

"Hey, You, Sweetie"

Creatures of Habit

By Bea

His boss, the big blonde yelled out of her office door. "Hey –YOU – sweetie! In my office, NOW!"

Mike cringed, but he knew better than to reply in anything but the time honored response.

"Hey, Sweetie!"

"Yes, MZ2," he said, curtsied and minced his way into her office, kissed the tip of her proffered dildo respectfully and then sat down in the chair in front of her desk. Letting his petal skirt slide up to show his shapely nylon stockinged legs, he took his compact out of his skirt pocket and examined his lips in the small mirror. 'About time for another injection,' he thought, as he took out his brightest and reddest lipstick and smeared it on his lips. He peeked over the edge of the small mirror to gauge her reaction.

"Like any other idiot" he thought scornfully, watching her eyes brighten as she rose up unsteadily in her chair, one of her hands out of sight behind the desk but looking as if she was starting to rub her pants dangerously near her crotch.

She licked her lips, her mind obviously not on what she had intended to say."

Sweetie?" she said, hesitantly.

"Yes Ms?" he replied, batting his eyelashes at her and closing his compact. Licking his lips with the tip of his seductively pink tongue. Smiling wetly at her. She shook her head, recovering her senses somewhat. "Ah, shit, Mike! Knock it off, will yah! You know what you do to me when you act this way! Just listen up, and behave!" She made an obvious effort to collect herself, and then continued in a softer tone of voice. "I think that you've been detected trying to be a woman again! Would yah knock it off? When will you realize you're too god dam small?" She shook her head. "Gonna get caught every time!"

He flushed with a touch of anger, and though he felt a tremor of fear inside him, decided that offense was the best defense. He stood up from his chair. Turned his back to her, and lifted up the back of his skirt and his frilled petticoats to reveal the seams of his net stockings. "Funny?" he said, breathing seductively at her. "Last time I looked? I was ALL man."

"Oh, I KNOW!" she breathed heavily, her eyes on his bright red fingertips as he slowly ran them down the stocking seams, his sultry mascara painted eyes checking her response. She licked her lips again. "You're the most masculine guy around here. You

gotta know I got the hots for you. Why won't you go out with me? I'll show you a real good time!"

"You're married Ms? Is that why? A guy has to protect his honor, you know! I do not want to get the reputation that your last secretary got. I mean, a guy has to have SOME pride, you know!"

"Yeah! I can see that!" she said thickly, but getting up surprisingly quickly and coming around the desk, hemming him into the corner, her bulk cutting off any chance he had of escaping.

She reached out for him and, knowing that he was going to have to give up a little, he giggled and moved into her so that her big hand wrapped around his shoulder and pulled him into her. "You're so STRONG! Mz2!" he giggled, lifting his lips for the kiss he knew he couldn't avoid.

"And you're so tiny! So masculine!" she breathed, before her lips descended on his. As she was kissing him, her large meaty hand thrust up under his skirt and petticoats and found his erection.

"Hmmm! That's so CUTE!" she whispered, sticking her tongue in his ear, and spreading a lot of saliva in the process.

He knew from experience that he'd better distract her – and fast, or she'd slam him on top of her desk and mount him. Not that he minded of course – let's face it a working guy has to make sure he pleases his boss. Good jobs weren't that easy to find – but recently, the dildo she'd been favoring didn't quite fit him and to tell the truth? He wasn't in the mood.

"But, Ms? What's this about me being caught trying to be a woman again? Can't you hide it – the way you did last time?" He snuggled into her sweetly, turning up his masculine appeal.

"Oh shit honey! Don't be saying anything about that!" she said, suddenly backing away from him, her expression decidedly frightened, "You know that they sometimes listen in on my conversations too you know!"

"Well?" he said coquettishly "What's it worth for me not to be saying anything, Mz2?"

The minute he said it, he saw his error. He squealed in fright as the large woman lunged forward, then slid two huge hands under his armpits and lifted him clean up off the floor. She slammed him into the wall so hard the whole office shook.

"Listen – you little cunt-teaser! Don't play your games with me! I'll have you transferred down into the company games room, before you can say Jane Robertson!"

He paled under his makeup. Started to cry – he'd found she was a sucker for tears, but fear made the production of this lot particularly easy. The Company games room? Man, his ass would be enlarged to five times its current size within a month!

“Mz2? Please? I was only kidding! Now, look what you've done! My makeup's all ruined and I think you've burst my bra fastener. Now put me DOWN – you big meanie!” He rendered a pathetic little sob.

Her eyes cooled down rapidly, and she backed off, letting him slither back down the wall until he got his footing – but in her eyes, he saw a deadliness he wasn't used to seeing.

Mike was a typical male in the year 2040. Tiny and pretty: maybe one hundred and five pounds and about sixty-one inches tall. And very clothes conscious as well as highly proficient in all of the masculine attributes: Made his own dresses and lingerie. And constantly experimented with ways of applying makeup that made him look prettier. Knew exactly how to please women – how to salve their egos and relax them under his soft, well manicured, hands. At twenty-eight, he was at the height of his masculine skills – and should have been married to a powerful woman a long time ago. At the same time, he had a flaw.

Mike was convinced, despite all scientific evidence to the contrary – that males were the superior sex! That he, especially, was intended to be a dominant, though inwardly, even HE tended to scoff at that idea. Yes, he was well aware that when the hormone was found that elevated females to their current physical superiority – and actually worked the opposite on males, that it had only served to underline the physical superiority that women had enjoyed since the beginning of time – but he still couldn't help thinking that it just might be true that in all prior history there could have been somewhere that women had been subservient to males? Maybe Atlantis? Or Shangri La? Poor Mike. He just could not accept his true level in the pecking order!

Like most males, he was a wonderful dressmaker. He made all of his own dresses – except for the occasional ball gown or such-like that he craved from known designers – and, naturally, all of his own lingerie – but on the sly? He made PANTS and other womanly clothes - for HIMSELF!

This was both dangerous and illegal. Males wore dresses or skirts - period. In most places, even culottes were forbidden to them. If caught wearing pants, they would be sentenced to penile enlargement – a fate that no male wanted to even consider. Men with large penises, whether enlarged by Mother Nature or as a punishment were the outcasts of society – exorcised from the social services that supported most males and they were most often displayed in sex clubs as sluts – available for any woman who wanted to use them for any sexual pleasures.

This was only slightly different from the treatment accorded to law abiding males of course – but the ones who behaved could at least expect occasional gifts of perfume or candy – or nice masculine lingerie from their suitors. Not only that, marriage was not

unheard of, though most males tended to shy away from it as it provided few benefits of any kind.

In addition, males were constantly trying to reduce the size of their genitalia to attain the ultimate in masculinity. A one inch long penis! Anything shorter started an investigation into the possibility of a pervert wanting to become a woman – men who wanted this power were referred to as a ‘Nanci’ – a terrible insult - as males were treasured when sweet and docile – keeping themselves in readiness at all times to satisfy women’s sexual urges. As penises played no part in normal sex, anything longer was considered a detriment to their masculinity. At the same time any effort on their part to eliminate the evidence of their true gender altogether was considered perversion of the highest order. After all, who had ever heard of a small woman?

Thus, the finding of pants was potentially dangerous, but his relationship to Mz2 had saved him when a shirt – a woman’s garment – with button down collars yet - had been found in his apartment some months before, during an unscheduled search. At that time he had pretended surprise – surely it was easily seen that he was a male! What would he possibly DO with such a garment? Perhaps a rival could have planted it there to get him in trouble? Yes, he had made a mistake by not throwing it away – but here he turned on the tears – couldn’t Mz2 help him? He’d be MOST grateful!

