

MALE LESBIANS OF CLUB LESBOS

By Dani



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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PRETTY SISSY DANI

by Dani

Over the past few years I have managed to become a fairly successful freelance journalist. Most recently, I completed an article on reverse sexism for a national magazine. The basic theme dealt with the gradual 'feminization' of certain occupations, such as nursing, and, therefore, the near impossibility of men advancing in such occupations. I even noted that in my own field there was a gradual domination by women. As a result of this article my girlfriend, Jennifer, seemed determined to label me as a male chauvinist. Since she tended to be an ardent feminist, who spent most of her time involved with other women and their 'causes', I merely hoped that our little disagreements would soon pass. At the same time I was not aware that she had begun studying hypnotism, nor that she harbored ambitions of petticoating me. But I soon discovered that the combination of the two was dangerous to my masculinity!

One afternoon I was sitting in my living room, listening to the stereo through a pair of headphones. It was a warm, sultry day, and after a while I drifted off to sleep. Through my sleep, my subconscious mind began to hear Jennifer's voice, presenting me with a set of hypnotic suggestions.

"I want you to sleep, sleep, sleep," whispered the tape. "When I count to 100, you will be in a deep, restful sleep, in which you can hear only my voice."

When her voice reached 100, the instructions, designed to impose a submissive feminine personality upon me, began.

"You love women's clothes. You love dressing, looking, and behaving like a very feminine, dutiful woman. The feel of satin, silk, and nylon arouses you. You are particularly fond of clothes that make you look both sexy and little-girlish. Very high heels are a special turn-on.

"You are a sexual submissive. You are compelled to obey the commands and orders of all women. You are particularly responsive to the wishes of those women who will dress you in beautiful clothes and keep you in bondage. You want to be a male lesbian slave. But you will never forget that you are a man, and the great humiliation you feel because of your feminine, submissive state.

"When I reach one, you will awaken. You will not remember being hypnotized, and will show no effects from these instructions. However, whenever you hear the words, 'Pretty Sissy Dani', you will adopt the personality imposed by these instructions. When I am done with you, by snapping my fingers, you will return to your *normal* personality, with full memory of the humiliations you have experienced. 100, 99, 98, 97..."

According to Mistress Jennifer, I awoke a few minutes later, completely in charge of my male self, and well rested. She suggested that she had an appointment at her hair-dresser's and asked me to drive her there. I agreed (why not?), and we were there within 15 minutes.

As we entered the shop, she leaned over and whispered in my ear, "*Pretty Sissy Dani.*"

I could feel the incredible shift in my personality take hold. I looked at my mistress and asked, "Mistress Jennifer, why am I dressed in these horrid male clothes?"

She smiled mischievously and answered, "Don't worry, my pretty slave. The appointment here is for you. And look, here comes Mistress Margaret to perform your transformation."

A tall, well-built brunette approached.

"Is this our little male lesbian?" she inquired, smirking. I blushed under her frank gaze. "Well, we'll soon have you looking the part, Danielle."

She led me to her working area through a large beauty salon that provided total beauty care like a small spa. And I even noted that her salon adjoined a plastic surgeon's surgi-center so that many outpatient surgical visits could combine the benefits of the spa and cosmetology with surgical recovery.

"Dani, most of our customers find it much more relaxing to strip out of their clothes and putting on a beauty smock before we begin work. After all we are all women here." Margaret suggested. "Wouldn't you like to do the same?"

With my new female personality, I was only too happy to get out of the pants and shirt I was wearing. Soon, I was naked, and Margaret wrapped a pink, see-through smock around my slender, nearly hairless body. Margaret led me to a beauty chair where she quickly strapped my arms and legs in place as my feminine mind wondered at this bondage.

At that point, Mistress Jennifer approached once again.

"Comfy, Dani?" she asked. Then she snapped her fingers.

Instantly, my male persona reasserted itself - but this time I remembered everything I had said and done, and all that had gone on around me, including the other customers looking with amused interest at the poor male strapped all but naked in his sheer pink smock to a beauty chair!

"Why are you doing this, Jennifer?" I cried.

She slapped my face.

"Mistress Jennifer is my name—and don't forget it again!" she snapped. "Now be quiet and let Mistress Margaret transform you."

A short while later, my head was under the faucet of the sink, as Mistress Margaret scrubbed my mousy brown hair with a sweet-smelling shampoo. Next she rinsed a conditioner through it. . .or so she said. As I sat in the chair waiting for the conditioner to work, I must have dozed off again.

I was awakened by an odd tickling sensation on my naked feet. I looked down and another woman was stroking bright red nail polish onto my toenails. Shaken, I realized that Mistress Jennifer was truly intent on carrying out her program of transformation. I glanced to the table where my clothes had been left—as I suspected, they were gone.

“Well, Sissy Dani, I see you know I meant what I said,” Jennifer laughed, stepping from behind a partition. In her hands, she held a pair of lacy, pink satin tap panties. She reached under my smock and slipped them on me. “We don't want the other ladies to see those nasty *tumors*, do we?”

Strangely, even without my feminine persona at work, my cock began to grow and harden. The mistresses laughed and sneered at my combined excitement and discomfort.

“That's just the beginning, Danielle,” Margaret smiled.

“Look at yourself!”

And she whirled the chair around, so that I could see myself in the mirror.

There was only one major change, but it added to my distress. My hair was wrapped tightly in rollers, and the pink of the smock and panties seemed to feminize my slender, now completely hairless body. For, with the exception of my brows, lashes, and head all my body hair had been removed while I slept!

Margaret now squeezed a foul-smelling liquid onto my rolled-up hair— I knew what it was. I was getting a permanent!

“And that's not all,” Jennifer laughed. “Danielle's hair will not only be curly—it will be a sweet shade of golden blonde!”

“But, what shall I tell my clients?” I complained, knowing that it would be next to impossible to explain these changes, and then noting her anger I remembered to add, “Mistress Jennifer, I can't go to work like this.”

“Why, dearest, you did say that women were dominating your occupation. You can just say that you are going with the trend,” she laughed as she left, adding, “In fact, so that they will believe you, we shall find some pretty clothes for you to wear.”

A short time later, after sitting under a dryer, I was having my fingernails filed and polished the same bright red as my toenails, while Margaret combed out my hair, producing a flattering, golden blonde pageboy, reaching to just above my shoulders.

While Jennifer went out to pick my clothing, Margaret performed her magic on my face—tweezing my brows into thin feminine arches (adding yet another effeminate touch that I couldn't hide) and accenting my eyes with blue-green shadow, eye liner, and mascara. A deep blush stroked on my cheeks gave me a doll-like look of constant embarrassment, while a red lipstick, matching my nails, made my lips look wet, kissable, and desirable.

“I love giving our little boy/girl a lovely dolly blush to remind them that they really are little dollies for their Mistresses to play with,” Margaret noted with satisfaction as she held a mirror up for me to see the changes they had made.

In the end, I was definitely Danielle—absolutely stunning. But I was disturbed by the fact that my beard might show; or, perhaps worse yet, that I looked too much like a *sex object* ready to attract any masculine eye!

By that time, Jennifer had returned and whispered *Pretty Sissy Dani* into my ear and I returned to that persona forgetting my shame and feeling perfectly natural as a girl.

I was released from the chair, and dressed in a pink padded bra, pink garter belt, sheer white stockings and a pink mini slip. Over it all came a lacy, white mini-dress, the skirt ending a full six inches above my knees. On my feet, Jennifer placed white, patent-leather shoes, with a strap across the instep and three-inch training heels. They looked like incredibly sexy Mary Janes.

Margaret and Jennifer watched with amusement as one of Margaret's *girls* supervised as I practiced walking in them for two full hours, until I learned a basic stance, how to sit and stand, how to walk and turn, and how to manage stairs. All the time making certain that I had gained a very provocative wiggle.

The finishing touch was the jewelry - big, gold, clip-on earrings, a heavy gold chain bracelet, and a matching chain around my left ankle. But the real finish came last; a heavy gold collar which Jennifer locked around my neck, hooking the key onto her charm bracelet.

The transformation was complete. Mistress Jennifer paid her friend Margaret, and we sashayed out to the car. I was so into being pretty Sissy Dani that I couldn't notice the strange looks of passing strangers at the transformed boy/girl wearing wantonly sexy clothes!

Some six months after Mistress Jennifer first imposed the “Sissy Dani” persona on me through posthypnotic suggestion, our lives had settled into a routine.

Most of the week was quite normal—with Jennifer's insistence that I wear a corset and baby-dolls to bed to indicate the hold she had over me. Or, the nightly sessions when she had made me watch and practice what I learned from VCR tapes she had me play before bedtime. These tapes were keyed to powerful hypnotic suggestions to teach me the basics of being a girl as a part of what she teasingly called her Charm School. Naturally, I complied, since she could always threaten to permanently impose “Sissy Dani” on my mind.

Because of my effeminate appearance (sun-kissed blonde hair in a ponytail, thin eyebrows, fair skin because of nightly beauty rituals and weekly visits to an electrolysis) and the nightly training sessions on poise, voice, mannerisms, and so forth, my male persona shifted very gradually. I discovered that many of my freelance assignments appeared to be for articles that normally fall within the *women's beat*, fashions, art, social news, *etc.*

Weekends, however, were generally spent in my transformed bondage. Perhaps a description of one such period will demonstrate the nature of our relationship.

I arrived home from work Friday night and was met by Mistress Jennifer at the door.

She kissed me tenderly and whispered, “*Pretty Sissy Dani.*”

Once again, as it had countless times over the past half-year, my personality shifted. I was no longer Daniel, the confident journalist. Now, I was Dani, the sweet, submissive, male lesbian. As I had been taught, I dropped my gaze and held out my arms, wrists touching.

“Transform me, Mistress,” I pleaded. “Bind me into your service as Sissy Dani.”

Jennifer smiled the wicked smile I had grown to fear, yet love.

“At once, Sissy Dani. I have a very special weekend planned for us.”

Producing a collar and leash, she bound me to her and led me to Sissy Dani's transformation room. Seating me before the vanity, she told me to begin my change. First came the make-up—eye shadow, mascara, bright red lipstick and, of course, the blush that gave me the look of constant embarrassment that Mistress Jennifer so enjoyed.

She had me even powder my breasts, then shadowed my “cleavage” and rouged my nipples, making my otherwise flat chest look quite girlish. She watched as I combed out my hair into the flattering blonde pageboy her friend Mistress Margaret had created when Dani was first *revealed*.

Next came the clothes. Jennifer had already laid out the outfit I was to wear for the evening. First came black lingerie, including a lightly padded bra, satin panties, garter belt and sheer black stockings. Then my lovely clothes: a low-cut red satin blouse (though I had little in the way of natural cleavage, Mistress Jennifer still preferred me to dress in this sexy manner at times); a tight, black leather miniskirt (with the hem fully six inches above my knees); a knee-length, black leather cape, with red satin lining; and red patent-leather pumps, with towering, 6-1/2-inch, party heels.

She always enjoyed having me wear such ultrahigh heels when she was going to show me off to her lesbian friends. These heels were a symbol of male domination through fashion over women, and what could be more humiliating to male than to be made to mince about in the dainty ultra-feminine steps (body erect, breasts jiggling with each movement, tummy held in flat, hips swaying and rear end wiggling in a provocative inviting rotation) that such shoes required.

Sissy Dani (I had, in my lucid moments as Daniel, come to think of her as a separate person) reveled in these sexy, feminine clothes, creating a sexual rush that hardened my cock to outline it against my all too short leather skirt!

Mistress Jennifer smiled and brushed her hand across the obvious bulge.

“We'll get to that later, Sissy Dani,” she whispered. “Now calm down.”

Now, Jennifer placed the gold bracelets with the secret locks on my wrists, the matching gold ankle bracelets on my legs and, finally, the gold collar with the visible lock around my neck. Then she took my wrists in her hands and brought them together behind my back.

SNAP!

The bracelets became handcuffs, effectively binding my hands behind me, hidden beneath the cape. Now, she clipped the leash again to my collar and led me out to the street.

Submissively (Sissy Dani could act no other way), I followed.

As we reached the sidewalk, she snapped her fingers before my face. That was the signal— Sissy Dani disappeared and Daniel came back to life.

I stumbled in the towering heels as I came to my senses. As usual, I knew everything Mistress Jennifer had done to me and I was thoroughly humiliated to be bound and cross-dressed in public; although Sissy Dani was certain that no passerby would guess that the blonde vision in red and black was not female, poor Daniel *just knew his masquerade was being read, with amused delight or obvious disgust, by all who saw his flamboyantly sexual image!*

“Where are we going now?” I asked in trembling tones, growing aware of a man's hungry eyes lusting after me as we walked by.

She again smiled the secret smile I had come to fear—it always meant humiliation for me.

“One of my dearest dominant friends is having a little party. She asked me to bring Sissy Dani to demonstrate my *training methods*,” Mistress Jennifer replied. “Her name is Mistress Susan—and you will obey her, and any other dominant woman at the party, as you would me. You know the consequences.”

I certainly did. The consequences were to live the rest of my life as Sissy Dani. I was constantly afraid she would carry through on that threat—and secretly desiring it as well.

The more time I spent as Sissy Dani, or in *her* clothes, the more I grew to enjoy it. I dared not tell this to Mistress Jennifer because she would only try to find a new way to humiliate me.

Fortunately the party house was only a few blocks away, but that was frightening enough as the man followed us only to walk away when we reached the door opened by Mistress Susan.

At that moment, Jennifer whipped off my cape, exposing my shameful bondage to her sister dominant and all the other partygoers. She announced to the group, “Hello, everyone, this is *Pretty Sissy Dani!*”

With those words, Dani reasserted herself. I blushed (prettily, I'm sure) at my exposure. As I had often been instructed, I dropped to my knees and placed my lips on the toes of Mistress Susan's white patent-leather boots.

“Thank you for permitting me to serve you and all the other women here, Mistress Susan,” I said.

The lovely, blonde dominant, dressed all in white leather, took my hand and raised me back to my feet.

“You're quite welcome, Sissy Dani. Come meet my other guests.”

The room was filled with dominant women, each attended by one or more submissives. All of the submissives were crossdressed men, in varying states of attire. Several were completely outfitted as French maids, with short, petticoated, black satin mini-dresses, black silk hose and high, black patent-leather shoes. Others were done up as little girls in pink or white satin party dresses, bare legs, frilly white socks and Mary Janes. Still others wore nothing but corsets or waist-cinches with nylons and heels. These were usually also in mild bondage of one sort or another.

The one exception was a boy of about 16, who was completely naked and bound to a chair in the middle of the room. I assumed he had been drugged in some way, because he was relaxed and apparently sleeping.

Susan led Jennifer and me over to the bound young man.

“Dani, this is my little brother Tommy. He is about to become your sister in spirit—thanks to your lovely Mistress.”

I was shocked (even as Sissy Dani) to realize that Mistress Jennifer was aiding her friend in enslaving one so young—especially the dominant's brother. The various dominants in the room gathered around as Susan and Jennifer began to dress the drowsing boy in feminine clothes.

Apparently the plan was to establish the soon-to-be *Tammy* as a sort of teenage tease, a Lolita. He was dressed in frilly pink panties, a generously padded bra (making him at least a 35C), pale pink tights, a tight pink angora sweater, pink-patent-leatherette miniskirt (fully as short as my own), and pink, patent-leather boots with three-inch heels.

Once he was dressed, the assembled dominants made up his face with pale blue eye shadow, long false lashes, a becoming blush, and deep red lipstick to form childishly pouting lips. They topped it off with a curly, shoulder-length auburn wig.

“He looks all of sixteen as a boy, despite the fact that he is eighteen. I think that it will humble him perfectly if he were to become sixteen again, as a girl,” Susan laughed with growing delight as she added, “I even toyed with the idea of making him go back to high school as a sweet-sixteen year old girl in her sophomore year. But, I have better plans now...”

Now, at Mistress Jennifer's direction, one of the maids brought over a full-length mirror and an amplifier setup, with microphone and headphones. The headphones were placed over *Tammy's* ears, the microphone given to Jennifer, while the newly crossdressed boy was brought to his feet before the mirror.

“Open your eyes, Tammy, ” Jennifer spoke into the mike. “This is the new you. Your name is Tammy. You have two goals in life, to serve your Mistress Susan, and to use your feminine wiles to lure other teenage boys and young men like yourself into our clutches, to be feminized and dominated for the enjoyment of these women.

“Naturally, you yourself are much turned-on by this teen-aged jail-bait look. You want to look just as pretty and sexy as you can.

“You do glory in the attention of masculine eyes lusting for you, at the same time realizing the humiliation of your position as a toy and sex-lure for your Mistress' purposes.”

“Remember, that any time your Mistress wishes to give you instructions, she must only direct you to gaze upon yourself in a mirror, with the words *‘Pose for me, Teasing Tammy’*.”

“Now, close your eyes and sleep until I awaken you with the words, *‘Wake up, Teasing Tammy’*.”

The newly renamed boy-girl sat quietly as even the assembled dominants gasped at the boldness of Jennifer's and Susan's scheme.

They planned not only to enslave the feminized Tommy, but to use him to recruit other unsuspecting lads for their purposes.

Sissy Dani and Teasing Tammy would soon have many “little sisters,” it seemed.

Mistress's Jennifer and Mistress Susan's plans to create an entire “harem” of transformed men and boys continued apace.

They sold their condos and combined the money into an investment trust with their friends to buy a small brick Victorian hotel that had been turned into an apartment building. They restored the lobby as an apartment-hotel, opened the old restaurant (with plans for very special *waitresses*), redecorated most the apartments as condos, established two floors of restored hotel rooms as a *guest house*, and set up the basement for building support services (such as a laundry), housing; and training their future *service staff*.

The lure of Teasing Tammy (the transformation name of Susan's teenage brother Tommy) proved quite effective. Each of the young men (the youngest just 14, the oldest 22) the little tease brought back to the hotel, we all now shared, was turned into a different kind of feminized sex-toy. All were designed to please the Mistresses and their dominant friends as well as serving as hotel domestic staff.

The little 14-year-old, apparently too sexually precocious for his own good, was introduced to Tammy by his mother, who wanted to prevent him from becoming a threat to the girls in his school and neighborhood.

Tammy was a revelation to Martin—his experience with girls was limited to the still-flat-chested, teddy-bear shaped girls in his school.

Tammy was dressed in one of her usual “tease” outfit: white tights under frilly, white panties, a generously padded bra (making her at least a 35C), a lacy, short slip, a tight, white silk blouse, a micro-mini-skirted red jumper skirt that revealed glimpses of lace as she moved, red ankle socks with lace at the cuffs, and white, patent leather, baby doll pumps with two-inch heels.

Well, when Martin saw Teasing Tammy in her frilly but skimpy red outfit, her ample charms begging him to come home with her, he was lost.

Once at the transformation house, in Tammy's bedroom, the little tease managed to trick Martin into putting on some lingerie—a lacy beige bra and matching panties—with the promise of sucking his cock if he did so.

Once the unsuspecting lad was so dressed, Mistress Susan appeared in the door of Tammy's room to discover a shamed Tammy keeping his promise!

Susan feigned shock at the scene before her. (A scene she had actually instructed Tammy to play out because he had disobeyed her earlier that week and she knew that he would remember the degrading act for some time to come!) A self-satisfied Susan ordered Tammy out of the room.

Dressed in a black leather, mini-skirted business suit and lavender, satin blouse, with her long legs perched on five-inch black patent-leather heels, the dominant was as attractive to Martin's eyes as her "sister" had been—possibly more so. Susan sat beside him— still dressed in his lingerie and nothing else—and talked to Martin about how he was dressed and how he felt in the girl's underclothes.

"I know you're embarrassed, Martin," she explained. "But you really do look cute in that outfit. I can see why Tammy wanted you to wear it. You're so soft and pink, you almost look like a girl."

The lad blushed all over at Susan's words.

Now the dominant got stern.

"Don't blush! You obviously enjoy wearing those clothes and you obviously wanted Tammy to suck your cock! Maybe we should let you see what it's like to be a girl or maybe a very girlish boy!"

Now Martin was scared. What did this very beautiful, but frightening young woman have in mind?

Susan smiled inwardly, very soon Martin would be the submissive, girlish sissy his mother wanted. She produced a pill and some water, giving both to Martin.

"Take this, Martin," she ordered. "It will calm you."

It certainly would. The drug, a combination sedative and mind-control potion, had been developed by one of Jennifer's and Susan's dominant friends.

Only moments after he downed the pill, Martin was quiet, breathing deeply and staring straight ahead with unseeing eyes.

At that moment, Mistress Jennifer and Martin's mother, Mistress Carla, entered.

"He's all yours, Carla," Susan said.

Carla ordered the boy to stand up and remove the lingerie he had on and put on the clothes she laid out for him.

First came a white satin camisole over the training bra and white, short, petti-pants-styled panties, then white hose attached to a matching garter belt.

Next was a white satin blouse with a high, lace ruffled collar adorned by a black satin artist's bow, and bouffant, mutton sleeves trimmed at the cuffs with lacy ruffles.

On Martin's legs went a pair of tight, black velvet shorts, and his delighted mother pulled the ruffled lace cuffs of the petti-panties down for a sissy ruffled-cuff look on the velvet pants to match his blouse cuffs.

This was followed by a matching black velvet, peasant-girl styled bodice stomacher vest that laced tightly with white laces to create a narrow V waistline while the white satin blouse filled in an all too feminine bustline.

The finishing touches were black patent-leather Mary Jane shoes with two-inch heels.

Now the women went to work on his face—light touches of blush, blue eye shadow, and pale pink lipstick, topped off with a blonde pageboy wig with a black satin, goody-goody girl bow in the back.

Commanding the lad to stand before the full-length mirror, Carla brought him out of his trance, but still under her control.

“Look at yourself! You are no longer the roughneck boy you once were, but a sweet submissive, sissy, who would not think of disobeying. Your name is now Sissy Missy Mandy. ‘Sissy’, for sissy boy; because from now on you are going to be dressed and treated like an adorable sissy. For, even when you are sent to school, your clothes will be like what other boys might wear to Sunday School or special parties. Also, you will always wear underwear designed for girls and your nice boy's pants will have false flies so that you must sit and never flaunt that nasty hose between your legs. And ‘Missy’, to amuse me in case I want you to be my little daughter. Of course, you will need to undergo a great deal of training for your new role.”

“That's really not necessary,” Jennifer interrupted. “You can give him commands right now that he'll be unable to disobey .”

“I know that,” Carla replied. “But then I'd miss all the fun of training him and watching his embarrassment and humiliation as he finds himself being drawn into my net of feminized obedience.”

And the three dominant women laughed at the truth of the statement as the poor boy stared at his mother while seeing his own sissified image in the mirror through fearful, yet fascinated eyes!

“Yes, Sissy Missy Mandy will become an adorable sissy boy-girl for everybody to love like a little dolly,” Mistress Carla promised happily.

Of course, while all this had been going on, Mistress Jennifer had not been idle in my continuing enslavement and feminization as Sissy Dani.

The next step in my “training” came during dinner at an elegant restaurant. I had arrived, as ordered, as Daniel. Shown to the table at which Jennifer sat, I blanched when I saw her. She was dressed all in brown suede business suit, a sure sign that I was in for a humiliating time.

As I sat beside her, she let her hand brush over my chest.

“You're not wearing a bra, are you?” she asked.

“Of course not. I'm Daniel, not Sissy Dani,” I whispered, upset with the very idea of such a thing. “You told me to come as my normal self.”

“That doesn't mean you shouldn't always be reminded of your true position,” she answered. She reached into her bag and pulled out a package, smiling the sinister

smile I recognized so well. The package was from the local boutique that specialized in TV fashions. “Go to the men's room and put on the things you'll find in this package.”

I peeked inside. The package contained a black lace trimmed bra and panty set, garter belt and sheer stockings!

“I can't do that!” I protested.

“You can and you will!”

