

Feminized Justice

by Crystal Summers



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Feminization Fables Vol. 5

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Chapter 1: "A Fitting Punishment"

Tony smirked to himself. He couldn't believe how easily he was getting off when the cops slapped the cuffs on him, he was sure he was finished. Robbing an ex-girlfriend's house was not something they took lightly. Plus, this was his third conviction and three convictions meant life these days. So when the lady prosecutor offered him a chance to participate in an experimental new reform program instead of going to prison, he jumped at it. It's too bad he didn't read the fine print.

"How about we get a drink when this is all over?" asked Tony to the cute young nurse in the short skirt as she adjusted his IV and injected a blue fluid into the saline mix which was winding its way into his arm.

"Are you actually trying to seduce me?" asked the nurse with a laugh.

"Come on, just one little drink," he said with a wink.

She rolled her eyes. "No, thank you.

"How about something else then? We could skip the drink and go to your place. I'll show you a good time."

The nurse snickered. "Somehow, I don't think you'll be up to the task."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"You do know why you're here, right?" she asked.

"Yeah, I'm here for some reform program," he replied.

"And you know what they're going to do to you, right?"

Tony shrugged his shoulders. "Don't worry about me. There isn't a counsellor on this planet who can change me."

The nurse chuckled but otherwise didn't respond.

"Oh come on, I'm not so bad," said Tony. As he said this, he suddenly started to feel very sleepy. "What did you give me?"

"Just something to make you sleep before the procedure."

"Procedure? What procedure?" he asked.

The nurse now giggled. "You really didn't read the materials, did you?"

"I had better things to do," he said with a yawn. "So what's this procedure?"

"You'll see."

He fell asleep.

Tony awoke some time later. He could barely move. He lay in bed beneath a heavy blanket. It felt like he was covered in some sort of gel and there was a very low electric current moving over his body. His body felt strange... off balance somehow. He closed his eyes and went back to sleep. He woke up several more times over the next few days, but each time fell asleep again. Finally, a week after the procedure, he managed to stay awake.

"Good morning, sweetie," said the same cute nurse.

"Hey, it's you," said Tony, and the moment he spoke, he realized something was wrong. His voice was high-pitched and son, not at all masculine.

"What happened to my voice?" he squeaked.

"It's all part of the procedure. You'll get used to it."

Tony assumed this meant it would heal, so he shrugged his shoulders. He yawned and stretched his arms. They felt funny, but he couldn't describe how.

"You were wrong, by the way," he said.

"About what?" asked the nurse.

"When you said I wouldn't be up for a date. I feel great. Wanna get a drink together?" This caused the nurse to burst out laughing, which caused Tony to blush heavily. "What?" he asked.

She smirked at him. "Sorry, you're not my type. I prefer masculine men.

Tony furrowed his brow. "What?! What is that supposed to mean?" he asked angrily. He was one of the more masculine men he knew.

Before the nurse could respond however, two other nurses arrived. They removed the blanket from his body and started scrubbing him down with sponges beneath his gown. When they finished, they sat him up.

That's when his world changed.

The first sense Tony had that anything was wrong was that his balance was off, way off. For one thing, there seemed to be a lot of additional weight pulling his chest forward. He also didn't seem to have the raw strength he normally had. He also seemed fatter or, at least, not as toned. Indeed, his entire body felt sort and like he was jiggling. Then he noticed that his arms, which he used to brace himself against the bed appeared smaller and thinner, almost like the arms of a young woman. His legs appeared the same. They were small and thin and soft looking. As he noticed these changes, long blonde hair fell across his face and over his shoulders. His hair had neither been long nor blonde before they put him to sleep.

"What the heck?!" he exclaimed and he brushed back his hair with his hand.

"We dyed it for you," said the cute nurse.

"Is this some kind of joke?"

"It fits the new you better."

"We also painted your nails," said one of the other nurses.

Tony looked at his hand and indeed his fingernails were long and oval and pink.

"That's not funny!" he growled.

"It wasn't meant to be," said the nurse as she and the others helped him to his feet.

That's when things really hit him.

Tony froze. His mind could not comprehend what he was seeing. As he got to his feet and stood up straight, he realized that each of these three women was taller and larger than he was. They must have been around six foot seven by his estimation. Only, that didn't quite add up because not only were the nurses larger, everything else was too. The hospital bed seemed about a foot taller than a normal bed, as did the nightstand and the chair. It was as if the room had been built for a giant. Plus, he remembered the cute nurse from before he went to sleep and she was a lot shorter than he was.

