



Pretty,
Pretty
Pledge

Mina
Black

Pretty, Pretty Pledge
Mina Black

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED: No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the prior permission in writing of the publisher, nor be otherwise circulated in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser. Your non-refundable purchase allows you to one legal copy of this work for your own personal use. You do not have resell or distribution rights without the prior written permission of both the publisher and copyright owner of this book. This book cannot be copied in any format, sold, or otherwise transferred from your computer to another through upload, or for a fee.

Warning: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this work is illegal. Criminal copyright infringement is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000.

Disclaimer: This book contains explicit sexual content, graphic, adult language, and situations that some readers may find objectionable which might include: male/male sexual practices, multiple partner sexual practices, strong BDSM themes and elements, erotic elements and fetish play. This e-book is for sale to adults ONLY, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please do not try any new sexual practice, especially those that might be found in our BDSM/Fetish titles without the guidance of an experience practitioner. Neither the publisher nor its authors will be responsible for any loss, harm, injury or death resulting from use of the information contained in any of its titles. Please note that this is a work of complete fiction; it is intended as fantasy only. No act or description is officially endorsed by the writer, publisher, editor, or distributor. No character is under the age of 18.

Publisher's Note: This is a work of fiction. All characters, places, businesses, and incidents are from the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual places, people, or events is purely coincidental. Any trademarks mentioned herein are not authorized by the trademark owners and do not in any way mean the work is sponsored by or associated with the trademark owners. Any trademarks used are specifically in a descriptive capacity. All characters should be assumed to be over the age of 18. All characters give their consent. The cover model is also over the age of 18.

Cover courtesy of Shutterstock.

First Edition
©2014

I woke up with a dry mouth and immediately tried to roll over. I couldn't. I tried to rub my eyes, I couldn't do that either. Groggy at first, I quickly came to my senses, my eyes blinking open.

There was a girl standing over me. She had her hair in pink pigtails. Blonde hair spilled down past her shoulders, and she wore a matching tank top. Her cleavage was on display, and I instinctively started to lick my lips, imagining how good it would feel to throw her down on the bed and strip her naked.

"Looks like someone's finally awake," she said.

"What's going on?" My voice felt scratchy as I tried to sit up again. I failed, and only then did it occur to me that I should turn my head to the side.

That's when I saw the strap around my wrist. Made from some kind of nylon with Velcro, it looked like a toy, but when I tried to set up, it had no trouble keeping me down on my back.

Frustration jolted through me, and I wasn't going to let this girl tie me down. I started to thrash, kicking and punching at the air, yet I couldn't move more than a few inches in any direction. I fought with everything I had, and when I was done, my taut muscles glistened with perspiration.

"Are you done?" asked the girl, sounding bored.

"What's going on?" I demanded again, doing my best to appear fierce and intimidating.

It didn't work, at least not on this girl. She smiled at me, and her lips were bright red with lipstick. At the same time, her eyes glittered with amusement. She must've been my age, probably someone from campus.

"Look, if Jeff put you up to this, you need to let you right now. I am going to kick his ass so hard," I promised.

The girl reached down, pressing one finger against my mouth. "Sweetie, this has nothing to do with your friends. This is all about you."

"Tell me what's going on. Tell me right now."

"Steven, you've been a very bad boy, running around campus for the last two years, sleeping with pretty much every girl you found. You don't care if they're dating anyone. You don't care if they really

have feelings for you. You just play them, get them to have sex with you, and then you leave them. Isn't that right?"

In spite of myself, I grinned up at her. Yeah, that described me perfectly, and I was proud of my track record. I had my reputation on campus for good reason. Girls just couldn't say no to me.

I worked out, I was articulate, and I knew how to read people. I could walk up to a girl who was passionate about death metal and strike up a conversation. I could do the same thing with one of the hippie environmentalists, a future business major, or some sorority girl who had no idea what's going on in the world. It didn't matter.

"Yeah, that's me," I told her. "But if you think tinging me down for something kinky is going to make a difference, you're wrong. It doesn't what you do to me, I will be able to spin it in my favor."

For the most part, this was a bluff, yet it had just a sliver of truth, just enough for me to make it believable. Maybe she would take naked pictures of me or something and put them on the Internet. The problem was, I was proud of my body. I worked out, and I had a great physique.

Girls loved my chest, my ass, everything about me.

"You're right."

That surprised me. "If you know you can't do anything to me, then you should let me up right now. Look, I don't know if going on, but maybe we could talk about it." This girl was cute, after all, so if I could seduce her, that might be doubly fun.

Obviously, she had some mental damage. We met at a party, a few hours before. She offered me a drink, and I took it. Clearly, she dosed to me with something, so the idea of sleeping with her for a little bit of revenge sounded pretty sweet.

"You're right; there's nothing I can do to *you*. But if I decide to make a few changes, then controlling you will be a lot easier. And punishing you will be so much more fun."

I started to squirm, pulling against the restraints. Then the girl picked up a pair of scissors. She snipped the air one, two, three times, and then she lowered the blade.

Staring up at the ceiling, I did my best not to get nervous. Even so, she was bringing those scissors dangerously close to my genitals. My heart started to pound, and now my skin was getting

hot, but not from physical exertion. This was just fear, not that I would ever admit it.

"Look, can't we talk about this? Please, you don't want to do anything drastic," I said, doing my best to keep my voice even and calm. My best wasn't very good because my voice still sounded strained, and she giggled, obviously aware that she could frighten me.

Snip.

Snip.

Snip.

She started to cut away my shirt, and I exhaled with relief. If she wanted to get me naked, that wasn't a big deal. After all, this did give me a few more moments to talk to her.

"Please, just tell me your name." That would be the start to a conversation, and the conversation would ultimately lead me to beating her and whatever game she wants to play. Sure I sounded cocky, but only because I knew my capabilities.

"My name is Madison," she said and she turned her attention down to my shorts. She started to cut through those as well, but I forced myself to remain clearheaded. Even when she tore away the last of my boxers, leaving me naked and strapped down, I still didn't react.

Eventually, the silence got the best of her and she said, "I am impressed. I would've expected you to be begging for mercy by now."

"I'm serious," I said, lying, "I want to hear you out. Please, talk to me."

She looked into my eyes, and I appeared as sincere as possible. It was like I yearned to look into her very soul.

That practice to gaze worked on so many young women, but then she cracked a smile. "You are good," she told me. "But you aren't anywhere good enough."

She turned around and started to walk away. She left the room, which gave me a few seconds to look around. Actually, the space seemed pretty normal. It looks like a dorm room, maybe one that belonged to a young woman. There was a boy band poster over on the wall, pink sheets, and a desk with various pieces of makeup.

Madison came back, and she had a pen in her hand.

She sat down on the bed; then she straddled me.

Despite my position, I did admire the contours and curves of her body. She had excellent cleavage, and she knew how to dress in that white skirt of hers. Yeah, she and I could do a lot in an hour or two.

Madison took a moment to touch me. She ran her fingers down my chest. "You know, you could've been a really good guy. This is almost a shame."

Although I didn't understand, I managed not to freak out, mostly because she only wielded a pen. It had a large tip, and it was even soft as she uncapped it and started to write on me.

Lifting my chin, I could see all of the different symbols she wrote on me, but they didn't make any sense. Frankly, when I first saw the marker, I thought she was going to draw a penis on my forehead or something.

Instead, those symbols seemed much more specific and elaborate. They didn't mean anything to me.

"Madison, what you going to do?"

The pretty girl lifted her head, and she looked right into my eyes. "I'm going to turn you into a girl, and I'm going to make you pledge at my sorority."

I stared at her for several seconds, blinking because that didn't make any sense. Turn me into a girl? What would she even talking about? That obviously wasn't possible.

As I tried to understand exactly how to respond, she continued to work.

"What happens if this doesn't work?"

"You know, you've been very calm through all of this, so I will make a promise," Madison said to me. "If this ritual doesn't work, then I will let you go."

I stared at her, looking for some specific sign of insanity. Instead, she appeared to be completely rational.

"Okay," I said, hoping that she would just let me up and go. This girl really did seem to believe in her own abilities, but since I knew the weird symbols weren't going to do anything, I just decided to wait.

She kept it going for another couple of minutes. When she was done, a variety of symbols covered my torso.

She touched her hands to my rib cage, and she started to chant. I couldn't make out the words. I couldn't even try to name the language, yet I could feel something, a warm start to spread through my body.

All of a sudden, my eyelids grew heavy, and I couldn't keep them open.

"What, what's happening?" I started to say. I heard some sort of response, yet I wasn't awake to understand it.

When I opened my eyes again, nothing felt different.

This time, I didn't have any trouble remembering where I was. It was the same bedroom, and this time I was still strapped down. I gave an experimental tug on one of the restraints, and I found myself just as helpless as before.

The door opened, almost like Madison could tell exactly when I woke up; she crossed the room, and she straddled me again.

"There's my new pledge," she declared proudly.

I glared at her, not understanding what had happened.

Just as I tried to open my mouth, she said, "Quiet."

For some reason, I shut my mouth.

For a few seconds, I just stayed there on my back, glaring up at her. It felt a bit juvenile, like a staring contest, except she was waiting for something. Then I figured out. She was waiting for me to try to speak, so I attempted to say something.

My lips would open, except my vocal cords felt almost paralyzed. It was like they wouldn't obey me.

A slow grin spread along her features. "You can't speak, can you?"

Glowering at her, I didn't make a response of any kind. Obviously, I couldn't talk, but I refused to shake my head either.

"Tell me you're a pretty girl."

"I'm a pretty girl," I heard the voice, and I could feel my neck and vibrate as I spoke, only those sounds should not have come from me. It sounded like a girl was talking, a girl with a particularly high pitched and feminine voice.

Madison slapped her hands together, and she started to hop up and down. "Perfect! But now we need to do a few more tests just to make sure the transformation is complete."

Transformation?

She reached down, and she palmed my chest, only instead of finding the hard pectorals of an adult man, she put her hands on fulsome breasts.

For a fractioned second, I assumed she put water bags or something over my chest. Maybe it was a push-up bra or something silly, but then I felt it. Her hands connected with my nipples, and hot electricity seemed to spike through my entire body. It felt like my entire nervous system lit up, and I immediately tried to buck and thrash her off of me.

Before Madison put me to sleep, I would have been able to succeed, except now I barely lifted her off the bed. Even then, I could only raise Madison for a few heartbeats before I had to settle back down.

"What, what have you done to me?" I demanded, only panic started to lace my syllables. Although I tried to sound determined and dignified, my voice sounded like something from a children's cartoon. I sounded like a girl!

