldn’t slouch his neck or shoulders or back if he wanted to.

Miss Mellor and Miss Grisham helped him back on with his blouse and blazer, leaving the collar on show.

Mrs Whitmore pointed to the bookcase again, “Again please, sit in the wing chair when you get back.”

So Michael started the slow walk again, the heels and corset forcing him to push his bottom out, the collar keeping his chin up, and neck and back straight. When he sat, the devices and the deportment slip forced him to sit in a ladylike way, keeping his knees together and his back and neck straight.

Mrs Whitmore watched approvingly, “Good... Good girl – that’s much better... We’ll leave the corset and collar on for a few days to train your back. We’ll see how you’ve improved at the weekend – I think it’s important you wear it as much as possible. I expect you to wear your heels and deportment slip every day – I’ll see you tomorrow morning at assembly for your caning.”

Michael slowly rose, quivering, part of him thought about protesting, admitting he was really a boy – but he couldn’t quite face owning up. He was about to leave when Miss Grisham grabbed his shoulder, “Michelle, aren’t you going to thank Mrs Whitmore for teaching you deportment and posture?” He turned awkwardly, almost falling over, the bar arching his back uncomfortably, “Thank you for teaching me deportment Mrs Whitmore.” She raised an eyebrow, “Curtsey?” He blushed and curtseyed, “Sorry miss.” She waved a hand, “Now it’s time for you next lesson, off you go – don’t forget to thank me for caning you tomorrow morning.”

“Yes miss...”

He thought about running away, he could see where to go to leave and he started walking, his heels clicking on the hard floor of the corridor. He was halfway there, when Miss Grisham left Mrs Whitmore’s office and spotted him, “Michelle! Where do you think you’re going?”

He turned sheepishly, “Erm, I was ju...” She rolled her eyes at him, “Needlework is this way – Come on I’ll take you to your next lesson.”

So he was marched again, this time wearing heels, a deportment slip and posture correction device as well as his uniform. When they got

to the classroom they'd already started. The youngish woman teaching the class, looked up as Miss Grisham marched him in.

### **~ Needlework**

Miss Grisham smiled at the teacher taking the class, "Mrs Lowe? Straggler for you, this is Michelle, she's only just started, I think she got a bit lost."

The teacher threw back her long brown hair, and rose looking cross, "Well, new girl or not – I won't tolerate tardiness... Ahhh... I see you're receiving Mrs Whitmore's special training on deportment and posture... Good, you won't be the first, I'm sure you won't be the last... While you're here Michelle, we will turn you into a perfect little girl, by force if required... Now bend over this chair and hitch your skirt up for me."

Michael groaned, "But miss..." She glared at him, "Are you answering back to me?", "No miss...", "Good, then bend over, and hitch up your skirt, I haven't got all day."

Obediently Michael leaned over the chair and hitched his pleated skirt up, Mrs Lowe then pulled his slip down, and his tights and his knickers to a roar of laughter from the class. Mrs Lowe then took a wooden thirty centimetre ruler off her desk and lined up for a measure...

Each stroke came fast and hard, causing Michael to squeal and jump at every stroke. After a few strokes, Mrs Lowe pulled his knickers, tights and slip up, "Hmmp, I'd have given you more... But I can see you've already had your fair share of punishment for one day – I trust you'll try harder tomorrow? Now sit down and pick up your sewing kit."

Michael was almost in tears by the time she'd finished, and most of the class were laughing at him. When it came to the needlework he was all fingers and thumbs and struggled to complete the basic tasks

set by Mrs Lowe. In fact he was so bad Mrs Lowe said she felt she had no choice but to put his name down for three strokes of the cane in tomorrow's assembly.

Michael was wondering whether to give his real surname, or make one up... But it seemed one of the girls had been at the registers and given him a name already as when Mrs Lowe looked at the class list she saw Michelle's name, Michelle Sissy.

When Mrs Lowe commented on the unusual surname guffaws broke out in the class. Again Michael felt like saying something, ending this farce... But Alice had his penis locked in the teeth bracelet and he'd now faked being a girl for most of the day – the trouble he'd get into now... No, his plan was simple – get through today, go home, get this thing off his penis, find a way out of the corset and collar and go back in to the boys school admitting he'd skived off the afternoon – pretend he'd run down to the woods or something...

After needlework it was afternoon break and this time he couldn't get away from Alice and Nancy, who refused to leave his company as they all walked towards the yard. Alice smirked and leaned closer to whisper in his ear, "How've you enjoyed your first day as a girl Michelle?" He glared at her, "First and last!" Alice rose an eyebrow, "Oh you like the teeth bracelet do you? That's fine, I'll just throw the keys away shall I?", "It's coming off tonight whether you unlock it or not! One way or another it's coming off and I'm going back to my school tomorrow."

Alice was chuckling softly, "Good luck with that Michelle, that's high tensile steel, with a shrouded high security padlock... I'll tell you what, you see if you can get it off tonight, if you can then you go back to the boys tomorrow and I'll throw away my key... If you can't, then I expect you to be back here, in your uniform, if you get here earlier I'll help sort your make-up out? I'm rather looking forwards to watching you get caned tomorrow morning at assembly – I hope you don't let me down and somehow get the KTB off..." He scowled at her, "Why are you doing this to me?" She shrugged, "Because I

can? Because it's fun? Because if you do manage to get free and you go back to the boys school I want you to had such an unpleasant time you never even consider trying to spy on girls getting changed again.", "Hmmp! I wasn't I was just...", "Oh save it Michelle, we caught you red handed... You're only remorseful because you got caught, you're lucky we didn't tell and get you expelled."

He reached up to his collar, restricting his neck, forcing him to maintain good posture, "Hmmp! I'm not sure about that! I would've been better expelled... My knackers are still hurting from Nancy kicking them! I might not be able to have children after that..."

Alice sighed, "Well, it's really been fun having you here today... You've had us in stitches... Particularly since they've fitted you with a posture collar! That's priceless...", "Hmmp! I'm glad you find it funny... I can't bend my back, I can hardly breathe... and they've got me in something called a deporter slip or something, so I can't separate my knees." Alice looked down and laughed again, "Oh my...A deportment slip! I hadn't noticed that! I should have known, lots of the girls had posture training when we were little... Michelle... Look maybe we've been a bit harsh on you. It had been a riot watching you hobble around trying to fit in as a girl – how about a nice surprise, Nancy have you got Michelle's surprise ready?" Nancy had been following at a distance, "Yep..."

Alice grabbed his shoulders and spun him around, "Michelle close your eyes, and open them when I say." She seemed sincere... He wondered what it could be... Secretly he thought she might give him a kiss...

When he felt his ear lobes grabbed, then jabbed with something sharp he was disappointed, "Aargh! What the..." He opened his eyes and Alice held up her make-up mirror for him to see. Immediately he saw Nancy had pierced his ears with two tiny gold loop earrings, dainty and feminine.

He reached up, Alice grabbed his hand though, “Oh no you don’t... Nancy has just pierced your ears, and given you two nice little earrings. Take them out now and I throw away the keys to your KTB. If you want to be sure of being able to get out of your KTB, you can wear the earrings for one night... If you can get it off, then take the earrings out, good luck to you and we’ll hope to never see you again... Otherwise... Well, otherwise – welcome to Thorfield Academy for girls Michelle!”

Michael sighed and gently felt his new earrings... He had to get the bracelet off.

Break time ended and the girls and Michael had one more period – Mathematics. This was more familiar ground to Michael and despite his heels, deportment slip, corset and posture collar he felt a little more comfortable.

As the lesson ended Nancy and Alice fell in line beside him, Nancy spoke this time, “Alice has told me about the deal... We’ll let you off tonight, seeing as you’re going to be busy trying to get tiddler free... But tomorrow, you can take my homework home and Alice’s, maybe Jill’s too?... Good luck with the bracelet Michelle!”

And they were gone.

Michael boarded the bus, a different one to his normal bus – again, male and female segregation. None of the girls recognised him and nobody noticed he wasn’t female. He got a few knowing looks from girls at his posture collar, particularly some of the younger ones on the bus – he assumed they’d perhaps been subject to this treatment at some point in the past. He desperately wanted to slouch forwards on the coach, even to drop his chin, but the corset, vertical steel band and collar meant all he could do was sit up straight, neatly and properly with his chin held high...

As he left the bus, he found he was starting to get used to the slip, and his hips swung in a feminine gait, knees close together, small

steps... Like it or not – the posture and deportment training was already working on him.

