

Made Maidently



by Claire Bear & Courtney Captisa

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Made Maidenly

By Claire Bear & Courtney Captisa

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CHAPTER ONE

Convincing

High up on the fourth floor of a rather small California apartment, Abby and her neighbor Ross are relaxing and watching television. Neither of them cares much about the dull show. The volume is low, filling the place with background noise as they chat.

“So do you have got any plans for Halloween yet Ross?” she asks bluntly, knowing full well that he probably doesn’t.

Abby is a rather loudmouth, brash girl almost 20-years-old. Sitting down on her cheap couch wearing only a tank top and jogging bottoms, her brunette hair is up in a lazy ponytail, with a few strands tucked behind her ears. Body-wise, she’s on the chubby side, with a round but still a rather cute face.

“We were supposed to play a show at The Tipsy, but the venue just got shut down last week! Some are saying their liquor license is suspended. Really sucks,” responds Ross in reference to the local indie band he plays in. He has only been in Orange County, California for about six months now but was quickly able to join a band for his dream job in the music industry, although they are still trying to get a label deal. He met Abby a few days after moving into the same apartment building that she lives in. She’s a lot of fun, but he knows they aren’t dating material and at 19-years-old he’s not too concerned about dating right now. Part of this is based on the fact that she weighs about 70lbs more than the usual girls he dates.

Being a rather skinny, average height guy at 5’8”, Ross usually goes for slim, short girls to boost his ego a little. Plus, he finds them to be hotter. His pale legs hang out of his shorts onto the carpeted floor as he looks back towards the television, though unaware of what is even going on.

“Well I got invited by a friend from my Marketing class, Zara. She’s like an heir to some super rich family or something. Has a mansion in Pear Springs and everything. We have a great time talking though she’s a bit stuck up. Anyway, she invited me and few others in the class to a huge Halloween

party at her Dad's house. Said I can bring a friend. Wanna be my guest?!" she quickly and loudly asks, barely fitting in breaths between sentences.

Ross is a little starstruck by the invitation. He has driven passed a few gated communities while in the county but has never actually been to one of the mansions. He knows this is an opportunity not to turn down. "Damn right I'll go!"

"Perfect!" says Abby while clapping her hands together. "We'll need to find you a really good costume. I'm assuming that there will be some really fancy people at Zara's house and we need to dress to impress."

Ross thinks back on his previous costumes on Halloween. He went to a community college back in Oregon last year before dropping out to pursue his music career. So there wasn't really any place to go to a college party around. He ended up just playing at a house party on Halloween for the little brother of one of his band members. This year should be much different.

"I take it I can't just wear a bed sheet as a toga then?" he asks, knowing the answer but trying his luck anyway.

"Hell no you can't. With that attitude I won't have you as my plus one! We need outfits that surprise everyone and stand out! Who knows, you could meet a music person there. It's a rich party after all..." The last part intrigues him, and getting him on side with her. Even though he hates even putting on a suit and tie.

"Fine, fine. What did you have in mind? A couples' costume or something that goes together?"

"You may be my plus one, but we're not going as a couple! You know I'm trying to get David in my class, and even then I have like four fall backs of people I can go too. But no I'm thinking, since you're slim... Why not go in drag!" she says with the last part carefully but with an exclamation, trying to ease it in sneakily.

Ross laughs, "Very funny. I think I'll be a mummy with toilet paper or

something easy.”

“No, I’m serious,” says Abby touching Ross’s knee and leaning forward while still smiling slightly. “I’m sure I can make you look like a really pretty girl and it will be fun!”

“Again... What guy in their right mind would agree to something like that? Do you know how embarrassing that would be?”

“This is California honey. You are in the land of acceptance. Plus, even know like a lot of straight guys who use Halloween as an excuse to dress up like a girl.”

“Yeah, and everyone probably knows they are a guy immediately.”

Stifling a laugh she nods, “True, but like I said I’m sure I can make you more than passable, especially at night!”

“It may be night outside but inside her mansion it would be brightly lit wouldn’t it...” he replies, finding a fault in her logic.

“Well yeah... the fact is, you need me. Otherwise you don’t go. So either dress up or don’t go...” she threatens, moving in closer to him on the couch.

Looking her in the eyes he tries to gauge her sincerity, thinking about calling her bluff. “Fine, though if I look anything like a drag queen I’m out, “ he gives in, not willing to risk a party that sounds this good.

A huge smile crosses her face, her hands move back to his knee in excitement. “Yes! I knew you’d agree! Trust me you’ll look better than most real girls once I’m done.”

“And how are you planning on doing that, magic? How is that even possible? I’m a fucking dude,” he says, wondering if she’s had this planned.

“Only the magic of makeup! Plus, you are sooo lucky since you have a real girl who can help you.”

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Ross can't deny that Abby has intense makeup skills. She is always wearing different shades of eyeshadow and always has on perfect red lipstick.

"But my voice... walking... all of that is an issue and Halloween is next week! Seems like too much of a hassle. Why are you so into this anyway?"

"It's a long story, but I'll help you with all of that honey!" she says while raising the pitch of her voice.

"What am I even going to dress up as?"

"Good point, I don't even have a costume myself... How about we go out and look at some. There should still be tons of good stuff!" she announces as if it's not even a question.

"Ugh fine, but I'm not going to buy expensive stuff, I'm broke!" Ross replies, looking down at his mostly empty wallet in his short pocket.

"That's fine. I can work around that! Right, so it's decided. Come round here about eleven tomorrow, and we can head out!"

Nodding in agreement, Ross contemplates just what he's gotten himself into.

CHAPTER TWO

Shopping

The next day has been a true test of patience for Ross as he has endured lessons of feminization from Abby ranging from embarrassing to downright degrading. If he had known he would have had to shave his legs for this, he wouldn't have agreed on the first place but that's the first thing Abby made him do to 'feel like a girl' once he came over to her apartment. She showed him the proper way of shaving to get no nicks or razor bumps, and it was humiliating to feel his newly shaved legs in a helpless state. After his legs were complete, Abby made him shave his armpits as well. They didn't take nearly the time it took to shave his legs, but he felt a little helpless being hairless standing in his swim trunks in the shower with Abby.

After the shower and shaving ordeals he had to endure, he was placed on a seat in front of a light and where Abby proceeded to torture him further.

Plucking his eyebrows took a long and painful time, with Abby making sure they were both perfectly even. Ross protested a little at first, but after several reassurances that she was just trimming, and they would grow back within a week or so, he relented.

Doing his makeup also took a fairly long time, partly due to her stopping every so often to explain what she was doing and why, and partly because she was using everything she had. Foundation, eyeliner, eyeshadow, mascara, lipstick, lipliner, blush, bronzer... everything! Much to the chagrin of Ross.

Since Ross already has some long musician hair with some man-bun action going on there, Abby thought it would be best if he just goes like that without a wig. She did however, curl his hair a little and brushed it properly which resulted in flowly, shoulder length light brown hair. In his reflection, he could see himself changing into a somewhat cute girl unfortunately.

Abby had even gone to a store earlier just to buy him some cheap street clothes since none of her clothes will fit him. He had never even heard of a waist clincher before and the purple VS PINK panties are way too tight on

him. He has on a matching bra with 32B cup breasts thanks to the breast forms that Abby said she would return after Halloween night. Having Abby put on his bra for him and act like he was a younger sister getting her first training bra lesson made his dick shrivel in fear.

Although Ross loves looking at them on girls, wearing yoga pants is a different story. He admits he can see why girls wear them all the time since the material is very soft and comfortable, but he also knows the same yoga pants are hugging his ass in the same way they do other teenage girls. The ones she found for him also have a pink band going across the waist.

His blouse is magenta and shows just enough cleavage to help with the feminine illusion. He finds it ridiculous that he can't just wear a normal T-shirt, but for what Abby has in mind this should be the least of his worries.

Throwing him a pair of her fuzzy lavender socks and a fairly new pair of pink Chucks, his outfit is complete, and thus he finds himself here. He walks awkwardly a little behind the fast marching Abby, away from the parked car and towards the set of small shops in the galleria.

Ross nervously walks in with Abby, reaching their designation of Maggie's Costume Shoppe. His palms are sweaty from thinking about entering the store and then proceeding to have to try on various female outfits. He figures it may be safe just to stay with some unisex costumes and then maybe add like a feather to his hair or something. His head lays low and his face still looks down in case anyone stares at him. Abby excitedly looks around at the racks of clothes. "Stop trailing behind. Come on, we have to get the perfect outfits!"

In contrast, Abby has been smiling the entire time and can't shut up about how excited she is that she's going to be able to give a male friend a makeover for once in her life. Although she is studying Marketing at the University of Orange County, she has always had a passion for cosmetology and has thought about getting her license in it as well.

"Would you lower your voice? I don't want any more attention than what we need!" Ross complains, shuffling shyly towards her side.

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“Oh calm down Ross, it’s not as if someone’s going to find out and scream!” Abby teases, looking through the racks.

“Well, I’d rather not test that. And don’t call me Ross so loudly!”

“Then what do you want me to call you? Sissy?”

“That’s fine. Sounds like a nickname...”