"You see, you've been a very bad boy, so we're going to try something different. We're going to keep you as a girl for a little while, and in the meantime, hopefully you will learn to behave yourself."

I glared up at her, hoping that I heard her wrong. Madison had to be crazy.

Jerking my arms, I tried to throw her off again. This attempt failed too.

Hot pulses of electricity pulsed through my body. She thumbed my nipples, and I shook my head, clamping my eyes shut. No! No! No way! This couldn't be real. It had to be some sort of trick.

"Oh, are you a sensitive girl?" Madison taunted.

"What, what's going on?" I asked, still shocked to hear the dulcet tones leave my mouth. "What did you do to me?"

"I made a few changes," she said. "Now shush. I want to make sure I did everything right." Although I kept struggling, pulling

and tugging on the straps, Madison ignored me. Instead, she stared down at my cleavage. Somehow, I still couldn't acknowledge the fact that these breasts were attached to my body.

I was a man, damn it! I had a strong, muscled physique, and I wouldn't let some girl like Madison do this to me!

She ran two fingers around my nipples. Already, those little buds had puckered. Madison touched her palms to my breasts. When the warmth of her skin came into contact with these tits, I gasped.

It felt intense, hot, a special kind of energy spreading through me.

I didn't want to admit it, but I was aroused.

How was that possible? Had she put me through some sort of surgery while I had been unconscious? That seemed like the only explanation, no matter how improbable it happened to be.

"Do you like that?" she asked.

"Stop!"

"But you look so horny," she teased again, squeezing my breasts.

As hard as I tried to seal my lips shut, a gasp of pleasure parted my mouth. My lower lip even started to quiver as she kneaded my flesh, working the soft mounds beneath her palms. On and on, she kept working my breasts.

I had been in Madison's position many times. I knew how to make a girl come simply by massaging her breasts.

It hit me. My jaw dropped open, my eyes widened, and I hollered out, "No!" She was going to make me orgasm! I could already feel the swirling tension in my belly, the desires coalescing into something I couldn't control.

Madison smirked, yet she didn't stop. If anything, she tormented me even more. She pulled her palms up and started to touch my nipples with her fingers, pressing down on those buds like they were buttons.

Unable to process this, I clamped my eyes shut.

"Come for me. Come for me like a naughty little slut," she said.

I tried to hold out.

Madison grabbed my nipples. She pinched. The sensations soared through me, rocketing my arousal into overdrive. Heart pounding, I tried to resist, only I never knew a part of my anatomy could be so sensitive!

The desperation didn't help. Then she pinched harder and twisted. Pain and pleasure combined into a new mixture. My body found extra strength as I arched my back, squealing with pleasure. The same girlish voice filled the dorm room.

"Good girl," she said.

I let my head fall back. Heat simmered along my cheeks and down my neck. At the same time, I panted, gulping down cool air.

"What about down here?"

"Huh?" I asked, unable to form anything more complicated.

When I lifted my chin, I found Madison kneeled between my legs. This time, I could see over my breasts, and my heart seemed to stop. The entirety of time froze for me because I didn't see my cock.

What, what had she done?

Time resumed when I kicked and yanked on my restraints again. I found extra strength as I stretched the straps. Writhing, I couldn't believe it. Instead of a cock, I saw the smooth contours of a pussy.

No. No way. This just couldn't be happening. It had to be some kind of optical illusion or something.

"Look at that," Madison taunted. "Someone is already a horny girl."

She dipped her fingers down between my legs. Immediately, I tried to bring my knees together, to block her. It didn't work, and she pressed her digits along my pussy. As hard as I tried to deny it, I couldn't ignore the surge of sensation. Desire swirled through the, pounding against my brain.

"What's wrong?"

I blinked, coming back to my senses, at least momentarily. "This isn't happening," I insisted, scrunching my eyes shut.

"You don't believe this is happening?" She sounded unsurprised.

"No!" I hollered back at her, hating the sound of my voice. Without even trying, I sounded a lot like a panicked girl.

"Are you sure?" Just as she wired, Madison slipped her fingers into my wet pussy. Considering how she had already touched and teased my nipples, my body was responsive. No amount of denial to change that.

Madison forced to fingers between my vaginal lips, and my back arched again. Pleasure coursed through me, and I tried to dislodge her fingers. I wiggled my hips from side to side, but she was insistent. No matter how hard I tried to maneuver from one direction or the other, Madison remained there.

"Since you don't believe this is happening, maybe you just need a taste of reality," she said with a cruel grin.

Swallowing, I didn't understand, but then she pulled her fingers free, and I hated to admit it, yet I felt a blast of disappointment. Shame followed quickly, but then I had something else to worry about because Madison crawled up the length of the bed, and then she was straddling me again.

"Look at that. My fingers are all covered in your juices," she said. "You're such a wet girl. I think you're going to be really horny, like one of those naughty college girls who just can't say no to anyone."

Opening my eyes, I couldn't follow her line of reasoning. What was she talking about? None of this made any sense. Part of me longed to believe this was just some kind of dream, yet everything struck me as too tactile, too visceral.

When I opened my eyes, I found her fingers right in front of my mouth.

"Since you are obviously having trouble coming to terms with your situation, I want you to open your mouth and lick my fingers clean. Get a taste of your newfound femininity." She smirked at me, absolutely confident I would do it.

Well, for once, I was going to prove her wrong. I held my lips shut, and there was no way I would play along with her.

"Oh, are you going to try to be a stubborn little girl?"

Glowering at her, I refused to respond. I wasn't going to play along, no matter what she did. Or so I thought.

"Open your mouth," she said, and something slipped into her tone, something I couldn't even begin to try to identify.

I parted my lips, and when she slipped her fingers into my mouth, she told me, "I want you to suck on my thinkers. Clean them off. Do it."

Suddenly, I lost control of my tongue. I started to lick her fingers eagerly, like they were lollipops. Only her digits didn't taste like cherry watermelon. Instead, I cough the flavor of my own arousal, and I shivered with humiliation. My cheeks must've been burning bright red, yet there was nothing I could do to stop this. Whenever I send the command to my lips, tongue, and mouth, I just kept going.

"There's something you don't understand, Steven. Or maybe I should say Stephanie? Yes, I think Stephanie is a much better name for you now." Somehow, I couldn't bring myself to take my eyes off of her. Madison continued to grin down at me as she enjoyed her position. She had me helpless. She had me pinned. Ultimately, it seemed like she could really do whatever she wished, and I could not stop her.

As I continued to lick her fingers, Madison continued, "Stephanie, you're a girl and you belong to me. That's right. Whenever I give you a command—a real order—you won't be able to help but resist. Like right now, you don't really want to lick my fingers, but you can't help yourself."

She was right.

In that moment, it really did feel as though my body belonged to her. It listened to Madison, not me.

Finally satisfied, Madison pulled her fingers away.

"Good girl," she said, patting me on my forehead. Moving her fingers away again, I could feel the cold wet spot on my skin. I grimaced, hating the ease with which he manipulated me. Obviously, she planned for all of this, yet I still could only barely understand what was going on.

Madison slid her hand along the air, and then she rested it down between my legs. She was going to touch me again. I just knew it, so I shook my head from side to side.

"No! Please, don't do it, not again!"

I didn't want her to touch me there. I didn't want her to give me a genuine reminder of the fact that I somehow now have a pussy. Because more than anything, I want to believe that I was still a man.

Madison simply smiled at me, tucking a loose thing behind her year with one hand while the fingers on her other started to move.

She slipped two fingers into my crevice, and she found my clitoris. She started to touch me, working me up slowly. At first, I only squirmed and wiggled a little bit, pulling on my restraints halfheartedly.

Yet as the seconds continued to slip by, I could feel that kindling at the base of my stomach again. No, I didn't want to orgasm, not like this, not in this body!

"I'm going to make sure you enjoy this," Madison promised me. She started to finger me more quickly, pushing me to new highs of arousal. As hard as I thought, I couldn't get away. Even when I tried to visit my hips from one side to another, she adjusted for it. I couldn't evade her.

Little by little, my arousal grew until I couldn't think about anything else. I threw my head back, I arched my torso, and she pressed down, forcing me to climax. The orgasm exploded through me, and I was left panting, my whole body hot.

"What did you think of that?"

"Let me up!" I demanded.

"But Stephanie, we don't know what you're capable of yet." She made that seem somehow important. Then again, Madison was simply teasing me, reveling in her newfound power.

I lifted my chin for a moment, inhaling through my teeth. I glared at her, but then she held up one finger. "You know, I just realized we haven't checked to see if you are capable multiple orgasms."

My jaw dropped open, and I wanted to tell her to stop. But then she slipped her fingers back to my opening, and she started to tease me all over again. Her movements were deft and quickly lit my desires.

No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't deny the power of her touch.

As she worked, she said, "I want you to know that I'm going to have a lot of fun with you. You are going to be such a good girl. Obviously, you couldn't handle being a guy, not with all that bad behavior, but now you have me as something of a big sister to make sure that you behave yourself."

"No..." I said, yet my voice broke down to little more than a whisper. I was panting, gasping as she continued to pleasure me against my will. My heart kicked in my chest, and I kept trying to think of some way out of this.

Normally, I could deal with girls easily. I had that intuitive sense of what they wanted to hear. Except with Madison, nothing I tried made any sense.

Not only that, I just couldn't think with the pounding of arousal against the back of my mind. Every moment pushed the higher and higher until I couldn't think. Gritting my teeth, I could only endure the pleasure running along my skin.

She pressed down again, and I didn't want it to happen, yet I climaxed. It happened, and I howled with pleasure, screaming out like one of the many girls I had been with since coming to college.

This time, Madison didn't give me very much time. "Should we try for a third?"

My eyes widened, and I didn't think I could take it. Yet before I could even start to speak, she bobbed her head, answering her question. "Yes, I think three orgasms isn't too much for a girl like you."

Madison kept calling me a girl, and I tried to ignore her taunts.

Then I had something else to worry about because she started to play with my pussy again. The previous orgasms left my clit engorged and sensitive. Madison worked her fingers along my most sensitive body parts.

As a guy, I could never come so many times in so few seconds. It didn't seem possible, and my entire body ached with exhaustion. Even so, she rekindled my desires, turning me on. Her fingers were slick with my juices, but I couldn't stop her.

Tied down and helpless, I could only take whatever she gave me.

And right then, Madison decided to give me a third orgasm.

This one took longer, but she knew what she was doing. Madison teased my clitoris with two fingers. At the same time, she used her free hand to touch my breasts. Her fingers danced from one nipple to the other, pinching and poking, teasing and caressing. From one second into the next, I couldn't escape the assaults of sensations.