### **~ Homecoming**

As Michael walked home from where the bus dropped him off he started dreading arriving home and the night ahead. He was uncomfortable, tired, sore... His penis was constantly pressing on the spikes, his balls felt like they'd been kicked into jelly, his back and neck ached from being forced into a good posture and his feet were starting to hurt from the sudden onset of high heels. On top of all that, he'd have to explain to his mother why her son had gone to school, then come home as a girl.

On this occasion he was actually glad his father had left before he could remember him, it would be bad enough his mother confronting him about it. As he swung his hips, heel toeing along he began crying softly.

When he saw his mother she was in the front garden weeding. She offered him a passing glance, clearly not recognizing him, then returned to her work. When he got closer she looked up again and studied him more closely. She dropped her trowel and gasped, "Michael! Why are you wearing... Michael, what happened?"

The strange thing was, through her surprise shone a modicum of happiness. As if a pleasant surprise had befallen her.

He had to bend at the hips to look down at her, "It's a long story mother... Can I tell you inside?", "Of course... Come on, let's get you inside and you can tell me all about it."

She allowed him to go first, little did he know admiring his feminine gait brought on by the deportment slip, the corset and the posture collar. Once at the kitchen table he sat down, forced to keep his knees nice and tight and to sit up straight.

His mother went to the kettle on the worktop, “Would you like a cup of tea dear?”, “Please...” She filled the kettle, prepared the pot and set it boiling. Then she sat down next to him, “So what happened?” He thought for a moment not sure when to start, or how much to tell her... In the end he figured he had nothing to lose by telling her everything – maybe she could somehow help him out?

“It all began this morning – I’d been asked to tidy up the PE store room. The PE store room had a door into it from the girls changing room – they grabbed me, dragged me in... Then they kicked me in the balls, locked this spikey thing on to me erm, well erm, then they dressed me up in girls clothes and took me into the girls school... I did lessons in the girls school – but then Miss erm, the cookery teacher and Miss Mellor made me sit at the staff table at lunch – and they told me off for my posture and deportment so I was taken to the head mistress, and given this deportment slip and locked into this corset and posture collar... They pierced my ears! I’m supposed to be getting caned in the girls school assembly tomorrow – but if I can get this erm, thing off my erm... Well, if I can get it off I can go back to being a boy tomorrow... Grrrr... I am boy! I mean go to the boy’s school tomorrow.”

His mother looked a little dismayed at this. She sighed deeply and made the tea, as she poured she spoke over her shoulder, “It’s a pity... I rather like you like this...”

“Mum?”

“\*Sigh\* I always wanted a girl... I... I wish you were really a girl...” Michael gasped, he didn’t know where to look, the trouble was it was difficult to turn his head or look up or down with the posture collar on. “M..Mum... I... Aaargh! I want this stupid collar off!” His mum chuckled at this, “I don’t know, you’re always slouching... It might do you some good to wear it for a while.”

“Hmmp! It’s not funny!” His mother passed him a cup of tea, “So what are you doing then? What’s this ‘thing’?”

Michael took his tea and drank some, “It’s erm, it...”, “Come on, spit it out – I can’t help you if you don’t tell me...”

He gulped, “It’s erm, called a something teeth bracelet, they um, erm, locked it onto my erm... I can’t get erect or it hurts.” His mother eyed him suspiciously, “Hmmm, I’d better see it...” He tried to turn away in disgust – though the collar restricted this, “Mum!” she sighed again, “Look, I can’t help you unless you show me...”

He stood and lifted his skirt up, giving access to his groin. His mother gently pulled his slip down, then his tights, then knickers. His penis was still shackled in the little band of spikes. She grabbed it and tried to work it off, but the spikes were digging in too tightly, “Ouch!”

She looked up at him, “Why exactly did they do this to you?” He shrugged, “I don’t know...” She glared at him now, “Look, I can tell when you’re fibbing – why?” He groaned, “Well, they accused me of spying on them through a hole in the changing room wall...”, “And were you?”, “Well, erm, no, not really, not as such I was just...”

She stood up, “Hmmp! You were in other words... Well I think you’ve gotten just what you deserve. I won’t help you to take that ‘thing’ off I think you should show girls a little more respect? Maybe spending some time as a girl will teach you to respect girls?”, “But mum!”

“To be honest Michael, I don’t think it will come off even with my help... I think your only hope is to be really nice to the girl who has the key and hope you can get her to unlock you – or you go and explain everything that’s happened at the school... I take it would be quite embarrassing to that though?”

He frowned, “I can’t go to the teachers! If the boys find out about this – they’ll make my life a living hell.... Like, forever!” His mother chuckled, “Well I guess you don’t have much choice then...”

Michael rose and stormed out of the kitchen, albeit a little awkwardly in his department skirt and posture device, “Hmmp! It’s coming off, one way or the other!”

He tried to thump up the stairs petulantly, but the department skirt meant he couldn’t separate his knees enough to give the steps a good stamp.

When he got to his bedroom he closed the door and started to undress. It was difficult with the locked on corset and posture collar, but a relief once it was done. Simply being able to separate his knees again felt like ecstasy, not to mention being able to get out of the accursed heels. Once undressed, he removed his tights, and knickers too and looked at the ring of steel wrapped around his penis. As he couldn’t bend his back or even push his chin down, he couldn’t inspect it easily. In the end he had to use the full length mirror on his wardrobe door to see it. Sure enough the lock was well guarded and the keyhole tiny – even if he thought he could pick locks, it looked too tight to get a pin in, let alone something he could pick the lock with. Having given up fairly quickly on the lock he turned to the hinge, that was solid steel and seemed solid – he suspected drilling or sawing that near to his genitals would not be safe so abandoned that idea quickly as well.

As he worked he became conscious of how purple and bruised his balls were from Nancy’s vicious kicking... He tried simply gently pulling the ring off, however as he pulled the spikes seemed to flex and close up, pinching tighter and tighter as well as jabbing the more he pulled. This manipulation made him start to get hard again, painfully – so he had to wait for it to subside. Next line of attack he peeped out of this door to see the coast was clear, then nipped into the bathroom. Resting his genitals on the sink he tried to squeeze some Vaseline into the ring to lubricate it, however he couldn’t get much in and it didn’t appear to do anything. Next he tried pouring soap on, using lots and lots of liquid soap – then working the device back and forth – again nothing.

He repeated these exercises several times, Vaseline, soap, other lubricants, anything that might help to slide it off – but nothing was effective. Eventually he returned to his room, and dug out his junior hacksaw. Trying to manipulate the KTB while in his posture device and saw safely proved difficult. It took Michael several attempts to find a way to even make one stroke of the saw. Eventually he found holding the KTB hard onto his desk corner with one hand and sawing carefully with the other seemed to work. He began slowly at first, working the saw backwards and forwards, then sped up, the KTB was getting warm, but he'd soon been sawing at the padlock for several minutes and felt comfortable he'd be able to saw it off.

He sawed on, until eventually he could feel the device getting hot around his penis and he stopped. Lining up in front of the mirror he looked at the lock in amazement, his saw had barely scratched it. At best it'd scuffed the surface...

He tried again, to no extra effect, he'd soon spent the entire evening trying to get the KTB off, and even if he had managed to get it off he'd have still had to get out of the posture device... He sat on his bed, back straight and chin up due the posture device and started crying. Crying even harder because he couldn't even curl up into a ball and cry properly.

Eventually his mother popped her head around the door, "Michael I...", "Don't come in, I'm not decent!" She came in anyway, "I brought you a cup of tea... What's wrong? Can't get it off?" He sighed, "No... I've tried everything, and Alice said if I didn't turn up as a girl tomorrow she'd throw away the keys! Meaning I had literally tonight to get it off..."

His mother passed him the tea and sat alongside putting her arm around him, "Shhh, it's alright... You'll have to go tomorrow and try to be really nice to Alice and see if you can get her to let you out.", "But... I'm supposed to be being caned in front of the whole girl's school tomorrow morning at assembly!"

His mother held him tighter, “Unless you’re willing to tell the teachers, exactly what’s happened – I don’t think you have much choice...”

He had his tea and went to sleep – again made more challenging by the presence of the corset, back-bar and collar. It took a long time, eventually he cried himself to sleep.