He ran his fingers over his mouth nervously. "What's going on here?" he squeaked.

"What do you mean?" asked the cute nurse, who untied his hospital gown.

"Why are you all so tall
?"

"We're not," she said and she pulled his gown from his body. As she did, Tony saw two pert breasts jiggle into view. They were small, they were round, they were very pretty, and they were on his chest.

He gasped.

He then grabbed his breasts and ran his fingers over his nipples. This sent waves of sensation shooting from his fingertips clown through his nervous system. This made him instantly erect.

"My dick!" he said and he grabbed his erect penis to make sure it was still there.

"Don't worry, they let you keep that," said the cute nurse.

They walked Tony over to a mirror standing across the room. As he stared into the mirror, he saw a small woman with a large penis staring back at him. She was blonde and shapely. She was thin, but soft. She had pouty lips and perky little breasts. She was him.

"What have you done to me?" he gasped.

"You should have read the fine print," said the nurse with a giggle.

The following morning, Tony sat in a soft leather chair in a counselor's office. He was being told what would be expected of him. Basically, they would be turning him over to the custody of a sponsor who would be responsible for monitoring him for the next year. He would live in the sponsor's house and was forbidden from going more than 100 feet beyond the house. He was to follow each of the orders of the sponsor without question. If the sponsor complained that he failed to follow those orders, he would be brought back to court to carry out his sentence. Tony didn't like the sound of any of this, especially in his newly feminized state.

"Look, I want out of this program. Make me a man again," he said for the fourth time.

"I've already told you, that won't be happening," said the counselor.

"You can't do this to me without my consent!"

"We got your consent," said the woman.

"Nobody told me about this!"

"It was in the agreement you signed. It was very clearly spelled out."

Tony shook his head. He ran his tongue over his teeth. "Why do you want this anyway? What kind of sick game is this? Is this how you get off, turning men into women?"

The woman exhaled her frustration. "We've been over this already. The program is designed to take away your aggression by giving you a new perspective on the world. You will learn to be a better man by learning what life is like when you are small, weak and feminine. This will help you to overcome your aggressive male tendencies and will teach you to respect others."

Tony ground his teeth. The idea of spending the next year as a woman was just too much to take. It was humiliating. It was emasculating. It was, in a word, scary. "I want to be a man again," he whined anxiously.

"Technically, you are a man. You still have your penis."

Tony instinctively squeezed his penis. "Yeah, but that's... Well, that's not what I mean. I want to be me again. I want to be six foot three, not five foot two. I want to weigh 250 pounds, not 120 pounds. I don't want tits!"

"Breasts."

"I don't want them!"

The woman shrugged her shoulders. "Well, you've got them until you complete the program. You have a minimum of one year to serve and your release will depend on your sponsor reporting that you are in full compliance with the program. If your sponsor reports that you aren't in compliance, then you will stay a woman until you are in compliance."

Tony swallowed hard.

"Now let's introduce you to your sponsor," said the counselor. She pushed a button on her intercom. "Send her in."

A moment later a woman appeared at the door, a woman Tony knew.

"Hello, Tony," said his former girlfriend. Her name was Maria and she was the woman Tony robbed.

Tony's jaw dropped. "What are you doing here?!"

"I'm your sponsor."

"You?!" he gasped. He looked at the counselor. "You've got to be kidding! Do you know who this woman is?"

"Yes, we know."

"You can't make her my sponsor! She hates me."

"We have the right to choose whomever we believe will best aid your rehabilitation. We choose Ms. Brice based upon your psychological profile, your connection to her, and her willingness to help.

"You can't pick her!"

The counselor shrugged her shoulders. "Ms. Brice is your sponsor, unless you want to return to court for sentencing. I believe the judge would be very happy to see you again. He seemed quite upset when he couldn't lock you up."

Tony ran his tongue over his teeth nervously. The judge would in fact be thrilled to see him again. He'd planned to sentence Tony to life until this program intervened and saved him. But saved him for what? This could be a fate worse than prison! "Look, this isn't fair," he pleaded.

"Life is rarely fair. You either participate in the program under the terms we have offered or you go to prison. The choice is yours."

Tony glared at the counselor. There was only one choice.

Chapter 2: "Maria Dresses Tony"

Later that afternoon, Tony was brought to Maria's house. As he arrived, two technicians were just leaving after setting up some sort of electronic gear. Maria stood on the front porch waiting for him. She wore a yellow babydoll dress and neutral high-heeled wedge-sandals. Her arms were folded and a scowl was plastered on her face. Tony wore sweat pants and a tee shirt and kept his head down.