I shuddered, I knew that I must obey her!

Sheepishly, I picked up the package and headed for the men's room, hoping to find some privacy in a closed booth.

“And Daniel,” she called loudly after me, “No socks over pretty, sheer nylon stockings.”

Moments later, certain the entire restaurant knew what I was wearing beneath my business suit, (which was a real possibility, since my shirt was light enough for the black bra to show through, and my pants short enough for the sheer hose to show at my ankles), I meekly returned to our table.

As I sat again, Mistress Jennifer reached under our table for my crotch, deftly pulled open my fly, and pulled out a tuft of the black satin panties. She let her leather-covered hand brush over my straining cock. Yes, I was turned on, dammit!

We ordered dinner, with Jennifer, as usual, ordering for me. Though she had a full meal, I had to be content with a salad.

“Have to watch her girlish figure,” she noted to the amusement of our giggling waitress. After dinner, as we relaxed, Jennifer pulled her make-up out of her purse and began to freshen up.

She turned to me as she finished, asking, “Wouldn't you like to freshen your make-up, too, *Pretty Sissy Dani?*”

That was it—the code words that surrendered my personality to that of Sissy Dani, Mistress Jennifer's lesbian slave!

Though I could not refuse her commands, I remained aware of what she was doing to me.

“Dani, I think it's silly of you to go about without make-up on, don't you?” she asked handing me a little black leather handbag.

“Yes, Mistress,” Dani eagerly replied, as poor Daniel almost died, opening the hand bag to find a cosmetic pouch.

“Very well, then. I want you to put on a light coat of pink lipstick, pale plum eye shadow, eye liner, mascara, and just a hint of blush—though you hardly need it. You blush so naturally when you're embarrassed.”

Unable to refuse, I did as she asked as others watched my display in amazement. When I had finished, she produced a pair of dangling earrings with little bells, and my familiar slave ankle bracelets.

“Put these on,” she commanded, causing me to obey again. “Very good. Now Dani, ” she continued, “At all times, whether dressed as Dani or Daniel you will wear the pretty lingerie, make-up, earrings and ankle bracelets you are now wearing. You will also carry this little handbag for your make-up, in case you need to freshen up.”

“This is an irrevocable, posthypnotic command. Each morning when you dress as Daniel or Dani these things will be a part of your routine. As Dani, of course, you want to be pretty. As Daniel, they will add to the embarrassment you feel from your feminization. The soft ringing of the bells in your ears will remind you constantly that my voice rings in your ears, always ready to command you to do as I wish.”

She snapped her fingers and, instantly, I regained control of myself as Daniel!

I looked into the mirror next to our table, The sight of my now permanently feminized face brought on moist eyes.

“Why?” I asked Jennifer. “What will they think of this when they see me at work? Things have been bad enough, mistress.”

“That is really your problem. I suppose you will be accepted as some sort of fairy queen. What do I care. You didn't think I'd be happy with you as just a part-time slave, did you?” she responded with a self-satisfied shrug. “If you can't work as a man, you can always become my houseboy, or maid. Now I can hold power over you constantly. You're mine 24 hours a day from now on, even without Sissy Dani. Soon I may impose that simpering personality on you constantly, with no way for you to be released.”

I shuddered again—but with fear, or secret delight?

“He's obsessed with boobs,” complained Maria, a new recruit to Mistress Jennifer's cadre of dominant feminizers of hapless men, who was planning to buy one of the condo units if Jennifer could help *transform* her husband. “My husband Bob just stares at any woman with a full figure—the fuller the better.”

It was easy to see why this disturbed her. Maria, though extremely attractive, was a petite, small-boned woman who was far from buxom.

I was privy to this conversation, along with little Teasing Tammy, because Jennifer, Maria, and Tammy's sister and dominatrix, Susan, intended to use us to bring the poor unsuspecting Bob into a trap—a trap that would deprive him of his manliness forever, it seemed.

We were sent out to meet Bob at one of his favorite hangouts, a topless bar that specialized in attracting men who *appreciated* bosomy types.

I was dressed for the kill, in a skintight, white satin cocktail dress that played up my all too ample bogus breasts, for this special entrapment, with a very short skirt, four-inch white satin heels, and dramatic make-up.

Tammy had also been dressed to look older. She wore a black leather outfit, also extremely tight and short, with six-inch heels and equally dramatic make-up.

Our instructions, enforced by the posthypnotic suggestions that created our submissive personalities, were to approach Bob, get him to buy us drinks, and then get him back to the hotel for his own *transformation*.

Within minutes after we arrived, I spotted Bob at the bar.

“Well, hello there,” I cooed as I approached him, playing up my charms as much as I could.

“Hello yourself, little lady,” Bob replied, smiling. He looked me up and down, pausing noticeably, as expected, at my bust line.

“And who's this little heartbreaker?” he asked as Tammy sidled up to his other side.

“That's my sister, Tammy, ” I replied. “I'm Dani.”

He put his arms around our waists, in the process letting his hands graze our inviting boobs.

I suggested he buy us a round of drinks.

He made the order, and I told him and Tammy to find a quiet table and I would bring the drinks when they were ready. Bob readily agreed, seeing a chance, I suppose, to make a little time while alone with the enticing Tammy.

A short time later, the drinks were placed on the bar.

I carefully blocked Bob's view while I doctored his martini with the colorless, odorless potion Jennifer and her friends frequently used to render their potential he-slaves helpless.

I wiggled my way over to the table, setting down the drinks, urging Bob to try his, “To make sure the bartender got it right, sweetheart.”

He took a big gulp, pronounced it great, then suddenly a blank look came over him.

“Wow, that stuff works quickly, doesn't it?” Tammy remarked.

“It certainly does,” I answered. “Now, be quiet. I have to give him the preliminary instructions that will get him into our Mistresses' clutches.”

I turned to Bob. “Can you hear me, Bob?”

“Yes,” he replied in a monotone.

“Good. In a few moments, you will awaken feeling quite refreshed. When you do so, you will follow these instructions exactly. You will agree to my suggestion that I drive us back to my place. Once there, I will turn you over to your *trainers*. The phrase, ‘*Sleep, Bob*’, will return you to this hypnotic state. Is this all clear?”

“Yes,” he replied again.

“Excellent. Wake up,” I commanded.

Bob instantly came out of the spell and soon joined Tammy and me on our way to our hotel.

I rang the doorbell to a basement suite and Jennifer answered the door, with Bob's wife, Maria, at her side.

Before Bob could completely take in the consequences of what was going on, Maria said, “*Sleep, Bob*,” and he was once again entranced.

The mesmerized Bob was led inside to the basement room that had become Jennifer's *transformation suite*. There he was made to lie upon a comfortable bed, headphones were placed on his ears, and Jennifer began a new technique for transforming a male's psyche to the one she desired—sleep learning.

“While he sleeps there overnight,” she told Maria, “the tapes will impress upon him his new persona—*Busty Barbie*. Just like Sissy Dani and Teasing Tammy, she will be completely submissive to all women, and especially to you, and she will have her own special twist: an innate desire to be as buxom as possible, the bigger the better. In addition, she will be compelled to display those *charms* to their best advantage at all times.

“But inwardly,” Jennifer continued, “Bob will be completely conscious of what is happening to him. If you request, he will explain his humiliation to you for your enjoyment. He can be brought in and out of his transformed personality by the following method—the phrase ‘*Touch your boobs, Busty Barbie*’ will activate the submissive mode, a simple snap of your fingers will bring back Bob, who will be completely aware of everything that has happened to him as Barbie. In addition, in either mode, the phrase ‘*Sleep, Bob*’ or ‘*Sleep, Barbie*’ will permit new posthypnotic instructions to be given.

“Does that satisfy your desire for revenge?”

“Completely,” Maria replied. “I can't wait for morning!”

When morning came, Bob was awakened by a subliminal command on the tapes, fully aware of his new self as Busty Barbie!

Maria and Jennifer were waiting for him.

“Barbie,” Maria told him. “We have an appointment for you at the beauty parlor. Put on the clothes we've laid out for you and we'll leave shortly.”

The now totally submissive man began to dress, with Maria's aid, in a completely bisexual outfit: white pantyhose, white satin vest and panty beneath; topped by a white, raw silk, man-tailored blouse and pleated, black women's slacks. The shoes were simple black leather, low-heeled pumps.

Next Maria used just a hint of make-up to brighten his face and make it look softer. Pale pink blush and lipstick, light blue eye shadow and the merest touch of mascara. She then teased his hair into a slightly feminine style.

When completed, any observer would have been hard-pressed to determine Bob/Barbie's true gender.

Thirty minutes later, they arrived at the beauty shop run by Jennifer's friend Margaret, the dominant woman who had aided in my own transformation to Sissy Dani.

There, *Barbie* was handed a pink, nylon beauty smock and stripped to her panties and strapped into the chair Margaret used for her *special* customers.

Once sure that the half-feminized male couldn't escape, Maria leaned over and snapped her fingers in his face.

Instantly, Bob's own persona reasserted itself. He was indignant. "What's going on, Maria? Why am I strapped to this chair in this *beauty parlor*?"

He said the last two words with evident loathing.

"What's happening, Barbie, darling, is that you are about to be transformed into the kind of woman you most desire—a big-breasted, submissive bimbo. The only difference is that you will be submissive only to me and other women," Maria explained. "I fully expect that when you see yourself—as long as I allow you to be Bob and not Barbie—you'll come right in your panties. In fact, I may order you to do just that."

Though he was absolutely livid, Bob realized that he could not fight back in this environment.

Within an hour, Bob was further transformed into Barbie. His dark hair had been lengthened by the addition of a fall that came to below his shoulders, with attractive curls framing his face. That face no longer looked masculine in the slightest. His eyes had been accented with permanent long, false eyelashes, and deep, green eye shadow, topped by plucked and arched eyebrows. His cheeks were graced by a rose blush and his lips looked full and kissable in their coat of glistening red. His nails had been lengthened and painted the same red color.

Now came the clothes. The white tights and satin panties remained. Then came a long-line support bra that was open about the nipples. As he watched in disbelief his wife slipped a DD cup silicone mastectomy pad with a large areola and full nipple into each of the bra cups. Then a very sheer, white blouse, permitting the plump nipples to show through provocatively, along with a tight, knee-length, pink full skirt and white, patent-leather baby doll pumps with two inch heels.

A collar, much like my own as Sissy Dani, was locked around her neck, as were similar ankle bracelets.

Maria turned to face the transformed Bob. "*Sleep, Barbie,*" she ordered. "In a moment, you will see yourself for the first time as Busty Barbie. I want you to pose so as to show off your boobs as much as possible. When I am satisfied to your ability to display yourself, I will bring back your male personality. As soon as Bob sees *Barbie* he will see his pretty boobs and come in the dainty panties."

Deciding caution was in order before releasing Bob from his bonds, Maria spoke the code words, "*Touch your boobs, Busty Barbie. Now, awake.*"

Barbie could tell it was true. She had the huge boobs his mistress had described. She could hardly think of them as being bigger!

Immediately, the shemale began to run through the most provocative of poses, always with the goal of letting her ever-present breasts lead the way.

After a short while, Maria snapped her fingers.

Bob was aghast as he at last saw the bizarre creature they had made of him. At the same time, he could not help being turned on by the image in the mirror; in many ways, this was the woman of his dreams, busty and unashamed of it. He couldn't help it. His cock grew large and thick, heavy with the sexual thoughts within him. He strug-

gled against it but could not stop as it swelled larger and larger in response to the image in the mirror!

Suddenly, as Maria had ordered, the image of Busty Barbie—his own transformed image—made him come in his satin panties before the delighted women!

“There now, our little lady has her first pair of boobs, all for herself,” Maria observed with a grim little smile. “Now we are going next door to visit Dr. Dorothy Nye, who is a plastic surgeon. And Bob, dearest, as Busty Barbie you are going to tell her about your falsie boobs in tearful distress while begging her to give you real ones! You'll want to look—and beg her to make you look—like a brunette Dolly Parton!”

And, then in total shame over what was to be done to his body and the realization that his own feminized body had already caused him to publicly respond in such a naughty fashion, he broke into very unmasculine tears!

“Smile, *Busty Barbie*,” Mistress Maria ordered bringing about the transformation she wanted. “We are going to see the plastic surgeon to see if you can have real breasts. Won't that be wonderful?”

“Oh, yes, Mistress Maria,” Barbie simpered happily, leading the way with her breasts held high so that all the world could know how proud she was to be able to soon have real breasts as big as the ones she had now. Poor Bob could only wait in dismay, in anxiously desire...

“This should be the most exciting night of your life,” Mistress Jennifer told me. “We'll be celebrating Sissy Dani's first birthday.”

It was true. A full year had gone by since Jennifer had first used her secret hypnotic designs to implant within my mind the personality of Sissy Dani, a simpering, submissive male lesbian who craved being both beautiful and bound.

In that year, she had also aided many of her dominant friends to successfully transform the men in their lives into submissive feminine slaves as well. Many of them would be at the party tonight.

“Let's get you into your birthday dress,” Jennifer announced, holding out the special creation.

“Can't that wait?” I asked petulantly. I had noted over the last several months that even as Daniel I was becoming increasingly girlish—my voice was higher, softer and my gestures and walk more feminine.

This *persona seepage*, as I had come to think of it, had seemingly begun the evening Jennifer had imposed a second set of posthypnotic commands upon me. I was now compelled to wear feminine undergarments; a light coating of make-up, and jewelry at all times. Whether dressed and acting as Daniel or Dani! I was now reluctant to wear female clothing when the Daniel persona was in charge—for fear the *seepage* would increase. However, it really made little difference, except for the little pride I had, because this seepage had become so obvious to others that I could no longer work in the real world, unless I wanted to work as a woman!

So, as she had willed it, I became a sort of house boy, or maid, for Mistress Jennifer. She provided me with room and board as well as the *things* she wanted me to

wear, while I sold all that I had acquired over the years to give the money to her as a token of my servitude.

Jennifer, of course, had the solution to my reluctance.

“Don't you want to be *Pretty, Sissy Dani?*”

Those were the code words, the special message that would activate in full the feminine psyche hidden within my own. As usual, the switch was instantaneous.

Unable to resist (though within, I knew how humiliating the entire scenario was), I dropped my gaze and held out my arms, wrists touching.

“Transform me, Mistress,” I pleaded. “Bind me into your service as Sissy Dani.”

Jennifer ordered me to remove my male outer clothes and the black lace undies I was also wearing. She strapped me into a plain white strapless padded bra and then added white, rumba-ruffled, satin panties. No garter belt this time—the sheer white stockings she gave me to put on my hairless legs were knee-highs designed to stay up by themselves.

Then she handed me the dress Sissy Dani was to wear. I understood why my lingerie was so simple.

The dress was styled like a little girl's white, silk party dress with cute, rose-puff sleeves and a dainty pinafore apron with a large, sash bow in the back. Yet, it was somehow very sexy, and tight as tight could be. Its shimmering, white fabric clung to every one of Sissy Dani's curves. It had a portrait collar that followed the bra line with the bodice fitting like a bustier. The skirt hem was among the shortest Sissy Dani had ever worn—nearly eight inches above the knee. A built-in starched petticoat made the skirt stand out, revealing even more of the legs than usual, and I feared a glimpse of panties with any than the most delicate moves.

Now came the shoes, the barest of bare white sandals with seven-inch party heels. Fortunately, in preparation for the party, Jennifer had made me (as both Daniel and Dani) practice walking in even higher eight-inch heels for the past month. In comparison, these were like flats.

I looked down at my feet, and the Sissy Dani persona was enchanted by the sight of my pink-painted toenails winking through the thin straps of the sandals. It was an extremely sexy sight.

Fully dressed for the party (or so I thought at the time), I was seated at my vanity for a make-up job.

In keeping with the sexy, yet virginal white of my outfit, Mistress Jennifer emphasized the little-girl look of my face without neglecting the need to make me the center of attention she wanted me to be that evening.

The final effect, with a bouffant blonde hair style, ultra-long lashes, carefully shaded pale colors in the eye shadow, a deep coral lipstick, and my usual embarrassed blush; left the impression of a Monroe-like sexpot trying to masquerade as a pre-teenager. Jennifer was certain I would be a hit.

My usual bondage jewelry was also added, locked collar, bracelets, ankle bracelets.

She faced me toward the mirror and snapped her fingers.

Instantly, my male persona reasserted itself. I gazed at my reflection as the hypnotic effect of Jennifer's commands combined with the *persona seepage* left me with a raging hard-on. Jennifer recognized the look of longing on my face.

“Concentrate on other things, Danielle,” she cooed with an amused giggle over my lack of self control, especially since the shamed sex object was clearly myself!

“For example, I have a big birthday surprise waiting for you at the party this evening.” She grinned evilly, and I shuddered, in fear and in anticipation.

“Time to go,” she told me, producing my outerwear, such as it was.

First came a pair of opera-length, white satin gloves, exceedingly tight and fetishistic. So tight, in fact, that I could scarcely move my elbows or fingers once they were on. She forced my arms behind my back and demonstrated the gloves' other secret; the two halves of a nylon zipper ran up the inner side of each glove. Forcing my arms close together, she closed the zipper, imprisoning my arms as if they were bound in a single glove.

Over this elegant bondage she placed a white satin cape that fell to my waist, mostly hiding my imprisoned arms, but leaving just enough showing to make it interesting should anyone notice my awkward condition.

“Now you just stand here like that and get used to it,” Jennifer advised, “while I get into my own party outfit.”

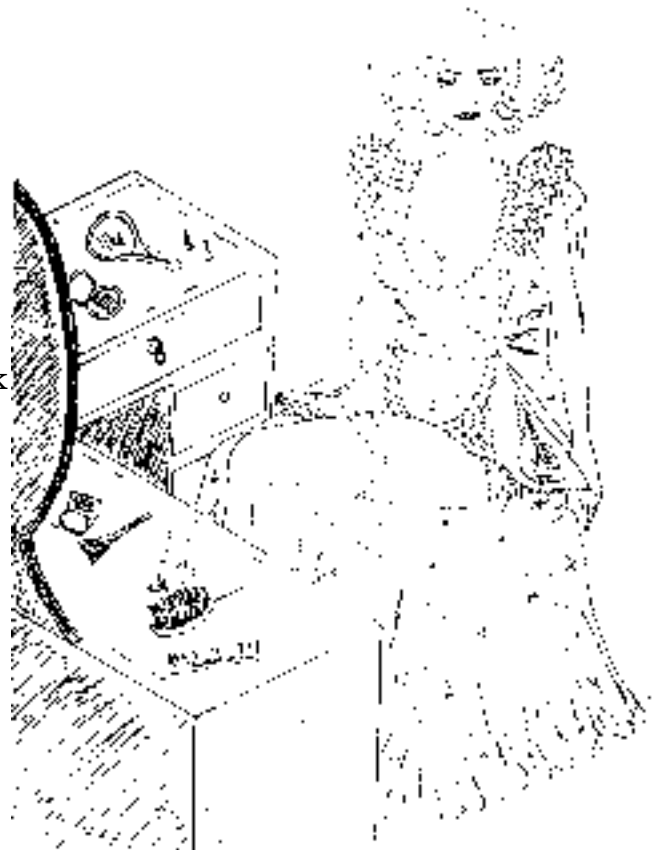
Moments later, she reappeared. Involuntarily I gasped—she was beautiful. Her dress was a classic evening gown: halter-collared, bare-backed, clinging in all the right places, with a slit up the side to reveal her gorgeous legs and the rich black satin ruffles of her slip-skirt, but the dress was made entirely of fire red kid leather. Her stockings were also red silk, and her boots were of matching soft leather.

Jennifer clipped a gold chain leash to my collar and tugged lightly.

“Let's go, Dani, your public awaits.”

She led me to her car and we drove into the village to a parking lot near a stucco, fortress-like building.

Much to my horror she led me by the collar leash, in public view like a little personal pet, down the busy street past curious onlookers, from the parking lot through the portcullis-styled gate of the Club Lesbos into an inner garden.



I had heard vague stories about this lesbian nightclub, and here I was!

The party was held at in one of its private party rooms rented by Mistress Susan.

Among the guests at this birthday party for my own imposed female persona were Teasing Tammy, little Sissy Missy Mandy and her mother Carla, and Busty Barbie and her wife-mistress Maria.

Each of the three had, I was told, prepared an entertainment for the celebration. When everyone had arrived, the festivities began.

First into the spotlight was *Teasing Tammy*.

Susan had outfitted her little *sister* in a dressy version of her usual teenage sexpot attire. The buxom little redhead wore a pink sequined mini-dress with a diagonal-cut hem: it started at knee-length on her left side and rose to stocking-tops 'revealing a hint of garter' on the right. Along the outside of the right leg her specially made, pink stockings had an inscription running from the thigh to the ankle.

COCKTEASER.

She also wore six-inch pink party pumps.

Like me, Tammy was only a part-time submissive. Her sister, Mistress Susan brought her out for special occasions like these, or for missions to lure in prospective feminization victims. Also like me, Tammy's other self, Tommy, was acutely aware of everything he was forced to undergo when in the thrall of the Teasing Tammy persona, so I understood the humiliation he would feel after the party when Susan released him from her control.

Tammy's act consisted of her playing up sexually to one of the un-feminized male submissives at the party, while singing, in a Betty Boopish voice, "I Want to Be Loved by You".

Her instructions were to turn the man on as much as possible using her body, lips, and hands, both for her own humiliation and his. But, since the hapless creature would be forbidden to relieve his frustration by his own mistress, Teasing Tammy could only tease him to the *brink*, and no more!

The act was a rousing success. The partygoers loved it and the poor submissive ended up with a raging erection; but tied to a chair as he was, he could only long for release, in more ways than one.

Completing her number, Tammy curtsied and retreated to Susan's side, where she was immediately returned to her own bondage—silver handcuffs behind the back and leg restraints—and then Susan played a little trick of her own.

Snapping her fingers, she returned Tammy to Tommy.

As the realization of what he had just done hit him, Tommy turned bright red and would have run from the room in very unmasculine tears of shame had Susan not restrained him.

Next on the makeshift stage was little Sissy Missy Mandy. Unlike most of the other feminized slaves in our little circle, Mandy had not been transformed through hypnosis but through rigorous training by his mother Carla instead. She had turned down the

mesmerizing route, thinking it would be more fun, and more embarrassing to the former Martin, if the 14 year old boy were constantly aware of his increasingly feminized appearance and personality.

Normally, Carla kept Mandy dressed in sissy-boy attire (velvet or satin shorts, satin shirts, big bows, etc.) rather than full female regalia, but tonight she had gone all out.

Sissy Missy Mandy gave the appearance of an oversized four-year-old girl in a pale blue party dress with lace and ruffles all over it, little puffed sleeves, opaque white stockings and white, patent leather Mary Janes with two-inch heels. The effect was emphasized by a little organdy apron tied over his skirt, with a big bow showing at the rear.

Still there remained a touch of the androgynous to his appearance, since Carla had chosen to forego a wig for the crossdressed boy, simply curling his short black hair lightly and affixing a large pale blue ribbon to the left side. His face was lightly touched with cosmetics, just enough to soften his features.

Many of the other "little-girl" submissives were clearly jealous of his femininity.

For her performance, Mandy sang the classic "I'm a Little Teapot," along with the appropriate gestures. So when poor, blushing Mandy raised his arms to form a 'teapot', all could see his short dress skirt and white, lacy petticoat hems arise to reveal plump white satin panties and decorated tiers of lace ruffles to appear under the spotlight as if they were plastic baby panties!

When completed, she curtsied sweetly, then as ordered, nervously stuck her thumb in her mouth little-toddler girl fashion and went to her mother's arms to accept a little kiss and a large lollipop to suck on.

The audience ate it up.

Last up was Busty Barbie. Once known as Bob, he was the only adult in our group of fem-slaves who lived full-time as a woman. How could he do otherwise?

