

# ***Jasmine's Sissy***



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## *Jasmine's Sissy*

"Does it have to be me?" Michael asked. He stood near the doorway, like he wanted a quick exit. Really, he should have felt so much more grateful. Plenty of guys would have killed for the chance to be alone with Jasmine in her bedroom.

There was something sensual about the space, whether it was her red sheets, the paintings on the walls, or the energy of the room. There was something about knowing that this space belongs to Jasmine that made it magical. In her drawers, there would be her shorts and her neatly folded tops, her socks and panties.

Michael tried not to think about that last part. After all, his friendship with Jasmine was built on the idea that a guy and a girl could be friends without any kind of weird sexual tension getting in the way.

"Please. There has to be someone else you can use."

"It's true," Jasmine said. "There are a bunch of agencies I could try to use. I could walk around campus and ask random guys, but I want you. I think you have the perfect body for this."

Michael glanced over at the mirror. It wasn't fair.

Right away, she saw how his face fell and his shoulders slumped. Jasmine jumped up, and she walked right over to him. Jasmine was a lithe young woman with shoulder length, neatly trimmed blonde hair. She had on a black dress with matching tights. The material seemed to shimmer. And although the design seemed a very simple, there was an elegance to it.

"Michael, this is a good thing. Please, I can pay you."

Like so many college freshman, Michael was close to broke. Financial aid officially covered everything he would need, but he was still broke. Jasmine, on the other hand, made quite a bit.

She was one of those rare and talented artists who could make a living from her creative endeavors.

"Just think of it as a business decision. And I promise, no one will see your face."

She put her hand carefully on his shoulder and nudged him over to her full-length mirror. "Ever since I got started last year, I've had to use myself. But I think you and me are pretty much the same size. I don't know why, but I think you would make a really good model for me."

"But it's women's clothing," he said, barely whispering those words.

"It's also a lot of money," she said. "Look, I know this might not seem fair, but it's true. This is my business, and I make a pretty decent amount of money selling these clothes online. You could be a part of that. You could help me."

His heart beat faster, especially when he glanced over at the mannequin in the corner of the room. "Why can't you just use one of those?"

"Because it's not real. It's not natural. It wouldn't feel organic," she explained.

"The people should be focused on the clothing."

"That's true," she allowed, knowing full well that she could scare him away at any moment. "But I need every advantage I can get. So far, I've tried to take pictures of myself."

"Couldn't you hire a photographer then? Couldn't you just be your own model?"

"I want to be able to see the clothing from the outside. If I hired a photographer, then I would have to take a look at the pictures after the fact. I would be relying on someone else."

"Or maybe you just like being in charge because you're a control freak," he said.

Jasmine glanced back at his face. For just a second, she didn't know how to interpret those words, not until a smile started to creep across his lips.

"Yeah, maybe," she finally allowed.

"You're sure there isn't any other way?"

"Yes," she said, sensing his reluctance even as it began to melt away. "Please. We're friends, right? And friends help each other? I swear, I could make this worth your while."

"And no one would see my face?"

"That's right," she said. "And if you don't like it, you don't have to do it after the first shoot."

"Okay," he said. "I'm pretty sure I'm going to regret this, but I'll do it."

"Thank you! Thank you so much," she said, grabbing his hands. Excitement shot through her, and she was practically jumping up and down. For his part, Michael smiled back at her, grateful that he could make his friend this happy.

But even as she started talking about all of her plans, Michael sensed something else. He knew that it was just paranoia, but there was this glint in her eyes, and almost manic excitement that made him very, very nervous. He couldn't explain it, but he pushed it aside. This would be fine, he told himself. It was just clothing. What was the

worst that could happen?

Michael was strolling along campus, on his way to his next class. His eyes darted from one girl to the next. He couldn't quite help himself. He studied their white T-shirts and pink tank tops, their tight jeans and short skirts. He loved the way the fabric swished along their exposed thighs, especially as the spring sunlight beamed down on all of them.

He tried not to get distracted or aroused.

It was frustrating, especially because he didn't have a girlfriend.

He was a freshman, that much was true, but he couldn't exude the same energy as some of the alpha male athletes on campus. Heck, even just the older guys seemed so much bigger and stronger than he was.

It wasn't fair.

Even back in high school, Michael had been smaller than most of the other guys. He told himself that it didn't bother him, that he would hit a growth spurt or something, but what if this was his regular size? What if genetics had simply decided to screw him?

It seemed possible, if not likely.

Blonde hair splashed against her neck and shoulders as she laughed. "Okay, this is going to sound crazy, but I worked all night. I have something I want to show you."

"What? Right now?"

"Yes!"

"I can't, I have class!"

"Fine," she said, pouting. "After class then? Like right after class?"

"Okay," he said.

"Can I show it to you?" Excitement lit her face, practically making her cheeks glow.

"Show me what?"

"My project! It's the outfit you're going to wear for me..."

"Do I have to?" Michael asked although she had already taken out her phone.

She held it up, and he saw the picture. His eyes widened as he turned back to her. "You have got to be kidding me."

"What? It's cute!"

"But it's, it's..." Really, Michael lacked the vocabulary to describe something like this. He had never picked up a fashion magazine or stepped foot in a design class. As far as he was concerned, clothing pretty much stopped after jeans, coats, and T-shirts.

"I think of it as a little girl dress, but one that accentuates feminine beauty."

"And you want me to wear that?"

"It's going to be perfect on you," she said, "a melding of the feminine and masculine. I think you're going to be perfect for it!" She clapped her hands together and quickly raced away.

Dumbfounded, Michael watched her go. Brows wrinkled, he really worried he had made a mistake by agreeing to this.

For the next couple of hours, he had to sit in a lecture hall. While an old man talked about the importance of different social dynamics, Michael did his best to pay attention, but his thoughts kept drifting back toward Jasmine and her latest design.

A melding of the masculine and feminine. That's what she called her dress. Of course, he kept thinking of the white material with the blue ribbon around the chest, the puffy sleeves, the flared skirt. Those details reverberated inside of his head.

It was so childish!

It looked like something a little girl from the fifties would have worn! Was he really going to put that on? It seemed impossible, and yet there was something else, this little bit of excitement. He didn't know how to understand it, not really, but he did enjoy the way Jasmine looked at him. Every word she said, every movement she made, had been loaded with energy, like she couldn't wait to get started.

The excitement practically vibrated off of her.

But that? Really? A little girl dress?

He was an adult and a man! He wasn't supposed to wear anything like that!

A shiver ran down his back, especially as he tried to think of some way to back out of this. There had to be something he could say, right? He should be able to get out of this without hurting her feelings.

And yet, he had made a promise. More to the point, he also wanted to get that money. He knew that her

online store was doing really well, so she would have the money to pay him.

Plus, her instincts had always been really good. She had a talent for navigating the different online currents. A style might be fashionable one day, only to fail the next. Among so many large corporations, Jasmine had the dexterity and nimbleness to jump around, to follow her passions, all of which seemed to somehow match market expectations.

She was amazing.

For just a moment, he closed his eyes and thought of her. She was so hot. Normally, he tried to block out those thoughts. He didn't want to ruin his friendship, but she did have that perfect, straight, golden blonde hair, those vibrant blue eyes, and that incredibly hot body.

Her shapely breasts always drew his attention, though he fought back the instinct to glance at her chest. He didn't want to be creepy. He didn't want to let her think that she turned him on, even if she did, especially when she wore her pleated skirts. Sometimes, she would dress up like a schoolgirl. In those white blouses and tartan skirts, she always seemed so young but precocious, powerful and innocent all at the same time.

He knew that it was nothing but a façade. She liked thinking about how different clothing styles could imply certain things. Modern Americans loved to think that they didn't judge one another on anything as superficial as clothing, but those small details added up quickly.

"Be sure to read Chapter 7," said their professor as class wrapped up.

What?

Michael blinked a couple of times, confused. As the other students packed up their stuff and began to file out of the lecture hall, he did the same. And yet, he missed most of the lecture because he had been thinking about Jasmine.

Following the rest of his classmates, he headed out into the hallway. And sure enough, she was right there. She had a crooked grin on her lips as she motioned for him to follow her.

Exhaling slowly, Michael decided he didn't have much choice.

"Are you ready? Are you ready for this? It's going to be amazing!" She chattered on, asking questions, only to answer them right away. She needed to figure out exactly which backdrop they would use, what kind of filters she might apply. In addition to her focus on fashion, she also had something of a background in photography.

Flexibility had become one of her main goals, especially because she didn't want to hire other people. As far as Michael knew, he would be the first "model" to work for her as well.

*I'm not a model*, he thought to himself.

About halfway back to her apartment, she grabbed his hand and pulled, practically dragging him. He grinned, even as he unconsciously reveled in the warmth of her touch and the strength of her grip. She felt really, really good.

Finally, they made it back to her place. She unlocked the door and nudged him inside. "Come on! I want to do this!"

"Has it occurred to you that I don't really have the curves for this kind of outfit?" Michael asked, knowing full well that he was scrambling to find a good reason not to do this.

"Oh yeah! You don't need to have them. To be honest, you have the right shape that I want." Jasmine stopped. She didn't want to say the other part, how he was fairly small for a guy, which meant that he would have good lines.

Feminine lines.

In fact, Jasmine had been thinking about this all afternoon. She had wondered exactly what would happen if she did his makeup. Yes, she had promised not to use his face, but what if she did? What if she added a little bit of blush, maybe some lipstick?

He could be really, really cute!

More than that, this thrill of power had reverberated through her body. Before she knew it, Jasmine had realized something. Thinking about Michael as her model had started to turn her on.

It was amazing and strange at the same time.

Anyway, she needed to focus.

"Come on. Let's go into the guest bedroom. I want to show you where you'll be doing your work."

She grabbed his wrist again and pulled, taking him back to one of the two guest bedrooms in the apartment. Most freshman had to share a dorm room. Those who were particularly well-off might share a suite while enjoying some privacy.

Not Jasmine. She had tried the whole dorm-roommate thing last semester, only she got tired of the drama from the other girls. The backstabbing, bickering, and fighting were really, really annoying.

So now she rented her own place. When any of the upperclassman heard about where she lived, they did a double take. Because of the complex's location near campus, it demanded some of the highest rents in the city.

Jasmine didn't care. With all of her sales, she could afford it. Yeah, she had to work hard, both on her website, her virtual storefronts, and her social media presence, but it was all worth it. Besides, by the time she graduated, she wanted to have an incredible portfolio that she could bring to other companies. She might be able to sell her brand altogether.

And now, she had the perfect model!

Jasmine opened the door for him and practically shoved him inside. She didn't care if she was being pushy.

"You're kidding me," Michael said when he saw the background.

It was bright, bubblegum pink.

"I think it's going to provide a good contrast with the white," she said to him.

"You have to be kidding me. Please, you can't take my picture with me in front of something like this!

"No one will know it's you," she promised, tapping him on the shoulder. She knew she was talking down to him, only she couldn't quite force herself to care. "Just relax."

"Fine. Whatever."

"I'll be right back!" Jasmine spun around, and she dashed back into the other room. When she came back, she had it, the dress. It wasn't on a hanger or anything. She just lifted it up by the shoulders, and when he saw it, his breath locked in his chest.

"You really want me to wear that? Will it even fit?"

At that initial glance, it definitely looked way too small. Usually, he had no problem with loose-fitting clothing. In fact, when he normally thought about what he would wear, Michael just went straight to his closet, which was filled with whatever he happened to grab from a department store.

"Are you okay getting dressed in front of me?"

"What? I, I think I would like some privacy," he said.

"Okay. But just remember, you won't be able to get it on all the way without my help. But don't worry. I won't look. Just let me know when you're ready."

Jasmine lowered the dress down onto the small bed she kept in her workroom. It was probably there for friends or something.

Once she stepped outside and the door closed with a click, Michael tentatively reached down. He felt like he was about to touch a snake or something. He kept expecting the dress to jump up and attack him. Yeah, he knew that sounded crazy, but the little buzz of fear remained.

Slowly, he picked it up. It was soft, some kind of cotton or Cashmere or something. He didn't know a lot about material. He picked it up, surprised by the weight.

Then, reluctantly, he started to unbutton his shirt. He pulled it off. At the same time, he kicked off his shoes, unwilling to believe that he was really going to do this. Yes, it was a favor for Jasmine, and he would get paid, but a dress? Really? A little girl dress no less?"

Michael shook his head as he thought about women and how they could jump levels of maturity with ease. A girl could be in her twenties and dress like a kindergartner, and it could be taken a sexy. A guy obviously would never do anything like that.

Whatever.

Once she was down to his boxers, he pulled the dress up and over his head and shoulders. He felt the waist as it pulled against his sides. It was tight, though not uncomfortably so.

Inch by inch, he worked it into place until he finally had his arms through the sleeves. The material hung loose, especially around his back and shoulders. Breathing out slowly, he went over to his reflection.

This was never going to work. It was a dumb idea.

She couldn't dress him up like a girl! He was a boy!

At least Jasmine would see him, and she would understand her mistake.

So long as they didn't take any pictures and she didn't have any proof of this, it would be fine.

"You can come in now," he finally called out.

He braced himself because he knew he would disappoint her.

When Jasmine hopped into the room, she seemed radiant. She was grinning at him, but then her eyes swept up and down her model, and the regret set in. For one, he was way too hairy. His legs were particularly fuzzy.

Worse, the edges of his boxers hung below the hem of the skirt.

"Turn around," she said.

"Why? This obviously isn't going to work," he told her.

"Turn around." She said those two words and nothing else. As she stared at him, he tried to make it

abundantly clear that he wanted to just back down, only his shoulders slumped and he puffed out his acquiescence.

Jasmine came up behind him, and she pinched at the zipper. He inhaled instinctively, worried. But then, she brought the tab up, and the dress tightened around him. It clung to his shoulders, his chest. It tugged at him, constrictive but somehow airy as well.

Jasmine turned him toward the mirror. He looked at his full-length reflection, and he shivered. "I don't look like a girl. I don't look like a model. I'm just a boy in a dress, and I don't like this."

Studying her model, she ran through various calculations. She considered the possibilities. There were a quite a few, she realized quickly.

"You're going to have to shave your legs," she said.

"What?" He had been asking that question a lot lately, and he never liked the answer. This time would be no exception. "You're going to shave your legs. You have really good lines, and I think you're going to make an excellent model, but you can't wear boxers, and you need to shave your legs."

"I'm not shaving my legs."

"Yes, you are. You're my model, and you're going to do as you're told," she insisted.

Michael stared at her, unable to believe what he had just heard. Even after she cracked a grin and started to giggle, pretending it was all a joke. "Please, Michael. I really, really need you to do this for me. I think you're going to be amazing, but I just need you to shave. It's not a big deal. You have really nice legs. They just look a little bit too masculine."

"How much are you paying me again?"

"A lot," she promised.

