



Ravenwood School for Sissies
A collection of short stories

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“Always Read The Fine Print”

by Aimee Allison

“The Heir(ess)”

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(edited by Aimee Allison)

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Introduction

Authors Aimee Allison, Crystal Summers and Domina Dixon team up for a collection of short stories related to Monica Ravenwood's School for Sissies. This collection includes:

"Always Read The Fine Print" by Aimee Allison

"The Heir(ess)" by Crystal Summers

"Femdom Marriage" by Domina Dixon

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Penelope Hope was one of the hottest writers in the modern publishing industry. She combined her love of investigative reporting with her flair for storytelling to spin incredible yarns about the most amazing things to happen in the world today. Little by little, however, she was running out of interesting things to write about. Everything had been done. She needed something new. She needed something truly amazing. She needed something no one had even guessed was going on.

She found it.

One day, as she visited an old friend who needed to do something about her domineering husband, she learned about a world which few knew existed, a world where rich and powerful women remade the men in their lives in any way they saw fit. This was the world of Monica Ravenwood and her clients, and these are the stories Penelope uncovered, the stories of the men who attended Monica Ravenwood's School for Sissies.

“Always Read The Fine Print”

by Aimee Allison

Penelope Hope thought she knew Thomas and Kitty Quimm’s story the moment she walked into their luxury apartment. By now, she’d heard several stories about the types of men who were sent to Monica Ravenwood’s school and the women who sent them, and the Quimms fit the profile she had come to expect perfectly. The Quimms were a wealthy young couple. He’d made his money in finance and she had been his trophy wife. At some point, he’d attended Ravenwood’s school and, thereafter, Kitty had taken over running the company he founded. Now, he greeted Penelope at the door while wearing a pink French Maid costume, and he even curtsayed to her as she entered the apartment. What more did Penelope need to know? It was obvious to Penelope that Kitty sent her husband to the school to gain control over him.

Only, that’s not how it happened.

“How do you do?” asked Kitty as she shook Penelope’s hand. Kitty was a small, but confident woman with expensive taste in clothing. She wore a cream-colored sweater, brown slacks, and open-toed brown slingback pumps with four-inch heels, and even without seeing the labels, Penelope recognized the designers for most of what she wore.

“I’m well. Thank you for talking to me,” said Penelope.

“How could I pass up the opportunity to speak to the famous Penelope Hope?” asked Kitty with a smile. “But you really should thank Thomas. It was his decision.”

Penelope raised an eyebrow. This was unexpected. She assumed that Thomas no longer had much say in matters. “Thomas’s decision?” she asked.

“Oh yes, he needed to approve this,” said Kitty. “Isn’t that right, dear?”

“Yes, Miss,” said Thomas and he curtsayed.

“Oh Thomas, stop fooling around,” said Kitty.

He smiled. “Yes, Miss.”

“Please, have a seat,” said Kitty and she motioned Penelope to sit on the sofa. As she did, she sent Thomas scurrying for drinks. When Thomas left the room, Kitty crossed her legs, letting her designer pump dangle from her toes and she chuckled. “I know what you’re thinking, but don’t let the uniform fool you, Thomas is not my slave or my maid. He is submissive, very submissive, but he’s not my slave. He’s only wearing the uniform as a bit of a joke.”

“A joke?”

“Yes, we thought you might get a kick out of it.”

Penelope smiled politely. “All right,” she said doubtfully.

“You don’t believe me?”

“Well. . . it’s just that, the other women I’ve met who sent their husbands to the school did so to gain control over them. Finding your husband, a rather powerful man in finance before his surprise retirement two years ago, fluttering around the house in a French Maid costume suggests at least a certain amount of submission on his part.”

“Oh, he’s submissive all right, and I control our marriage now. That’s something that happened because of the school and I don’t think we could change that if we wanted to. . . not that I really want to. But he’s not my maid or my slave and I try not to take advantage of his submissive condition too much. In fact, for me, that’s part of the excitement of the whole thing, having the power to do anything I want, but fighting myself not to abuse that power. It’s quite thrilling actually,” said Kitty.

“So you sent him to the school to make him submissive, but not to feminize him?”

Kitty shook her head. “No, that’s not correct.”

Penelope tapped her pen against her notepad. “I’m not sure I understand? If you weren’t seeking control, then why did you send your husband to the Ravenwood School?”

Kitty laughed. “I didn’t. . . *he enrolled himself.*”

Penelope’s jaw dropped. “He enrolled himself?!”

“Yes.”

“He enrolled himself at Monica Ravenwood’s school?” she asked incredulously.

“Oh yes.”

“To be feminized?”

Kitty smiled. “Well, not quite. There was a rather significant misunderstanding.”

“What kind of misunderstanding?”

At this point, Thomas returned with the drinks. The short skirt on his maid uniform rustled as he walked and his heels clicked off the hardwood floors. He smelled like Penelope’s favorite perfume. He handed a coffee to Penelope, who thanked him, and a tea to Kitty, who also thanked him. Then he stood next to Kitty, who sat on the soft leather sofa across from Penelope. She sipped her tea and set it down on the coffee table before her. Then she leaned back and placed her hand on the back of her husband’s nylon-covered thigh and ran it up beneath his skirt.

“Penelope wants to know who enrolled you at the school,” said Kitty.

Thomas blushed. “I did,” he said softly.

“Did you know what they would do to you?”

“No, Miss.”

Kitty pinched his rear, causing him to jump. "You don't need to call her 'Miss,' dear," she said to her husband before saying to Penelope, "I'm sorry, they trained my husband to call all women 'Miss' and sometimes that resurfaces. I'm trying to break him of the habit."

"I understand," said Kitty. "So your husband didn't know what the school would do to him. Did you know?"

Kitty shook her head. "No, I'd never heard of the school. In fact, it was Thomas who discovered Ravenwood's school. I knew nothing about it. Even when Thomas first approached me about the idea, he told me it was just a business retreat. He said that this was a program he'd discovered at an old school someone had converted to a very private resort. He said the idea behind the program was that rich and powerful men would get together and play golf and make deals and the such. It almost sounded like a secret society the way he described it. And since Thomas built his empire on finance, it made sense that he would go to such a place. He had done so before."

"So you knew nothing at all about the nature of the school?" asked Penelope.

"Nothing."

"What did Thomas think it was?"

"He apparently thought it was a fantasy playground for rich men who got off on the idea of female domination and feminization. Basically, he saw the school as a resort which offered a kinky sex fantasy where he could live out a fantasy that I, up to that point, had refused to take part in and which, frankly, I was simply not good at."

"Then, you knew he had these fantasies."

Kitty nodded her head. "Oh yes, I knew. He told me before we were married and I told him I didn't think I could participate. We tried a couple times after we were married, but I wasn't sure what to do or how to make it work for him, so it never turned out very well and we stopped trying."

"Did he cross-dress around the house?"

Kitty shook her head. "No. I knew he had a few feminine clothes, but I only saw them occasionally and I never saw him wear them." She looked at her husband. "What did you have, dear? Some panties and some heels, wasn't that about it?"

Thomas nodded his head. "Yes, I had some panties, two pairs of high heels and a teddie. That was it, and I rarely did anything with them because it wasn't the cross-dressing that turned me on so much as it was the domination associated with being feminized."

"So you weren't a cross-dresser?"

"No, not really. Maybe casually, but that's about it."

“What made you decide to take the plunge from being a casual cross-dresser into turning yourself into a full-time woman?”

Thomas blushed. “That was a mistake.”

“That’s one heck of a mistake!” said Penelope with a laugh.

He blushed even deeper.

“So what happened?” asked Penelope.

Thomas continues. . .

It was a little over two years ago. I had just found out about the school, which I viewed as a sort of sex vacation, and something inside me told me to do it. But I didn’t want to tell Kitty about it, so I lied to her about the nature of the school and I told her she wasn’t allowed to attend. She wasn’t happy about that.

“Why can’t I go?” Kitty asked me for the tenth time.

“I’ve told you. This is for CEOs only. They aren’t allowing wives or girlfriends or friends. It’s just the people at the top and no one else is allowed. It’s invite only, and they only invited me, no guest,” I said. Of course, none of this was true, but I couldn’t very well tell her the truth.

She ran her tongue over her teeth. “And you think it’s worth taking six weeks away to do this?”

“Yes, this could be great for the business,” I told her.

“Business is already great.”

“This will make it better. Think about the people I could meet and what they could do. This could be huge,” I lied.

Kitty shook her head. She clearly didn’t like the idea. “Six weeks? What kind of junket lasts six weeks?”

“People with money can take whatever time they want. Having money is about having the time,” I said, and I felt very relieved that I hadn’t picked a longer program. The school has programs of differing lengths but there would have been no way to explain going to the school for six months or even a year, which is the longest program the school was offering. In truth, six months or a year sounded rather excessive to me for a fantasy getaway, but then I recalled other vacation programs like world cruises which took that long, so it didn’t make me suspicious that I had perhaps misunderstood the nature of the school.

Kitty shook her head again, but said nothing. This meant she would agree, even though she didn’t like the idea. She started to walk away but I stopped her.

“There’s one more thing,” I said.

She folded her arms and pursed her lips. “What?” she asked sourly.

“I need you to sign something for the program,” I said. For whatever reason, the school wanted Kitty’s signature on the admission form. Because I

believed this was a fantasy vacation, I assumed the school was trying to create some sort of waiver so Kitty couldn't sue the school by claiming they'd broken up our marriage or whatever. At the time, I knew I should have questioned this because it seemed strange that they would want my wife's signature for something I was likely doing in secret, but I wanted to do this so badly that I ignored the warning bells and I turned a blind eye to the entire issue. I didn't even bother to read the form all the way through because it didn't matter to me what they said. I wanted to do this, and nothing would stand in my way.