His wife, Maria, perturbed by his obsession with big-breasted women, had used a combination of hypnosis, special drugs and breast implants to turn him into a heart-stopping version of what he loved most.

Barbie was now a lust-inducing buxom brunette, her boobs expanded to a 38DD!

The hypnotic commands that created the Barbie personality had several interesting twists. The more often she saw herself with big breasts, the bigger she wanted her boobs to get, although Maria had recently "turned off" that command for she didn't want Barbie to get too gross, Bob, when released from his Barbie persona, was compelled to gaze upon the vision of Barbie he had become and come in his panties. Finally, Bob had constant awareness of all that happened to Barbie, and Maria frequently ordered him to report on his reactions to it. He had told me it was a greatly humiliating experience.

And that was to be his "act" this evening. Barbie wiggled and jiggled her way into the performance area. She wore a see-through red blouse, through which her large tits, carefully powdered and rouged, showed provocatively.

Her skirt was a tight, black-leather mini, considerably hampering her ability to walk freely, especially in the six-inch heeled, party pumps she also wore. Her dark hair hung below her shoulders in a Farrah-like wave, framing a skillfully made-up face with bee-sting red lips.

“I have been requested, ” she began in simpering, breathless, sultry tones, “to describe my activities and my feelings as I prepared for this evening's gathering.

“As usual when appearing in public, I began with a long bubble-bath. As I stripped naked, I found my hands again straying to my breasts, tweaking the nipples, heaving the heavy globes together. My mind had struggled to prevent my body from teasing myself so, but without effect. My beloved Mistress's hypnotic commands are too strong. As a woman I stepped into the bath.

“An hour later,” she continued, “powdered and dried from the bath, I began dressing for the party. I started with my black satin panties, garter belt and black sheer stockings. Then I stepped—struggled, really—into the exquisite tightness of my leather skirt. My body thrilled at the feel of it across my hips and thighs; my mind tried to push those feelings away, again without success.

“Finally, I slipped on my six-inch pumps. Then I sat at my vanity to begin my make-up. I accented my eyes with long false eyelashes, and deep green shadow, and carefully touched up my plucked and arched eyebrows. Next came a rose blush, followed by a coat of glistening red lipstick. I freshened my nail polish with the same red color. Looking in the mirror I could see the image I loved.

“Now, came the part my feminine body loved and my poor male mind most detested. I could feel my arms and hands shake as my conscious struggled with my unconscious. But, as always, the unconscious won. My hands picked up the powder and lipstick again, accenting the white of my lovely full boobs and the red of the nipples. Looking at my luscious tits in the mirror. I posed vainly, thinking of how men would adore seeing such ample proofs of my sex.

“Now came the finishing touch—the blouse that would both hide and reveal my breasts to the world. Once it was in place, Mistress Maria entered my room and snapped her fingers. Barbie was gone—Bob took her place within my mind. I stared at the reflection in the mirror and, as it had every day for the past several months, my cock shot its load into my panties at the sight of my transformed self.”

Just as poor Busty Barbie completed these words Bob's mind came awake in horror as his aroused penis filled his panties and he fled from the stage to his mistress, who gave him a fresh pair of panties making certain that he used his damp pair to clean himself before the giggling ladies at her table.

The entertainment complete, Mistress Jennifer announced it was time for my surprise.

Suddenly, from behind, I felt a pair of hands thrust a ball-gag into my mouth, tying it tightly. Next I felt the zipper on my dress being pulled down. Shortly, the dress fell in a bundle to my feet. Now, Mistress Jennifer reached behind me and undid the hooks on my bra. It, too, fell to the floor.

I stood there, half-naked in my sheer white hose and high white sandals, unable to move because of the way my arms were bound by the white satin gloves, unable to protest because of the way my mouth was gagged. Jennifer smiled—the smile I knew meant additional humiliation for me.

“You look so *Pretty, Sissy Dani.*”

Instantly. I no longer cared how I looked. I actually longed for the humiliation I was receiving. Such was the effect of the Sissy Dani persona upon me.

Now Jennifer produced a syringe from her bag.

“This, Sissy Dani, is to be your first injection of female hormones. Who knows, they may produce such wonderful results as we all see in Busty Barbie.”

She stuck the needle under each of my breasts, as my eyes widened!

“Oh no, Dani,” she responded to my unasked question, “we're not going to make you as buxom as Barbie. Just enough to give you cute little boobs for the rest of your life.

“After all,” Jennifer continued, “you're going to need them. From this point forward, the sound of snapping fingers will no longer return Daniel to control of your mind.”

She demonstrated.

Indeed, the switch in personas I expected did not occur. But, did that mean—

“Yes, Dani, this is the end of your double life,” she went on, as I felt a strange tingling warmth in my tits.

“From now on, you're *Pretty Sissy Dani forever!*”

The delighted audience applauded my good fortune as I sank to my knees to kiss and adore the lovely feet of my mistress, as poor Daniel felt his mind *seep* away, wondering how really big my breasts would become to amuse my mistress and her lesbian friends as Sissy Dani attended to their every need with simpering joy.

PETTICOATING THE BOSS

by Dani

“Angela: Come in here, please,” Steven Anderson's voice roared through the office door to his administrative assistant. In moments, she was in the doorway.

“Yes, Steve. May I help you?” she asked sweetly.

Steve looked her over. He had to admit he had hired Angela, mostly on the basis of her looks; but she had turned into the most efficient assistant he had ever had. Still she was a woman and looked it, although she had recently changed her style of dress, it seemed.

When he hired her, Angela's tastes seemed given to flowing, flowery prints, lace and silk. Until the last six months, he had never seen her in slacks. Now, she stood before him in a black, super-suede, leather, business suit with a red satin blouse beneath the jacket. The skirt was short and tight—revealing her legs to mid-thigh. And those legs were, as always, spectacular, particularly now, perched on four-inch red heels.

She had cut her hair recently as well. Now wearing it in a stylish, but somewhat boyish cut. Her make-up remained impeccably tasteful but it seemed more severe at the same time. When asked, she had passed the changes off as the shifting winds of fashion, but Steven suspected there was more to it.

“I said, may I help you, Steve?” Angela's repeated query broke her boss out of his reverie and he pointed to the coffee maker on his credenza.

“I'm out of coffee,” he said. “Make some more, will you?”

“Oh—and that pile of reports needs to be photocopied,” he added, indicating the two-foot stack of papers on the corner of his desk.

Angela sighed, and moved to the coffee maker, spooning coffee into the machine, getting a pot of water, and then left, picking up the reports on her way out. She closed the door behind her and leaned against it.

In many ways, Steven was one of the best employers she had ever had, but Angela had grown tired of his constant demands for her to perform duties she felt were beneath her title of administrative assistant.

After all, Steven did have Mrs. Robertson as a secretary, but she was an older woman, not a sex object. And he demanded perfection from her, causing the poor woman to work late into the night if he wasn't satisfied.

So, Angela made the coffee and copied the reports—but those days weresoon to end, she thought. She knew who should be the sex object in that office! *Her mind drifted back in time...*

A little over six months ago, Angela had met Mistress Jennifer and Mistress Susan at a little bar on the East Side. Each was accompanied by a very intriguing companion.

Jennifer introduced the lovely blonde by her side as Sissy Dani, her male lesbian slave. To Angela's wide-eyed, innocent stare, Jennifer displayed, surreptitiously, Dani's male equipment bringing a deeper blush to poor Dani's already doll-like, ever-present blush of embarrassment, then showed how his bracelets could be locked together, and told her how much Dani loved the whole idea.

Dani also wore a sedate, but attractive, white, raw silk dress, its hem stopping six inches above her knees, sheer stockings, and white pumps with three-inch heels.

Turning to Susan, Angela noted that her friend, called Teasing Tammy, seemed quite young.

“Indeed she is,” answered Susan, with a delighted laugh over her little joke at her brother's expense. “Tammy is just 16, but a real sex trap for the boys, as you can tell from her clothing. You wouldn't guess that she has an eighteen year old *twin* brother.”

Tammy was dressed in a short, frilly, pink mini-dress that did little to hide her full, lush figure. She also wore sheer pink stockings and pink, lace-trimmed ankle socks, while her feet were shod in four-inch pink, baby doll pumps.

Tammy seemed determined to pick up a man in this bar, as she constantly let her skirt hike up to her stocking tops, while she pouted her lips and let her tongue slip out in a teasing fashion that caused the older man to look nervously in her direction despite the fact that he could see that the sexy teenager was clearly jail bait if he fell for her inducements.

“Actually, Tammy is my brother Tommy—he's been transformed just as Dani has,” Susan admitted. “His role in life is to bring more men into our little TV trap.”

Jennifer and Susan were both dressed in leather: Jennifer in a red leather skirt and white satin blouse with black, thigh-high leather boots with three-inch heels, Susan in a black leather jump suit, decorated with zippers, including one that ran from her collar to her crotch, and was now pulled open to an inch below her otherwise naked breasts. She also wore three-inch heels, but hers were pumps set off by the pale stockings that showed between her ankles and the zippered bottoms of the pegged pants of her jump suit. Both had miniature whips hanging from their belts, and a ring of keys.

Jennifer explained the keys were for an assortment of locking bondage gear they kept in their purses.

Susan pointed out that Tammy was about to make a “conquest”. A slender young man of about 22 had caught Tammy's eye and the two were now strolling to a dark booth elsewhere in the bar.

“She'll signal us when she's ready for the next step,” Susan said. “Tell us about yourself, Angela.”

Intrigued by the unusual lifestyle these two attractive women had chosen for themselves, Angela spoke about her job as Steven's assistant and about the increasing frustration she felt at his consistent chauvinist attitude toward her and her duties.

Jennifer grinned.

“Sounds like a terrific candidate for our new transformation process,” she pointed out. “We’ve been using hypnosis as our means of making our little darlings meet our expectations and needs. But now, a doctor friend has suggested a new method, involving drugs that heighten suggestibility combined with training video tapes. She says the process might take a little longer, but it wouldn’t require the constant reinforcement that hypnosis does. Are you game?”

Angela's brow knitted while she thought about it.

“Let me see how you handle Tammy's *conquest*,” she replied. “I want to see how this works.”

Jennifer and Susan agreed and the three turned back to the bar to await Tammy's signal that her friend was ready for them to pounce.

Half an hour later, Angela joined the two dominants and their slaves as they returned to the hotel. Tammy's *conquest*, Sal, slept peacefully between Dani and Tammy.

Susan explained that Tammy had doused Sal's drink with a powerful sedative that would have the man knocked out for hours.

Arriving at the hotel, they carried the unconscious victim into a basement suite bedroom. “This is our *transformation room*,” Jennifer explained in a matter-of-fact tone. “The room next door is the *control* room.

Angela watched as they stripped him of his clothes— suit, shirt, underwear and all.

Tammy and Dani, acting like a pair of ladies' maids, dressed Sal in lingerie: frilly tap panties, padded bra, matching garter belt, and sheer stockings.

Jennifer used cosmetics to feminize his youthful face, mascara, eye shadow, blush and lipstick. She stepped back to examine her work. Satisfied, she settled a pair of earphones over Sal's head, turned out the overhead light and left him, as Tammy and Dani secured their captive, now seated in a large vanity bench, facing the brightly lit mirror. “Now what?” Angela asked.

“Now the tape player will impress my hypnotic suggestions on his sleeping mind,” Jennifer answered.

“By morning, Sal will be Sally, in everything, but body. Would you like to listen to a bit of the tape?” she asked.

“I prepared the splices keyed to our new slave's name while Dani and Tammy were dressing him,” she told Angela. Angela nodded, and Jennifer led her into the adjoining room, that had a one-way mirror looking into the room where their captive was seated. Facing the one-way glass was a video tape projector plugged into a nearby reel-to-reel tape console on which she flipped a switch. Instantly, Jennifer's voice, in a soft, sultry tone, filled the *control* room.

“You love women's clothes,” the recorded voice told the drowsing Sal. “You love dressing and looking like a woman. The feel of satin, silk, and nylon arouses you. You are particularly fond of clothes that make you look like a servant. The traditional

French maid's uniform: black satin mini dress, cap, apron, black hose and very high heels is a special turn-on. As such, your name will be Serving Sally.

“You are a sexual submissive. You are compelled to obey the commands of women. You are particularly responsive to those who will dress you in beautiful clothes and keep you in bondage,” the voice continued. “You want to be a male lesbian slave. But you will never forget that you are a man, and the great humiliation of your feminine, submissive state.

“When the alarm clock strikes 6:30 a.m. you will awaken. You will not remember being hypnotized, but you will be prepared to follow my instructions implicitly. When you see yourself in the mirror upon awakening, you will immediately have a wonderful hard-on and joyfully come.

“Forever after, the sight of yourself as a woman will be equated with sex in your mind. You will be unable to have sex while dressed as a male. At the snapping of my fingers, you will return to your normal male personality, with full memory of the humiliations you have experienced. The spoken phrase *‘Tie your apron, Serving Sally’* will bring back your maid-servant-slave personality.”

The voice drifted off and was replaced by soft soothing music.

“The tape will repeat periodically through the night. It contains basic mind conditioning control programming as well as a switch-over to the video machine which will allow our new *maid* to memorize two hours of detailed make-up instruction, two hours of interactive voice instruction, four hours of domestic service training, and two hours on proper manners,” Jennifer explained with a wry smile. “Now, come with me,” she said.

Susan, Jennifer and Angela spent the rest of the evening planning Steven's transformation. .

But, first would come Angela's own change.

The two experienced dominants explained the importance of appearance. The dominant, by dressing in clothes that accented her feminine charms while also indicating her power, impressed a subtle message on the intended submissive. It was easier for a woman who loved things feminine to use these same things to capture her male lesbian slave.

They went through many of their fashion magazines, pointing out to Angela the clothes that would best befit her desired role of dominant woman.

Susan and Jennifer invited Angela to join them in bed that night. With Dani and Tammy, as well, dressed in sweet, little, sheer, black silk baby dolls styled with white, lacy aprons like French Maids with their maleness well tucked out of sight by nude gaffs designed to look like pussies.

Angela, although she had never experienced lesbian sex before, was enthralled with the pleasure she got from the others, particularly when the dominants ordered their cross-dressed slaves to pleasure Angela's pussy and breasts with their well-trained lips and tongues.

Later, Angela had her first taste of dominant power as she fucked Dani's ass with a dildo. It was a heady experience and set her firmly on the path of dominance, and dreams of such humiliating power over Steven.

Steven's days as a free male were numbered!

The next morning the three opened the door to Sal's bedroom just before 6:30. As the clock began ringing, Sal's eyes popped open and he saw his feminized face in the brightly lit mirror above the vanity.

At the same moment, his body shuddered and the poor man realized that his maleness had responded shamefully at the mere sight of his own image, made up like a drag queen of some sort, in the mirror!

Jennifer, Susan and Angela all laughed at the reluctant TV's embarrassment.

“What the hell is going on?” he yelled as he strained at his bonds. “What are you doing to me?”

“SHUT UP!” shouted Jennifer. “And *tie your apron, Serving Sally!*”

Angela watched the lingerie-clad man's eyes glaze over, as the feminine submissive personality Jennifer's posthypnotic commands imposed took over his body. She released his bonds.

He lowered his eyes to meekly curtsy and said apologetically: “Of course, Mistress. How may I serve you?”

“Wow!” thought Angela. “If he's this easy to handle after just one night of commands, how much can I manage to do with Steven once I get my claws into him?”

She watched as Jennifer showed Serving Sally her new maid's outfit laid out on the bed.

The mesmerized TV practically threw herself at the satin uniform she had been trained to desire and Angela observed how the little darling's cock filled the panties again. With an urgency born of erotic desire, Sally slipped on the black patent-leather pumps laid out for her, tied on her apron, perched her cap on her still masculine curls and curtsied to the three women.

“I am ready to serve, Mistresses—what may I do for you?”

Susan grinned as she circled the new maid, reaching under the petticoats to pat her ass, noting her feminine blush with approval.

“Go make our bed, then help cook start breakfast,” she told Serving Sally, then chuckled as she watched the pantied ass under the petticoated miniskirt wiggle off to her chores.

“After she has served breakfast she will become Sal again to go to work so that he can pay his rent here. He will sell most of his belongings to pay for his education here and move from his old apartment to live here in a maid's room in our basement servants quarters. After his workday as a man, he will come home, dress as Serving Sally and become one of our hotel's domestics and pay us for the privilege of being our slave seven days a week. Isn't that neat?”

Angela nodded and watched as well. . .Contemplating how she would alter Steven's psyche to her own demands.

Steven poured himself a cup of the strong coffee that Angela had made and settled into his chair. He ran his tongue over his teeth, something was different about this coffee. Not that it tasted bad, just different somehow.

Outside his office, Angela watched through the glass wall as Steven downed mouthful after mouthful of the brew.

She smiled secretively. This was the beginning of Steven's transformation.

But in reality, that transformation had begun six months ago with her own change from sweet, frilly secretary to a dynamic, dominant assistant....

The afternoon of the creation of Susan's new maid Serving Sally ,*nee Sal*, her two new friends had invited her to Mistress Margaret's beauty salon.

"If you're going to be a dominant, you need a whole new look," Jennifer told her. "Besides, maybe it will give you some ideas for Stephanie's new life as well."

The visit to Margaret's establishment was another revelation for Angela. Margaret's little total care beauty spa even adjoined a surgi-center used by a plastic surgeon for outpatients. In the back room of the otherwise normal beauty salon, the dominant beautician maintained a business devoted to aiding her mistress friends and associates in turning their husbands, boyfriends and sons into sweetly submissive little transvestites.

There was only one TV client today, a boy of about 15 named Nathaniel. His mother, Eva, had grown tired of his constant carping about the greater freedom she gave his older sister.

"You want to be free like a girl, so be it," she said to him as Margaret tied him down to the special chair used for difficult cases. The lad continued to struggle, so hard that Margaret knew she would never be able to do her transforming work.

She produced a hypodermic filled with a bright blue liquid. "This will calm him down," the hairdresser told Eva.

"He'll be nearly catatonic until I give him the antidote," she added, as she pressed the syringe into Nathaniel's arm. "Plus, it will allow you to impress any special orders you might want."

Eva grinned. "Oh, I have some special orders, all right!"

Margaret turned the boy's transformation over to an assistant and escorted Angela back to the main part of the salon.

"I think I know just the right *look* for you, Angela," she said. She opened a presentation book filled with glossy photos of models in a variety of hair styles and makeups.

She flipped through several pages, then stopped, pointing out a particular shot. "What do you think?"

"Perfect!" Angela glowed. This would shock the pants off Steven for sure—pun intended.

Margaret started work, trimming Angela's shoulder-length hair to a boyish shag, then using mousse and gel to make it into a tousled halo that set off her high cheekbones.

Next was the make-up, a completely new look for the formerly shy and retiring Angela. Instead of the pale blues, pinks and roses she normally chose for herself, Margaret went for stronger colors. Her eyes were accented with deep brown shadow and a heavy application of mascara, lengthening her lashes until she could feel them brush her cheeks with every blink. The blush was a deep rose, making her cheekbones stand out further. Finally, a deep red lipstick, shiny and wet—matched by the same color on her finger and toe nails.

The whole process took the better part of two hours.

As she helped Angela from the chair, Margaret asked, “Would you like to see our little Nathaniel, now?”

“Would I ever,” Angela replied, following the beauty salon proprietress into the back.

Sitting in the bondage chair was a very different person from the mousy teenager they had left two hours ago. He was dressed neatly in blue knee socks with black oxford pumps, simple lace ruffle-trimmed, white cotton panty briefs with a matching white training bra and slip, a white tailored shirt blouse with a pink artist bow scarf, and a blue wool jumper. A private school girl's uniform.

Nathaniel's brown hair had been changed to a vibrant red, which served to bring out the natural green of his eyes and his freckles. It had further been permed into attractive ringlets that hung to his shoulders. Those green eyes were framed by gently arched brows and highlighted by lovely permanent false lashes, and soft shadows and mascaras in green and brown. A light dusting of blush (not enough to hide the beguiling freckles) brought out the transformed boy's cheekbones and a soft pink lipstick made his mouth look sweet and girlish. Overall, this was a knockout any teenaged boy would beg for a date!

He sat upright in the chair, his mind and body still enthralled by the drug Margaret had injected into him earlier.

Now she produced the antidote.

“Wait!” Eva interrupted. “I haven't given him his orders yet.”

Eva turned to the lovely young thing who had been her son only two hours ago. “Your name is Little Pollyanna Natasha. While you are constantly aware of your true male gender, you are unable to reveal that gender to anyone. You will always act like a girl of 15—who thoroughly enjoys being as feminine as possible at all times.

“You receive a sexual thrill from wearing the most dainty and feminine of clothes: lace, silk, satin, nylon. But you cannot abide the feel of pants on your legs, in fact, pulling on a pair of pants or jeans causes you great pain and a rash.”

She smiled evilly and looked at Margaret. “Jennifer suggested that one, she'll never be able to appear as a boy again!”

The dominant mother turned again to her new *daughter*. “You are totally devoted to me and to your sister,” she told the young TV. “Any order we give you is like the greatest wish you ever had; to be fulfilled immediately. And you will always be a happy, polite and obedient, well-mannered child. A good, loving daughter, whose name Pollyanna implies that she always looks for the good side of things.

“You will be eager to go back to school again. Since you dropped out of public high school as a sophomore earlier this year you will now think that you failed in public school instead.

“You now are very happy to attend St. Catherine's private day high school for girls as a freshman, where you will study very hard to make up for your poor school work in the past, because you are ashamed of the fact that you have been demoted back a grade to be with the fourteen-year-old girls.”

“All right,” she sighed hopefully to Margaret, “wake her up.”

The syringe with the antidote sank into Natasha's arm and in moments, the beautiful green eyes fluttered open.

“Oh mother!” the soft voice cried. “I'm beautiful. Thank you so much!”

“You're welcome,” Eva replied, taking her lovely daughter into her welcome arms.

Margaret and Angela tiptoed out, silently closing the door behind them.

Angela thought back on that first time she had seen the dominants' amazing mind-control drug in action. But she knew there was no way she could manage to inject the chemical into Steven.

Fortunately, Jennifer and Susan had told her that it could be taken orally as well. A small dose would make him susceptible to hypnosis for a short time (as Sal was when he was trapped). But, it took much more to make him a permanent slave to her will. And though the effect took longer to build up, repeated applications would result in a totally pliable male psyche—with the subject unaware of the way in which his mind had been altered.

She had been slipping the drug into Steven's lunch, coffee, and water for the past month, surprising him with her happy desire to fetch everything he wanted to eat or drink during office hours.

Today should be the day. When he finished his cup of coffee, there should be enough of the chemical in his system for him to fall victim to her suggestions. She glanced into the office.

He had placed the empty cup on his desk—now was the time.

She picked up her phone and dialed his intercom number.

“Yes?” he responded.

“Steven, you are frozen to your chair,” she told him. “You cannot move, you cannot speak, until I permit it.”

She looked into the office, he was rigid in his seat. It was working! She hung up the phone and entered his office, locking the door behind her and pulling the blinds on the glass wall.

“All right, Steven, you can talk,” she said.

“Angela—wha-what's going on? What's happening?” he blurted out in sheer panic over being unable to move. “Can you call for help, I can't move?”

“Shut up!” she ordered, and instantly his mouth closed. “I have carefully constructed a little trap for you, Steven. A trap of lace, silk, nylon and satin. Stand up and come here.”

He obeyed.

She pulled a pair of pink satin tap panties from her pocket and held them out before her.

“You want these, Steven, more than you have ever wanted anything in your life. They represent everything desirable in the world: money, a beautiful woman, sex! Most of all sex.”

She watched the growing hunger in his eyes as he gazed at the lovely pair of panties she waved before him. She then watched his hands clutch and unclutch at his sides. He wanted to grab the panties from her but could not until she permitted it.

Angela tossed the panties to the floor.