Abby smiles that her feminized friend is finally starting to accept some moral signs of sissification. “This is going to be so much fun. You should totally do this up and show off your sexy legs!” Abby passes him a costume of a cheerleader. The back of the skirt curves up, knowing he will have to show a lot of butt in order to pull it off.

“You are out of your mind. I thought you said this is an upscale party?”

“It is, but I’m sure they dress sexy for Halloween too!”

Looking down at the cheerleader costume, he scoffs at the idea of squeezing himself into something so ridiculous and shakes his head.

“Right, try that on while I look for other stuff. We might as well see if that fits, then base your size off that!” she announces, leaving little space for argument. Not that he could cause a fuss, since creating a scene is the last thing on his mind.

Snatching the outfit rudely, he storms past her and into the changing rooms in the back. Thankfully they’re sparse, and he can’t see anyone as he picks a room, closing the door behind him.

Placing the outfit down, he is fuming studying the details of it. A flimsy two-piece thing in bright yellow and purple meant for a girl isn’t an ideal costume in his mind. The top looks little more than a bikini top with a full back with a tied detail at the front, making it look a little Dukes of Hazard. Well, the girl from that show anyway.

The bottoms are even worse, however, basically a skirted bikini with a little extra material, with a long, small satin bow at the back that would beg people to stare at the wearer's butt. Abby can't be serious about him wearing this ridiculous outfit more appropriate for a stripper.

"Let me see you!" Abby says as she walks in the changing room that is somehow unlocked.

"NO!" Sissy screams but knows it is too late.

Abby puts her hands over her mouth and can't stop herself from laughing.

"See! I told you!" says Sissy.

"Yeah... That's a LOT OF butt showing. Someone may get lucky and even see your penis."

"That's what I DEFINITELY do not want!"

"Then come back and let's find you something else!"

After two hours of looking around, the 'girls' have finally decided on their outfits. Abby complained a lot because many of the costumes on the racks and the shelves didn't come in her size, but luckily she found a nice Marie Antoinette outfit.

It is a large light blue ball gown that shows off part of her legs. Although Abby is a bigger girl, she is proud of her body and likes to showcase her assets. The dress is huge since it is an eighteenth-century replica of French royalty. She thinks it's going to be fun to have long curly huge hair and white gloves that are elbow-length that night. Fits with the idea of going to a Halloween party at a mansion.

Since Sissy has been very picky about what he tries on after the embarrassing

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cheerleader moment, he has only tried on three other costumes that included a sexy nurse, dead prom queen, and a Taylor Swift costume. That's when Abby came up with a brilliant idea.

"I saw it earlier here but didn't want to say anything because it shows ALMOST as much skin as the cheerleading uniform that seemed to scar you for life. But I think you may like this one, and it will go so well with my costume!"

"I thought you said we couldn't do costumes for couples?"

"WE AREN'T A COUPLE!" says Abby.

"Okay, okay fine what did you mean then?" he apologizes.

"Marie Antoinette was French so...." Pulling out from the rack with a little a-ha noise, she shows the black and white outfit off.

"A French maid outfit?!"

Looking at it held up, it seems to have a lot more fabric, especially compared to some of the other outfits, so he actually finds himself nodding a little bit. "Hmm that does make sense. It doesn't look as bad as the others I guess." Which is his equivalent to a girl saying it's the one over a wedding or prom dress.

"I knew we'd find one for you. Now here, go try it on and I'll get a few accessories for it too!" she mentions while hurrying off to a different part of the store.

He didn't like the sound of other accessories, but he shrugs it off hoping at most, it will be a cap or apron. Sissy heads back into the small changing room looking at himself once again in the mirror with a sigh.

Stripping down to his bra and panties again, Sissy slides on the French maid outfit that is basically a dress. If there's anything to help you lose any form of masculinity, it's the feeling of having to put your arms up to have a soft,

delicate dress fall onto your feminine figure.

The skirt of the dress has a fancy white lace pattern and goes up about seven inches above his knee. Luckily with this costume, it doesn't show nearly enough ass as that slutty cheerleading costume did. However, he will have a lot of leg on display and especially thanks to the fact that the costume comes with black fishnet stockings. The waist of the dress hugs his body tightly which is why the waist clincher probably isn't a bad idea after all. The bodice of the dress shows off a lot of cleavage and even though his breasts aren't big, they look a little more accented wearing this dress. Shoulders of the dress bulk up, giving his body an even more feminized appearance and there is also a choker of white lace that must grace his neck along with a white headband that he's not exactly sure how to put on.

Leaving the choker and the headband to the side, he picks up the black fishnet stockings and feels the unfamiliar material between his fingers. Figuring he can get away with not using the other stuff but she will notice the stockings were missing, he set about slipping them on.

At first he tries sitting down and just putting them on like socks but after the first took an age to get up his left leg a little he tries bunching up the second and finds it is much, much easier. Standing back up, he pulls them the rest of the way up and around his thighs trying to make it so you can't see the tops of them as best he can.

Jumping a little like a flustered girl in a horror movie at the sudden knock at the door, he opens it to see a hand pop through holding a random assortment of things, a familiar voice following it. "Here I got all these things that should help with the outfit. I only want to see it when it's ALL on, so don't think about leaving anything off!" Abruptly, the door is closed again.

Laying everything down, he looks at what she had handed him, a pair of white and mainly black pump heels, a small white frilly thing that looks like a skirt made of thin white material, a pair of matching white lace gloves that will end at the wrist, and finally a little rather cheap and fake looking feather duster.

Sissy is surprised Abby didn't come fully in the room this time to see how it looks on him. In the mirror, he has to admit he looks very much like a girl who should be having a lot of fun on Halloween. Everything about his body now is feminized. He truly feels like a sissy with his panties wearing this girly outfit.

He tries on the black pumps heels that will add about three inches to his 5'8" height. They are really tight on his bare feet, and he stumbles a little just to stand in them. It's for sure that if Abby gave these to him, that she will train him how to walk in them.

"Come out!" demands Abby.

"Why can't you just come in here?"

"Cause..." says Abby.

After a few seconds of debating, Sissy exits the changing room in full outfit with accessories. As soon as he comes out, Abby snaps some photos of him.

"Oh god! Delete that!"

"Nope, sorry."

"Come on!" he says, trying to keep his balance in the heels.

"Looks like Sissy will need a little more practice walking in heels," Abby teases, taking one last picture before putting her phone back in her purse.

"How does anyone walk in these?! They're impossible!" Sissy complains, teetering from side to side.

"Oh please they're not even that high. Besides, practice makes perfect. I know we'll have you wear them out of the store and back home, not long left until the big night after all."

Knowing better than to argue with her, Sissy just lets out a sigh as he does the

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twirl she motions for before striking a pose. This is going to be some party...

CHAPTER THREE

Party Time

On the night of Halloween, the ‘girls’ walk up to the mansion in the gated community after parking their car a nearby public street. Sissy finds the giant gate to the residence to be very intimidating, especially since he is fully dressed as a girl.

For the past few days, Abby has been spending a lot of time with him working on his voice, mannerisms, and look. He thinks it has all been a waste of time considering he’s never cross-dressing again after tonight but is also happy he has some sort of safety net to ensure no one will out him as being a boy. Considering this neighborhood seems to be full of powerful people, who knows what could happen.

Two men in suits stand at the entrance as Sissy tip-toes his way with Abby to the residence.

“How can we be of service ladies?” says one of the guards with a straight face.

“Hi! We are here for the Plantman party. I’m good friends with Zara,” says Abby with a curtsy in her giant French ball gown.

The guard keeps a straight face and asks, “Names please...”

“Abby Hoffman and Sissy Baker.”

He looks up from his clipboard, “... Sissy...?”

“It’s my nickname...” says Sissy in a quiet voice.

The guard shakes his head and looks back down at his clipboard, then hits an access code for the gate to open.

“Enjoy ladies...”

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Once out of hearing distance, Abby leans to Sissy and grabs his shoulder, “I’m so glad he didn’t ask for I.D.”

Sissy doesn’t understand what she meant at first but remembers quickly that in his clutch, is his male I.D showing his real image with the name Ross Baker, as well as a few other things Abby threw in there at the last second. “This place really is huge! The driveway is bigger than my parents’ house!” Sissy announces, looking up at the brightly lit mansion still a little walk away.

A few fancy cars are parked up along the way, all with tinted windows. A large fountain lit up orange greets them just before the large doors that are open for the party.

“Yeah no kidding, I knew she was rich but damn...” Even Abby is a little amazed at the party they’ve been invited to.

Stepping into the mansion, they are greeted by a well-dressed man in formal wear, but with the face mask of a wolf. Clearly one of the staff members since he is holding up a tray with several glasses on it. “Welcome ladies. If you care to take a drink, then you can head right and into the main parlor.”

Both ‘girls’ take a glass and smile. Sissy is still extremely nervous and can’t believe he’s standing there in a short skirt. Part of him wonderings if he’ll have any fun tonight or will he just keep worrying about things. He takes a swig on the sparkling water to calm his nerves a little.

“This place is so cool. It looks like there are a good amount of people here that are our age as well,” says Abby spotting the room for anyone else she knows. Most guests are dressed in expensive Halloween costumes. Some girls are dressed a little sluttier than Sissy is right now, although he isn’t complaining.