"You want me to sign something for your junket?" Kitty asked incredulously.

"Yes—"

"Like a permission slip for a field trip?"

"No, it's just a point of contact thing so they know that you know where I am, etcetera, etcetera. It's no big deal," I said, coming up with the most benign lie I could think of, and I pulled a pen from my pocket and I handed her the form.

She took the form and started to read it. That was the last thing I wanted her to do, so I cut her off.

"Just sign it please so I can fax it back. They're waiting for it," I said.

"Let me read it," she said.

"Kitty, please just sign the form. It's just a waiver. I need to get it back to them or they won't hold my place and I'll be out of the program."

She furrowed her brow. "I thought you said it was a point of contact form. Now you're saying it's a waiver. Which is it?"

I dodged the question. "Just sign it, please. I need to fax it off right now."

She didn't move.

"It's vital for my business," I added. This always worked because she didn't dare interfere with my business. She exhaled angrily and took the pen. She signed the form and handed it back to me. I quickly placed it in a folder to make sure she didn't get a chance to see it again. She stormed off.

Her mood did not improve about this.

A couple days later, as I packed for the school, I still remember her standing in the doorway to our bedroom. She wore this black pleated skirt, a green sweater and black pumps with wedge heels. I could see her clenching her jaw. She was still angry about the whole thing. She didn't like the idea that I would take a vacation without her. She also didn't like that I had remained tightlipped about the details of the vacation, but what could I say? She would have been furious had she known the truth.

"If you're really going to do this, then I'm going on vacation myself," she announced and she folded her arms beneath her breasts.

“You are?” I asked with some surprise as she hadn’t mentioned this before.

“Yes, I’m going on a cruise. I called our travel agent, and she booked me on a small private cruise to the islands.”

I shrugged my shoulders. I didn’t like the idea of my wife going on a private cruise without me, but frankly, I was so deeply into my thoughts about this fantasy vacation coming up that I barely heard what she was saying. She could have told me she was going to an orgy on Mars and I wouldn’t have thought twice about it. My mind was entirely elsewhere. “That’s great, honey. I hope you enjoy it,” I said.

She rolled her eyes and stormed off.

Twenty minutes later, a black sedan pulled up outside and I climbed in. My life was about to change.

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“So at that point, you had no idea what was really going to happen?” asked Penelope.

“No, I didn’t,” said Thomas. “I really was under the impression this was just a fantasy getaway. I’m sure you’ve seen fantasy vacations advertised, like ‘live like a pioneer’ type vacations, right? Well I assumed this was the same thing for female domination and feminization.”

Penelope tapped her pen against her notepad. “And nothing struck you as strange about this?”

He shook his head. “No, nothing. The only thing that seemed odd was that they wanted Kitty to sign an approval for me to attend. That seemed strange since these things were typically kept secret from spouses, but I assumed they had been sued and they were simply paranoid of being sued again for promoting adultery or something like that.”

“And Kitty never got to read the form before she signed it,” said Penelope.

Thomas nodded his head. “Right. I kept her from reading it.”

“So she couldn’t warn you either.”

“Right. She wasn’t happy about any of this, but she wasn’t going to stand in my way either. I was the one making all the money and I tended to get my way.”

Kitty laughed and she squeezed Thomas’s butt cheek through his panties; her hand was still beneath his skirt. “How times change!”

Thomas blushed. “Yes, Miss.”

“It’s true though,” said Kitty. “At that point in our relationship, Thomas was much more forceful. I don’t want to say he was a jerk because he wasn’t, but

he definitely got his way and his desires came first. For lack of a better word, I would describe him as ‘controlling’.”

“What happened next?” asked Penelope. “When did you realize something was wrong?”

“I would say almost the moment I arrived at the school,” said Thomas. “When you arrive, you come to this large house built on this vast estate. The house is easily ten thousand square feet, if not larger, and as I pulled up in the back of the sedan, I saw several men being dropped off by their wives. What was interesting was that none of them appeared to be the least bit happy about being there. In fact, it felt like none of them were there voluntarily. That really surprised me and it should have sent up a big red flag, but I ignored it. Then the truth came out.”

Thomas continues. . .

“Welcome to your new home,” said Governess Maria as she opened my door and let me step out of the car. A group of servants, dressed like English butlers, came and took my luggage and the luggage from the other cars.

“Thank you,” I said. “Happy to be here.”

For the briefest of moments, I thought I saw Governess Maria raise an eyebrow when I said this, but I assumed it had been my imagination. After all, I had no reason yet to suspect that I was the only man there who had come of his own accord.

“Where do I go?” I asked.

“Follow me,” she said and she started up the steps that led to the front door.

As I followed her, I noticed her exquisite shape. She had a stunning rear which she encased in this tight black pencil skirt. Her curves were fantastic as well, and I could see an outline of a corset beneath her blouse. She also had this amazing walk which mixed real sexiness with power as she seemed to simultaneously move delicately yet powerfully on her black stilettos. Honestly, watching her feet move in those shoes was enough to cause me an erection and I wanted to grab myself right there, but I didn’t. I also noticed that she was holding a riding crop, which sent tingles down my spine.

What I paid less attention to were the two men behind me who were pleading with their wives not to send them to the school. In hindsight, this should have tipped me off that something was wrong and I should have made a break for it. But at the time, I just assumed they were getting into the fantasy and they wanted to emphasize the “forced” part of forced feminization. In other words, I thought it was just a game they were playing with their wives. I should have known better.

Governess Maria led me to a small dorm room. It was decorated in

pink. Everything was pink. The walls were pink. The curtains were pink. The bed was pink. The desk was pink. The chest was pink. I loved it. This was exactly like something in all the stories I read about female domination.

“This will be your room,” said Governess Maria.

“Thank you,” I said and I looked around. When I opened the closet, I saw a variety of feminine clothes. This made me really hard. I couldn’t wait to wear all of these clothes! “I didn’t bring much with me—”

“You won’t need your luggage,” said Governess Maria. “Everything will be provided to you.”

“But my phone and my toiletries. I would like my—”

“Your luggage will be stored,” she said coldly and she walked over to me. Before I even knew what was happening, she placed a black leather collar around my neck. Hanging from the front of the collar was a silver bell which jingled whenever I moved. “Now strip,” she commanded.

This caught me off guard. I was expecting more time to get acclimated before jumping in, but apparently they weren’t going to wait. “Now?” I asked.

Governess Maria glared at me. “When I give an order, you will obey!”

“I wasn’t disobeying, I was just—”

ZAP!

From out of nowhere I felt an electric shock hit me and it felt like my whole body exploded and then curled up into a ball. I almost fell to my knees. “What was that?” I gasped.

“That is your control collar. If you disobey a command or do not respond quickly enough to a command, then you will be shocked. You must learn to follow orders. From this point forward, you no longer have any authority or any rights. . . you have only orders. You are a slave. You will be taught to submit to women, all women. You will be taught that your place is at their feet. You will learn that your purpose is to satisfy them in any way they wish.”

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. On the one hand, yes, this turned me on. This was exactly what I expected the fantasy to be like. But on the other hand, I never agreed to wear a shock collar and I certainly wasn’t expecting them to take my luggage. I wanted the fantasy, yes, but I still expected to get first class resort treatment, and I was not prepared for them to be so aggressive about it. I guess, the best way to put it is that I expected the fantasy, not the reality, and this felt a little too real for me.

“Wait a minu—”

ZAP!

This time it lasted longer and it did bring me to my knees. I was down on all fours on the pink carpet, trying to catch my breath. She stood over me and all I could see at the moment was her high heels.

“Stop that!” I exclaimed.

ZAP!

It lasted even longer this time.

“Now strip!” she repeated and she slapped my rear with the riding crop.

I was shocked. I never expected this. I expected this to be more of a game, with the staff teasing you as they dressed you as you sort of went at your own pace. I wasn't expecting such a strong emphasis on submissive nor was I expecting anything approaching the pain of that collar. I grabbed the collar to yank it from my neck, but it didn't budge. It turns out that this wasn't just a leather collar, as it appeared, but it was instead a metal collar covered in leather and it wasn't coming off without the key.

When I didn't move quickly enough, Governess Maria crouched down beside me. “Unless you are looking to be punished again and more thoroughly, then you better do as I say,” she said in a tone that was almost frightening.

I nodded my head. I did not want to be shocked again.

“I expect immediate verbal responses to all orders. You will say, ‘Yes, Governess’ and ‘No, Governess’ from now on. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” I said.

ZAP!!

“I'm sorry, I'm sorry! Yes, Governess, I understand!”

“Now strip.”

Without a second thought, I stood up and stripped off my clothes. As I did, two helpers, who I can only describe as sissified males, came and took my clothes. I was horrified to see that they were truly feminine. They weren't just regular men dressed in women's clothes pretending to be feminized, they really were feminized. I became very afraid at what might really be going on here.

They returned a moment later and helped dress me in my uniform. This uniform consisted of a pink pleated skirt, white high-heeled sandals, a white blouse and a pink blazer. Beneath that, I wore pink panties, a white corset, and white stockings.

“Now we begin your training,” said the Governess.