"Welcome home," said Maria coldly

Tony said nothing. Instead, he went inside and took his small duffle bag with his personal effects to his room. As he unpacked them, Maria appeared behind him.

"You have no idea how thrilled I am to get this opportunity," she said.

"Good for you," he said snidely.

"Just the thought of it made me happy; my lying, cheating, thieving ex boyfriend delivered into my custody. Who could ask for anything more?"

"Yeah, well don't get too used to it. I'm only living here a year until I get a full parole," he said as he finished emptying his bag. "I figure as long as you stay in your part of the house and I stay in mine, then we'll both get along.

Maria let out a withering laugh. "Hardly! The entire house belongs to me... you belong to me."

Tony furrowed his brow. "What are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about this arrangement. I have absolute power over you now. One word from me and you'll be locked up for life." She walked over and ran her fingers through his hair. In her heels, she stood six inches taller than he did.

"Besides, you're in no shape to tell me anything, are you?"

Tony bit his lip. He realized that she was likely stronger than he was, but if he didn't stand up for himself right now, he would never be able to. He turned to face her and he glared at her. "Are you threatening me?" he growled, though in his tiny voice it sounded more like a plea.

"No, I'm telling you the score. For the next year, you will do exactly what the program wants you to do. You will learn to take orders... my orders," she said. She stroked his cheek. "You're going to do whatever I tell you, without complaint or objection, and if you don't, I'm going to punish you.

"Punish me?!" he exclaimed incredulously as he pushed her hand away from his face. "You're dreaming!"

"Am I really? Would you like a little taste of what I can do?"

Tony folded his arms and tried to act like he wasn't scared, though in truth, he found her physically intimidating at this point. "Leave me alone," he said.

Maria chuckled. "You asked for it."

A moment later, Tony felt an unbearable pain surging from his penis throughout his nervous system. It was like he had been hit with a massive electric charge right on his testicles. He collapsed to the floor and curled up in a ball until it stopped.

"What the hell was that?!" he demanded.

Maria crouched down next to him. "You didn't read all the program details, did you? They installed a behavior modification chip deep inside you, right behind your penis so I can do that if you try anything funny I can do that any time I want, and I can make it last for hours if I like."

Tony looked for a button or a remote of some sort or whatever device she used. He intended to grab it so she couldn't do this again. He saw nothing. "How did you do that?"

She laughed. "Would you like to experience it again?"

"No!" he exclaimed and he shuddered.

She stood up and laughed again. "Face it, Tony. You're at my mercy, not the other way around, and there's nothing you can do about it. Now let's get you dressed."

"I am dressed."

"Not the way I want you dressed."

Tony couldn't believe what was happening. When he first heard about this program, he saw it as his golden ticket out of jail. He assumed that no sponsor would have the nerve or the desire to order him around. He would basically live in their house for a year and then go on his way. But this was not to be the case. Not only did he not count on being turned into a woman, and a small one at that, but they had chosen his angry ex-girlfriend, the victim of his latest robbery, as his sponsor. She was positively gleeful about the prospects of getting revenge. Making this worse was this electronic device, which gave her the power to make him do anything she wished, and since he wasn't even sure how she activated the device, there was nothing he could do to take that power away from her. Thus, he had no choice but to follow her orders. That's why he actually shaved his body as she ordered.

"Ok, let me take a look at you," said Maria after Tony dried himself off. He stood naked before her, except for a towel wrapped around his hips. His pert breasts poked from his chest and his nipples were erect.

"Look, Maria, I think we got off on the wrong foot. Why don't we talk about this? Maybe we can reach some son of mutually beneficial agreement," he suggested calmly. He realized now that winning her over would be his only means of avoiding the obviously humiliating fate that awaited him.

Maria shook her head. "No, I have everything I want," she said as she walked around behind him and ran her fingers over his body looking for hair. She found none on his back or his legs.

"How about money?" he asked.

"I don't need any money. Besides, you don't have any."

"I can get some."

She laughed and she pulled the towel from his hips.

"Hey!" he squeaked.

"Don't start, Tony, or I'll zap you," she said and she crouched down to examine his penis and his testicles. They were hairless as well, just as she had commanded. "I love that they left this toy hanging between your legs. It keeps you from being either a man or a woman."

Tony ground his teeth at the humiliation of being naked before her, but he let her examine him. Not only did he not have a choice, but he needed to get on her good side, so he needed to stay on his best behavior, no matter how much he may dislike the idea; he still held out hope of an agreement of some sort.