Abby and Sissy walk through a few other rooms admiring the artwork and vast grandness of the house. There seem to be a few dozen people in each room which makes them think a few hundred people are showing up to this

event. Abby is trying to spot Zara but still doesn't see anyone she knows.

“That girl has no ass, but is still fuckable,” says some guy dressed as Macklemore admiring Sissy.

“She has a hot face, but no curves. Although if you are really into that, you could try to get with her fat ass friend,” says some black guy standing next to him dressed as Blade.

“Nah, I ain't down for that, you?”

“Hard to see her booty in that big ass dress.”

Hurrying along even faster now, even in the heels, Sissy isn't used to being ogled not least by guys, and since he has zero interest in them, he doesn't want to stick around until they get the confidence to chat with him.

All the practice that Abby insisted on is paying off. Strolling smoothly over the marble floor in his heels, Sissy looks over at a grand piano in the corner of the large room. The man sitting behind it playing is wearing a similar outfit to the one at the door and Sissy wonders just how much staff they hired for this thing. Do they work here full-time?

Finally, Abby, after strolling through a few rooms, spots a familiar face and calls out waving. Lexi is a friend from her class just like Zara; Sissy finds out as they share a slight hug and compliment each others' outfits.

“So who's your plus one? I don't think I've seen her on campus!” Lexi says rather loudly, clearly already a little tipsy. Taking full advantage of the free, fancy champagne since apparently staff isn't asking for I.D.

The girl is a pretty brunette with a girl-next-door face and is dressed up as a cat with whiskers made in makeup.

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Abby smiles, “This is Sissy. We live in the same apartment complex together.”

“Oh that’s so cool! Nice to meet you Sissy, I’m Lexi!”

Sissy is having a hard time containing himself. This girl is really hot and seems very nice. If he weren’t wearing a French maid dress with his penis tucked, breast forms glued, and legs shaved, he would be all over her. For now though, he has to keep his story and speaks up in his newly feminized voice, “Nice to meet you as well Lexi. How do you know Abby?”

“We are in the same Marketing class with Zara. You know for being in the position she is, Zara is super cool and nice! Have you met her yet?”

“No...” says Sissy.

“I haven’t seen her at all tonight,” says Abby.

“Yeah, me either and I got here like 30 minutes ago,” says Lexi.

“That’s strange... but I’m sure she’s around here somewhere. Was kind of weird showing up to a party and getting greeted by security guards. I’m used to showing up and one of the hosts will come to the door,” says Abby.

Lexi smiles, “I know right? I did meet Zara’s dad, Mr. Plantman, though. He’s a little intimidating but really nice and it’s so cool to meet a guy with a few million dollars!”

“Oh, true. Maybe we could meet him and become his secret mistress haha. Wouldn’t mind a sugar daddy with that much money, right Sissy?” Abby teases, taking a small sip of her drink, looking for a response.

“Uhh yeah sure,” Sissy replies, far too preoccupied looking away across the staircase. Staring at in his eyes, one of the hottest girls he’s seen so far at the party.

CHAPTER FOUR

Meeting the Family

Walking over with Abby by his side, he's a little nervous, partly cause he gets that way when talking with girls and partly since he's wearing a maid's costume.

Her costume, however, is an elegant looking mostly pink floor-length ball gown, not too dissimilar to Abby's. With a little corset design on the back, to give the bodice more effect, he sees the large black and white bow on the front of her chest. The off-shoulder white ruffle designs show off her neck that is adorned with a very expensive looking necklace glimmering in the light.

"Zara, Zara!" Abby calls out, her loud mouth apparently not stopping even at fancy parties. Finishing her conversation with the large, portly gentleman she was engaging, she turns to Sissy and Abby smiling.

"Abby! Great to see you made it," Her soft, soothing voice replies as she hugs her. The sound of Zara is a pleasant contrast to Abby's voice.

"Yeah, it was a little problematic but we got there in the end, haha," Abby replies in a proper formal greeting, both of their dresses getting bunched up due to the size.

"I'm glad to hear it. Have you been here long? I was hoping to meet you right when you arrived! Who is your cute friend?"

"This is Sissy. Haven't been here too long, so it's fine. I love your costume... What is it?" Abby asks, stepping back and admiring it.

"Oh, that's right, you don't watch Anime. It's from one of those. It's technically a boy's dress since, in the episode, a trap wears it, haha!" Zara blushes a little but clearly enjoying talking about a favorite subject.

"What's a trap?" asks Sissy.

Abby turns to her friend, “It’s an attractive girl who is really a boy! You know, so he can trap other guys into thinking he’s a girl! Kind of like what Sissy is.”

There isn’t a shade to describe the red that Sissy’s face turns. The mixture of embarrassment, humiliation, and betrayal all hit him at once as he can’t believe Abby opened her big mouth and admitted to Zara that he is really a boy while standing in front of this hot girl wearing this ridiculous outfit.

In Sissy’s mind, he debates on what to do. He can automatically just ask her why the fuck she just did that. Another option is to walk out of the house. Or, he can just shrug the whole thing off and act like it’s a joke and actually say he’s a real girl. In seconds, he sees Zara’s reaction as she surprises him... by smiling.

Zara comes closer to Sissy and gives him a really big hug as she sways from side to side. “You look SO pretty. This is really cute!”

“Thanks, I guess,” says Sissy.

Abby tries to impress Zara as well, “I’ve been helping him practice. He’s getting so good at feminizing himself.”

“Can you both maybe... speak a little lower...? I don’t want anyone else to know!” asks Sissy.

“Oh relax Sissy, looking like you do I’m pretty sure we could tell everyone and they either wouldn’t mind or wouldn’t believe it!” Abby reassures him casually, emptying her glass before getting handed another one quickly by the wait staff.

Even though Abby spoke last, Zara remains close to Sissy, still looking straight at him looking at every detail of his outfit. “I almost can’t believe it, haha. You make a stunning girl!”

Blushing even more now thanks to the compliments and intense stares Sissy

tries to deflect the subject off of him, “So Zara, what accent is that? British?”

“Oh, no it’s Australian. I grew up there since my mum’s Australian and my dad has been involved in international banking for years because of our family. We moved here when I was 12. But I want to talk about you! So is this your first time dressing as a girl?” Zara asks her with excitement clear as day, all attention focused on Sissy.

“Y... Yeah, it was all Abby’s idea. I’d never have done it otherwise...”

Zara’s eyes widen, “Oh wow, that’s impressive. You did great work Abby!”

Abby smiles, “I try my best! Every girl should feel lucky enough to have a guy friend who would do this!”

Zara asks, “What made you want to decide to be a maid?”

“The other outfit I tried on at the store... I don’t think I would have been allowed in by your security guards because it was so revealing!”

Abby says, “Or they would have really liked it since you would have given them a great view!”

Zara asks, “What was it?”

Sissy says, “This ridiculously slutty cheerleading uniform that showed pretty much all of my butt!”

Zara starts to think about Sissy’s penis and if it is, in fact, very small. She is also having a hard time believing that this is his first time cross-dressing even with help from a female friend. Especially considering it’s only been in the last few days.

“Well, I’m glad you went with a maid’s uniform. It looks amazing. Are those breast forms?” she asks curiously, looking at his chest and even moving her hand towards them.

Taking a step back and blushing he nods. his hair flipping around a little.
“Yeah they are glued on thanks to Abby...” he says with a little bit of anger seeping into his tone as he glances at Abby.

“That’s cute. Especially since that’s not a wig, and you have long hair!”

“I’m a musician.”

“I have to get around and greet everyone, cons of being the host I suppose...”
Zara says looking around at the large crowds of people, her glass full and untouched in hand.

“Yeah I figured as much, I was going to go back and look at some of the art you said you have around the house and look at this garden you’ve talked about! I’ll go with Lexi, I think since she’s here alone,” Abby says looking back over at her shoulder to try and Spot Lexi.

Taking that as a hint and cue, Sissy motions to go with Abby, turning his side on Zara. Though before he knows it his lace gloved hand is being held, and he’s dragged away by the hostess. Zara says, “Just cause I have to greet everyone, doesn’t mean I have to do it alone. I don’t want you out of my sight!”

CHAPTER FIVE

Meets Daddy

Sissy spends the next hour or so being dragged around by Zara as if he is a life-size, realistic doll. Blushing each time she introduced him to new people as “Sissy,” thankfully though she kept back the male part letting them think it was a nickname. Sissy can’t help but think that it all might have been worth it, however, getting this much positive attention from such an attractive woman is not something he is used to.

She constantly is pulling him in by the waist, so they stand side by side, complimenting him non-stop on his looks and outfit. Eventually, he gets a little more at ease with the situation and even finds himself enjoying the evening, up until he is introduced to one particular person.

Sissy stands straight with his chin up, and palms are sweating as he sees Zara’s dad, Mr. James Plantman. He is a man in his early-50’s but looks a few years younger due to his immaculate hair style and facial complexion. Although it is Halloween, he isn’t dressed to the nines like everyone else and is instead, wearing a vintage suit from the 1800’s with a cane and white gloves. He is conversing with a few other men his age while sipping on Johnny Walker on the rocks while eye-balling the rest of the room as Zara and Sissy approach him.