She had helped him – and exacted payment. His ass still twitched at the toll she had demanded, but once she had been recorded as a visitor to his apartment and had registered his milking, he knew that he was now able to apply a reverse blackmail – he now had very strong support to show that she had possibly helped him in covering up his ‘perversion’. Males were not allowed to know of punishments meted out to women, but Mike was under the impression that it might have something to do with birth control.

(Author’s note: Males were not educated in the mysteries of childbirth and, with squads of PGC – Population Growth Controllers - everywhere, babies were only approved at infrequent intervals. For some reason, women would get even bigger than normal, and then sent to a ‘Fat Farm’. When they returned, they’d have a baby with them. – many of the males theorized that somehow the fat that was removed was made into babies, but it was not a subject for polite masculine discussion – women had their mysteries after all).

Everyone, male and female alike, had to carry ‘milking cups’ with them at all times. If a female entered a male from the rear – normal sex, it was usually expected that she ‘milk’ the male first. In (VERY) private discussions, when they were sure they were not being spied on, some of the boys figured that this was to save their panties from getting icky, but others simply shook their heads in wonderment. They knew that the women labeled the cups and sent them down special chutes that were all over the place, but what man could possibly figure out the reason? Naturally, it was the male’s responsibility to bring up the babies brought home by the women, even if the baby brought home had the stigma of being a male – especially to make sure that the boys were brought up to fear their sisters and other females – truly masculine boys were

expected to cry if spoken to harshly!

Now, Mike was beginning to feel the stirrings of fear. Ms's response had not been entirely expected. For one thing, she hadn't milked him – which she didn't do THAT often, but she had looked horny when he'd flashed his legs at her – but she was more distracted than anything else now. Looking in her eyes scared him even more. She was worried! He wrapped his soft arms around her neck and gave her the softest, most masculine, kiss he'd ever given her.

“What's wrong honey? Tell your little cutie what it is? He'll make it go away!”

“Aw shit Mike! I forgot! You get me all steamed up, and I lose track.” She looked at her watch. “Mz5 wants to see you in an hour and a half. You might be in trouble on this one!”

“Mz5!” he squealed, suddenly terrified. “I didn't know we had anyone at that level in the building!”

“We don't,” Mz2 said. “I'm not sure, but I think she used a transponder this morning. Came in first class, from corporate offices, so there's something in the wind.”

“First class!” he breathed. “I've never even KNOWN anybody that could use first class – what's that, 1.5 seconds from anywhere?”

She shook her head. “Shit honey, don't ask me. The fastest I've ever used is Seventh – 4.65 seconds. What are you eligible for, Tenth class?”

He sighed. “Fourteenth – 6.72 seconds.”

“Well if you want to toughen up your image? You'd better hop into a transponder pretty damn quick then get back here – pronto. I'll want to check you out before you go up to see her.”

“You think I should try to be as masculine as possible?”

“Couldn't hurt.”

“I've got this really tough polka dot skirt, lots of frills, then the latest 'Waterfront Boy' blouse – it's so sheer! Six inch heels?”

Mz2 shook her head. “Might not want to overdo it honey. She might think you're coming on too strong. But I would wear that perfume you use. What is it again, “Street Punk?”

“Good idea,” he said, distractedly. “But can I use your transponder dear? There's often long lines at the public transponder down the hall.”

She sighed. "You'd better I guess. But get back here in lots of time now, hear?" Then she paused. "Hey? I can see that you're jumpy and all wound up. Hold on a minute."

With that, she went back to her desk and punched in a number on the teletrans. A deep feminine voice answered almost immediately. "Doc Samm here."

"Hi doc. Mz2 here. I've got a little sweetie here – Mike. You know him? Think he might need some immediate therapy. Could you squeeze him in as a favor to me?"

"I guess so. Let me check – yeah. No problem. Is he acting up again?"

Mz2 shook her head. "Nah. He's a sweetie, just like always. But like a boy, you know. He just has to raise a little hell now and then. He just needs some gentle guidance from an understanding counselor. So you sure you got time for a short session just now?"

"Sure. Send him on over."

"Thanks doc." And the connection was broken.

Mike sighed deeply and tried to put on a brave smile. "I really appreciate you looking out for me Mz2, but to tell you the truth? I think you do me more good than the doc. And I got SO much to do if I'm going to be talking to a Mz5. I really don't think I've got enough time as it is."

Mz2 puffed up with pride at the compliment he paid her, but he knew her mind was made up when she put on that tender, motherly, look that women used to punish their boyfriends. "Look sweetie! I'm not into all that shrink stuff myself – but it's true you know. Get a guy getting a little hyper? Starting to run off at the mouth? You know, that sort of thing? I've seen it time and time again – send him to a shrink for counseling, and he's right as rain in no time flat. All sweet and pretty again. And okay – I know they don't have good ratings like a Mz – but a Pro rating isn't too shabby – and Doc Samm's is a Pro3, so you'd better start practicing getting your act together. In fact you'd better get your ass over to her office pronto!"

It only took a few seconds to get over to Doc Samm's office, but Mike had a terrible time trying to get his persona into the sweet, demure, persona that the doc would demand. Like many men, Mike had the art of crying down to a science – could weep false tears at a moments notice. But he knew that the moistness in his eyes was the real stuff – oh how he hated going to that old dildo, Doc Samm!

Not for the first time he wondered. Why did men always have to be concerned about their figures and their looks? And have to spend so much time and money on just trying to look attractive? While women just let themselves GO! Doc Samm was old – at least fifty – and she was repulsive! Smoked those stinky cigars that got her teeth all brown and made her breath repugnant. And her hair? God knows how often she washed it! And the stinky clothes – and all that excess weight hanging over her pant belt. Mike was nauseous just thinking about it.

Nevertheless, he had on his most cheerful face when he opened the transponder door and was in Doc Samm's office. "Oh, how lovely to see you again doc!" he trilled. Then, blushing, he looked down at the frayed carpet – with a bunch of burn holes in it, he noticed. Whispered sweetly. "If I'd have even guessed that Mz2 would recommend that I come see you today? I'd have worn something far more suitable than these old rags."

"Yeah! Well don't just stand there being cute – come on round and say hello properly!" Doc was showing her ugly brown teeth in a terrible facsimile of a smile, and still seated on her chair, wheeled out on its casters. Sat waiting expectantly.

With a sinking heart, Mike smiled prettily, just letting the tip of his tongue touch his lips in a suggestive manner. "Honestly?" he squealed. "You want ME to do it? Honest?" and saying this, he minced over to be right in front of the doc and, as she opened her legs, Mike knelt down on the carpet – wincing as he felt a run start in one of his stockings from some piece of shit in the pile. He smiled up at the doc as he adroitly started to unfasten her pants at the front. "I hope you got the nice big one you used last time? That was SO thrilling!"

"You betcha, sweetie! Here!" The doc said while handing her an old-fashioned dildo that had been in god knows how many places. The Male Protection Act of 2047 mandated that women keep their dildos sterile – and offered up all sorts of wrist slaps if they didn't – but what little defenseless male was ever going to complain to the authorities, huh?

Mike gave the tip of it the obligatory kiss, smiling coyly at the doc as he did so. Doc Samm smiled in appreciation, but was shaking her head. "God dam it, Mikey! You're one of the sweetest little cuties I know. Why do I have to keep giving you therapy all the time? Come on, get on with it!"

Mike heaved a great internal sigh. Quickly inserted the dildo into the harness the doc was wearing, then leaned forward and placed his mouth around it, started sliding slowly up and down the shaft. He heard the doc sigh and felt her lean back into the seat, then felt the hands coming around the back of his head and forcing him all the way down until his throat was damn near closed by the thing. "There's a boy! Now just hang on there, don't move until I tell you Mike. Understand?"

Mike nodded, being unable to do anything else.