She marched me off to a classroom, stumbling along in the heels, and began my lessons. This was how it all began, and the next few days were difficult, to say the least. They set out to train me to respond automatically to female authority. To do this, they used various punishments and rewards. I was taught to follow any order given by any woman, no matter how ridiculous, and as impossible as it may seem sitting here in the comfort of this apartment, their training was so effective that it actually got to the point where I would do anything a woman told me and where I started to realize that having my own opinions was not a good idea. I tried to explain to them that they had made a mistake, *that I had made a mistake*, but

they didn't listen.

And so, they trained me.

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"This is truly fascinating," said Penelope as she furiously jotted down her notes. She turned to face Kitty. "What were you doing while all of this was happening to your husband?"

Kitty chuckled. "I was enjoying myself immensely on the cruise. At first, I had been angry that Thomas would go on his vacation without me, but then I decided to see this as an opportunity to have a good time. So I cast off my inhibitions and I had a ball. Fun in the sun and all that."

"Did you have any idea what Thomas was going through?"

Kitty shook her head. "No. I had no idea. He never told me much of anything about the school, so I knew nothing. I assumed he was golfing and dining with important men and was busy making deals. If you had told me what was really going on, I wouldn't have believed you."

"Did he try to reach you?" asked Penelope.

"Not that I was aware of. He certainly never left a message for me."

"I had no way to call her," said Thomas. "My phone was in my luggage, which they had taken and I didn't have access to any other means of communication."

"Did you try to call him?" Penelope asked Kitty.

"No, I didn't," said Kitty. "As I said, I was determined to enjoy my cruise, and I was in no mood to call him. To put it bluntly, I was furious that he had decided to abandon me for six weeks for his stupid junket, and I decided that if he wanted to speak to me, then he could call me. I wasn't going to make the first move."

"When did you first realize something unexpected was going on?"

Kitty crossed her legs and rubbed her neck. She looked at her husband and adjusted his skirt slightly with her fingers. Then she ran her hand up and down the back of his thigh again. "In a way, I always suspected something unusual was going on, but I would say that the idea that something was really wrong didn't crystal for me until they asked me to attend an orientation meeting."

"At the school?"

"Yes."

"What kind of orientation meeting?"

"Well, that was the question that gave me pause. See, about four weeks after Thomas went to the school, I finally returned from my cruise. When I returned, I found that two messages had been left for me. The first invited me to attend what

they described as ‘the first orientation’ for Thomas’s class. That had already happened however, while I was on the cruise. The second asked me to attend a special orientation which was set for the same day I received the message. It was too late to attend that one as well. I didn’t care though because, I was rather put out by the idea.”

“Put out?”

“Yes, keep in mind that I still saw this as just a junket, a junket from which I had been excluded. Yet, here I was being asked to attend some sort of orientation related to the event. It felt like a slap in the face, like they wanted to rub my nose in the fact I hadn’t been invited to this event. So my first instinct was to ignore these messages. But the more I thought about it, the less sense it made to me that they would even have an orientation for a junket or that they would invite me to such an orientation when I hadn’t been allowed to attend the junket itself. Something was wrong here and that made me curious. So I decided to pay Monica Ravenwood a visit and to see what was going on for myself. I called her and set up an appointment.”

Kitty continues. . .

As I walked into Monica’s office, I couldn’t help but feel intimidated. For one thing, everything in the office is oversized to make you feel small. The room is also somewhat sternly decorated, with images and paintings that suggest bondage and domination. Monica herself is intimidating as well. For one thing, she’s extremely confident despite her youth. I would say she was only in her late-twenties, yet she projected the air of a confident CEO in her fifties. She has a gorgeous mane of hair, a strong figure, and exquisite style. The first time I saw her, she was dressed sharply in a fashionable pinstripe suit and black designer pumps. If you’d met her on the street, you would have assumed she was a hotshot lawyer. She was sharp too. You could tell right away that this was a woman who got what she wanted through the strength of her mind and her will and she never took no for an answer.

“Please, have a seat,” she said and I sat down. “I’m glad you’ve come.”

“I thought it would be best. I received your notes, but I was on vacation,” I said.

She smiled, which strangely put me at ease right away. “Oh, that’s no problem,” she said. “We can do the orientation at any time.”

“Actually, it’s the orientations that made me wonder. Why do you do an orientation at all?” I asked.

“They’re really only meant to give you a sense of participation, which is something most of the women who enroll their males here enjoy. As for the training,

we can conduct that at any point you wish.”

I raised an eyebrow. ““Enroll their males’?” I repeated. This phrase had struck me as very strange.

“Yes.”

“What kind of training are we talking about?” I asked. “Honestly, none of this makes any sense to me.” The moment I said this, I noticed Monica got a very curious look on her face.

“I’m not sure I understand,” said Monica. “You did sign your husband up for the program, right?”

“I signed the waiver form, yes.”

Monica now raised her eyebrow. “What waiver?”

“The one to say that I was letting Thomas come here and I guess it says that I wouldn’t sue the school for whatever happens.”

“We have no waiver. Did you read the agreement before you signed it?”

“No, Thomas explained it to me when he told me he wanted to come here.”

Now her jaw dropped. “Your husband made the decision to come here on his own?”

“Yes,” I said. My confusion was growing.

“Did he tell you what happens here?”

I folded my arms. This was a strange interview and I wasn’t sure what to make of it. “In broad strokes, yes. He told me this was a sort of junket—”

Monica laughed.

“What?”

“I’ve never heard anyone describe the school as a junket. We offer a unique service here, not a junket. And I don’t think we’ve ever had a student sign themselves up before. Did your husband explain the nature of our services?” she asked.

“No,” I said cautiously. This wasn’t making much sense to me, but clearly something was wrong. I took a deep breath. It was time to ask the big question. “What kind of services do you offer exactly?”

“We domesticate men,” she said.

I wasn’t sure I had heard her correctly. “You what?”

“We domesticate men.”

I was stunned. She’d said this in such a matter-of-fact, there’s-nothing-unusual-here tone that it took me a moment to process what she’d even said. And as her words started to sink in, I actually felt a tingle race down my spine. I could not believe what she had just told me, nor could I believe that she would be so blasé about it. I needed to know more.

“By domesticate, you mean—”

“By domesticate, I mean that we feminize them according to the wishes of the women who enroll them here and we teach them to obey the commands of their wives, their girlfriends, their sisters, and so on. We make obedience to women second nature to them,” she said.

My jaw literally dropped. I simply could not believe what I had heard. One thing I can tell you, however, is that the idea excited me like nothing else ever had. As I sat there trying to process what I’d heard, I had visions of Thomas dressed as a little girl as I ordered him around our home and I have to admit that those visions made me unbelievably wet.

It took me a moment to gather my thoughts. “Are you telling me that Thomas is right now being feminized and trained to obey my orders?” I asked.

She nodded.

I was stunned. She was serious. “This isn’t a joke?”

“No. Right now, he is being trained to become genuinely submissive.”

“Trained as in, just a fantasy—”

“Trained as in programmed. Trained as in, this will be the new Thomas when he leaves here with you. Trained as in, he will follow your orders from now on and will obey your commands.”

“When he leaves here? You mean this is permanent? This isn’t just while he’s here?”

“Yes.”

I started to giggle uncontrollably. I simply could not imagine that my macho, domineering husband, the man who built an empire in the financial industry and who was known for taking no prisoners, was being trained to obey me. I could not imagine him being at my mercy.

Monica leaned forward against her desk. “I am, of course, distressed to learn that there has been some mix-up here, and I can assure you that we will release him immediately from the program.”

“Hold on,” I said. A strange thought had occurred to me. I realized that I really wanted to see this. “Before you do that, can I see him?”

This seemed to freeze Monica for a moment and she took a few seconds to consider what I had asked. She agreed. She then walked me down to a large ballroom. As we entered the ballroom, I saw what appeared to be a dozen women wearing evening gowns. There were an equal number of men in tuxedos there as well, and there were a handful of instructors. Apparently, they were teaching the women to dance, only they weren’t women. They appeared to be women. In fact, they looked amazingly feminine. They moved femininely as well. But they weren’t women. I realized this when Monica walked over to one of the students who wore a long black gown made of sequins and open-toed black platform pumps and said this feminine creature was my Thomas! I couldn’t believe it. His nails were painted

red. His makeup was perfect. His mannerisms came across as small and demure. This was my husband. I was stunned.

“Miss Kitty! Please help me!” he pleaded when he saw me.

I looked my husband up and down. “Amazing,” I said. I couldn’t believe this feminine creature was my husband. I just couldn’t believe it.

“Please get me out of here!” he squealed.

“Is that really you, Thomas?”

“Yes, Miss Kitty. Please, tell them there’s been a mistake!”

“Why don’t you two step into the other room for some privacy,” said Monica and she led us to an empty room off the ballroom. She closed the door behind us.

“Thomas. . . I don’t even know what to say!” I said when we were alone. I was vacillating between being amazingly angry and so amazingly turned on that I couldn’t decide if I wanted to punch him or pushed him onto the small table in the room and have my way with him. I was probably a good deal angrier than I realized at the time, however, as I felt betrayed that he had come here and that he had lied to me.

“Miss Kitty, this was not what I expected. They are really training me!” he said.

“Serves you right! Seriously, Thomas, I can’t believe you lied to me about where you were going. Hell, I can’t even believe you’re here at all. Why, Thomas, why?”

“I thought this was just fantasy—”

“A fantasy?!”

“Yes, like some sort of camp where you could come and play around, Miss. I didn’t know they were doing this for real,” he said pathetically.

“So you came here to play around?!” I repeated angrily.

“Yes, Miss,” he admitted.