Zara walks over to her father with a smile, “Daddy, I want you to meet my new friend, Sissy!”

Mr. Plantman smiles and extends his hand for a shake, “Pleasure to meet you Miss.”

“You as well sir,” says Sissy, still nervous about the situation.

“Sissy plays in a band in town! She came down here from Oregon recently.”

Sissy freezes for a moment and wonders why Zara just referred to him as a SHE... despite what he is wearing.

“A band? Do you attend school as well?” Mr. Plantman asks bluntly, clearly not impressed.

“Umm no, just do the band...” Sissy replies, looking down a little nervously feeling like he’s being interrogated.

“Doesn’t she look amazing though Daddy?! She’s adorable!” Zara continues unfazed by her father’s rather cold tone, instead enjoying Sissy’s nervous blushing.

“She is rather fetching, and you seem to have hit it off...” he replies studying Sissy from head to toe with a critical eye.

Just as Zara is about to talk again, with her hands on Sissy’s skirt, making it twirl a little, her Father does an obvious fake cough. “I hear you haven’t greeted a few of the most renowned guests. Clearly you want to spend more time with Sissy, but do make sure not to neglect everyone else...”

“Oh, don’t worry. I’ve been introducing her to everyone and walking around a lot. Trying to get around to everyone, especially since it took forever to get this costume on tonight!”

Mr. Plantman is still wondering why his daughter is showing such a high interest in this young lady. He has not seen her this excited about having a new friend since she was in early high school. Based on these facts, he decides to interrogate Sissy a little further.

He takes another sip of his drink and then looks Sissy directly in the eyes, “Considering it wasn’t at college, how did you two meet? I don’t think Zara has been to any concert shows lately.”

Zara smiles and jumps a little, “Oh, we just met tonight! I invited my friend Abby and Lexi from Marketing class and Abby brought Sissy because they live in same apartment building together. Abby and Lexi are around here somewhere so I’ll introduce you to them as well at some point tonight. The night is still young you know?”

“Yes it is dear... I believe I met Lexi earlier tonight. Your friends always intrigue me.” Mr. Plantman is also a little suspicious of Sissy’s costume since it is much more provocative than some of the other girls in attendance. He pulls one of his famous moves that Zara knows all too well.

“Zara, can you please find your mother... I would like to have a few words with Sassy.”

“Her name is Sissy!”

“That’s what I meant.”

“Yes! I’ll be right back!” says Zara grabbing Sissy’s arm with both of her hands, bending down, and then leaving.

This is one of Mr. Plantman’s famous moves that Zara is all-too-used-to. Whenever Zara introduces him to a new friend that he thinks she will become close with, he always asks to be alone with them for a few moments to get to know them on a more personal level.

Watching her as she leaves him, this time Sissy is a little frightened. Firstly cause of the glare he’s getting from Mr. Plantman and secondly because it’s the first time he’s been alone while cross-dressed.

“So Sissy, my daughter seems quite enamored with you. Are you aware of the reason?” he asks, taking a small sip from his glass, the ice making a slight clanging noise.

“Umm, well I think it’s because she seems to like anime?” Sissy guesses due to her costume and the way she’s been acting.

“Ahh, those cartoons. I’ve been trying to stop her from watching. So you watch them and are dressed like a character?” he asks, confident that he’s stumbled upon the reason.

“No actually, I’ve never really been into it and this is just an ordinary maid

costume...” he stutters out, desperate for Abby or Zara to return to him.

A short silence follows as Mr. Plantman takes another sip from his glass, adjusting the old fashioned moustache above his lips, unsure if it is a part of the costume or his normal facial hair.

“It’s a well-made costume, although a bit sensuous. I realize how you young girls are though, and it’s great that you are expressing the nature of your beautiful.”

Mr. Plantman’s last statement makes Sissy think that he may be sweet after all, although he knows he should probably not be thinking of guys being sweet to begin with. Although given the current situation, it’s difficult not to.

“Thank You Mr. Plantman!” Sissy says as he smiles.

“Sissy... it’s a very unique name. Is it your real one or a nickname?”

He pauses to think of a lie, “It’s what my close friends call me.”

“I didn’t know if it was a stage name or something of that nature. Are you able to create a sustainable amount from club gigs and merchandising to live in Orange County? Do you have another job?”

In reality, in addition to playing in his band, Sissy works as a bar-back at a local restaurant but to avoid further questioning, he lies to Mr. Plantman.

“We play almost every weekend, but I just quit my job at Victoria Secret.” The lingerie store is the first place Sissy thought of when thinking of a female clothing store that he could fib about.

“Are you looking for another job currently?”

“If the right job comes along I guess I’d think about it. Gigs are mostly at night on weekends after all...” Sissy answers, this time a little more honestly.

“Great, then I’d like to offer you one,” he says plainly not beating around the

bush.

“... A job?!” Sissy yelps out a little in surprise.

“Yes, a job here at the house. I’ve been meaning to get Zara a new assistant of sorts. Someone to look after all her needs and she seems very fond of you.”

“Thank you, but I don’t think I can accept that. Sorry.” Even though the idea of being with Zara for long periods of time doesn’t sound bad, the fact Mr. Plantman thinks he’s a girl means he can’t accept.

Sissy is surprised to see a rare flash of emotion from Mr. Plantman, a scowl not unlike a child being told they can’t have something. “You, of course, will be well paid. As you can tell, we’re a wealthy family...”

Sighing a little, not believing his bad luck of well-paying job to help out a pretty girl that he has to turn down. “Even still, my answer will have to remain the same...”

Mr. Plantman is very surprised that the young lady has turned down his generous offer. He’s not the type of person that is used to hearing the word ‘no’ and wonders what her reasoning is.

“How was your commute getting here tonight?”

“Ugh, one thing I’m really taking a while to get used to down here is the traffic. We spent probably 30 minutes stuck in traffic on the freeway and then finding parking on the street then walking up the hill.”

“Okay, because most assistants on our property have their own living quarters...”

“You mean they live rent free?”

“It’s part of the package, yes,” he responds, taking another drink.

Sissy catches himself for a moment, realizes he is actually second guessing his decision. Suddenly, the realization that he has a penis comes back to mind and could no way pull off living here as a girl.

“I just can’t...” says Sissy. “Maybe things will change the more I get to know Zara. We did just met a few hours ago, you know?”

Seemingly ignoring the last part of what Sissy said and focusing on the negativity, he blinks a few times regaining his composure. “Food would be paid for and prepared by our live-in chef. You’d eat the same high-class meals as Zara.” He offers more to the deal; clearly he’s someone that doesn’t understand not getting something.

“As lovely as that sounds, and it really does, I’m still going to have to say no. For ummm, personal reasons,” Sissy says, hoping that would be the end of it and he could escape.

“What personal reasons? Perhaps I can help or work around them...?” he asks, still pushing him into taking the job.

A little flustered that he would ask such a question, Sissy tries his best to come up with the perfect excuse. Though thinking on the spot has never been his strong point, so he’s left with nothing teetering awkwardly from side to side in his shiny heels.

Like a miracle before he’s asked again, a familiar hand is placed on his bare arm, “Didn’t give her too much of interrogation I hope, did you Daddy?” Zara asks, changing the mood drastically.

“We spent some time discussing a few issues honey. Your friend seems like a nice girl with big dreams...” Mr. Plantman says in his classic sweet, but condescending nature.

“Great!” says Zara.

“Maybe we should find Abby and Lexi?” asks Sissy.

“I went in like four rooms and didn’t see them, but maybe they are outside somewhere.”

Mr. Plantman halts their exit for a moment, “Is there something else you want to tell me Zara...”

“Not at the moment!” she says.

“Something important I mean...”

“No...” she says, mood dropping slightly.

“What about you Sissy?”

Sissy stands there confused, but also really nervous.

“Just to let you know, it’s completely okay.”

Zara breaths a little out of relief, “Really?”

“Yes honey. Just to let you know I’m completely accepting of it,” he says looking at Zara and then turning his attention to Sissy.

Sissy is very nervous at this point and just wants to leave but feels confined to the situation.

“Before I say anything else, do you want to tell me Sissy?”

Sissy breaks down, “It’s all a mistake! I’m sorry Zara... I was kind of put into this situation without knowing all of the repercussions, and it wasn’t my idea to begin with!”

“It’s okay Sissy,” says Mr. Plantman. “I don’t think anyone does it by choice.”

“...What?!”

“Yes, it’s fine if you both are close friends. You didn’t have to lie to me about just meeting tonight. Zara is acting the same way around you as she has boys that she’s interested in. Zara, it’s perfectly fine that you are dating another girl right now which is why I am so confused at why you didn’t accept my offer.”

Sissy stands motionless, his eyes darting to Zara who has the same reaction. After a brief pause she starts to laugh, “No Daddy you got it all wrong, Sissy is a boy!”

Sissy about dies of embarrassment from how loudly she had announced it, several people overheard, not just Mr. Plantman. “Wait... a man. Her?” he says pointing straight to Sissy, fueling the embarrassment fire even more.

“Yes! That’s why he’s soooo cute! The perfect trap,” she says grabbing his hand happily.

Sissy, however, couldn’t be further from happy, his fishnet legs shake a little in his high heels.