"You've been naughty again. Right? Mz2 seems to have a real attraction for you – almost got herself in the shit over that shirt episode – did you know that?"

It being difficult to communicate with a large, thick, dildo shoved all the way into your mouth, Mike nodded. It was all he could do.

"So you knew, but have done something else. That it?"

Mike shook his head negatively – and immediately received a cuff on the ear that set his head to ringing.

“Don’t lie to me you silly little son of a bitch!” he heard – then to his disgust a stream of something viscous surged into the back of his throat! He’d no option but to swallow, and though he was sure it was impossible, was just as sure that it tasted of tobacco – yech!

He wanted to bite through the thing that was sticking in his mouth SO bad! It was one of the older models that had ejaculations triggered by the finger of the wearer, rather than by the height of sexual stimulation – so he knew it was part of the ‘therapy’. At the same time? If he did bite it? He knew he’d be a sex toy in the brothels for the rest of his life. Accordingly, he made little “yum-yum” noises instead.

“Mike? I think us womenfolk give the likes of you less credit than you deserve. See you as nothing more than an ass or a mouth to give us pleasure. But there’s a brain in there – don’t think I don’t see it! The only problem? You, personally, may be ahead of your time. Our foremothers knew that you men were troublemakers and wrote laws to keep you down. But you’re insidious little bastards! I hear that there’s even a man - a MAN for Chrissake! Running for a political office! And some of our more liberal colleagues are saying that this okay – that a man has RIGHTS! Cannot believe the stupidity of some people, can you?”

Mike was too slow in answering and got another jolt of the ‘cream’ for it. This was another thing he could never understand. Most of the boys disliked the ejaculations that the dildos provided, but had absolutely no idea what purpose they served. Earlier testing on Mike had shown that he detested the ejaculations more than most, so naturally they were used a great deal in his therapy sessions. He wasn’t altogether positive about it, but he knew that the therapy always DID help calm him down. Had often wondered if the ejaculate had tranquilizers in it.

For the next five or ten minutes he knelt there, sometimes being allowed to bob his head up on down on the dildo – she even pulled his head right off so that he could plead with her to cum a few times – enraging him, because he knew he’d have to use a public transponder to get to his own place, and his hair would be a mess – but he was listening more carefully now to what she was saying, and responding like a good little boy should.

She terminated the session by slapping a milking cup onto him and masturbating him roughly – then she put him over her smelly old sex stool and banged him from the rear, with him squealing with delight the whole time – and wishing the old dildo would get it over with.

Finally moist eyed at the wonderful doctor being so generous with her time, and truly reluctant to leave (hah!) he managed to get out of her office, and then had to stand in line to get a public transponder. As he had thought, a few boys noticed his hair – and the run in his stocking, but there was more sympathy in their smiles than anything.

They'd made educated guesses as to where he'd been, he figured.

The transponder got him back to his apartment and minutes later he was rushing about, trying to figure out what outfit was best to wear, changing his mind at least a half dozen times. His hair took for ever – about three minutes wasted! But he liked the results after he pulled his head out of the Haircare machine. Raven black and coiled elegantly on top of his head. Pinned in place with a ruby tiara. Jet black silk and lace undies, his lace bra peeking out with masculine bravado, showing his creamy white breasts to the world. A rather plain – was it too masculine, he worried – red satin gown with long sleeves, slit up the front to show his smooth nylon-encased legs within his long slip, also slit. He opted for four inch heels – far more practical than the six.

He was very practiced with makeup, so it took him no time at all to remove his earlier application and transform himself into the epitome of a tough guy. Scarlet lips, pouting. Iridescent eye shadow, lots of blush! False eyelashes and nicely applied mascara. Spritzed the perfume, and then some long dangling ruby earrings. Examined himself worriedly in the mirror. Normally, he wouldn't go out in public like this – people might take him for a gangster!

But he knew the tendency for males to get flustered, so took some deep breaths, inspected himself one more time and then, before he could change his mind again, transponded back to Mz2's office. She looked up as he came out of the transponder pod.

"Hey! Thought you were gonna be masculine? That dress is kinda plain! What happened to the frilly thing?"

"I didn't want it to look too obvious." He said. "This way? I just look like I came to work in this outfit. Didn't know I was going to meet a Mz5, did I?"

"Not just a handsome hunk of man, are you? There's a brain inside that tough guy exterior!" she laughed. "You have a couple of minutes, so you'd better get up to her temp office. But?" her face closed. "If it turns out that you're in shit? Don't get ME into it. Understand?"

He nodded nervously. "Where's her office?"

"276th floor. Use the express elevator."

"Any office number?"

Mz2 looked him, and he could see a little of the fright in her eyes. "Just found out. She has the whole 276th floor." She said, shakily.

He almost fainted! A whole floor! By law, males were not allowed to own any property or vote. After all, with their limited brainpower, it wasn't fair to distract them from their

natural desires to pleasure women. But even women as powerful as Mz2 were restricted in how much area they could have – but a WHOLE floor was nothing more than a Mz5's temporary office?

When he stepped off the express elevator into her office, he was even more impressed. This wasn't like any office he had ever seen before – works of art on the walls, subdued lighting – REAL windows looking down on clouds! But he was even more impressed with the size of the dildo sitting on its 'welcome display'. As masculine as he could possibly be, he minced over to it, making sure that he maintained his tough-guy image by letting his legs slide through the slit in the skirt as he did so. Stood in front of it and admired it with a tiny "oh" of pleasure, then picked it up in his soft hands. Closed his eyes in rapture and licked his pretty tongue all the way along the underside. Opened his eyes wide in admiration, then fitted his scarlet mouth around the end of it, then started to suck on it, his eyes wide with pretended lust.

"Very well done Mike!" a deep feminine voice said. "Like my dildo, do you? You may refer to me as mistress – or 'five'. Whichever you prefer." "Oh mistress! What an honor. But this dildo? I don't think I've ever seen a prettier one" he said in his most demure masculine voice, after removing it reluctantly from his mouth, and batting his eyelashes at her.

"Thank you. I must admit that you are a very handsome man. So come here and bring it with you."

"Yes mistress!" he said happily and walked to where the feminine woman sat. Even sitting, she was large – he figured her for at least six foot eleven inches. Iron gray hair, short of course. Grey pant suit with a deliciously feminine white shirt and tie. "Come Mike. Sit on me." She said in a commanding, but quiet voice.

He almost fainted. What an honor! Still holding the dildo, he approached her and sat daintily into her lap. She smiled, and taking a hold of the dildo end, raised it up and back into his mouth again. Gently, pressed it against his lips. Instinctively, he widened his eyes and took it in again, smiling up at her with undisguised admiration. Bobbed his head in a way that women seemed to love, and started sucking gently on it. Was amazed to see that she had a milking cup in her hand and was reaching up under his skirt and slip and pulling his panties down. Fitting the cup around his erection. He batted his eyelashes using his absolute best rapid motion technique.

But then, to his surprise, once it was fitted she stopped! Started caressing his breasts! Totally unused to the idea of a woman even attempting to please him sexually, he almost stopped sucking on the dildo, but his upbringing saved him from doing such a disgraceful thing. Then her hands seemed to be all over him, and he got the strangest feeling. It was almost as if she wanted to stroke his clothes! What was going ON? Wasn't she going to have sex with him? Was this some kind of womanly perversion?

Then as if reading his mind, she stood up, lifting her with her, cradling him in her arms

easily. Then she walked him over to the sex stool and laid him across it. It wasn't the first he'd ever been on – but it seemed to mold itself to him in a way that no other stool had ever managed. Must have cost a bundle he thought as he settled, face down, pulling up his dress and slip out of the way.