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

The next day Michael woke uncomfortably. He’d not had a great night’s sleep at all, being forced to sleep in unfamiliar positions. He carefully slid out of bed and went through his morning routine, the toilet, face washed, teeth brushed... He tried to fix the girls hair style he’d been given the previous day with little success.

In the end, with a heavy heart he pulled his knickers and bra back on, then the black tights. He really didn’t want to put the department slip on again, but Mrs Whitmore would see he’d left it off at his caning so he felt he had no choice. He pulled it up, feeling his knees slide into the little opening, keeping them close together. Then the blouse, the pleated skirt and the blazer, finally he pulled the three inch heeled girls shoes on.

When he looked in the mirror he smirked. Surprisingly the make-up had held out well since yesterday, apart from being a bit tear stained. He adjusted the uniform to get it as neat as possible, the only thing that really let him down was the hair.

Satisfied he’d done the best he could he ambled downstairs, grimacing from time to time at the pain in his bruised testicles and the pain of his penis fighting against it’s spiked confinement.

When he entered the kitchen his mother smiled warmly at him, clearly pleased to see her ‘little girl’. “Morning dear... I’ve got your breakfast out...”, “Thanks mum...” He ate, he drank, it was nearly

time to go, in ways he dreaded it, he thought about skipping school – but that wouldn't bring him any closer to escaping the KTB and the hated posture device, so he had to endure.

Before he left his mother stopped him, "Wait, we can't let you go like that – we'd better sort out your hair." Michael sat patiently while his mother brushed his hair, added hair clips and tied it in a short ponytail with a red ribbon tied in a bow.

As he left the house she called after him, "Good luck!", "Thanks mum..."

And that was it he was on the long journey that would inevitably end in a humiliating caning in front of the whole girls school, followed by a day as a girl... And then what? Could he get out of the KTB somehow? Or would Alice keep him locked up indefinitely?

It was the slowest bus ride he'd ever had. He could hear the other girls on the bus laughing and joking, talking about 'girlie things'. He had to fight to stifle a tear... And he racked his brains for a way to get out of this mess.

When the bus pulled up at the school, Alice, Nancy and Jill were waiting for her, Alice put her arm around Michael's shoulders as the others crowded around him, "Morning Michelle... I trust you slept well? All ready for your caning?" He scowled at her, "No!" she laughed at this, "Quite right... We should really sort out your make-up first shouldn't we?", "No, I don't want it!", "Are you sure? After all, can you imagine what trouble you're going to be in if it gets found out that you're an imposter? Imagine how your old classmates will treat you when they discover you've been attending the girls school? Anyway, it's not up for negotiation – you don't want your keys destroyed you do as I say, and I say you're coming to the loos so we can touch you up."

He didn't have a choice of course, they led him in and touched up his make-up from the previous day, again done in a subtle way to make

him look feminine but perhaps as if he wasn't wearing much if any make-up. They all commented on her pretty red ribbon in her hair. Before long the bell had gone and the girls, Michael in amongst them filed into the assembly hall.

They all sat on chairs , in rows, the teachers sitting at the sides on chairs. They sang several hymns, Mrs Whitmore gave a moral lesson – then some announcements about sports day and parents evening and other school affairs. Once this part of assembly was over she made a solemn face and took the microphone again, “It is with regret, that I have to call forwards a candidate for punishment. Canings have been down this term, but yesterday I received a petition from not one, but two members of staff for punishment. Michelle Sissy, could you come to the front please?”

The announcement of the name brought a murmur of sniggers. Michael didn't move... He sat quivering, Mrs Whitmore spoke again, “Michelle Sissy, come to the front at once, or I will add another three strokes to your punishment.” Alice and Nancy pushed Michael up, “Go on!”

Teetering on the heels, his balls throbbing his penis hurting, his back screaming in protest at the sudden onset of ‘good posture’... He walked to the front, all eyes on him. As he approached the stage he turned and climbed the steps up onto the stage. The whole girls school sat looking expectantly at him.

Mrs Whitmore pointed to the side of the stage, “Good girl... Now fetch a chair to bend over.” Michael turned, “Yes miss...” Mrs Whitmore coughed, “Ahem... Where was your curtsey Michelle? I'll add one stroke for that infringement.” Michael whimpered, and turned to grab his skirt and curtsey to Mrs Whitmore, “Sorry miss...”

His heels clicked on the hard floor, the room was silent in anticipation. He grabbed one of the chairs and pulled it to the centre of the stage, hoping to hide it behind Mrs Whitmore's podium a little.

She stopped him though, “At the front please Michelle, so everyone can see....” Michael sighed and curtsied, “Yes miss.”

He faced the chair towards the back of the stage. From underneath the podium Mrs Whitmore pulled a slender, bamboo –like cane with a curved handle. She flexed it between her fists a few times, “Bend over the chair please Michelle.”, “Yes miss...”

He took up position, his back to the watching assembly, and leaned over the chair. He had to bend at the hips due to his posture device, making it even more uncomfortable. He felt Mrs Whitmore pull up his skirt, then pull down his department slip, tights and knickers in order, pulling down the knickers just enough to show his bare buttocks.

Exposed and vulnerable, he rested prone on the chair as Mrs Whitmore’s heels clicked on the hard floor while she walked slowly, oh so slowly around to the other side for a better shot with her stronger right hand. The clicking stopped, “Now Michelle, I want you to count each stroke and thank me - or they won’t count.”

His voice was shaking now, he was quivering with fear, “Y..y..yes miss.” He felt the cane gently stroke his posterior as she lined up her shot – then nothing... then a swoosh, and a CRACK!

He squealed in pain and jumped, panting... It was so intense, he forgot to count or thank... He felt the cane stroking his buttocks again and he whimpered softly, “You forgot to count and thank Michelle, we’ll start at number one of seven again shall we?”

CRACK!

He whimpered in pain, “O..one... Thank you miss...” Tears were running down his cheeks...

CRACK! “T...two, thank you miss...” Each stroke felt like a burning rod of iron placed on his buttocks and the force lifted him up, taking

his feet off the ground. He wanted it to end, he wanted mercy, he wanted to be back I the boys school, he wanted to be anywhere, anywhere but here...

CRACK! "Th...Three miss..." He felt like was being cut in half across the buttocks. Mrs Whitmore chuckled, "You forgot to thank me Michelle! You have to show appreciation for the effort we go to teach young ladies like yourself. Now we'll do number three once more shall we? Keep still..."

CRACK! "Urgh! Three... Thank you miss...", "That's better, good girl... We're nearly half way now aren't we?"

CRACK! "Urgh! F...Four... Th... Thank you miss."

CRACK! "Aaargh! Five.. Thank... You... miss..."

CRACK! "Owww! S...s...six... Thank you miss.", "Good girl... Last one now, don't forget to thank me, then you can curtsey and return to your place."

CRACK! "Aaaaargh! S...S... Seven... Th... Thank you miss." He felt Mrs Whitmore pull his knickers up to cover his red raw, bruised bottom, then his tights, then the department slip, before dropping his pleated grey skirt back down, "Good girl, you can get up now."

He got up and curtseyed to the headmistress, "Thank you miss." Then returned to his seat.

Assembly was wrapped up fairly quickly and it was off to the first lesson. English with a Mr Grocott. Michael was feeling rather sorry for most of the lesson. He was aching or sore all over. He was constantly feeling pain from the spikes and being locked into the posture corset and collar was taking its toll too...

Despite all this though, he began to see the benefits of the girls school. The girls had a different attitude to work he noticed, they

didn't fool around all the time trying to 'win points' like the boys did – they tended to be more conscientious and hard-working. More like he was actually. Most of the girls were more friendly to him than the boys were, the girls who were in different classes, who didn't know he was really a boy – they were friendlier still. He'd had to make up his history to a degree, but they were friendly, and generally kind.... It wasn't considered 'uncool' to sit and read a book at break-times, or lunch times and you weren't expected to love sport and to only enjoy PE and games lessons. In fact the opposite was true of the girls, there was more of an expectation that you WOULDN'T like sports and games...

The unfortunate truth that was dawning on him was that in fact, he fitted in better in the girl's school. He got on better with the girls; he even didn't mind wearing the girl's uniform... He started to wish he was a girl.

After the English lesson he decided he had to confront Alice about the KTB again. As they walked through the hall he tried to rush after her, with some difficulty in the department slip and posture collar.

She heard the patter of footsteps and turned to him, "Ahhhh... Michelle... Are you enjoying your second day as a girl?" Rather than the usual retort he chuckled, "I am actually... I know it sounds daft – but I think I fit in better here."