After a few more long glances towards him, her father starts to chuckle, “Well, this all makes much more sense now.”

Sissy finally speaks up in his normal male voice, “It’s a long story sir...”

“Now that’s just weird...” says Mr. Plantman.

“Please go back to your girly voice Sissy. It works for you so much better,” says Zara.

“Fine...” says Sissy in his feminine persona.

Mr. Plantman admits, “I have to say, you had me fooled for a moment.”

“If we could keep this all just between us for the rest of the night... that will be ideal!” says Sissy.

“That can be arranged,” says Mr. Plantman.

Zara says, “Sissy, let me show you around some more! We have some really interesting things out back near the fountains!”

“Sounds good. Nice meeting you Mr. Plantman,”

“It’s a pleasure young lady!” says Mr. Plantman as he shakes Sissy’s hand. The extra firm grip that Mr. Plantman gives him during the handshake is a bit intimidating, especially with his sly smile.

Zara leads him by the arm towards the back hallway as Mr. Plantman gets out his cell phone to make a quick text and continues bantering with various guests.

Leading them both around the back of the house passing a good few rooms on the way, they eventually reach a glass backdoor that leads onto the grounds. Moving passed the pool, and a comment from Zara about how she’d love to see him in a bikini, they come to a larger grass area.

Hedges and flowers run the length of it in rows though Sissy can’t make out too much of it in the dark even with the night lights. Going to the middle, there’s a large fountain with a golden mermaid design at the top pouring water down. Sissy admires it a little before he feels the back of his skirt being pulled up.

“So you ARE wearing panties. I knew it!” Zara giggles out much to Sissy’s dismay. A little more chatting occurs until Zara announces she has a surprise and asks him to close his eyes and she’ll lead him to it.

Sissy is nervous and has noticed there are not too many other guests in the back area. Most are a few dozen yards away by the fire pit and are out of their view at the moment, although they can hear a light conversation and the hint of laughter in the fall air.

Once reaching their destination, Zara announces, “Open your eyes sweetie!”

Sissy does so and notices they are at the back of the fountain stream that has lead to the opening of a grotto. The landscaping is immaculate and the inside of the water is lit up in the way Sissy has only seen on reality shows showcasing expensive homes.

“This is my favorite area back here. It’s really fun to go swimming and just relax with friends. It’s always very quiet and private back here so no one can see what we are doing.”

“This is really cool,” says Sissy. He is following her lead in conversation, although, in reality, he can’t take his mind off how hot she is and what it would be like to fuck her in the water right now.

“It’s going to sound silly, but there’s something really special about you,” says Zara.

It’s rare that Sissy receives such a compliment and is flattered. He takes her hand and pull her in close, although, is put out of his element when Zara hits part of his sissy skirt with her dress.

Zara stumbles a bit in her heels due to the pull, but quickly laughs it off and gives him a sexy little smile.

Sissy leans in slightly and notices Zara closing her eyes a bit and tilting her head to the side, anticipating his warm kiss on her perfect cock-sucking lips.

Suddenly, a sharp pain hits Sissy in his ass completely ruining the moment. He feels dizzy and confused. Eyes become dilated, although he can see Zara smiling. She is not asking what is wrong which is even more confusing. He tries to keep his balance in his heels, but seconds later falls to the ground, although Zara helps him slightly with the fall to ensure he’s not completely injured. The drug of the tranquilizer dart has sedated him to the point of blacking out.

CHAPTER SIX

Training

Blinking his eyes open, Sissy is confused by his surroundings since he is not waking up in his usual small apartment bedroom with its blue walls. Instead, he's greeted by plain white walls in a room with no windows. Shaking his head clear, he hears the clicking noise of metal hitting metal. Feeling around his neck he finds out what made the noise, a slim but solid metal collar on his neck appears to be attached to the wall via a chain. Thankfully, the chain seems long enough that he can walk around the room with no problems.

Looking down at himself, he's alarmed to find a pair of breasts, panicking he grabs them but is relieved to find they're just the breast forms from the party. Then he remembers what happened: walking to the grotto, then getting a strange numb feeling and passing out. Where is he now? Still at the mansion?

Standing up starting to feel his adrenaline kick in and wake him up to an alert status, he's once again alarmed and a little embarrassed to find himself completely naked. His long smooth legs and shiny pink nails are jarring to him, but he once again shakes it off prioritizing his need to find out where he is and why.

Just as he starts to search around the barely furnished room, he hears a set of loud clang before a jumble of material shoots into the room through a hatch in what seems like a large metal door.

"Where am I?!" he screams. "Who is up there?"

With no one answering his pleas for help, he wonders if crawling through the chute can lead to his escape. There are no windows or mirrors in the room, although he does notice surveillance cameras in each corner and a small intercom speaker.

The chain around the collar of his neck is light but annoying. He tries to remove it to no avail. It's extremely difficult to even guess at what is happening without a mirror. Although completely naked, he still has his hair

partially curled from last night.

He walks over to the box that just came into the room through the chute, curious as to what the contents will be. Maybe there's something in there to help him escape, although it's unlikely when he starts to debate the situation.

Opening the box, he sees a few pieces of clothing neatly folded. The first is a white T-shirt cut in a feminine trim from Aerie. He then sees a light blue B-Cup bra, pair of yoga pants, and to his biggest fear... a few diapers.

“WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS?!” he yells.

“Your clothing has been delivered,” says an unfamiliar, robotic voice over the intercom.

“Who said that?!”

“Please follow my specific instructions.”

“Who is this?! I want out of here!” yells Sissy.

“Your cooperation is required.”

“My cooperation? Cooperate with what?!” Sissy yells out again, dropping the box of hideous contents.

“With what you are told. Now your clothing has arrived. Dress yourself.”

“Girls clothes are one thing, but there's no way I'm wearing a diaper!”

“You will wear everything provided. There is no toilet in your cell,” the voice answers as if it's rehearsed or reading from a script.

“You expect me to use them?” he questions disgusted.

“Underwear will be provided after you perform to our standards. You will be messaged again once you are dressed,” a loud crackling noise ends the

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transmission.

“You are crazy; there’s no way in hell I’m wearing this.”

“*Compliance Deviation Enabled,*” says the intercom.

Suddenly, Sissy feels the room temperature. It continues to drop causing his body temperature to become extremely cold. The room hits freezing, and his dick begins to shrivel. Seeing no way out, he grabs the diaper and frantically figures out how to put it on. He is completely embarrassed by the mermaids on the front of his crotch and how bulky the damn thing is. This is followed by putting on the soft fabric of the yoga pants. With the diaper, his ass is really on display.

One thing he does have a little experience with is wearing bras, so clasping the bra onto himself happens quickly. Once he slips on his girly T-shirt, the room temperature returns to normal with the intercom announcing, “*Stage One in progress. Regular Activity Noted.*”

“Thank God...” Sissy mutters to himself, thankful to be warm again.

“*Stage One completed, Stage Two commencing.*”

Not liking the sound of that, Sissy jumps up startled as another box is sent into the room via the chute. Curiosity is getting the best of him. He opens it up surprised to find various makeup and hair products with a small mirror. Everything a woman would need and more. The intercom is making its start up noise once again.

“*You will follow the instructions inside the box on what to use how and when. Complete each one and Stage Three will begin.*”

Rubbing his eyes for what seems like the fiftieth time, Sissy leans up on the bed, the usual clink of his metal collar reminding him of his predicament. As far as he can tell, without a clock or a window it’s been about a week maybe

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since he's been imprisoned.

A week where each day he would wake up and practice makeup and hair products non-stop, at first it was the worst thing imaginable but after a long while, his skills improved and he found it a little interesting in what he could do to his face using the various tools. Though, it was painfully tedious.

Just then out of the corner of his eye he spots something, turning his body right the way around he's shocked to see what appears to be a small bathroom added onto his white cell. A shower, sink, and toilet are in the bathroom are all that's added but he sighs out of relief.

A week of the mermaid and pink kitten diapers has been the one of the worst experiences in his life. Urinating and other activities on himself, plus having to change himself and put on a fresh one was beyond humiliating. Just then however the familiar clang of the chute makes him run over towards it. Hoping for more food since he's only been fed two small meals a day with water.

He's surprised however to find two new boxes. Opening the first, he's thankful for a few towels, though all in fluffy pink, and a few shower things like razors, strawberry shaving cream, soap, and shampoo. Even though both the soap and shampoo are scented, he doesn't care because he'll be grateful to finally take a warm shower.

While walking to the bathroom, the chain of his collar is released and goes back into the wall finally letting him explore the addition of the room. After getting out of the shower smelling fresh and girly, he opens the second with a little more excitement thanks to the first. He's disappointed to find more clothes.

Along with three pairs of various heels are skirts, blouses, and a white summer dress. Although he has no concept of time at the moment, he knows it has been at least a few days since he has dressed in male clothes and plans to sue the shit out of the person responsible for this as soon as he gets out. Unaware of the instructions, he yells out, "When can I get some more food?!" His diet of the last few days has consisted of little low-carb meals. He has

noticed he has lost a little belly fat, but it just moved to his butt and his breast forms are sticking out a bit more than usual.