"If you don't want money, then what do you want? I can get you anything."

"Forget it," she said firmly and, with one smooth motion, she grabbed his testicles in her hand and squeezed them between her fingers. "I have what I want right here."

Tony winced. "There must be something!"

"There is," she said. "I want you to feel all the humiliation I felt for all the nasty things you did. I want to make sure you never put anyone else through this ever again," she growled and she stood up. She smiled at being taller than her feminized ex-boyfriend. "Now come with me. It's time to get you dressed, Cinderella."

Maria led Tony to his bedroom. His personal effects, including his sweat pants and tee shirt, had been removed from the bed and were nowhere to be seen. He assumed they had been put into the closet, but they hadn't been. Instead, when Maria opened the closet door, he saw to his horror a long row of clearly feminine clothes. There appeared to be dresses and skirts made of lace and silk and taffeta.

They were in pinks and purples and reds and a whole rainbow of colors. Beneath the dresses were shelves covered in high-heeled shoes. Next to the shelves was a chest of drawers which was packed with panties, bras, stockings and assorted lingerie.

"What is that?" he asked, though he feared he knew the answer.

"That's your new wardrobe. That's what you'll be wearing around my house."

"No way!" he said.

A millisecond later, he felt the stinging sensation in his penis again. It only lasted an instant, not enough even to make him collapse as it had the last time, but enough to make him realize that he would not be trying to object. "Were you about to object?" she asked.

He shook his head. "No," he said through clenched teeth.

"Good. Now let's get you dressed," she said and she reached into one of the drawers and pulled out a red leather corset. "Hold your arms over your head." He did and Maria wrapped the corset around his torso and pulled it closed, bracing herself against his back and pulling it as tightly as she could.

"What are you doing?" gasped Tony as the air was pushed out of his lungs by the corset.

It snapped shut.

"I'm giving you the right shape to make the clothes fit," she said.

"They already turned me into a woman, what more do you want? And seriously, I can barely breathe. This thing is too tight."

"You'll get used to it," she said. She then went to the drawer and pulled out a plastic and metal tube. "Here, attach this."

"What is it?"

"It goes on your penis."

Tony held it up. It looked like a small penis. "Why do I want to wear this?"

"Because I told you to, or would you prefer another shock?" she asked.

Tony cringed. "Fine," he grumbled. He took the device and slid his penis inside it. It took him several seconds to figure out how to do this. Once his penis was inside, he clicked it closed. It was snug. Maria then crouched down and examined it. As she did, she attached a small padlock to the device.

"There," she said. "Much better."

"Do you want to explain to me why I'm wearing this?" he asked.

"No," she said and she went to the closet. She came back with a pair of stockings and some panties. "Watch me and I'll explain how to put on stockings."

"Oh come on, this is ridiculous!" he said.

Maria ran her tongue over her teeth. "You are getting to the point that I think I may need to demonstrate my authority again.

Tony cringed at the thought of being shocked again and he shook his head. "No, no, I'll do it, I'll do it," he said anxiously.

Maria rolled up one of the stockings and showed Tony how to slide it up his leg. She then handed him the other and watched him repeat the motion. When both stockings were up, she attached them to the garter on his corset. In addition to this, she made him wear black panties, a little black dress made of satin, trimmed at the hem, neckline and cuffs with white lace, black high-heeled pumps with an open toe, and a black ribbon in his hair.

"Don't you look sexy," she said with a laugh as she circled the feminized convict.

"I look ridiculous," he said.

She shook her head. "You forget, they feminized you. Even your face is feminine. You're still recognizable, but you're feminine. Now, why don't we start with your duties and then later I'll teach you about makeup and how to do your hair later."

"What duties?"

"I would have thought you would have figured that out by now," she said with a laugh, holding up a final item. A white satin and lace full apron. "You're going to be my maid."

The first week went miserably for Tony. Not only was it utterly humiliating to be dressed in women's clothes, but Maria proved to be harsher than any prison guard. She was demanding and exacting. She never cut him any slack and she invented a variety of punishments to ensure his compliance. These ranged from being made to stand in the corner facing the wall to being smacked with a riding crop to the electric shock. None of these were pleasant.