She laughed out loud at this revelation, "Oh Michelle, that's really sweet... I hope you're not trying reverse psychology on me? I find it very amusing seeing you all dressed up, faking being a girl... Very amusing indeed – I think I'd like to keep you here indefinitely, wouldn't that be fun?"

He looked pleadingly at her, "Alice, can't you take the KTB off? Please? I'll do anything?" She raised an eyebrow, "Anything? Hmmm, I'll have to think about that one – I still don't think you've learned your lesson really... So it stays on for now. Keep being a

good girl and we'll see? You can take our homework home tonight and do it for us by the way."

They split up after that, as the day wore on Michael began to feel more and more comfortable being a girl. He was convinced as well his mother had been telling the truth when she said she'd always wanted a girl – you could see it in her eyes when he came heel toeing up the path, his knees never parting by more than a centimetre. His mother clearly enjoyed fixing his hair in the mornings...

### **~ Day three of my new life**

The days went by faster and more comfortably. The boy's school had contacted Michael's mother who told them he was ill to avoid embarrassment. Michael's deportment and posture improved each day, and by the Friday morning he was maintaining the preferred posture and deportment with considerably more ease. He still found some of the lessons that were aimed at girls difficult. Yet he managed to earn himself less strokes of the cane, though on Wednesday he'd earned two strokes and on the Friday he received three – much to the amusement of the rest of the school.

After Friday's assembly, Mrs Whitmore called him to her office. He'd entered and curtseyed to her, as was expected of him. Mrs Whitmore eyed him carefully, "Ahhh... Michelle... I've been watching you – your deportment and posture appears to be improving. I am going to unfasten your posture collar and unlock your posture corset. I still want you to maintain good neck posture, and you will wear the posture corset and deportment slip every day, but I don't think I need you to sleep in it. If I see you slouching, Then I will lock it back on immediately. You have netball practice this afternoon and I believe it's important for our girls to be involved in sport, so it's a good time to unlock you. Turn around."

Michael turned around and felt Mrs Whitmore do something at the back of his neck, the collar fell free. Immediately his head dropped

forwards, but Mrs Whitmore grabbed his chin and pushed it up, “Now Michelle, I want you to carry on carrying your head and shoulders as if the collar was on, otherwise I will lock it back on to you next week, are we clear?”

Michael pulled his neck and head back, standing up straight, “Yes miss.”, “Good... Now off you go.” Michael curtseyed, “Yes miss, thank you miss.” and left.

On the one had it was a relief to have the collar off. He’d worn it for over three whole days, none-stop and he did NOT want to be locked into it again. So he tried to keep his head and shoulders held high and his neck straight. The posture corset was still forcing his back straight with its sewn in steel bar – but it was far more comfortable than having his head immobilised as well. The first lesson was history, and throughout the lesson he focused on sitting up straight and holding his head in the correct posture. Again he actually enjoyed the lesson more than he would have done in the boy’s school.

After History it was games, netball practise essentially. When he revealed he didn’t have a kit Miss Evans retrieved the lost property box and found him a t-shirt, a netball skirt and some pumps. He thought about the irony of Mr Maddox jokingly threatening to get Miss Evans to put him in a netball skirt and see how he fared at netball – that was now actually happening.

Out on the netball courts he actually again found himself enjoying the sports lesson more than he would the boy’s lesson. He played several positions exchanging bibs with the other girls each time. The competitiveness was there, but there wasn’t the aggression or the ‘mean-spiritedness’ of the boys sports lesson. The sports lesson was also a pleasant break from wearing the department slip and being able to spread his legs out.

After netball it was lunch time. Alice approached him, with Nancy and Jill in tow. “Hello Michelle, did you enjoy netball?” He shrugged,

“I did actually... You should try playing Rugby... Netball is a far better game...” Nancy raised an eyebrow, “My, my, Michelle, you really are becoming quite the girl aren’t you? Did I mush those testicles to a pulp? Is there nothing left down there?”

He shrugged, “It still hurts! I reckon I can’t have children anymore because of you!” She smirked at this, “Well you needed punishing...” “ He looked at Alice, “Alice, can you take the teeth bracelet thing off me? Please? I’ve had it on nearly all week now! You’ve had me attending the girl’s school for the last few days now... Please? Haven’t you punished me and humiliated me enough?”

Alice smiled threateningly, “Hmmm... I’ll take it off you – under one condition though...”, “What conditioned?”, “I want you to agree to be our guinea pig in a little experiment.”

Michael looked uncertainly at her, “What kind of experiment?”, “Hmmm,, well it probably won’t work anyway, but I managed to sneak into the restricted section of the library... They’ve got some really fascinating books hidden away there – some of them are ancient... Anyway, I found one about magic, but old magic, not card tricks and so forth, but proper ‘controlling the elements’ stuff... I’d like to try a spell on you.”

He laughed, “There’s no such thing as magic!” Nancy leaned in now, “So you’ll do it? If magic doesn’t work, you have nothing to lose do you?” He smirked, “What ‘spell’ exactly do you want to try?”

“A metamorphosis spell.”, “You want to turn me into a frog?”, “Not a frog, I’ve found a spell for turning boys into girls... I want to see if it works.”

He laughed, “Hah! Yeah, right...” she looked at him sternly, “I wasn’t joking... If you want the Kali’s teeth bracelet taking off – you let us cast this spell on you. If you don’t think it will work, then you’ve lost nothing surely?”

He thought for a minute, he didn't believe in magic... It couldn't work... then a thought occurred, if it did work – did he really mind? He laughed at himself for being silly – it couldn't work... If it did his mother would be pleased – she'd have the little girl she'd always wanted.

It couldn't work...

He smiled at Alice, "Alright, you've got a deal – work or not, you can do your 'wicca' thing on me..."

Alice smiled evilly, "Good... Meet us in the woods after school.... It won't take long."

### **~ Rite of passage**

The rest of the day flew by, Michael was pleased to be finally getting the ring of spikes removed and now that he'd had time to think about it – he was looking forwards to going back to the boy's school. He'd never forget the week he'd spent as Michelle and it had taught him a lesson...

In some respects, he'd miss being Michelle, despite the regular canings he'd been receiving at so many assemblies.

When he finished and found the girls at the entrance to the woods they beckoned him to follow them. It was Alice, Nancy and Jill of course. They led him deep, deep into the woods. Eventually they arrived at a clearing, with a large, flat, square stone in the centre of three Yew trees.

They stopped, Alice laid down her rather full looking rucksack, "This is the place." Michael shrugged, "Well, are you taking it off me then?"

Nancy stepped behind him and started pushing him gently towards the stone tablet in the centre of the three Yew's, "Not until we've got you secure... Don't want you changing your mind do we?", He sighed, a little exasperated, "Is this really necessary?" Jill spoke,

“Yes... Now lie on the stone tablet, extend your legs towards one Yew tree each, and your hands towards the third... Good...”

The stone tablet was cold and hard and immediately he wanted something to rest his head on. As he stretched his feet out he felt them being grabbed and cuffed with something like a handcuff or shackle. Then his hands the same. He wasn't truly spread-eagled, though they'd had to lower his department slip and remove one leg out of it. Once he was secure, Alice pulled his tights and knickers down, then pulled out a key on a chain and unlocked his KTB.

His penis grew into life the moment it was free, red spotted marks showed where the spikes had been penetrating. Afterwards the girls began the spell, they started by pouring a circle of salt around him, the tablet and the Yew's then lighting several candles placed at strategic points.

Everything ready, Alice took a pewter goblet out of the bag and the girls took their places, in between the Yew's so the girls and the Yew trees formed the six points of a Hebrew star. Alice had the book open, a dusty old grimoire which had a strange binding on it. It looked ominous... If he'd seen the book before he'd have thought twice about this exercise being silly and not working.

He called up from his prone position, “I've changed my mind! I don't want to do this.” Nancy leaned over him, “Shhh, we're ready to start the ritual now... Aren't you curious? Don't you want to know if it works?” He laughed at her, “It won't work there's no such thing as magic!” she grinned, “We shall see...”

Alice called to her, “Nancy, take your place – it's time to start!” Alice took the book and looked up at the sky, “Oh great Naggoth, we are but your humble servants, and we beseech thee, allow our spell to work... Great Naggoth, weave your power into our words and proclaim your greatness by making that which is, that which was... Shape the world in the image of our desires and demonstrate to us that your power is infinite and your word is power.”