Suddenly, a large TV appears from the ceiling. The video that appears on the screen is of a young teenage girl. "*Hi cuties!*" she says as she waves to the camera. "*Today, I'm going to show you how to walk in heels.*" Some corny pop song starts playing with a clip of the girl walking around her bedroom in heels.

"I've done this before..."

"It wasn't perfect..." says the intercom.

The lack of privacy in the room is getting utterly annoying as it seems all of Sissy's thoughts are public knowledge, or at least to the mysterious person behind the intercom.

Putting the heels back in the box Sissy refuses, "I've followed your rules up till now but no, you can't freeze me if I have clothes!"

The video pauses as the intercom make a few clicking noises, "*Correctional collar enabled.*" Without even getting a moment to contemplate what that means Sissy feels the collar around his neck shock him. His whole body tenses up as he falls to his knees, trying to reach for the collar but unable too. It suddenly stops, and he's allowed to catch his breathe.

"Dress now," the intercom commands menacingly.

Not eager to be shocked again knowing eventually he would have to give in, Sissy complies. Grabbing the box and placing it back on his bed, he notices some boyshort lace panties in a soft lavender color. He grabs them wincing a little.

Slipping them on he grabs a bra and easily hooks it behind his back before grabbing a pink blouse and black skater skirt. Lastly was the heels that he was angry to notice all had heels larger than before. About four, five and then six as best he could tell. Grabbing the peep toe white four-inch pair he

awkwardly got his feet into them before standing back up. The video instantly continues to play.

“The first thing is really, really important! You need to walk heel to toe and not flat-footed because you’ll lean forward a little. If you do toe to heel you’ll wobble a bit, so heel to toe girl!” says the girl in the video.

“Another tip is to be very aware of your posture. Keep your shoulders down and back and relax your legs. You want to look confident and sexy.”

“No, I don’t...”

The video continues, *“Practice, Practice, Practice! It makes perfect!”*

Across the room, a glass of water appears with a small object on a plate through a secret panel on the wall.

Sissy steadily moves towards it in the heels, still not able to walk comfortably just yet. Approaching it, he notices next to the glass is a small pink pill. Frightened about what the pill is, but more frightened of the shock he could receive, he took it one hand and swallowed it down with a mouthful of cold, refreshing water.

After even more practice walking in heels, with the teen girl’s voice chanting advice into his ears, he needed to use the bathroom happy to know he didn’t have to piss in his diapers anymore. A little more steadily, he goes to the toilet lifting up his skirt and lowering the panties to his knees he goes standing up.

As soon as he starts he’s shocked to see the toilet move upwards on the wall, so high that he can’t use it anymore.

The intercom sparks into life, *“Toilet privileges will be revoked if you don’t do it sitting down.”*

Muttering to himself, he makes an obscene gesture with his hand towards the intercom before getting up and sitting on the toilet. Relieved to find that it

moves back down the moment, he sits on it.

After urinating in the new embarrassing way, the intercom announces that he needs to wipe his penis with toilet paper to get rid of any excess wetness. He does as instructed, still worried about how he can escape.

He balances himself on his high heels again and washes his hand with the dispensed soap on the wall that smells like pumpkin spice. He then tries walking back into the main room before the door is closed shut. There is no handle on the door from the inside which means he is stuck in the room with just the toilet, sink, and shower stall.

“How am I supposed to practice walking in heels if I’m stuck in here?!” he yells in an attempt to confuse the voice behind the intercom.

Suddenly, a package is delivered through another secret compartment in the wall. It’s a small pink box with a bow on it. He bends down to pick it up and opens it, afraid of what will be inside.

If the pink latex gloves aren’t enough, the cleaning products are the final straw. He has always hated cleaning.

“Please follow my exact instructions on how to clean properly,” says the intercom.

“He looks miserable!”

“He’s not supposed to enjoy this honey,” Mr. Plantman says to Zara as they both watch Sissy on surveillance cameras from upstairs in the mansion.

“Thanks Daddy for putting this all together. I am happy that this is all working now.”

“Don’t worry princess. In a few days, you’ll have what you’ve always wanted.”

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CHAPTER SEVEN

Final Training

Sissy slips the pin through the flimsy, silk material blowing his unruly hair out of his eyes. It's been over a month since the first week in the cell and a lot has changed. No longer is his hair shoulder length, but now a few inches down his back. The long hair is a bit unruly with strands constantly falling passed his eyes.

More horrifying than his now feminine hairstyle, however, is his now feminine chest. His breast forms, since the glue had worn off, had been thrown out of the chute. Alarmingly, though, his budding breasts are now filling out an A-cup bra all on their own. He tries just to think of it as the diet and corset training he has had to endure, but some part of him knows better.

While finishing off the bodice of dress he is making under instruction, he watches out of the corner of his eye the TV that had been unlocked much like the bathroom. At first when it had come through the wall, he was ecstatic though much like everything else it was a trick of sorts. No usual shows or films can be played. Instead, the annoying teenage girl who does video tutorials returns with tips and advice with everything from how to do the perfect manicure to how to deal with a monthly menstrual cycle. Wearing maxi-pads and tampons in his ass is something he never wants to discuss with anyone.

Standing up and striding towards the trash can, he returns to the sewing machine expertly in his six-inch heels and places the garment down on it. Still a little unused to it since it's the most recent thing to be revealed in the room, he tentatively puts part of the dress through the machine, sewing the material carefully.

Since the only entertainment in his room has been the sewing machine, a bunch of women's magazines like *ELLE* and *Nylon*, and the tutorials on the TV, he has been practicing a lot with repairing and making clothes and doing his hair and makeup in various ways. There's also a small practice mannequin that was given to him so he can practice doing hair on other

people.

To ensure he doesn't try anything stupid, safety items have been placed in the room as no one wants him to cut himself in the only escape method that's possible inside of his private prison.

Sissy has noticed it's becoming more natural for him to sit with his legs crossed, especially when wearing a skirt. His diet over the last month has consisted of the same healthy meals with special ingredients that are making his skin softer, hips expand, breast grow, and other changes that need to take place.

The video on the screen comes to an end as Sissy puts the final touches on the dress he is working on. Perfecting the method of sewing and dress-making after weeks of practice, his domestic skills have greatly improved with the help of the videos.

A little confused as to why the screen has turned off, he hears a clicking towards the hatch. Figuring it's another box, he walks towards it, heels making the now familiar noise on the floor. This time, however, the hatch isn't opening. Instead, he hears more clicking as if locks are being undone. His heart starts to beat faster.

Eventually, the large metal door shakes a little before pushing into the room opening. Two high-heeled feet step into the room, and a familiar voice and face greets him. "Heyyyyyy!"

Stunned, Sissy blinks in disbelief at Zara standing in front of him with a huge smile on her face. Running towards her, he hugs her, tears running down ruining some of his mascara. "Zara, you've rescued me!"

Zara smiles, "Time to be set free!"

"I'm so happy to see you!" says Sissy. "Someone kidnapped me!"

"It's fine; you look great!"

“... What do you mean?” asks Sissy.

Zara smiles, “Come with me!”

She takes him by the hand and leads him through a narrow hallway where two bodyguards join them. Sissy feels helpless since he looks more like a girl now than at the Halloween party and starts to think that he’s still in the mansion. The cards start coming together as Zara leads him to an exit where a bookshelf opens in a living room.

“Sit!” says Zara as a female assistant brings over two cups of tea.

He follows her instructions and then speaks up, “Zara, what the hell is going on?! What year is it?”

“It’s December, sweetie. You were only down there for like six weeks.”

“So you ARE behind this?”

“No shit! Were you expecting anyone else?”

“Zara! Seriously, why?!”

“Ever since I was little, I’ve always had a little fascination with boys who dress as girls; sissies, traps, whatever you want to call them. And after my last assistant got a different job I’ve needed a new person to help me with my daily needs and wanted it to be what I loved....” she explains as she sits down next to him.

“So you kidnapped me? Tortured me?!” Sissy yells out a little but dares not move with the guards close by.

“I didn’t want any of that honestly, but after you refused Daddy’s offer at the party so many times, measures had to be taken....”

Sissy can’t believe what he’s hearing as Zara carefully explains the reasons behind what has happened. “So now after all this time that has passed I’d like

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to make you the same offer he did back at the party.”

“O... Offer?”

“Yes, to be my personal assistant, maid, servant everything all rolled up into one totally adorable package!” Zara winks at the last part clearly happy with the results.

“You’re crazy?! You’re all crazy! There’s no way I’m going to accept this!” Sissy adamantly refuses, moving away from her.

“You should be thankful,” says Zara.

“Thankful for what! My body is ruined; I can’t even speak in my old voice again because my throat is messed up or something, and I’ve been living like some beauty obsessed bitch for the last month!”

“Thankful because SOMEONE wanted to castrate you immediately, but I talked him out of it because I kind of like the fact that you have a penis... Even though it may not be too useful to you nowadays.”

“I have a life, Zara! My band... my job... my friends...”

“And you’ll have a better life now! Look at where you are,” she says extending her hands. “We can give you everything you’ve wanted as long as you do what’s expected of you.”

“By the time I’m done suing you, you’ll have nothing!”

“You can’t do that,” says Zara.

“Why not?!”

“I’ll tell you later.”