Jasmine watched as the bathroom door closed. He still had on his boxers, so she didn't see anything particularly alluring, but she settled against her bed. As she heard the water come on, she felt that the very, very strong temptation to lift her skirt and slide her hand down into her tights, past her panties.

If not that, it would have been very easy to bring her fingertips up to her nipples. She could feel them through her dress and her bra.

What was wrong with her?

Right away, she knew the answer. She was turned on. What was it about having Michael as her model that did this to her?

Usually, Jasmine didn't get particularly turned on. Even as she walked across campus, she could see any number of guys in their tight T-shirts with their muscles on display, and it never triggered anything for her.

But now, the idea that Michael was in that shower, naked, shaving his legs...It affected her. In fact, she had to stop herself when she realized she was nibbling on her lower lip.

Jasmine shook her head and went back into the kitchen. She tried to think about something else. She started to make herself some tea, only to stop.

Damn. This was completely unprofessional.

But then another problem presented itself. Already, she knew he wouldn't like it, but that didn't really matter. It was clear he would do whatever she wanted. Maybe that was part of what aroused her so much.

She went back into her bedroom and rifled through her panty drawer as she considered the different possibilities.

Michael washed himself down. Then he looked at the new razor she had given him. It was pink and curved. Obviously, he had shaved his face quite a bit over the course of the last couple of years, not that it was all that necessary. In fact, Michael didn't like to think about it, but he knew he could go almost a week before it really became necessary...

Shaving his legs wouldn't be a big deal, he told himself. Swimmers did it all the time. More than that, he wasn't planning going to the beach or pool or anything. By the time he did, his hair would grow back in, and no one would know.

But what if someone did find out? What if Jasmine told to someone?

No. He shook his head as the warm water splashed down his body. She would never do that.

So he started. He began at the top of his thigh as he brought the pink razor down along his leg. Those first gentle sweeps were difficult, especially as he saw his skin. Smooth, it really did look more feminine. When he ignored the rest of his body, he could actually see his legs as belonging to some young woman.

No. That wasn't possible. He was a man. And nothing but a man. He ran his fingers over his boy parts, just to prove that to himself.

After a little while, he mercifully fell into the simple and easy rhythm of shaving. He wanted to make sure he

did a good job, if only to keep Jasmine from sending him back in here.

After a little while, he finished with his right leg. Exhaling slowly, especially as the warm water trickled down his body, he looked at the wrinkles on his fingertips. This was taking forever. He didn't know how girls did it. Shaving his face had been up noxious enough, but now he had to worry about his legs.

Fine. Whatever. This was almost over.

He went to work on his other side. He shaved slowly, carefully. He didn't want to make any mistakes or cut himself.

Getting the angles became more difficult, but he took his time, and when he was done, he touched his smooth skin. Even with the hot water dribbling down his body, it felt so smooth, almost silky.

He turned off the water and started to dry off.

Wrapping the towel around him, he stepped back out.

"Are you ready?" Jasmine asked.

"Sure. But I forgot my boxers. I need to go get them," he said.

"Don't bother. The boxers didn't work. You don't need a new pair of underwear."

"I don't see how that's possible," he said. "Unless you ran out while I was showering..." A sense of trepidation spread over him. Suddenly, he really, really hoped she had done exactly that.

"What do you think of these?" Jasmine asked, holding up a pair of white panties.

"On you?" Michael asked, only those words fell out onto the air, each one loaded with disbelief.

He kept waiting for her to laugh, to say that this was some elaborate joke.

"No, silly. On you," she said. "Go ahead. Try them on."

"I'm not going to wear panties!"

"You are if you want be my model," she said. Something about the edge in her voice made it impossible for him to turn away. She jabbed the panties up against his chest, and he took them. When she stepped back, he looked to down at the material.

He had never touched panties before. In fact, he was still a virgin. That's what happened to boys who looked as small and feminine as he did.

"Please," she said.

"I don't know."

Jasmine stepped closer. She hadn't planned of this, but it felt like the right thing to do. She came closer and closer, invading his personal space. He started to take a step back, only she moved more quickly, stocking forward like some kind of predatory feline. "I really, really want you to do this. And maybe, if you do a really good job, I can give you a little bonus," she said. Her lips were so close to his ear. She rubbed her chest up against his.

His heart pounded and his thoughts turned to mud.

"Please?" An eager yearning reverberated through that one request. "They're just panties. It won't be a big deal. I promise."

"Fine," he said. Michael could hardly believe he had just agreed to this, but he cleared his throat and said, "Turn around."

"Sure thing!" She chirped.

"This probably isn't even going to fit," he said. She had her back to him now, her arms crossed over her chest. Obviously, he couldn't see her expression, but this big grin curved along her lips.

He was doing it! He was really doing it!

Jasmine glanced down, worried that he might be able to see her erect nipples. She had never felt them this hard before. Then again, she couldn't remember ever being this hot either. Luckily for her, Jasmine had always been good at hiding her feelings.

Once he was certain she couldn't see him, Michael slid the panties up along his legs. With every inch, he frantically repeated one mantra: they weren't going to fit. These were panties for a young woman. In fact, he realized that they must have belonged to Jasmine.

He was about to wear her panties. These panties had been on her body.

That's when something very, very bad happened. His cock started to twitch and harden. He got excited. He didn't know why. This wasn't supposed to be a turn on for him!

And yet, he looked down, and he saw his member point toward her.

Breathing out slowly, he forced himself to calm down.

"Are you okay?" Jasmine asked, her back still toward him.

"Fine," he said.

Then he remembered the little girl dress. He grabbed it and pulled it up and over his shoulders again. The skirt barely hit the panties, but it also covered his erection. Exhaling with relief, he started to calm down again. He

wasn't going to think about where those panties had been.

Once he had his dress on, he cleared his throat. "I, I think I'm ready."

She turned around, clapped her hands together and did a quick bounce. "You look amazing! You look perfect!"

She skipped over to him, grabbed the zipper and pulled it up. The dress tightened around his chest and torso. It was snug, like something he wouldn't be able to get out of on his own. Timidly, he reached up for the zipper dangling from a couple inches below the nape of his neck. Sure enough, he couldn't get the right angle. He wouldn't be able to pull the zipper down. He wouldn't be able to get out of this thing without her help.

Despite the rushing claustrophobia, his body reacted again, sending another wave of desire down toward his crotch. He managed to hold it off, at least for the time being.

The soft cotton of her panties against his shaft felt really good. Even so, he didn't think about it. He forced himself to focus on her.

"Can we get this over with?"

"Sure thing," she said.

He stood in front of the bubblegum pink backdrop. At first, he just stood there, his shoulders down, his hands hanging limply at his sides. Jasmine snapped a couple of pictures.

Fortunately, he didn't need to worry about his expression because she wouldn't be using his face. Even so, Jasmine made a decision. She needed to pose her model.

"Okay. Let's start with something simple. I want you to hold your hands together in front of you."

He wrapped one set of fingers around his wrist, clutching tight enough for his knuckles to turn white.

"No. Let's try something else. Lace your fingertips together."

He tried and failed adorably. Clearly, he didn't know how to pose or position himself in front of the camera. Maybe this was another reason why he didn't get much attention, not even online. The cute boy just didn't know how to take a good picture.

Hopping forward, Jasmine quickly started to reposition him, posing him like he had become her own personal doll. As she focused, she told herself she was only working, yet she couldn't ignore that a little spark of desire at the back of her brain.

"There we go."

"This is embarrassing," he said.

"Don't worry about it. I'm having a lot of fun."

Michael just glared at her.

Clearly, Michael didn't know exactly how to move or position himself. Unconcerned, Jasmine did it for him. At first, she kept his hands in front of him or near his sides. Then she helped him tilt to the left or right, better to show off the curves of the skirt or the ruffles along his shoulders.

With each position, she stepped back and lifted up her camera, aiming the lens right at her model. "That's perfect. You look so pretty!"

"Just make sure my face isn't visible in any of these pictures," he said. Michael was completely aware of what could happen if anyone saw him like this. Dressed like a little girl? That would be just too much.

As that thought crossed his mind, she looked down at the screen built into the back of her camera. "Not bad, but I think you're missing something," she said after a few more seconds. Then she snapped her fingers. Jasmine skipped across the room, going down toward her bottom drawer. She pulled out a pair of pink socks with sparkling, white lace trim.

She tossed it to the boy in the dress.

He looked down at them. "No. No way."

"It would make me happy," she said.

Michael narrowed his eyes as he glared at her. He tried to figure out whether or not she was simply manipulating him. But after a few more seconds, he exhaled slowly, disappointed in his own inability to resist her charms. It wasn't fair, not when she was so hot. Besides, they were friends. Wasn't he supposed to help out his friend?

When Michael got to down on his buttocks to put on the socks, he spread his legs, which meant showing off his panties. Immediately, Jasmine covered her mouth, but she couldn't keep that little chortle of amusement from hitting the air.

He snapped his gaze upward. "I don't have to do this," he said.

"But you're my friend, and you care about me and you really want my company to succeed. Right now, you're the best model I have ever seen."

"I don't believe you," he muttered, but his complaint lacked any real venom. In fact, he finished pulling the socks apart. He yanked one up his right foot, then another up his left. He stood up.

"Actually, that's not going to work," she said, pointing toward his shins. The socks remained bunched around his ankles.

"What's wrong?"

"You have to pull them all the way up," she explained.

"It can't make that much difference."

"These pictures are for very sensitive viewers. They're going to notice that sort of thing. If it wasn't important, I wouldn't ask you to do it," she said, batting her eyes.

He exhaled again. He bent forward.

While Jasmine attempted to be subtle about it, she nonetheless stepped over to the side. When he reached for his ankles to readjust of the pink socks with the sparkling trim, she couldn't help but check out his ass in her panties.

Why did that cause a tingling just below her belly? Why did that ignite something deep within her core?

As he stood up, she jerked her gaze away. Jasmine didn't want to get caught staring even as her cheeks burned a little bit brighter with a hint of blush.

"There. Is that okay?" Michael sounded completely exasperated.

After a quick check, she nodded, "That looks great. Now, I think we should try to take some pictures with your hands behind your back."

He did his best, but every movement and position turned out to be just a little bit awkward. But when she walked up to him and readjusted his pose, either by moving his arms or helping him spread his legs or using his hips or waist, it worked out so much better. Each time, Jasmine stepped back and took some more pictures.

Then she did something else. She raised her camera up, and she took a full body shot, one that included his face.

"You look really cute. I'd say you're very, very pretty girl," she said. Jasmine didn't know how this worked, not when he had those smooth cheeks and nose and full lips. Plus, there was something about his eyes. Sure, he should have seemed plain and generic with his brown hair and matching eyes, but she appreciated the intensity. There was a certain vulnerability.

She took one picture after another. Pretty soon, she realized he had no way of figuring out whether or not the image would stop at his neck. Perfect, she thought with impish glee.

"Can you turn to the side? Maybe touch one finger to your chin?"

He did that, but Jasmine had to be careful. She didn't want him to realize what she had started doing. He would be so upset.

Then again, it might not matter. Oh yes, that thought really, really turned her on. Knowing exactly what she was doing, Jasmine uploaded all of the photos to her cloud account via her Wi-Fi connection. It only took a few seconds. But once it was done, she had those digital images, and he wouldn't be able to get them, not even if he destroyed her camera, not that a nice boy like Michael would ever do anything like that.

"Okay. Now, I want to see you on your knees."

"What?"

"You'll be really cute, I promise," she said.

He lowered himself down onto his knees, and he didn't know what to do with his hands. "Hold them together. Make a pair of fists and place your wrists against one another." She enjoyed sounding bossy and issuing those orders.

He exhaled slowly and did his best. Again, she needed to step forward to reorient him, but it worked. When she took another step back and aimed her lens at him, she had to remember to breathe. Damn. He looked cute. He looked sexy.

Before she realized what she was doing, Jasmine ran her teeth along her bottom lip.

"I think you deserve a really big reward. But first, I want to see you do something special for me."

"What's that?" Michael had to ask.

"I want to see you curtsy."

Curtsy. The word sounded vaguely familiar, like something Michael saw or heard about in some British movie.

"I don't think I know how to do that," he said, not bothering to hide the confusion.

She laid her camera down and hopped in front of him. "It's very simple. Put your hands on the corners of your skirt, lean your body down, and slide one foot back while you bend both of your knees. Like this." She performed a perfect curtsy in front of him. Immediately, he recognized the gesture. Maybe he saw it in a cartoon,

one where a little girl had to curtsy for her father or something.

"I'm not going to do that."

Jasmine stepped up to him. She reached out and slid her hand along his back, working her fingers down toward his ass. "I think you will," she said, her eyes bright with something primal and animalistic. He recognized the desire. If he did this, he would get a reward. She was such a beautiful girl. There were so many things she could do for him.

Despite the fact that he wore panties like some little sissy, his cock began to harden again. This time, he didn't have the wherewithal to try to resist or calm himself down.

"Will you?"

"Fine," he said.

She grabbed up her camera and pointed it back at him as he rolled his eyes. Staring up at the ceiling, he practiced once. He pinched at the corners of his skirt, just the way she had shown him. From there, he began to lean downward, bending both knees but sliding one foot back toward the door.

Damn. That was incredible!

Jasmine never had any idea that seeing a boy like this could arouse anything so powerful within her body.

"Again. Do it again!"

"I don't want to."

"Yeah, I think you do." She giggled at him.

The color drained away from his face. What was it about her certainty, that unerring confidence that made something inside of him shrivel? Before he knew it, he did another curtsy.

"So pretty!" Jasmine even clapped for him. "Now, I want to see you do a little spin. Do a little spin. Go fast enough so that I can see your panties."

"No! I'm not going to do that. I'm not some dumb girl, and I shouldn't be dressed like this in the first place!"

"Dumb girl?" Jasmine asked, only now the glee dissipated from her voice. Her shoulders hardened, and her lips tensed up into an angry line. Almost instantly, he knew he had messed up.

As she glared at him, Michael started to stammer. "No. That's, that's not what I meant. I'm sorry." He bowed his head down. He seemed genuinely contrite. More than that, she appreciated the nervous energy running through his body.

"Just a few more pictures," she promised. She didn't really need them. She probably wouldn't even use them, yet Jasmine needed some time to get her heat under control. Her slit was wet, her nipples hard, and she had to figure out what to do next.

"Would you like to get your reward now?"

"You want to pay me?" It was a dumb question.

"No," she said with a slow shake of her head. "Get on the bed. Lay down on your back with your hands over your head. And spread your legs."

"Don't you want me to take the dress off first?" He said, futilely reaching up for the zipper at the nape of his neck.

"No." She didn't raise her voice, but she didn't need to either. Something ferocious lurked underneath her every answer.

Raising an eyebrow, clearly confused, Michael retreated back up onto the red sheets. His white dress and pink socks contrasted beautifully. She could feel her breath catch as she admired her work. At the same time, she started thinking of other options.