She then took the goblet and a small knife and cut a nick in her thumb, trickling the blood into the cup, "Great Naggoth, accept this gift of blood and imbue it with thy power." She then spat into the cup, a long line of drool and shook the cup up. Then she did something shocking, she held the cup below her groin, hitched her skirt up and pulled her knickers down, then she pushed a trickle of urine into the cup, "Great Naggoth, take my water and mark it as your own, that you – the greatest of spirits might baptise thy humble servant and imbue them with your majestic power." Alice then held the cup below her nether regions and began sliding her finger up and down over her labia and clitoris... It took some time, but eventually a gooey juice ran down into the cup. Alice pulled her knickers and tights up and lowered her skirt then held the cup up, "Lord Naggoth, Master of the nine circles, take this, my essence and fortify it with your energy."

The cup was passed to Jill, who repeated the ritual word for word, then to Nancy. The cup was then handed back to Alice who held it aloft again and swirled it to mix the vile ingredients of blood, urine, saliva and female juices together. "Great Naggoth, grant us this blessing, bathe this mortal in thine power and bless him with the spirit of Gaia the Mother... Wash away his masculinity and leave him pure, the image of Gaia!"

The girls then moved on to the next gap between the Yews and as Alice held aloft the cup they chanted, "Lord Naggoth we beseech thee, grant us this blessing!" The move repeated about half a dozen times, then Alice stepped to the tablet and dipped her thumb into the cup then painted a star on Michael's forehead, saying, "I anoint thee in the name of Great, Lord Naggoth, Master of the nine circles and beseech him to grant us this blessing."

She then looked him in the eye expectantly, "Now open wide..." Michael wretched, "Urgh! I'm not drinking that!"

Alice gestured to Nancy and Jill who stepped forwards, "Subject of Naggoth's blessing, thou can drink our potion willingly and embrace Lord Naggoth's blessing or thou can be locked in thine spiked prison for eternity." Nancy held his his nose, "Open up Michelle!" He tried to hold his breath, but couldn't and as he gasped Jill slid a metal funnel into his mouth.

Alice held the cup up to tip, "Subject of Naggoth, accept this gift, that though might be shaped in the image of Gaia, by his power..."

She poured, Michael gagged, but as the foul concoction was drained from the cup the funnel was removed and a hand clamped on his mouth, Jill leaned over him smiling, "Swallow!" Nancy piped up, "We won't let you breathe again until you swallow."

He gulped and it was gone...

There was no flash of lightning, he didn't suddenly feel strange... There was nothing... Alice, Nancy and Jill stood looking around, Alice eventually sighed, "Hmmp! That was a waste of time..." Nancy picked up the book and looked it. "Seems authentic enough... Did we follow the instructions properly?" Alice nodded, "We did everything exactly by the book... Hmmp! Maybe it's translating it from latin?" Nancy groaned, "I'm not going through all that again! Why did you have to translate it from Latin?" Alice glared at her, "I thought it was the meaning that was important – words are just words!"

Michael shook his handcuffs, "Erm, excuse me? Can you let me up now please? This stone is a bit uncomfy." Alice chuckled, "Oh Sorry Michelle... I forgot about you completely..." Nancy stepped walked over, "Hmmm, we could lock him back up and try again next week – in Latin as it's SUPPOSED to be..."

Jill started packing up, Alice got the key to the shackles, "Nah... We'll let him go I think... I did promise him – and a deal is a deal... I think he's taken his punishment fairly well..."

She unlocked him and he pulled the knickers and tights up, then threaded his leg back into the department slip. He thought about leaving it off – but wearing it had started to feel ‘right’ and besides, it’d be male clothes forever once he got home.

Alice and her friends watched him walking away, and called after him, “And don’t let us catch you spying again! Or next time we WON’T let you out!”

And that was that.

He got home he explained to his mother that he’d managed to get freed, but he didn’t say how... She asked him not to get changed, to spend one more night dressed as a girl for her, which he agreed to. Eventually he retired to bed and removed his female attire. He hung the girls school uniform up on a hangar and put his pyjama’s on then went to sleep.

### **~ All good things**

Alice, Nancy and Jill were walking up to the gates the following Monday morning. A little sad that their torment had ended and that Michelle had returned to her life as a boy. They’d rather enjoyed chastising him, and had found his morning canings to be particularly amusing.

Michelle had got off the bus and ran after them. They heard the footsteps and turned, then gasped with surprise. Alice spoke first, “Michelle? What are you doing here? I didn’t think we’d see you again... After all...”, Michelle looked deadly serious at her, “It worked... I am Michelle now... And I always will be – I am going to be attending the girls school full time from now on... But to be honest... Now I’m used to the idea... I don’t mind... Thank you, being made a girl was the best thing that’s ever happened to me...”

### **~Epilogue**

It had happened late that night – sometime after midnight. Michael had been woken by pains in his bones, his chest, his groin... He'd thought it was to do with the punishment he'd received at the start of the week... Until he got out of bed and saw his breasts, now feminine and pert... His penis had vanished, as had his balls – replaced by a neat little vagina complete with labia and clitoris. His body hair had all fallen out and his features had softened. His hair was instantly thicker and softer... He was a girl.

He'd rushed in to tell his mother and explained what had happened. She cried with happiness and gave him a short, satin nightie to wear... He'd spend the weekend shopping for girls clothes with his mother.

They'd agreed that Michael's mother would ring the school and cancel Michaels tuition fees, sorting out the enrolling properly for her daughter, 'Michelle' and sorting it out that her surname was really Burton.

Michelle grew to love the girls school more and more the longer she was there. No longer was she harassed for being nerdy or weedy or bad at sport... Eventually Mrs Whitmore told her she didn't have to wear the corset or department slip any more – but when told Michelle simply curtsied and said, "I'll keep wearing them if it's all the same miss, I want to train my posture and deportment to be as lady-like as possible."

Mrs Whitmore approved of course. There were trials of course, Michelle had received a rude awakening when her first period happened, having to insert tampons to stem the heavy flow of blood and endure strong period pains for days at a time... It was painful, but reassuring, it meant she truly was a woman, and would one day bear children...

As for Alice, Nancy and Jill – they became best friends with Michelle, for they had freed her from a life she hated, into a life secretly longed

for, a life of pure femininity...

~fin

by Sabrina

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

***Chapter 1 : Speeding***

Craig was driving home from the gym, at a fast pace. It was only thirty minutes or so from his house, but it was all cross-country. The weather was fine, it was a glorious summers day, the sun was shining, the road was fun – he was having a great time. The twisty roads rolled over the brows of hills and around hair pin bends, Craig was smiling to himself as he piloted his Mazda MX5 around enthusiastically.

Times had been tough, he'd moved to the area fairly recently, work being the cause. He hadn't really established any friends yet, he was still living alone in a rented flat – but at least there was work in the area. That of course, and twisty country roads to enjoy driving along.

The hood was down and he was pressing his foot hard into the accelerator, watching the hedges go whizzing by like a blur. Every corner was punctuated by squealing tyres, he was pushing eighty miles an hour already, but it felt like he had the road to himself.

His long hair was blowing in the wind, he felt free, free and alive.

Another brow of a hill approached, another sweeping bend – he was pushing ninety.

As he raked in his speed as he rounded the next corner the familiar livery of a British Police Car loomed in front of him, "Shit..." He

muttered to himself as the front of the car lurched downwards under the force of braking.

He'd approached very close to the back of the sedate police vehicle, and dropped back now, cursing himself under his breath. He couldn't lose his licence, he simply couldn't afford to, he'd lose his job, his flat... But what could they do him for? Yes he'd driven close up behind, but this was a fifty mile an hour road, they were doing about forty five... They couldn't tell how fast he was going... At worst they could get him on 'dangerous driving' but even that seemed harsh, maybe 'undue care and attention if he held his nerve and didn't admit the speed he was doing.

He looked at the police car in front, there were two occupants in the front, who now appeared to be having a casual conversation between themselves. He tried to drive slowly and carefully, not to arouse suspicion. He was tense, terrified that they'd noticed his over-enthusiastic driving and were preparing to pull him over.

It was painfully frustrating, this wonderful open road, full of twists and turns... A blue sky... The sun shining... Perfect, except he was tootling along behind a police car at a little less than forty five miles an hour.