I glared at him and he seemed to shrink. It was clear that he was already changing and I noticed that he kept calling me “Miss,” which was something I thought about telling him to stop, but then decided I liked it better that way. It gave me the advantage in our argument if he needed to acknowledge me as his superior, and since this was an argument, I didn’t feel like making this easier for him. In fact, I was furious about this and getting angrier by the moment.

“Did you even think about how I would feel about you coming here?” I asked. “Do you realize how stupid it was for you to come here at all?”

“I didn’t know they were doing this for real, Miss,” he repeated.

“That’s not what I mean. You should have known this was a bad idea even if it was some sort of sick fantasy camp. People know you. You’ve got a reputation. I would die if anyone found out. Why couldn’t you just play dress up

around the house?”

“It’s not the same thing.”

“Of course it is. You put on a pair of panties here, you put on a pair of panties there, what’s the difference?!” Maybe I didn’t understand his need, but that’s how it seemed to me at the time.

“Miss, this isn’t just about putting on panties. Just putting on panties doesn’t excite me. It’s the idea of being feminized which excites me. Panties are just cloth. But panties in the hands of a woman who wants to take away my masculinity are exotic and sexy. That excites me. And what I thought this school offered, Miss, was a chance for me to experience that. From what I read, this was supposed to be an immersive experience where they use female domination techniques to let you experience what it’s like to be forcibly feminized and enslaved to women—”

“That’s what turns you on, is it? Having strange women emasculate you?”

He shook his head but then nodded it. “It would turn me on more if you would do it, Miss, but you weren’t willing.”

I ran my tongue over my teeth. His answers were not making me happy. “Why didn’t you leave?” I demanded.

“They won’t let me.”

“That doesn’t sound like the man I married. I seem to recall you saying on many occasions how you would never let anyone push you around. Why didn’t you just walk out?”

“I tried, but they use a shock collar to keep me here.”

I fingered his collar and saw that it indeed had some electronic aspects to it. “So you’ve been here for almost five weeks being feminized and trained to be submissive?” I asked rhetorically. I laughed.

“Please help me, Miss. Please take me home.”

As I stared at my feminized husband, I couldn’t believe how difficult this choice was for me. On the one hand, it would have been the right thing to do to help him out of this jam and to take him with me. On the other hand, it would teach him a lesson to leave him and let him get the full experience he had sought behind my back. More importantly, however, I was finding myself incredibly turned on by all of this. Indeed, even as I debated my options, I already knew what I wanted to do. I wanted to see him fully feminized and fully submissive. I wanted to experience that feeling of power over him.

“Please help me, Miss. Please take me home,” he repeated.

I patted him on the cheek. “In time.”

“You left him there?” asked Penelope.

“Absolutely. He’d gotten himself into this mess and I wasn’t going to bail him out. Not to mention, I really wanted to see what would happen,” said Kitty. “At this point, I was starting to see advantages to this.” She shook her leg excitedly.

“I can imagine,” said Penelope.

“And I’ll tell you something else, off the record. I was insanely excited. I raced home because I had this desperate need to masturbate. I almost stopped to do it in the car, it was that bad. When I got home, I masturbated without even taking off my clothes. Images of what I’d seen danced through my mind.”

Penelope giggled.

Kitty blushed. “Trust me, this was exciting. I don’t think I’ve masturbated that much in my life as I did that first week.”

Penelope turned to Thomas. “What was going through your mind at that point?”

“I was stunned. I knew she would be upset at finding out that I wasn’t at a business retreat, but I assumed she would help me. When she walked off, I almost broke down and cried. In fact, I would have cried except that I was ushered back to my dancing lessons.”

“When did you see her again?”

“I saw her twice at formal dinners and then at the graduation day,” he said.

“What kind of formal dinners?”

“The school has monthly dinners for their clients,” said Kitty. “These dinners take place in the main ballroom and it gives the students a chance to act as servants and the clients a chance to see their men in action.”

“So what happened at the graduation?” asked Penelope.

“Well, graduation wasn’t as elaborate as it sounds. Basically, I drove to the school and picked up my husband,” said Kitty. “As I drove up to the front door, there were already a row of cars parked in the circular drive. Bags were being loaded into cars everywhere and feminized men were being led to the cars and driven away. It was obvious they were highly submissive by this point.”

“How do you know?”

“You could tell. They would keep their heads down and curtsy whenever their wives or girlfriends or whatever gave them orders.”

Kitty continues. . .

As I got out of the car, Thomas approached. I’d worn pants because I wanted to be more masculine than he was, but this turned out to be rather pointless as I could have worn anything and I still would have been the more masculine of the

two of us. As for Thomas, they'd put him into a respectable looking skirt suit, with a white blouse and open-toed black heels, but they couldn't hide his feminine mannerisms or his obvious submission. Everything was "Miss" this and "Ma'am" that. He spoke softly and followed even the slightest order without question. This was so incredibly exciting. I couldn't wait to take my newly sissified-husband home and explore the possibilities.

"Are you ready to go home," I asked Thomas.

"Yes, Miss," he said and he curtsied.

I almost burst out laughing at that point. The idea of my macho husband curtsying to me was just too much. It also made me amazingly wet. I honestly thought I would drip down my legs I was that excited. I don't think I've ever felt that before. As I laughed, he just blushed. I then pointed him toward the car. He walked right up to the passenger side and waited for me to open the door.

"Wow!" I said. This was stunning. For as long as I've known Thomas, he simply would never let me drive. In his world, men drove and women didn't, so it was an amazing turnaround to see him assume he would be the passenger. "I guess your days of driving are over, aren't they?" I asked with a laugh.

He blushed deeper. "If you say so, Miss."

When he said this, I swear I felt a mini-orgasm. I could not believe what I was feeling. I was loving his submission!

Without another word, I opened the car door and I watched my formerly-macho husband climb into the car, smoothing his skirt and pulling his legs in after him. I was beyond stunned. He then sat very demurely in the passenger seat with his hands politely folded on his lap as I drove him home.

"What an amazing change!" I said.

"Yes, Miss."

"Do you need to call me 'Miss' whenever you speak?"

"No, Miss. I can call you something else or I can say nothing. What would you prefer?"

"Call me 'Goddess'," I said with a laugh. I was joking, but he didn't seem to get that, or at least, I didn't understand that he would see my joke as a command.

"Yes, Goddess."

I laughed. "Ok, don't call me that. We'll come up with something. Call me 'Miss' for now."

"Yes, Miss."

As I drove home, I ordered him to tell me about the training and he laid it all out in detail. Part of me was shocked that he would put up with the training, but part of me was so turned on by this that my inner-thighs were soaked the entire drive. When we got home, we unpacked the car and I called him to the living room.

He stood where you are now and I examined him up and down.

“What am I going to do with you?” I asked.

“Miss?”

“I mean, should I leave you like this? Should I make you into my sissy maid? Or should I set you free? I don’t really know what kind of man you’re going to make at this point,” I said and I ran my hands over his soft body. Not only had they worked on his personality, they’d also worked on his body. They had done some surgery here and there and they’d put him on hormone pills. Monica told me they could do breast implants if I wanted or the pills would slowly build breasts themselves. They also gave me the name of a local doctor who could oversee the remainder of his transition if I wished.

“Miss, may I speak?” he asked.

I shrugged my shoulders indicating he could, but I didn’t say so specifically.

He didn’t respond. That was a clear sign to me just how strong the conditioning was because he wasn’t speaking without clear permission. I giggled when I realized just how helpless he had become. “Boy are you in trouble.”

“Miss, may I speak?” he repeated.

I smiled. “No, I have something else in mind,” I said and I pushed him to the floor. Then I stripped off my pants and I sat before him on the couch. “You know what I want, don’t you?”

“Yes, Miss,” he said.

A moment later, he pushed my panties aside and jammed his tongue against my wet pussy. To understand how amazing this was, you need to realize that in our entire marriage, he’d steadfastly refused to give me oral sex. He always said it was demeaning for a man to do that, so this was an amazing feeling to have my formerly-macho husband in a skirt suit and heels, on his knees before me, licking my pussy.

After a few minutes, he brought me to orgasm. I told him to keep licking even though things were a little messy down there. I then picked up the phone and dialed his office. “If I tell you to speak, you will say what I tell you and you will speak in as masculine a voice as you can, do you understand me, Thomas?”

“Yes, Miss,” he said.

I could see the fear in his eyes at what I might be doing, but he was powerless to resist. Just then the line engaged. It was Thomas’s number two at the company as I’d called the direct line.

“Jay, hi, this is Kitty,” I said. He greeted me and we chatted politely for a few moments. I then told him that Thomas wanted the senior executives on a conference call in the next hour as Thomas had a big announcement. The entire time Jay and I spoke, Thomas was on the floor on his knees, between my legs, licking my

pussy. This was so erotic to me. Jay, of course, agreed to arrange the conference call. I told him we would call back shortly.

With that finished, I took Thomas to the bedroom where his bags were. We unpacked the bags until I found what I wanted: the same pink maid costume he's wearing today. I made him change into the maid costume and these outrageous six-inch pink high-heeled sandals – I don't normally make him wear those as they seem gaudy to me, but they were perfect for that occasion. He then dressed from head to toe as the sissy pink maid. The only thing missing were panties, which I told him not to wear.

When Thomas was dressed, we returned to the living room. I again made him kneel before me. As I gave him instructions on what he was to say, I played with his erection with my foot. He was very hard and very excited. Apparently, they'd kept his penis locked up in some sort of chastity device, so he hadn't cum in weeks.