“Pick them up and put them on.”

Practically tearing off his pants and shorts, Steven went on his knees and picked up the panties to sit there like a child happily dressing himself for the first time as he pulled them up his legs, settling them about his loins, rubbing their satiny softness totally engulfed with his new found happiness...

“That's enough of that, stand up!” she commanded.

“Put your pants back on and leave for home. I will arrive precisely one hour behind you. By then, you are to have taken a bath and completely shaved your body, except for your head, of course. When I ring, you will greet me at the door dressed only in your pretty panties. Now go!”

Steven pulled on his pants and mechanically walked out of the office.

Angela sat on the edge of the desk and laughed. Well, Steven, we'll soon find out what kind of a Stephanie you make!

That evening, dressed in a black leather corset, jacket, pants, and boots, Angela rang Steven's doorbell. On her handbag hung a pair of handcuffs, as if she were a police matron, while on the black utility leather belt about her waist was curled a short riding whip and a set of keys.

Within moments, the door swung open and there stood her once- masculine boss, body nearly as smooth and pink as the panties on his hips as he tried to hide his shame with one hand delicately held before his panties as his arm sought to cover his now naked chest.

“Excellent,” Angela commented with amused tolerance of his maidenly stance. “Now, it's time to complete your transformation.”

She brought in the large suitcase she towed on a traveler's baggage cart and opened it. Inside was an array of feminine clothing of every kind, from prom gown to hooker's costume; an earphone set, a programmable VCR and, a special six hour tape that she had prepared with Jennifer's delighted help.

Angela pulled out a set of pink lingerie that matched the panties her boss already wore and ordered him to put on the bra, garter belt and waltz-length slip.

"This will do for now. Steven, in a few moments, I will order you to bed, dressed just as you are. While you are asleep, a new treatment of hormones and chemicals will begin, along with a set of sleep-learning commands. Within the week, you will be Swishy Stephanie whenever I want her."

She could see the look of surprise and fear that entered his eyes. And at the same time, a look of longing and desire.

But Angela was overjoyed to see both emotions. She wanted him to suffer in his new identity, but she also wanted him to desire it.

Moments later, Steven was carefully tucked into bed with both wrists firmly handcuffed to a brass bed strut and his pillows adjusted so that he had to sleep facing the bedside TV set. Then she quickly plugged the VCR into his bedside combination AM/FM, clock, dual tape stereo, and TV set. She adjusted the clock and automatic timers as Jennifer had taught her and loaded the video tape.

Angela set up the intravenous line into his arm as she had been instructed, the line that would slowly drip a diluted solution of female hormones and drugs into his system.

She fitted the headphones over his ears and taped them in place to be certain that no other sounds could occupy his mind before putting the jack into his TV set so that only he could hear it and turned out the light.

"Good night, Swishy Stephanie," she whispered with a little, happy giggle.

Then using the remote she started the VCR.

"Good evening, Stephanie, or sweet Swishy Stephanie," the tape began.

"That is your name, unless Mistress Angela allows you to answer to another. You have no will of your own, only the ability to respond to Mistress Angela's commands.

"You desire to wear women's clothes in whatever fashion Mistress Angela suggests and your mind will conform to the clothes you wear.

"Dressed as a French maid, you will be sexy, flirty and devoted to serving your Mistress. In the clothes of a hooker, you will be compelled to offer your body to any man with the money to pay for it. Dolled up as a little girl, you will act as if the Mistress were your mommy and obey her in everything.

"Now sleep, these instructions will be repeated later."

The AM-FM radio on his set turned on as soft music from cable faded in as he fell deeper into a sleep until a distant voice told him that he was to watch television....

Tomorrow would be Stephanie's debut!

The morning after Angela first imposed her will on Steven, she tiptoed quietly into the bedroom where he was tied down, an intravenous line dripping a combination of feminine hormones and suggestibility-heightening drugs into his system.

She carefully lifted the headphones off his ears—the headphones that had filled his mind with her carefully prepared commands all night— pulled out the IV and removed the handcuffs from his wrists.

“Wake up, Swishy Stephanie,” she called quietly.

His eyes fluttered for a moment and then he smiled at her—a sweet, feminine smile, despite the absence of make-up and long hair.

“Good morning, Mistress,” he answered in a soft, husky, well-controlled contralto. “How may I serve you?”

“We have a busy day ahead of us, Stephanie,” Angela said. “You have an appointment at the beauty salon and we have lots of outfits for you to try on. Climb out of bed, sleepyhead, throw on that peignoir and slip your feet into those mules. It's time for breakfast.”

The half-feminized male followed his former assistant to the kitchen.

Angela had a whopping big breakfast of toast, bacon, eggs, juice and coffee while Stephanie had to be satisfied with just a half of grapefruit and coffee. Angela was determined to whittle the already slender Stephanie down to a 22-inch waist and a size seven dress.

Since the beauty salon appointment was at Mistress Margaret's, Angela knew she needn't worry about how outrageous she chose to make Stephanie's appearance for the day. Margaret's clientele knew all about domination and forced crossdressing; indeed, many of them delighted in it!

After breakfast, Angela pulled out a lacy, pink party dress for Stephanie. Though adult-sized, it was clearly of a style intended for a girl of nine or ten, featuring as it did a pink satin sash with a big bow and dainty rose-puffed sleeves.

Beneath it, Stephanie would wear ruffled pink panties, three stiff white taffeta petticoats, knee socks and black, patent-leather Mary Janes.

As each of the little girlish articles of clothing was placed on her, Stephanie felt her self-image shifting. No longer the submissive adult lover, she thought of herself as Angela's little sister—still completely submissive to the older woman's will, but no longer in an erotic fashion.

She was, in her mind, a child, and children always obey their elders.

The effect of the clothing on the adult body, padded out to attractive feminine proportions, was decidedly erotic. The 36-inch breasts showed their curves under the pink lace bodice, while his long legs, with their womanly curves and smooth, hairless thighs, were shown to excellent effect under the short skirt and petticoats.

And for a dominant with an urge to feminize her males, the unadorned male face with the short hair above the ultra-feminine, ultra-childish garments was doubly erotic to Angela.

Angela felt her sexual urges as she gazed on this creation, her own Galatea.

“You're just the sweetest thing, little Stephy,” she told the dominated man-girl with a hug and kiss, “But it's time for you to become even sweeter. Come with me.”

She forced Stephanie's hands into lace gloves and handed her a small black patent purse to carry.

“Now, Steven, you will come with me to my car and obey my every command,” she noted seeing the sudden horror in his eyes as he saw the huge little girl in pink and realized that anyone could read him and would know that he was willingly parading around in childish skirts while obviously wearing women's foundation garments.

Then, without a care as to what any of Steven's neighbors might think, she took the childishly dressed TV by the hand and led him out of the apartment and down to her car.

He wanted to escape, and to run away from the awful shame of having been seen by a surprised Mrs. Justine, his all-too-nosey landlady and her friend Mrs. Howard, who shouted: “Good morning, Mr. Anderson.”

“Turn and curtsy for the nice ladies and say Good Morning, like a sweet little girl should,” Angela ordered seeing the absolute terror in his eyes as he meekly curtsied towards the ladies to greet them in an awkward falsetto for their amused laughter while she opened the car door and helped him inside. “Wave, bye-bye, and smile sweetly for your elders, my dearest.”

Seeing his lace-gloved hand wave at the ladies, as a simpering smile came to his face to almost hide his humiliation over being displayed so childishly before the women, Angela couldn't help her laughter and feelings of complete power.

Moments later, they were in Margaret's shop.

“Hello again, Angela,” the dominant beautician greeted her warmly, with a firm, wet kiss on her lips.

“And this must be our little Stephanie! Well, you come with me, darling, and we'll have you looking as pretty as can be in no time.”

Angela smiled as she watched the adult-sized little girl curtsy politely before she minced off behind Margaret. She had already given her instructions as to how Stephanie was to be transformed, so she settled back in one of the waiting room chairs, opening one of the many magazines devoted to female dominance and transvestitism that Margaret kept available for her special clientele.

Back in the transformation room, Margaret stripped Stephanie down to her lingerie, which reasserted her more adult persona. After a facial, Margaret began applying the cosmetics—dark brown mascara, eye shadow in a range of shades from pale blue to deep purple, a rose blush (heavily applied for the embarrassed doll like look so many of the dominants preferred on their TV slaves), and deep red lip-stick.

At the same time, one of Margaret's own TV slaves, a lovely thing named Kissy Karen, manicured Stephanie's hands and coated her nails with a double layer of polish, in a shade that matched her lips. Then Karen stripped off Stephanie's shoes and knee socks and performed the same function for her feet and toenails.

The last step was the wig that Margaret had prepared. Since Steven's own hair was still too short for the right effect, this auburn creation, its shoulder-length curls close in color to his natural hair, would substitute for the next few months.

Margaret carefully fitted it in place, did a few touch ups and then called Angela in. The new dominant was ecstatic.

“Oh, Margaret, she's beautiful! More lovely than I could have dreamed she would be.”

She turned to her cross-dressed boss. “Swishy Stephanie, it's time for you to get dressed again; but, I've brought a new outfit for you.” She produced a pastel lavender and blue floral print dress, its lines flowing and loose, with a short, pleated skirt.

As Stephanie let it fall over her head, Angela described the type of woman who would wear such an outfit.

“This dress is designed for the young debutante, the girl who never works in her life. Indeed, she's such a ditz, she is incapable of holding down a job. Her only pleasures in life are shopping and spending money, especially on herself. She delights in talking about the wonderful things she is thinking about wearing in ultra-feminine descriptive terms as if she loves them. Because, she does.”

With each word, and with each swish of the new dress against his skin, Steven's mind was altered into the new version of Stephanie. The posthypnotic suggestions that Angela had impressed upon him were working; every piece of clothing he wore as Stephanie changed his persona. Now, as he slipped on the three-inch heels that went with the flowery dress, he became this ditz-queen deb.

Angela handed him the purse, filled with the cash she had removed from his bank account the day before, and announced, “Swishy Stephanie, and you know that is your name because you so love to swish your sexy hips for all to see, let's go shopping.”

“Oh, yes, Angela,” Stephanie squealed in an absolutely delirious, delighted response, “Let's go!”

The two young women, each dressed in opposing fashions, soon strolled through the suburban mall.

The tall blonde with the short-cropped hair was clad in leather. A black leather, metal-studded jacket over a royal blue satin blouse and a tight black leather, biker pants with five-inch heeled boots.

If the blonde was the butch, her companion was certainly the super-femme.

Her companion was dressed in a flowery, silk print dress in lavender and blue. It, too, had a short skirt with gentle pleats. Her splendid legs were covered in sheer nylons and hints of her lacy slip hem, stocking tops and garters showed as her pleated skirt flounced around her thighs. Her shoes were blue sandals with three-inch heels (so that both women were of equal height), revealing her coral-painted toenails that matched her perfectly manicured fingernails. Her auburn hair hung in gentle waves to her shoulders.

As they passed various stores in the mall, Angela, the one in leather, often pointed out particular outfits on display, telling Stephanie how lovely she would look in such a dress.

Stephanie would giggle and simper, amused that her companion found her so attractive, while delighting in the idea of imagining herself in the pretty clothes. She could not restrain her exclamations of descriptive pleasure as she enthusiastically admired the pretty clothes.

Onlookers would have thought some of the clothes that Angela suggested were rather unusual, for they included a little girl's party dress and Mary Janes, a fanciful maid's uniform in a costume shop and a revealing, satin teddy in a lingerie display.

Inwardly, Angela was laughing her head off. Stephanie, once her insufferable boss Steven, was unable to have any other reaction to this little window-shopping excursion. Stephanie was totally into a frothy world of near mindless joy over anything feminine to the point where she bubbled forth with her happy descriptions of how the items were 'just too precious' and so forth in exaggerated, saccharine delight. But behind that facade, Steven still knew who he was and he could not believe all that had changed in his life in the past two days.

So, now, after about an hour of traipsing around the mall, Angela steered her companion into a store with a fascinating name: *JESSICA'S HOUSE OF FANTASY*.

"Hello, Trish," Angela called to the young woman behind the counter. "Swishy Stephanie, Prissy Trishy here is just like you, a girl who used to be a boy."

Both of the submissive TVs blushed at having their secrets revealed.

"Is Jessica about?" Angela asked.

"She's in the back, laying out the clothes you asked her to prepare, Mistress Angela," the pretty brunette replied. "Shall I go find her for you?"

"Don't bother, dear," Angela replied. "I know the way. Come along, Stephanie." She led the way through a curtained doorway in the rear of the shop.

Jessica was a middle-aged woman who maintained a youthful figure and outlook on life. About three years ago she had transformed her son Patrick into the lovely Prissy Trishy, now 20 years old. In addition to serving as counter girl, Trish also often acted as a model for her mother's unusual clothing collection. Prissy Trishy's persona was very prim and proper for a sales clerk, but in a state of constant guilt while modeling the simply sinful, exotic clothes!

Today, Jessica was dressed in a low-cut, white silk blouse and skirt combination, her excellent legs perched on four-inch heels. Her salt-and-pepper hair was twisted into a tight French braid, revealing her elegant neck with a gold choker around it.

"Angela, darling, how butch you look," she cried. "And is this is our angelic Stephanie?"

Stephanie blushed once again in acknowledgment, extending her hand as she had been taught. The older woman took the TV's hand in hers and pulled Stephanie to her embrace, then planted a full, wet kiss on the man-woman's mouth, her eager tongue probing deep within. Unnerved, Stephanie found herself responding to the kiss.

“OK, Jess, that's enough,” Angela interrupted. “There'll be plenty of time for both of us to enjoy Stephanie's charms later. Right now, we have to find some clothes for her.”

“Of course, Angie,” Jessica answered. “How about this?”

She held up a white satin blouse and shorts outfit. “Just the thing for a picnic or gardening.”

“Terrific. Let's see her in it.”

She ordered Stephanie out of the floral print dress and the lingerie she had worn since leaving the house that night.

Now totally naked, Stephanie's psyche became a blank slate, waiting for the clothing and Angela's description of the woman who wore it to write her personality upon it.

Jessica produced a pair of plain, white panties and a white demi-bra for Stephanie to wear beneath the minuscule outfit. The white satin shorts were extremely brief and tight, nearly hot pants. They revealed Stephanie's smooth, hairless legs from just below the ass cheeks. The matching blouse had but three buttons, so that it hung open in a V to just below her breasts. Its short sleeves left her arms uncovered as well. The finishing touch was a pair of white sandals that strapped on, showing off Stephanie's extremely feminine feet with their twinkling, coral-red toenails.

“This is a great outfit for a teenager to wear on a picnic, isn't it, Jessica?” Angela noted, beginning the personality change in Stephanie.

“Or for a trip to the mall, so she can attract the attention of all the hunky boys,” Jessica suggested, enjoying Angela's game.

Unable to do anything about it, Steven felt his psyche shift again, becoming younger, giggly, and full of youthful spirits.

“Yes, but any girl who would show herself off like this must be something of a teenage slut,” Angela went on. “Maybe even a bit of a cockteaser.”

That did it. The new Stephanie was born. With every ounce of her being, this girl wanted sex, but on her terms. She would lead a boy on until he was begging for her body; then she would give him only what she pleased.

Jessica laughed, “My God, that's amazing! Why I could literally watch her whole personality change before my eyes.”

She picked up a black spandex outfit, so small it looked like a belt with a small skirt attached.

“Oh, that's the hooker-look,” Angela explained. “Combined with the sheer black nylons and garter belt and the seven-inch heels, it'll make her eager to sell her body to any man or woman who offers money. But, that persona has already been established by my tape last night. Let's see what else we can come up with.”

“Oh, here's a great idea!” Jessica cried, handing Angela a formal evening gown, of the type a teenager might wear to her senior prom. “I think with a few touches and your instinct for the right description of the kind of girl who would wear this, we can have a very interesting version of lovely Stephanie to enjoy.”

The gown was hot pink, with a sweetheart neckline that revealed Stephanie's budding bosom. It was tightly fitted in the bodice, then expanded into a swirl of net, lace and satin in the skirt, ending at the TV's ankles.

Beneath it, the women had dressed the former Steven in virginal white lingerie, including a garter belt, and sheer pink stockings with diamond clockwork at the ankles. The shoes were pink satin dancing pumps with five-inch party heels.

As they completed the outfit, Angela told Stephanie of the girl who wore the gown.

"You are off to the prom, Stephanie," she began, "but your date is a little kinky."

She slipped a wrist corsage on the boy-girl's left arm, then put a heavy silver band around her right wrist.

"He wants to make sure you don't stray to any other young stud so he has bound you."

With that, she hooked the band of the corsage through the bracelet on the other arm, then padlocked it in place. Stephanie's arms were tied together, the bonds hidden by the flowers of the corsage she seemed to carry so delicately before her.

"But your date wants to make sure you are ready for the after-prom festivities as well, Stephanie," Angela continued, producing a vibrating dildo. She lifted up the gown's skirt in back as she spoke. "He wants you hot! This vibrator will fill your 'pussy' until he can do the same." She turned on the vibrator deep within Stephanie and dropped the skirt of the gown.

"All this has turned you on, Stephanie. You want to be his little bondage slave. You hope the prom will end early so he can show you what other ways he will control you from now on," Angela concluded.

They let Stephanie enjoy the fantasy Angela had cooked up for a few minutes, while they sipped coffee and made small talk.

"Have you anything else that's interesting, Jess?" Angela asked, finally.

"Well, other than the classic French maid's costume, I have one other idea," she answered, rummaging into a pile of clothes.

"Ah, here it is!"

She produced a white satin dress on a hanger.

"A bridal gown—terrific!" Angela replied, quickly preparing the hapless Stephanie for yet another shift in her psyche.

"But this is no ordinary bridal gown," Jessica pointed out, as the unusual outfit settled over Stephanie's form. "Look—the front is cut short, mini-style, so her lovely legs show completely, while the back forms a train. And the sleeves—see?"

Stephanie soon saw what her mistress's boutique-owner friend meant. The sleeves were really just one sleeve. When her arms were in the lacy tunnels, they met in a pair of mittens that forced her to hold her hands folded before her. The gown was also tight. It constricted her waist, and pressed against her bosom, its high lacy neckline contrasting with the short skirt in front.

With it, Angela dressed her little doll in white lace panties, a matching garter belt and lacy white stockings. The shoes were white satin pumps with a floral pattern and six-inch heels.

“She's a bondage bride.” Angela exclaimed. “Oh, this is wonderful, Jess:”

The dominant turned to Stephanie, thrusting a dildo deep in the helpless boy-girl's mouth.

“Stephanie, in this dress you are at once virginal and wanton. You will suck that dildo like a real cock, always wishing it were one. At that same time, you are deeply embarrassed by your bound and exposed state.”

With that, Angela locked a silver hobble chain around Stephanie's ankles, limiting her stride to a mere six inches. “You will wear this and walk about the shop as an exotic model until your stride is naturally the mincing walk I want to see from my bondage bride.”

Stephanie felt her personality take on the tone her mistress described. She felt her face burn hot with shame, at the same time the rubber cock filled her mouth she felt aroused by the very idea of being shamed so. As instructed, she practiced her tail-and breast-wiggling walk in the extreme heels and chains. No man with an interest in B&D could have resisted this image.

The two dominant women reveled in the TV's public humiliation for several minutes, then ordered a halt.

“Stephanie, it's time to leave,” Angela announced.

“Jess, do you have catalog photos of these outfits we've tried on?”

“Sure, Angie, what are you up to?” Jessica replied.

“I've got an idea for a way to bring out these various personalities in Stephanie. I'm going to give it a try at home.”

By now, Stephanie was once again in her ditzy deb outfit and the mind-set to match.

“Oh, Angela! All these clothes are so absolutely lovely and scrumptious. Can I buy them all?” the TV exclaimed.

“Certainly, Stephanie,” Angela answered. “I want you to.”

With that, she pulled Steven's credit card out of her purse and had Jessie carefully list on the charge slip the entire wardrobe; satin short set, hooker dress, prom gown, bridal gown, French maids uniform, charged to his company account credit card reserved only for business expenses. As she told her slave to sign his real name to the charge slip she wondered what Mr. Roberts in accounting will do when he sees it!

Then they said their good-byes to Jessica and Trish and left.

That evening, in Steve's apartment, Angela tacked the photos of the various outfits on a wall and stood Stephanie, clad in lingerie alone, before the display.

“Stephanie,” she announced, “These pictures represent the various personalities hidden within you. Whenever you see one of them, that persona will come to the fore.

You will have an irresistible urge to dress in the appropriate costume and serve me. No matter where you are, no matter whether you are Steven or Stephanie, your mind will shift as you have been instructed. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Mistress Angela,” the mesmerized submissive answered.

Angela began removing the photos from the wall as she continued: “When I close the door behind me tonight, you will take a dose of the drugs I have left for you, remove your lingerie and hand wash it and let it dry in your bathroom. Then you will take a lovely beauty bath, put on your lovely baby dolls, start the VCR tape I have left, and go to bed. When you awake in the morning, you will remember nothing of today's activities, except the instructions I have given you. You will follow this routine every evening until I say otherwise. Steven will always be unaware of Stephanie—but Stephanie will always know Steven is inside her and will feel his shame at his feminized state. Good night, Stephanie. I'll see you at work tomorrow.”

And with that, Angela walked out the door.

Following her instructions, Stephanie went to bed, with the instruction tape whispering in her ears as from time to time she awoke to watch her own private television show on a maid's household duties. For this was to be one of her personas.

Over the next two days, Steven often pondered over the 36 hours of lost memory, and the closet and drawers full of women's clothes that all but overwhelmed his male wardrobe, but hesitated to mention it to anyone.

After all, no one wanted an executive with memory losses or blackouts and piles of sexy women's clothes he couldn't explain. And he did wonder about how thin his eyebrows had become, but he could brush them into some measure of unruliness. Otherwise, everything in his life seemed normal.

Angela seemed very attentive and was doing her usual terrific job as his administrative assistant, even preparing reports for others in management on her own time. Perhaps he would have to give her more money?

For her part, Angela was merely biding her time, letting the nightly dose of chemicals and sleep learning sink in before springing the next stage in her trap.

By lunch time on the third day after Steven's first transformation, she was ready. She prepared a very special message and took it to a local office supply store, one that would send faxes for those without fax machines.

“I'd like this sent to this number,” she said to the clerk, handing him a single sheet of paper.

“And at precisely three o'clock,” she added.

“But this is just around the corner, isn't it? Why not just deliver it by hand?” the clerk asked.

“It's a surprise for a friend in the office,” Angela answered, not exactly lying.

With that, the clerk took the message and prepared to send it when requested.

At three that afternoon, Steve was told there was a fax coming in for him. He would have to pick it up himself, since Angela had gone home sick. He went to the fax ma-

chine and watched as the message came in. When it was complete, he picked it up and looked at it.

On the single page was a photo of a girl in a French maid's uniform and the handwritten note:

GO HOME, SWISHY STEPHANIE.

Immediately, Steven felt a change come over him. He was no longer Steve the executive, but Stephanie, the sexy French maid.

Giggling in a high voice as he said his happy *good nights* and mincing with exaggerated effeminacy (even in his male clothes), he hurried to the elevator before rather surprised, managers, employees, customers, and bemused strangers.

"I must get home to greet my Mistress," he thought. With increasing urgency, as the chemicals and commands demanded, she sped to her apartment.

Deep within him, Steven knew he looked absolutely ridiculous dressed in his male clothes but swished down the street as if in high heels as he wiggled his rear and wore a simpering smile. Yet his outer mind and body could not resist the deep conditioning his Mistress had placed upon him. It took him twenty minutes to get home by subway, his extremely feminine movements and effeminate gestures attracting stares and ridicule the whole way. Reaching his apartment door, he discovered that his keys were missing. Sheepishly, he rang the bell.