The next stretch had an over-taking lane, sure enough as expected the police car slowed down and kept to the left. Groaning to himself Craig pulled out and eased his car up to the speed limit. The police car dropped back slowly. In his centre mirror he could see two female officers looking directly at his car, talking and looking concerned. He was on nine points, so even a minor infarction would take him into automatic ban territory. In his head he started cursing his recklessness, he'd lost count of how many times he'd been in this situation before, and he'd somehow managed to sweet-talk his way out of it.

The fact that it was two female officers was a bit disconcerting, he'd always found it easier to roll out the bloke friendly banter, the old,

“Was I really going that fast?”, “I’m going to lose my job!”, “I won’t do it again officer.” Somehow his experience with female police officers tended to be less positive, generally his accumulation of penalty points was down to his confrontations with female officers, and there had been occasions when the female of a duo had wanted to issue him penalty points, but her male superior had over-ruled her and been lenient – something to do with women being more disciplined? Were they more likely to be sticklers for the rules?

Either way it didn’t look good. Two female officers, in a patrol car – which he’d very nearly rear-ended, were now discussing whether or not to pull him over. Sure enough the blue light started flashing, there was a secluded road-side picnic area ahead, so he pulled in cursing his bad luck.

Craig watched in his wing mirror as the brunette and the blonde exited their vehicle and walked slowly towards him. The blonde appeared to be in charge and she approached first, heading towards his drivers’ door. “Step out of the vehicle please sir.” Slowly Craig reached down and pulled the catch on his driver side door allowing it to swing open. He climbed out closing the door behind him. As he did so a few spots of rain started to fall, so he looked at her pleadingly, “Can I just put my hood up please?”

The blonde piped up, “Certainly, quick as you can though.” He quickly closed the roof of the car while the two uniformed women watched. Afterwards the brunette gestured towards him, “Follow me please.” He followed obediently towards the patrol car with her blonde colleague following behind him. The brunette opened the rear door for him and pointed to the back seat of the car, “Please, have a seat.”

Full of dread Craig slid into the back seat and watched her slam the door closed behind him. He instinctively pulled the door catch, but found it didn’t work – child-locks, they had him where they wanted him... The brunette then took the driver seat while her colleague sat in the front passenger seat. The rain was coming down heavier now,

Craig sat nervously in the back of the car, feeling quite claustrophobic and intimidated...

In truth it was probably a matter of seconds before she spoke but it seemed like an age, they were noting down his registration number, messing with the technology in the car. Eventually the blonde turned to him, "Can I have your drivers' licence please? Thank you..." He'd been expecting that and had removed the card in anticipation. They took some more details off the card, then appeared to run it through the computer. He sat impatiently, cursing his bad luck. Eventually the blonde turned and handed his licence back, "Now, Mr. Livingstone, do you know why we've stopped you?"

He instinctively sported his cheeky grin at this, "Routine check?" She didn't smirk, or smile, she remained deadly serious, "No Mr. Livingstone, this is not a routine check, though incidentally one of your brake lights isn't working, I'll have to give you a producer for that." He nodded, trying to serious himself up, his hope of charming his way out of this seemed to be fast diminishing.

The brunette joined in now, "Do you know what the speed limit is on this road Mr Livingstone?" He paused, thinking of the best strategy for his answer, he knew it was a fifty mile per hour road, but... "Erm, seventy miles per hour?" she pointed at the side of the road, "No Mr. Livingstone, there's no hard shoulder here, it's an A road, there is no possible way it could be a seventy mile per hour road, it could be a sixty mile per road, but all those little round signs you've been flying past indicate that it is a fifty mile per hour road."

He shifted uneasily in the back seat, squirming somewhat, "I erm, I didn't erm..." The blonde joined in now, "Is your eyesight so bad you couldn't read the speed limit signs Mr. Livingstone? Do I need to order your licence permanently revoked on the grounds of poor eyesight?" Craig sighed deeply at this, "Alright, I know I was going a little fast, it's a nice day, fine conditions, a great road – I was just having a little fun."

The concept of driving for 'fun' didn't seem to have any wash with either of the two rather serious female police officers, the brunette sighed deeply, "Well given the fact that you very nearly ploughed into the back of the patrol car, I'd be willing to testify in court that you were doing over seventy miles an hour or more. I have an experienced traffic officer in the car with me, who will back me up – If I want to I could charge you with 'dangerous driving' which carries six penalty points, and I'm very confident we could get a conviction. Have you got anything to say for yourself? Is there any reason I should not pursue this course of action?"

He groaned, it was worse than he thought, 'dangerous driving' he'd be banned for sure, and as she said, given his patchy driving record a conviction seemed likely. He looked pleadingly at her, "Please, I'll lose my licence! I'm already on nine points, I'll lose my job!"

The blonde raised an eyebrow, "Nine points? Hmm, and I wonder how many times you've been stopped like this and have managed to sweet talk your way out of a fixed penalty?" He looked sheepishly at her, saying nothing, "Mr. Livingstone, I feel I have no choice but to charge you with 'dangerous driving' I'll make it so if you accept the charge it's reduced to 'driving without due care and attention' which will mean only four points on your licence..." He started crying softly, he looked pleadingly at her, "I'll still lose my licence, my job..." She shook her head, "You should have thought about that before you started treating the public highway as your own personal racetrack..."

He looked at the blonde, "Can't you do something?!" She shook her head, "You've clearly talked your way out of it before, we'd be endangering the public by not charging you. This is a lesson you need to learn Mr. Livingstone, and it appears the only way you're going to learn is by being banned from driving for a few months."

He looked from one to the other, his eyes watering, his face flush and going red – this was it, he'd lost his licence... "Please, please, I'll do anything! Anything!"

The women looked at each other, exchanging a subtle, knowing look, then raising an eyebrow at each other, the blonde looked at him, “What do you do for a living Mr Livingstone?” , “An agency delivery driver.” The brunette now quizzed him, “And who do you live with? Do you live alone?”

It seemed odd question, but he assumed it was to do with whether he could get lifts, or something... “I live alone, to be honest I’ve only just moved to the area and I don’t know anyone... Look, I really need my car, I literally don’t know a single person I could ask for a lift.”

Again a knowing look between the officers, almost ‘sly’ the blonde leaned towards the back of the car, “Mr. Livingstone, if we don’t punish you – we wouldn’t be doing our job and you wouldn’t learn would you?” The brunette now piped in, “The answer is no, you wouldn’t learn – now normally our option would be to drop the driving offence and issue you a fixed penalty for speeding and a producer for the vehicle defects... However your atrocious driving record means this option isn’t open to us – if we punish you officially, you WILL, no question about it, be banned from driving for a minimum of six months. The only possible way we could punish you is something completely off the books, no record of it – and we’d treat it as if we were turning a blind eye officially.”

Craig smiled, this more like it... He reached into his pocket and pulled his wallet out, “An unofficial fine? How much do you want? I really appreciate this, I know you wouldn’t normally but...” The brunette cut him off, “Are you trying to bribe us Mr. Livingstone?” He stammered, “Erm, I thought...” The blonde shook her head, “No, we don’t accept bribes, that’s not a punishment, that wouldn’t teach you anything would it now?”

He looked puzzled at them, “So... What did you have in mind then?” The brunette looked seriously at him, “Hmmm, well... You said you’d do anything? We can’t take a bribe, and we can’t officially punish

you without removing your licence... We're more or less left with corporal punishment as our only option."

Craig smirked, as images built in his head, "Corporal? You want to take me over your knee? Give me a good spanking? Sure, I'm all up for that, you can both give me fifty smacks if you like."

She smiled seriously, "No, I don't think that would serve as a suitable punishment, particularly not, seeing as you would clearly enjoy it... Have you ever been to Singapore Mr Livingstone?" He looked uncertain now, "No? Why?", "In Singapore they still have corporal punishment on the books for a number of offences, and as you can imagine it isn't a matter of receiving an over the knee spanking. They strap you to a frame, then beat you across the buttocks with a rattan cane, hard... Very hard... They tend to draw blood and tend to leave permanent scarring – they refer to it as a 'judicial caning' and we're not talking about some sort of fun, fetish activity... It's going to hurt."

He gulped, suddenly it didn't sound so appealing, "And you want to do that to me?" She shrugged, "I want to charge you with dangerous driving, I really don't want to give you corporal punishment for your crime, but we don't have much choice here do we? Morally and ethically I can't release you without a punishment which I believe will deter you from driving dangerously in the future, clearly fines and points haven't worked for you in the past – so if we're going to rehabilitate you, we have to try something more effective, the official option is a six to nine month ban with possibly a re-test to get your licence back. You've had all your second chances Mr Livingstone, what's it to be, ban – or submit to a judicial caning?"