I picked up the phone and called Jay's direct line. "Jay, is everyone ready?"

"Yes," he said.

"I'm here with Thomas. Thomas has a bit of a cold at the moment and his voice is hoarse. Here's Thomas," I said and I put the phone on speaker.

Imagine this scene. One of the most powerful men in the world of finance was on the floor on his knees in a pink sissy maid costume as I sat on the sofa jerking him off with my foot. Could you imagine the response if the people on the other end of the line had any idea what was going on?

"Jay, everyone, hello," said Thomas nervously. He clearly didn't want to do this but he had no choice. The programming was just too strong for him to resist. He repeated what I'd told him: "I've decided that it's time that I take a permanent vacation. I want to start living life and spending some of the money I made."

As he said this, I started stroking his penis particularly fast and squeezing it between my toes. He was on the verge of cumming, I could tell as his penis was throbbing.

"What are you saying, Thomas?" asked Jay.

My husband began to breathe harder. Fortunately, it didn't sound like they could hear this on the phone.

"I'm retiring," said Thomas.

Suddenly there were dozens of voices all chattering on the line. None of it was intelligible. At the same moment, I saw Thomas bite his lip, arch his back and shudder. He came all over my toes and foot.

"You're retiring?" asked Jay.

"Yes, I'm retiring."

"Who will take over the firm?"

“Just like now, I’m letting you handle the day to day operations,” said Thomas, “But you’ll be reporting to my wife. She’s interested in maintaining our control.”

There was a moment of silence and then applause.

“No problem,” said Jay. “I wish you the best in your retirement.”

“Thank you,” said Thomas.

I then pointed to my foot and he bent over and licked his cum from my toes and my foot. Meanwhile, I took the phone off speaker. “Jay, I’ll drop by tomorrow and we’ll talk about the change. In the meantime, I want everyone to know they’ve done a good job and I don’t expect any major changes in the future.”

—o—

“So you took over the company at that point?” asked Penelope.

“Effectively, yes. And I’ve been overseeing it ever since.”

Penelope bit the end of her pen. “One thing I do need to ask, did you ever fantasize about feminizing your husband before this? Or making him submissive?”

Kitty shook her head. “No, not really, not before I saw him feminized and I started looking into female domination online. Before that, I never really thought about the idea.”

“But your husband had feminization fantasies, didn’t he?”

“Yes.”

“Didn’t you think about it at that point?”

Kitty shrugged her shoulders. “I thought about it because he wanted me to do it, but it didn’t interest me at the time. See, it’s one thing to play around at issuing orders to your husband which he then pretends to follow. It’s quite another to see your macho husband wearing high heels and a dress waiting helplessly for your next order. The first seems indifferent to me. The latter is. . . well, thrilling.”

Penelope smiled but didn’t respond. This caused Kitty to lean forward and put her hand on Penelope’s arm.

“Trust me, there is no feeling like having absolute control over your feminized husband. . . no playing around, no games, just real power. That is the most thrilling feeling in the world. To see him kneeling before me, to see him jump at my commands is a complete affirmation of that power.”

“I suppose it would be.”

“It’s the difference between reality and play. Reality is exciting, play is just a game,” said Kitty.

Penelope nodded.

“Penelope, if you’ve ever taken anything on faith before, take this. There is no greater aphrodisiac than seeing a feminized, helpless man look to you for

leadership. Knowing I have the power to do anything I want to him, and that the only thing holding me back is my own sense of fairness, is intensely erotic. It is an amazing feeling to have that wash over you," said Kitty. She paused. "There is an incredible amount of sexual tension in holding back on the use of absolute power."

Penelope looked at Thomas, who blushed.

"If you have a husband," said Kitty, "let me recommend you send him to the school. You will never regret it."

Penelope smiled. "I'll consider that. Thank you for your time."

“The Heir(ess)”

by Crystal Summers

Penelope waited for her host in the enormous study. The room was larger than most apartments and was decorated in antiques. Everything was ornate, from the Persian rug to the tiffany lamps to the massive desk which dominated the room. She examined several vases before looking out at the vast, well-manicured estate beyond the ceiling-high windows.

“So this is how a billionaire heiress lives,” she said to herself.

A moment later, the door opened behind her and an elegant woman swept into the room on black designer high-heeled sandals with white accents. Her name was Daisy Frances and she was of medium height with golden-brown hair which danced about her shoulders. Her enormous breasts pressed hard against her black and white suit jacket and immediately struck Penelope as having to be fake. The rest of her hourglass figure, however, seemed very real, as did her voluptuous lips and her delicate cheekbones. She was gorgeous.

“How do you do?” asked the woman and she walked over to Penelope and extended her hand. Her nails were long and dark-red. “I’m Daisy. You must be Penelope Hope.”

“Yes, I am. It’s a pleasure to meet you. Thank you for seeing me,” said Penelope and she shook the woman’s hand.

“It’s no bother. What can I do for you?” asked Daisy.

“As I mentioned to your assistant, I’m writing a book about the Ravenwood School. For obvious reasons, I didn’t want to get into too many details about that with your assistant, as I understand this is likely a very private matter for you, but I was hoping I could ask you some questions about Vic.”

Daisy chuckled. “You want to ask me about Vic?”

“Yes, if I could. I understand he was a student at the school.”

“He was indeed.”

“If you don’t mind, I’d like to discuss that with you. I’d also like to meet Vic if that’s possible. Of course, I would understand if you refuse. I don’t wish to invade your privacy. I only contacted you because I was told you might be willing to speak to me,” said Penelope.

The woman smirked. She walked around behind the imposing desk. This desk was easily three times the size of the one in Penelope’s office and it made Penelope think of a railroad tycoon or a banker from the 1890s.

“You want to meet Vic, you say. What would you ask Vic?” asked the woman curiously.

“I’d like to ask him about his experiences at the school,” said Penelope.

“And you’d use that in your book?”

“As much as you allow me to use.”

“I see,” said the woman and she motioned Penelope to sit in one of the chairs on the other side of the desk.

“As I said, I’m writing a book about the school and I would like to include Vic’s story. . . and of course, your own.”

The woman laughed. “I take it, no one told you exactly what happened?”

Penelope blushed. She always tried to learn as much as possible about the people she interviewed before she interviewed them, but that proved to be impossible in this case. “No, I don’t really know much. I’m afraid information has been hard to come by. The school has been very careful in what they’ve shared and I’ve tried to respect that.”

“What do you know about Vic?” asked the woman.

“All I really know is that Vic attended the school.”

The woman leaned back in her chair and crossed her legs. She tapped her fingers against her knee and considered Penelope’s request for a moment. Finally, she smiled. “All right, I’ll tell you the story, but let me start with something you really do need to know.”

“Which is?”

The woman laughed. “*I’m Vic.*”

Penelope’s jaw dropped. Unlike the other men she had met so far, Vic showed no signs at all of masculinity. Indeed, Penelope never would have pegged him for being male. He also showed no signs of submission. To the contrary, he came across as quite dominant, which was something the other men she had met could not say. This was a puzzling development.

“I can tell by the look on your face that you’re surprised,” said Vic/Daisy.

“I am indeed.”

He laughed once more. “Good. Then maybe your readers will find this interesting. Where would you like me to begin?” he asked.

Penelope pulled out her notepad. “How about at the beginning?”

Vic tells his tale. . .

My story begins five years ago. I had just turned twenty-one and I had returned home to stay with my father here at the mansion. I had come home because things had not gone well at school and I needed a break, also because I wanted to learn more about my father’s business empire. He had built the family fortune from a simple country store to the empire it is today, but he was getting old and frail and it was expected that I would inherit his businesses, so I needed to learn more about them.

Unfortunately, the year prior, my father had married Maxine, my stepmother. Other than my father, I think everyone realized that Maxine was simply a gold-digger. She was cold and greedy and obsessed with money. She also held a special dislike for me because she saw me as her competitor for my father's estate. On more than one occasion we clashed on the issue of the estate.

"Why should your father leave you anything?" she asked rhetorically.

"I'm his son," I growled.

"So what? You're never here and it's not like you've shown any interest in running the companies he created. All you've done is disappoint him and now you've disappointed him with your poor performance in college."

"He doesn't care about that. He's often said college is overrated."

Maxine shook her head. "How little you know your own father," she said. "He really should leave the money to me. I've brought him a lot more happiness than you ever have and I've been the one caring for him!"

I glared at her. Her words angered me. Who was this interloper to judge my relationship with my father? She had only known my father for a year and as near as I could tell, she offered him little in the way of genuine support. It bothered me that she had deceived him so. It bothered me more that she could be poisoning his mind. Still, I knew my father and I knew that he intended that I should take over the family fortune, so I wasn't worried, even if I was annoyed.

Somewhere along the way, Maxine learned of the contents of my father's will. Despite her best efforts to sway his mind, he had kept his head and he indeed intended to leave the entire estate to me, minus a few minor bequests to some distant relatives. Maxine's plans had been foiled. And since she had signed a prenup, she was powerless to change this with a divorce. That struck me as the end of the matter. Unfortunately, she had a different idea, and that was when she hatched her plan, a plan which would change all of our lives.

Naturally, I knew nothing about her plan at the time, but I would discover the details soon enough. It began when she tried to convince me to enroll in a school which I did not want to attend. I assumed she wanted me out of town so she could continue to work on my father. Was I ever wrong!

"What in the world makes you think I want to attend this school?" I asked.

"You need an education," she said.

"I have an education."

Maxine let out a cynical laugh. "Don't even try to tell me you have an education. I've seen your grades," she said, "and I know the reason you're home now is because they were going to expel you."