Then there was her voice, that constant reminder. "You want to come for me, don't you? Yes, I can tell you are just a little slut. You're a horny slut, and you need someone to give this to you. You would be so miserable if you didn't have someone to give you the pleasure you need."

I threw my head from side to side, trying to deny her words. Even so, I couldn't stop her, and then it happened, a third flare of pleasure darted through me. It felt atomic, like something from history. My whole body shivered and shook, and I hollered again, screaming with my girlish voice.

And when it stopped, I fell back, and I could no longer struggle. It felt as though every iota of strength I possessed had long since dissipated, leaving me empty.

"Sleep," Madison commanded. This time, I couldn't tell if she used the power of her voice or if that was simply something she said. Either way, my eyelids drooped down, and I quickly found myself embraced by merciful darkness.

At first, I knew something was wrong. I didn't want to wake up, but consciousness stubbornly returned nonetheless. I rolled over onto my side, and I sat up, my eyes open. I was still naked, only this time I wasn't tied down.

When I started to check out my body, disappointment unfurled through me. Cursing, I found I still had breasts. Worse, my cock was gone.

I looked down at my crotch, and there were the smooth contours of a pussy. I had a little bit of pubic hair and everything.

What else had she done to me?

Forcing myself to stand, I marched over to the mirror. But before I even got there, something occurred to me. This room

seemed too big. It took me a few seconds to realize it, but everything seemed larger than should have.

Finally, I made it to the mirror, and I braced myself against the wooden desk in front of it. My breath locked in my chest, and I couldn't breathe because I didn't see my face. Oh no, there was a young woman peering back at me.

Small and petite, she had blonde hair that fell down around her shoulders. She had bright blue eyes and perky breasts. Slowly, I forced myself to do a little turn, and I started understand why the room seemed so big.

I was tiny. I couldn't have been taller than five four on a good day.

Before I could figure out what to do, the door opened, and Madison sauntered in.

"Hey, Stephanie."

"That isn't my name!"

Her eyes blazed, and she strode right up to me. She grabbed my hair and pulled. Pain shot through my scalp as she twisted me around, forcing me to face the mirror. "You see that? That is you. You are a college girl now, a pledge in my sorority, which means that I own you. And you see these?" She pointed to the inked symbols along my torso. Those were the magical symbols used on me. "These mean that you will follow every single command I give you, no matter how embarrassing or degrading you find them to be."

She pulled again, and my eyes started to water. Finally, I figured out what she wanted to hear, so I squeaked in my girly voice, "I, I understand!"

Madison released my hair.

She stepped back and grinned. "You know, I do really good work. I swear, you're going to be very popular with the boys."

My jaw dropped open, but before I could try to argue with her, she clicked her tongue and said, "But you know, we need to get you ready for the party."

"Party? No. No one can see me like this!"

Madison walked right up to me again, and I realized she was taller than me by several inches. She looked stronger too, like she

would be able to manhandle me without yielding any magic if she so desired.

"Stephanie, you are going to be a good girl, and I'm going to show you how to get dressed and made up for tonight." If I didn't play along, she was going to punish me. I could already see it in her expression.

"Okay," I finally forced myself to say.

"Good girl," she said. "Now, since you are just a pledge here, you're going to be serving drinks."

I gulped and I could only watch as she moved toward the closet. She pulled it open, and then she started to rifle through the different outfits. She held one up, a dark red cocktail dress, and I shivered with embarrassment. As a guy, my clothing and always been very modest. Even when I wore shorts and a T-shirt, they could hang loose off of my frame. Something like that would cling to every curve and contour of my body.

When Madison stuffed it back into the closet, I let out a sigh of relief.

She pulled out another dress, this one white. Somehow, the color made me feel slightly better, but then she held it out and commanded, "Put this on."

At first, I opened my mouth to tell her she was crazy if she thought I was going to play along. I couldn't get used to the fact that just a few words could compel me to obey. But they did, and I took the hanger from her. Right in front of her, I started to pull the dress on.

"Would you like a bra and some panties?" she asked, savoring my discomfort.

Once I got the dress in place, I had to zip it up the back. Clicking her tongue and saying something about how I really need to get better at this, Madison helped me. She zipped it up, constricting my movements.

I turned around and faced the mirror. The dress was so scandalously short. I would definitely need underwear—I couldn't think of that garment as panties; that was too embarrassing.

"Yes, please. Can I have some panties?" I used that word only because I figured she would make me restate myself otherwise.

"That's a pretty tall order," Madison said, touching one finger to her lips. "I mean, I'm already letting you borrow the dress. So I think you're going to have to earn a pair of panties."

"Earn them?"

"You really do have a very pretty mouth," she said to me.

Madison and one finger at the floor, and I intuitively understood that she wished me to drop down on my knees. My eyes widened, and I started to shake my head, thinking she might change her mind if she understood my reluctance.

"You're going to eat me out, and then maybe I will let you have your panties if you do a good job."

"You can't do this to me," I started to say. Realizing I now had something on, I strode for the door, determined to leave that stupid dorm room. There had to be someone somewhere else who could help me.

"Stop."

Paralysis gripped me hard, making it impossible for me to move. My body froze, and I kept issuing the command to my legs, to carry me from the room, yet they stubbornly refused to obey.

"Stephanie, I'm going to let you out of here eventually, but you don't want to go out there without panties, do you? And of course, we have to do your makeup."

"Makeup?" I squeaked.

"Stephanie, crawl over here."

Immediately, I dropped down onto my hands and knees, and I crawled over to Madison. I couldn't lift my head to look at her. I was too ashamed of how easily she manipulated me.

"Now, since you are so insistent on acting like a little slut, I guess I'm going to have to force you to wear panties." She clicked her tongue and shook her head like this was all my fault. I glared down at her feet.

"But you know, I'm still going to make you pay for them."

Madison wore a jumper and tights. She pulled up her skirt and she pulled it down her tights, spreading her legs. I looked up, and I saw that her pussy was already wet with excitement. She was enjoying training me, stripping me of my manhood and forcing me onto my knees.

Then she reached down gingerly, and she grabbed a fistful of my hair. She pulled me back up, forcing my face up against her crevice.

"Lick," she commanded. The force of magic filled her word, and my tongue started to move. At first, I tentatively licked her outer lips, but within seconds, it pushed forward. The flavor of her excitement simmered along my taste buds. Helpless, I couldn't pull my head back. She had me trapped. She had the helpless.

I licked and nuzzled, quickly finding her clitoris. Granted, I had gone down on girls before, but this felt different. This time, I felt subjugated and helpless, like her personal plaything. She used me as a doll, her toy.

It only took a few seconds for Madison to climax. She squeezed her hips against my cheek, and then she finally let me go.

I stumbled back, glancing at the door. Somehow, I can already tell that I would be able to escape.

"Stand up," she commanded.

Whether I did it by her order or of my own accord, I couldn't tell. Either way, I did get up onto my feet. Madison went back to the closet, and she came back with a bra and panties.

"Take off the dress," she commanded. I did it. After that, I pulled on the panties, and feeling the white silk against my pubis only made me shiver with humiliation. I never wanted to wear women's clothing; that idea never, ever appealed to me.

Next came the bra. At first, I didn't even know how to put it on. The angles all seemed so awkward. And Madison didn't offer any assistance. Rather, she crossed her arms and smirked at me, reveling in my confusion.

"Here. Let me help you," she finally said, pulling the bra cups over my breasts. Then she hooked it in place between my shoulder blades. Really, I didn't understand why women wore something so annoying.

"Good, but not great. You know, I think we can do better." Again, Madison touched one finger to her mouth as she contemplated a decision. "Bigger."

Then I felt it, the expansion of my body. At first, I couldn't understand exactly what was happening, not until I felt the strain of

my breast against my bra. Now, I filled out completely. I must have gone up at least one full cup size.

"How did you do that?" I stammered in my girlish voice.

"Magic," she replied, her eyes glistening. From there, Madison pulled out a pair of stockings and high heels from the closet. She showed me how to put them on, and I obeyed, very much in a daze.

Then she took me by the hand, and she sat me down in front of the desk with all the makeup on. She started to apply different kinds, telling me how to do it all the while. "Be sure to pay attention. Next time, you're going to have to do this on your own."

"Next time?"

"What? You think I transformed you just for one night?"

Madison giggled at the idea, really tickled. Then she went back to putting on my makeup, applying foundation, then blush. After that, she told me to pucker my lips, and I complied, still scrambling for some way out of this.

The lipstick felt so strange on my mouth, like a coating of paint. Once again, I couldn't help but feel bewildered by the fact that women did this willingly.

After she made me wear some eye shadow, Madison ordered me back up onto my feet. Unable to resist, I stood up, and she circled me. I felt a lot like a mannequin on display, maybe a doll for this girl to play with.

"Not bad," she said, tapping her chin. "But I want to see you smile into the mirror. Show me what a happy college girl looks like."

I glared back at her, refusing to play along. Letting her treat me like a doll was one thing, but I wasn't about to yield and pretend I enjoyed this.

"Smile," she commanded, and the full force of her personality hit me.

With my eyes on the mirror, I smiled brightly, and there was no trace of the man I had once been. Instead, there was just a blonde girl, and Madison giggled one more time before she went to my hair. She arranged my tresses in two neat pigtails. Then she tied to those with white ribbons.

I looked silly. I looked completely goofy.

No one would possibly take me seriously like this, but Madison must've guessed my thoughts because she gave my bottom a little smack and promised. "Don't worry, Stephanie. You are going to be a very pretty girl. All of the guys are going to want to get with you."

"You wouldn't really let them know that happen, would you?"

Rather than answer my question, Madison grabbed my hand and she pulled me toward the door. "Let's get you downstairs so you can meet the rest of the girls."

Dutifully, I followed her into a big hallway. Apparently, I had been mistaken. This wasn't a dorm. It was a sorority house. We passed one open door and there was a girl typing on her laptop. She flashed me a wave, and I didn't know what to do.

Madison took me downstairs.

There were six girls seated around the TV. They were watching some movie. Madison picked up the remote and paused it. A few of the girls groaned with annoyance. The others locked their eyes on me.

Without exception, each girl was gorgeous. Under normal circumstances, I would have been swaggering around, trying to pick out one to sleep with. But now? I could barely keep my eyes forward as Madison continued.

"Everyone, this is Stephanie, and she is going to be our newest pledge."

A few of the girls raised eyebrows. Someone asked a question about it being late in the semester to accept a new recruit.