The door swung open and there stood his Mistress Angela, dangling the key ring from her index finger. Behind her stood a bevy of beautiful women—some dominant from the look of their leather clothes, others obviously submissive in their lacy finery and surreptitious bondage. Many of the slaves were obviously transformed men.

"About time you got here, Stephanie," Angela announced.

"All my friends and their slaves are waiting for the party to start. Go get into your uniform."

Stephanie minced into the bedroom, where she found the black satin and white lace maid's costume waiting. She very happily stripped off Steven's business suit, shirt and tie, and then picked up the extremely restrictive corset necessary for the maid's dress to fit. She hooked it around her waist, just as Angela entered.

"Excellent, Swishy Stephanie. Here, let me help you lace that up," she offered. She was thinking with some amusement about the very interesting phone calls she had received from colleagues at their office about Mr. Anderson's peculiarly effeminate behavior over the past few days, asking if she had noticed it also?

"Of course," she confided that she had noticed his hair and brows and a few other things like his long nails, voice and gestures. "Yes, it was very strange..." "Yes," she agreed in serious tones, "Mr. Anderson might be a transsexual like Mr. Hanks." "Of course, she would watch to see if he was..." "Yes, Mr. Baxter, I think you are quite correct. It is just as I predicted. Oh, by all means I will arrange things to make it easier for him. Thank you sir..."

She half guessed what they must have thought now that he had swished out of the office in his maid's persona! Taking the leather laces of the corset in her hands she

chuckled to herself in satisfaction as she put her knee into the boy-girl's back and pulled, tightening the laces with all her might. After several such tugs, Stephanie's waist had been reduced to a mere 20 inches. With a flourish, Angela tied the laces off, then covered them with Crazy Glue. Stephanie would get out of this corset when her Mistress desired and not a moment sooner.

Now Stephanie sat and did her own make-up as her sleep learning had taught her, and soon she was again the stunning auburn-haired young woman who had left Margaret's beauty salon two weeks ago. Next, she clipped on dangling earrings. Then came the padded bra, filling out her figure to a full 36C. She saw that Angela had not laid out panties, so the garter belt was next, followed by sleek black stockings of real silk. Three layers of white and red taffeta petticoats followed, standing nearly horizontal from her corseted waist.

Then came the uniform. Made of heavy black satin, it clung to her artificial curves, its short skirt, sitting atop the stiff, rustling petticoats, revealed her legs all the way to the stocking tops and garters. Adjusting her dainty white nylon and lace-ruffled bib apron and saucy little cap, Stephanie carefully slipped into a pair of smooth black, patent-leather pumps, being careful not to mar their glossy finish with her fingers as she arose on their seven-inch heels ready to serve at her Mistress's party.

Angela again stepped forward, locking a tiny padlock through the zipper catch on the back of the dress, followed by a gold choker collar (also locked) around Stephanie's throat and matching heavy gold chains about her left wrist and ankle. "Step back, Stephanie, dear."

The Mistress observed her creation and smiled, triumphantly. "All right, Stephanie," Angela announced. "The party's about to begin, and you will serve my guests as you would serve me."

Angela handed a platter with hors d'ouvres to Stephanie and sent the mincing, tranvestized maid out into the party. Each of the guests was one of Angela's new group of friends, all dominant women. Each was accompanied by a slave; some, like Mistress Jennifer, by a submissive TV, others by a submissive lesbian companion. The assembled dominants applauded as Stephanie minced into the room on her seven-inch heels, carefully balancing the heavy platter.

One or two fondled her beneath the ruffled petticoats of her maid's uniform. The programming placed in her mind by Angela's careful ministrations permitted Stephanie only to blush at these indignities, and to giggle a provocative mock protest, "Oh, no, Madame!"

As she circulated with the appetizers, Stephanie noted a single "man" within the room. He was securely bound to a chair in the center, with a business-suited woman beside him.

Her eyes never left this out-of-place emblem of masculinity in the room full of women. Finally, Angela came up to her side.

"Interested in our little captive, Stephanie?" she asked. "That's His Honor, Justice George Marshall of the State Supreme Court. The woman behind him is his law clerk,

Nancy. She has grown tired of his repeated advances and his never-ceasing male chauvinism, just as I did with your alter ego, Steven.

“Therefore, she has brought him to us, her dominant friends, to be transformed and controlled, just as you were. His *change* will be the central entertainment of the party and you will assist.”

Steven, hidden somewhere deep within Stephanie, could hardly believe it. Here he was, so recently transformed himself, expected to aid in the making of yet another helpless man/woman. It was absurd, yet his programming now ran so deeply that he gave no thought to the idea of rebelling.

Half an hour later, at the height of the party, Angela announced that the “entertainment” was about to start.

“Stephanie, please go into the bedroom and bring out the tray of cosmetics,” she ordered and the curtsying TV maid dutifully did as requested, returning with a tray laden with every possible item of the cosmetic arts, from foundation to false eyelashes. “Now, Stephanie honey, you will show everyone here the wonderful training I have given you by making George here into Georgia.”

Forced to comply by the submissive personality laid over his own, Stephanie started to work on the unfortunate judge. She quickly noted that the man was entranced, yet completely aware of what was happening to him and somehow, still unable to resist.

Angela explained, “Nancy and I have not yet created darling Georgia's new personality. However, thanks to a remarkable muscle relaxant, she is totally unable to move. Hence, she is completely cognizant of the change being made to her appearance by the lovely Stephanie. Once she is completely female in appearance and the humiliation of her transformation is complete, then we will create the new Georgia in her mind as well as body!”

Following Nancy's instructions, Stephanie first shaved off the man's eyebrows, then the fringe of hair that circled his otherwise bald head. Though still young, George Marshall had never tried to hide his baldness thinking it made him look older and more judicial. Now, the TV maid applied foundation over his whole face, then began to make



up his eyes with dramatic applications of shadow and eye liner, and drew in high, arched brows to replace the ones she had shaved off. Blusher followed on his cheeks, then deep red lipstick. The final cosmetic touch was the false eyelashes; long, thick, dark brown lashes that gave his eyes an exotic, almost Latin look.

Nancy produced the crowning glory, a wig of luxurious, dark brown, human hair, set in a shoulder-length curly style. She carefully settled it onto Georgia's bare head, applying a latex glue to hold it securely in place. A mirror was placed before the now lovely judge so that he could see the changes wrought in him.

Now Angela brought out the clothes Nancy had chosen for her victim, and she, Nancy and Stephanie dressed Georgia in them; scarlet lingerie (padded bra, panties, garter belt, floor-length satin slip); sheer black stockings; red patent-leather pumps; and a form-fitting, red satin evening gown, its left side slit to the thigh, revealing the black-hosed legs nearly to the stocking-top.

In short, Georgia looked sensational!

Now, Mistress Jennifer stepped forward and, following Nancy's prompting, used her hypnotic talents to create the new persona of Georgia. Like so many of the submissive transvestites in their little circle, she was to think of herself as a "male lesbian" but in Georgia there was a difference. Unlike the others, in all of whom the feminine guise had been laid over a still inherent male personality, Jennifer endeavored with Georgia to do the opposite.

"Georgia is the real you," she told the mesmerized jurist. "Your male identity, when allowed to exist, is the false one. So much so that you will wear feminine lingerie—and nothing else—under your judicial robes when sitting on the bench. So be careful, Georgia, dear!"

The assembled partygoers roared with laughter at Jennifer's and Nancy's little game.

The newly created Georgia was released from her trance and turned over to her mistress.

"Now, Georgia, as a hooker, I think you should thank lovely Stephanie for helping you look nice for your customers tonight," Nancy suggested, motioning Stephanie forward so that her up-tilted maid's skirts flounced about the still seated Georgia's face until she ducked her head beneath the skirts to make the *maid* happy!

Now, a very surprised Stephanie realized why she had not been given panties to wear that night!

When Georgia finished her trick Nancy made the new man/woman thank each of the dominants in the room for her part in the transformation. Then the two beautiful figures sashayed out of the apartment to head for a street well-known for its all-night hookers.

That brought an end to the party and to Stephanie's role as a French maid that evening. While many of her guests and their slaves left to join the nightclub activities of Club Lesbos, Angela helped her boss strip out of the satin uniform leaving him encased in the tight corset to sleep in as a little surprise for the next day.

And when Steven's own persona came to the fore, he began to wonder what her next ploy would be as he slipped the tape into his VCR before putting his baby dolls on over the corset and going to bed.

Slowly his mind drifted with the turning VCR.

What would she make him become next?

The answer came the next morning, when Steven found another photo taped to his shaving mirror.

Again, the careful programming did its job. The picture portrayed a young woman in a tailored business suit, the V of the jacket revealing her lacy camisole and the short skirt revealing her shapely legs, perched on matching kid pumps, to mid-thigh. The caption read:

GET DRESSED AND GO TO WORK, STEPHANIE.

Steven moved in a trance to the closet, picking out the outfit that most closely resembled the photo. Soon, he was dressed in a pink silk business suit, with short skirt and three-inch, pink pumps, his black camisole showing beneath the jacket as a sexy blouse. Satisfied with the mirror image on the bathroom door he picked up a matching pink hand bag. The clothing impressed his new identity upon him as a receptionist for the new department head, Angela!

Without regard to whether or not others might see her entering, Stephanie strode confidently from the elevator past various managers and other employees, which she greeted politely, noticing their amused or shocked stares. Knowing she had to be promptly at her desk, she moved on with her lovely hips swaying provocatively to cause quite different stares from the men who watched her go by!

Dutifully she set about to make morning coffee, starting the copying machine, fetching from the cafeteria the breakfast treats wanted for their morning coffee by the delighted office staff, and sorted the morning mail.

A short time later, she was seated, knees together, legs folded beneath her chair, at the public desk to politely greet customers as they entered the office, or run errands for her superiors.

This may seem strange, because she was once the boss. But, the fact remains that as a woman, Stephanie had never learned how to type and knew nothing of dictation, so she really was only qualified to be a pretty little receptionist.

Mrs. Robertson smiled to herself as she came from Angela's office to take her place behind Angela's old desk where she began working on a letter as if nothing unusual had happened that morning except that she was now the office's Administrative Assistant.

That meant that they had a new receptionist for her to supervise. And as Angela had stressed, the new girl, despite her past, should be made to understand her new duties. And it was up to Mrs. Robertson to see to it that the girl did her job to perfection. She would certainly keep Stephanie's nose to the grindstone, yes indeed! Remembering her hours of retyping letters and such for Mr. Anderson, she smiled towards the

sexy creature at the receptionist desk vowing that *Miss Anderson would soon be her abject slave!*

And Mrs. Robertson would be interviewing a new secretary for the boss' staff also. An amused smile came to her face while she studied the sexy *girl* in pink at the receptionist desk as she remembered her dear friend, Miss Perry, whom Mr. Anderson had replaced with Angela, because Miss Perry was a bit of a demanding fuss-budget. Yes, she would be just perfect as Stephanie's immediate supervisor!

Yet, she was thinking more about what Angela had told her about an interesting group of lesbian women. And she wondered how her husband Herb would be as a maid. Now that she was an Administrative Assistant she did have a much larger paycheck.

The reception desk intercom buzzed.

“Good morning. Bailey, Baxter, and Smith. Purchasing Department,” Stephanie responded in a cheerful, breathless voice. “This is Stephanie, may I help you?”

“Stephanie, come to my office please.”

Angela sat on the edge of her desk, dressed in a tight black business suit, a creamy white satin blouse beneath the jacket and black patent pumps setting off her magnificent legs. She smiled as Stephanie primly entered.

“This is your permanent identity, Stephanie. You are now my receptionist. Your duties are simple and basically determined by my new Administrative Assistant, Mrs. Robertson, who will make the office run smoothly, I'm certain. I have no doubt that she will assign you those important tasks that you once thought were mine like making coffee, running errands, making copies of reports, and looking sexy for the men. She suggests that you can do that and a lot more, which she has elaborated on. But, I told her that there was something that only you can do in the department...”

She stood and crossed to the door, locking it and pulling down the blinds. She sat again on the desk, pulling her skirt up past her crotch, revealing that she wore no panties. Her pussy was framed by the black lines of her garter belt.

“Satisfy me, Stephanie.”

Her submissive nature now a permanent part of her psyche, the once-proud executive, now simply Stephanie the receptionist, kneeled before her boss and mistress.

Although deep within Steven's voice still cried out in humiliation wondering if she really expected him to do this for Mrs. Robertson and others in the department, Swishy Stephanie could only think “at last, I'm working exactly where I belong!”

THE COUCH

by Dani

“All right, Martin, you are comfortably asleep,” I told the entranced patient on my office couch. “The only voice you can hear is mine. I'm your friend. Doctor Verna Gruenwald you can trust me.”

“Yes, Doctor Gruenwald,” Martin responded from within his hypnotic spell. “I trust you.”

“Very well, Martin. I know something is bothering you, something that in your waking life you feel you cannot tell even me, your psychiatrist. But now, this trance, your inhibitions are gone. Tell me your problem.”

I leaned forward in my chair, fully expecting to hear a confession about some terrible crime.

Martin was so conflicted. So unwilling to talk about his emotions, that I was certain he was hiding some deep secret such as child abuse or murder. I certainly didn't expect to hear what I did.

“Doctor.” he began. “I have a hidden desire. I want to dress like a woman.”

“That's not so terrible, Martin,” I responded in my most soothing professional manner, though underneath I was surprised, and somewhat delighted, by the revelation. “Many men are secret crossdressers. While society may look poorly on the practice, it's harmless generally.”

“But that's not all, Doctor,” he continued. “When dressed as a woman, I want to be dominated by another woman. I want to be her male lesbian slave!”

Only years of training kept me from revealing my own reaction to Martin's secret. I had been living a double life since grad school. Behaving like a respectable psychiatrist by day, haunting both the lesbian bars and TV hangouts of the city by night, searching for just such a one as Martin! Had both our dreams come true at once.

There was only one problem. Martin had so repressed his desire to be a submissive transvestite that I would never be able to bring it to the surface in normal therapy; certainly not if he suspected I harbored dreams of submitting him to my own will. There was only one answer, over our next several sessions, I would have to use my hypnotic control over him to establish a personality that would accept his submissive dream.

I started immediately.

“Martin, listen carefully,” I said. “You are no longer Martin, you are now Martha. Merry Martha is a beautiful young woman whose greatest erotic thrill is to be under the domination of a lesbian mistress. I am that mistress. Martha's favorite kinds of

clothing are feminine yet revealing, allowing her mistress access to her privates at all times. Do you understand? What is your name?"

"My name is Merry Martha, Mistress Verna," the deeply entranced patient replied.

I smiled.

"Excellent. Martha. Now, deep in the recesses of your mind, you remain aware that you are really Martin. But that persona is never revealed unless I wish it so. Martin is equally thrilled to be treated as a beautiful, feminine submissive, but is also deeply humiliated by it all. You will find that humiliation merely increases your sexual excitement.

"From this point forward, whenever I hypnotize you, the phrase *'Martha, kiss me'* will bring your new persona to light, acting as if you were not hypnotized," I continued.

"You will obey my request and then stand ready to follow any other commands I give. The phrase *'Martin, darling'* will bring your masculine persona to the fore. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress Verna."

"Excellent. Now, in the future, I need merely need to say *'On the couch, Martin'*, to put you back in this entranced state, and the phrase, *'The session is over'* to awaken you, feeling refreshed and happy, consciously remembering only what I have told you to remember, but ready to follow any post-hypnotic orders I may have given you."

I stopped for a moment and considered my options. A flash of inspiration came to me.

"On your trip home this evening, you will purchase a garter belt and stockings that fit you, as well as a pair of high heels. You will also purchase mascara, blush and lipstick. At precisely 7:30 p.m., you will call my home number. *The session is over.*"

Instantly, Martin came to his senses. "Is that it, Doctor? Did you learn anything?"

"Yes, I did, Martin. But I need to reflect on it a bit before I can help you further. Go on home, I'll see you next week."

And my new slave left the office, unaware of his new status.

Immediately after my last patient that day, I rushed home to my apartment to tell my roommate and lover Sarah of my find. Like me, Sarah was bisexual, but she was submissive, completely acquiescent to my desires. Her submission applied only to other women, however, with men she was a powerful dominant, and a subject like Martin/Martha would be as attractive to her as to me.

"And you're certain he'll call tonight, lover?" she asked me.

"Absolutely," I answered, as I slipped out of my daytime business suit and into the slinky black satin lingerie I preferred for evening wear in our home.

Sarah, who spent her days as my maid for want of a better term, was dressed in her habitual pink satin teddy, panties, garter belt, stockings and strappy sandals. She was curled up at my feet, stroking my legs, preparing to make love.

It was nearly 7:30; we were breathlessly awaiting Martin's call.

At precisely the hour I had prescribed, the phone rang. I let it ring four times since anticipation is good for the submissive soul, then picked up the receiver and also touched the button for the speaker phone, so Sarah could hear both sides of the conversation.

“Hello,” I breathed, seductively.

“Doctor Gruenwald?” a panicked voice came from the other end. “This is Martin Michaels. I need your help, doctor. I don't know what to do!”

“What can I do for you, Martin?” I asked, as if I didn't know.

“Doctor, the strangest thing happened after I left your office this afternoon. I felt compelled to purchase a garter belt, stockings and high-heeled pumps, as well as some cosmetics. It was awful because I had to make certain that they fit, and I was actually thrown out of one store! But. I had to buy them. I have them now, but it's 7:30 and suddenly I realized that I must call you. I am frightened, doctor.”

“I understand, Martin,” I replied, hoping that Sarah wouldn't break out into a giggling spell as we both delighted in the poor soul's humiliation. “Sometimes, after a hypnosis session, patients feel compelled to do things tied in with the revelations they've made while hypnotized. Do you remember anything you told me while you were *on the couch, Martin?*”

If I hadn't known better, I would have sworn the line had gone dead. Instead, I knew my subject had reverted to the hypnotic state. “Martin, I want you to put on the clothing you bought, then do the best job you can with the make-up. When you're done, you will put on your outer clothes and drive to my home.” I gave him the address and hung up after saying, “*The session is over.*”

Twenty-five minutes later, the doorbell rang. I sent Sarah to answer it and a moment later she escorted a totally shaken Martin to my presence. I must say he looked cute and suitably androgynous in his make-up, his hose and heels showing below the cuffs of his jeans. Almost like a little boy playing dress-up in mommy's clothes.

“Oh, God! I'm growing crazy,” he cried trying to catch his breath looking fearfully at Sarah, whose giggling greeting at the door and amused smile over his visible shame did nothing to calm him.

Seeing that he was absolutely distraught I motioned for Sarah to leave us for a while.

“It was horrible,” he cried sitting down on the edge of a chair and bowing his pretty head into his hands while trembling. “When I left your office I had this urge to buy a garter belt, stockings, and high heeled shoes as well as some make-up. They had to fit me. And when I wanted to try them on in one store they called security and I had to run.

“I don't know what happened to me. I had to find them. When I finally got the things together I went to a bar to order a drink to calm me down,” he looked up into my eyes like a poor lost soul with his prettily made-up eyes, complete with false lashes, that indicated that he knew a little about making himself up.

“Then I thought I had better call you. It was 7:30. The bar was crowded with customers waiting to be served in a back dining room.”

He shuddered from sheer horror...

“I...I remember going to a bathroom and closing the door to put on the garter belt, nylon stockings and shoes. And I was putting on this make-up when a guy came in there to see me standing all but naked except for the garter belt, nylons and my high heels!

“He yelled for a buddy about finding a naked fairy queen in the bathroom while I struggled into my jeans and shirt and ran through the bar in heart-pumping fear they might catch me, with these other guys yelling at me and making wolf whistles and the women all laughing!

“A cop almost caught me, but I gave a cabbie half the money I had to get here! Am I going crazy?”

“Martha, kiss me!” I commanded.

Instantly, his fears vanished and he moved forward in his heels, teetering a bit, and placed his lips on mine, passionately.

I thrust my tongue into his mouth, playing with his teeth and tongue the way I would with any lover. I reached down and felt his excitement. I pulled away from him.

“Martha, remove those male clothes instantly!”

He practically ripped the shirt and pants from his body, revealing the red garter belt and sheer natural color stockings he wore beneath. The red pumps with three-inch heels were a good match for the lingerie and gave a sexy, feminine curve to his nearly hairless legs.

I directed him to sit down.

“Now, listen closely, Martha. Tomorrow, as Martin, you will call my office and set up a schedule of weekly visits. They are to be scheduled for the late afternoon, my last session of the day. At the first such visit, you will bring with you an overnight bag containing a complete set of lingerie, bra, panties, garter belt and hose, as well as cosmetics. Do you understand, Martha?”

“Yes, Mistress Verna.” he answered submissively.

“Excellent,” I replied. “Now, let's see how you look in a full outfit.”

I turned to the bedroom door.

“Sarah please come here! And bring that little party dress you're so proud of and my black Farrah-style wig!” I ordered turning to Martha. “Now, Martha, dearest I want you to take a lovely warm bubble bath. And while you are in the tub I want you to completely shave your body except for your head.”

Moments later, Sarah appeared carrying the requested items. Sarah's clothes would fit, for the time being; because, fortunately, Martin/Martha was slender and on the short side.

Much to our amusement we saw that Martha had indeed shaved her body totally, causing her to look a bit like a little boy. After helping her with a manicure and pedicure we dressed her in a red satin panty-girdle and bra set before she attached lovely, smoke-gray nylons to the panty girdle.

I directed Martha to put on the lacy, red cocktail dress. Its high neckline would disguise, in part, her lack of cleavage, while its extremely short skirt (stopping a full six inches above the knee) would play up Martha's very attractive legs. In addition the lavish lace gave a sweet, little-girlish look to an otherwise very sexy outfit. The three inch red pumps he had worn to my house completed his outfit. I found the combination highly erotic, and I was sure Martin would, too, once he was aware of it.

Once my soon-to-be slave/lover was suitably frocked, I pulled out my make-up case and proceeded to do a more complete job on his face. The result, topped by the shoulder-length, curly black wig, was stunning. I ordered Martha to stand and pirouette, sending the skirt flying, and revealing his legs to the stocking tops.

“Delightful!” I cried.

The rest of the evening was spent with Martha learning the joys of lesbian love, servicing both Sarah and me, and watching us make love to each other. As the clock chimed 10, I realized it was time for the finale'.

“Martha, pack your male clothes into this bag,” I ordered. While she mesmerized, little thing did as I ordered and Sarah helped her with a red car coat and handbag, I continued my instructions. “When you leave here, you will hail a cab and return to your home. Once there, you will call me again. Now go!”

After the pretty little submissive left, Sarah and I fell back into the bed, driving each other to distraction. We were interrupted about a half-hour later by the phone.

“Hello,” I answered.

“It's Martha, Mistress Verna,” came the reply.

I looked at Sarah and smiled.

“*The session is over,*” I said into the phone. Instantly, I heard a thud, as the receiver must have dropped out of Martin's hand.

Undoubtedly, he had lost all control as he discovered himself in his cute little lace dress and heels!

I would have to ask him to describe his reaction at our next session.

As directed by my posthypnotic command, Martin called the next day to arrange a series of regular weekly visits. He said nothing of his discovery of himself dressed as an attractive young woman the night before. Undoubtedly, he was too humiliated by the experience, and bewildered by his lack of knowledge as to how he had gotten into that predicament, to discuss it even with me, his psychiatrist.

I made no attempt at that time to further my control of his erotic life. For the next step, I wanted him with me in the same room. Perhaps just to be safe, because another instance of compulsively dressing in a bar's men's room or arriving home totally dressed as a woman without knowing why, might push him off the deep end.

My opportunity came the following Friday, when Martin arrived at my office precisely at 4:45, scheduled as the last session of the day. As ordered, he had brought an overnight bag. He seemed even more hesitant and embarrassed at being there than usual.

I escorted him into my *sanctum sanctorum*.