“Why not just tell me now?”

“You’ll see... We have a lot to talk about, though. First thing first is, even though I like traps and everything, I think it’s best to keep this thing as internal as possible. So only family members and staff will know about that little thing between your legs. I want to start referring to you as a female and even have a cute new name for you.”

Sissy tries to make a run for it but is quickly grabbed by two security guards. They zip-tie his legs and arms and put him back on the sofa where one holds him by the shoulders so he can’t move.

“I’ve always loved the name Evelyn, so that will be your new name. For last name I think Connors will do: Evelyn Connors... Good name for a sissy maid! Don’t you think so girl?”

EVELYN speaks up in **HER** signature confused voice, “You’ll never get away with this!”

“Would you prefer that we brainwash you? Because I can always have you thrown back in your cell for a few more months until you come out as the perfect submissive bitch.”

CHAPTER EIGHT

Final Scene

Mid-January has come, and Evelyn is more adapt to her surroundings now. For Christmas, Zara bought Evelyn a bunch of new clothes and other feminine personal items. Evelyn's bedroom is right next to Zara's although it's a lot smaller. Zara still hasn't allowed her to have a cell phone or computer yet and tries to keep her communication with the outside world as little as possible.

Evelyn has been worried that Abby, other friends, and family have been looking for her as well as the mountain of bills that have gone unpaid since 'Ross' went missing.

Escapes have been attempted, such as Evelyn sneaking out at night and trying to go through the front gate, but she is caught every time. With each time she has been caught, she has been administered a special dosage that has feminized her body more, which explains why she now has a booty, an hourglass figure, and B-cup breasts. Since discovering she gets more hormonal treatment with every escape attempt, Evelyn has tried thinking of the ultimate escape rather than small things that may work.

Although Zara is responsible for Evelyn's feminization, the two have grown closer over the last few weeks. Zara has admitted a lot of personal details to her and shared plenty of late night conversations. She knows Zara has a major crush on a guy on campus, but wants to lead him on a bit without him thinking she is into him.

Since Evelyn can't get an erection anymore, and Zara prefers to keep their relationship platonic, they haven't had any form of sex. Although Zara has been feeling her a little, grabbing Evelyn's boobs occasionally to enjoy looking at her humiliation. She also talks to her constant about her period, forcing Evelyn to wear maxi-pads or tampons whenever she is on her period to share the experience.

It's early morning as Evelyn is dressed in her uniform and starts her daily

routine, making sure everything is perfect for Zara, preparing an outfit for her and drawing a bath. Mincing down to the kitchen, she takes the light breakfast on a tray and brings it to her room. She carefully places it down on a table before going to the large, ornate curtains pulling them carefully to either side and fastening them.

Kneeling at the foot of the bed while Zara wakes up and eats her meal, she then leads her to the bathroom and waits with a towel to give her to dry. This is a mixed part of the day for Evelyn. On one hand she got to see a beautiful naked woman but on the other her tiny thing just remains limp in the frilly panties she has to wear. Of course, Zara can get a towel herself in the bathroom, but she always gives Evelyn's very dismal tasks just for fun.

The usual uniform is a classic maid's dress with a few, embarrassing, alterations. Mainly made so that it shows skin and a lot of it, her growing breasts are framed perfectly by the corset bodice while her plump butt is hinted at beneath the frilly petticoats.

Once dried and a robe is placed around her, she once again leads Zara to dress her in Zara teasing her the whole time.

It's not that Zara isn't an able-bodied girl. It's just she likes Evelyn to help her dress to get opinions on things and likes the idea of a feminized boy seeing her nearly perfect 18-year-old body.

"I have a meeting in a few. It's here on the property, so I'm not going to get all fancy, but still want to look prominent."

"You always do!" says Evelyn in her sweet, developing voice.

"Thanks, but should I go with like that new sweater and jeans that I bought or do it up and wear a skirt today?"

"Go with the skirt. I always like seeing you in them," Evelyn says as she comes over to underwear-clad Zara.

"I'm sure you do," Zara says as she steps into her skirt. Evelyn makes her

way to Zara's closet, which is basically the size of a small bedroom with thousands of items of clothes. She goes to the blouse rack and picks out one that she loves seeing Zara in. It's red with embroiled shoulders and a low neck line to show cleavage.

Zara smiles as she puts it on followed by heels, makeup, and jewelry. Even in this somewhat casual outfit, she feels very prominent over Evelyn who is wearing her maid uniform. Usually after work, Zara allows Evelyn to change into yoga pants or jeans with casual shirts. She has a few dresses and only wears them when visitors are over at the estate.

Evelyn turns to Zara, who is adjusting some things in the mirror.

"I've been meaning to talk to you about something..." says Evelyn.

"Yes?"

"When am I going to be able to leave the property? It's been months since I've seen anyone else! And didn't your dad mention something about me being paid for this? You know I had like rent and stuff and people have to be looking for Ross."

Over the last few weeks, Evelyn has been referring to her former-self as Ross to avoid any confusion, especially since living full-time as Evelyn and being exposed to Zara's lifestyle has caused her to become more feminine.

"I has been a while since your last escape attempt, but even still I'm not entirely sure we can trust you just yet. As for everything outside I assure you you'll have answers soon but for the meantime it's under control.

Not satisfied with her answer but not seeing a way to get more information she just nods and says, "Okay, so what room will the meeting be taking place?"

"It's just a casual one. The garden should do since there's been some new flowers added," Zara says with a wicked grin.

“Really.... but Zara,” Evelyn tries to protest.

“No buts, and that’s Miss Zara to you. Go fetch it.”

Giving a brief but expert curtsy, Evelyn hurries off to her room. Once inside she moves to a drawer and pulls out a pink collar and leash returning back to Zara who is waiting outside of her room.

“I know you don’t like it, but if you didn’t try to escape so much we wouldn’t need this would we?”

“No Ma’am...”

Evelyn wonders if this is similar to the shock collar she wore when in captivity, but doubts it. It’s really embarrassing wearing a collar like this under Zara’s control and she is really hoping she’s not going to the meeting like this.

Usually for Zara’s various activities and meetings around the property, Evelyn is responsible for taking notes and helping her with any needs. Since owning Evelyn, Zara loves having a little assistant that she can boss around. Makes her life so much easier.

Zara walks with her little sissy through the garden and then feels the leash tug. Turning around, she sees that Evelyn is stopped in her tracks and is crying.

“Evelyn, what’s the matter!”

“Please take this off... It’s too much.”

“Really? I thought you would have liked it.”

“NO! It’s degrading.”

“Fine! But promise that you won’t leave my side. The collar stays on,” she says as she undoes the leash. She then grabs Evelyn’s manicured hand and

starts walking with her.

Evelyn sees a woman walking towards them from the walkway and then stops again once she recognizes who it is.

Zara lets go of Evelyn's hand moving ahead of her calling out, "Abby! Over here!"

Turning and seeing her, Abby matches the smile, walking over and giving her a strong hug, "Hi Zara, so nice to be back here it looks even better in the day time!"

She's wearing a rather casual pair of jeans along with a light tank top with a airy cardigan.

"Thank you. We've just had the flowers and hedges redone by a famous landscaping consultant. I think it came out really well!" Zara boasts a little.

After a little more small talk, Abby looks over her shoulder and spots Evelyn standing awkwardly behind her a good few steps, doing her best to hide but not daring to move away. "Ohhh this must be her!"

"Oh yes, of course, you haven't seen her full transformation, Evelyn come here and let Abby see that cute body of yours!" she orders out, turning around after it's ignored for a few seconds.

Zara's impatient cough breaks Evelyn from her state of shock as she takes one step and then the rest towards them, standing beside Zara, her face looking down at the six feet.

"Now now Evelyn no need to be shy. She's the one that gave you your first makeover after all. Eyes up and curtsy."

Sighing and with her inner voice screaming, she follows the orders looking back up and doing a curtsy before muttering out softly. "H... Hello.."

"She's such an angel! Glad this all worked out," Abby says.

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“Abby... what are you talking about...?” says Evelyn coming out of her submissive state.

“Here you go,” says Zara handing over a large amount of cash. “The remaining \$10,000 as promised!”

“WHAT?!” says Evelyn.

“You are a lucky little girl,” says Zara, “Always surrounding yourself with great friends!”

“You were behind this?!” says Evelyn to Abby.

“Of course! It’s a long story, but basically Zara told me in class one day that she was really into traps and how she has all these damn first world problems of not having a female her age to help her out around the mansion. She said she thought it would be hot to have a trap as her maid but of course, even in this area, they are a little hard to find since most just stay at home all the time and just post photos online and play video games and shit. She asked me if I knew anyone. Since you were like all skinny and stuff, you were the friend I had that could most easily pass as a girl. Great way to make \$25,000 total right?”

Evelyn loses it, “All of you bitches are going to jail for a long time! Seriously... how can you do some fucked up shit like that? ... OUCH!!!!!!”

Zara releases the button on the remote. Apparently this collar is, in fact, electric.

“No more profanity angel!”

“Oh that’s handy, haha. I’ll have to get one of those myself!” Abby laughs at Evelyn’s predicament.

Evelyn is shaking with anger and also sobbing a little from betrayal.