His training was no fun either. Maria spent days teaching him to walk in high heels. This included training in various types of shoes from basic pumps to sandals to mules to high-heeled clogs. None of them had heels lower than five inches. She made him walk for hours, swinging his hips, holding his arms and his posture correctly, and placing his feet femininely and delicately. She taught him to sit, to smooth his skills, to stand, to cross his legs at the knee and to let his shoe dangle and to cross his legs behind each other and tuck them beneath his chair. Any violation of her requirements for his posture was met with a swift smack from the riding crop.

Beyond this, she taught him the domestic arts. He learned everything there was to know about cleaning, doing laundry and cooking, and he did it all in tight dresses and high heels. He felt like an idiot.

She also worked over his appearance. She made his platinum blonde hair much more curly and feminine. She plucked his eyebrows until they were almost gone. She pierced his ears. She made him paint his nails, and hers. She taught him to apply his own makeup and required constant touch-ups throughout the day.

By the end of the week, he was a woman for all practical purposes except for the penis swinging between his legs, and that was trapped inside the device she had attached. At first, Tony thought this device was simply a silly idea on her part, but he quickly learned just how insidiously this added to her control. For one thing, it kept him from standing to pee. For another, it meant he couldn't masturbate. Given the massive amount of sexual tension he was experiencing, this proved to be quite a problem. Indeed, he was constantly horny and wanting to touch himself, but he simply couldn't. Presumably, he could ask her to let him masturbate, but that seemed too humiliating, too submissive somehow. It also made erections unpleasant as his penis barely fit inside the tube. Thus, each time he became erect, it reminded him of his circumstances.

What bothered Tony the most about all of this was that he was not only adopting quickly to being a woman — indeed, he found it difficult to act like a man at all — but even worse was that he was starting to feel very submissive. Following Maria's orders constantly and being stuck under her absolute control was changing his personality and that worried him.

One night, Tony decided he had enough. He needed to escape while he still had some independence. Yes, he would look like a woman, but he could accept that. What he couldn't accept was becoming a submissive woman. Besides, he believed that this change would wear off or could be reversed by a doctor. So when Maria went to her room to change for dinner, it suddenly occurred him that he could make a break for it. He walked outside and started down the street.

"With luck, I'll be long gone before she realizes!" he said to himself.

He rushed down the sidewalk on his pink high-heeled sandals. He was acting on a spur of the moment and he didn't have time to change. Thus, the pink sandals and the tight pink mini-dress he wore were what he would wear.

CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK His heels echoed off the sidewalk.

"I need to get out of the range of that electric thing," he said.

CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK

As he reached two houses away from Maria's home, he heard a strange beeping coming from himself. He stopped and looked down. He couldn't see anything, but he was definitely beeping.

"You are in violation of the 100 foot restriction, return immediately," said a muffled voice which seemed to be coming from inside him, down near his penis.

"My dick is talking to me! I've got to be imagining this!" he said.

Tony took two more steps and he heard the warning again.

"You are in violation of the 100 foot restriction, ret-um immediately."

Tony shook his head. It had to be that shock device they installed inside him. It must be tied to something inside the house. If he kept going, he could be shocked... or maybe not. Maybe, he thought, this was a bluff. "They wouldn't really shock me, would they? That could be dangerous. What if I was driving? what if there was a fire and I had to leave because of that?" he asked himself. "This has to be a bluff".

He took two more steps. Then he felt a light version of the buzz he got when Maria zapped him.

"That was just a tap. That's just meant to scare me!" he said.

He took two more steps and got the same light version of the buzz. He was now convinced this was just meant to scare him and they wouldn't actually

CLICK CLICK

No more than two steps down the road, he got hit with a much harder blast and it didn't stop. He tried to keep going, but each step only intensified the shock. Two steps later, he was beaten and he needed to retreat. There was no way he could make it. He needed to ret-um to the house.

Maria was waiting for him on her front porch. She was laughing.

"I hope you enjoyed your little escape attempt," she said.

Tony thought about denying it, but decided to remain silent.

"You can't escape. The system is set up to stop you. The further you go, the greater the shock. You might want to face the fact that you're stuck here."

Tony hung his head. This appeared to be true.

Chapter 3: "Tony Gets Shown Off"

A few weeks later, Tony was in for a hilly unpleasant surprise. He had gotten quite good at his duties and was even getting used to the clothes. Because of this, he was starting to act more naturally feminine. He was also becoming increasingly submissive. This made Maria happy and she decided it was time to show him off. Thus, she invited some friends over for drinks... some of his friends. She intended that he would serve them, and she didn't tell him who was coming. The doorbell rang.