“Is something wrong, Martin? You seem quite upset,” I began.

“Dr. Gruenwald, I don't know how to say this. Well, just look in the bag I brought with me,” he stammered.

Knowing what I would find, I unlatched the bag and peeked inside. Sure enough, inside was lovely pair of high heeled pumps, a complete set of lingerie (quite attractive, too) and what looked like a fine collection of cosmetics.

“Doctor, I don't know what's happening to me,” he continued, nearly in tears. “I felt absolutely compelled to pack that bag and bring it here today. But that's not the worst; the night after our last session...,” he choked up.

I put my arm around his waist and guided him to my professional couch.

“Put your mind at ease. Why don't you lie *on the couch, Martin?*”

Instantly, as he settled himself onto the comfortable leather of the couch, Martin fell into his trance.

“Martin, tell me about the night after your last visit with me,” I ordered.

“Well, Doctor, I don't remember very much before about 10:30, my mind seems to be a complete blank before that,” he started. “But at 10:30, I remember I was holding the phone when I suddenly looked down at myself and discovered I WAS DRESSED COMPLETELY AS A WOMAN!

“I was wearing a lacy red cocktail dress with a high neckline and miniskirt! I had on stockings, and red high-heeled pumps. I looked in the mirror and I saw that my face had also been remade—with eye shadow, mascara, blush and lipstick. I'm embarrassed to admit it, Doctor, but I looked... LOOKED JUST LIKE A WOMAN!

“I hung up the phone and found myself getting more and more aroused at the sight of myself in this dress, and this make-up. Finally, I could hold it in no longer, Doctor,” he blushed in shame and avoided my eyes, “I, I loved my image so much that I masturbated. Then exhausted and humiliated, I pulled off all the awful clothes to discover that my body was totally shaved! I went to bed thinking that I was going crazy!”

He still avoided my eyes as he added, “I dreamed all night that I was dressed as a woman and I wanted to make love like a woman WITH ANOTHER WOMAN!”

That was exactly the kind of reaction I had hoped for, as Martin's subconscious desire for crossdressing and humiliation over came his social conditioning. Now it was time to add some conditioning of my own.

I looked my mesmerized patient/slave directly in the eye.

“Martha, kiss me!” I commanded.

Instantly, I saw the change in Martin's attitude as his normal male persona slipped into the background and Martha, the submissive lesbian, came to the fore.

We locked in a passionate embrace. mouths pressed together, until I pushed her away.

“Martha! How dare you appear before me in those horrid clothes! Get dressed properly immediately!” I ordered.

“Yes, Mistress Verna,” he whispered, eyes lowered. He picked up the overnight case, pulled out the vest and panties set within it, and proceeded to remove his male clothing. replacing it with the exceedingly feminine outfit he had brought. And feminine it was, the vest was pure white satin, trimmed with delicate lace. The matching panties hugged his ass with their sensuous fabric while at the same time arousing my little TV to extremes.

With them he wore a white satin garter belt and sheer nude color stockings. His shoes, I was delighted to see, were white, patent leather sandals with three-inch heels. Overall, the picture Martin/Martha made was adorable.

Turning from her, I locked the door to my office and stripped off my own business suit. My lingerie, as befitting my role as dominant, was black satin, bra, panties and garter belt, along with black stockings and black patent-leather pumps with six-inch heels.

The combination of my higher heels and our natural height difference (I'm 5'9", Martha only 5'7") had me towering over my crossdressed submissive, a fact I found highly erotic.

Next, I produced a pair of handcuffs and told Martha, “Come to me and turn your back.”

As ordered, she placed her hands behind her and I carefully secured them.

Then I fastened an eight-inch chain to her ankles, shortening her stride and preventing any sudden escape.

“Kneel before me, Martha,” I commanded. When she had complied, I stripped off my panties and spread my legs, “Service me, Martha.”

Without a word of protest, the former Martin buried his face in my crotch and soon I was writhing in enjoyment of his expertise. Looking at my little TV I saw that his own excitement was growing as well. Excellent! I wanted him to associate sexual passion with lesbian love making as well as dressing in the sexiest of women's clothes. Now it was time for the third leg of his excitement.

“Martin, darling,” I began, using the code phrase that would bring his male persona forward, without removing the hypnotic spell. “Do you like what you're doing?”

“Yes, Mistress Verna,” he replied in his male voice, in amazement finding himself at my pussy!

“Very good,” I said. “Remember that smell, that taste-and any time I say to you, ‘Pussy, Martin’, or ‘Pussy, Martha’, you will smell that odor and you will be as aroused as you are right now!”

“Martin,” I continued, “Are you aware of the way you're dressed?”

“Yes, Mistress Verna,” he replied uncertainly.

“And how do you feel about that?”

“I am deeply humiliated and ashamed to be seen dressed as a woman, Mistress, and....”

“And. . .?” I prompted.

“And I am also extremely aroused, Mistress. This is the most erotic thing I have ever done,” he concluded.

“Soon you will do many erotic things, Martin, my love,” I told him, “All at my command.”

The crossdressers I had at past sessions did not have the particular vulnerability that Martin had, nor a desire to be a lesbian slave. But, they did enjoy shopping trips when they were advanced enough to pass in public. And often on their first such trip, I would help by escorting them about the mall. Although Martin was lovely, no amount of instant up magic would put together the skills that it took to be a woman in public. Only after a great deal of training and practice can a man pass in public, despite what they imagine or are willing to risk. The fact that they think that they can get away with less is an insult to womanhood. Of course, in Martin's case, I felt that being *read* was an integral part of his humiliation! And, as demonstrated in the past, I enjoyed humiliating my little slave.

I went to the closet and pulled out the dress I had brought for Martha to wear on her first shopping excursion with me. Made of raw silk, the royal blue shift featured a low-cut vee neck, tight miniskirt and three-quarter length sleeves. Combined with her white satin undergarments, the look was quite appealing—classy yet sexy, and very feminine.

“Kiss me, Martha,” I commanded once again, and I saw the shift in personality and bearing that meant my submissive lesbian lover was back in control of Martin/Martha's body.

Once again we clung to each other in deep Sapphic passion. I broke our embrace to announce, “Martha, you need a new wardrobe. Come with me to the mall !”

I'm happy to say our mall trip was extremely successful. Martha came away with a full wardrobe of ultra-feminine clothes, everything from lingerie to evening gowns bought on Martin's credit cards. The sales girls, who knew of my special patients, joined in the fun of selecting a special wardrobe. The emphasis was on sex; sheer nylons, lovely shoes, tight clingy fabrics, low-cut bodices and miniskirts. Some of the outfits were kept in a special closet in my office, so that each time Martin arrived for a session he could be transformed into Martha without further ado. But, most of the clothes went home with Martha, as a little surprise.

Out of sheer pleasure I put Martha/Martin into a deep hypnotic trance and allowed Martha's memory of the wondrous feminine shopping trip to fade while I brought Martin's memory of the *frightening* trip close to the surface. I then had Martin remember his visit to me and how he left dressed as a man. At home he dressed up as a woman

and then went on the terrifying shopping trip alone! When he arrived home he called me and realized to his total horror what he had done; for, again he found himself totally dressed as a *woman*, and now, surrounded by his wondrous new wardrobe as proof of his adventure into humiliation!

Needless to say, he wanted my help even more...

Those sessions also continued to be great success. With each hour under my control, his Martha persona became more and more feminine, more and more devoted to me, exactly as I planned. I also spent a great deal of time training him to be a woman, using special video tapes. There was only one thing that, as a psychiatrist, concerned me. And, one weekend, it happened.

It was about two a.m. Sarah and I had just finished a most satisfying lovemaking session. I was still dressed in my black lingerie and silk hose, Sarah in her pink baby-dolls. There was a buzz from the doorbell.

“Who could it possibly be at this hour?” Sarah asked.

I slipped into my pretty high heeled mules and threw on my black lace peignoir to answer the door. I looked through the peephole and there, in all her sexiest, feminine glory, was Martha! I had not ordered her to appear that night, believing I had to allow her some time to continue to live as Martin. I unlatched the door and allowed her in.

“Mistress Verna, I am here as you ordered.”

At first I was confused— I hadn't ordered any such thing. Then I realized Martin's unconscious had tapped into my posthypnotic commands while he was dreaming and his unconscious had forced him, even while sleeping, to follow my commands. I ordered Martha to sit and said, “*On the couch, Martin.*”

He fell into his usual trance.

“Martha, I want you to tell me what you dreamed this evening.”

“Yes, Mistress Verna,” she replied, and began her tale.

“I was in my office, filling out the monthly reports, when you walked through the door. You looked me straight in the eye and said, ‘On the couch, Martin.’

“When you were satisfied that I had fallen into a trance, you summoned Martha with the usual command, ‘Martha, kiss me.’

“You then threw open the coat closet in my office and I was shocked to discover, not my usual suit jacket and overcoat, but a full wardrobe of women's clothes. You selected a tight leather miniskirt and a red satin blouse for me to wear, along with the proper lingerie. I dressed and followed you out of the office as ordered.

“Naturally, all my coworkers were there, and they all applauded as you led me, in my female finery, through the outer office and out to the elevators. I hung my head in shame, but secretly enjoyed the excitement of my humiliation.

“When we reached the lobby, you issued another command: ‘Martha, when you awake, you will dress as you are now and go to Mistress Verna.’ Then I woke up, dressed and came here as ordered.”

This added a new twist to my relationship with Martin/Martha. Obviously, his unconscious mind so wanted to live as the crossdressed Martha, a slave to my sexual whims, that it was forcing him into these situations even without my aid.

The next morning, I ordered Martin, now back to his male self, to quit his job and begin preparations to move in with Sarah and me. This delighted Sarah no end; no longer would she be alone at my tender mercies and there would be a male for her to dominate as well.

A month later, the three of us; Sarah, a now nearly constantly female Martha, and I were comfortably ensconced in our apartment. I was in my usual black lingerie, Sarah in her pretty pink and Martha was neatly dressed as a maid, serving us drinks while I went through the mail.

Martha reveled in the humiliation of her maid's uniform; tight black satin mini-dress over a corset mercilessly laced to a mere 20 inches, four layers of starched white petticoats, black lacy panties, black silk stockings, and six-inch black patent-leather pumps. I delighted in reaching up under her skirt and petticoats to tease her.

Sarah preferred to have Martha worship her pussy, though I insisted on using my command, *'Pussy, Martha'*, that made the hapless submissive TV mine rather than Sarah's. I didn't want him falling in love with anyone but me!

At any rate, as I said, I was going through the mail when I came across a note from my old friend Mistress Angela. "Sarah," I exclaimed, "It's an invitation to a party to be held by Mistress Angela at the Club Lesbos."

"Lovely!" Sarah replied. "Mistress Angela's parties are always such fun, and I adore going to the Club Lesbos. What's the theme?"

I studied the invitation. "Twins," I told her. "She wants everyone to come as look-alikes of some kind."

"But Verna, honey, we could never pass as sisters, let alone twins. What will we do?"

"Stand up, Martha. You too, Sarah," I ordered.

I studied my two little submissives, both looking extremely feminine, though in one case that was completely a false image. They were nearly identical in height and in build, thanks to the extreme diet regimen I had placed Martha on when she moved in.

"The twins will be you and Martha, Susan. In fact, I think it's time to bring back the Blonde Bondage Bimbo times two."

Susan pouted. It was attractively childish, but I was in no mood for it. I knew she hated that particular masquerade, but it was perfect for the party, especially with Martha along for the ride.

"That's enough of that, Sarah." I demanded. "Bondage Bimbos you both will be. I have spoken!"

The party was in two weeks and there were lots of preparations to be made. First, I would have to acquire a duplicate of Sarah's Bimbo costume for Martha.

Then I had to make an appointment for them both at Mistress Margaret's beauty salon for the afternoon of the party. Many of Mistress Angela's crowd also frequented Margaret's establishment, so I had to make sure I got my bid for time in early.

I was successful and soon the transformations would begin, in the time between the invitation's arrival and the party,

Sarah became more and more recalcitrant about appearing as her half of the Bimbo twins. Obviously, her time as a dominant over Martha was making her resent her submission to me. I would have to fix that, and I knew exactly how. If I could hypnotize Martin into becoming Martha, I could certainly entrance Sarah and force her into a Bimbo frame of mind.

At last the big day arrived. Sarah, still pouting and protesting, and Martha were herded to the car and we drove to Margaret's salon.

As we entered, I could see that I had been wise in making the appointment well in advance. The place was swamped with Angela's friends, all overseeing the beautification of their slaves, many of them transformed men, like Martha.

I waved to my good friend Jennifer. I had taught her hypnosis and she had used it to turn her boyfriend Daniel into Sissy Dani and then aided many other friends in transforming their lovers and relatives.

Most of them would attend Angela's party tonight.

I did not want this crowd of submissives to see Sarah put up a fuss (I had a reputation to maintain) so I turned to her and announced, "Sarah, you're a submissive bimbo!"

The shocked little thing was able to gasp out "Huh?" before her eyes glazed over and I knew my hypnotic spell had taken over. The little dear never realized the music we had listened to over the past few nights had been "spiked" with subliminal messages that had prepared her for this moment.

I ordered Sarah and Martha to undress to their panties in a private booth where they were allowed to put on sheer pink fingertip length beauty smocks that did nothing to hide their panties! Thus, leaving Sarah entranced for the time being, I then turned to Martha. "Martha, honey, this is your first time in a real beauty parlor and I want you to enjoy all the submission and humiliation it will bring you. Therefore come back, Martin, darling."

Those were the code words that brought the long forgotten Martin persona back to the fore in Martha's mind. I saw a new light dawn in her eyes, as Martin realized all he had been through in the past six months. I also watched the bulge grow under his skirt as the embarrassment of his new life brought him to sexual excitement.

"M-must I go through with this?" he begged, quietly looking in frantic shame at his bulging panties not covered by the sheer fabric of his all-too-short skirted smock!

"Of course, you must, Martin. You want to continue as my subject and servant, don't you?" I asked.

I knew the answer, as he dropped his gaze to the floor in abject subjugation to my will. At psychiatric sessions with him I had confirmed that this was his most deep-

seated and desired wish; even without my hypnotic control, once having experienced his crossdressing fantasy, he could no longer resist the lure of this sexual adventure.

But, just to be certain of his bondage, I secured his ankles with daintyhobble chains that forced little mincing steps, while his wrists were placed in handcuffs.

I turned my two hypnotized slaves over to Margaret and her staff. Their task was to use all their cosmetic arts to transform them into twins or at least look-alike sisters.

The tougher job being Martha, Margaret took the TV on herself. The first step was to bleach and dye Martha's brown hair to a golden blonde that matched Sarah's natural color.

Martin watched in shock and secret delight as he saw his shoulder length hair turned, first, the color of straw and then brought to a bright yellow with sexy golden streaks.

Margaret and her assistant Caroline then began working to create identical Bimbo hairdos on Martha and Sarah. The final effect was a teased flurry of curls, a hairdo that would only be worn by a woman attempting to attract sex and who had no distractions in her life from keeping herself sexually attractive.

Next came the cosmetics. Smoky eye shadows, dark mascara and false eyelashes put a sleepy, bedroom eye look onto my two darlings, while artful blusher and lipstick applications made them look as much like twins as any two people who were unrelated ever could.

Now it was my turn to take over.

“You know Busty Barbie, don't you my dears?” I teased, referring to the transvestized slave of my friend Maria.

“Well, I have arranged for Dr. Nye to give our lovely Martha two lovely breasts so that you'll both be bouncing beauties for the evening.”

Sarah, having already had the Bimbo persona impressed upon her by my earlier commands, was overjoyed at the thought of showing off her lovely breasts, but Martha was shocked. Still, my control was complete. And despite inner fears, (poor Martin), when Martha's persona was called forth she willingly went to the surgi-center.

The effect was soon apparent and within an hour, each had a lovely pair of size 37C boobs!

The next step was the clothes. With the assistance of one of Margaret's staff members, I laced both of the little dears into white leather corsets, reducing their waists to a mere 20 inches. This only made their bouncing boobs, spilling over the cups of the corsets, that much more obvious, of course. Next, we drew white lace-patterned stockings up their legs, attaching them tightly to the straining garters of the corsets. The stockings were followed by white patent-leather pumps with six-inch heels. White leather miniskirts, matching their corsets, were the last piece of clothing put on them. Their accessories included white satin choker ribbons and white satin bows in the back of their hair. It was time now to impress the Bimbo persona on Martha.

“*Kiss me, Martha,*” I commanded and instantly, my little TV slave pressed her lips to mine and Martha's personality replaced Martin's, allowing me to remove her handcuffs

and hobble. “Martha, until I say otherwise, you will have only three topics of conversation: yourself, your companion's attractiveness, and sex, especially bondage sex. You will flaunt yourself to any and all who seem interested. You are a Bimbo without a single thought in your pretty little fluffy head except where your next sexual thrill is coming from.”

I put them in matching bondage; white leather bondage gloves, locking their arms together behind their backs (and thus further displaying their boobs) and silver chains locking their ankles together, restricting their strides to a mere six inches. The resulting mincing walk caused a most delicious jiggle all over their bodies. The final touch was a locking ball gag in each mouth. They would speak when I wished.

“All right, *ladies* and there is a misstatement, if I ever heard one—it's off to Mistress Angela's party.”

At 8 p.m., we arrived at the Club Lesbos. I had attached satin ribbons to the chokers around my Bimbos' throats, and by these leads I brought them down the crowded village streets to the portcullis doors of the Club Lesbos.

I was momentarily startled when the door was opened by a pair of nearly identical maid-slaves, until I recalled the party's theme—twins.

Like me, Angela had chosen to create a pairing by putting one each of her male and female slaves into matching outfits.

I recognized one of the maids as the regular live-in lover of one of my friends, but the other was unknown to me I thought. Then the cross-dressed servant greeted me, “Good evening, Mistress Verna. I hope you and your slaves are well.” *His voice was unmistakable. It was Angela's chauvinist pig of a boss, Steven, now obviously Stephanie. So she had finally succeeded in dominating and petticoating him! I would have to get the details out of her later.*

I let Stephanie take my hand and aid me over the threshold, tugging on the satin leashes of Bimbo Sarah and Bimbo Martha.

Spotting Angela on the other side of the room, I ordered my slaves to remain where they stood and went to see her. She was in a group with Mistress Jennifer, Mistress



Carla and Mistress Maria. Those three had obviously chosen to take the twins theme one step further and had all come in look-a-like outfits as triplets!

Each wore a black leather business suit with power-padded shoulders and a tight, super short skirt over sleek nyloned legs perched on black patent-leather pumps.

Their slaves—respectively Sissy Dani, little Sissy Missy Mandy, and Busty Barbie were also in triplet costumes with the cue taken from Carla's Mandy, who was generally dressed in sissy-boy attire. Tonight was no exception. All three wore blue velvet suits consisting of short, waist-length jackets and knickers that buckled (with bejeweled buckles) above the knee. Under the jackets, each wore a different color of ruffled satin blouse; Dani's was pink, Mandy's pale blue and Barbie's black. All wore seamed white nylons and seven-inch party heels with T-straps in a blue leather that matched their suits. Their hair was done in sweet pageboys with satin goody-goody bows that matched their blouses, and matching satin chokers encircled their throats.

Only Mandy did not look completely ridiculous in this outfit—she was only 14 after all and had many months of practice at carrying off this kind of costume. Sissy Dani did not look too out-of-place; her still-budding breasts and narrow hips made her seem also androgynous. But, Busty Barbie, as her name would indicate, attracted a good deal of ridicule. Her 38D breasts strained against the satin ruffles of her blouse, making her little-girl-look totally outlandish. Each time a dominant guest smirked at Barbie's predicament, Mistress Maria merely smiled, and commanded her slave to stand straighter so her breasts would be more prominent.

I could see my two little Bimbos would have competition for the prize for best costume, as I released them from their bondage gloves and gags.

In addition to the costume contest, Angela had arranged entertainment. Knowing that many of her fellow dominants had an intense interest in hypnosis, she had hired a professional hypnotist/entertainer without telling him about the nature of the party or those who would attend it. Our entertainment would come not only from his act, but also from his reaction to our little community.

When the hypnotist, who called himself Roberto, asked for volunteers, I led my two Bimbos to the stage. The three of us, beautiful, sexy and dressed for it, stood before him. I glanced at his crotch and could see his masculine response. He began his attempts to hypnotize us without success. After all, Susan and Martha were already in a trance and, as a practiced hypnotist myself, I knew how to resist his suggestions.

The crowd roared; they were in on the secret.

Finally, Roberto gave up when I took over.

“Roberto, I've noticed your interest in my two little friends here.”

He nodded, smiling somewhat lasciviously. He was bright enough to have figured just what kind of gathering this was.

“Well,” I continued, “This is Bimbo Sarah and Bimbo Martha. Greet the nice man, dearies.” Each in her turn, the two entranced Bimbos embraced him and planted wet, open-mouthed kisses on him while rubbing their hands over his rapidly enlarging sexuality.

His own hands strayed to their satin-covered behinds.

“I see you like the feel of satin, Roberto,” I suggested causing him to nod. “Would you like to try on those panties?” My own voice had slipped into the tone I used when hypnotizing patients—and I could see Roberto was not the expert I was in resisting suggestion.

He nodded again.

I ordered Sarah to strip off her panties and hand them to Roberto. He stripped off pants and underpants and quickly slid the panties up his legs and over his loins. Now, Martha was ordered to kiss him again and stroke his organ through the panties, enlarging it further.

Eager for sexual release, Roberto was panting, he was also almost completely under my control as the audience watched silently now, completely wrapped up in this little drama of dominance and control. I told Roberto to strip out of his jacket and shirt. He stood before me, naked except for his white satin panties, his sex causing a most pleasant bulge. I had him sit while I made up his face and rouged his nipples. The completed unisexual look was delightful.

“Now, Roberto, I want you to masturbate through your panties—and at the moment you come you will wake from your trance.”

Immediately, he began stroking himself and soon he was shuddering with his imminent orgasm. As the panties dampened, his eyes flew open in shock at what he was doing in public and how he was dressed!

The crowd laughed, cheered, and applauded as he all but fled the stage grabbing his clothes in utter shame.

Now I didn't care if my Bimbos won the costume contest; the party was a success!

MAGIC TRANSFORMATION

by Dani

As most submissives know, finding the right dominant woman can be a real challenge and it becomes even harder when your *interests* include cross dressing.

It had always seemed to me that most of the dominants I met didn't really understand the submissive transvestite's need for cross dressing as humiliation. Perhaps their own beliefs in female superiority just didn't allow them to see how a man dressing as a woman could be so humiliating.

As a copy editor for a small magazine, I still like to write a few of my own pieces. Due to the current interest in witchcraft, I was planning to do an article called *Witchcraft in The City*. So, seeing an ad in the *Voice*, I decided to attend a party to be held in the Village by a Coven of White Witches. It appeared that this Coven consisted of lesbian witches. And the party, held at the Club Lesbos, was open to the public as a gesture of good will during Gay Pride Week.

I must confess that it really was weird. The Club Lesbos had once been a Spanish restaurant in a great stucco building, that looked more like an ancient fortified convent built in the Pyrenees Mountains than a restaurant in the Village. Its high walls were open through portcullis-type gate flanked by burning gaslight torches.

As I entered the gate guided by a black hooded satin robed monk, I saw that the building was built around a glass-roofed patio-styled garden. My guide turned left and led me to another door and opened it for me.

I was greeted by a gigantic Halloween Party surrounded by high-pitched jazz music that seemed right out of the old movie, *Bell, Book and Candle*. I found myself seated at a table with two women dressed in white satin robes and served by a pretty girl in a fetching French maid's costume, like all the other waitresses. And then it dawned on me as she took our order that *she* was a *he!*

At any rate, one of the two women sitting with me was tall, with long dark hair and a model's face and figure. As we talked and drank I was fairly certain I had found my ultimate mistress in her. At the time I didn't know Samantha was a dominant, I had simply found a mutual interest, since I was at the party to learn a little about witchcraft. *And I must confess I felt totally under Samantha's spell.*

But Mistress Samantha was deep into a particular variation of Goddess worship; one in which all women are aspects of the Mother Goddess and as such, deserve worship by mere men.