She was clearly serious, and he was now genuinely nervous at the thought of it, at the same time though the thought occurred that she didn't look that strong, how hard could they hit him? Then he'd be on his way ban free, soon some of his earliest points would drop off his licence and he'd be out of this awful situation once and for all.

“Where? At the side of the road?” The blonde shook her head, “No, we have an associate, a hmmm, professional we know who has suitable facilities which we can borrow. Her premises are not far from here. We can take you, administer your punishment, then have you on your way this afternoon.”

He looked from one to the other, how bad could it be? “Alright, you lead the way, and I’ll follow you in my car.” The brunette shook her head, “Sorry honey, we’re not doing that, we don’t want you driving off and trying to escape your punishment now do we?”

He groaned, “Can I at least lock my car?”

“Of course...”

The blonde climbed out of the passenger side and her colleague exited the driver side. They opened the door for him and escorted him to his Mazda MX5 and stayed nearby while he locked the doors, then escorted him back to the patrol car. As he was nearing the rear he felt himself shoved against the car, his wrists grabbed and pulled back, then police issue high security cuffs snapped onto his wrists, restraining his hands behind his back.

The rain was still spotting down, he turned over his shoulder, the cuffs cutting into his wrists, “Hey!” The brunette pinched his cheek, then gave him a soft, friendly slap on the cheek while smiling warmly at him, “There, we don’t want you changing your mind now that you’ve agreed, do we now?” As she spoke he felt the blonde rummaging in his pockets and removing everything, keys, wallet, everything. She placed them in a see through plastic bag, when he glared at her she smiled innocently and shrugged, “Standard procedure when we take someone into custody... At least we’re letting you keep your shoes... For now... Now, get in the back please.”

The brunette had opened the back door and was gesturing for him to enter. Immediately he sensed that things were getting sinister, and

he started to back away... But the blonde grabbed him and shoved him in while the brunette pressed his head down so he didn't bang it on the frame of the door.

The door slammed with a thud, and he was lying on his side on the back seat of the patrol car, the cuffs cutting into his skin, restricting his movement completely. They were the standard British issue high security cuffs, not linked with a chain, but a solid immovable black section, preventing the cuffs from flexing or twisting. He was suddenly very uncomfortable, but before he could offer a complaint the two lady police officers had jumped in the front and pulled away...

## ***Chapter 2 : The House of Samantha Burns***

Craig struggled to see where they were going, from his prone position on the back seat of the patrol car. He'd experimented with sitting up, but found it painful and near impossible. The women had introduced themselves properly as Sargent Maria Pover and Constable Emily White, who was the blonde. The rain continued to beat down on the car and Craig found himself shuddering with fear and anticipation as he was thrown backwards and forwards as the car rounded bends and took junctions.

He had no idea where they were, the whole experience was so surreal he felt like he was having some sort of weird out of body experience.

Eventually the car was trundling along a gravel path, through wide open fields and majestic oak trees. A large stone house loomed in the distance, it looked like a stately home. Eventually the crunch of tyres on gravel became less high pitched as the car slowed to halt outside the huge double front doors of the building.

Maria exited the car first, and walked around to the passenger side, her hard soled police shoes crunching on the gravel. At the other

side Emily was climbing out to meet her. Maria opened the back door, "Out!"

Awkwardly, Craig scrambled out backwards, struggling to maintain his balance and being kept upright by Emily gripping his shoulders firmly, "Can you loosen the cuffs please they're cutting into my skin!" Maria smiled warmly, "Of course they are dear! They're supposed to.. .We wouldn't want you to be comfortable while you're in our custody would we?"

They then herded Craig up the stone steps to the front door and rang the bell. Eventually the door was opened by a slightly curious looking maid. Craig couldn't put his finger on exactly how, but there was something about the maid... She wore a sensible and practical maids outfit, with a conservative application of make-up, but she looked... Somehow... Slightly, ever so slightly male, frightened and ever so slightly sad...

Maria spoke, "Is your mistress available?" The maid curtsied, "Yes ma'am, I'll fetch her immediately..." The two police women man handled Craig into the massive opulent lobby of the house with its black and white tiled floor and wood carved walls. A massive staircase spiralled away to the second story. The maid vanished and a short while later a woman in her thirties appeared, wearing a sensible, business-like grey suit with a satin blouse and short skirt.

She studied Craig from head to foot before speaking, almost looking at him as if he was an inanimate object. When she'd done she looked at Maria, "Good afternoon Maria, what brings you to my humble abode?" Maria gestured towards Craig, "Him, we've taken him into our custody... Motoring offence, but he really doesn't want to take the points, it'll mean a definite ban. You know we don't like to let them go unpunished, so bringing him here seemed the only option."

The woman chuckled softly, "Wise choice... What's the sentence? Are we going to castrate him?" Craig yelped and crossed his legs,

backing away at the mention of being castrated – to the woman's boisterous laughter, "Hah! Hah! Don't look so nervous – I was joking... I only castrate with patient consent... Of course I'd love to castrate you if you'd consent to it, as an alternative to whatever they've sentenced you to? You can ask maid Shelly here, it's a once in a lifetime experience being castrated by a beautiful woman hmmm? Would you agree to castration as an alternative sentence?" She was asking Maria, who nodded, and chuckled, "I suppose, yes, if you don't want the judicial caning, and don't want the points, then we'd accept allowing Samantha to whip your testicles off as punishment."

Samantha leaned towards him, "I'd take your scrotum off too you know, leave you with nothing but a limp, shrivelled up little penis, that's incapable of even getting hard, tempted?"

He glared at her, "No! Now stop mucking about! If you want to give me corporal punishment, then fucking do it!"

Samantha gasped, at his angry outburst, and Maria tutted softly, "Dear me, Craig, can I call you Craig? I think I can... We can't have language like that... I think we need to wash your mouth out with soap and water."

He looked at her chuckling, but his laughs subsided as he saw the serious look in her eyes. "You're serious?!" Emily stepped forwards, "Samantha, could we borrow your bathroom please?"

Samantha smirked, "With pleasure... I'll administer his punishment for you once you've washed his mouth out with soap and water, and I'll add ten strokes for that little outburst."

Deciding the time had come to remain silent Craig allowed Maria and Emily to man-handle him forwards into a mosaic tiled bathroom that was a few feet down the corridor. They approached the sink, Maria raised an eyebrow, "On your knees prisoner, on your knees, look up to me and open your mouth."

He stood still shaking, then Emily took out her truncheon and slammed it into the back of his knees – breaking his stance, and then forced him painfully onto his knees.

Emily stepped behind him and gripped his head firmly, holding him still. The maid reappeared with a white medical tray, Craig couldn't see the contents from his prone position, "Mistress said you might want to use these..."

Maria smiled and took the tray placing it on the sink. She then leaned down and looked at Craig, "Open wide please..." He shook his head and held his lips tightly shut.

She sighed, "Have I got to taser you? Do you want to experience forty thousand volts rushing through your body, making it spasm? Now open wide!"

He quivered and opened his mouth a little, she wasted no time. As soon as the gap was big enough she'd removed a whitehead gag, a steel ratchetting mouth spreader from the tray and shoved it in. the frame locked behind his teeth preventing him spitting it out and Maria pushed the lever at the side, spreading his mouth wider and wider, until his jaw was so stretched it hurt.

She smiled at him, "There, that's better.... Now let's get you some soap." Emily was gripping his head and holding it tightly, she looked down at him, "Try to relax, this won't take long... Don't struggle, the less you struggle, the sooner it will be over..."

Maria had taken a bar of soap and a tooth brush from the tray and was brandishing them towards him, "Now... Out with your tongue – we'll give that a good wash first." He refused shaking his head, she raised an eyebrow, "Ah, you want to be tasered?"

Relenting he pushed his tongue out and held it there while she used the brush on the soap to work up a thick frothy lather. Then she

started brushing his tongue from the tip to the back, the taste of detergent filling his mouth, making him feel sick. She continued brushing and lathering his tongue for several minutes, then paused, "Okay, now lift your tongue up for me dear."

He obeyed, completely broken now and almost expecting to be tasered without warning the next time he resisted.