Once he had assumed the position, Jasmine climbed up onto the mattress herself. She crawled slowly, moving along on her knuckles and knees. Of course, she kept her hungry eyes aimed right at Michael. She studied his smooth cheeks, his slender neck, his lovely hands. At the same time, she couldn't help but admire the way the white dress fit his shoulders.

Damn. He was *pretty*. He was *sexy*.

She climbed up on top of him, and Michael didn't argue. When she placed her hands against his wrists, she effectively pinned him to the bed, but he still didn't know what would transpire.

She lowered herself down, leaning in. She kissed him gently, her lips barely touching him. Yes. This was what she wanted.

That heat flooded through her body, racing along her skin. More. She wanted more. She craved everything he had.

But no. She wouldn't lose control, not like that. After all, she was the photographer, and she could use her model however she liked.

Still pinning him to the bed, she kissed him harder. With every firm caress and press of her lips, she felt him

move. Because she couldn't quite help herself, she grazed her teeth along his bottom lip. She was rewarded with an unconscious moan from deep within his chest. At the same time, he attempted to push her off, like he thought he had some chance of rolling her over onto her back and assuming his proper place as a man on top.

Yeah, right.

Jasmine resisted the urge to giggle at the prospect. That wasn't going to happen. He had become her model, her dolly. He had become her plaything, not that he knew it yet. Then again, Jasmine herself couldn't quite decide what she was going to do. All of these possibilities opened up before her, so she simply surrendered to the anticipation, letting it run through her body.

Tentatively, she let go of his right arm. When he remained in place without getting up, she started to touch him elsewhere. Her fingers glided down his exposed forearm, to his bicep. Then she touched his neck as she continued to kiss him.

From there, her fingertips continued their journey all the way down to his waist, to his skirt. She touched his exposed thigh, and then she reached up. When she touched his panties, an electric surge ran through her body.

Yes, she had put this boy into a pair of her panties. They fit perfectly, she thought. And then she stroked his scrotum, his cock underneath that flimsy fabric.

It felt incredible!

She had done this. She had put this boy into a cute little dress.

All of those thoughts and so much more danced behind her eyes as she continued to kiss him. Then she pulled away. If she played with him for much longer, she could lose control.

"Would you like to touch me?" Jasmine asked.

Wordlessly, he bobbed his head down and up, his eyes big with desire.

She lowered herself down onto her back, and she pulled him up to her shoulder. At this point, she felt so much bigger and more powerful. More than that, Michael didn't resist. Maybe he was getting used to being posed. Maybe the dress and the panties and those cute socks helped him surrender some piece of his masculinity. He didn't need to be strong or powerful. He didn't need to try to take control, not when he was this adorable.

Jasmine reached down with her free hand, and she unbuttoned her jeans. Then she took his arm, and she guided it down toward her crotch. Tentatively, he slipped his hand down. He started to touch the outside of her panties.

"Do you like that?"

"Yes," he breathed, as though he had been given the chance to explore some great mystery.

"Are you enjoying this?" Her voice came out strong, powerful.

He seemed so preciously timid. He couldn't do anything more than whisper, like he didn't want to really acknowledge what was happening or what she had done to him. "Yes. I, I'm enjoying this," he told her. Or maybe he needed to say those words for himself.

Either way, Jasmine closed her eyes as his fingertips explored the outside of her opening. He lightly touched her at first. And even with her panties between his fingertips and her most sensitive spot, it didn't matter. He was doing a remarkable job.

"That feels really good," she said, encouraging him.

Nearly a minute went by where he just moved his fingertips lightly over that spot.

That's when she reached her hand down between her legs. She placed her palm over his knuckles, and she started to guide his fingertips. He was no longer in control. Well, he had never been in control, but now she took away that façade.

Michael didn't argue or complain. His fingers continued to move under her direction, and she kept replaying those images with her eyes closed. She thought of Michael doing his curtsy, Michael bowing his head demurely, Michael with his shy little smile, like a girl getting her school picture taken for the first time.

Pretty soon, she couldn't help herself. She was about to climax, so she grabbed his wrist and pulled his hand back.

"Not yet," she said.

Michael didn't argue or complain. That was pretty remarkable. Jasmine had been with a couple of guys, and they were always selfish, greedy boys, especially in bed. They would whine if they didn't get what they wanted. Not Michael. He seemed to know his place.

Good.

Now she really wanted to reward him, so she reached her hand back up his skirt. At the same time, she felt for that outline of his shaft. Sure enough, he remained turgid. He shivered as she touched him.

"You're going to come in your panties," she promised him. "Then you're going to take these home, and you're going to wash them for me. You're going to bring them back like a good boy. Isn't that right?"

He nodded his head.

"Say it."

"Yes," he breathed, panting. If he had been thinking clearly, he probably would have tried to argue with her. But as the lust rampaged through his body, he couldn't put any real thoughts together. He just wanted her touch. He craved that and nothing else.

She squeezed, gentle tension along his member. She pressed into him, and soon he couldn't hold back. His cock started to sputter, pulsating. She could feel the blast of pressure just beneath his panties. His breathing turned sharp, one gasp after another until he finished.

Then she brought his hand back between her legs. She wasn't going to wait any longer, but he touched her obediently, eagerly. He served her until there is that flash tension, that pulse of pleasure. Her face was hot, her skin damp.

"Okay, Michael, you can take off the dress now. You can go into the living room and get on all of your boy clothes." She made sure to reach up and grab his zipper, pulling it down just enough so he would be able to take off the dress on his own. Then she fell back, her eyelids heavy.

Michael didn't want to argue with her. Stunned by everything that had happened, he slipped out of her bedroom. He didn't know if Jasmine had fallen asleep, but he wanted out of all of this stuff. The moment he came, the mirage had disappeared.

He was a boy in a dress, and he wanted out of this thing. He went back into the living room, and he found all of his clothing. He pulled off the panties first, and then he found some paper towels to clean himself off. After that, he pulled on his boxers, his pants, and his shirt. There. He felt a lot better.

Even so, he glanced back at the dress. "I'm not doing that again," he whispered. And yet, she had touched him. She had made him come so hard. This weakened relaxation still clung to his muscles, like all of the tension had been taken away.

Jasmine didn't fall asleep. Although her eyes slid shut and a rhythmic ease took a hold of her, she kept thinking of everything that had happened. A few minutes later, the door opened and closed. That would be Michael, slinking out of her apartment.

Silly boy, she thought. At the same time, she wondered exactly what ideas or promises were running through his head at that moment. This probably felt a lot like a walk of shame for him. Jasmine didn't really mind, not when so many boys went off, had sex, and then bragged about it. Girls, on the other hand, could enjoy a wild night, and then they had to feel bad or guilty.

It was dumb. If the situation was reversed, even just for one night, that was fine with her.

A wicked grin spread across her face. What was it about last few hours that had turned her on so much? Jasmine had been with a couple of guys, but none of them satisfied her the way this satisfied her. She didn't even know what *this* was. It had started out as a professional exercise, only to transform into something else.

At first, she felt sleepy. But within a few minutes, a different sort of excitement started to vibrate through her body. Jasmine got up, and she grabbed her camera. Walking back into the living room, she scanned the different images, admiring each one. Even when Michael didn't know what he was doing, he was still adorable.

Fresh excitement started to thrum from that spot between her legs. She lowered herself back down onto the living room couch, and she slipped her hand into her panties. She touched herself even as she admired those pictures.

They were definitely going to have to do this again.

They were never going to do that again.

Michael needed to study. He tried the library first, but that didn't work. Over and over again, he told himself that they were never, ever going to do it again. And yet, he kept thinking about how it felt to touch Jasmine.

As her friend, he had fought hard to keep his mind away from anything sexual when it came to her. Of course, that wasn't entirely possible. Occasionally, he would see her walking between the buildings or he would turn around, and she would wear this incredibly alluring smile, and there would be that little twinge, a spark of pain and denial. He could always push those impulses aside.

But now, he had been in her bedroom. She had touched him, sliding her fingers up and down his cock.

Those thoughts were enough to make him hard almost instantly.

No. He needed to study. He had his chemistry textbook laid out in front of him, but he couldn't worry about covalent bonds...not when his brain kept jumping back to Jasmine. He pictured her shining blonde hair, her bright eyes, the curves of her breasts, the sway of her hips, the length of her legs.

He slammed the book shut. And just as he did so, he glanced up. In the distance, he saw her.

Michael resisted the temptation to rub his eyes, like she might be some kind of hallucination or something. No, that was her. That was definitely her.

She spotted him and walked over, her gait quick and aggressive. For his part, Michael kept glancing to the left and right, like he actually wanted to jump up and run away.

But she saw him, and she could chase him.

"Hey, Michael. I was hoping we could talk," she said. She didn't sit down on the grass, which meant she towered over him.

Jasmine didn't say anything, but he suspected that she enjoyed that height advantage. In fact, she crept a little bit closer than was technically necessary, which made him strain his neck that much more. He felt like a worshiper looking up at some beautiful goddess.

"Yeah, maybe we should talk," he said.

"I want to do it again," she told him.

"What." He couldn't quite manage the inflection of a genuine question.

"I want to do it again. Last night was amazing. I checked out the pictures. They're perfect. In fact, some of them are already up on my website, and my sales are doing amazing. But it's not just the numbers. It inspired me. You, Michael, are an amazing muse."

Muse? He never wanted to be a muse...

"Look, Jasmine, I'm really glad I was able to help, but I don't think I can do something like that again," he began to say.

Jasmine dropped her bag to the grass, and she pounced. She practically jumped at him, shoving her hands into his shoulders as she knocked him to the ground. From there, she grabbed his wrists and pulled them above his head. He now found himself in the exact same position from last night.

Jasmine didn't kiss him. She leaned in, her lips almost brushing over his mouth, but then she turned her head to the side, and she started to whisper into his ear. "I know you really enjoyed last night. I felt you in my hand," she said with a little snicker.

As she spoke, she reached back between his legs. She didn't know if anyone might walk by and see the couple making out. She didn't care.

"Michael, I had an amazing time with you, and I want to do it again. I don't think I can take no for an answer."

She started touching him through his jeans. She could feel the outlines of his shaft. There was the tension, the solidity of his erect member.

"Say yes," she said, biting down into his ear lobe. She dragged her teeth along his skin, turning him on more and more. She played with him like he was a musical instrument.

"Yes."

"Seven o'clock," she told him.

This time, Jasmine was going to be ready.

Right after she left Michael there, horny and desperate, hard and almost helpless, she strode back off campus, back toward that corridor of businesses that cater to the student population. Up until this point, Jasmine had always been surprised by the presence of a sex shop.

Now, she was grateful for it.

She did a quick shopping trip, picking out everything she needed and wanted. Then, she went back to her apartment to work. Technically, this meant skipping a class, but she didn't care, not when she was possessed by this frantic, eager energy to work. She cut, she sewed, and she sculpted a perfect dress. This would look so good on him.

Not only that, she started working on a pair of panties. Granted, she didn't usually think of herself as a lingerie seamstress, but she could make an exception here. And then there was that other piece, something that she thought would be perfect for her model.

Jasmine worked all the way up until she heard that knock on the door. She was tired but content.

When she answered the door, she was surprised to see her model standing there. "7 o'clock," he dutifully said to her.

"Good," she said. She grabbed his hand and pulled him in. "But before we get started, do you think you could give me a massage? I've been working all day, and I bet you have really nice hands." She grinned at him because she knew he would say yes.

"I think I can do that," he said.

She had on a pair of black yoga pants that highlighted the curves of her body. When she pulled off her tank

top, he saw her in her bra. His shaft stirred at the prospect, but he remembered what he had to say to her.

Michael had been preparing this all day. He said that he could be her model, but he would need her to start working on men's clothing as well. She could do that, right? It would be good for her to expand her skill sets. Besides, he didn't think he was going to be able to dress up like a girl anymore after tonight. Just one more night.

But maybe their relationship could shift into something else. He really cared about her, and he enjoyed helping her.

Any coherent argument he may have wanted to make became jumbled in his head.

She sat down on the edge of the couch and bowed her head forward. Michael leaned in as well, and he reached out tentatively, his fingers aimed for her shoulders, but he didn't know exactly what he could or should do.

"Just touch me lightly," she commanded, every word easy and confident.

He began to pet her, sliding his fingers along the contours of her neck and down to the curves of her shoulders. When his fingers brushed over her bra straps, there was an electric thrill, as though he had done something special.

"Did you wash the panties?"

His throat clenched.

"Well?" Jasmine asked after a few seconds.

Michael didn't want to say anything, but she started to stir, raising her head, and he didn't want to stop petting her. This was amazing, and he didn't know if he would be allowed to do it again. "Yes!" The word popped from his mouth.

"Good boy," she said, lowering her head back down into position.

Michael understood how this didn't make sense. He was touching her, grazing his fingertips over the soft contours of her skin, which gave her pleasure. And yet, he didn't want it to stop. He was grateful for the proximity. After all, Michael wasn't the kind of guy who could ever hope to get close to a girl like Jasmine.

She was perfect. She could walk into any room and pick out any guy and have him twisted around her little finger. He would be eager for any drop of attention she might provide.

And Michael got to be alone with her.

"That's good," she said, practically purring the words like a contented cat. "Oh, that feels really good."

He continued to work hard, gliding his touch along her skin. Unfortunately, it couldn't last forever, so she inevitably raised her head and turned around. Eyes lit with something else, she asked, "Do you want to see what I made you?"

"No. Not really," he said, his voice shaking ever so slightly.

Of course, she picked up on that note of trepidation in his voice. Before he could say anything else, she pulled her shirt back on, and then she grabbed his hand. She pulled, guiding him back toward her bedroom.

Black and purple, it looked snug, just like the previous dress, only this one would be a lot shorter. Not only that, it seemed tighter, like something designed to show off the lines of the wearer's body. Despite this, it seemed extraordinarily feminine, especially considering the black dots all along the front and down the back.

The black ribbon around the chest didn't help much either.

To Michael, this looked more like a prom dress, something a high school girl might wear.

"Is that it?" Michael asked.

"This is it. Go ahead. Put it on. Oh, and I got you something else!"

"What?"

"Close your eyes."

He really, really didn't want to do that, but this was a Jasmine who asked, so he invariably gave up. As she grinned and motioned for him to comply, he lowered his eyelids.

She rewarded him by grabbing his hand and pulling him closer to the bed. "Okay. Now you can open them!"

"What am I looking at?" Michael asked as he stared down, only he already knew. He had an instinctive understanding of what the items on the bed were for.

First, he spotted the panties. These weren't just cotton, not like the last set. Instead, these had little ruffles along the leg openings and over the waist. A dark shade of hot, neon pink, these panties were the exact same size. Jasmine could have worn them. He already knew she had purchased them or made them for him to wear.

Then his eyes drifted higher, toward the bra. But it wasn't exactly a bra because it looked heavily padded, like it came with extra material.

"That was actually designed for a guy, wasn't it?"

"A guy or a particularly flat girl," Jasmine said, clapping her hands together. "Okay. Put them on!" The young designer didn't bother hiding her excitement.