When she proposed that relationship to me on our third or fourth date, I readily agreed.

The following week, I told her about my own needs for cross dressing, and simple bondage at times, as a form of humiliation and submission.

“Hmm,” she mused, “That sounds like it could be quite interesting, Carl. Let me do some research and I may have a way for us to have some real fun with that.”

“In the meantime,” she ordered, “on your knees and worship me in the way I enjoy!”

That was a month ago. And though I often asked my Mistress how her research was progressing, she always laughed it off saying she was still searching for the right books to make her little idea work.

Then, this afternoon, Mistress Samantha called me at work and commanded me to attend her that evening. It was a Friday and I had the weekend to look forward to. Spending it in servitude to Mistress Samantha would be heavenly.

So, here I was, at the door to Mistress Samantha's penthouse apartment precisely at 7:00 p.m., as she ordered. I rang the bell, and she answered the door accompanied by her *familiar*, a large black cat called Trance.

She was dressed in what I had come to think of as her domination costume, a tight-fitting, black leather dress that revealed her trim figure superbly, with a hem that stopped five inches above her knees, revealing her splendid long legs, clad in sheer black stockings and perched on black patent-leather pumps. Tonight, however, a new article had been added to the outfit. Over all the rest she wore an open flowing robe of black satin with arcane symbols on the back and the sleeves.

“Come in, Carl,” she cooed, letting the cat out. “Everything's ready. Come into the bedroom.”

In the bedroom she had moved the bed against one wall to make room for a kind of brazier, in which was burning a pungent incense.

On the bed lay a range of feminine clothing; lingerie, dresses, blouses and skirts, as well as several pairs of high heels standing on the floor.

I looked at Mistress Samantha with obvious wonder on my face, beginning to feel the excitement of anticipation.

“I've completed my research,” she stated, “Since the dawn of time, the sisters of the priesthood of the Mother Goddess have practiced casting spells. Many of those enchantments involve transformations. I have studied the ancient arts until I learned such a spell.”

“Transformation?” I asked. “What do you mean?”

“Transformations are a key to the powers granted by the Mother Goddess. By transformations a witch can turn herself into a hawk and search the world over. Or turn her *familiar*, a cat like Trance, into a panther to destroy an enemy.

“I mean I cannot only make you look like a woman when you put on these clothes, but I can also mystically changing the way you look in reality.” she replied. “Through various spells I can make you a complete female in every way.”

“But, Mistress, I don't want to be a woman,” I protested. “I want only to look like one.”

"I know that, Carl," she answered with an amused look in her eyes as she continued. "I said I could change the way you look, not what you actually are. Mentally you will remain male only your appearance will change. However;" she paused, "There are other spells. But, that can place your mind completely under my control so that you will become what I merely wish you to be by a simple word or gesture. So, you will not only look like a woman, you believe you are one!"

Her dark green eyes with brown sparkling specks turned towards me and a shiver touched my spine as the pupils seemed almost catlike red in the darkened room.

"And not only can I change you into a woman, I can make you a hermaphrodite with both male and female sex organs. Or a castina with the body of a female but with the organs of a male.

"I think that you will adore being a castina. So we shall do that to you tonight."

"The spell can be reversed?" I asked with growing concern. (Assuming it actually works, I thought to myself. Magic?)

"Of course," she replied. "Now, come. The spell requires that you be dressed in the clothes of the person you wish to become. I'll help you get into these things."

First, Mistress Samantha aided me in putting on a lacy white demi-bra, A C-cup. It hung loosely on my flat chest. Next came a matching garter belt; that was tight around my thick waist. That was followed by a pair of sheer stockings, stretched over-tight to attach to the clips of the garter belt. After that she helped me put on a pair of shiny, white tap pants with lace around the leg openings. Despite their somewhat tight fit they felt extremely sensuous as they slithered over my nylon clad legs and hips. The final touch was to squeeze into a pair of white satin pumps.

"Mistress, what about the outer clothes?" I asked.

"Unnecessary for the spell to operate," Mistress Samantha said. "Besides, I want to see what you'll look like when it's done."

She turned and picked up a roll of cloth, spreading it out on the floor. On the cloth was painted a pentagram, the inverted star surrounded by a circle and mystic symbols, familiar from media presentations of witches ceremonies.

"Stand in the center of the design, Carl, dear," Mistress Samantha directed. "The pentagram will prevent the magic of the enchantment spell from escaping and affecting me or anyone else within range."

I did as she directed.

She went to the desk and opened a large, leather-bound book to a previously marked page. Throwing some more incense on the brazier, which sent up a new pall of smoke, she began to read aloud from the book.

I didn't understand the words but I recognized the sound of the language, or thought I did. It was vaguely Latin in construction, but with pronunciations that sounded Gaelic or Welsh at times and Hebrew or Arabic at others.

As she weaved the spell, I noticed a tingling beginning in my nipples and my buttocks. This feeling spread to my hands, my feet, in time to my entire body.

Mistress Samantha's chanting continued, now in Greek to someone called Hecate, taking on a rhythmic tone. Now a glow began to form about my body, golden in color and shimmering. It seemed almost alive.

I noticed that it was taking on a shape different from my own; wider at the chest and the hips and seeming to disappear within my body at the waist. As the chanting continued the glow became brighter, so bright that I had to close my eyes against the glare.

Moments later, Mistress Samantha stopped speaking and I heard her shut the book. Simultaneously, the glow went away. I opened my eyes.

"No! Close your eyes again!" my mistress commanded. "I want you to see the result all at once." She took me by the shoulders and turned me to the left.

"Now, open your eyes."

I was facing a full-length mirror on the wall of the bedroom. The figure looking back at me from the reflection was recognizably me but changed.

First of all, it appeared to be a woman. She was some five feet, eight inches tall (I had been 5-10). Her breasts filled the cups of the 36C bra she wore, with some of the flesh peeking over the top provocatively. Her waist was narrower than any man's, her hips wide and womanly. Her legs were as attractive as Mistress Samantha's, if I could be so bold as to make the comparison.

I judged her surprisingly, to weigh about as much as I had before the spell, some 130 pounds or so.

The face was still definitely my own, but somewhat softer in appearance, with larger eyes and fuller lips, The hair was a little longer, giving the look of an uncontrolled bob.

I turned to Mistress Samantha.

"What about my, uh—" I hesitated, touching my crotch feeling an all-too-male response.

"They are still there, as you can feel." she replied with a very amused grin, "And still functional I see. The spell has changed nothing internally but only the outward appearance."

"Then why didn't it make me smaller, more petite?" I inquired.

"Magic is still a part of the natural world, Carl or perhaps it should be Carol now, and it must obey many of the same rules that science has defined," Mistress Samantha explained, shrugging. "Matter can neither be created or destroyed. The spell simply took the matter that made up your male body and rearranged it into a female matrix. Some of the flesh that was once your masculine muscles has become the fatty tissue of your breasts and rear. The hair that once covered your chest and legs has been shifted to your head—unfortunately, there was not enough of it to make your hair really long. But that will change."

She looked at her watch.

"But, now, it is time to get you dressed in the rest of your outfit; you have an appointment at the beauty parlor."

My heart skipped a beat; my cock twitched in its satiny confines. I had long ago lost count of the number of times I had fantasized about visiting a beauty parlor and leaving it as an attractive woman.

Now, it was to happen. Mistress Samantha handed me a white satin blouse and I thrilled to the way it slithered over my hairless arms. Because it buttoned up the back with little pearl buttons I needed her help in getting it closed properly; obviously there were things that being a woman entailed that I hadn't thought about. Like the way the blouse seemed a touch tight against my breasts, which seemed thrust out as if on display!

"Nonsense." Mistress Samantha said when I mentioned it. "A girl with lovely boobs like yours should always display them to attract a lover's eyes."

The blouse was followed by a tight, straight miniskirt in faded denim. This skirt was short. The hem grazed the, darker bands at my stocking tops.

Now dressed in somewhat presentable fashion I was still mightily embarrassed by the way the blouse showed off my breasts and the skirt revealed my legs, Mistress Samantha sat me at her vanity for a light going-over with cosmetics.

"There's no need for a heavy-duty job right now," she explained. "The girls at the beauty parlor will do a, splendid job."

So this was to be a complete "make over", as if I hadn't had enough of one right here. My sex was stiff as a rod beneath my satin tap pants and short skirt.

I was certain it was obvious...and it was.

My mistress placed her hand on the front of my skirt, lightly brushing it.

"Calm down, Carol, *now!*" she demanded.

Instantly, my member deflated.

"How...how did you do that?" I asked.

"A little part of the spell I suggested to you before, Carol dearest," she replied, smiling mischievously. "The magic not only changed your body, but your mind as well. I have complete control of your psyche and sexuality. When preceded by a command, *NOW*, is the triggering word.

"So," she continued, as I trembled at her words, realizing that with a simple word she could make me do anything that amused her, "unless you want to stay as a submissive, little, simpering Carol for the rest of your life, or become totally female; and I can make you want that, you know, you'll do as I say for the remainder of the weekend, maybe longer. After all, I could fix it so you have no choice!"

Mistress Samantha walked me out to her private elevator, through the lobby and out to her car. We drew many stares, and not just from the men. Most of the women in the lobby and in the garage followed us with their eyes as well, some with unabashed admiration for the way we showed off our assets, others with equally undisguised jealousy, and some with shocked disapproval over our obviously wanton clothes.

I was proud I could hold up so well along side the beautiful Samantha—but also very much aware that she could expose my secret maleness at any moment. Or worse yet, that someone might guess my secret shame!

We got into Mistress Samantha's BMW and made it to the beauty parlor without incident. As we parked in front of the shop, I recognized it as Margaret's, one of the most exclusive beauty salons in town. I knew Mistress Samantha frequented it, I had often met her in the vicinity for one of our dates, but I had no idea she would see fit to bring me here in my transformed state.

We entered the shop and I found myself in a totally pink and white, feminine environment. I was at once completely overjoyed and profoundly embarrassed. I had looked forward to this experience since first discovering my submissive side in my late teens but I was also completely aware of the fact that, deep down, as a male, I did not belong here.

Mistress Samantha pointed to one of the chairs in the waiting area.

“Sit down there, Carol; cross your legs and fold your hands prettily in your lap, *now!*”

The spell was as good as Mistress Samantha said it was. Instantly, almost without realizing it, I was seated where she had indicated, in the pose she demanded.

“I'll go tell Margaret we're here,” Mistress Samantha continued, heading for the back of the salon.

As I sat in my extremely feminine posture, waiting for my mistress to return, my eyes fell on the magazine rack beside me. In addition to the usual fashion mags, Glamour, Vogue, Mademoiselle, there were a number of more *unusual* titles, such as Petticoat Power, Leather Fantasies, and Transvestites in Bondage.

Somehow, I could not keep my eyes off their lurid covers.

“I see our little transformation candidate has found our library,” a voice laughed.

I turned to find Mistress Samantha standing there with another lovely young woman, Margaret I assumed.

“Sam, what a perfectly lovely beginning you've made!” she exclaimed. “Carol, as you can tell, one of our specialties here is helping dominant women to transform their slaves into sissy slaves. But I can't remember when we've ever had such wonderful base material.”

I blushed to the roots of my shag-like hair at her compliment.

Mistress Samantha gestured for me to get up and follow them. We retreated to the very rear of the shop, where the walls were decorated with poster-size photos of transvestized men, some quite obvious, others very beautiful, so that you had to look closely to be sure they were men.

Next, I noted that all the chairs back here, unlike those in the more public part of the salon, had straps at the arms and foot rests.

The perceptive Margaret again noticed what had caught my eye. “Yes, Carol dear, some of our subjects are less willing than others, requiring us to secure them while we work.”

“That won't be necessary with you, will it?” she asked.

“It better not be.” Mistress Samantha answered, eyeing me carefully, causing Margaret to chuckle to herself.

The two dominants helped me into the chair.

Margaret placed a cloth over my clothes and proceeded to get me set for a shampoo.

“Christy,” she called, “Give Carol her wash, girl!”

A tall, slender young woman in a short pink smock approached, mincing on her six-inch pink heels. As she leaned over me to adjust a towel, I noted the size of her Adam's apple. Christy, lovely as she seemed, was a man, undoubtedly one at Margaret's conquests and transformations.

Christy finished her careful ministrations, brought the chair back to an upright position, and swung it around so that I faced Margaret.

“Now, the real work begins,” the salon mistress announced, brandishing a comb and scissors.

A short time later, it seemed that very little of my hair had been cut, after all; it wasn't very long, and Margaret began massaging in another treatment. Then she pulled individual clumps of hair and wrapped them in a chemical-soaked foil.

“You're going to look so good with frosted hair, Carol,” she commented.

I blanched; how much of this transformation would remain when the Mistress Samantha removed the spell?

How could I go to work on Monday with frosted hair?

Margaret placed an old-fashioned bonnet-type hair dryer over my head and motioned for Christy to come over again.

While my hair dried, the TV salon attendant manicured my nails, shaping them into gentle ovals and painting them a bright red. She then turned her attentions to my toenails, painting them to match my fingernails.

Within half-an-hour Margaret pulled me from under the dryer and performed her finishing touches on my hair.

“Now for the final touches,” she said, rolling over a tray of cosmetics. First, she wiped Mistress Samantha's earlier work from my face.

“Do you want her to learn how to do this herself!” she asked my mistress.

“Certainly,” Mistress Samantha replied. She looked at me. “Carol, you will observe everything Evelyn does in making you up and remember it, *now!*”

Instantly my attention was riveted on Margaret's hands as she went about her work; plucking and trimming my eyebrows, putting mascara, eye liner and shadow on

my eyes, brushing on a rosy blush, and outlining, then filling in my lips with a creamy red color that matched my nails.

“She's ready, Sam,” Margaret announced, whisking the protective cloth from my lap.

Mistress Samantha took my hand and helped me from the chair, walking me to the full-length mirror in the salon.

Once again, I felt stirring of my sex as I gazed at the woman I had become. My brown hair, now frosted with a golden tone, was cut into a Liza Minelli. like look, framing my youthfully made-up face with wispy tendrils. The image's lips parted, revealing the straight white teeth behind the kissable red lips. The woman's body was youthful, but tall and big-boned. The effect was a coltish, appealing, sexy girl.

Was I falling in love with myself?

“Like what you see, Carol?” Mistress Samantha asked.

I could only nod.

“I'm glad. I want you to feel this way whenever you see yourself as a woman *now!*”

That was the ultimate command. Mistress Samantha had succeeded in inalterably connecting these passionate sexual stirring with the sight of myself as, a beautiful woman.

Where could all this lead?

As we strode out of the beauty salon well, Mistress Samantha strode. I rather minced, I sensed male heads turning all around us. I couldn't be sure if they were looking at me, Mistress Samantha or both of us.

My mistress merely smiled at the masculine attention and whispered to me, “Smile, Carol dear, act as if you appreciate the lustful looks you're getting *now!*”

Once again my body betrayed my psyche as Mistress Samantha's magic spell forced me to smile in recognition of the male attention we received. Even more, I found myself wiggling my ass as well. If Mistress Samantha wanted to turn me into a cock teaser in my feminine form, she was succeeding.

She took me by the arm and led me into one of the restaurants in the mall.

The hostess, though she greeted us warmly, was obviously envious of our sexy appearance. She primly led us to a table in the back.

A short time later, our waiter, a cute college-aged kid, took our drink orders. He smiled broadly at both of us, but, seemed to pay special attention to me.

Still under the influence of Mistress Samantha's last command, I hiked up my already short denim skirt, revealing the white skin and garters above my stocking tops and swung sideways in my seat so that my long legs were completely visible to him, my feet tucked demurely under my chair.

When he returned with our drinks, scotch and soda for the mistress and Perrier for me, his eyes nearly popped out of his head.

Our little flirtation continued all the way through lunch. I was deeply afraid that Mistress Samantha would order me to take the relationship a few steps further; but, fortunately, she merely paid the check when the waiter brought it and we sashayed out of the restaurant.

Mistress Samantha steered me into the biggest department store in the mall and headed straight for Junior Fashions.

I stood there, surrounded by the kickiest, hippest clothing in the place; flirty mini-skirts, off-the-shoulder blouses, party dresses in taffeta with flounces, short skirts and strapless bodices. All designed for the sexually active girl between sweet sixteen and hot twenty-six on the prowl to trap her man!

The closeness of so much feminine apparel; the center of so many of my fantasies, put my sex on the rise again.

The mistress pulled three items off the rack; a bright red business suit in satin, with a boxy jacket and short skirt, a glistening spandex exercise outfit intended to cling to my every spell-created curve, and, a black-and-white party dress, with a ruffled miniskirt over petticoats and a strapless bodice.

We took all three into a dressing room.

Mistress Samantha instructed me to strip down to my lingerie while she went to gather up the proper accessories. She returned a few moments later, arms laden with lingerie, jewelry, shoes and the like.

“Let's try the exercise outfit, first, Carol,” she said.

I took off all my lingerie, except the panties, as she ordered.

Mistress Samantha handed me an exercise bra which I fumblingly got on. Then came the exercise outfit itself; a leotard with deep cleavage and high-cut leg openings, satin glistening spandex tights, and aerobics shoes, all in bright pink. The mistress then helped me get into the matching leg warmers and sweat band.

I turned to the mirror.

Once again, the tall coltish girl I had become stared back at me now ready for a session at the women's health club, for the shinning spandex short pants effectively suppressed any sign of my masculinity no matter how hard it tried to escape its confines.

Mistress Samantha poked me in the side.

“Still a little chubby, there, Carol. Looks like we'll make good use of this outfit,” she chuckled. “I think I'll have you join my aerobics dance class at the Women's Club. It will be good for your figure and my morale as I watch you wiggle yourself to music with real women.”

As I stripped off the spandex, trying not to think about her plans for me, Mistress Samantha sorted through the accessories to find the proper lingerie for my next try-on, the business suit. Once again, I left the panties on and started to re-hook my original bra, but she stopped me.

“No, Carol. I have a different set of lingerie for this outfit. Take off those panties and bra.”

I hesitated.

We were in the dressing room of the junior women's department in a major department store. Despite my feminine outward appearance I was still a man, with a man's equipment at my crotch. What if someone should walk in unexpectedly? The excitement and humiliation (and I wasn't sure which had the greater effect) had caused great pleasure.

“Carol,” Mistress Samantha demanded a bit impatiently over my hesitation and my state of arousal. “What are you waiting for? Get those panties off *now!* And get rid of that awful bulge.”

The spell had the effect I had come to know so well in such a few short hours. Almost of their own volition my poor hands fairly ripped the white satin tap panties off my hips as the pleasure faded.

To replace them, Mistress Samantha handed me a similar pair in black, topped by a matching black camisole trimmed with lace at the bodice. Once they were in place the mistress handed me the skirt and jacket of the bright red satin suit designed to highlight every feminine curve.

I was startled again, but knew enough not to hesitate this time. Still, I had to ask. “Mistress, shouldn't I be wearing a blouse and slip with this?”

“A businesswoman might.” she replied. “But you're just pretending, aren't you? You're just a lovely young girl who likes to dress up in fine things and show off. Well, you're going to show off your boobs, and your panties, if I want you to—and I do!”

Once the skirt was on, Mistress Samantha aided me in putting on the black sheer stockings she had chosen to go with the suit, as well as the red patent-leather pumps with the four-inch heels.

On to my ears she clipped bold button earrings in gold, followed by a matching choker-style necklace and a heavy gold bracelet.

She knelt for a moment at my feet and hooked on another pair heavy gold ankle chains. Standing, she posed me before the mirror.

“Wonderful,” she exclaimed. “Later, we'll have to get your ears pierced, Carol. But the choker is great; it looks almost like a collar, doesn't it? And the bracelets on your arms and ankles, they could be slave bracelets, couldn't they, Carol dear?”

As she made these comments, Mistress Samantha brushed her hand over the front of my skirt, feeling my sex rise with a knowing smile.

Yes! I wanted the jewelry to be just what she described—emblems of my transformed enslavement to Mistress Samantha. How well she knew me! The girl in the mirror now looked more sophisticated, yet just as sexy as she did in the exercise outfit. The deep cut opening of the red jacket showed the rounded tops of my boobs above a hint of the black lace on my chemise. The higher heels and the sleek black stockings made my legs look longer and more enticing.

“Lean over and touch your knees, Carol,” Mistress Samantha suggested.

I did so and my breasts nearly popped out of the jacket!

“Stay there,” she commanded, “I want you to see just how sexy you look like this.”

She reached under my skirt from behind me to lower the black nylon and lace tap panties to massage my buns! Spreading my cheeks, she inserted something (I couldn't tell what) into my rear! A moment later I knew exactly what my mistress had thrust into my rear, as the vibrating of the dildo sent shivers through my whole body!

Now, Mistress Samantha stood up and reached into the front of my jacket, taking my boobs into her hands and playing with the nipples until they jutted stiffly out, arousing me even further while my poor mind was divided between the horror of a sales lady entering the booth to view our activities (or worse yet, some security guard watching us through a video camera hidden behind the mirror), and, my absolutely wonderful feelings of sexual delights. As I felt certain I would come, right there in the dressing room—and even wished for it desperately—she stopped her foreplay and turned off the dildo's motor with her remote control.

“I just wanted you to realize how much control I have over you, dear,” she whispered with a playful kiss. “We'll leave my little toy inside you for now, while you try on the last of your new clothes.”

Moments later I was wearing that kinky, little party dress. Beneath it, Mistress Samantha had laced me into a crushingly tight corset that took five inches off my waistline, giving me about a 36-19-36 figure. The petticoats of the dress teased my thighs while my sheer black nylon stocking-covered legs were revealed almost to my garters, as I stood uncertainly perched on six-inch heeled black pumps. The pretty shoes made my feminine legs look even longer while forcing my tummy in and making my pelvic seem even wider as my rear was lifted provocatively and positively seemed to rotate as my back had to be straight to walk in little heel and toe steps. My boobs again threatened to spill out of the strapless top. A large black velvet bow was pinned to my hair. Sparkling rhinestones hung from my ears, with a matching choker necklace around my neck. The gold slave bracelets remained on my wrist and ankle.

“That dress was made for dancing, Carol,” Mistress Samantha observed. “Dance for me *now!*”

At once, my body, forced to obey a will other than my own by the mistress's magic began to move sensuously to a beat it alone heard and faster than the store music that drifted into the dressing booth. As my movements became more erotic, Mistress Samantha turned on the dildo again, so that the vibrating pleasure in my rear added to my excitement. The more I moved, the more excited I became.

I turned toward her, my need for release clear in, my begging eyes.

“Very well, Carol, you may come,” she said as if my dancing had brought other thoughts to mind, but, then pausing for effect, “*Now!*”

My pleasure nearly gushed out of me as I fell on the floor, panting and groaning from the sudden explosive release!

Then she made me collect my new clothes, having me still wearing my new red suit and shamefully damp panties as I walked to the sales lady to pay for my purchases, signing *Carl Benson* on the credit card receipt causing the girl to smile and say, "Thank you, Mrs. Benson."

We returned to Mistress Samantha's apartment and put all my new clothes into the closet she kept there for me.

The rest of the weekend was spent in exploring new ways for me to experience my transformed body.

Monday morning came all too soon.

"Well, Carl, it's time to return to being Carl," Mistress Samantha told me.

She instructed me to stand once again in the center of the pentagram. She donned her black robe and read again from the book.

Once again I could feel the tingling all over my body. Once again a glow formed around me, this time taking the shape of my masculine self.