She now worked the brush on the soap again, building up a huge lather, then started enthusiastically brushing the bottom of his mouth under the tongue, then the underside of his tongue. She paused, his jaw ached, his mouth tasted of nothing but soapy detergent and he was having trouble breathing, she smiled, "Press your tongue down for me now, so I can give the inside of your cheeks, and the roof of your mouth a good clean... Good boy."

He was in tears now, he could feel Emily's fingers gripping his forehead, holding his head into her groin, he could feel the hard tiles pressing against his knees and the cuffs cutting into his wrists. His jaw felt like it would never be the same and his mouth both hurt from her aggressive brushing and was filled with the vile taste of soap.

Helpless, he allowed her to enthusiastically brush the roof of his mouth and the inside of his cheeks. As she finished she started working up more lather, "Last bit now – we just need to clean around those gums... Keep still for me, try to relax."

He felt Emily forcefully tilt his head backwards and the brush was rubbing soap into his gums, upper and lower, inner and outer... By the time she finished he had tears streaming down his face. Maria and Emily helped him to his feet, then Maria removed the gag, while Emily filled a glass with water from the tap and held it up to his mouth, "Rinse, and spit..."

He filled his mouth and started desperately trying to rinse out the taste of soap, no matter how hard he tried it would not go away, soon he spat the frothy liquid into the sink and gestured for more water.

Emily poured some more into his mouth, “Rinse and spit, this is your last one – so make it a good one.”

His mouth was burning the smell of detergent invading his nostrils, he rinsed, and rinsed and gargled, then repeated, yet when he finally spat, it had done hardly anything. He looked pleadingly at Emily as she and Maria forced him towards the door, “Urngh! My mouth still tastes of soap, can I have another rinse?” Emily tutted under her breath, “And what would that teach you? No, I think the lingering taste of detergent will help remind you not to use your potty mouth again – if you do, you’ll be getting your mouth washed out with soap and water again, only we won’t be so gentle next time.”

He was a mess, his t-shirt and trousers were splattered with water and soap and he looked weather worn and tired.

When Maria and Emily led him back out into the lobby, Samantha was waiting, she looked him up and down, “Dear me... We can’t have you attending court looking like that can we? I’ve organised your trial, for tomorrow morning, Maria, you can prosecute, Emily you can defend.”

This was getting almost bizarre, he looked at Samantha in disbelief, she raised an eyebrow, “Me? I’ll be the judge, I think we’re all agreed you’re guilty, I still have to determine the level of your guilt and sentence you though... By the way, if I decide to charge you with contempt of court you’ll be given an extra ten strokes, so be on your best behaviour tomorrow.”

He strained and wriggled in his cuffs, “You can’t do this to me! I have to get home!” Maria smirked, “You live alone, nobody is expecting you, you are an agency delivery driver – nobody will miss you tomorrow, it’s a Sunday anyway... No, we’ll keep you in custody tonight Mr. Livingstone.”

Samantha smiled, “Shower him off, we’ll get him some new attire sent to his cell.”

**~ End of free preview**

Further Information:-

*To learn more about chastity belts and to read more free chastity belt fiction, please visit the web's best chastity belt resource:-*

*Altar Boy's Chastity Site : -*

*<http://www.tpe.com/~altarboy/>*

*(The Bonus Stories included here were originally submitted to Altar Boys site and are present there still.)*

*For real world practical advice on the male chastity lifestyle, please visit Sarah Jameson's <http://www.malechastityblog.com/> site. Her e-books on male chastity are fantastic, no nonsense resources and well worth buying if you are interested in pursuing this lifestyle.*

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

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

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

## *The Tormentress and the Boss.*

*Kevin starts a new job, finding himself surrounded by beautiful women. His troubles really start when he's caught with his trousers down – instead of the sack he gets a chastity belt. Alicia meanwhile finds a dark side of her*

*personality awakened. Alicia and Kevin's strange relationship develops, while neither of them knows the sinister truth about Fisher Creative and its owner, Samantha Fisher.*

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

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

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

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

*Gary is addicted to Kindle Erotica, and has some fairly extreme sexual fantasies. His girlfriend Alison doesn't approve, and decides to give him, 'aversion therapy' whereby she will dish out his fantasies to him in such doses that she forces him to dislike them. The trouble is,*

*Alison starts getting a taste for keeping him locked up in his chastity device and wearing ladies clothing... By the time Alison and her twisted sister, bully Gary into being a bridesmaid she doesn't want to stop... All the while Gary is helpless to obey the whims of his female tormentors, because he's wearing a clever, remote controlled electric shock device in on his cock. When Alison decides to force him to orgasm against his will, she chooses to force-feed him his own semen to further his aversion therapy. When it comes to the crunch and he's offered a choice – which life will he choose?*

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

*Craig is caught speeding by two female police officers, when he pleads with them not to issue him with a fixed penalty he gets more than he bargained for. Handcuffed and bundled into the back of a police car he endures humiliation and pain as he is feminized, chastised and judicially caned. The torment doesn't end there though, with the sensual Anita returning from 'Slavery : Forced Feminization, chastity and BDSM : Part 2 : Operated on : Forced*

*Transexual.’ And Dr Eve returning from ‘The Hypnotist’ his punishment contains dental torture, force-feeding and eventual castration... Of course not all might be as it seems? How far did the punishment really go? How much of his ordeal was real?*

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

*During a powercut, Peter ends up being talked into going for a drink at a gay night club. It's the last place he expects to find love, but when he meets Connie he feels a strong attraction. As he gets to know her, he realizes they are soul mates and perfect for one another, in all but one aspect... He is a man and she is a lesbian. They enjoy each others company so much they meet the next day anyway as friends, but as time goes on Connie begins to wish Peter was a girl. He has quite feminine features, so that night after a few glasses of wine Connie talks him into participating in an experiment, which involves being fully feminized - and locked into a Kali's Teeth*

*Bracelet chastity device. He agrees because he finds her so attractive... Connie becomes convinced she can turn Peter in the girlfriend she's always dreamed of. She takes his hand and leads him slowly into the world of femininity, but is clear from the start that one day she expects him to have his testicles 'whipped off' and full gender reassignment. He can't resist her, always putting off the thought of being castrated as something that might not happen. In the end Connie's patience with her 'project' is running out and he has to make a choice - lose Connie, or lose his testicles...*

### *Cross Dressing : Schoolgirl Domination*

*A story about a boy, caught spying on the girls changing room. The girls capture him, bust his balls, spank him, lock him into a chastity device and dress him up as a girl.*

*Humiliatingly he is then forced to attend the girls school and receives further punishments from the strict teachers including a public caning at assembly.*

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

**FAQ**

*Q: Are you a professional dome?*

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

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

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

*Q: Please?*

A: No, you could try Perry's tactic as described in 'The Beauty Spa' (Bonus story included with 'The Clinical Trial', but I can't be held responsible for the outcome.

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

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

*Q: Do you really dominate your boyfriend?*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Q: So do you hate men?*

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

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

A: Nope, sorry hun, they're all products of my twisted imagination.

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

A: Nope... There might be some ultra-dominant woman, with a huge stately home full of dungeons and torture equipment, who is

capturing, castrating and selling men... But if there is I don't know about her personally, and I doubt there is...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A: My first recommendation is to read all of 'Anne Michelle', 'Grounded in heels', 'The Writers Secret' and 'Humiliation at the office' are all excellent stories. If you've read all mine and all of

Anne Michelle's and still want more – then read Sara Desmarais, I suggest you start with 'A change in our marriage' it's really excellent.

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

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

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

A: No it's a pen name.

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

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

*Q: Are your stories popular?*

A: Fairly... I've had them in the top 20,000 on Kindle at times. People who buy one often buy more... I haven't had many requests for refunds – to be honest there's a pattern to the tiny number of refund requests I have had... I wonder if it's someone cheating and buying them with the full intention of requesting a refund regardless of whether they like it or not. That thing wanting to castrate men... Hmm, I can think of a circumstance where I might be tempted to agree to perform a penectomy and castration on someone...

*Q: Why do you write some of these stories from the male submissive point of view?*

A: My boyfriend wrote 'The Receptionist' (Included as a bonus with 'The Clinical Trial') from that point of view and that story was really my inspiration. I've started experimenting with other points of views in my later stories – I might do some more 1<sup>st</sup> person later... We'll see.

Q: Are you ever going to write about Donald Fisher making the deal with Samantha in the first place?

A: Yes! I'm still thinking about it though at the moment – when I get around to it, it should be a good one!