Zara says, “Oh stop crying Evelyn. Today is a happy day after all. This means that your old life is truly over!”

“Wh... What do you mean over?” Evelyn stammers out between tears.

“Well Ross, your former self, has been legally pronounced dead. It wasn’t easy and took awhile but with Daddy’s sources we managed it. We now have all the legal documents for Evelyn Connors!” Zara announces it all as if it is the happiest news in the world taking Evelyn’s hand and waving it a little.

“But... Dead?! You can’t, you can’t!”

“I’m afraid it’s already happened now, but don’t worry. This means we can start paying you. Though of course for all the clothes, rent, hormone treatment, and training we gave you you’ll be working here for a few years before you start making money properly...”

Evelyn frantically tries to take the collar off, but Zara shocks her again.

“DON’T EVEN TRY IT!”

Abby says, “Wow, you know I’m sure there are plenty of guys out there who secretly love the idea of being forced to be a girl and would love to be in your heels right now.”

“I’m NOT happy, this is ridiculous. You mean I’m trapped here?!”

Zara puts her hand on Evelyn’s shoulder. “This is going to be a lot of fun. And look where you are... You have everything you need here. By the way, once the final transition methods are used, we can start going places together in public.”

“What do you mean FINAL?”

“Just a few cosmetic corrections. I’m going to talk to Daddy about some options because I really think without something down there, you may not be as aggressive anymore. Plus, I know this therapist that should probably talk to you and maybe help out with how you view life.”

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“It’s for your own good!” says Abby. “Lot better than living in a shitty apartment and playing in a band that plays in front of 20 people on average.”

“It was my life... I was happy...”

Zara smiles, “You know what they say... Not everything has a happy ending, but at least you always have a happy beginning.”

The End... or The Beginning?

We hope you enjoyed reading this story as much as we did writing it! If you found pleasure in this story, please be sure to leave us a positive review!

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(We use Pinterest to gather ideas for characters, outfits, settings, and more. Look for the board dealing with the story and you'll see what ideas we had!)

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“TG Mall Book #1: New Look” by Haylee Sims & Courtney Captisa



Keywords: transgender, crossdressing, magic, chemicals?, salon, dresses, heels, shopping.

Hunter is disappointed that his normal hair stylist, Drew, is out of the salon for a month. However, this is the least of his worries as things start to change when a new stylist works her magic on his hair.

With each store in the mall that Hunter visits, feminine urges start to take over in his mind while his masculine side tries to resist the tendency to get his ears pierced, try on heels, and browse for dresses. When several mall employees encourage him, things take a turn for the worse.

Will Hunter be able to escape TG Mall or will Hallie emerge as a happy lady?

Word Count: 12,000+

Themes: Breast Enlargement, Hair or Hair Salon, Long Finger Nails, Very High Heels, Accidental Change, Chemical or Drug Induced Change, Lingerie, Magical Transformations, Mind Altered, Hypnosis, Brainwashed, Slow Transformation, Stuck, Sweet/Sentimental.

Note: NO SEX SCENES. Clean, good ole fashioned gender transformation fun. Some graphic descriptions of body parts. Some profanity.

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“Bet I Can Feminize My Brother!” by Claire Bear & Courtney Captisa



Word Count: 14,000+

Keywords: transgender, forced, feminization, womanless pageant, crossdressing, sissy, teenager.

Summer break is often the best time of year for high school students. No school, warm weather, and womanless beauty pageants?!

For Sasha and her friends, that is the case. After her brother’s girlfriend pisses her off for the last time, a serious but fun bet is made for the intention of breaking up her annoying brother's relationship. What better way to do so than enter him and her other friends’ brothers into the county fair womanless pageant.

After all, what girl wants to see her boyfriend dressed up like a sissy and looking good while doing it?!

Join the girl’s on their journey to feminize their brothers and see who can create the biggest sissy.

Warning: NO sex scenes. Characters coming of age. Mild Language.

“The Sissy Next Door” by Courtney Captisa & Claire Bear

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19,000+ words

Keywords: transgender, lesbian, sissy, age regression, crossdressing, party dress, forced feminization, school girl, yoga pants, menstruation, clean TG Fiction

Our first story to take place in England!

Daniel believes his crossdressing habit is his personal secret until his new next door neighbour through the window and believes he is a teenage girl like her! She tells her family and through a note, him and his mum are invited over for dinner. Through his mum's encouragement, he must take the identity of 'Mandy' and pretend to be a normal teenage girl to fit in with his new friend Sarah.

Sarah is more of an alternative girl who loves bands and partying. While, 'Mandy' is more of a girly girl, the two click and develop a friendship. 'Mandy' must deal with conflicts that arise such as being set up on a date by her friend and dealing with Sarah's constant teen antics. Problems also come up when Sarah starts questioning 'Mandy's' lifestyle choices...

Notice: Contains masturbation, but no sex scenes.

Warning: Some recreational drug use, profanity, and hipsters.

[“The Making of a Full House” by Courtney Captisa & Haylee Sims](#)

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21,000 + Words.

Keywords: transgender, science fiction, age progression, age regression, magic transformation?, hormones, chemical, teen, MILF, trophy wife, family, fancy dress, memory loss, cheerleader, gymnasts, dance, personality change.

Notice: No graphic sex scenes, but implied situations. Some vivid descriptions of transformation and anatomy with light profanity. PG-13 Rating.

Graduate students Garrett and Kendall have been best friends for years. Once they find a great house to rent near campus, they recruit their friend James to go in with them on the house and find a guy online named Marc to go in on the lease. Strange things happen a few days after they move in as Kendall is transformed into a successful career woman, James becomes a teenage cheerleader, and Marc goes from being a built African-American athlete to a tween girl who loves gymnastics!

The family struggles to deal with not only finding a way to switch back, but also new jobs, schools, and for some of them; memory loss. Can they find a way to change back before it's too late?

“Dorm Room Secrets” by Courtney Captisa & Claire Bear

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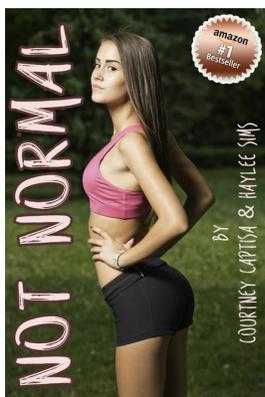


Keywords: transgender, lesbian, college, teen, crossdressing, surgery, forced, yoga pants, fancy dress, Halloween, French maid, oral.

Kenneth is excited to get an acceptance letter from his dream college, but is disappointed that it has been addressed to a girl! His parents assure him it's a mistake, but he's in for a surprise when he's later walking around campus wearing yoga pants and a bra! Throughout the ordeal, "Kaitlyn" must keep it a secret from HER roommate, friends back home, and new friends she makes around campus.

Warning: Contains a few fictional sexual situations with consenting individuals. Lesbian sex scene is limited. Adult readers only!

"Not Normal" by Courtney Captisa & Haylee Sims



Getting invited to sit with popular cheerleaders at lunch should be any boy's dream in high school. However for Joseph, it quickly turns into a nightmare! From the moment he interacts with them, unwanted changes start happening

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in his life. From being forced to talk about fashion with girls in class, to being hit on by guys, to being teased by his younger sister, “Julia” must put clues together before SHE forgets about the past. Features a very slow and detailed physical transformation into the pretty cheerleader he may become.

Word Count: 8,000+

Possible Spoilers!

Themes: transgender, forced feminization, teen, magical transformation, cheerleader, school girl, high school, friends, sister, parents, yoga pants, fast transformation, mind altered, stuck.

Rated: PG-13 for descriptions of anatomy and language. Note: This story does NOT contain any sex scenes.

“Pageant or Prison?” by Courtney Captisa & Claire Bear



From the authors of "Not Another TG Story."

Cover Art Assistance by Alexis.

Warning: NO sexual situation, but some mentioning by teenagers.

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To Anthony's dismay, the only thing available to complete his court-appointed community service in time is helping out at the Miss Heartland County Pageant. Although being around pretty girls all day seems like every boy's dream, it turns into a nightmare as he is forced to "help" at the pageant in more ways than one.

Themes: Teen, Beauty Pageant, Forced Feminization, Blackmail, Pageant Dress, Bikini, Crossdressing, Hormones, Surgery, Breasts, Friend, Makeup, Hair.

"Not Another TG Story" by Courtney Captisa & Claire Bear



Dylan is your average teenage boy. Slightly overweight, lazy, plays video games, and dresses up in his sister's clothes! His little hobby soon gets him in trouble however and leads him into a path of femininity.

Under the cruel guidance of his loving sister and newly found boyfriend Nick, Dylan begrudgingly makes his transformation, which takes place over his entire senior year, including prom and senior week.

His transition into the female world doesn't go exactly smoothly however. Embarrassing trips to the mall, fighting off kisses from boys, and dancing like a sissy at cheer practice are just some of his tribulations.

Note: This is NOT a parody story, but is more of a homage to great TG Fiction the authors have read over the years. Contains cheerleaders, siblings, and prom scenes!

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18+ readers only. Contains a few adult situation themes with consenting, legal adults.

Transformation Methods: Hormones, Makeup, Salon, Shopping, Implants, Surgery, Magic?