Tony thought he might throw up. Few people had seen him since he entered the program. Sometimes people dropped off packages at the house and they saw him, but that was about it; no one had spent more than a few seconds with him except Maria. Tonight, however, he would be on display and that made him sick. It would have been worse if he knew who was coming.

"Do your duty and answer the door," said Maria.

Tony swallowed hard and started for the door.

"Don't forget to be polite, curtsy, and take their coats," she called after him.

He tugged at the hem of his short French Maid costume and he started for the door. As he went, the sound of his high heels clicking off the wooden floors mocked him and reminded him of his emasculation, as did the tightness of his panties and the costume, and the smell of his perfume. He took a deep breath, closed his eyes, and reached for the door. His fingers slipped around the knob. His fingernails were dark red, as were his toes, peeking out of the front of his open toe pumps. He turned the knob and opened the door.

"Oh, isn't that cute! Maria hired a French Maid for the party!" laughed a blonde woman in a white dress. On her arm was a muscular man in a dark suit.

Tony froze. He knew them both.

Purely by instinct, Tony curtsied and let them in. His mind was spinning. Would they recognize him? Why were they here? Maria hadn't said anything about inviting his cousin and her husband!

As Tony struggled to process this, Maria came up from behind him. "Ellen, Todd, how are you? Thanks for coming!" said Maria and she hugged them both and kissed each on the cheek.

"Oh, we wouldn't have missed it," said Ellen. "I love your maid!"

"Oh yes, she came with the house," said Maria with a laugh. This caused the others to laugh as well, except Tony, who remained frozen in place. Maria

noticed that he wasn't moving. "Get their coats, girl. Don't be idle," she said to Tony.

Tony, who remained in a terrified daze, responded almost mechanically by reaching out for their coats. He took them and hung them up as the others walked off to the living room.

This scene repeated itself five more times. The other guests included Maria's sister, two of Tony's former friends who almost went to jail for things he had done, their girlfriends, one of Maria's co-workers Tony had tried to seduce which was the cause of Maria and Tony breaking up in the first place, and four friends of Maria's that Tony didn't recognize but knew he had seen.

When everyone was assembled in the living room, Tony was tasked with taking drink orders, bringing the drinks out on a silver tray, and serving hors d'oeuvres. As if his duties weren't humiliating enough, the women kept watching him and rolling their eyes at his uniform, and several of the men kept touching him, either on the thigh or the breast or the rear... always ostensibly by accident. None of them seemed to recognize him though, which made sense as he now appeared to be a small woman rather than a tall man and no one would believe it was really him.

As the evening progressed, several of the guests became slightly drunk. This led to a near disaster for Tony. Indeed, to make things more humiliating and difficult for Tony, Maria refused to let him wear the chastity device tonight. This was ironic in many ways. In fact, since she first put the device on him, Tony had been agitating to be allowed to remove it because it made erections uncomfortable for him and because it felt emasculating that Maria could keep his penis under lock and key. Maria, however, refused to allow him to remove it precisely because she knew this was emasculating and because she wanted to control him in every aspect. She liked that he couldn't masturbate without permission. She liked that he needed to sit to pee. She liked the look on his face whenever he got hard and the device squeezed his penis. It felt like a wonderful form of payback to see him cringe and she often strove to make him hard just to see it. Tonight, however, their positions were reversed. Tonight, Tony wanted to wear it so he wouldn't sprout an erection beneath the short skirt of the maid costume and expose himself to everyone. Maria, on the other hand, didn't want him to wear it because she thought it would add to his nervousness and, therefore, his submission, if he constantly needed to worry about his penis making an unwanted appearance.

Maria got her way, as you might expect.

Thus, Tony went without the device for the first time in a long time tonight. Because of this, his mind was constantly on his penis, which kept trying to enjoy

its freedom by springing to attention. This meant he was constantly shoving it back into place so it wouldn't tent up his skirts.

As Tony served drinks to a particularly lecherous man named Ted, Tony felt Ted's hand slide beneath his skirt and squeeze his butt cheek. This was horrifying to Tony not only because Ted was a man, but also because he and Ted had been friends for a long time. They'd even competed to date Maria at one point. The idea that he might recognize Tony scared him intensely and made him want to run away.

Unfortunately, he couldn't push Ted's hand away either because Tony held the drinks tray in one hand and Ted's drink in the other; Ted had yet to take it. Thus, he could do nothing but stand there.

Unfortunately, as Tony stood there, the feeling of Ted's hand on his butt cheek caused his penis to become erect... very erect. It popped right up beneath his panties and it presented a real danger that his penis would pop out of his panties and out from beneath the maid's uniform skirts. Tony cringed and tried to shift his body to hide his penis.