“Comfy?” She asked him softly, pushing up the dress and slip even further to bare his backside, then pulling his panties down. “These are very handsome panties,” she murmured as she pulled them slowly off. His nod of affirmation pleased her, but he was too busy salivating on the dildo to speak – boy, how he hated it when the women would just shove a dry dildo up his ass, but suddenly he realized that mistress was now lubricating him! He stopped sucking in surprise and at that, she took the dildo from him. He could feel her expertise as she inserted the dildo quickly into her harness.

Then he gave a loud sigh of bliss as she entered him – but slowly! Never having had such a considerate woman hump him before, he didn't know how to act, but strangely – although he knew they were skirting the edge of perverted behavior, he actually gave in to her and relaxed, enjoying the experience. In proper masculine fashion, he lay face down on the sex table as the woman pushed and pulled inside of him, whimpering and pleading for her to take him – more and more – please! For once in his life, he screamed in true pleasure as something seemed to explode inside him - and he ejaculated into the milking cup. Heard her give a sigh of release as he did this. Felt her slowly retreat.

Sitting back in her lap, he quickly repaired the damage to his makeup. Then, knowing he might be showing his hand by trying to be manlike, whispered adoringly into her ear. “Would you like to spank me mistress?” She snorted impatiently. “You men! Always demanding attention! But I'd suppose I'd better because you'll probably get all pouty if I didn't. But here, get your panties back on.”

And after he clambered eagerly over her lap, pulling his dress and slip up again, she spanked him on his panties! This had never happened to him before. At the same time, he wondered. Was her hand resting a shade too long on the material? Could she possibly be enjoying touching them? But in true boyish fashion, he wept and wept, pleading with her for more and more as her large hand fell again and again on his satin clad buttocks.

Once she had finished he found himself back sitting in her lap again. He quickly pulled out his ‘Tearsaway’ a very popular cosmetics among boys, because it really did work miracles on eyelids that had been reddened by crying. He didn't quite understand why boys were supposed to adore being spanked. He'd heard the theory that masculine psyche demanded that at least one good cry a day – in theory being actually desperate for the emotional release, but it never quite felt right to him. He wasn't at all sure that he liked being hurt.

Mistress watched him as he then refreshed his other makeup, and arranged his hair, a hint of amusement in her eyes. From somewhere, she produced another dildo. Not as

big and comforting, but it hadn't been inside him, so it had to be cleaner. Then she had him lie back into her arms, just like a little kid. Guessing at what she wanted, he widened his eyes again and slid the dildo gently into his mouth. Lay there looking up at mistress, sucking gently. Content to be under her womanly protection.

"You act the part very well you know?" she said.

He allowed his eyes to question her.

"Lying there like a typical male, happy that you've satisfied me." she added.

He nodded, concentrating on looking happy, and smiling up at her adoringly. Her next words shook him though.

"But it's all an act, isn't it? Please don't pretend otherwise. I know all about your perverted ideas! If ever there was a candidate for penile enlargement, it's you!"

Fear paralyzed him! The dildo was small enough that he could form words around it. "Please mistress, you are mistaken! I worship you! I'm ALL man! Not a feminine bone in my body!"

"You're a Nancy! Admit it! Pretty little male, wants to be a woman! Be strong and decisive like a woman! Wear woman's clothes! Don't deny it! I'll have them put an eighteen inch cock on you! Take away your breasts! Have you tour the clubs as a sissy attraction for the perverted women who like feminine boys!" He did something he'd only pretended to do before in his lifetime. Fainted.

He came to, still cradled in her arms. She was smiling down at him. "Know something?" she asked. "I think that's the first REAL faint I've ever seen from a male. Very masculine, I must say." Her smile took on a peculiar twist as she said this. "but Mike? To show you that I am a very fair mistress? I want you to go down to the 240th floor. They're expecting you." "The 240th floor mistress? What's there?"

"Never you mind. Just be a nice little man for Mz5 and do as you're told. But before you go? Has anyone ever taught you the tough guy curtsey?"
"No Mz5. But I've seen them done in movies."

"Very well. Get up, give me your best shot at a tough guy curtsey, then go down to the 240th floor. Quick now – like a bunny!"

He took the sides of his dress in his hands, pulled outwards, and bent at the knees. She smiled approvingly. "Not bad!" she said. "And hurry back!"

He almost fainted again when the elevator door opened to reveal what was obviously a medical section. Was actually contemplating pushing buttons for any other floor when a

large woman saw him framed inside the elevator. “Mike? Yes you must be. Come with me please?”

As she spoke, she nonchalantly took her dildo out from the pocket of her white jacket. Handed it to him.

“That’s a pretty one doctor!” he said, kissing the tip.

“Seen better days I’m afraid. But I’m not a doctor, just a nurse.”

He smiled at her with practiced adoration. “But I’ll bet you’re a great one!”

She beamed back at him. “You’re very polite. Such a change from all the smart ass guys around here – think they know everything. A pretty little thing like you too. Hey, come in here.” She opened a door and he followed her into an examination room.

She slid her hands under his armpits and lifted him easily up to sit on the examination table, his legs dangling over the side. “Lift your dress and that lacy thing up out of the way” she said “and fit your feet into these stirrups. That’s a boy! Jesus, you’re turning me ON! So masculine – so obedient!” With that she started pressing on a series of buttons, and he squealed in fright as his legs started spreading, then tipping him backwards.

“Don’t be frightened little dear. Nursie going to take care of you” she said soothingly and advanced in between his legs.

He recovered from his fright as she fitted a milking cup to his erect penis. Smiled his best pouting smile at her. “But my lipstick isn’t ready nurse. Don’t you want me pretty?” “Oh, that’s okay! Honest, you guys with your lipsticks! And her lips were crushing his and her dildo was inside him! He knew her type only too well, so over the next few minutes he sighed and squealed, made little happy moans. Bit her ear. Sighed happily when she extracted the dildo. “Oh, that was wonderful! So that was what mistress meant when she said I was to be rewarded?”

She was wiping the dildo off and putting it back in her pocket. “Reward? What’re you talking about cutie? You’re down here for an enhancement. You just turned me on – and I knew we had a few minutes . . .” she was staring at him as he started to cry.

“A penile enhancement! Oh I KNEW it! But I haven’t done anything wrong! Honest . Oh dear! Oh Oh Oh!”

She shook her head. “You hysterical men! Honest to god! Who said anything about a penile enhancement? What size are your breasts dear?”

“A 33 A/B.”

“They implanted them at what age?”

He blushed. “When I was thirteen.”

She smiled. “Oh yeah – you guys make a big deal about going from boyhood to manhood, don’t you. Wear all those masculine dresses with the lace and frills at the ceremony when you get your boobs, huh?”

He remembered the excitement of he and his friends – and how they’d been, trying to figure who’d get the biggest implants – it all depended on your size and weight – and if any powerful women had designs on you. Naturally, the bigger your breast size, the higher level the man! He’d been disappointed in what he’d received when he woke up, but cheered up when he realized that with no sponsors, and being quite sturdy for a male, he’d been lucky. Could have been planed down and given an “A” cup – or , shame of shames, a raining bra size!

Back in the present, he looked at her. “But why do you want to know my breast size?”

She smiled. “You didn’t know? You’re being upgraded to a ‘D’ cup!”

He stared at her, nonplussed. “But? But? A ‘D’ cup is a sign of respect!”

“That’s right!” she enthused. “You’ll be able to wear the hot pink color, won’t you?”

The breath left him. What had he done, to deserve this honor? For the rest of his life, he would be one of the few men allowed to wear anything that was hot pink! Didn’t even have to kiss the dildo of any woman less than a Mz2! (Though he imagined that this would be a perk to use with care.)

“You must be a GREAT lay!” the nurse said, a note of respect coming into her voice. “Don’t know if you’re aware of it? But being a D cup? You can request an hour-glass figure – and permanent lips?”