She was right about that. I went to college but I blew off my first couple years and did poorly. I fell into the trap of thinking I was smarter than I was and I chose to party rather than study. The end result was that I nearly failed out. In fact, I

needed to leave school mid-semester so my grades for that semester wouldn't count, or else I would definitely have failed out. That's the real reason I came home, because I needed to transfer schools and I couldn't do that until the start of the new year. Still, I already had a school lined up and I had no desire to attend this Ravenwood School Maxine wanted me to attend.

"I'm going to Foundler," I said.

"You should look at Ravenwood," she countered.

I shrugged my shoulders indifferently to tell her I didn't care about her suggestion.

At this point, my father entered the room. He was slowly going deaf and was quite blind already, so he needed to be wheeled around in a chair by his nurse, but he had clearly heard us arguing.

"What's this I hear about you refusing to go to college?" he asked.

I shook my head. "I'm not refusing to go to college," I said. "I'm refusing to go to the college Maxine wants me to attend."

"What's wrong with the school she mentioned? It sounded impressive when she described it to me earlier."

I didn't like that she had been talking to him about me or that she clearly had tried to sell him on sending me to that school before she even mentioned the school to me. "I have another school lined up, a better school," I explained.

Maxine jumped back into the argument: "How can you say that when you refuse even to see Ravenwood? It's an excellent school, one of the best, and you shouldn't judge it until you've at least seen it. You should drive up to the school this week and take the tour. You never know, you might like it."

"I have another school lined up," I insisted.

My father shook his head. "There's no harm in looking at Ravenwood, is there?" he asked. Although this was phrased as a question I recognized this as an order. And since I really had no reason to object to at least taking a look at the school, I had no choice but to take the tour. Still, I had no intention of enrolling.

Little could I know, however, how this trip would turn out.

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The following morning, I drove up to the school. My stepsister Belle came along as well. She was beautiful but rotten, like her mother, and I knew not to trust her. The reason she gave for coming along was that she claimed to be interested in attending the school herself and she wanted to tour the grounds, but I suspected Maxine had sent her just to make sure I actually visited the school. I had no idea her real purpose was to ensure that I was properly delivered.

We drove in silence most of the way, as we had little to say to each other.

After several hours, we arrived.

The school itself was located in a very isolated part of the country amidst some rolling hills which were awash in golden grass at that time of year. It was quite beautiful. To reach the school, you left the highway and turned onto a desolate country road which took you several dozen miles off the beaten track before you came to a small private road which leads to the main building. I turned onto this private road and I drove right up to the circular driveway.

We arrived alone, but apparently, they were expecting me. I say this because a moment after I stopped my car, two rather stern looking women appeared at the front door and came down the steps to greet us. They were dressed in dark-gray skirt suits and highly-polished black patent leather stilettos, which made me think of prison guards. In a strange sort of way, they were actually somewhat intimidating.

“Are you Victor Blair?” asked one of the women.

“Yes,” I said, somewhat surprised that they knew who I was. I assumed my stepmother must have called ahead to arrange the tour. “I go by ‘Vic,’ and this is my stepsister Belle.”

“Please follow us,” said the woman.

Belle and I dutifully followed the women up the stairs and then down two hallways until we came to an office, where we were seated. Shortly after we took our seats, in walked a woman named Monica Ravenwood, who I discovered was the owner of the school. We spoke briefly. . . actually, I should say that she and Belle spoke briefly. Indeed, Ms. Ravenwood seemed intent on ignoring me. At first, I found this comical or amusing, but it quickly turned me off enough that I genuinely felt like walking out. I didn’t want to be there in the first place and it was obvious this woman had no intention of treating with any sort of respect, so I stood up to leave.

Suddenly, without warning, one of the women who had greeted us walked up behind me and injected me with something. I turned around to grab whatever it was she had jabbed into me, but everything started to spin. The room went dark and I had the strangest sensation of falling.

—o—

I awoke sometime later. To me, it felt like minutes, but it had to have been days. I say this because I had clearly undergone surgery and my body was well into the healing process. What kind of surgery, you ask? Well, at the time, I only knew that my face was very sore as was my chest and were my ankles. It would take a few days before I was allowed out of bed and then I would discover that I had been given breast implants and that I now had huge DD-cup breasts. They

would continue growing as well as I was to receive a regular course of hormones. My Achilles tendons had been shortened so that it became painfully uncomfortable for me to wear anything with a heel shorter than four inches. Indeed, I could barely stand without wearing high heels anymore. My nose had been made smaller and given a slight lift. My lips were made fuller. My cheekbones were softened. Even my hairline had been changed to be more feminine.

This was all top-notch work and it gave me a distinctly feminine appearance. However, after my initial shock at seeing the new me in the mirror faded, I realized that I also still looked somewhat masculine. That gave me hope that I could return to my normal state by reversing the procedures. After all, what is done can be undone, right?

Unfortunately, that's not always true, and as I would discover, a year of female hormones will dramatically remake a male body.

In any event, I was upset.

"What have you done to me?!" I growled, and I immediately realized that my voice was tiny and feminine. I clutched my throat and I took several steps toward the woman in the white lab coat, who I assumed was the doctor. This was when I realized that the muscles in my legs burned unless I stood on tiptoes.

"You're at the Ravenwood School," said the woman calmly.

"I didn't ask where I was, I asked what you've done to me! Now tell me!" I demanded, though I suppose I didn't sound the least bit intimidating.

"We're preparing you for the program," she said.

"This is an outrage—" I started to say, but I was immediately cut off.

ZAP!

I fell to my knees as an intense electric shock raced through my body and made me feel like I would explode.

"That is your first lesson," said the woman and she crouched down next to me.

"What was that?" I asked.

"That was your new collar," she said and she examined the collar around my neck to make sure it was secure. This collar looked a bit like a leather dog collar, but it was made of metal underneath and it locked in the back. There was no way I could remove it without the key. And as long as I wore it, any of the women at the school could shock me.

"What's going on here?!" I squeaked.

"You are here to learn. You will learn to be obedient and docile. You will learn to accept any order without question and never to speak back. You will learn to submit until it becomes second nature to you. Then you will be returned to the woman who enrolled you."

My jaw dropped. They were going to train me to be submissive and then

hand me over on a silver platter to my stepmother! I couldn't allow that. I immediately thought about trying to rip off this collar, giving this woman a piece of my mind, and then storming off to find the police and my attorney. But I'm no fool, and as I kneeled there on the floor before this woman, I realized that I could not remove the collar and, thus, I could not escape. I also realized right away that these people would not have done this to me if they weren't capable of getting away with it. This was not some spur of the moment thing. Moreover, it dawned on me that their program must be highly effective or else the people they had done this to before would have called the police and the whole operation would have been shut down. That meant I had a problem. That meant that I could not escape, I could not expect help, and I likely could not resist whatever they intended to do to me. One thing was for sure, I had little hope of fighting or escaping; I needed a smarter plan if I was to avoid my fate, which appeared to be forced submission to my stepmother.

I took a deep breath and nodded my head. I needed time to think, so I played along.

The doctor smiled at my easy submission. "Good. You're learning. You're going to be easy," she said. She then ordered me to my feet. "For your next lesson, you will learn to always acknowledge when a woman speaks to you. You will say, 'Yes, Governess' if it is a member of the staff and 'Yes, Miss' or 'Yes, Ma'am' if it is any other woman. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Governess," I said. It burned me up inside to say this, but I had no choice.

She chuckled. "Excellent."

She then left me to rest and to continue healing. As I lay there over the next few days, I thought long and hard about my predicament. If I could neither fight nor flee, how could I escape this fate? It took some time to work through this and even more to accept it, but I realized there was only one way to fight their conditioning and that was to convince them not to use the full conditioning on me. And the only way I could figure to make that happen was to go along with their program to make them think I had become a good little submissive. Hopefully, they would think they had already won with me and then they would let their guard down. And perhaps, if they let their guard down, then I could resist their brainwashing. This seemed like a risky plan, but it was the only one I had, so I resolved to do my best to make them think I was the perfect little sissy.

—o—

To help you understand what I faced, it might help if I described how the school worked. First, understand that the school was located in an isolated area, miles away from the nearest town. This made it impossible to escape as you simply

weren't going to get very far tottering down a deserted country road on five-inch high heels. Hence, we were trapped.

Moreover, we didn't really have access to clothing that would lend itself to escape. Each of us had a separate room in a dorm. Our rooms were ultra-feminine, being decorated in pinks and whites with everything in lace and satins. At all times, they made us wear a feminine uniform, unless we were dressed otherwise for some specific purpose. This uniform, as you might expect, consisted of a short pleated pink skirt, a white blouse, a white sweater or pink blazer, and pink high-heeled sandals. The sandals were locked to our feet. Of course, we wore lingerie to match. Our hair and nails were done at an on-campus salon, where each of us learned to do makeup and hair and then took turns doing other students' hair, makeup and nails. There was no male clothing or even inconspicuous female clothing to be found. Thus, even if I could escape, I would be just as worried about running into a local farmer as I was the school's security people.

We had no free time either and we were never unsupervised. Indeed, each day, we went through training in makeup, comportment, submissive etiquette, and walking in high heels. These classes were daily and mandatory. Other classes were added throughout the week. In those, we learned everything there is to know about fashion, about dressing, and about the art of being a lady's maid. Those classes too were mandatory. Filling the rest of our time were other elective classes. These could range from dance classes to classes in feminine hobbies to classes related to sex. Each day, we moved from class to class until the end of the day when we were led back to our rooms to sleep. Anywhere we needed to go, we had an escort, and those escorts could always use the shock collar.