"Your drink," insisted Tony firmly, trying to get Ted to remove his hand.

"I know," said Ted calmly. He didn't remove his hand from Tony's rear.

Suddenly, it happened. Tony's penis escaped the panties and shot out from beneath the skirt, right into Ted's view.

Tony froze and he braced himself. He assumed Ted would do something violent or nasty to him, as Ted claimed to have no tolerance for "perverts" and he would definitely see a man dressed as a French Maid as a "pervert"... but he didn't.

"Oh my!" said Ted with a laugh. "What have we here?"

Tony thought about fleeing the room, but he was stuck. His feet wouldn't move.

Ted's hand reached around the front of him and latched onto his penis. Tony was shocked. He stood there shaking in his high heels, holding a drink and a tray of drinks, as this man stroked his penis back and forth, and there was nothing he could do about it. In fact, all he could do was feel incredibly thankful that he was standing at such an angle that no one else could see what Ted was doing.

"You like that, don't you?" asked Ted with a laugh.

Tony couldn't respond. He remained too shocked. He was also too humiliated that his penis was throbbing away as this man stroked it. And he was terrified that someone else would spot him. He would go along with whatever Ted wanted, just so that no one else found out.

Only a few seconds after Ted began, Tony's penis exploded, shooting cum onto Ted's hand. Tony turned bright red. He'd never had another man jerk him off before and this was a horribly emasculating feeling. He wanted to cry, but he didn't. Instead, he stood there as Ted wiped his hand on the apron on the front of Tony's skirt and pulled Tony's panties back up over his penis. He then took his drink.

"Carry on, girl," said Ted.

Ted had never felt more humiliated in his entire life, but worse was yet to come.

After the guests finished with their drinks and right before they were about to move to the dining room, Maria stood up. She had an announcement, and she was holding a riding crop. Tony suddenly felt very nervous. If she was holding the riding crop, then this had something to do with him, and it would not be good.

"What's with the crop?" asked one of the guests.

"I'm glad you asked," said Maria. "Most of you know that I've been participating in an inmate reform program, but none of you have met the inmate yet."

"About time. We were beginning to think you were making him up!"

"Well, I can assure you that this inmate is very real. Moreover, it's someone you all know," said Maria.

All the colour left Tony's face. Was she really going to expose him?!

"Someone we all know?" asked Tony's cousin.

"Yep.

"Give us a hint!"

"Ok," said Maria. "He's someone you all know and few of you can stand. He's been convicted at least twice of serious crimes. He loved to fool around on whoever he was dating."

"Wait a minute. It sounds like you're talking about Tony," said the cousin.

"I am."

The room went completely silent.

"You've got Tony living here?" asked the cousin incredulously.

"Yes, I do."

Now the room burst into a low murmur.

"How come none of us have seen him?" asked the cousin.

Maria laughed. "Oh, but you have. You just don't know that you have." The room went silent again.

Maria smiled. She pointed the crop at Tony. "Let me introduce Tony!"

They all looked at the small woman in the maid costume and everyone in the room burst out laughing. "That's not Tony!" said one. "That's a woman and she's way too small to be Tony!" said another. "Yeah, that's not Tony!"

"Isn't it?" asked Maria slyly.

Everyone rose and looked at Tony. He'd never felt more humiliated in his life than he did when this group of people who knew him suddenly crowded around him and looked him over. Even the incident with Ted was nothing compared to this. He felt humiliated and he felt scared; they were all so much bigger now and they all had puzzled and angry looks on their faces.

"Let me explain," said Maria and she moved through the group to stand next to Tony, who was shaking in his high heels. "Tony took part in a new program. The idea behind this program is to teach inmates humility by taking away the things that make them aggressive. In Tony's case, it was his physical strength, his size and his masculinity. They used a new DNA process to change him from the Tony you knew into this sexy little creature." As she said this, she tweaked his nipple through his uniform.

Tony wanted to vomit.

"You're joking!" said one of the crowd.

Maria shook her head. "No. This is cutting edge science. This is an experiment."

They all crowded around closer and began touching his body.

"Ya know," said Tony's cousin, "she does look a lot like Tony... in the face."

"True," said one of his friends. "If Tony was turned into a girl, this is what he would look like."

Maria laughed. "I can assure you, this is Tony."

"But this IS a woman," said the cousin. "That means this can't be Tony."

"Lift his... her skirt."