For my part, I could only stand there and hope that they would decide I wasn't allowed. Then, maybe if I was truly lucky, Madison would let me out of her clutches.

She raised her hands, quieting the other girls. "I realize that this is a bit strange, but Stephanie here is a very special girl, and she's already assured me that she will be a model pledge. If she ever fails to follow an order from one of her sisters, I want you to come straight to me, and I will make sure that she is sufficiently disciplined." Several of the girls flashed sadistic grins, and I couldn't help but think about the stories I had heard concerning Greek life.

Sometimes, new recruits could be punished pretty severely if they failed to live up to the expectations of their fraternity brothers or sorority sisters.

"When it comes to who will be Stephanie's big sister, I've already volunteered for that particular duty," Madison announced. "Of course, she still needs to go through the openings spanking to get her started."

"What?" My jaw dropped open, and my eyes widened.

Madison strolled back to me, and she whispered into my ear, "I want you to walk into the middle of the room, spread your legs, and touch the floor. Then you won't be able to move until I say so."

This time, I tried to fight her influence with every ounce of my strength. Summoning up the best of my mental fortitude, I struggled to hold off her command. No, I wasn't going to do it. I could be stronger than this, better than the power of her voice. But my best efforts didn't make any difference as I move along on my high heels. Then my faith the TV, and I bent forward, touching my fingers to the floor.

Behind me, I could hear the girls get up. Someone opened and closed the drawer, and then I felt it, the smack of a paddle.

"Stephanie, each time you're spanked, you must thank your sister and promise to be a good pledge."

Nostrils flared, I stared hot fire at the floor, not that it changed my circumstances. How had this happened? How could Madison do this to me.

Easily.

Another smack landed hard.

"Do you understand?"

"Yes!" I gasped. "Yes, I understand."

If any of the other girls noticed my reticence, they didn't comment on it. Perhaps they were used to reluctant girls getting spanked.

SMACK!

"Thank you, sister. I promise to be a good pledge," I said.

SMACK!

Again, I thanked her.

Some of the girls barely hit me. The others brought the paddle down with as much force as they could manage. Each time, I nearly fell forward, especially considering the heels I had been forced to wear.

After each smack, I think my tormentor. Then, it finally came to an end, and Madison touched my chin, forcing me back into an upright position. I turned around and faced the other girls.

Madison gave me a hug. I couldn't believe it. At the same time, the other girls started clapping. "Now, our little pledge here has to get some more orientation done," Madison announced before she took my hand and dragged me away from the living room.

She took me to the kitchen.

"There's going to be a party here tonight, and guess what you're going to be doing?"

"What?"

"You're going to be serving drinks," she said.

I groaned. Honestly, I couldn't help myself. The temptation to stamp my foot against the floor also popped into my head, but I managed to hold it back. I needed to protect at least a small sliver of my dignity.

Madison showed me where all of the different bottles were kept, and she told me that I needed to carry a tray around on one hand. She showed me exactly what to do, and I kept thinking about how I might be able to sneak off.

Of course, she thought of that as well because she reminded me, "Stephanie, don't even think about trying to leave during the party. If you do, I will make sure that you are never turned back into a guy."

That did it.

Whether I wanted to think about it or not, I had to recognize the fact that Madison held all the power here.

I swallowed and nodded quickly.

Before long, the doorbell started ringing, and guys began to stream in. Some of them had girlfriends. A lot of them came alone or in groups. Meanwhile, I scampered about with a tray in hand, offering drinks to anyone who wanted one.

At first, I mostly ignored the different guests. People were polite at first, taking bottles of beer or glasses of wine from a tray. Each time, I felt the compulsion to curtsy with one hand holding the hem of my skirt. It was beyond humiliating, but as the night wore on, some of the guys started to get more aggressive.

One dude grabbed my ass.

I hopped away, nearly dropping my tray. He blew me a kiss, and I marched off, doing my best to summon up some kind of self-righteous indignity.

Instead, I felt arousal.

I tried to ignore it, but another drunk frat boy started to talk to me. He took the last glass of wine from my tray, and then he stroked my cheek. My first instinct had been to try to slap his hand away, but a glance from Madison made it clear that I couldn't be rude.

Then I didn't get the chance to excuse myself, and his touch started to feel intoxicating. I couldn't explain it. I was a man on the inside, I tried to tell myself. I wasn't supposed to be into this, but then the frat boy came closer, and he wrapped his arms around me.

"Hey, baby. You're pretty cute. How come I've never seen you around one of these parties before?"

"She just transferred in," Madison supplied helpfully. "Isn't that right?" She shot me a pointed glance, and I was forced to agree.

"Well, I'm glad you're here. You know, I think we could have a lot of fun."

He reached in for a kiss, and I glanced back at Madison, hoping she would give me some kind of permission to withdraw. Instead, she nodded, and it was too late. His mouth came down on mine; he was kissing me, hard. He grabbed my ass with one hand, he put his other to the small of my back, pulling me forward.

I squirmed against him, but then my body started to melt into his embrace. My pussy started to throb, and there was something about his masculinity, the strength of his frame and physique against mine that just felt so right.

"You two have fun," Madison said. I couldn't believe it, but she strolled away.

The frat boy kissed me hard. Each time I tried to wiggle away, he gripped me harder. "C'mon. Admit it," he said, slightly drunk.

"You're having fun."

"No...I'm not," I said, hoping that Madison wouldn't notice if I slipped away.

"Don't lie," he said, reaching up my skirt. Because we were off to the side, no one else noticed his behavior.

Although he may have been tipsy, this guy had no trouble slipping his fingers past the silken layer of my panties. The impulse to slap them away shot through me, but then he fingered my slit, and suddenly I couldn't breathe. I couldn't think. He touched me swiftly, working me until a little gasp escaped my lips.

"See? You like it." He sounded irritatingly smug and triumphant.

He kept going, teasing me as I tried to slip away. But no matter what I did, he held me tight, and then I could feel the heat spread through my body. I was close. The orgasm shot through me, and it felt different being a girl. It was somehow more intense, and left me drained, yet I knew he could do it again.

Madison came by and touched her hands to my shoulders as well as his. Obviously, she had been watching, checking on my progress. "You two having fun?"

"Absolutely," replied the frat boy.

"Good," she said. Then she leaned in and whispered to me, "Make sure he has fun."

I didn't understand what that meant, but the power of her voice robbed me of my self-control. Without even thinking about it, I watched her leave, and then something else took a hold of me. Suddenly, I kissed him back. Not only that, I unbuckled his belt, and I slipped my hand down into his pants.

He growled appreciatively, kissing me even harder.

Pleasure started to stream through my body, no matter how hard I tried to deny it. At the same time, my lithe fingers continued to work their way down into his boxers. It only took me a moment to find his engorged member, and I started to stroke him. I could feel something hot and sticky against my hand, probably his pre-come. Despite this, I kept going, compelled by Madison's command.

More than anything, I wanted to stop, but I couldn't. I kept going, squeezing and sliding my palm up and down the length of his

shaft. Meanwhile, he kept kissing me. He groped me with his hand, grabbing onto one of my breasts. He pinched my nipple, and I whimpered with arousal.

He pulled back from moment, and he grinned at me, clearly pleased that he found me. "You are so hot," he told me, and then I squeezed again, and I could feel him blow his load. He started hard, his come getting all over my hand, yet I didn't stop until he was finally done.

"I'll see you around," he said after I pulled my hand out of his jeans.

I looked down at my shining palm.

"Go get cleaned up," Madison told me a few seconds later. Finally, my brain rebooted, and I scampered into the kitchen to do just that.

As I washed my hands, I couldn't escape the sense of humiliation burning at my core. As hard as I tried, I just couldn't block out the mortification from giving some random guy a hand job.

Not only that, I could still feel the dampness between my legs. He had excited me. Kissing him and turned me on, and I started to wonder what would happen if I remained like this. Normally, I was so smooth with the ladies, able to seduce whichever one I picked. What if I had to stay in the body for some protracted period of time? What if Madison didn't change me back?

Those thoughts made me extraordinarily nervous.

Swallowing back my trepidation, I picked up my tray, and I started to serve drinks again. Fortunately for me, Madison and her friends started to distract the guys all on their own. Every once in a while, my blonde tormentor would wink at me, and it was clear that she would never let me forget what I had done.

Pushing down my embarrassment, I tried to work. I made sure I didn't make any mistakes. There was no reason to give Madison any additional reason to punish me or humiliate me.

She had already succeeded on that front anyway.

The next day went by quickly, mostly because at the end of the party, Madison took me back into the bedroom. She stripped me down and ordered me to go take a shower. I washed off my body,

and the ink marks started to fade a little bit beneath the hot water and soap.

Those marks! They were the key.

Unfortunately, I had already spent several minutes in the shower, and Madison burst in. She didn't knock. She didn't see any reason to.

"It's time for bed," she said over the sound of running water.

Because I didn't want her to catch on, I quickly scampered from the shower. I started to wrap the towel around my waist, but then Madison clicked her tongue and giggled. "No, silly, it goes around your entire torso."

Blushing with embarrassment, I quickly let her wrap a towel around me.

"You do look cute with your hair all wet like that," she said. "Come with me."

Madison brought me to a different room. This one must have been hers. She seemed to favor shades of blue and lavender. Her bed was all made up, and I could have collapsed into the soft sheets.

"Sit down," she commanded.

Helpless to resist, I dropped down onto the small chair in front of the nightstand. She picked up a brush, and I flinched, thinking that she was going to spank me with that. Instead, she just giggled and said, "Stephanie, don't worry. You're going to like this."

"My name isn't Stephanie," I insisted. As a man, I could speak, and people would listen to me because I have a deep and commanding voice. Now I sounded like some cartoon princess.

Madison just giggled again, amused by my defiance. I couldn't intimidate her. Heck, I could even annoy her. She started to run the hairbrush along my tresses. In spite of what I wanted to think about her, it was actually very relaxing to feel her hands and the teeth of the brush move along my strands.

My eyes started to get heavy, mostly because it was so late.

"Your name is Stephanie now, and it will be until I decide otherwise," she said, but there was no hostility in her tone. If anything, she really did sound like an older sister explaining something important.

Rather than respond and risk getting in trouble, I looked back at my reflection. My makeup had held up really well over the course of the night, and I couldn't help but flash back to my experience with that frat boy.

"Tomorrow, you're going to get the chance to help out the sorority. If you do a good job, maybe I will decide you've learned your lesson and that I can change you back."

I asked her what she planned, but Madison just smiled coyly and said something about how it would be a surprise.

Just as I started to wake up the next day, Madison came into the room. She retrieved another outfit for me to wear, and I initially thought it was just a pair of panties and another bra. Patiently, I waited for the rest of my outfit. It wasn't coming.