"Just one more time?"

"Put them on," she said.

She stepped closer to him. "We both know we are going to have a lot of fun. Isn't that right, Michael?"

His body stirred as the desires began to kindle deep within his chest and between his legs. "Fine," he said.

"But only because you're paying me."

"You're going to look really good," she promised.

At least she didn't use any particularly feminine or girly descriptions for him.

Reluctantly, he pulled off his shirt. He took off his pants. This time, he did it right in front of her. She had already touched him, making him a pair of panties. Modesty seemed somehow less important. Besides, she wanted to see him.

"Very nice," she said, nodding as she swept her eyes up and down the length of his frame. "You look really good. You're going to look even better in a minute."

His heart started to beat faster. Michael did his best to ignore the adrenaline as it streamed into his muscles, but some part of him wanted to run. He didn't. Once he was naked, he picked up the panties and pulled them up along the length of his legs. He put them on, and now he felt the soft satin over his scrotum and shaft. He definitely hardened some more.

Next, he picked up the bra-form...only he didn't quite know what to do.

"Here," she said, sounding more like a helpful big sister, "Let me do this for you." She took his arms and slid them under the straps. She brought the center up to his chest, and then she secured the bra just between his shoulder blades.

"I don't like this," he said. That weight on his chest felt strange, alien. He wasn't supposed to look this way. He wasn't supposed to be anything like this. But then, she brought him over to the mirror. With her hand on his thigh, she nudged him, and he walked, more like a toy than a man.

"But you look so cute! Just look at you! You have the perfect body for a model!"

"Does that mean I'm scrawny?" Michael groused.

"No! It means you're cute. It means you're adorable. It means that you are perfect to be my model."

She walked back over to the dress and picked it up. She brought it to him. "Here. Put your hands in the air so I can help you."

He exhaled slowly, nodding his head. Then he raised his hands up, and she pulled the dress down along his body. Sure enough, it was tight against his shoulders, his stomach, and his thighs. Worse, this one was significantly shorter, barely reaching down a quarter of the way to his knees.

"Perfect," she said.

"I feel really dumb," he said to her.

"But you look so cute!"

"I don't want to look cute."

"Sweetie, this isn't about what you want or need. This is about what I get from you," she said. Just before he could argue, a big smile spread across her lips, and she started laughing. That sound was so beautiful.

"Fine," he said. For some reason, he always had a harder time thinking when he was dressed like this.

"That reminds me. I got you something," she said, skipping back over to the small desk she kept in the corner. That's where she did her makeup. That's where she got ready for her parties and to go out with her friends. She picked up a purple hairpiece. It was a ribbon, and it matched his dress perfectly.

When she stepped closer, he shivered, reacting again to that simple proximity. What was it about this girl? How could her standing close to him affect him this way? She reached up and ran her fingers through his short hair.

"This is going to look good on you."

"But why bother? It's not like you can see my face in any of the pictures."

"True," she allowed, suppressing a smirk. "But I get to see you, and you like being cute for me, don't you?"  
Cute.

He would have preferred a word like handsome or aggressive. Instead, he had to be "cute" for her.

She clipped the piece into his hair, and when she was done, she stepped back. "Voilà! You look adorable!" She put her hand on his hip and nudged him over to the mirror again.

Michael looked at himself. He studied his reflection, only it didn't feel like he was the same person anymore. Between his smooth legs and his soft cheeks, the ribbon in his hair and the new curves along his chest, he didn't look like a man, not even a little bit. In fact, he probably could have enrolled in a girls' school.

"Perfect!" She clapped her hands together and hopped back, grabbing her camera.

Nudging her model back in front of the background, she lifted up the camera and started to take fresh pictures.

He posed for her like a good model. He held his hands behind his back. He leaned forward and straightened his back depending upon her whims. He tilted his body to the side. And then, she gave an unusual order. "Go ahead. Smile for me. Give me a big, silly smile."

Michael obeyed at once, grinning back at the camera before he realized that this didn't make any sense. She took the shot.

"That was below my neck, right?" Michael asked.

"Yeah, right, of course," she said way too quickly.

For an instant, their eyes met, and he meant to say something else, only she disappeared back behind the camera lens. He went back to smiling, posing.

He got down on his knees. He turned around, looking over his shoulder. He did whatever she wanted. More than that, even when she told him to curtsy, he simply obeyed, as though it were the most natural thing in the world for him.

Michael was learning.

"These are perfect," she said again. "Just perfect."

They spent nearly an hour taking pictures, at which point, she tossed the camera back and walked right over to him. She kissed him on the mouth, hard. She didn't wait for any kind of reaction. But inevitably, she could feel his erection underneath his skirt and panties.

She loved the feel of sliding her hand under his dress. She loved taking hold of him, like this was the perfect metaphor for their relationship.

"Would you like to join me on the bed?" Again, she didn't actually wait for a response. Why bother when she already knew the answer? Jasmine grabbed his wrist and led him back to the bed. She pushed him onto his back, and they started making out. She grabbed his fake breasts. She ran her fingers up his waist. She loved the feel of the fabric against her hands. More than that, she enjoyed seeing that ribbon in his hair, a dainty reminder of his newfound femininity.

"There's something I want to do, Michael."

"What, what's that?"

He didn't know if it was the constriction of his outfit or something else, but whenever she had him dressed like this, he had a much more difficult time thinking. It was like his brain just lost some of its processing power.

"I bought a little toy, and I want to use it on you. I want to tie you down to my bed and have my way with you. I want you to be my helpless little princess," she said, her voice shifting, becoming almost frantic. She didn't speak any more quickly, yet there was a vehemence in every syllable, like she was hungry, like she wouldn't accept anything but his unconditional surrender.

"What, what are you suggesting?"

"Isn't it obvious? I want to have sex with you," she said.

*I want to have sex with you.* Those words rang through his psyche, and he gulped. At this point, Michael would have agreed to anything if it meant a chance to be with this girl.

He nodded his head.

"Can I be rough with you?"

"Yes," he whispered.

"Good," she said. She went back to her closet and pulled out a black, plastic bag. She came back and dropped it down on the corner of the bed. She looked over at the posts, and she smiled to herself.

For his part, Michael could only watch as she pulled out the restraints. They looked like simple rope, but they had plastic connectors on them, enabling her to pull the knots tight without having to spend much time on them.

"Perfect," she said. She put her hand on the back of his neck and nudged him forward. Again, he allowed her to position him. At this point, he really did feel like nothing but a doll.

Jasmine didn't worry about his reactions. She pulled his arms toward the corners of the bed, and she looped the rope shackles around his wrists. She tightened them. And once they were secure, she leaned in and whispered, "Struggle for me."

Tentatively, he pulled on those bonds. Right away, he could tell that he wouldn't be able to get up. Bent forward, he could've lowered himself down onto his back. That was really his only option now.

"There's this very special item I want to use on you." She pulled it out of the bag and held it up for him to see.

"What is that?" Michael couldn't even come close to hiding the fear reverberating through his voice.

"This is a double headed dildo," she said. "I slide this and into me. And you get the other side."

"But, but I thought you said you wanted to have sex with me."

“And that’s exactly what I’m going to do,” she promised. Her hand furtively slipped back into the bag.

Michael stared at her for a couple of seconds. No. He couldn’t do this. He wanted to do this! He opened his mouth and took a breath. Just as he was about to say something else, to tell her to stop, she slipped the ball gag right between his teeth. She held it in place and pulled the straps behind his head.

As she locked to them in place, he tried to tell her to stop, that he didn’t want to do this...but Jasmine just pretended she had no idea what he meant.

“It’s okay, Michael. I’m going to have a lot of fun with you, and I’m sure this will feel really good for you to.” She reached down between his legs and brushed her fingers along the base of his cock. Even through the layer of satin, she could feel his excitement. It was clear that some part of him loved this even as he started to pull more furiously against of the bonds holding him to her bed.

On a whim, she leaned back and admired him. He kept struggling, shouting into the rubber ball wedged between his teeth, and it still didn’t make the slightest difference.

He wasn’t going anywhere; he wouldn’t be able to free himself.

Her trapped model couldn’t know it, but as he struggled, he did accomplish one thing: he turned her on. The arousal flowed through her body. She admired him like a work of art. The designer studied the curves of his ass, the way his skirt swished about, and the adorable sounds he made. Seeing him helpless like this made her very, very wet.

Even so, Jasmine decided to pick up her camera. She began to walk around him, snapping pictures from every angle. She saw up his dress. She caught the glint of desperation in his face even as he fought to spit out the ball gag out. The leather straps made that impossible, but he couldn’t just give up, especially because she had already explained what she had planned for him.

“Don’t worry. I’ll make sure you enjoy it,” she said.

After Jasmine had taken five or ten pictures, she set her camera aside. Then she pulled herself back up onto the mattress, and she yanked off her pants. Her panties followed a just a moment later. After that, she went to the bag and took out some lubricant. She squirted it onto his end of the dildo.

From there, she touched the tip of her side to her pussy. She pushed it up, savoring the solidity. It was cool to the touch, but that was okay. It was already starting to warm up, especially because her insides felt positively molten.

From there, she looked down at his ass. She slid a hand under his dress and pulled it up, peeling it back like he was a piece of candy. Then she looked down at his smooth ass.

Jasmine didn’t know where these impulses came from. She had never been in a position like this before. More than that, she didn’t fantasize about it either. Instead, she simply followed her instincts.

She looked down at her artificial cock one more time, and then she slid forward, pressing up against his opening.

Michael clenched down as hard as he could, determined to keep her out. But Jasmine was strong. More than that, the lubricant made his opening so slick. Inch by inch, she forced her way into his crevice, and there was nothing he could do to stop her.

“Just relax. Relax and take it,” she said, doing her best to keep that giggle from her voice.

Still pulling and tugging on the ropes holding him down, Michael didn’t say anything. He made noises, but he couldn’t actually articulate himself. She liked it that way.

She pushed forward and started to pull back. As she did so, she savored the sensations roiling through her body. They were physical, yes. The dildo felt so good. She loved the way it rubbed up against the walls of her pussy. She loved the pressure and penetration.

But there was something more, something so much more primal and profound.  
Power.

Jasmine realized that she loved the power she had over this boy. Wielding authority and control, that’s what this was about. Pushing into him, with every gentle thrust of her hips, she kept one hand on his thigh, the other placed at the base of the two-headed dildo.

He moaned, his eyes wet with frustration. He wasn’t supposed to be in that position. He was supposed to be on top. As a man, he should have been able to take control.

Jasmine savored her authority over this boy. She loved seeing him in his tight little dress, the one she had made herself. More than that, she had trained him for this position. Without even realizing it, she taught him to accept her place above him.

That’s why she pushed forward and pulled back. With every movement of her hips, she came closer and closer to an orgasm.

She started to thrust harder and faster. All the while, Michael could feel himself being stimulated. He didn’t

understand how this worked. He couldn't comprehend the complexities of his nervous system, yet his cock was straining against the neon pink of his panties. All the while, he kept pulling and twisting, desperate to escape, but Jasmine wasn't going to let him go. He agreed to this, after all.

With her free hand, she swatted his ass. "You feel so good, Michael. I love having you as my little princess boy. Hey! Maybe that will be your next dress. What you think of that? I could buy you a little tiara and everything!" She laughed maniacally at that even as she smacked his ass again. He cried out, desperate for her to stop, and those sounds pushed her over the edge.

Incandescent pleasure exploded through her body. Bright colors of sensations seemed to come at her from every angle. She gasped, panting. And just as she finished, she pulled back. She looked down at him.

Damn. That had been incredible.

"I'll be right back," she promised.

Making her way back into the kitchen, Jasmine could barely stand up straight. She had never experienced an orgasm like that. It would require some time. She wanted to process this. Fortunately, her model was still tied down to the bed, so she didn't need to be in any particular rush.

That sadistic thought made her smile gleefully.

She poured herself a glass of wine and held it up in a silent toast. She took a few sips and made her way back over to the couch. She crossed her legs. Still naked from the waist down, she didn't care.

Surprisingly, Michael didn't say anything. Helplessly restrained, he stayed right where she left him, and he didn't call out. He probably didn't want any more attention. It was likely that he dreaded the moment when she would saunter back across the threshold to play with him some more. After all, he had no idea what she might do next.

Jasmine had made that other purchase on a whim, thinking that it was something she might employ at a later date.

Nope. She was going to use it right away. She loved the idea. In fact, she decided to lick her fingertips and reach back between her legs. She parted her knees, exposing her sex. Her clitoris remained engorged, her pussy wet. Her fingers slid in easily as she worked them up and down, in and out. She started with one digit, only to add another. Yes. That's what she wanted. Yes, it felt so good.

Jasmine gave her model boy plenty of time to relax, for his cock to soften.

After she enjoyed her second glass of wine, Jasmine headed back into the bedroom. His head was already aimed at the doorway. He squealed, doing his best to shout at her, not that he could manage anything even approximating masculinity, not while gagged and dressed up so adorably.

She didn't say anything; she didn't feel the need to. Instead, she strolled back up onto the bed, and she went for her plastic bag. She took out a small box and opened it. She double checked the instructions, making sure she knew how everything would work. Then she brought that tube up between his legs. He still had his panties pulled down, bunched around his knees. By this point, his cock had gone soft. That made it easy for her to slide his member into the chastity cage.

Really, it was nothing but a plastic tube with two openings on it. Curved downward, it was very strong and would make sure that he couldn't get another erection, not until she unlocked him.

Because really, that was the best part of this device. She brought another piece of plastic up around the base of his scrotum. It would be snug, just tight enough to make sure that he couldn't get it off.

"What are you doing? Tell me what you're doing!" Michael tried to shout, not that Jasmine could understand a word he said. Everything became meaningless gibberish as he shouted into the rubber.

Click.

"Perfect," she said. Then she pulled the panties back up around his hips. Finally, she grabbed his hair and pulled his head back. Pain flashed along his scalp, but then he heard the soft warmth of her voice. "Tonight has been amazing for me. I have loved having you this way. So I've come to a decision, Michael. You're going to be my sissy model from now on. You're going to do whatever I tell you. You're going to do whatever I want. I'm in control now."

He tried to shake his head, but she just yanked harder on his hair, sending another flash of pain running down through those follicles.

"You can try to argue with me if you want, but it's pretty obvious that I own you now. You will wear whatever I want. You'll do whatever I want. Nod your head if you understand."

It sounded so simple. Even so, he refused to surrender.

"Okay, so how about this? How does locking you in a chastity cage sound, which means that I own your orgasms. You can't get off, not until I allow it. Oh, and I should probably tell you that I do have lots and lots of

pictures of you in your cute little dresses, prancing around in front of me like a good sissy. That means I can publish them whenever I want.”

He whimpered, desperately shaking his head from side to side.

“You wouldn’t want that, would you?”

Again, he shook his head frantically.