“Are you sure?” he asked excitedly.

His head rang with the hit she placed alongside my head. “Don’t EVER question a woman honey! Shows a lack of respect! As for me? I don’t give a shit what your boob size is! Just behave! You want hip enhancement and lip plumping while you’re here? Just say so. Otherwise? Shut your pretty mouth!”

“I’m sorry ma’am. Forgive my bad manners. I just got excited!” he pleaded. She relented. “That’s okay sweetie. Just never forget your place, and you’ll be okay. Now, you want the enhancements?”

“How long will it take? Please don’t mind me asking but my mistress told me to hurry back – and I don’t want to be disobedient,” he asked.

“No time at all. This process has become so refined and automated it doesn’t even need you to be put under. You’ll have an itch on the outside of your tits for a few hours, and your backside will feel kinda tight until tomorrow – but don’t know for sure how long it’ll take to fix you up. Fifteen minutes?”

He stared at her in amazement. Fifteen minutes to take him to a degree of manhood that he’d never, ever, contemplated in his wildest dreams?

She lied. It took eighteen minutes and fifty two seconds! Probably less, because one of the boys had to resize his bra. The boy was SO respectful when he handed it back! He felt like a king, fitting his now-humungous breasts into the bra cups! His hips had also been resized so that he now also had the desired ‘hour-glass’ figure, so desired by males down through the centuries.

(He thought of all the alterations he’d have to make on his wardrobe, but blanked that out. This was heaven!)

The nurse won his heart when she was actually respectful as she escorted him to the elevator. He couldn’t help the tears from forming when she presented him with a hot pink chiffon scarf. He tried to thank her with a tearful kiss, but she got all embarrassed and waved him away. He arranged it artfully around his neck as he returned to the 276th floor.

The large dildo had been cleaned and was back on the ‘welcome display’. He kissed it with even more eagerness than he’d displayed on my first visit. This time, he wasn’t told to take it in with him so lovingly placed it back on its perch. Minced in to meet Mz5 – then noticed that she had two more ladies as companions, who were regarding him with glittering eyes.

He was presented to them, though was not told their names. Knew he’d pleased Mz5 when he made the attempt to greet them with a tough guy curtsey. Kissed their dildos with great ceremony.

But one surprise followed another. The three women congregated in chairs around the dining room table – and allowed him to JOIN them – with a drink no less! Mz5 looked at him with that same amused expression that had been in her eyes earlier.

“Okay Mike. Now, what do you think.? I think you know that right now you could have been in one of the clubs with a large dick – and little chance of surviving. Now? You’ve got breasts far bigger than normally approved and? if I’m not mistaken, hip augmentation and permanent lip enhancement?”

“I don’t know what I did to deserve this honor,” he said meekly, batting his eyelashes at her. All three women laughed. Then Mz5 shook her head. “Nothing, Mike. Nothing yet.” She paused for a second.

“I just want you to realize that what can be done in fifteen or twenty minutes can be undone just as quickly.”

The implied threat was obvious. He bowed his head to show that he understood.

“Very good Mike. For your information, you’ve been under intense scrutiny ever since you were caught with that shirt you made.”

His heart sank.

She continued. “Have videos of you making your pants. Your underpants? Getting all excited and masturbating. Even knitting your own socks? My what a little pervert you are!”

His face was still down, but his mind was racing. This woman was very powerful – yet she had NOT told anyone about him. He wanted to plead for mercy very much, but something told him to shut up and listen.

“You are an expert dressmaker, aren’t you?” she continued, but then didn’t wait for his response, “But like most males, you are totally inadequate in doing anything pertaining to carpentry. Think I don’t know about your silly little false front in your closet? All the illegal clothes in there?”

He swallowed nervously, his throat and mouth suddenly parched.

Her hand reached out and took a hold of his chin. Lifted it until his frightened eyes looked back at her. “Jane?” she said to one of her companions, without removing her eyes from his face.. “Get his new uniform out, would you?”

He heard a rustle of some fabric, but though curious, kept looking into Mz5’s eyes instead of in the direction of the rustling. “Yes Mike. You can look now,” she said, smiling grimly and releasing his head.

His squeal of surprise was so loud that all three women jumped in surprise. The woman had draped a dress over the back of a chair. He knew immediately what it was – a maid’s uniform! The ultimate position for any male – a Lady’s maid! It was gorgeous! Black satin! White full, tiered petticoats! “For ME?” he whispered, awestruck.

“Of course! Why don’t you go and put it on?”

The women all smiled indulgently as he rushed over and picked everything up. Dazed, he looked back at Mz5.

“Your room? Just down the hall. Second on the left. I think you’ll find anything you need there. But don’t dawdle now! I want you back here quickly.”

He was half way to the door when it struck him – she had bestowed the greatest honors that could possibly be given any male – breast enhancement to the ultimate and a position as maid! He wanted to stop and explore this development, but the thought of putting on the maids uniform was too much for him so he just rushed down the hall to the room she had mentioned. As soon as he went in, her other words reverberated in his brain “Your room” she’d said!

There was a Haircare machine there, so obviously the room was for a boy or a man. The room was also decorated in the height of male fashion, hanging fabric drapes – again looking out of a REAL window – and there were what looked like five or six uniforms hanging in the closet, similar to what he was wearing – and a canopied bed – with lovely frilled bedclothes – and on top of the bed? A lovely masculine apron in pure white chiffon – and a matching mob cap. Around the room were scattered masculine dolls, pretty ribbons in their hair and long curling eyelashes – very masculine dresses in lovely colors - and all of them even had lace and satin panties!

Quickly, he re-formed his hair into a short bob – in a dark shade, not as black as before. Then just as quickly he stripped off his clothes and got into new lingerie, then slipped into his new uniform. It was a perfect fit – how come he had guessed that this would be the case? Then he started in on his makeup – but paused. Something was not right somehow. Obviously, he should be slathering on the cosmetics to match the hard man quality of his uniform. Somehow though, he felt that this was wrong. Not one hundred percent sure – but comfortable with his decision, he went with a very understated application of everything – almost feminine in its understated look. Had a terrible time tying a perfect bow with the apron strings, and getting the ‘Saucy Boy’ look with the mob cap was difficult, but he finally got it arranged to his liking and unable to hide his joy, flounced out of the room, petticoats swishing in an as mannish way as he knew how. He knew that the tough guy curtsy he dropped to the three ladies was almost perfect – the two visitors got a gleam in their eyes reminiscent of what Mz5 had showed earlier.

To a combination of consternation and delight, he found that he was indeed Mz5’s new maid, just as long as behaved properly, and yes, the room was his. If he wished to decorate it in an even more masculine taste he was to ask Mz5. He had never been asked to serve ladies of such a high level as before so was very frightened, but they did not ask too much of him and gradually, he felt more at ease.

The food was transponded in, piping hot or chilled, as the course demanded. Happy to show off his masculine attributes, Mike served the three large women, happily sitting on their knees and being fed tidbits, their large hands often finding their way up under his skirts and petticoats.

After he had cleared away all of the dishes, the lady he knew as Jane put him over the sex tool and humped him – talking to the others as she did so. But finally, he was ordered to bed, and he hastened to comply.

It had taken him a fair time to get used to the way his new breasts moved, but in the

shower that night, he inspected them carefully. They had really done a fantastic job – the laser scar was barely visible – even in his magnified makeup mirror.

He thought the nightwear that had been provided for him was rather masculine for his taste, but he did love the pastel colors and the lace embroidery. Exhausted though, he didn't have time to wonder about the things that had happened that day – fell asleep the moment his head hit the pillow.

If the day that had just passed was confusing? The following day was terrifying.