"Well, aren't you going to get dressed?"

I looked at the skimpy garments, and I glanced back up at her. "Where is the rest of it?"

"It's a bikini silly. That's everything."

My stomach dropped out, and I couldn't believe she really expected me to go out in public like that. But then Madison strolled over to me, and she smiled. "You see, we're doing a little fundraiser today, so this is what you're going to wear."

"Fundraiser?" I asked, my chest tightening.

"A carwash," Madison flashed a cocky grin, and then she clapped her hands. "Get to it. If you don't, then we're going to need to start talking about punishment again. I don't think you want that. I think you want to be a good sorority pledge and do as your big sister says. Is that right?"

"Yes," I responded, forcing myself out of bed. I pulled off my panties and my bra, and I struggled into the little bikini. Once I have it on, I checked myself in the mirror, and I couldn't help but go pale. The color seeped away from my features, and I spun around.

"Please, let me wear something more modest than this!"

"Stephanie, sweetie, you need to understand that this is a carwash. Guys don't really take get their cars washed. No, they are paying to watch you wash them. And since you're going to be good sorority girl, this is what you're going to wear."

Madison gave me a little slap on the ass, she grabbed my wrist, and then she pulled me from the room.

If I felt vulnerable in the bedroom, it only got worse once she dragged me outside. I kept thinking about my revelation from the previous day. Maybe if I could wash off those symbols, then the spell would be reversed. It was a good idea, but I had no idea how to make it happen.

Especially because we were busy.

Madison drove me and a few other girls down the road to an empty lot. Right away, she gave me a hand-drawn sign, and it was my responsibility to shake it and attract attention from the corner of the room. As I didn't, I felt incredibly dirty.

Ultimately, there was no way for me to stop myself. Madison had issued me a command with the power of her magic. I acted by her will, and I couldn't stop myself.

I shook my booty, I waved my sign, and I made sure every guy going down the road noticed me. Plenty of them smiled. A few took pictures. They waved, and they drove in to get their cars washed.

Halfway through the day, Madison came to relieve me, but that actually made things worse because I had to start washing the cars.

Guys hooted and shouted, "Oh yeah! You missed a spot, babe!" At first, I tried to flip them off, but when Madison spotted my unbecoming behavior, she actually had another girl wash me down and spank me.

It was mortifying!

After that, I had to behave. She made me smile and blow kisses at the guys. The tips were incredible, but so many men ogled me. I knew they'd be jerking off to thoughts of my tight little body, my breasts, my ass, and what they could do with my full lips...and it turned me on.

As much as I longed to deny it, I could feel the twinge of excitement that came with the thoughts of what those boys would do.

Finally, the car wash finished.

Madison drove us back to the sorority house, and I was allowed to go take a shower. Although I was tired after a day of work,

I scrambled under the hot water, and I focused entirely on trying to wash off the symbols.

Madison definitely used some kind of permanent ink, but it started to fade after a few minutes of scrubbing. I kept going.

"Don't take much longer. I have a special job for you!" Madison hollered through the doorway.

"I'll be right there!" I shouted back, and I kept scrubbing.

This could work! I could do it.

The thoughts of regaining my freedom and my manhood appealed to me immensely. At the same time, I started to lose myself in fantasies of what I would do to Madison once I got my body back. Suddenly, I would be bigger and stronger than her. Once this worked, I would be able to make sure she paid for humiliating me like this.

I wasn't a girl, I never would be.

Closing my eyes, I relaxed to the thoughts of what could happen once I was a man again. Those fantasies completely engrossed me, so I didn't hear the after door open.

Madison yanked the shower curtain to the side, and she immediately saw what I was doing. Her face darkened just as mine froze with fear.

"Bad girl," she said. "Hands at your sides right now."

The full force of her will and personality pounded down on me. I dropped my hands to my side, and she picked up the showerhead from its nook. She then proceeded to wash me off, but not before checking the sigils.

"Fortunately, you didn't do too much damage," she said. "If I'd left you here much longer, you probably would've scrubbed them right off." She clicked her tongue and shook her head, obviously disappointed.

"You can't keep me like this," I hissed back at her.

"We'll see." Then her mood shifted, and she said, "I have a special job for you. Of course, it's going to have to be a little bit harder now that you've decided to misbehave."

I didn't bother trying to argue with her, nor did I make any attempt to convince her not to punish me. Part of me actually felt good, knowing that I had been able to defy her and resist even if it

was only in this very small way. After all, I showed Madison that my will had not been broken. Although I wore the body of a young woman, I was still a man at heart.

Madison washed me off, and then she pulled me into the middle of the bathroom. She scrubbed me down with the towel, getting me dry within a matter of moments. My hair they have still been damp, but she brushed it quickly and viciously. She may have torn out a few strands, yet I set my lower lip to a defiant pout.

"You're going to regret being such a bad girl," she promised.

She tossed me the towel and waited while I tied it around my waist. But from there, she took me by my wrist and pulled me into another one of the bedrooms. This one appeared to be very stark. There is just the bed and the light pink walls.

"Where are we?" This time, I couldn't help but reveal a little bit of the trepidation running through my voice.

"This is something of a play room," she told me. "It's a place where a girl can have sex without worrying about messing up any of her things."

"And what, what am I doing here?" As hard as I tried, I couldn't help but stammer.

"Stephanie, get down on the bed. Spread your arms and legs."

She wielded the power of her personality, and I could feel the arcane energy compel me to obey. This time, I tried to fight even harder than before. I was able to draw strength from the fact that I had found a way to get out of this. Now, if I could only get to a shower again, I would be able to scrub off the symbols, they would disappear, and the magic would end. Madison had basically said as much.

But at this moment, I didn't have water, and I didn't have soap.

In contrast, Madison had big plans for me. She forced me to walk across the room and get down on the bed. I held my arms over my head, and I spread my legs. The towel protected my modesty for a few more heartbeats, but then Madison stripped me of that as well.

"You know, I've been having a lot of trouble in my physics class," she said, getting on the side of the bed. I strained to move, yet my body wouldn't respond. My biceps and forearms tensed and

flexed, but it was like they struggled against invisible shackles or restraints. As hard as I tried, I couldn't move.

Madison touched one fingernail to the spot between my breasts. She dragged her finger over toward my nipple, and she gave it a light page. Immediately, my pussy dampened, and I twitched against the power holding me down.

"Look at that, you are already getting excited," she taunted. "I think that bodes well for my gade, don't you?"

"What, what you talking about?" I gasped.

"You see, sometimes the teachers here at school make little trades with our sorority. We have hot girls, and some of the guys here could use our company."

"You're going to trade sex with me for a good grade in your physics class?" I said the words, and I stared up at her, hoping to see some sign of irritation or insult, like she would be offended at my suggestion.

It didn't happen. Rather, she grinned at me. "That's right. But don't worry, I'm sure Mr. Singer is going to be a very considerate lover, especially after I tell him how you like it rough."

"No!" I hollered. "Madison, you can't!"

Giving some guy a hand job was one thing, but actually going to bed with a man? I couldn't do it! I wouldn't do it!

"Sweetie, you're actually getting a choice. You don't get to decide," she said. Madison touched my nose, and then she walked over to the closet. She opened it, and she retrieved a duffel bag. She carried it back to the bank, and she dropped it down right beside me.

"Now for the rest of the night, you're going to obey any command you hear from anyone. If anyone asks whether or not you enjoy this kind of treatment, you are to say yes. You will get absolutely no way try to convey any genuine distress. Not only that, if you see that Mr. Singer is having a good time, you will encourage him. You will be a playful, flirtatious girl and will show him just how much you love being tied down, spanked, and punished."

With every word, she pushed me down through the power of who will. With every syllable, Madison bound me and reshaped me. She was going to turn me into the perfect sex toy, and I couldn't

resist. With every sound, I knew that she was taking control of my body.

"There is a silver lining to all of this," she said to me, letting her fingers drift lower. They skimmed my flash, barely grazing me. Little tingles sprinted along my nerves, and I tried to hide how much I enjoyed this.

"What, what is that?" I stuttered. I didn't want her to go any farther, but her fingers had already crawled down toward my pubis. She ran her fingers through my bush, and there was nothing I could do to stop her.

Her fingers stopped, and I exhaled a little sigh of relief. I didn't want this to touch me. I didn't want to feel even more beholden to her.

"If you do a good job tonight, I have a very big reward for you. Get me an A, and we'll even talk about those symbols on your body." Her fingers drift lower again, and I quickly shook my head, but Madison ignored me. Instead, she lightly touched my pussy, letting her fingertips caress along my opening.

Pleasure danced along my nerves, and I had to resist the urge to lift my hips in the hope that she might penetrate me.

As she touched me, I didn't know what to say. Could she really mean it? It sounded like she was going to let me go, but before I could ask another question, someone rang our doorbell.

"That's going to be Mr. Singer," she said, hopping up. "Remember. Be a good girl."

Gritting my teeth, I watched as Madison sauntered away. At the same time, I couldn't figure out what to do. Conflicted, part of me wanted to get in, but another part of me didn't know if I could.

I stayed there on the bed, helpless to move. Then the door opened, and I turned my head to the side. My lower lip with her a little bit, and a handsome man walked over to the bed. He had a little bit of stubble, dark hair, and he wore a collared shirt with no tie. Yes, he definitely looked like a college teacher, and he sat on the edge of the bed.

"You must be Stephanie," he said, letting his eyes run up and down the length of my body. I shivered with embarrassment, hating

the fact that I was naked while he was fully clothed. It didn't seem fair.

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Madison told me that you're very horny girl. She also told me that you are a very naughty girl. Is that true?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"You already look turned on," he said with just a hint of mock disapproval. Then I figured it out. This was his way to make sure that I genuinely wanted to be there. "Tell me, are you a horny girl?"

Several seconds elapsed, and maybe I could tell him no. But then, I would get my reward. Inhaling through my teeth, I forced myself to tell him the truth, "I'm a very horny girl, sir."

That made Mr. Singer grin brightly. Then he reached down, stroking my cheek. He let his hand slide down toward my breasts. He circled one finger around each of my nipples, and I quivered, my breath shaking in my lungs.

"You are very sensitive," he said. "I like that."

"Thank you, sir," I replied, feeling very subjugated.

"Madison told me it was your idea to trade sex for a good grade. Is that true, Stephanie?" He used my name, and I felt a little thrill of desire shoot through me. I felt like a bad girl who needed to be punished, but that wasn't right or fair.

"No, it was her idea," I replied without even thinking.