“That’s right,” she said, savoring the confirmation. “Just think of how quickly everyone could see those pictures. Girls all over campus would start smiling and snickering at you. Sorority sisters, freshmen, sophomores, even graduate students. They’d all get to see you and *laugh!*”

He trembled with worry.

“It’s okay,” she said, stroking the nape of his neck. “Just accept your place. Can you do that?”

He bobbed his head down and up.

“Good boy,” she said. “Now, be good while I take this out. Don’t say a word. If you make a sound, I’ll post one picture. Got it?”

He did.

Taking her time, Jasmine opened the clasp on his ball gag. She tugged at the straps and slipped the sphere free from his mouth. After a quick breath, he worked to say something but stopped just as he started to squeak out the start of a word.

“That’s right,” she said. “Get dressed and go home. We’ll have another photoshoot tomorrow. Seven o’clock.”

There had to be something he could do, some way for him to escape her clutches. Those thoughts mixed together as he walked back to his dorm room.

As he marched forward through the warm night air, he sensed the tug of weight from the stem of his cock. He took a step and felt the slide and pull of his genitals.

When he finally found privacy in his small dorm room, Michael dropped his pants and went straight to the small mirror he kept in the corner. He stared at his reflection and felt his cock twitch against its prison. Damn it.

Damn it. Damn it. Damn it...

Confusion warred with arousal and frustration. He traced his fingers along the solid plastic as he contemplated his situation. Soon, he noticed the small square padlock. This thing was locked on...

Despite this, Michael put his hand to the chastity lock, and he attempted to wiggle it off. He kept thinking that skin could get slick. Plus, he really, really wanted to get it off. If he could be patient, then it would slide free.

He tried to be patient and diligent. He held the cage in his grip and turned his hips to the left as he pulled to the right. From one minute to the next, he tried to make progress. The plastic edges may have been smooth, but they still pressed into his flesh.

After nearly ten minutes, he exhaled and sucked in another breath. Without realizing it, he had been sporadically holding his breath. Right then, he gave up, recognizing the simple fact that he wouldn’t be able to get this off.

Sure, maybe he could try to find someone to help him with the set of bolt cutters. He probably could have gone to the doctor or something, but just the prospect was enough to make him tremble with embarrassment. No, he wouldn’t do anything like that.

A moment more, and he threw himself onto his small bed. He looked up at the ceiling, and he tried not to think of Jasmine, but that was an impossible task.

He remembered the feel of her hands as she touched him, and his shaft stirred. Arousal spread through his body, only he couldn’t do anything about those desires. He needed to get hard, but he couldn’t. The plastic prison kept his member flaccid and aimed downward.

Gritting his teeth, he exhaled slowly as he contemplated what she might try to do with him.

What did she want? Why was she doing this?

Michael didn’t have an answer to any of those questions.

He considered everything he knew about this beautiful girl. First off, she was smart. She got good grades and she had her own company. She was everything the college could have hoped for. And yet, she wanted to play with him.

There were other guys she could have trapped, he realized.

Michael didn’t know how to feel about that particular concept. If he could have traded with some other student, would he have done it? Uncertainty gripped him. On the one hand, he wanted to get out of the chastity device, especially because those impulses of desire weren’t just going away. And yet, he kept thinking of how it felt when she touched him. More than that, he felt special? Michael couldn’t be certain one way or the other, but he

knew he had to get through the next day.

Then it would be time to talk to her again.

Maybe if he said the right words or did something in particular, he would be able to get out of this. She wouldn't be able to tease him or blackmail him.

He would be able to assert himself.

No matter how good those ideas sounded inside of his head, Michael couldn't be certain.

Jasmine had classes. Normally, she attended sporadically, usually just hitting the midterms and final exams. Lots of students needed a professor to hold their hands, to be nice and encouraging. Not Jasmine. She simply wanted to succeed, which meant that she read the textbooks, memorized the material without too much effort, and applied it easily.

She hadn't declared a major, mostly because she didn't find anything that could be both challenging and useful to her. Her online business was doing well. Her sales were up, especially with the implementation of her new model.

What was it about Michael?

Jasmine had asked herself this question numerous times. Because her sales were going up, it was clear that young women across the country and world enjoyed seeing him. True to her word, she hadn't displayed any of the pictures with his face, which meant that none of the buyers knew they were looking at a boy.

And yet, there was something about the lines of his shoulders and arms, his hands and legs that they liked. The clothing remained incredibly feminine with the tight fabrics, bouncy ruffles, and short skirts, but those things could be bought online almost anywhere.

It was Michael. He was the difference.

In fact, she could feel it every time she checked out her own website. The text hadn't changed, but her pictures had a new look. The dress is no longer hung, lifeless. Instead, whenever she saw his poses, she enjoyed this little flutter of excitement. It was almost magical.

Why?

Power?

That made sense for her, she reflected. Jasmine had enjoyed taking him, especially when she rammed him from behind. Wow. That had been incredible. In fact, she started to get damp as she thought about it again. Those echoes of memory were enough to send little sparkles of heat running through her skin.

Pretty soon, Jasmine gave up trying to figure out the business aspect of her relationship with her model sissy.

Yes, he was a sissy.

Hyper feminine and so pretty with his shaved legs, smooth skin, and short skirts, Michael made the perfect little sissy model.

Perhaps she didn't need to think of him as a boy anymore at all. That thought made her grin. He could be something else. Partly enslaved, Michael would have to do whatever she said. She would allow him to continue his education due to her benevolence, yet she still wanted that perfect control.

Breathing out, she walked back in her bedroom, and she threw herself on to the mattress. She pulled down her pants and slid her hand into her underwear. She had never been this horny before. Even after she pleased herself, Jasmine still felt that keen need.

She told him to come back at seven o'clock, only now she regretted allowing him so much time. Sure, he had homework and whatnot to take his attention, but Jasmine really, really wanted to see him again. She started imagining him in a new outfit, one even more embarrassing than the others.

Oh well.

Her eyes opened, and the designs immediately came to her. Inspired, she grabbed her art pad, and she started drawing. She worked on those sketches for hours. After that, she started cutting fabric, sewing, pulling her fantasies together.

Maybe she had to wait another day, but when Michael arrived, he would say something truly spectacular.

A wicked grin curved along her lips because she couldn't wait!

Michael tried to sleep. He did everything he could think of. He counted down, going through random numbers. He tried to trace out meaningless equations. None of it helped, not when those sparks of need kept burning in his core.

Before this, he had simply never experienced sexual denial. Sure, girls had rejected him. Even so, he never had to lay in his own bed, his shaft struggling to get hard as he pictured Jasmine over and over again.

He didn't know what to fantasize about. At first, his thoughts wandered toward the traditional fantasies. He

wanted to see her dancing in a Japanese schoolgirl uniform. With the sailor collar, red bow, and pleated skirt, she would have looked amazing. More than that, he told himself that he needed to see her on her knees, her expression properly servile.

Even in his fantasies, he couldn't make those images really work. Then, his desires expanded. And yet, none of those images felt right.

Michael understood. He knew that he was supposed to be the one on his back, which meant she would ride him. If he got very lucky, she would tie him to her bed and touch him, tease, play with him until he whimpered and begged. He would plead, his eyes wide, every word tumbling from his lips. She would play with him. And if she decided to be very kind, perhaps she would lick him.

A blow job would have been amazing. Even though he knew it was virtually impossible, it would still be under her control. She would do it to seize even more power. She would take him into her mouth because she could.

By the time students start to stream back onto campus, Michael stared up at the ceiling. Strangely enough, he had barely slept, yet he didn't feel a trace of exhaustion. Instead, the adrenaline provoked by denial kept him energized.

He rolled off of his bed, got dressed, and he took out his phone. He knew it was a little bit early, but he decided to take the risk anyway. He pulled up her name and her number and she started writing messages. He waited a few more minutes. No response. He tried again.

He kept at it, desperate and determined, hoping that maybe if he's wrote the right thing, she would decide to answer.

For the first time, Jasmine enjoyed getting all of these little messages.

*Look, I think we should talk*, he first wrote.

Just a few minutes later, he sent another message, *I can't take this. Please, can we talk?*

After that, he held out for an impressive eight minutes before sending her, *I know that this is fun for you, but it's driving me crazy! Please, can we talk? I can meet you wherever you want. Please?* If any other boys sent her something like that, she would have scoffed, deciding that he was just pathetic.

When those words came from Michael, however, they struck her as adorably endearing. Maybe it was the fact that she didn't think of him as a real boy anymore. Considering he no longer had access to his cock, perhaps he wasn't.

As Jasmine stepped out, she considered her new necklace. It was still cool to the touch, hanging there just above her cleavage. Unconsciously, she reached up and traced her fingers along the brass teeth.

This was it, the key, the key to his chastity cage. With it, she controlled access to the most important part of his body.

Perfect.

On this morning, Jasmine decided to go to her classes, if only to give her a mild distraction. Her phone continued to buzz for her attention, and every vibration made her shiver. She pretended to pay attention to her teachers over the course of the morning, but she really focused on Michael and everything he craved.

When the class eventually came to an end, she took out her phone. He only sent her three more messages over the last seventy-five minutes. Good for him, she reflected.

She sent him a quick reply, telling him that she would be heading over to the physics department. She had a class there, and if he could meet her, that would be fine.

Trapping him always proved to be highly entertaining.

With her bag slung over one shoulder, Jasmine strolled along with the other students. She knew that a lot of the girls in college could get jealous. They would bicker and fight with their personalized dramas. Most of them came down to proper codes of behavior in one way or another.

Jasmine didn't care about any of that stuff, but she did enjoy the excitement on his face when Michael came running up to her. Noting his red face, he dashed as fast as he could. In fact, Jasmine didn't know if she had ever seen a boy sprint quite like that before.

She smirked, thinking that maybe some of the Olympic athletes should be locked away in chastity. Perhaps that would improve their performance.

"Jasmine!" Michael called out just as he skidded and slowed down beside her.

"Oh, hey. There's my model. Are you doing?"

"Don't say that, not here," he hissed back at her, his voice dropping to a whisper.

"I can say whatever I want. Remember how this works?"

He was gulping air, taking one deep breath after another, but he still managed to look surprised. "I, I..."

“...will do whatever I tell you,” she said, reaching up and poking at the underside of his chin. She lightly scratched her fingernails along his skin.

“Yes,” he finally agreed. “But maybe we can talk?”

“Sure thing,” she said as she turned left at the next intersection. “What would you like to talk about, sissy?” There. She had said it, and it felt wonderful.

He wasn’t a real boy, not anymore. He was her sissy, and she would address him as such. Just those two syllables sent another bolt of pleasure running through her body, especially when she glanced over at him. She took him in from her peripheral vision, and it was delicious!

His lips parted again, and he clearly wanted to argue. The only question was whether or not he would resist the temptation. After all, Jasmine was still in charge.

“I’m not a sissy,” he told her.

Jasmine increased her pace. She walked a little bit faster, so he had to struggle to keep up. He broke into a jog, just to make sure that he didn’t lose her.

“Actually, you are. And if you want, I can bring other people into this. I’m sure some of my friends would love to give their opinions on the question.”

“No!” He squeaked adorably, his voice rising. He sounded genuinely scared. He practically screamed like a girl.

Jasmine narrowed her eyes even as a smile tugged at the corners of her mouth. This could be very useful information, she thought. She wondered if maybe he could be trained to both appear and *sound* feminine. How girly could he become? That was the question, one she filed away for later.

“Yes. So unless you want me to get a second, third, fourth, and fifth opinion, you will admit it right now.” She said this without even glancing in his direction.

As he struggled to keep up, Michael gasped out his answer like a good sissy. “Yes! Fine!”

“No. You have to say it.”

He hated this, but he obliged anyway. So long as no one else saw those pictures, then maybe he would have a chance. “Okay. I’m, I’m a sissy.”

“You’re very cute sissy.”

“Whatever you say.”

“No. I want to hear you say it. You should have a very good self-esteem.”

“But I don’t want to say that!”

Jasmine glanced over at him, the cruel smile on her lips. “Honey, this isn’t about what you want to say. It’s about what you need to do because I tell you. I’m in charge. Remember?”

“Okay.” He hesitated for a few more seconds, like he could barely bring himself to utter the words. But then, he surrendered, just as he always did. It should have taken more. It should have been harder. And yet, he still said those words, “I’m a cute sissy.”

“Very cute,” she corrected.

“I’m a very cute sissy.”

“There. That wasn’t so hard, now was it?” Jasmine asked, making this all sound like it wasn’t a big deal. She literally worked to strip away his masculinity, and she made it sound like it didn’t matter.

“Please, can we talk now?”

“Sure. What would you like to talk about?” Jasmine asked, her tone nonchalant.

“I, I was hoping that maybe we could talk about our situation.”

“What situation is that?”

Just a few seconds before this, Michael had admitted that he was a very cute sissy, only now he could barely utter the words. “I was hoping that maybe we could talk about my position as your model. Why do you need me?”

“Because you look really good in my dresses,” she said simply.

“But you could hire a girl,” he said. “Wouldn’t she look better?”

“You would think so, right? But no. For some reason, Michael, my buyers just love seeing you. My sales are up, and I’m not going to stop. I’m a businesswoman, so it all comes down to the numbers. You bring in good numbers. It’s as simple as that.”

“But it’s not,” he said.

“Oh?”

“Yesterday, you also said it was about power.”

“So what if I did?” Jasmine asked.

This wasn’t going the way Michael had hoped. As he had planned it, she was supposed to be willing to engage him. But now, it seemed like she just wanted to tease him.

He glanced down at the pavement underneath their feet even as he kept following her. He felt like a puppy chasing a pretty girl, but he had to think of some way to get her attention for real.

"Why are you doing this?"

"It's all about the numbers," she reiterated. "I already told you that."

"No. It's not there something else going on too."

Jasmine glanced over at him, and he thought he saw a hint of...something. Some kind of hurt?

Before he could try to get a read on her, she just smirked at him. "And look. We're here."

Over the last couple of minutes, Michael had followed her without even glancing around. Only now she raised her hand and pointed. That's when he realized they were in an apartment complex. They were no longer on campus. Right there, just a few feet away, was her front door.

They were back.

"And since you're here, I think it's time for another photo shoot!"

She took him by the hand and guided him toward the front door.

Michael didn't have the strength to resist or tear himself free from her grip.

"I worked on this all night," she said, practically gushing. More than that, she glowed with excitement. "This is going to be so perfect. And once I get you into this outfit, we're going to talk about a new set of rules for you."

"A new set of rules?" He didn't like the sound of that.

"Absolutely," she said, still dragging him along toward her bedroom. "I think last night confused you a little bit. I mean, you asked all these questions, and it sounded like you were even trying to think for yourself. That's not how this is going to work anymore, sissy."

"Don't call me that," he said.

Just before they went into her bedroom, she spun around. She jabbed him in the chest, her fingers poking into his sternum. "This is what I mean. You need to understand that I can call you whatever I want. You're my sissy, so I'm going to call you a sissy. In fact, maybe I should rename you altogether."