It didn't start off that way. His intercom woke him early and his mistress's voice told him to join her in her study – but to dress comfortably in his most masculine lingerie. He floated in to meet her in less than ten minutes, a cloud of pale yellow chiffon waving around him. She smiled when she saw the hot pink slippers, but made no comment.

A light breakfast had been transponded to them and Mike almost died when he tasted the level of food that level fives were allowed. He's never tasted anything that good in his life. Over coffee she started to fill him in. "This morning Michelle? I am going to leave you by yourself for a while. There is an interactive program going to show on the wall screen in the viewing room. I had voice samples made from you last night, so you will be recognized by the computer. Ask any question you wish. You have my word that you can say anything or ask anything – there will be no recording made of what transpires in there. I think that parts of it may upset you – and you may turn it off if you wish a break. But you may not leave the room until you have completed the program. Refreshments will be available in the telewaiter there and there is an adjoining bathroom. Do you understand what I'm telling you?"

"Not really mistress."

"That's all right. Just ring for me if you become physically sick. Alright?"

As she spoke, she clicked on a remote unit, then handed it to him – before heading for the door. There, she turned and grinned at him. "Take this unit with you when you go into the viewing room. Trust me, you are going to be a different person when you leave finish the program Mike. At least I firmly believe so."

The lights went down as he entered the viewing room and the large wall screen lit up. The door closed behind him, and he thought he heard a lock click. But a voice from the screen demanded his attention – after all it was a woman who was speaking.

She said very little, and then there was a montage of very old movie clips, sports events and documentaries. He had never seen any of them before and they HAD to be very old. The women were much smaller than those of today he thought, though the men were about the same size. He smiled at some of the clothes styles worn by the men, though some did look kinda cute.

The voice was speaking again and, as the words got through to him, he started up in fright. Something was terribly wrong! A woman narrator who HAD to be telling the truth was saying that the people portrayed on the screen were the men and women of yesteryear and that what appeared to be men, were actually WOMEN! And what appeared to be women – were actually MEN!

Still shaken, he discovered about things called wars. Discovered how men had terminated (the narrator used the term 'killed') other men. How they had actually subjugated women! Beat them! Ravished them! At that point, though fascinated and sexually excited, he turned the remote off and rushed to the bathroom where he retched for a few minutes. The program automatically restarted when he returned and, still filled with a mix of dread and fascination, he continued to watch.

He learned about the genetic research that had been performed at the end of the twentieth century – and then the discovery of the hormone that made women so much physically larger and stronger than males almost from the moment that the pills were taken. Some men, naturally jealous, had taken the pills themselves – and to the delight of women everywhere they shrunk into tiny little men.

It glossed over how the International Women's network had been formed – and the simple exercise of a coordinated feeding of all the males with the hormone. Some force had to be used – obviously not all men had mothers or wives to cook for them (Women actually did the cooking? - He wondered) so some of the larger women forced them. Within an amazingly short time, women all over the world were the physical masters of the men.

But naturally, men were not happy in their new status. It took some of the brightest psychological brains to see the solution to this problem – make the men into the mindless objects into totally inessential subjects like cleaning and cooking – dresses and clothes. Under no circumstances were they to be told of their previous status. At age thirteen they were to have breasts implanted (he could not figure this out. Was it possible that up until the change, that it was WOMEN who had breasts? His mind reeled at this). At all times they were to be subjugated by the use of dildos – beaten at the slightest sign of rebellion and praised for being feminine. Here the narrator laughed, explaining that the terms feminine and masculine had simply been inverted.

He was physically sick when he heard how women had babies. The 'fat' they had in their tummies actually grew into babies? But he cried when he discovered how lovemaking had originally been performed. It seemed strange, but he had an instinctive feeling that it had to be nicer than having a dildo pushed up his ass. And? At last, the reason for being milked all the time was explained. To maintain a fresh sample of the male seed. He actually started to feel quite proud when he discovered that the eggs favored by women were fresh samples from men.

But a word was said a number of times – sissies. It made his skin crawl – but they'd even perverted the meaning of it! In the old days it referred to men – men who wanted

to look, dress, and act the way he did now! His breathing came in short gasps at this revelation – he may even have fainted for a moment.

He discovered that when the women had got bigger, their sexual organs had increased as well – and that the men's had naturally shrunk. This did not make for satisfactory sex encounters for anyone. Some women were smaller than others and could nearly expect decent sex – so it was decided to 'enlarge' sissies (of the new meaning) and make them available as sluts. This had a dual advantage. It satisfied the women who were inclined that way – and it put the more rebellious males into positions where the more placid males could sneer at them, and thus lessen the chances of rebellion.

It took a few hours for him to work through the program. He had no idea why Mz5 was showing him all this information – but knew that he might undergo a frontal lobotomy if it was ever discovered he had found out about it. At the same time – maybe she was out there on a limb with him? After all, even just showing these secret subjects to a male HAD to be dangerous for her as well, surely?

Now, he went back to the beginning of the program and worked his way back through it, asking questions all the way. As it had shown the "True Education" logo at the beginning he knew that the answers to the questions he asked HAD to be true. He asked many questions. Took a break then went back and asked some more. By the time he had finished, he wasn't the same Mike that had entered the room that morning.

He felt a pride in being a male – for the first time in his life. Yes, as a gender, they had made terrible mistakes – but one thing had become abundantly clear. The rate of technological advance had slowed appreciably in the last few generations. On top of that? There had even been some wars! Though men had not been told of these, women had actually gone out and killed others – just like men had done for centuries. Civilization was almost static, as versus dynamic.

He sat back and thought after he turned the machine off. He was shaken to his core, he knew that. At the same time though, he had a new resolution of himself. A new perspective on life.

He was grinning as he wafted out to meet Mz5. Didn't quite know what he was going to say, but she took the wind out of his sails immediately. Pointed at the dildo in it's stand. Said nothing, but smiled gently.

He could have no more stopped himself from picking it up, giving a satisfied "ooh" and kissing it than he could have stopped breathing. To make things even more embarrassing for him she walked over to him, then picked him up, cradling him in her arms, and carried him back with her to the couch where she sat down. "Now, my pretty little Nancy Michelle? Did you have a good time in there? Feel all strong and confident – like a man should? Well? Let's see!"

And, like the previous day, he was carried over to the sex stool. Laid over it and

humped up the ass by his mistress. This time, when she turned him over, he was crying. Not to manipulate her. Simply crying from shame for the first time in his life.

“Aw!” she said with false sympathy. “Now Michelle? I think you now know who the boss is here. Right?”

“Yes mistress, “ he sniffled.

“Now? Aren’t you all complimented by me giving you the woman’s equivalent of your name?”

He simply nodded tearfully.

“Very good! So now I want you to go and put on your oh SO masculine pink satin uniform and handsome – or should I say ‘pretty’ little cap and apron? Fix up your makeup – then go down to that room three doors down from yours. And hurry now! I’ll be waiting for you, you tough guy you!” And despite her size, it was a surprising giggle she let out.

He put on his pink uniform, totally conflicted. His brainwashing from all of his training up until that point still proudly saw what he was doing as the ultimate in masculinity – yet the pride that had been generated only a short time before, felt severely diminished as he gradually dressed in the frothy lingerie he now knew to be feminine. He was a NANCY! To further his own shame, he cried again.

When he reported into the room he’d been directed to, she was waiting for him. A strange smile on her face. Then as his eyes took in the furnishings, he saw that he was in one of the most advanced sewing rooms he’d ever seen! She smiled and handed him a magazine that she’d opened. A photograph of a man wearing a slinky satin evening gown was there.

“What do you think of the gown Michelle?” Mz5 asked him.

“A little on the plain side. Would you like me in something that mascu . . . I mean . . . feminine” he asked.

“No. I’d like ME in it. I want you to measure me, then make me a dress just like it.”