Beyond simply monitoring us, the school also set out to remake us mentally. They wanted to break down our masculinity so they could build us back up as feminized submissives. To do this, they punished any hint of masculinity or dominance. They likewise exposed us to repeated humiliations to make our feelings of masculinity and our desires to be in control intolerable. Essentially, this was "dominance aversion therapy."

At the same time, they rewarded submissive behavior. Again, the idea was to make us associate submission with happiness and non-submission with pain, humiliation, and unhappiness. In effect, we learned that happiness comes from being submissive and resistance leads to punishment, and each day we endured a series of activities and punishments to reinforce this lesson. Little by little, these lessons began to take hold.

This is what I faced, but as I said, I had a plan. I gave up on the idea of fleeing or fighting because those things were impossible. Instead, I planned to embrace the things they wanted me to embrace in the hopes that they would think that I didn't need the full course of aversion therapy. Essentially, I hoped to trick them

into believing they had already won with me, so they would go easy on me so that I had a chance to resist their treatment. Thus, I set out to become the best sissy I could be. And let me tell you, it wasn't easy. Let me give you an example: the cheerleading class.

—o—

Several weeks into the program, I returned to my room after breakfast to discover a cheerleading uniform on my bed. The uniform was white with pink accents. It consisted of a tiny pleated skirt and a tight white sweater which would show my midriff. On the sweater was a large pink "R," which would curve down over my breasts.

"What's this, Governess?" I asked the young woman who had walked me back to my room; we were never allowed to move around the campus unescorted.

"That's your cheerleading uniform," she said.

I cringed. "What's the uniform for?" I asked while trying to appear enthusiastic.

"Your sponsor signed you up for the cheerleading class."

The sponsors are the women who enrolled the students. When they enroll a student, they meet with Ms. Ravenwood and they design a program to shape the male into the type of feminine submissive they are seeking. Some students receive a program heavy on domestic skills. Some are given more debutant-type training. Others receive training that is more sexual in nature. It all depends on what the woman who enrolled them wants her husband, her boyfriend or her whatever to be like when he graduates.

In my case, my stepmother wanted me to become a lowly submissive maid and she wanted my feminine enslavement to be permanent. Thus, she picked rather extreme surgeries, which not every student receives – some actually get no surgery, and she designed a training program for me that involved lots of training in the domestic arts and in how to be a lady's maid. My stepmother also signed me up for ballroom dancing and a few odds and ends with the intent of adding to my humiliation. Cheerleading was part of that.

Taking a cheerleading class did not make me happy. It wasn't the class itself which I dreaded though. What I dreaded was that I knew there would be more to this class than just jumping around; few classes were simply what they appeared to be by the description alone. In any event, I needed to make sure I showed the proper enthusiasm. So far, being enthusiastic had helped reduce the amount of discipline to which I had been subjected a good deal and my plan seemed to be working as I remained much less submissive than the other students; though I acted just as submissively as the others so as not to draw any attention to myself. Hence, I

smiled broadly even as I cringed inside.

“I can’t wait!” I gushed to the best of my abilities.

The woman raised an eyebrow. “Really?”

“Oh yes, I’ve always secretly wanted to be a cheerleader.”

The woman snickered at me and shook her head. Then she smiled and helped dress me in the uniform and she tied my hair up in a ponytail with a pink ribbon.

As an interesting aside, the uniform actually came with high-heeled tennis shoes. This was because my stepmother wanted me forbidden from wearing anything less than a four-inch heel and because my feet had been changed surgically to make wearing anything but heels uncomfortable, so that was all I wore. Despite this, however, they still presented a bit of a hurdle when it came to walking and balancing, and they would prove quite challenging in the cheer class. My breasts would too. Indeed, my breasts were enormous by this point, and I was not given a sports bra to support them even though my regular bra proved inadequate. There also were no panties with the uniform as they wanted my penis to hang freely beneath the skirt and become visible whenever I jumped around.

Soon we were off to the class.

“Good morning, Governess Kay,” we all said when we had assembled on the small field near the back of the main house.

“I’m going to show you some basic moves today and then each day we’ll add more complexity as you get the hang of it. Soon you’ll all be talented little cheerleaders, ready to cheer on the big strong men in your lives! Why don’t we start with some simple poses,” she said and she proceeded to demonstrate the way she wanted us to stand with our hands on our hips and our chests out, the way we were to complete each move with one arm pointed in the air, and the way we were to hop around between moves. We were not to walk or run, we were to skip and prance.

“You’re doing really well,” said Governess Kay to me after an hour or so.

“Thank you, Governess,” I said in my most enthusiastic tone.

She smiled. “Are you enjoying your training?”

I nodded my head. “Very much, Governess, thank you,” I said. In truth, I was enjoying the exercise as I got precious little of it at the school, so faking enthusiasm proved rather easy in this instance.

“Good, I’m glad to hear it,” said the woman.

I smiled because, once again, my plan to use enthusiasm to avoid punishment was working. Indeed, this plan seemed to be working swimmingly. While most of the other students were paddled perhaps a dozen times a day and shocked perhaps a dozen more, I was rarely shocked and I was paddled only once or twice a day; being paddled was unavoidable. As a result, I endured only a

fraction of the aversion therapy the others got and this resulted in a real difference between me and the other students. Little by little, they were becoming submissive. I could see it in their faces and I could hear it in their voices. I, however, was not becoming submissive. I felt the same as always. I only acted submissive.

Unfortunately, the price for maintaining my personality was that I needed to do a lot of things which brought me considerable shame. The cheerleading class was an example of this, not the jumping around in the tiny skirt as that was no worse than anything else at the school, but what happened after our initial training. When we finished jumping around, we were led back inside. Instead of returning to our rooms, we were led to a part of the school which I knew quite well from some of my other classes. Several of the others had not been here yet, however.

“Where are we going?” asked one of the students in a whisper.

“They must be taking us to a studio to teach us dance moves,” whispered another.

I knew this was not correct, but I also knew that speaking without permission was against the rules and I needed to maintain the appearance of being a good sissy, so I said nothing, though I silently cringed.

As we reached the end of the hallway, we stepped into a room that looked like a rather plush locker room. This was the kind of locker room you might find at a first rate college football program. The lockers were wide, there was a row of benches that stood before the lockers, and the floor was carpeted in “team colors” of pink and white. Sitting in front of the lockers was a male mannequin, wrapped in a towel. It wore a letter jacket and sunglasses.

“Come in ladies,” said Governess Kay.

We gathered around and then sat on our knees as she had shown us.

“What’s the point of being a cheerleader if you can’t date an athlete?!” asked Governess Kay rhetorically. As she said this, she pulled the towel from the mannequin and exposed a massive dildo shaped like a penis.

I knew this was coming so I maintained my smile with little difficulty, though inwardly I was cringing. The others, however, were not prepared for this and revulsion appeared on their faces.

“Oh no!” blurted out one of them, and he tried to stand up. Before he could really move, however, he was shocked, as were two others who had voiced objections. Then others were shocked when they tried to speak. Before everything was over, I was the only one not shocked, though Governess Kay watched me closely, looking for any excuse. When she got none, she actually became suspicious.

“Aren’t you upset about this?” asked Governess Kay curiously.

“No, Governess,” I said.

“You do know what you’re about to do, don’t you?” she asked.

“Yes, Governess.”

“And that doesn’t bother you?”

“No, Governess,” I said and I tried to maintain a happy face.

She smirked. “Fine, then you can go first.” She walked over and stood next to the mannequin. “Class, ‘Daisy’ will now demonstrate the proper technique to satisfy the athlete of your dreams, won’t you?” she asked. “Daisy” was the name my stepmother had chosen for me.

I forced a smile. “Yes, Governess.”

She waved her hand at the mannequin. “Be my guest.”

You have no idea how much I hated this idea. The idea of giving a mannequin a blowjob in front of a room full of sissies while I’m pretending to be a sweet, young cheerleader is just beyond humiliating, but it had to be done. So I put on my best sissy smile. I rose to my feet. I sauntered over to the mannequin and I dropped to my knees.

“Remember, this is a masculine athlete who just won the big game and you need to give him his reward. Don’t disappoint him!” said Governess Kay with a chuckle and she winked at me.

I leaned forward, wrapped my hands around the mannequin’s thighs, and tickled the dildo with my tongue as I had first been instructed a few weeks prior. I then slid my lips over the dildo and gently moved them back and forth.

“Good girl,” said Governess Kay. “Now faster.”

I moved faster.

“Take longer strokes. Take it deeper,” she said.

I slid the dildo further into my mouth with each stroke. I could feel it touching the back of my throat and that made me sick, but I fought through it.

“Faster,” she said. “More intensity. Don’t forget that this man is a sports hero and you are his prize!”

I moved faster and faster. As I did, I felt my body jiggle. My massive breasts hung beneath me and swung back and forth as I moved. My nipples were as erect as they ever got. I could feel my skirt ride up my rear exposing my penis and my shrinking testicles, which swung back and forth to the same rhythm as my breasts.

As an aside, while my testicles had shrunk from the hormones, my penis had not shrunk and I had no problems obtaining erections. Others were not so lucky. It all depended on what the sponsors wanted. Apparently, my stepmother wanted me to become a shemale.

“This is how it should be done, class,” said Governess Kay. “This is exactly how sissies do it!” As she said this, she tapped my rear end with the riding crop she carried. Then she used it to raise my skirt all the way onto my back.