"No!"

"And there you go, doing it again. You don't get to say no to me, sissy. As far as you're concerned, I own you. Say it."

For one, two, three full seconds, Michael couldn't bring himself to make a sound. He had to focus to keep his bottom lip from shaking. But then, she stepped closer, and a shiver of dread ran down his back. "You can do it, sissy. Just say it. It's very easy, especially because you're getting used to it. Pretty soon, you'll be in obedient sissy for me. You'll be my model, my servant, whatever I want."

"You own me." There. He said it.

"Good boy."

She opened the door for him with one hand while putting her other palm right there on his ass. She touched him lightly, like it wasn't a big deal. Then she nudged him forward.

Michael took one step after another. The room appeared to be the same. There was the mirror, the backdrop, the small desk where she did her makeup...only then, his eyes locked on to her latest creation.

"You can't be serious," he started to say.

"It's perfect, don't you think?"

"No!"

"Oh, what's wrong with it?" Jasmine asked, almost pretending as though she cared about his opinion.

"It's a maid uniform! It looks like a slutty, French maid uniform!"

The dress was laid out, along with a pair of black, leather shoes with little white ribbons. The dress itself looked snug, but at least it had a set of shoulder straps. A big, white bow went along the center, and every opening was lined with ruffled lace.

"Look. I know that you sell to a lot of people, and I'm sure the other dresses did really well, but you can't make me wear something like this."

"Sure, I can. But first, I need to do your makeup."

"My makeup?" Michael could barely form the words.

"Absolutely. I'm going to do your makeup, and I'm going to make sure that you look just precious. You're going to be a cute sissy, and everyone is going to see you."

"You, you want to show my face?"

She put her hand on his shoulder. Her fingers crawled up along to the back of his neck. She gripped him, making it clear that he couldn't get away. "Yes, Michael. I'm going to take lots of pictures, and they're going to include your face because I think you're going to look absolutely cute. Don't worry. In my makeup, it will be easy

for you to pass as a girl. No one will know that you're secretly my sissy."

"Please, don't do this. You can't do this."

"I can do whatever I want."

"But if you put those pictures online, you won't have anything to blackmail me with," he said.

"Oh? Have you already forgotten about your little prison?"

He hadn't, and neither had she, so his bluff couldn't possibly work.

To emphasize her point, Jasmine reached down, and she grabbed him by his crotch. Even through the layers of his boxers and the denim of his pants, she squeezed at the plastic tube that held his boy part.

Having her this close rekindled his need. Arching his back, he started to panic. Fear ran through his body.

"You're going to do whatever I want, sissy. And you're going to be a good servant, which means putting on your uniform. Then you're going to sit still for me so I can do your makeup."

She released him, and Michael made his way toward the bed. With every step, he sensed the inevitability. This would be his third dress, he realized.

"I'm not a girl. I'm not a girl. I'm not a girl," he said, mouthing the words. He didn't make a sound as he stepped up to the edge of the bed, but none of that mattered, not when she could either guess what he meant or read his lips.

"No, you're not a girl. Girls are better than you. You know what you are?" She picked up the dress, holding it aloft for him.

He shook his head.

Jasmine had no problem giggling, grateful for the chance to embarrass this boy once more. "It's obvious. You're a sissy!"

He should have known what was coming, yet the word is still punched him hard.

Sissy.

He wasn't strong enough or smart enough to get out of this. Some other guy, a better man, would have been able to show Jasmine that she couldn't do this.

"Strip," she commanded, still holding the maid uniform up for her servant sissy.

He tugged off his shirt, kicked off his shoes, and removed his pants. His boxers followed a moment later.

From there, Michael reached out for the dress, only Jasmine pulled it back, yanking it away from him. "No," she said. "Not yet." She came up to him then, her breasts grazing over his chest even as she reached down. She didn't take his cock in her hand at first. Instead, the edges of her fingers brushed over his scrotum. She made him whimper, his breath catching in his throat as he enjoyed those warm sensations percolating through his body.

"You like this, don't you? You love the way I touch you?"

"Yes," he whispered.

"Then you should be grateful for all of this."

"I, I..." Michael didn't know what to say, so he let those words drift away.

Jasmine stepped back. "Do you like my new necklace?" She reached up and ran her fingers through her hair, slipping those golden tresses against her shoulders.

Immediately, he looked to her chest. Hanging there, on a silver cord, just above the curves of her cleavage, a key rested against her warm skin. A key. The key. If he had that, he would be able to remove the chastity cage. He would be able to get access to his cock again.

Halfheartedly, he reached out for it, but Jasmine just slapped his hand aside. "No. Silly sissy! You don't get this! This is mine. I own it."

By extension, she clearly owned him as well.

Michael opened his mouth as he struggled to think of something to say. He needed to convince her to let him go, to end this game. But one glance at her made it abundantly clear that it Jasmine would not yield. She would not give up, not while she was having so much fun. And maybe there was something else as well, another flicker of something he simply could not identify.

Unfortunately for Michael, he didn't know how to read this girl.

"Okay. Now you can get dressed," she said to him.

Michael reached out for the dress, and she allowed him to take it. "Don't forget your breast form," she said, nodding at the other two garments on the bed.

Black panties accented with white ribbons and that fake bra, the one that would give him the feminine outline she enjoyed seeing. After a sigh of resignation, Michael put them both on. Now he could feel the satin of the black panties against his scrotum. Not only that, he experienced the weight against his chest. It pressed down on him, oppressing him.

Now that he was properly equipped, it was easy for him to pull the dress up and over his shoulders, taking it

down so that it clung to his waist and his chest. Jasmine hopped over to him, and she smoothed out his skirt, all while she admired the subtle pleats.

"You look very pretty, but we aren't done yet." She reached out, took him by the hand and tugged him toward the small desk in the corner. That was where she always did her makeup. Only now it was his turn.

"No. Please, don't," he said. But this wasn't an argument. It wasn't even a demand. Instead, he pleaded with her, his voice straining with the desperation of a servant who knew he couldn't possibly win.

"Don't you like being the pretty girl's dolly?" Jasmine asked even as she hardened her grip around his wrist. She pulled him, and he stumbled forward. Despite his obvious reluctance, he cooperated. Because really, it wasn't as though he had any choice.

"No. I don't like this."

Jasmine shrugged. "That's too bad." Then she grinned at him as she started to work.

First, she gathered up the blush. She opened up a small container and dabbed a brush along the powder. Then she brought it up to his cheeks. She dabbed it against the curves of his face.

"Very good," she said. "Don't move. Stay nice and still for me. That's right. You're doing a good job. I'm very proud of you,"

"I hate this," he mumbled.

"That's fine. I don't mind," she replied. After she was satisfied with the even distribution of the foundation, she picked up the lipstick. "Pucker your mouth, just like this," she said.

Pressing her lips together, she pelted them out. Michael tried to stop himself, but he obeyed her. It was so easy, especially when he had on panties and a dress. Like a good slave, he tightened his lips together, and she started to apply the lipstick. She slid it over his mouth, and he had to deal with this new sensation, that strange weight right there.

"Good! You're doing such a good job!" She stepped back and clapped her hands together, like he should have been proud of everything that was happening.

From there, she applied the eyeshadow. She made sure that his eyes would practically glow with this fresh dollop of color. It was amazing, she thought. Holding her hands at her sides, she swept her attention up and down her model.

Finally satisfied, she stepped back. "Okay. Now you just need your high heels, and I think you'll be perfect."

"High heels?"

"Don't worry. You're going to have to walk around just a little bit, so you'll get used to it soon enough. I promise."

Michael didn't believe her, but that wasn't relevant. She pulled out a pair of shoes, ones she had especially procured just for him.

She set them down, and he looked at them, shocked when he saw the black and white footwear. First, the heels had to be at least two or 3 inches tall. How was he supposed to walk in something like that? But then, he noticed the small straps that would loop around his ankles and of the top of his feet, only to connect to a set of small locks. Yes. She would be able to lock him into the shoes, taking away any chance he might have of removing them on his own.

"It's not a big deal," she said. "They're just shoes."

"I can't do this."

"It's okay. Just imagine. If you can't walk, then you can always crawl. I think I like that idea anyway."

"I'm not going to crawl," he promised.

"Then you had better learn to walk."

Just like that, she stepped back and crossed her arms over her chest. He glared at her. Even as he did so, he couldn't help but still feel that magnetic energy she seemed to exude without any effort. She was beautiful, and part of him wanted to please her.

"Go ahead. Take a couple of steps."

Fortunately for Michael, the heels were a little bit wider, which allowed him to take one nervous step after another. With the third step, he wobbled, nearly falling over. "Be careful," she chided, like that was the only piece of advice he really needed.

Michael wouldn't be able to run any time soon, but with these high heels on, at least he could walk.

As he wobbled about, Jasmine grabbed her phone. She pointed and started clicking, taking one picture after another. This time, she didn't bother hiding her intentions. It was very clear that she took pictures of both his body and his face. This time, no one would be confused. Anyone who saw these images would be able to recognize the prettier, more feminine form of Michael.

"In front of the backdrop," she said, snapping her fingers and pointing.

Michael obliged.

"I've been thinking about your name," she said. "How do you feel about something like Jessica?"

"You want to call me Jessica?"

"Yes. I like Jessica. It's a really pretty, feminine name. It has a nice swish to it. It reminds me of the word 'sissy.'"

"No. You can't. You can't call me Jessica," he said, his voice trembling with every breath.

"Oh? Do you have an alternative?" Jasmine looked at him again, her eyes sliding all over his body. He retreated back a step, doing his best to maneuver in his new high heels.

"No, but it can't be something like Jessica."

"We could always be lazy. We could always call you Christie."

His lips parted, and his eyes widened with shock. It looked as though she had slapped him across the face. Perfect, she thought. "Okay. It's going to be Christie from now on."

"No. It won't," he insisted.

That's when she lunged, throwing her arm around his waist and knocking him down onto the bed. He fell forward. Even as he kicked out with his feet, he looked adorable, especially because his skirt flashed upward, revealing the black of his panties, a beautiful contrast to the smoothness of his skin.

"Yes. Your name is now going to be Christie," she promised him.

"No. That's not my name. That's never going to be my name!"

"Why not? Christie is so pretty. It has that nice, feminine ring to it, a little bit like Jessica, only this one is better."

"You can't call me that!"

Her hand went down to his scalp, and she grabbed his hair again, forcing his head up. As he raised his chin, she giggled. "I can call you whatever I want because I own you."

SMACK!

Michael couldn't see it coming; he couldn't prepare or brace himself for that swing of her hand. Her palm crashed into the curve of his ass, sending a shock of pain running through his body. But it was more than the flash of agony. It was the humiliation, the fact that this girl could discipline him with a spanking whenever she liked.

"You don't want to be a bad servant. You don't want to be an obstinate slave."

Slave. That word punched into him. "I'm not a slave!"

"If you recall, I can still upload all of those pictures. And don't forget what else I own."

She let go of his hair, so he dropped his head forward. But now, she squeezed his ass with one hand even as she reached for his balls with the other. She felt his scrotum underneath the black satin, and it made her laugh. "This is mine. I control you, Christie."

He was about to insist again, "That's not my name!" Something stopped him. Maybe it was squeeze of her fingertips against his scrotum. Maybe it was the fact that she still had her other hand resting there on his behind. It would be so easy for her to raise her hand, to spank him.

"Yes."

"Sorry? What was that? I didn't quite hear you," Jasmine said.

"Yes. You own me."

"Is that all? I want to hear it. You're going to get one more chance or I'm going to go get my hairbrush."

His insides clenched, but Michael didn't see any choice. Whether he liked it or not, he needed to tell her everything she wished to hear, no matter what it cost him. "My name is Christie, and I'm your slave. I'm your sissy. I belong to you, and you can spank me however you want, whenever you want, because you own me and I am locked in chastity until you say otherwise."

"That's perfect!"

He flinched again when she clapped her hands together, only this time there wasn't the accompanying flash of pain. Instead, she just applauded, clapping her hands together. Of course, when he flinched, she still laughed, savoring the fact that this young, virile man could be reduced to a sissy over the course of just a couple of days.

In fact, the thought made her wet, very, very wet.

"Would you like to have sex?" Jasmine asked.

Sex?

Michael could hardly comprehend what she meant. In fact, he yearned to turn around, just to look up into her face. Part of him suspected that this was some kind of joke or something, a prank she was pulling on him. He would glance up, they would make eye contact, and she would start laughing immediately. She would cackle with malevolent glee, dashing all of his hopes.

Sex.

The word sent vibrations of desire running through his body. His cock strained again against the walls of its prison. No matter how aroused he became, however, Michael would never be able to break that chastity lock off.

Even as his breathing quickened, he told himself that he was only agreeing because he knew he had to satisfy her. But really, the idea of getting out of the cage and getting to have sex, real sex with this girl, nearly sent spasms of pleasure running through his body.

"Yes. Please. Yes, may we please have sex? Please, Mistress!"

"What did you just call me?"

Michael blinked, confused.

"Mistress," he said.

"You know, I never considered that. While I was so busy renaming you, Christie, it never occurred to me that maybe you should learn to call me something else. Why did you choose Mistress?"

Truthfully, Michael didn't really know. As he considered it, however, he had to come to the simple conclusion that it was a word he had probably heard somewhere on TV or in a movie or something, and it just felt right.

"I'm not sure. I think it just fits."

She leaned in, and she kissed the side of his neck. She breathed down before nibbling at his earlobe. "Okay, Christie. From now on, you will address me as your Mistress. I like that. You know why I like it so much?"

"No, Mistress. Why?"

"Because it's the feminine form of Master. This means that I am your Master. I own you now, and that means you will do whatever I want whenever I want. Say it."

"Yes, Mistress. I will do whatever you want whenever you want." He parroted back the words like a good slave.

"Perfect," she said.

She leaned back, shifting her weight to her knees. As she sat up, she snapped her fingers. "Christie, you can roll over if you want. I will let you watch as I get undressed."

His mouth watered at the prospect. Michael immediately rolled over, and he looked back up at her. He moved just fast enough to get to see her pull off her tank top. She stripped away, revealing the flat of her stomach and the curves of her breasts, still trapped beneath her bra. That didn't last for long.

Jasmine pulled off her bra next, revealing the beautiful curves of her breasts, the dark points of her erect nipples. Michael stared, unable to turn away. He was hypnotized. Of course, he'd seen naked women online plenty of times, but now he got to see her in person, and it was totally different. The texture of being in the same room with a girl like Jasmine seemed to somehow alter his reality. It changed the feel and taste of what it meant to be awake with her.

For her part, Jasmine kept her eyes aimed right at him. She studied him and reveled in her power over him. Of course, Jasmine had played with other guys before. She had enjoyed flirting, but it was different now.

The abject desire, the primal need, and the raw desperation coming off of her sissy was just amazing. It sent thrills of desire running through her body, echoing all the way from her toes to her fingertips to her cheeks and forehead.