“But you’re a . . . a . . . ?”

“Woman!” she said. “And I want to wear proper women’s clothes! I’m FED up wearing all this masculine nonsense! I want to feel sensuous fabrics on my skin! Why should men be getting all the fun! I want to learn how to put on makeup! Smell pretty!”

He stared at her, flabbergasted. “So THIS was what everything was all about! She’d

simply got someone who was a skilled dressmaker that she could blackmail. Who'd never be able to tell, without putting himself in the shit!"

"Would you like to undress mistress?" he asked.

"Why would I want to do that?" she asked, a strange tone in her voice.

"So that I can get your measurements, mistress."

"I hired a pretty little maid to do those kinds of things – Michelle. Go ahead."

"Undress YOU?"

"Yes. Now hurry up! Do what lady's maids do! Undress me!"

Again filled with conflicting emotions of pride, fear, and shame, he gradually undressed her. He had to stand up on the plinth to reach her top shirt buttons, but gradually he worked her clothes off. Was shook up after removing the shirt and T shirt – there was a strange band encircling her chest. She smiled an enigmatic smile at him. Watching her eyes carefully he undid the little fasteners then, confident that she wasn't going to react negatively, unwound the bandeau. Yelled in fright and shock as two perfectly formed breasts sprung out at him! His eyes widened.

"You're a MAN!" he exclaimed – and received a swat on the side of his head that knocked him to the ground.

"Idiot girl!" she snarled. "Didn't you know that ALL women have breasts? Did you learn NOTHING from the training you got this morning?"

He understood nothing. Looked up at her blankly. She shook her head sorrowfully. "Think! When us women took over, we wanted you men to be what women had been for thousands of years mindless chattels, interested in nothing but pleasing the dominant gender! Wanted you to be weaklings both physically and mentally. Wanted your willing acceptance of our dominance. Knew that we had to re-write history, and, knowing full well that there were far too many pictorial records to change, just took on the easier challenge of changing associated audio files, so that any references to 'women' or 'girls' were changed to 'men' and 'boys', and vice versa of course."

"Breasts were a major problem. Women develop them naturally, men don't – and with the billions of photographs, with stupid bimbos showing off their breasts? We had to make certain that you 'converted' men would be just as eager to flaunt oversized mammary glands as our predecessors had been. It would also allow you to be more focused on styles and fashions. Accordingly, it was felt that men be brainwashed into downsizing their genitalia – while constantly striving for bigger and bigger feminine breasts! Look at you now! I had large breasts implanted in you! Had your hips enlarged, and your lips reconfigured into what was the feminine ideal a hundred years ago! And admit it! Weren't you HAPPY at being transformed into what is, by nature, a womanly

shape?”

Horrified at her explanation, he still had to admit that what she said was true, so nodded.

“Very well girl! Get on with your job!”

She had already kicked off her shoes, so it didn't take much for him to unbuckle her belt and pull her pants and undershorts down in one quick smooth motion. Kneeling so that he could remove her socks, for the very first time in his life, he had an unobstructed view of a woman's genitalia – that wasn't hidden by a harness with a dildo in it! She understood the pause immediately. “I'm a woman! you stupid Sissy! A REAL woman! Now get to work!” she snapped impatiently.

And something in him took over. She posed problems in size and in body proportions he'd never had to contend with before – he just knew the bra would have to be differently structured than what was customary – her stomach was different – her hips were different. He was so engrossed that he didn't hear the door open – wasn't aware of the two guests from the previous day entering. Just all of a sudden discovered two more huge women standing right beside him, watching what he was doing intently.

“Okay Michelle? How long would it take you to run up something like a loose wrap – just to cover me up? Silk of course.” Mz5 was asking.

“Just a simple piece of clothing to cover you mistress? Easy. Five minutes.”

“Make three of them Michelle – quickly – go on now girl! Don't just sit there gawking!”

Thoroughly confused now he rose to do her bidding. She was referring to him as a girl – calling him by a woman's name – but in insulting tones that he'd always associated with being used only on boys and men. In a strange mixture of pride and humiliation, he hastened to do her bidding.

He used the laser 'Configurator' and quickly set up the parameters of the garment. Then found the material in a closet Mz5 pointed to. Had the wraps ready in just over ten minutes. Mz5 put hers on – and at that point he found that he had to do the same measurements for the other two ladies. He wasn't so surprised to find that they had breasts too, and it wasn't long before he was writing the measurements pertaining to the ladies on pencil and paper. He'd never used this medium before – but realized later that they wanted nothing that could be traced to them, so couldn't use the computer.

For the same reason, he couldn't just use the Profiler dressmaker incorporated into the software made available to most men - alarm bells would have gone off all through the circuits if three bodies the of the size he was making dresses for were to be recorded. Accordingly, he made all measurements using an antique strip of cloth called a 'tape measure'.

“You’ll notice girls?” Mistress said with a simper. “That our little nancy is using an old measuring device used by ancient dressmakers? It was watching him do this when he was making clothes for himself that first gave me the idea of . . .” she giggled boyishly...”bringing him under my service?”

“And you are to be commended for it!” one of the ladies said firmly. “A stroke of genius! You shall go far, my dear!”

He was astonished to see mistress blush like a young man at this praise!

For someone so marvelously attuned to arousing sexuality in women, he totally missed the reactions he was generating in the two other ladies as he focused intently upon wrapping the tape around various parts of their anatomies. He did sense the slow sinuous writhing that started in one’s body. Must have noticed the rising temperature, but paid those indications no attention. Was surprised therefore – and terrified when suddenly, without warning, the lady he was measuring let out a gasp, took a firm hold of his ears and pulled him forcibly into her crotch, where he was immediately aware of a musky odor and a moist heat emanating from her. Rubbing his face against herself she started undulating and, from some unknown memory, Mike started inserting his tongue into her wet cavern.

She gasped, then started rubbing the bridge of his nose up and down, up and down, in ever more frantic strokes. Helpless in her strength, he found himself being used as nothing more than a massaging tool.

But then, he heard a giggle behind him – and the other woman had lifted his legs up into the air! She was easily carrying his weight with one hand, while she pulled his panties down and off with the other. Now she was standing in between his spread eagled legs, and a LARGE dildo was entering him. All of his life’s training until that point had taught him to squeal happily when he was being essentially raped – but this time, he couldn’t. Knowing his true sex and what he SHOULD be, he simply cried in shame as both women worked their will on him. It further degraded him when he ejaculated – without a cup – all over his lovely petticoats.

He was exhausted by the events of the day, and this was obvious to the giant women who had used him. He was carried to bed, most gently and allowed to nap for a while before being called upon to rise, shower, change his uniform, and serve dinner to his new mistress – the other two ladies had long since gone, he discovered.

That evening he was shocked anew. After undressing his mistress and bathing her in bathwater that steamed seductively of mannish perfumes, he dried and powdered her – just as if she was a man! Then she wanted to wear her flowery, silky, mannish, wrap that he’d made earlier that day. Then? Shock of shocks! He had to teach her how to use a Haircare machine! And she kept choosing more and more mannish styles! Flips and Bobs – Beehives – and Pageboys no less! Actually tinted her hair! Champagne Charlie

blonde and Jack the Ripper black – although the lighter tint suited her best.

Then – THEN – he had to show her how to apply makeup!

This was an episode he would never forget. He had never thought how lovely and smooth that a woman's skin could be – and the way that it seemed to positively inhale the scents of the cosmetics he used on her! Fascinated, he watched his mistress positively bloom under his ministrations, her eyes growing larger and sultry as he gradually reddened her cheeks, removed some errant eyebrows (He enjoyed this! She protested, but weakly – and he truly wanted her to experience the tiny pains that men underwent to make themselves attractive to women! Teasingly, he charged her with being a sissy!) and outlined her lips into a sultry masculine shape. And then her eyes!