"I think you're lying. I think you're very naughty girl, and I think you need to be punished. That's why you're going to stand up in the middle of the room, spread your legs, and hold your hands behind your neck."

Although he spoke with the confidence of a professor who was used to being obeyed, I didn't feel the magical compulsion run through my body. Ultimately, this was going to be my choice, which only made it worse. Part of me almost longed for the helpless obedience Madison could instill in me.

Mr. Singer circled me, and I felt like I was being inspected. He stopped in front of me, and his hand shot down to my pussy. He slipped two fingers into me, and he shook his head, almost like he was disappointed despite the gleam of amusement in his eyes.

"You're already wet," he said.

He pulled his hand back, he held his fingers up to my lips. I didn't want to lick them clean, but I already knew I didn't get a choice in the matter. I did so, and then he said, "I think you're a very naughty little slut, I think you need a spanking." He grabbed me, he threw me against the wall. It didn't really hurt, not until he brought his hand down against my naked ass.

Each swat left my skin pink, then red, and finally a hot shade of crimson.

When he finished, he let me go, only to point to the floor. "I think you should crawl from now on."

"Yes, sir," I said, gritting my teeth.

I dropped down onto my hands and knees, yet I could tell he sensed the defiance in my voice. Somehow, I just couldn't fake perfect compliance.

He crouched down in front of me and asked, "Oh, you think you're better than this?"

Before I could think of something reasonable to say, I spoke, "I am."

"Well, we'll disabuse you of that notion before the end of the evening," he promised. "In fact, I think you should spend some time on your hands and knees. I want to see you crawl around the floor."

I started to move toward the door, and I quickly realized that it wasn't locked. I inhaled, ready to ask and unlock it, except something blunt and flat came down on the back of my thigh.

I yelped as the pain shot through me, only to turn around and face Mr. Singer. He held a paddle in his hand, and I couldn't help but wonder if it wasn't just like those used by the sorority girls.

"Did I tell you to stop?" His eyes blazed with amusement, and he enjoyed this.

Gulping, I crawled back toward the bed, doing laps around the room. When I slowed down, he spanked me again, making sure I kept an appropriate pace. At the same time, he washed my breasts sway beneath me.

"Keep going," he said, almost like he was training me.

Several more minutes passed, and my knees started to hurt. Finally, he told me to stop, and I sat back up.

By then, Mr. Singer must've gone back to the duffel bag because he came back with a leather collar. Without saying a word, he put it around my neck, locking it in place. "Since you have so much trouble behaving, I think this is appropriate for you. In fact, I think you need to be kept on a very short leash."

"No..." I moaned, refusing to accept this indignity.

Unfortunately, there wasn't much I could do about it, and he hooked the leash onto my collar.

In fact, a rebellious impulse got a hold of me, and I decided to pull it off myself. I started to work the small clasp holding the leash to the collar, and Mr. Singer stopped me. He grabbed me by the hair, and he dragged me back up onto my feet.

"Obviously, you can't be trusted to use your hands.

Mr. Singer pushed me down onto the bed, and I tried to scamper up. He pinned me, straddling me, and then he pulled out a pair of handcuffs. He locked my right hand to the headboard. A moment later, he did the same with the left. Suddenly, I couldn't move, not even if I wanted to.

"Such a bad girl," he said. "But you know, I think I figured you out. I think you only misbehave because you want attention. That's it, isn't it?"

This time, I couldn't even bring myself to contradict him.

He brought his lips down toward one of my nipples, and he started to lick, flicking that blood with his tongue. Hot pleasure boiled through me, and I tried to watch my back, but he still held me down. Then I had my eyes on the ceiling, so I didn't realize he had slipped his fingers between my legs. He penetrated me, fingering me, and he quickly discovered my engorged clitoris.

He pulled his head back, watching the expressions of arousal and unbridled lust play along my features.

"Very bad girl," he said. "So maybe if I want to behave, I just need to give you what you really want. Is that it?"

"No, don't..." I pleaded with him, not that it made any difference. The professor had already made up his mind, and he started to start my clit. At the same time, I knew that Mr. Singer was studying me, looking at my expressions and gauging exactly how I needed to be manipulated.

Before a full minute elapsed, he pressed down on my clitoris, and I screamed out, arching my back and yanking on the handcuffs. Obviously, I couldn't tear metal, so I couldn't get away. I remained of their helpless.

"You really are such a bad girl," he said again. "Maybe Madison will set up some private tutoring sessions. Would you like that? Maybe you could become my class assistant."

He grinned at me, and then he started to massage my breasts, squeezing them. He flicked his bombs over my nipples, left to right and up and down. The sensation started to build inside of me again, and I didn't want him to be able to make me come. I didn't want to appear to enjoy this even as the pleasure pulsed through every inch of my body.

I could struggle against it, yet my efforts made no difference.

Mr. Singer rolled me over to the side, and she swatted my ass, making sure it was nice and pink.

"Yes, I think you'd make a great student assistant. I could be grading papers, you could be under my desk, sucking my cock. Would you like that?"

"No..." I whimpered.

"I think you would. In fact, I think you need to stop lying." Mr. Singer put his hands on my breasts, and his eyes met mine. He stopped moving, yet little quivers of pleasure still shimmered through my body.

After a few heartbeats, I started to relax. "Tell me you like this. Tell me you like being my little slut student."

At first, I refused. I simply stared back at him, doing my best to maintain some thin veneer of self-respect. But then he started to circle his fingers around my nipples, and my lower lip dropped open. I started panting and gasping all over again. This touches would've been small and insignificant under normal circumstances, but after climaxing already, my body remained keyed up.

The arousal was there. He simply needed to take advantage of it.

And it wasn't hard.

Kneading my breasts, he squeezed gently, studying me carefully. I lift my legs and looked up at him. As much as I didn't want

of knowledge it, I was horny. In fact, I was quickly becoming desperate...

Only Mr. Singer didn't give me what I craved. This time, he just worked me patiently, keeping me at a low boil even as I started to squirm helplessly from side to side. Judging from the bulge in his pants, Mr. Singer clearly wanted to take me, but he wasn't doing it.

Not yet.

"What, what you waiting for?" I demanded, hating how eager I sounded.

"Stephanie, I'm waiting for you to beg for it."

He couldn't be serious, yet I could already tell that he meant every word.

My mouth went dry, and I tried to convince myself that I couldn't do it. This was a line I would never cross.

And yet, he simply touched me, gently grazing his fingertips along my naked flesh. I wanted to pull my hands free, to shove him off of me. It would've been so easy to finger myself and masturbate, only my hands remained trapped above my head.

Helpless, I could only wiggle and squirm from side to side. Meanwhile, Mr. Singer clearly enjoyed the show. He was watching me, enjoying my powerlessness.

"You know, there is a very simple way out of this predicament. Admit it. You're a little slut, and you need to be taken right here and right now. You want to feel me pump my cock deep inside of you."

My nostrils flared, and I bit down, locking my teeth together defiantly. But for all of my resistance, I knew that time wasn't on my side. More and more, the yearning world through me, building up higher and higher.

As I contemplated my position, I knew I couldn't get out of this predicament.

I let go. I surrendered.

"Please, Mr. Singer, please sir, take me. Please, I want to feel you inside of me!" I called out. My pussy throbbed for attention. Yet he continued to tease me, kneading and massaging my mounds until my entire body ached for an orgasm.

"I think you can do better than that."

“Please, please, sir! I’ll do anything. I’ll be your assistant, okay?” Panic ran through every feminine tone as I summoned up my wiles. “I’ll dress up to be your maid, your cheerleader, your schoolgirl, whatever you want!” In that moment, I meant it to. I would be his little maid, flouncing around his home. And he could spank me each and every time I missed a spot. “Please, just let me come! I need it! I need you!”

“That’s right,” he said, and then he stopped touching me.

I practically howled in dismay as he pulled his hands back, except he started to unbutton his shirt. Despite his position as a teacher, he had defined abs. I licked my lips again. Instinctively, I strained against my shackles.

Feeling like some slave girl, I squirmed helplessly. I waited, breathless, for the orgasm. He tossed away his shirt. His pants and boxers followed a few seconds later. Suddenly, Mr. Singer was naked, his strong body poised above me.

“Ask for it.”

“Please, please use me! Take me!”

Just then, he pushed his cock between my lips, and a gasp of searing pleasure blew past my lips. He started to pump me. He braced his hands on my wrists, holding me down. At the same time, I raised my hips, hoping for more.

A man was taking me, pumping and using me for his pleasure. Restrained and naked, I had even begged for it!

None of this should have been happening, yet I couldn’t deny the reality of my situation, nor could I pretend I didn’t love every second. He pumped me harder, burying his shaft deep in my wet pussy. It felt as though I dripped with excitement. He pulled back. The friction made me cry out. He thrust forward again, his shaft rubbing against me.

“Yes,” I gasped. “Yes!” I moaned.

Elsewhere, girls like Madison and her friends could probably hear me. They probably knew a teacher was drilling me hard, yet I couldn’t do anything. Even so, that didn’t alleviate any of the humiliation seething at the base of my stomach.

“More! Please—give me more! I need it!” I cried out.

He gripped my wrists, squeezing hard. I couldn't move beneath him, but that didn't stop me from bucking and thrashing. My legs kicked out and waved along the air. It didn't help. I couldn't escape. I didn't *want* to escape.

Mr. Singer took what he wanted. Every thrust was another reminder.

Now that he pumped me, one orgasm after another exploded through me like bursting stars. The heat rippled along my flesh. I could barely breathe, and I closed my eyes so tight that a polychromatic haze enveloped my vision.

Still, he didn't stop.

Mr. Singer didn't even slow down.

He rammed me good and hard again and again, treating me like some horny co-ed. Because in that moment, I became just another slutty college girl who craved this treatment. Every thrust made me tighten and clench. Delicious sensations pummeled me hard. I reveled in each and every one of them.

He plunged harder and started to come. His climax sent me to new highs. My eyes opened wide as I cried out again, one long moan that filled the small room with the sound of my ecstasy.

Mr. Singer came hard. And when he finished, he pulled out.

"Madison told me to leave you here like this," he said.

I barely heard him. Honestly, my brain felt spent. Without any energy or will of my own, I could only shut my eyes.

The door opened and closed. I waited.

A few minutes later, I heard someone saunter in.

Madison walked over to the bed just as I opened my eyes and tilted my head. "Okay..." I said, my mouth dry from exertion. "Okay... I did it. I had sex with him. You'll get your A. Can you change me back now?"

"Change you back? Who said anything about that? I said you're going to get a reward." Madison turned back to the doorway, "Mark! You can come in now!"