As she buzzed with that power, she unbuttoned her jeans. She pulled them off along with her socks.

"Would you like to take my panties off of me?"

"Yes, Mistress." She lowered herself down onto her back. Raising her hands, she laced her fingers behind her head and she looked up at him. He remained there, on his knees, studying her body.

"You like this, don't you?"

"Yes, Mistress," he said, nearly breathless despite the fact that he hadn't really moved. "Very much," he said, his voice loaded with adulation.

"Remove my panties," she said, granting permission while issuing a command.

He leaned down and slid his fingers underneath of the elastic of her waistband. Then he pulled gently, revealing her pubis, then her pussy. She kept her legs parted slightly, and he admired the perfect curves of her thighs as well as her opening.

Michael couldn't help himself. He imagined his cock freed of the cage, ready to plunge down into her.

He had to be very careful; he had to be a good servant for his Mistress. If he performed well, then maybe they really would have sex. The thought made him tense deliciously all over even as his cock struggled against its cage.

Closing her eyes, she relaxed into the simple power she wielded over this sissy. "Good. I'm glad to hear it. So now, I want you to touch me. I want you to touch me all over. Show me just how gentle you can be."

"Yes, Mistress," he said again. As he obeyed, she could hear the rustle of his taffeta skirt. It was amazing, she reflected again. She had done this. As he started to touch her, she opened her eyes and glanced down at Michael as his fingers brushed along her forearms, up toward her biceps, then to her breasts. He touched her tentatively, like he wasn't exactly certain he really could enjoy this privilege.

Jasmine didn't say anything else, not for a while. Instead, she simply relaxed into his touch, allowing the tension to melt away from her body. She stopped thinking about sales, the design of her website, or future designs. Instead, she simply marveled at the fact that she could so thoroughly own someone.

"Massage my feet," she ordered.

"Yes, Mistress," he said, retreating down toward the end of the bed. She raised up her right foot and wiggled her toes. He admired the arches of her feet and her small heels. There was something about the curves and lines of her feet that locked his attention in place.

Tenderly, he braced her ankle against one hand as he started to massage her with the other. He pressed into her toes, helping relieve the tension.

"Delicious," she breathed out. It wasn't a complement so much as a simple statement of fact. He was satisfying her for that moment, but Michael knew that he couldn't relax.

His fingers moved from her toes down to the ball of her foot. He pressed on it gently, tracing circles with the pad of his thumb. Then he moved his fingers along toward the top of her foot.

"Switch," she commanded.

Again, he gave her everything he possessed. He worked his hand over her foot, squeezing at her toes, gently prodding her. He massaged her as best he could. He didn't have any official training or anything, but he hoped he did a good job nonetheless.

"Now suck on my big toe," she said.

"What?"

"Suck on my big toe," she said again, savoring that look of disbelief on his face. "You belong to me. That includes your mouth. I want to see you use it. I want to feel your lips on me."

Some of the color drained away from his cheeks, yet Michael obeyed nonetheless. Still holding her ankle and foot aloft, he leaned downward and wrapped his lips around her big toe. He started to suck on it gently.

"Don't forget to use your tongue," she said.

Obediently, he slid his tongue along the curves of her toe, just the way she wanted. He continued to suck, his lips clamped down against that digit.

"Now lick the arch of my foot," she commanded. Much of the pleasure came from those physical sensations. Much more originated in the simple fact that she could order him about. Like a well-made toy or a well-trained slave, her sissy licked the arch of her foot. He didn't pull back or rebel. He didn't try to say something about how he couldn't do it.

"Very nice. Now, I want you to kiss my body wherever you like."

That sounded like a great boon, but Michael immediately recognized it for the trap that it was. He couldn't just take whatever he wanted. No, if he wanted to get out of his chastity cage, then he needed to satisfy her, to please her. He needed to work her up into a frenzy so that she would hunger for the feel of his member plunging down between her legs.

He could do it.

Michael held onto that simple confidence as he started to kiss her. He used his fingers as well, brushing his hands along her calves and up toward her thighs even as he kissed her legs. He had to balance his speed. If he moved too quickly, she might feel rushed. If he went too slowly, she might get bored.

Positioning himself between her legs, he looked down at her pussy again. Hunger rampaged through his body, only he didn't ache for food. He wanted her. He wanted to feel his cock slide into her. He wanted to be on top, to claim her. He needed to surrender to every single one of those instincts.

But he held them back like a good slave.

A good slave.

Michael shook his head slightly as he tried to dislodge those thoughts. And yet, they started to feel more and more realistic, like they just fit him.

Somehow, this girl could snap her fingers and issue an order, and he would scramble to obey. Obedience had somehow become a positive attribute, something he should aspire toward.

Michael didn't know how to resist or break her hold. Worse, he wasn't even sure if he wanted to. And yet, he looked down at himself for just a moment as his hands glided up toward her waist. He saw his maid uniform, a humiliating symbol of her power over him. After all, she didn't simply desire a slave. She craved a sissy, a boy she could feminize and humiliate day after day after day.

This wouldn't even be the end of it.

Michael could already see the hunger building in her eyes again. She was an artist, a fashion designer. She would come up with fresh outfits for him to wear and prance around in, all for her amusement and profit.

To distract himself, he focused on the perfect curves of her breasts. He began touching them. At first, he moved tentatively, worried that she might be offended. After all, this felt so good. He loved the firmness, the heat radiating from her skin. Then, he timidly began to stroke her nipples. His thumbs lightly grazed over her tips, and she started to moan with pleasure. "Oh, that's nice," she said, her eyes closed as he worshiped her with his hands.

With one palm still gently teasing her left nipple, he stretched down and began to kiss the right one. He opened his mouth and pressed his lips against the sides. But he flicked out with his tongue, all the while hoping that she would enjoy this. Another satisfied purr reverberated through her chest.

He sucked gently on her nipple, grateful for the opportunity. But at the same time, he could feel his own desires pounding against his psyche. With each moment, he craved her attention. He wanted out of his cage! He needed out so badly!

Jasmine began to wiggle underneath him. She squirmed from side to side, all while he licked and sucked and massaged. But then, she reached up with a hand and placed her palm on his forehead. She pushed him back, and he retreated, unwilling to defy her wishes.

"Suck," she said, holding up two fingers.

He leaned in and wrapped his lips around those digits like a good slave. He looked at them and sucked them until they were wet with his saliva.

"Watch," she ordered.

She reached to down and began to masturbate right there in front of him. Her fingers grazed along her opening. In moments, she pressed down, sliding her fingers into her crevice. She teased herself. All the while, he could watch. This felt like a privilege.

Sure enough, she told him, "No one has ever gotten to see me do this before. Are you a lucky sissy?"

He nodded his head eagerly down and up again. Yes! He was so lucky. More than that, he was grateful for the privilege.

"Thank you, Mistress," he said, whispering those words, almost as though he feared raising his voice, which might somehow ruin the moment.

She closed her eyes as she enjoyed herself. But for once, Jasmine had no interest in losing herself to fantasy. As she teased her most sensitive spots, she opened her eyes again. "Look at me," she said. "Don't look away."

And with that command, she seized control of his psyche. She watched the expression on his face, his lips curved and fraught with desperation. Oh, this boy wanted it so badly.

It was a pity that she intended to shatter his hopes and desires.

"That's right. You know that I own you. You know that I can take you whenever I want. Isn't that right?"

"Yes, Mistress," he replied dutifully.

She continued to stroke herself until she couldn't help it. The orgasm raced through her body, and a dose of pleasure danced along every inch of her flesh. She panted, she gasped, and she let out a quick moan. But almost immediately, Jasmine recovered. She smiled up at him and held out her fingertips again.

This time, Jasmine didn't need to issue the command. He simply leaned forward and licked her fingertips clean.

"Very good," she said.

He felt foolish for it, yet her praise still made him warm with satisfaction. Of course, that impulse was only a sliver compared to the arousal already pounding through his body.

"Come here," she said, sliding her hand up toward the nape of his neck. Her fingers latched on, and she pulled him close. She started to kiss him, to make out with him. Not only that, she may have been naked, but she rolled him onto his back.

Was this it? Was she finally going to unlock him? To make matters worse, he felt the light tap of the key as it pressed into his chest.

Braced on top of her sissy, she made out with him. She pinned his hands to the bed as she kissed him, her tongue aggressive, her lips firm against his mouth. Yes, she thought. This was amazing.

Then he did something she didn't expect.

Michael tried to roll her back down so that he could be on top.

"What are you doing?" Jasmine asked without any hint of offense in her voice.

"I, I don't know," he said, looking sheepish.

A wicked smirk dashed her lips. "If you're so eager to continue, then go down on me."

He gave a quick nod of his head. She rolled onto her back and spread her legs. Like a good slave, he pressed

his cheeks between her legs. Opening his mouth, he started to lick, sliding his tongue over her wet crevice. He worshiped her pussy, licking, kissing, moving his tongue in quick, eager patterns.

He served her, worshiping her body, just as she would have expected. She could feel the brush from the tip of his nose even as his tongue continued to work.

"Faster!" She said. She had her hand on the back of his head, a guiding weight, making sure that he set a good rhythm for her satisfaction.

His neck started to ache, and his tongue was getting tired, but Michael didn't dare complain or even slow down. He couldn't. He would do this for as long as she wanted. He would give her everything she craved!

"That's right. Keep going. Keep going. Yes. Yes!" Her voice started to rise, getting louder and louder until she screamed out with pleasure.

She panted, gasping.

Michael realized that this might be his best opportunity. Bowing his head down, his form timid and properly servile, he asked, "May we have sex now?"

Jasmine answered him with laughter. Those beautiful sounds reverberated through the bedroom, going on and on. They echoed against the walls even as they stabbed into him.

"What you think we just did?" Jasmine asked.

Clearly, Michael didn't understand. When he raised his head, his expression was locked with confusion. They didn't have sex. He just gone down on her...

"That was sex. That was as close to sex as you can get," she said.

"But no." He started to shake his head, his eyes wet with dismay.

She pulled herself up onto her knees. She towered above him now, especially because he slumped forward. She grabbed his cheeks, holding them tight between the palms of her hands. "Christie, you're a sissy slave. You don't get to use your cock anymore. You get to use your hands and your tongue. That's what sex is going to be for you from now on."

"But, but I don't think I can take it!"

"Of course, you can. And here. I'm going to help you."

"What you want me to do?" Michael asked, like couldn't think for himself anymore.

"Perfect. You see, that's exactly the kind of attitude you should use with the all the time." She giggled just as she nudged him down onto his back. She spread his arms and his legs.

Michael should have known what was coming next, yet the coarse rubbing of rope still surprised him. She started the tie him down. There were a few seconds there where Michael could have argued or pulled his hands back. He could have tried to fight or struggle. Of course, Jasmine would have soundly defeated him in any battle of wills, but he didn't even make the attempt.

He remained there, utterly motionless as she tied him to the bed, securing both his arms and legs.

"Go ahead. Struggle. Fight as hard as you can."

"But we both know I can't get up," he said.

"That's the point," she whispered with an eager nod of her head. "I like seeing you helpless. I like watching the fight, hearing your expression, only to fade when you give up because you can't escape."

"I, I think I understand."

"That struggle."

At first, Michael barely fought the restraints. He pulled tentatively against each one. But then, something animalistic or maybe even manly reasserted itself inside of him. As she sat above him, her naked chest on display, he began to fight harder.

Then a rather cruel thought occurred to her. And of course, Jasmine embraced it when she said, "If you can free one arm or one leg, I will give you your key back."

His eyes got big as frantic desperation took a hold of him and he pulled as hard as he could. He yanked and twisted, channeling every drop of strength he possessed into his arms and legs. He thrashed and kicked about like some wild animal, yet the ropes still held him fast. Desperation couldn't make up for a primal lack of strength.

Michael was a thin guy; he had never really gone to work out. He never worried about getting huge muscles or anything, so now he wasn't strong enough to break free. He couldn't even slip one hand or foot out of those rope shackles.

"You get a few more seconds to try," she said, smirking down at him.

"Three. Two. One," she said. And when he ran out of time, Jasmine clapped her hands together. "Oh, that's too bad. But thank you for trying."

"This isn't fair!" He arched his back as he pulled against his bonds. The disappointment welled up inside of him, making it hard for this enslaved sissy to think clearly.

For a second, her expression hardened, and Michael actually flinched, thinking that he had done it. She was going to discipline him now. But then, a smile crested her lips, and she ran her fingers along the soft material of his uniform. She even pinched at the hem of his skirt, flapping it up and down, all while she glanced toward the smooth triangle of his panties between his legs.

"Do you really want me to let you out of your cage?"

"Yes. Please. I don't think I can take this any longer!"

She leaned forward, letting the key hang right in front of him. She shifted her weight from side to side, making the key sway. It held his attention. Almost as though he'd been hypnotized, he stared at that small, brass implement.

With that, he could free himself. With it, he could enjoy the freedom of an erection.

"I really enjoyed my orgasm. I'm kind of sleepy right now, so maybe I should just go take a nap. I could leave you here, Christie."

"No!" He blinked, realizing his mistake right away. "I mean, I know you can and you can do whatever you want with me, Mistress, but wouldn't you like to play with me?"

"I would like to play with you," she said.

And just like that, she slipped the necklace with her key from around her neck. Next, Jasmine pulled down his panties, exposing his chastity cage. With the key in hand, she aimed it for the small padlock. With every second, he dreaded the possibility that she might just change her mind. She didn't need to unlock him. Nothing compelled her to remove the chastity device...

Only then, he heard the click as the lock popped open. She pulled it free from the latch and she started to remove the chastity cage. As she removed the pieces one at a time, his cock hardened.

The excitement of freedom flared through his body. Then she reached down and brushed her fingertips from the base of his shaft all the way up to the tip. His member was already wet with pre-come.

"You like this, don't you?" Jasmine asked as her fingers slid up and down his member.

"Yes, Mistress. Yes, it feels so good."

She touched him and teased him, brushing the underside of his scrotum, his balls, and his shaft. At one point, she squeezed gently, wrapping her fingers around his member.

"You look so adorable when you're desperate," she said.

She pulled her hand back.

He blinked quickly, his brain unable to process the conflicting stimuli. On the one hand, he was so close to an orgasm, only now the steady rush of sensation abated, disappearing entirely. "Why? Why did you stop?"

"Because I felt like it," she said simply.

He pressed his lips together, like he didn't understand what she had just said.

"Should I touch you some more?"

"Yes, please!" She took him in her hand again. She worked her palm from the base of his cock all the way up to the tip. "If you get any of your juices on me, you're going to have to lick my hand clean."

"I, I understand," he said without really caring.

Within seconds, it felt like he was about to explode. He could feel the orgasm right there, lingering beneath the surface of his psyche. He started to buck his hips, only Jasmine could think clearly, which made it easy for her to adjust. Every time he moved his cock forward, like he thought he might be able to get off without her help, she loosened her grip or pulled her hand back.