All of her strength seemed to desert her as he applied her eyeshadow, eyeliner and mascara. She looked up at him as if HE were the mistress! Soft and pleading – vulnerable! As if she were a MAN!

Tentatively, he wrapped an arm around her head. Kissed her firmly on the lips. She shuddered, then her own massive arm took him into her embrace, brought him into her lips. Kissed him possessively. Her hand found its way up under his skirt and caressed his erection. Then, suddenly she stopped. “No sweetie. Think I'll save you for later. Let the big wigs have first shot at you.”

* * *

He was a good dressmaker. Nevertheless it took him almost two full days to create the lingerie that the women wanted – and to finalize the desired dress contours. Of course, he didn't tell them what HE was up to in the meantime. No way!

During the fittings, he discovered something. As they tried on the lacy underthings that were so commonplace to him, they'd get drowsy eyed – and start reeking of sex! It took him a while to realize that it was the clothes that was turning them on! He shrugged. No accounting for taste. Though? When he tried on the women's – MEN'S clothes - he was making for himself on the quiet, there was a strange thrill when he managed to convince himself that he was the first man to dress 'properly' in a long, long time!

The 'Coming Out' party for the women was set. None of them was wanting the others to see her that night until she was 'dressed'. All of them seemed peculiarly shy for some reason. He made sure to wear his prettiest maids uniform – because all three were especially demanding of his services and he wanted NO complaints. He couldn't help smiling secretly to himself though – they had NO idea of how to carry a dress. Walked like clodhoppers. But he whispered how lovely they were into each individual ear, and their lips trembled and their eyes got wet. Silly buggers, he thought. Just wait until he sprung HIS surprise!

They all met in the dining room – and the gasps of surprise! All of them were so shy with

each other! And the two ladies (he STILL didn't know their names) were SO complimentary to Mz5 – and promised her promotion!

Then he sprung his FIRST surprise! “Ladies!” he announced. “Something you might like?” And he produced the outfits he'd made for them secretly – and more to his idea of what would suit them. They screamed like . . . men . . . girls . . . ? and were diving into their new dresses like children at a party! It gave him the diversion he'd planned on. Quickly, he ran back to his room. Changed Hurried back to where they were preening in his creations! Utterly happy! Looking quite beautiful, he thought, surprised.

He announced his SECOND surprise – walking into the room in his tailored pant suit, shirt and tie, wool socks. Black wing tip shoes. “Ladies! What do you think! A REAL man at your service!”

He was totally taken aback at their response! They RUSHED him – like bobby soxers he'd seen on the screen not that many days ago – engulfed him! “Me FIRST!” Mz5 screamed. “A man - A MAN!” her hands grabbing for his crotch. “NO! ME!” another was yelling. “I have seniority!”

“Screw Seniority!” The third one was yelling. “He's MINE!”

Then they all dew up short – embarrassed – looking at each other, ashamed. “Ladies! LADIES! A little decorum, if you please!” he said bossily. They all looked at each other. Laughed. “Can you believe this little shit?” one of them asked.

“But, I want a spanking!” she admitted, blushing. “Have always wanted a man to put me over his knee and whap the hell outta me!”

“Me? I've always wanted a nice, slow, romantic waltz – in the arms of a strong man!” the other giggled after a moment. Mz5 looked happy. “Well? That leaves me!” She blushed. “Always wanted to be screwed by a real man! So? Ladies, shall we? Let's get TO it!”

“Hey! Dancing or giving a spanking first? That ain't gonna tire him out!” one of them said.

“Yeah! Let's not exhaust the poor little sissy right off the bat!” the other chimed in, then seeing him pull his chest in huffily, added. “Though I'm sure he can handle it!”

The two women tossed a coin and the 'spankee' won. Giggling and laughing, blushing furiously at the taunts of her two friends, she pulled up her dress and slip, baring her panties, draped herself over his knees. “On my panties now! HARD!” she whispered throatily.

He couldn't breathe! Her dead weight cut off his circulation almost immediately! He raised his hand and hit her on the ass as hard as he could! Knew it was ineffectual.

“Master, Master! Spank me, Spank me!” she yelled. “He IS!” Mz5 yelled.

“He is WHAT?” the one over his knees groaned. “Tell him to hurry up!”

Her huge backside was taking up all of the room in his lap! He had no room to move – no leverage! Took another ineffectual swipe at her ass. She didn’t even feel that either! Instead, she simply rolled off his knees, then got up onto her feet. Glared down on him. “Well ! – there was the ultimate sexual experience of a lifetime!” she sneered sarcastically as she re-arranged her skirts. He started to cry a little, shamed at his poor performance.

The other one had turned on some soft music – a waltz. Like a gentleman should, he looked down at his feet, waiting to be asked. There was nothing. Then, “Look you little pansy! You’re supposed to ask ME!” the woman was shouting at him. Sitting down in a chair across the room from him and glaring at him frostily. The other two were just standing, shaking their heads in obvious disgust at his performance.

He blushed furiously and got up out of his chair. Then, terrified, of the words he knew he must say spoke up. “Hey you little sweetie! Gimme a dance!” The time-honored way that a woman asked a man to dance were obviously wrong, but the woman’s grim face softened a little. She shook her head. “Well? I guess it was better than nothing.” She rose up out of her chair, and towering above him held her arms out to the sides – but she was taking the MAN’S stance!

At that point, he just stared at her helplessly. Then she stooped over and took his hands in hers, forcing him into the lead position. “For Christ’s sake! Will you DO something?” she snarled. Then she shook her head angrily and picked him clean up off the floor, her right arm encircling his waist, her left paw engulfing his tiny little right hand.

“Aw shit!” she said, disgusted when he again proved his incompetence at acting in the desired manner – and did a few dance steps, holding him like a doll and twirling him around the floor.

She simply handed him over to Mz5. “Here! Hope YOU can get some satisfaction from this little Nancy!”

“I am NOT a Nancy!” he squealed in anger. I just don’t KNOW how I’m supposed to act!”

“Don’t you talk to a lady like that!” Mz5 easily twisting him around and swatting him on the backside. “Let’s see if you can FINALLY perform like a man! Come on!”

Without putting him down, she carried him down the hall to her bedroom – the other two ladies following. Then, instead of placing him on the sex stool – she carried him over to the bed, lay down and placed him lying on top of her!

“Possess me!” she shrieked.

He simply lay there, totally humiliated. At least I know what I’m supposed to do this time, he thought – but his penis was completely flaccid. Then she was tearing at his clothes – stripping them all off – and revealing his smooth, hairless, body – breasts uncontained by a bra, flopping around – no erection visible.

“Worthless! You pathetic excuse for a man!” she snapped. Then another funny look came into her eyes. She lifted him right up from the bed. “C’mon girls!” she said “Bring your dildos.”

She carried him back down to his room. There they all watched him curiously as he transfigured himself back into a real man under their direction – lacy undies, his hot pink Maid uniform – his apron and cap. Six inch heels – and lots and lots of masculine makeup.

Then, kneeling in front of them, he put his luscious red lips around their dildos as laughing, they changed position again and again, as he squealed and pretended orgasm after orgasm. Then, as was right and proper, he was carried back to the sex stool, where all three had him in turn – but without milking him first.

And, as he lay there in total disarray – petticoats ripped, backside raw – panties all stained with his semen and the lubricant they’d used, it dawned on him. They wanted to be real women while he wanted to be a real man - but none of them could overcome their upbringings. The definitions they were trying to apply were long gone. The three women that appeared to own him now were nothing more or less than transvestites. Him? He was a nancy by the modern definition – but he’d been one in the old way too. Some things you can’t change. He saw his future, but there was little pleasure in it.

The end

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