I didn't understand, yet blush still spread all over my skin as another guy walked into the room. He carried a briefcase.

"Who, who's that?"

"This is Mark," Madison said. "He's a tattoo artist!"

My face turned white as I realized she was about to make the symbols permanent. From now on, I was going to be a sorority girl under her thumb, forced to obey her every order.

“Don’t worry. There are plenty of teachers just like Mr. Singer. You’re going to be very popular!” Madison said those words just as Mark came over and opened his briefcase, revealing the different needles he intended to use. Those symbols were about to become absolutely permanent.

The End

(Want more gender transformations? Check out *Taking His Manhood* by Mina Black.)

Taking His Manhood

Mina Black

Strutting back to his seat, Cory felt like the king of the world. Perhaps it was a cliché, especially for a guy like him, but he got the promotion. Nothing else had the matter. With the stroke of the pen, his employers doubled his salary, and he was ready to celebrate.

Several of his friends bobbed their heads to the music. They grabbed their drinks and held them up, the music blaring through the entire chamber. The guys grinned at one another for a few seconds before they returned their attention to the girls up on stage.

Cory grinned like a victorious warrior, wondering if he should try to hit on one of them. Normally, strippers would not have been his thing, except tonight was special.

His eyes drifted to the first one, a blonde bombshell with giant tits. She spun around the pole, showing off her every curve as the staccato rhythm pounded through the entire room. She smiled at Cory, probably because he had already given her several generous tips. She had to be on stage. Her manager said so, but she couldn't wait to get back to his lap.

Of course, there was also the brunette in the middle. The brown haired girl had beautiful, if somewhat smaller, breasts. She giggled them for the appreciative audience, the guys hooting and howling whenever she flashed them smile.

Then there was the redhead off to the side. She didn't get nearly as much attention, but she probably had the most attractive dances. Moving like someone who had taken ballet, she stretched across her little stage. She lifted her hands over her head, showing off her naked chest. Then she twisted around, bending forward so the men could appreciate her tight little ass.

All the while, Cory leaned back, thinking he could definitely buy the attention of at least one girl tonight. Sure, they all protested, but Cory understood how dollars opened doors.

That song came to an end, and another techno beat quickly took its place. The blonde hopped off of her stage, and she walked

toward Cory. She strutted straight for him, knowing full well that he was flush and eager to part with some of his money.

She dropped down onto his lap without even asking. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she pressed her breasts up against his chest. Immediately, she could feel his erection pressed up against her.

"What are you doing after work?" he asked, whispering into her ear.

Despite the blaring music, she pulled back. For a moment, Cory wondered if you made a mistake. After all, the patrons weren't supposed to connect with the strippers, not like that. She would have been well within her rights to go to her manager and get him kicked out.

She flashed a crooked grin, "Nothing. Not unless you have some ideas."

He smiled, flushing all of his teeth.

The stripper went back to her job, grinding against him. It felt so good, especially because he knew that he was going to get to have her later. All of his friends threw jealous glances at Cory, but this was his night. He was the king, and they were little more than his vassals tonight.

She kept up the seconds for several more seconds, and Corey relaxed, enjoying this moment of heaven.

Only then she stopped, and he glanced up, ready to demand she continue. Then he realized that her eyes were on something else, and he twisted around, spotting the petite redhead standing just a few feet back. She had her arms crossed over her chest, and she looked past.

"Dude! Isn't that your ex?" Robert, one of Cory's friends, asked from the next seat over. "She looks pissed."

Whether or not she looked upset shouldn't have had any bearing on Cory. After all, they had been broken up for more than a month. As far as he was concerned, Jessika was just some girl he used to know.

"You're married, or something, are you?" the stripper demanded. Considering the Cory came off like a clean-cut guy, she probably didn't appreciate the idea that he had been about to cheat.

"No," he told the blonde, determined not to let his ex ruin this. To win him some goodwill, he pulled out his wallet and handed the stripper a hundred. Grinning, he said, "I'm going to expect you to earn that later on."

He handed her the bill, and she scampered backstage.

Robert and Cory's other friends watched, eagerly eavesdropping.

Swallowing, Cory got out of his seat and walked right over to his ex. With every step, he wondered how he could avoid seeing. A petite redhead who stood at 5'5, Jessika had youthful features, a bright smile, perfect teeth, and a pert pair of little breasts. At the moment, she wore black slacks and a tight blouse that buttoned up her chest.

For a moment, Cory almost forgot why they had broken up. But then her eyes narrowed, and he remembered them look. She was about to try something that they were both going to regret.

"Would you doing here?" Up close, Cory couldn't help but admire the way her dark red hair framed to features. She really does look good, but that didn't make up for the amount of crazy she had hiding behind her eyes.

"I figured it out," she said, placing her hands on her hips.

With another woman, Jessika might have actually managed to be intimidating. But with Cory, she just looked diminutive and silly. After all, he towered over her by a good five or six inches.

"Figured what out?" he asked, touching two fingers to the ridge of his nose. He didn't want to look exasperated already. Chances were good that dealing with Jessika would require some diplomacy, but he didn't have the patience for this. He wanted to get back to his stripper. He wanted to get back to his friends.

"I figured out how to make it work,"

Truly exasperated now, Cory glanced around, wondering if he could just ask security to escort her away. Realizing that it probably wouldn't work, he turned his attention back to his ex. "Look, I don't know what you're trying to accomplish here, but you need to leave. I'm having a really good night, and I don't want to see you. If there is something we really have to talk about, we can do it later."

He grabbed her by the shoulder and started to walk toward the exit. Cory just needed his ex gone.

At first, Jessika allowed him to lead her away, but then she said, "Cory, I know you think that I'm nuts because I believe in magic and the arcane, but I figured it out. You didn't think I could, but I really did it. I now have control over several very significant elemental forces, not the least of which is sound."

"That's nice," he said, wondering briefly what that hundred dollar bill would get him from the blonde stripper. Maybe some time in the VIP room? Oh yes, that would be very nice.

Jessika quickly shrugged off his hand, and she stood in front of him. Cory opened his mouth, inhaling, ready to remind her that they were broken up, so she didn't get to tell him where he could be. In fact, she didn't have any right to be there at all. It was a strip club, after all, but Jessika had never appreciated the objectification of women.

While they've been dating, he'd been forced to pretend to be interested to several of her feminist lectures. She loved the idea of sisterhood, which probably explains some of her fascination with the occult and witchcraft.

Of course, he didn't have to do with any of her crazy, not anymore.

Before he could tell her to get lost, she opened her mouth and she spoke. "I am good with light too." The music from the speaker situated all around the room suddenly went silent, at least for Cory. The world seemed to move in slow motion as Jessika with her hand into the air. She extended her palm, and light started to sparkle there.

It was beautiful, like something Cory had never experienced before. He believed several times, trying to clear his head, but he couldn't move.

"That's right," she said to him. "You are now in my power. You will now obey every order I give you."

Cory blinked again, and this time the world went back to normal. The music pounded down on him, the light disappeared, and Jessika was standing in front of him. Shrugging off whatever just happened that some momentary glitch, he reached out to grab her.

Cory's patience came to an end, and he wasn't going to put up with her anymore.

"Don't touch me," commanded the petite redhead.

Cory stopped. His hand froze in the air, and he couldn't move any further. It wasn't like he stopped trying. In fact, he tried mightily to disregard her command, yet he couldn't move his arm.

"Hold both of your hands behind your back," Jessika said.

Cory was never going to do it. Really, he had no idea what she was playing it. It wasn't like she could do some parlor trick and then he would be obedient to her every command. Maybe something that could happen in a movie or something, but this was reality and...

He slid his hands behind his back, holding them tightly.

"How, how are you doing this?" He demanded, struggling against his own grip as though he'd been physically restrained.

Jessika reached up and looped her arm through the crook of his elbow. Then she tugged on him, but Cory refused to move. He was going to get an explanation, only Jessika cut them off, "Come with me right now. Oh, and don't say work your friends. I don't think they'll need to worry about you anymore."

Cory shut his mouth, and he let her guide him out of the strip club. Before he knew it, the cold of the night air washed down against his skin.

"Where is your car?"

"Like I'm going to tell you," he sneered, still scrambling to retake control of his body.

"Cory, tell me where your car is. In fact, give me your keys as well," Jessika said, grinning like a little girl who just found a new favorite toy.

"Over there," he said, pointing just after he took out his keys and handed them to her. With every movement, Cory tried to stop himself, yet something compelled him, something impossible to ignore. Obviously, she had done something to him. Maybe she drugged him. Maybe she used some kind of weird mind mumbo-jumbo.

The exact cause didn't matter. He just had to figure out how to undo it.

Jessika tugged on his arm, walking across the parking lot. She opened the driver side door and got in. Frozen in place, Cory didn't know what to do. He didn't want to admit that his ex-girlfriend has been able to simply steal his ride.

But then Jessika rolled down the window. "Get in. I have big plans for you."

She drove hard and fast in his car, laying rubber like they were fleeing the cops. Cory braced his hands against the dashboard as she zoomed through a yellow light. "Look, Jessika, just let me know right now. You don't need to do this. Just let me go."

She glanced over at him, smirking, her expression filled with nothing but condescension. "What? Is the little girl scared?"

Cory glared at her with everything he had. He wanted her to be intimidated, but the redhead simply threw her head back and laughed at him. "Sweetheart, you don't know how this is going to work quite yet. But you will very soon. I promise."

He was ready to argue with her, but she shrugged like it didn't make any difference to her one way or the other. But then the corner of her mouth rose up, "Cory, shut up."

Instantly, he closed his mouth, and then opened it again, but he couldn't make a sound, no matter how hard he tried. He could mumble at her, except those sounds only made his ex-girlfriend giggle.

Within a matter of minutes, she pulled up in front of her house; she got out, slamming the door. Cory jumped out as well, and he tried to shout for help.

When he realized that Jessika was headed up the stairs to the front door, he decided to take a run for it. He didn't care what she tried to do. If he could get out of earshot, then she obviously would be able to use this newfound power on him.

Running as hard as he could, he made it about ten feet before his ex called out, "Cory, come here. Now." She sounded like a petulant wife, but he stopped nonetheless.

Then he turned around, he started walking toward her. "Hurry up," she commanded, and he did that too, speeding up along the mostly empty street.

He climbed up the steps, and Jessika was waiting for him.

Cory tried to speak again, to demand some sort of explanation. Instead, Jessika took his hand and pulled the house. "Take one last look," she said. "This is going to be the last time you got to look at that street as a man."

Obviously, he didn't understand. None of this made any sense to him.