Each and every time, he came close without crossing the threshold. He couldn't get off! He couldn't have his orgasm!

"Please, Mistress," he begged, his voice strained.

"What do you want?"

"I need an orgasm! Please, I need to come! I need it so badly!"

"What would you be willing to give me an exchange?" Jasmine asked coquettishly.

His eyes widened again, but he didn't know what to do. He couldn't possibly negotiate, not under those circumstances. His heart pounded, his breathing became ragged gasps, and he couldn't put any coherent thoughts together.

"I, I don't know!"

"It's cute when you sounded desperate," she said. "You know, you could always promise me your eternal servitude."

Eternal servitude? Coming from anyone else, those words would have sounded melodramatic and absurd. And yet, when she uttered them, they seemed completely plausible. After all, in just a couple of days, she had taken this boy and transformed him into a perfect, diligent sissy eager to serve his Mistress. In fact, she had wrapped

himself so tightly in her plans and that he had come up with that title for her. She had mastered him in every way, and now she might decide to keep him forever.

"Please!"

"What if I told you to drop out of school?"

His lips parted, but he didn't know what to say. On some level, he recognized that as a line he could not cross.

"See? You're still trying to think for yourself. That's not good," she said, teasing him as she petted his scrotum with one hand and gently squeezed his cock with the other. As he was about to climax, she pulled both hands away, robbing him of the friction, the soft touch, the sensations he needed to get off.

A desperate groan pulsed from deep within his body. "Okay! Okay! I'll do it! I'll drop out of school. I will live here full time. I will cook for you, clean for you, serve you. I will be your maid."

"Umm..." Jasmine said, touching one fingertip to the side of her cheek. "I don't think so."

What? Wasn't that what she had expected? Didn't she expect him to beg for the privilege of becoming her sissy maid?

"You're still going to go to school, Christie. Of course, I haven't decided whether or not I should let you go as a boy or like this." She waved down at him.

This time, Michael didn't need to ask what she meant or what she might have intended. It was obvious, although she still enjoyed expounding on the possibilities. "Just think about it, Christie. You could be so cute, prancing your way through campus. You could wear tight panties and short skirts. Guys would be attracted to you. They would follow you with their eyes. And of course, your hair would be done perfectly and I would put makeup on you every single day. You would be so pretty! You could be like my little sister!"

"No. Not that. Please, anything but that!"

"Anything?" asked Jasmine.

Michael didn't have any choice. He said yes.

Jasmine pulled on her clothing once again. She put on her jeans and her panties, her socks, bra and tank top. Once she was fully dressed again, she sauntered out of the bedroom. While she had put on her clothing, Michael had stood back, his hands held behind his back, his eyes downcast.

Of course, Jasmine took her time, if only because she enjoyed glancing back at him. There was something so amazing about seeing her sissy wait there like a servant, just eager to fulfill her every desire.

"Oh, look at that. There's a sink full of dishes," she said after she walked back out into the living room and toward the kitchen. "You know, I really hate doing dishes. What could I do instead?" Jasmine reached up and tapped one finger against the side of her face. Then she glanced back at her slave. "Do you have any ideas?"

"I can do the dishes for you, Mistress."

"Of course, you can. But don't forget this apron," she said, pulling it off of the back of her couch. Michael hadn't noticed it before, but now he saw the clean white with the sparkling ruffles. Yes, it contained glitter.

She lowered the apron in front of him and pulled the straps around the back of his neck. She tied them into a very pretty bow before taking the other straps from his waist and doing the same near the small of his back.

"Now you really do look like a French maid," she said, clapping her hands. Jasmine couldn't help herself. She giggled giddily.

This was so amazing! It was perfect, especially as he shuffled forward, taking one wobbly and uncertain step after another.

For his part, Michael turned on the water, and he grabbed one of the sponges. He was going to do the dishes, and Jasmine could watch for as long as she liked. He knew that he should have argued with her or fought with her, but he couldn't. Standing there in his high heels, knowing that his cock remained locked and that he wore panties, all served to make it clear that he belonged to her. He wasn't a man. He wasn't independent. He was a slave, owned.

"My name is Christie," he whispered, even as he tried to find the lie in those words.

Jasmine reached out and tapped him on the back of the head, patting him like he was nothing but a doll or a well-trained dog. Then she spun around and plopped down on the couch. She took out her phone and started playing with some of the pictures. There were so many!

There was Christie in his purple dress, another in his white dress, one where he was curtsying, another where he had his begging expression on. She loved every one of them! The excitement only roiled through her body. Then she peeked up at him. He stood by the sink, diligently working on one dish after another.

"After that, you can make me a sandwich," she called out.

"Yes, Mistress."

"Is that where you belong, in the kitchen, getting ready to make me a sandwich?" Jasmine inquired.

He recognized the taunt for what it was.

Currently, he held a glass cup. His fingers pressed to down into the smooth material. He started to worry that it might crack or shatter under the pressure of his grip. While it held firm, he forced himself to relax.

"Yes, Mistress. That's true, Mistress."

"I'm glad to hear it," she said, lifting up her phone. He saw the flash from the corner of his eye. She had just taken another picture of her slave. And why not? She loved seeing him there, working hard to please her.

Washing the dishes was mindless, which helped him focus. He cleaned one after another, setting each item out on the rack to dry. As he worked, some of his desires abated. That was a relief. After so much denial, he didn't know what else he could tolerate. Part of him really, really wanted to raise his skirt and try to get the chastity cage off once again.

But it wouldn't work.

He would fail.

Michael understood all of this, but those realities didn't stop him. They didn't help him or protect him from the inevitable. At some point, she would tease him again, stroking him, mocking him. She would leave him desperate, panting and begging for more. She would do this because it helped him break away from everything he once believed about himself.

Just a few days before all of this, Michael had really believed that he would grow into manhood, that he would be big and strong, that he would find some girl and he would take care of her.

He would be in charge.

Simply by the merits of what it meant to be a man, he would care for his girlfriend.

He never imagined that he would be a sissy slave.

Pretty soon, Michael ran out of dishes. He turned off the water and glanced around the kitchen. He started to look through the different cupboards until he found everything he required. After that, he explored her fridge. With the bread, ham, cheese, lettuce, and mayonnaise, he prepared her sandwich. He knew that this was her favorite kind.

He brought it to her along with a small bag of chips he found in one of the cupboards. He also curtsied once he laid the tray out in front of her on the coffee table.

"It's so cute when you do that," she said, picking up the sandwich with both hands. She opened her mouth and took a big bite.

"Very good,. You know, I never really enjoyed feeding myself. It's nice having you here to do that for me."

"Yes, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress."

"But you know, you should curtsy for me again."

"Why?" Michael asked.

"Because I want you to," she said simply. He exhaled slowly before dipping down. He held onto the corners of his dress, just the way she wanted.

"Good. Now, stand there like a good servant. I'll tell you when I need something else."

Just stand there. That was all he had to do, but it proved to be even more difficult than the dishes. With a simple chore, he keep his hands busy. But now, she enjoyed her sandwich and played on her phone. Occasionally, she glanced in his direction, if only to make sure that he didn't do anything she wouldn't approve of.

"Are you having fun?" Jasmine asked a few minutes later.

"No, Mistress."

"That's okay," she said. "You don't need to have fun. And why is that again?"

"Because I'm just your slave, Mistress," he said.

"That's right." She grinned at him, flashing the whites of her teeth.

His insides clenched, but he didn't contradict her.

After she took the last bite of her sandwich, she licked her fingertips. Then she glanced around the rest of the room. "I'm going to go out for a little while. While I'm gone, I want you to clean my apartment. It should be spotless by the time I come back."

"You're leaving?"

"That's what I just said."

And just like that, she grabbed her purse, her phone, and her keys. She slipped her feet into her shoes, and she disappeared out the front door, all while Michael stared after her. Part of him couldn't believe it. Part of him refused to acknowledge the truth of his situation.

But then, the sounds of the door closing dissipated into nothing, and he was left alone.

He really was a servant, a maid there to cook and clean for her.

Michael didn't know exactly what to do, but he started checking her closets. Pretty soon, he found the

cleaning supplies. He pulled out the vacuum, and he started to work.

Her apartment had to be spotless, so he tried to make a plan. He didn't know exactly how much time he had, but he decided that he needed to wash her windows, dust, vacuum, scrub the floors, and clean the countertops. He also made a point of planning the TV. He also wanted to make her bed. The more he thought about it, the more chores popped out at him.

Michael worked diligently again, putting all of his efforts into this. He was still horny, and that arousal granted an extra strength. He moved quickly and thoroughly, dusting, scrubbing, sweeping, vacuuming. All the while, he was careful to keep his uniform clean. He knew that Jasmine loved all of her designs. He couldn't risk messing anything up.

Then, before he could finish scrubbing the counters, the door opened again. He quickly glanced over at the clock built into the oven.

She had been gone for several hours.

Part of Michael couldn't believe it. How could that much time have transpired?

"Are you ready for the inspection?" She raced across the room, marching right up to him. She pinched his chin, and then she leaned in, kissing him hard. She had done this before, but there was a new energetic possessiveness in those movements.

That's when he tasted the alcohol on her breath. She had been drinking. She'd probably gone out and partied with some of her friends, but now she wanted something else.

"Come on," she said. She grabbed his hand as she started to walk around her apartment.

Jasmine started with the kitchen. Her eyes roamed along with the sparkling countertops, the empty sink, and then she picked up one of the dishes. "Not bad," she said. "Oh, by the way, if I find something that disappoints me, I'm going to have to spank you again. But don't worry. You and I are going to have sex tonight."

"Real sex? Not like before?"

"Christie, what we did before was real sex. At least, it is as real as it will ever be for a sissy like you!"

Without giving him a chance to respond, she pulled on his hand, guiding him back out of the kitchen and into the living room. She examined the TV screen, the floors, and even the couch. Luckily, he had dusted her mantle, making sure that it was clean for that moment when she slid her finger across the top.

"Not bad," she said. From there, she pulled him back into her bedroom. He had neatly folded all of her clothing, putting everything away. He made her bed, so it was right there. He hadn't known what to do with the rope restraints, so they hung from the bedposts, each one waiting like a sleeping snake.

"Not bad at all," she said. Then her hands flew up to his chest, and she shoved him down onto the bed.

She didn't stop kissing him. Her mouth ravaged his. She took what she wanted, and she would not be stopped or denied.

Little by little, she stripped out of her clothing, something that wasn't an option for the sissy slave. She loved running her fingers over the dress she had made for him. She loved everything it meant and implied. Excitement flowed through her body, and soon, she was ready for him again.

"You're going down on me," she ordered.

"Yes, Mistress," he said.

Jasmine fell back onto the mattress and spread her legs. Her damp pussy was right there, glistening with her juices. Yes, going out with her friends had been fun, especially when she saw so many cute guys at the bar. And yet, this was where she really wanted to be.

"Mistress, do you think you might let me out of the cage if I do a good job?"

Jasmine raised her head. She smirked at him. On the one hand, she was impatient for her next orgasm, but she was willing to indulge this little act of curiosity on his part.

"No," she said. "I love keeping you in chastity. This way, you are so perfectly attentive and eager to please. Why would I ever risk that by letting you out?"

Michael began to say something, only she snapped her fingers and pointed down toward her crotch. Reluctantly, he lowered himself down into position. It was even harder to move now that he had been locked into his high heels. Even so, he assumed the requisite position and leaned in, sliding his tongue over the length of her pussy.

Her nipples hardened.

Despite her nakedness, Jasmine didn't feel as though she suffered from any kind of disadvantage. Soon, his tongue slid up and down, up and down, up and down, and Jasmine savored those impulses darting between her nerves.

"You know, Christie. I had no idea how far this would go. I really didn't."

As he licked, Michael realized he needed to come up with something, some kind of strategy. If he could break her hold, then maybe she could see him as a person again. Perhaps he would be able to elevate his status in her

eyes if he said the right things.

He licked, swirling his tongue left and right, up and down, forward and back. He plunged down as much as he could, all for her satisfaction.

Her groans turned to moans, and then she screamed out. Just like that, she tightened her thighs against his cheeks, and he knew that she had climaxed. The orgasm ran through her skin, making her arch her back as she enjoyed those last flickers of his tongue against her opening.

"Mistress, may I ask a question?"

"You can ask. I don't promise to answer," she purred.

"Why do you want me as a sissy? Other girls, they wouldn't like this. They wouldn't want a boy in a dress."

Jasmine didn't answer right away. Instead, she pushed herself back up onto her hands and knees. She crawled over to him and raised her gaze. She kissed the tip of his nose, grazing his skin with her incisors.

"You haven't figured that out yet?"

"No, Mistress. I don't understand."

"It's easy. It's obvious."

"Please, tell me," he said.

"Christie, I have always wanted to have this kind of connection with someone. I've always liked the idea of having a boy ready to serve me at any moment. But when I get to dress you? You become a work of art. You belong to me in the most primal sense imaginable. That's what I want."

Uttering those words rekindled the lust in her body.

She put her hand to the back of his neck. "Bow down," she ordered. He obeyed, which meant keeping his ass up and his face down. She tied him to the bed, and then she slipped off of the mattress. He already knew what she would retrieve.

The dildo.

The double headed implement would be used on him again.

"I'm going to fuck you now, Christie. Are you a lucky sissy?"

Michael opened his mouth, and he wanted to say that he had another name, that he wasn't Christie. But then, she braced the dildo between her legs. She squirted just a little bit of lubricant onto the silicone shaft, and then she pushed forward. With her hand against his ass, she plunged down, thrusting into him hard, fast, determined.

Michael felt the invasion, that deep probe as it pushed into his most sensitive opening. He whimpered, but then he felt something else. As she pulled back and pushed forward, thrusting into him, something happened. A new sensation began to course through his body.

He was getting turned on, just like before, except this was different. It was a different kind of stimulation.

Jasmine pumped her sissy hard. She fucked him, turning him into her pretty bitch all over again.

Jasmine smacked his ass, and those sensations only added to his sensitivity. He started to whimper even as a different kind of pleasure flowed through his body. Michael didn't understand it, not until he finally spoke again. "Thank you, Mistress. Thank you for claiming me. Thank you for domesticating me. Thank you. Thank you for taking me. I'm yours. And your sissy, Mistress."

"What's your name?" Jasmine demanded.

"My name?"

She answered by smacking him again. Her hand flew down, crashing into the curve of his ass, making him whimper, making him moan, making him tell the truth.

"Christie! My name is Christie!"

It wasn't an orgasm, not exactly. There was a burst of pleasure, of satisfaction. But he didn't get to climax, and he didn't even get an erection. Instead, with his cock trapped, he could only enjoy the stimulation she gave him.

And then she was done.

Jasmine pulled back. She had already come several times, so she tossed in the dildo aside.

She rolled him over and looked down into his eyes. The fire of defiance had gone out.

Finally, the slave had learned his place.

Christie was going to be a good sissy from that point forward.

**The End**