The room went silent. everyone froze. Finally Tony's cousin reached out her hand and lifted the skirt on the maid costume.

Tony's penis sprang into view.

The room erupted. Suddenly several pairs of female hands grabbed his penis and started jerking it in every direction. As this happened, several male hands ripped off his dress and exposed his breasts. Within seconds he was naked except for his high heels and his black panties, which were down around his ankles, caught up in the straps on his heels!

Maria waded through the group again and calmed them down. "Hold on, hold on! I've told you all about this for a couple reasons. First, I want each of you to feel free to come by and help me rehabilitate Tony. So don't worry, you'll all have plenty of time to let Tony know how he's made you feel. Secondly, today is Tony's birthday and I think it would be good for him if each of you gave Tony a proper birthday spanking!"

The room erupted again in laughs and giggles.

Before Tony knew what was happening, his former girlfriend had dragged him across the room and then across her lap. She grabbed his penis, which was strongly erect, and jammed it down between her knees. She squeezed her knees shut tightly so his penis couldn't escape. He struggled to escape but he was stuck. He couldn't even get his footing since he couldn't land his heels flatly on the floor and the panties acted like bindings around his ankles.

CRACK!

Maria's hand slammed against his rear. This caused his entire body to shake and he blushed at the utter humiliation of being helpless to stop his girlfriend from spanking him before all of his former friends and enemies.

CRACK!

CRACK!

As she rained blows down upon his exposed rear, the crowd counted them off *ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR FIVE, SIX* and so on, all the way to twenty-five. This was Truly humiliating.

"Happy birthday, Tony!" said Maria with a laugh.

As this was happening, Tony felt something even more humiliating. His penis began to throb beneath her blows. Each blow brought him closer to orgasm and he struggled not to let that happen. The last thing he wanted to do was to ejaculate between her knees and down her legs from being spanked.

When Maria finished, she held him even more firmly as someone else stepped up behind Tony.

CRACK!

Whoever this was, now also rained blows down upon his rear. As before, the crowd counted off, *ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR FIVE, SIX* and so on, all the way to twenty-five. When this person finished, they stepped around to his front and crouched down. It was his cousin. She looked him in the eyes. "Happy birthday, sissy boy!"

Then the next person stepped up and began.

One by one, each of the guests spanked Tony's rear. By the time they finished, his rear end would be stinging bright red and sore. He wouldn't be able to sit for some time. Even worse though, despite his best efforts, he came. Indeed, he shot his cum down Maria's legs all the way to her shoe.

"Now get off my lap and clean up your mess!" said Maria.

Tony climbed off Maria's lap onto his hands and knees on the floor. His cousin tossed him his uniform and he pulled a cloth from the pocket on the front of his apron and he wiped Maria's leg and foot and shoe clean.

"Give me the cloth," said Maria.

Tony, having no choice, rose to his knees and handed her the cloth.

"We need to clean this cloth," said Maria with a laugh. "Any suggestions?" she asked the guests. Several responded, but she cut them off "I have an idea." She motioned Tony to open his mouth. He refused.

She grabbed his penis and squeezed it hard. "Open your mouth or you'll regret it," she said and for the briefest of milliseconds, she gave him the painful shock.

Tony swallowed hard and opened his mouth.

Maria jammed the cloth into his mouth. "You leave that there until I tell you otherwise. Now get dressed and start serving dinner."

Tony got dressed in his lingerie and his uniform as the guests watched and laughed.

For the rest of the night, Tony served each of the guests dinner. They knew who he was at this point so they spoke openly about the things he'd done and how thrilled they were to see him humiliated and finally getting his just deserts.

When they finished, they all went home, but not before they all told him they would be back to take Maria up on her offer of letting them come "help" in his rehabilitation. There would be some hard, humiliating days ahead.

The night, as Tony prepared for bed, he thought about the past and the future. He thought about the bad things he'd done to get him into this position, and he thought about the things that would still happen to him. He was now a tiny feminized plaything at the mercy of the people he had huff. There was no escape, no reprieve, no parole. He was stuck in this position for at least a year, at which point it would be up to Marie whether or not he would be granted his release, and she was not in a forgiving mood, so he had no idea how long this would hilly last.

One thing was for sure, however, he would be a changed man by the time this ended. For the next year or more, he would live with constant humiliations and he would learn to be small and weak and submissive. Indeed, he would spend so

long being submissive that it was entirely possible he could never go back. Can one 'un-learn' submissive behavior? He wasn't sure, but he was sure he would find out.

This would be the hardest time he ever served.

The End

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