Inside the house, she took him by the hand again, pulling him down a long corridor to the stairs. Then she walked him up the steps. "You're going to be very happy here," she said. "I think it might take some time for you to settle, but once you yield, you'll feel a lot better. Don't you think?"

Since she asked him a question, he could respond. "Yield?" Cory snapped. "What the hell are you talking about? Why can't I control my body? How are you doing this?"

"I already told you. It's magic."

"There is no such thing as magic," Cory insisted even as his ex-girlfriend dragged him down the hallway, opening the door at the end for him. He had been in her bedroom many times, only he had never expected to return.

"Really? There is no such thing as magic? So be impossible for me to force you to come back to my house? Is it possible for me to get you down on your knees so you can eat me out?"

"Go to hell," he snarled, fighting with every ounce of his willpower. Cory kept expecting his body to return to his control. It only had to be a matter of time, he told himself. Whatever drug or effect she used on him had to fade with time. If you could only be strong enough, that he could resist.

"Bad boy," she said, frowning. "Bend yourself over the bed and pulled your pants."

"What, what you talking about?" There was no way he was going to do that, Cory told himself. He was a strong man, a man who wasn't going to listen to this petite young woman.

But then he found himself following her commands, unbuckling his belt and dropping his pants. Then he bent over the bed, his ass exposed. Yes, there was a thin layer of his boxers, but he still felt painfully exposed.

"Remember when you would come up here, and we would pretend to wrestle?" Jessika asked. Bent over the bed, he couldn't really see her as she headed to the bathroom. Cory had no idea what she was about to retrieve. "You always thought it was so funny that you could pin me. It never took any effort at all for you."

Jessika came back and smiled down at him. She pinched his nose, and he tried to swat her hand away, but she withdrew it too quickly. Then, she held up her other hand and what it clasped.

It was her old hairbrush. Made from a hardwood, this brush it belonged to Jessika ever since they met. And there had been one night when he had taken it and use it to spank her. That moment must've been the most humiliating of her entire life. After that, she hadn't spoken to him for several days.

Now she held it and she grinned.

"What do you think you're doing?" Corey demanded, doing his best to keep his voice even and level. He tried to hide that little shiver of panic creeping through his tone, yet she picked up on it easily. After all, a big, manly man like Cory could possibly imagine getting spanked by his ex-girlfriend. She disappeared from his line of sight, circling around. "Jessika! Jessika, stop! Just wait! Wait, okay?"

"No. I don't think I can," she told him coquettishly.

Cory summoned up all of his willpower to regain control of his body, but he didn't do it fast enough because his ex-girlfriend brought a flat side of that hairbrush down with a mighty thwack!

The hot sting burned through his skin, and he tried to move. He could flail his arms, but that was all. Of course, that left vulnerable to his ex.

Smiling brightly, Jessika brought the hairbrush down again and again. She gave him fifteen hard spankings with that piece of wood. And when she was done, his eyes were watering and he couldn't think straight.

"When you spank me, you made me feel helpless, but guess what? It's your turn now," Jessika said to him. "As long as we're together, you mocked my beliefs. You told me that magic could be real, but you're about to learn the truth. Yes, you are. You are, and I don't think you're going to like it, at least not at first."

Cory didn't know what to say or how he could possibly respond. So, for once, he didn't say anything. That seemed a lot smarter.

From behind him, he could make out the sound of rustling clothing. Jessika kicked off her shoes before pulling off her socks and pants. Only then did she tell him, "Okay, Cory, you can turn around now. But be sure to stay down on your hands and knees."

Again, he didn't want to move. He tried to resist her power with everything he had, but his will was insufficient. Whether he wanted to admit it or not, Jessika had a power he couldn't claim or circumvent.

So he fell down onto his hands and knees, his ass still bright red from the spanking. He turned around and looked up at his ex-girlfriend. She only had on her top and panties. Her long legs stretched downward, and he felt especially small there on the floor.

"Pull my panties down with your teeth," she commanded.

"Why, why are you doing this?" He hated that stutter in his voice, but he couldn't make it go away. Maybe he wants to say something else as well, but the compulsion forced him to sit up and grab onto her panties with his teeth.

Right away, he caught the aroma of her arousal. Jessika was enjoying this in more ways than one. He pulled down her panties, exposing her strawberry-blonde pubic hairs. Embarrassment burned through his body, but there was nothing he could do to stop her.

"I'm doing this because you deserve it. I'm doing this because you are a very bad boyfriend, and you deserve punishment, especially for the way you broke up with me. You don't get hacked pick a jackass without consequence."

Then she reached her hands into his hair and she pulled hair, yanking his face up against her crotch. "Eat me out," she commanded.

Normally, a girl like Jessika didn't use such vulgar language, but he deserved nothing less. "Remember how you would never go down on me while we were dating? Well, I guess things certainly change, don't they?"

Even as she teased him, the compulsion took a hold of his mind and body, forcing Cory to stick his tongue into her slit. The

taste of her excitement filled his senses. Disgust also simmered at his core because he never wanted to do this. He never wanted to be the guy who had to go down his girlfriend, only this was worse because he and Jessika weren't together!

"Good boy," she said, patting his hair. But when he tried to pull away, she yanked, sending a painful jolt down his spine. Cory kept licking and sucking, nuzzling his nose as well as his lips against her slit and inner thighs. "Good boy! So good!"

He hated the way she was complimenting him, making the semi company wanted to do. He couldn't speak, not with his mouth full of her pussy.

"This is where you belong. You need to be down on your knees, servicing me. You need to be on your hands and knees, crawling like a dog. You need to do as you're told. Always. But don't worry. I'm going to train you. I'm going to make sure you learn how to serve me like a perfect little slave girl."

Slave girl?

Cory told himself that he heard her wrong. She must have said something else. Yes, that was it...

He kept licking, running the tip of his tongue along her clit, down and up, down and up, down and up, over and over again. All the while, Jessika looked down at her ex-boyfriend, degraded and humiliated and turns into little more than a sex toy. She used his mouth like he belonged to her.

Because he did.

Cory couldn't stop himself, and she was having so much fun. Jessika kept at it until the orgasm couldn't be resisted. It crashed over her, a cascading series of waves that seemed to pulse from her very core. Her whole body tangled with excitement and heat as it felt like the pleasure centers throughout her body overloaded. Yes, she wanted this. Yes, she wanted so much more.

And next time, he was going to be even better.

Finally, she let go of his hair, and she stumbled back. By the time she reorganized her thoughts, Jessika looked at her ex-boyfriend, only he had his face down. Obviously, he didn't want to look at her. He was too ashamed.

"What? Did you think that you were too strong for me? Did you think that I would be able to take you?" She walked over to him, touching her fingertips to his chin and forcing his head up. She made him look into her eyes.

"I'm going to get you for this," he insisted.
Jessika replied with just one word, "Sleep."

His eyelids drooped.

He was so sleepy...

He couldn't stay awake...

...And he remembered fighting her last command.

As he almost dreamed, Cory swam and paddled through the same images. He was at the club with that beautiful blonde. That girl knew the score. She wanted him. No, that stripper *needed* him. And yeah, he was going to have so much fun with her.

"Sleep," Jessika said again.

He dropped off, mostly. It seemed like he was asleep, only he remembered climbing into bed. Maybe that was another effect of Jessika's power. Could she really make him do things while he slept?

No. It couldn't be.

That simply wasn't possible!

He tried to get angry, and he managed to open his eyes. Jessika wasn't in the room. He was in a bed, the walls were pink, and sunlight streamed through the window. But then he remembered, "Sleep." He disappeared back into the dark of rest.

Each time he focused, he almost awoke. But no, he had to be dreaming because things started to feel different. For one, he spotted a few blonde strands from the corner of his vision. That couldn't be right.

Cory had dark brown hair, and none of it was long enough for him to see without a mirror. But there were other things too, like when he tried to sit up and his whole torso seemed unbalanced somehow.

And what about when he lifted his hand? He managed to lift it into the air, and it seemed small and dainty.

Feminine.

Those dreams seemed persistently real, not that Cory could contemplate those images one way or the other. Whenever he got close to really waking up, he recalled that one word, "Sleep."

It kept happening until Jessika's voice reverberated through his body again, "Wake up, Corina."

Cory opened his eyes slowly. They fluttered a few times. Bright sunlight cut across the room and washed over him. Slowly, he sat up, but something was wrong. Everything felt different.

His eyes focused on Jessika, only she seemed...bigger. Taller. That didn't make any sense. Jessika had always been smaller than Cory. And why did she call him Corina? No, no none of this fit together.

"Sit up," Jessika commanded. Immediately, he moved to obey.

Once he was sitting up, he looked around, and everything struck him as bigger. Not only that, his balance was wrong somehow. Jessika was smiling at him, and she pointed downward.

Confused, his brows tightened, but he glanced down, expecting to see nothing but sheets. Instead, he found breast. Cory stared for several seconds, thinking this had to be some kind of trick, a practical joke or something. The longer he looked, the more real they seem. There were two breasts on his chest.

They were on the smallish side, but still, they were breasts! Horror shot through him because she must have put him through some kind of surgery or something. There really could be no other explanation, but then his hand moved up. He didn't want to touch them. He didn't want to feel if they were real.

"Go ahead. Fondle yourself," Jessika said.

Cory didn't want to do it. "No! I won't!" he insisted, only his hands moved to their own volition. He cupped his new tits, and he started to massage the soft globes, working them over in his palms.

Immediately, his nipples hardened under the sensations. Not only that, he felt something else, a twinge between his legs. But it wasn't an erection.

Jessika grinned again, and this time she yanked back the sheets, throwing them onto the floor. For the first time, Cory got to see his new body. First, disbelief reached through his brain. No, no,

no, no, this couldn't be happening! It couldn't be real. It has to be some kind of delusion, some kind of mistake.

His mouth went dry, his lungs froze in his chest, and he couldn't move a thought through his head. Everything came to a halt.

Jessika clambered onto the bed, straddling him easily. She showed him down onto the bed, pinning him. Immediately, Cory tried to shove her off, and it should have been easy. After all, he was so much bigger than her. He had always been stronger and faster. It always seemed so easy to move her around because she was smaller than him.

But this time, he tenses his muscles, and he strained with everything he had, but he couldn't move her. And there Jessika was, smiling down at him, her bangs hanging down like a curtain over her forehead. "Sorry. I think I'm bigger now. And guess what?" Jessika dropped her voice to a whisper, "I think that means I'm in charge. Yes, I'm certain it means I'm in charge now."

(Get the rest of *Taking His Manhood* by Mina Black, now available!)