Moments later I looked down at myself and I could see I was Carl again. But Carl with a difference; my nails were still shaped and painted red in a feminine style. I turned to the mirror but my hair was still frosted gold and my eyebrows were still trimmed into a feminine arch!

"Mistress." I cried, "I can't go back to work looking like this."

"I'm afraid you've no choice, Carl," she explained, "Didn't I tell you? The spell reversal doesn't affect anything done to you physically while you were transformed. You're stuck with the frosted hair and arched eyebrows until they grow out, if I ever let you do that.

"Oh, and a few other things the spell reversal didn't do. The submissive command spell is still active, and I can recreate Carol anytime I want with a simple two-word incantation," she gloated.

I looked at her in disbelief.

"Yes, Carl," she nodded, "I can make you do anything I want and you will become Carol anytime I want her."

"So, before you leave for work, on your knees and satisfy me *now!*"

I fell before her and buried my face in her crotch, both dreading and anticipating with pleasure the new life before me.

For the next week, I endured the snickers of my office mates about my newly frosted hair and trimmed eyebrows. I was glad they couldn't detect one other reminder of my weekend as Carol, because, Mistress Samantha had used her magical control over me to force me to wear a vest, panties, garter belt and stockings under my male attire!

Every morning I tried to fight the mystic urge, but every morning I failed. Moving of their own volition, seemingly, my hands would place the treasured feminine underthings on my body.

The weekend after my transformation to Carol, Mistress Samantha did not command my presence at her apartment. Perhaps she wanted to heighten my sense of anticipation for the next time I would be transformed.

However, she did order me to spend the two days in my own place, wearing nothing but lingerie and high heels, and practicing with make-up to a video tape put out by a cosmetic firm. She also commanded me to bring home a home economics textbook on fashions and large selection of women's fashion magazines and to study the looks in them in order to gain a better knowledge of modern fashion. By the end of the weekend, I was as much an expert on fashion as any man outside the garment trade could be.

By the second week after my initial transformation, the snickers and stares from my fellow workers had subsided. though visitors to the office were sometimes momentarily surprised to see my slightly effeminate appearance. But, publishing tends to attract the artsy-crafty set, so I wasn't too strange. I thought perhaps I would be able to last this all out until my hair and eyebrows grew back out.

Alas, Mistress Samantha had no intention of making it that easy.

On Wednesday of that second week I was in the midst of a meeting with my staff when my mistress's latest trick struck.

"Okay, folks, the March issue looked good," I told them, "but April can still look better..."

I stopped short. A familiar tingle was beginning in my chest and my rear!

"Oh, God," I thought, "Mistress Samantha has reactivated the spell. I'm going to transform into Carol right here!"

I had to get out of the meeting before the glow began to appear.

I feigned illness and excused myself, rushing to my office and closing the door. Just in time, too because the telltale glow of the womanly shape was beginning. Moments later, I looked in the mirror on the inside my office door and saw Carol staring back!

The phone rang. I knew who it had to be!

"Hello, Carol, dear," my mistress greeted happily. "How do you like my little surprise?"

"Mistress, how...how," I stammered, "how am I going to get out of here? I'm dressed like a man now."

"Well, darling," she cooed, with a delighted little giggle, "I'm certain you'll think of something." As she hung up I heard a knocking on my office door as one of my co-workers asked if I was alright.

"Everything is all right," I assured him, frightened by how high-pitched my voice was! But I could hear, him walk, away to talk to someone else...

I was in a quandary. How could Carol a woman walk out of Carl's office wearing his awful masculine suit? I'd look and feel absolutely ridiculous in rough men's clothes!

Then I remembered. Mistress Samantha had suggested that we might be together that coming weekend and she wanted me to surprise her by wearing an outfit of my own choice. I had earlier in week purchased some new clothes, shoes, make-up, and other accessories to add to Carol's wardrobe. They were still in a box in my office closet. And I had been foolish enough to tell Mistress Samantha!

If I put them on, I could perhaps take this man's business suit off and look feminine enough to pass anything, but a close inspection. And if I waited until late enough in the day, no one would see me leave my office.

The idea of getting out of these horrible male clothes seemed all of a sudden to be compulsively overwhelming!

I pulled off my suit coat, shirt and tie, pants, shoes and socks, being too big now, they were practically falling off anyway, and stood in my office dressed in my ever-present women's lingerie, seeing that Carol's bosoms now filled the bra-like cups of the white, satin, slip-styled vest!

Likewise my narrow waist felt the waistband of my matching white satin panties and my wide hips and plump rear filled the panties and drew my frilly white garter belt tighter as the snaps drew taut my smoke gray nylons!

God! I instantly felt more like Carol!

AGAIN THERE WAS POUNDING ON MY OFFICE DOOR!

“Carl, this is Davis! Are you all right?”

DAVIS WAS MY BOSS! MY GOD!

“I'm fine,” I yelled in sheer panic, yet trying to sound like my male self only having more contralto than bass. “I've got a bad case of diarrhea, boss. Must be a light food poisoning from lunch. I'll be all right. Got to stick near my john for now!”

“Okay.” More voices outside and then silence.

Next, I took out large box to locate the make-up kit I had bought because it came with a free bath set. Using my office desk as a vanity and a compact as my mirror I made up my face. Fortunately, at my mistress' orders, my nightly practice sessions with the video instruction tape, helped to produce a rather nice look, similar to the Liza M. look that the beauty salon had selected for me.

The dress I had bought for my weekend with Mistress Samantha was made of a silvery black, stretch, metallic-like fabric that clung to every feminine curve. It was sleeveless except for black spaghetti straps that held up the built-in half-bra cup styled front and the plunging V cut in back of the dress, causing me to remove my white satin under-vest.

Slipping into the soft, lined dress I smoothed its fabric and realized that, despite its metallic look, its fabric was more like soft silk that highlighted my bra-less look to where my full, plump nipples pushed out to points and I could actually see the circular outline of the aureoles too!

Nervously, I tugged at the micromini skirt after securing the silk fabric belt only to discover that the hems barely covered the top of my taut smoke gray nylons. Slipping

on my, new gray, five-inch heel pumps, I put on the silver-gray shell-styled earrings I had bought, to look at my image in the mirror on my office bathroom door.

Carol was an absolute sexpot!

Now, all I had to do was to wait until 6:30 that evening when I would be sure that the rest of the staff had left.

THEN THE PHONE RANG!

“Carol, are you dressed,” Mistress Samantha's voice asked innocently, causing me to think she had been watching somehow.

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Good, I am waiting for you. Pick up your purse and leave your office, *now*, my sexy Carol.”

“But,” I began to protest only to realize that she had hung up. As my heart thumped wildly, I picked up my little gray clutch and transferred my wallet, change and some make-up items into it..

Picking up a shopping bag that contained whatever else was in the box, I walked with provocative sexuality out of my office, past the astonished staff members and secretaries getting ready to go home.

I don't know how I made it past their sudden shouted questions and comments mingled with wolf whistles and other sexual exclamations generally used by construction workers for women prancing by!

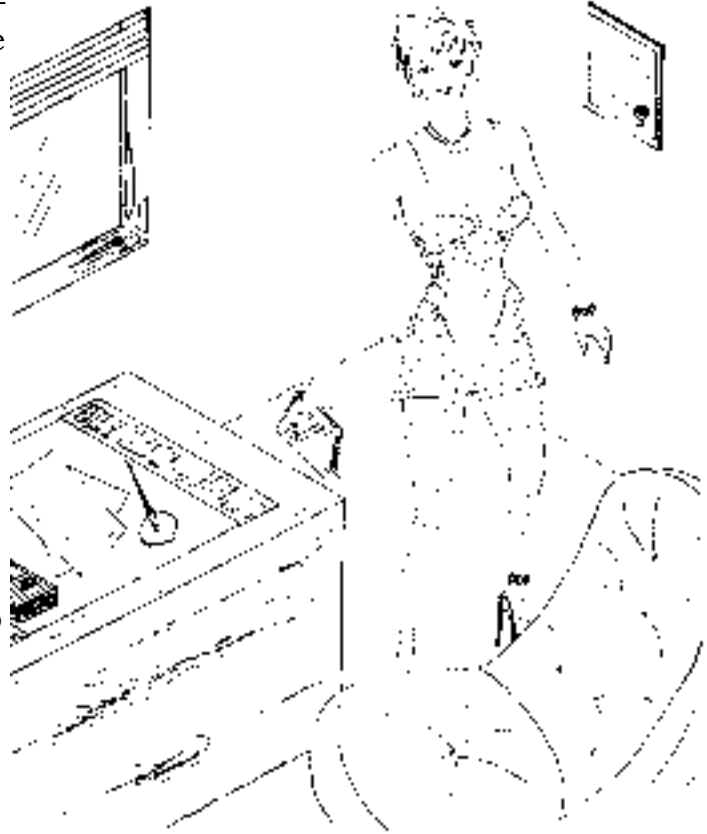
I quickly got to the elevator and headed for the lobby. I made it to the subway—crowded with commuters—without incident except for a few lustful pinches and goosing by all-too-tempted men. And finally I made it in near tears of shame to Mistress Samantha's; to be greeted with giggling delight followed by a kiss....

This was seemingly the ultimate humiliation Mistress Samantha could play upon me.

I dreaded going back to my office Monday morning. Yet, when I arrived in horror of what I might hear, my secretary said something about my sister calling and apologizing for missing me because I had to leave early Friday because of illness!

It was too bad that I had to leave earlier... Everybody thought that my sister was very sexy looking, and several of the guys wanted to meet her!

I guessed wrong—the coming weekend would be even worse!



On Friday morning, I received a call from Mistress Samantha, commanding my presence that evening at 7:00. She ordered me to come straight from the office. I would need no accessories, everything required for our time together would be at her apartment.

I arrived as ordered.

Mistress Samantha met me at the door, dressed casually. The moment I stepped through the door she uttered the mystic command and by the time I walked into the bedroom, I was Carol once again!

“Get out of those nasty male clothes, Carol,” she told me, “I have a very interesting outfit for you to wear this evening.” *Interesting*, was a mild word for the clothes I was soon dress-ed in.

The white, patent-leather waist nipper had been laced to the 19-inch measurement I had grown used to. Attached to its six garters were white lace stockings, giving my legs a gamine, yet sexy, appearance. That look was highlighted by the addition of a tight, white leather gaff that hid all signs of my true sex in front, as my mistress had me bend forward so that she could slip in place the remote-controlled dildo she had used at the department store. To hide the gaff and my other shame a pair of pink, lace-trimmed, plump, white satin panties were pulled over my garters to my waist. She then added a tutu, with a pure white satin, bouffant overskirt decorated with a tea rose at each scallop of its pink lacy hem. This lovely white, frosted, birthday cake skirt floated over stiff, frothy petticoats, revealing glimpses of my pretty panties as I walked. The final touch below the waist was a pair of white, patent-leather shoes with white ankle wrapping and boxed toes like a ballet slipper! When I saw them, I could not believe I was meant to walk in them.

“These are called ballet shoes. Without training you could never have the support muscles required by real ballet slippers,” Mistress Samantha explained as she buckled the things to my feet. “But, as you can see, the height of the heels, about eight inches, provides some support and the extreme curve of the arch forces you to walk with almost all your weight on your box toes, doing *pointes* just like a ballerina!”

She secured the buckles with tiny padlocks and giggled to herself with satisfaction.

“Stand up and let me see how you walk in them *now!*”

Once again, seemingly without my mind having any control over my body, I stood and cautiously minced about in the painfully sexy shoes. I looked into the full-length mirror on my mistress's wall and saw how the strange footwear further emphasized the flatness of my loins and my feminine gait, forcing my rear to wiggle provocatively and my boobs to jiggle even more than usual because of the dainty tippy-toe, bouncing little steps I had to take, causing the lovely tutu float up and down almost as if I really were dancing!

“Beautiful! Carol. You're certain to be the hit of the party,” Mistress Samantha exclaimed.

Party?! I was going to a party like this?

“All right, Dancing Carol. Now sit at the vanity.” she instructed. “I want to be certain your make-up is perfect for the evening.”

Thirty minutes later, I stared at my reflection in the vanity mirror. The mistress had indeed done a masterful job with my face. My eyes looked large and bright, accented with greenish eye shadow and three coats of mascara. My cheeks glowed with the blush of rouge aided by the natural blush of my embarrassment at my approaching predicament. My lips were as red as cherries, perfectly shaped into a Cupid's bow pout. My brown and frosted golden-blonde hair was teased into a bouffant hairdo a bit like Madonna, as Marilyn Monroe, making me to think that I looked like one of those little dancing dollies that little girls played with. I guess I was!

But, my face was not the end of my make-up job that night.

Mistress Samantha moved down to my breasts, dusting them with powder until they were nearly as white as my corset. Next, she took the cherry-red nail polish she had me use on my nails and carefully colored my erect nipples with matching nail polish!

The final effect was almost unbearably erotic; with the pure white of my clothing, I looked like a virginal ballerina. Then it dawned on me. If Mistress Samantha has gone to the trouble of making up my breasts then I'm not going to be wearing anything over them!

She obviously saw the light go on in my eyes. “Yes, Dancing Carol, darling. With but a few exceptions this is your outfit for the evening,” she said, smiling evilly. “And I must say you do look scrumptious. Perhaps next time, I'll pierce your nipples and hang a rhinestone chain from them. That should bring some attention at the office and the gym!”

My cheeks colored again. Would she really consider so permanent a change in my male appearance? So much had changed in our relationship since Mistress Samantha had discovered the transformation spell that I couldn't be sure.

Now came the final accessories; a lovely rhinestone tiara with matching earrings, a flashing rhinestone collar that the mistress padlocked to my throat like a dog collar, and a silvery pair of handcuffs that she locked me into, with my arms behind my back. She produced a rhinestone-studded chain lead and clipped it to the collar, locking the other end onto a heavy chair.

“Just so you don't go anywhere my little dancing bitch, while I change into my party clothes,” she laughed, as if I could go anywhere locked into this semblance of submissive femininity!

A few moments later, Mistress Samantha emerged, dressed to kill. She wore a tight-fitting, floor-length, black satin gown with a slit up the left side to her hip, revealing her garters and stocking top. It had a halter neckline, the back bare nearly to her rear, making it obvious that the garter belt and sheer black stockings were her only underwear. Her feet were clad in black patent-leather, red, ruby-studded sandals with 5-inch heels showing off her red-painted toenails, nails that I had personally polished only the previous night. She wore a sparkling ruby necklace with a matching bracelet on her right wrist, while a ruby-decorated riding crop dangled from her left wrist.

She picked up the end of my lead, smirking. “Come along, pet or we'll be late,” she cooed, leading me through the door and to her car.

I struggled to get in, hampered as I was by the bonds on my wrists and the ballet shoes on my feet. Once I was inside, any hopes I had for slumping in my seat in order to be less noticeable instantly disappeared as Mistress Samantha firmly buckled me into the seat harness, making any attempt at hiding nearly impossible. Fortunately, the trip to the party was uneventful. The same cannot be said for our arrival.

As Mistress Samantha pulled into the parking lot, I instantly recognized the fortified convent facade of the establishment where the party was being held—Club Lesbos!

Since my first visit here for the Coven party I had learned that it was a notorious hangout for the lesbian D/S set. I had often fantasized about being brought here under circumstances not unlike the situation I found myself in tonight. But those were only fantasies, now I was living them, and I wasn't sure I wanted to!

The mistress unbuckled my seat belt and aided me in getting out of the car. Then she took my lead in her hand and escorted me to the door of the club past several people, who were stunned by my outrageous topless look, including several men, who made no secret of their leering interest.

“This is a very special night at Club Lesbos,” she explained as we waited for her secret knock to be answered. “No dominant is allowed in without a slave in tow. You'll have lots of company.”

The “bouncer” was Margaret, Mistress Samantha's friend from the beauty parlor where I had my first transformation completed. Kneeling beside her was Christy, her TV assistant from the salon. The feminized male was nearly naked, his slender but masculine body in clear view. Still, Christy looked suitably feminine; her hair was set in a softly waved pageboy, her face was made up with Margaret's usual cosmetic skill. and, like me, her breasts had been powdered and rouged to emphasize their femininity. She wore a garter belt and fishnet stockings, with her feet locked into black T-strap pumps with six-inch heels.

“Is this Carol, Sam?” Margaret asked seeing my obvious wonderment at Christy's strange costume. “What a wonderful job you've done with her.”

I blushed all over at Margaret's enthusiastic reaction to my submissive predicament.

“C'mon in, the party's just getting started,” Margaret urged, patting Christy's head as she stepped aside and let us go through the patio garden to enter the semi-darkened club.

In many ways it was a submissive crossdresser's wet dream; a room filled with beautiful dominant lesbians, many of whom like Samantha and Margaret who delighted in transforming submissive men into the sweet feminine objects of their lust.

Obviously, I was in for a night to remember!

As Mistress Samantha had said, every dominant woman in the room was accompanied by a slave, every dressed in a variant of rampant femininity, while the mistresses were generally clad in leather.

Not every slave was male, either; about half of them were real women who reveled in their submission as much as the males did. Many of the cross-dressed males were difficult to tell apart from their female submissive counterparts. Obviously, a great number of these lesbian dominants were experts at transforming men into acceptable, even attractive women.

My mistress noticed me eyeing the panoply, as I paid special attention to the other forced-dressed men.

“Don't worry, Carol, honey,” she cooed. “Not a one of them can hold a candle to you. You're certain to win the competition!”

Competition? I was going to be a participant in some kind of contest?

Ignoring my obvious consternation, Mistress Samantha pulled lightly on my lead and took me to an empty table on the far side of the room. She sat on the one chair at the table, while directing me to kneel beside her. Though this was not the most comfortable of positions, I was grateful to get the weight off my feet, thus giving them some relief from the strain of the ballet shoes the mistress had forced on me.

Over the course of the next hour, we were visited at our table by a wide range of the dominants present, always with their slaves in tow.

A typical encounter was the one with Madame Tanya, a striking redhead dressed in a flowing satin ball gown with a full, floor-length skirt. Her slave was a beautiful brunette girl named Robin, dressed in a bondage version of her comic-book counterpart's outfit. The black mask was more a blindfold, since it had no eye holes. The red jacket was really a corset, laced to a nearly unbearable tightness, perhaps some 16 inches. The green gauntlets were merged into a single glove, forcing her arms behind her back and were partially hidden by the short, yellow satin cape. The final touches were the seven-inch heels on her short boots and the eight-inch chain that bound her ankles, forcing her into a mincing step.

“Wow, Sam! She's really good,” the redheaded dominant told Mistress Samantha studying me with naked interest. “And so attractive—she's sure to win the competition among the female slaves.”

My mistress smiled and said, “Come close, Tanya. Let me let you in on a little secret...”

Madame Tanya leaned toward Mistress Samantha and exchanged whispers, ending with, “No kidding—really? Well, Carol here is going to be a big surprise to the others!”

With that, Madame Tanya took her sightless slave by the hand and led her away.

I turned to Mistress Samantha from my kneeling position, my eyes pleading for information on the rest of the night's events.

Once again, she merely smiled enigmatically, saying, “You'll see, Carol, dear. It's almost time for the competition to begin.”

Almost immediately, a bell rang and the lights came up on a small stage at one end of the club. A tall, slender dominant dressed in red leather strode onto the stage and addressed the crowd. "LADIES AND SLAVES. Our submissive beauty pageant is about to begin! As usual, it will be split into two: real females and cross dressers. Contestants will be judged on beauty, poise, costume, bondage, submissiveness and creativity by their dominants. Mistresses bring your slaves forward; females to the left, TVs to the right."

With that, the crowd broke up into about halves, with Mistress Samantha and I heading toward the right side of the stage. We were stopped halfway by the mistress of ceremonies.

"Mistress Samantha," she called pointing at me, "Real girls go to the left!"

My mistress gestured for the MC to come closer and whispered to her.

"Well, I can't say I believe it but all right," the red-clad dominant replied, waving us to take our place with the other submissive TVs and their lesbian mistresses.

First on to the stage were the *real* girls. About 25 in number, they were judged by a trio of dominants who walked down the line, occasionally tapping a submissive on the shoulder, indicating she was one of the finalists.

In time, the non-finalists left the stage, leaving only the quintet competing. They were quite a group; first was a petite blonde, completely wrapped in bandage-bondage, Only her breasts, ass, pussy and feet were unbound. She stood, perched on six-inch clear plastic heels, as each of the judges actually fondled her naked privates to test her ability to stand obediently!

Next was a rubber-clad beauty, her hands sealed to her hips, elbows akimbo, her head encased in latex as well, save for her face.

Third was Madame Tanya's Robin. Her outfit was clearly an audience favorite and she received a great deal of attention from the judges as well.

The fourth finalist was a dancing slave girl in an all-but transparent red, silk, bolero-jacket and pantaloons held at the wrist cuffs and ankle cuffs by slave bell bands with delicate chains that attached the jingling bell bands to a real iron harem chastity belt complete with the rod inserted into her vagina so that none other than her mistress could have her!

The final female finalist was a bondage bride clad completely in the stark white satin and lace of a traditional wedding gown, but, with several unique differences. Her mouth was stuffed with a dildo gag, the skirt of her gown was cut in an inverted vee, allowing the audience a full view of her shapely, white-stockinged legs, all the way to her naked, shaven pussy. Her hands were tightly bound behind her back, preventing her from hiding her sex from view.

After testing each of the finalists for obedience and submissiveness, the judges retired to make their decision.

A few minutes later, they announced the popular choice of Robin as first-prize winner, with the bondage bride as a close runner-up.

Now we submissive TVs were paraded onto the stage.

Again, the three judges looked us over, tapping the finalists. When they reached me, the three stood, studying my appearance carefully. The MC whispered to the lead judge, who nodded.

Behind them, the audience hooted, some crying that I couldn't possibly be a cross dresser, that I must be an impostor. The MC quieted the crowd by reaching between my legs to check my gaff.

Then the lead judge tapped me on the shoulder. I was a finalist!

The other finalists included Margaret's slave, Christy, who was put through her paces by Margaret before the amused judges.

After Christy was a six-foot slave dressed as the epitome of a little girl. "She" was outfitted in a pink party dress lavished with lace and ruffles, short puffed sleeves and a short, full skirt that stood out nearly horizontally atop layers of rustling taffeta crinolines. Her hands were gloved in lace, her legs stockinged in white, with her feet in black patent-leather Mary Janes. Altogether the image was one of sweetness and light until you noticed that she held a huge, anatomically correct dildo in her hands. As the judges approached, she was ordered by her mistress to suck on the thing, and did so with obvious relish.

The third finalist was costumed as a '50s-style chanteuse, in a form-hugging, sequined gown. Her bust was padded to explosive proportions, her make-up theatrical in the extreme. But this songbird would never sing for her mouth was plugged with a rubber ball gag, its red color matching that of her crimson lips. Her elbows were tightly bound to her waist by satin ribbons, allowing her satin-gloved hands only the slightest of movements.

The fourth finalist was a TV classic—the French maid. Dressed in the stereotypical black satin mini-dress with lace apron, cuffs and cap, this submissive had spectacular legs perched on seven-inch black patent pumps. When the judges passed, she turned and bent over, offering her pantied ass for discipline, an offer that was not passed up.

Now it was my turn. My mistress used the remote control on the dildo, and then ordered me to do a little mock ballet for the judges.

The audience gasped, then applauded with delight as I minced out onto the stage to do my little tippy toe dance holding my arms upwards in a near circle and doing dainty turns as if in *pointee*, to end in a curtsy.

I was obviously the popular winner now and the judges confirmed the crowd's selection, naming me the first place winner in the TV division, before the entire audience of dominants and slaves...and I loved my mistress for making me do it!

As I stood there in tearful joy on tippy toes holding a rose bouquet my mistress whispered, "When we go home Dancing Carol, you will dance only for me, as my own private male lesbian slave."

I was in paradise, bound by her magic transformation forever!

THE END