I felt my face burn red with the humiliation of being held up as an

example of “the perfect sissy,” even though that was the image I wanted to project. Still, I stopped to thank her and then continued sucking the dildo.

Governess Kay then crouched down behind me and she spread my legs so the class could see my penis swinging freely beneath me. “Look how hard the sissy is too,” she said. I thought for a moment she would touch me, but she didn’t. She had another idea. “Why don’t you enjoy yourself,” she said.

I wasn’t entirely sure what she meant by this, but I thought I knew. The few times I’d been allowed to cum since attending the school, I was told to enjoy myself, so I have come to believe this meant to masturbate. Thus, I reached down beneath me and I wrapped my fingers around my erection and I began to stroke myself.

“Good,” said Governess Kay with a laugh.

Within seconds I came. It was hard not to as I rarely got to play with myself at this point. Governess Kay then made me wipe everything clean. As I wiped, I felt deep humiliation at having been seen by these others on my knees, sucking off a dildo strapped to a mannequin as I stroked myself to climax, but in truth, it was no worse than the dozens of other humiliating experiences I endured at the school. Interestingly, this experience would come back to help me in a very useful way. In fact, you could say that this moment would save my life, but that would not be for some time yet.

—o—

As the program advanced, I learned the reason my stepmother had me taking dance classes. Each dance class would put on a recital. These recitals would be attended by the sponsors. That meant that every couple weeks, I would be made to dance for Maxine and Belle and the other women who had enrolled their husbands in the classes. This was the most humiliating and frustrating aspect of the program because acting submissive before Maxine and Belle was very, very, very hard as I struggled to hold down my desire to seek some form of revenge. I knew I needed to continue to fake my submission until I was away from the school and this collar had been removed, but it was unbelievably hard to do that when they came and taunted me face to face.

“Oh, look at the sissy,” gushed Belle when I finished a ballet routine. They had come up to the stage to talk to me. I wore a pink leotard with a pink tutu.

“Good evening, Miss,” I said, as I was required.

“Good evening, Daisy,” said Maxine with a laugh. “What a lovely costume!”

I blushed. “Thank you, Miss,” I said and I curtsied.

“Isn’t he sweet, mother?!” asked Belle.

“Oh yes, he’s coming along nicely.”

“I can’t wait to get him back to the mansion and watch him cleaning and cooking,” said Belle to her mother. She then turned to me. “It’s going to be so fitting to see you on your hands and knees as our servant after we get your father’s money!”

This comment outraged me, but I knew I couldn’t let them see that I still had any independence. I bit my tongue to the point it bled to refocus my mind and I looked at my stepsister. “Yes, Miss. I’ll do as you command,” I said.

Belle’s jaw dropped and she slowly began to giggle. I would never forget that sound or the look on her face.

—o—

Graduation day came and my stepmother and stepsister picked me up from the school. They were beyond pleased with what had become of me. They saw my total feminization and they laughed. Then they tested my submission and I could see it in their eyes that they believed they had won.

They hadn’t, but I couldn’t let them know that. Not yet.

On the drive home, my stepmother, like some poorly written movie villain, laid out her plan to me. She wrongly believed that I no longer possessed the power to do anything about this, so she spoke openly to my stepsister and she mocked me to my face.

“Now that you have found your place, things are going to change,” said Maxine with a laugh.

“He found his place all right,” said Belle. “At our feet.”

“I’ve had your name legally changed to ‘Daisy Frances,’” said my stepmother. She paused. “I’ve even had you declared female,” she added with a laugh, which got Belle laughing hysterically as well. When they calmed down, she continued: “You will move into the mansion and you will be my personal maid.”

“Yes, Miss,” I said.

“You will follow my orders and the orders of Belle.”

“Yes, Miss.”

“You will never tell anyone who you really are and you will not attempt to speak to anyone without my direct permission and without Belle or I being there. If you try, I’ll put you on the street or make you work in some factory surrounded by horny men, do you understand?”

“Yes, Miss,” I said. Her threats were indeed intimidating, but I had not given up hope of winning my freedom. I was curious, however, how she thought that I could be brought back into the house without my father noticing something was wrong. Either he would recognize me or he would miss me, surely?

It turns out that I was wrong, as I was about to learn.

“When we get back, I want you to start dressing in male clothes,” said my stepmother to Belle. “Use Vic’s old cologne too.”

Belle made a sour face.

“Don’t give me that look, young lady. It’s only until the will is resolved. You need to pretend to be Vic until the lawyer completes the paperwork. He needs to think you are Vic so he gives you access to all of the accounts. Then you can transfer everything to me and then you can go back to being a young lady.”

Belle pursed her lips, but nodded her head.

So now I knew that my father had died and my stepsister intended to impersonate me to get my father’s assets which should rightfully have come to me. What I didn’t understand yet was why they needed me there. This would become clear the following day, however, when my stepmother told me that my signature was needed on the transfer documents and that I needed to play a role in fooling the lawyer. Basically, my stepsister would pretend to be me, but at a crucial point, my stepmother would distract the attorney and I was to sign my name on the asset transfer forms so the signatures matched and they could take my money.

I needed to stop that.

—o—

“This is your new home,” said my stepmother as she deposited me in a small room in the servants’ quarters. “You will work under the direct supervision of Yvette. Do not disobey her or you will be punished.”

“No Miss, I won’t,” I said.

“This will not be a vacation either. You will cook, you will clean, and you will perform all the duties that you have been trained to perform.”

Imagine the shame of being turned into a feminized maid and being made to clean the house that was rightfully mine as my stepmother and stepsister ordered me around and placed me beneath one of the servants. Still, I could say nothing yet.

“Yes, Miss,” I said.

“Disobey me and you will regret it.”

“I won’t disobey you, Miss,” I said.

At that point, Yvette showed up. I remembered Yvette fondly as she was always offering to bring me things or clean my room, but I didn’t really know her. I now wished that I had spent more time getting to know her. Perhaps that would have helped.

“Let’s start by scrubbing the floor in the main hallway,” said Yvette.

“Yes, Miss,” I said.

She then marched me to the main entranceway where I was handed a

bucket and a brush and I went to work as she sat on the nearby steps watching me. “You do good work. What is your name again?”

“Daisy, Miss.”

“Nice name.”

“Thank you, Miss.”

“I’m glad you’re here to help out. We’ve been a little short staffed since the death, so I’m thankful for the help,” she said. As she said this, I realized that she did not know who I was, for which I was thankful. It was time to ply her for information. I needed to find out what was going on. In particular, I needed to know what was going on in the house. I had seen a man, but couldn’t see his face, and I needed to know if he was here to help my stepmother or if he was someone who could help me.

“Death, Miss? I thought I saw Mr. Blair in his study,” I asked.

Yvette shook her head. “That was the probate attorney. He’ll be here all week. He’s tying up some business or something in the main study. At the end of the week, he’s reading the will and finalizing everything. You obviously won’t get anything because you’re new, but you will be required to attend, so make sure you have a fresh uniform for that,” she said and she walked off.

The probate attorney! That’s how I could free myself! I had one week to solve my dilemma and now I even had a plan.

—o—

“Excuse me, sir,” I said as I knocked on the door to the study. As I suspected, my father’s lawyer was sitting behind my father’s desk looking through a stack of files. It was time to put what I had learned at the school to use.

“Can I help you?” he asked.

I smiled demurely. “The question is, can I help you?” I asked coyly.

He raised an eyebrow.

As he sat in the chair watching me, I gave it my best slinky walk and I sashayed over to him. I’d starched my uniform that morning and I wore all the more exotic extras that came with the uniform, like seamed stockings and five-inch high-heeled sandals.

“Well, hello,” he said as he realized I wasn’t here to polish the silver.

“Hello, sir,” I said breathlessly. Then I giggled. As I did, I slipped up onto the desk right in front of him. I crossed my legs and gently swung my leg back and forth as I rubbed my fingertips over my erect nipples. “Maybe you need to take a break,” I purred.

He smiled. “What have you got in mind?”

I slid off the desk to the floor between his legs. I backed myself beneath

the desk and I pulled him closer to me. His legs were now beneath the desk on either side of me. I reached out and worked his zipper with my long red nails. When it was open, I slid my fingers inside his pants and pulled out his penis. It wasn't nearly as large as the ones I had been made to practice on at the school. "Oh my! How impressive," I said despite the fact I was hardly impressed.

He visibly swelled with pride.

I then ran my fingers up the outside of his thighs as I slid the head of his penis between my lips. I hated the idea of doing this, but it was my best plan. Fortunately, thanks to my stepmother's desire to humiliate me, I had been trained to do this. So I pretended he was the mannequin from the cheerleading class and, for the next half an hour, I gave him the best blowjob he'd ever had in his life.

"That was incredible!" he said as his penis deflated. Not a drop of cum remained.

"Yes, it was," I said with a giggle.

"I don't even know to thank you," he said.

I smiled. "It's funny you should say that, because I have something in mind," I said and I rose from the floor and sat on the desk again. This time I put my feet on either side of him on his chair. The heels on my shoes dug into the leather of the chair and my painted toenails poked his thighs. "See, there are some things you need to know."

He suddenly looked very worried. "About what?" he asked.

I snickered. "Well, let's start with this," I said and I raised my skirt to show him my erection, which pointed right at him.

—o—

The will reading finally came. The week had been difficult. I cooked, I cleaned, and I let my stepmother and my stepsister order me around. It was very unpleasant. They delighted in being cruel to me and taunting me.

I didn't see the lawyer for the rest of the week, but I believed he would help me. Not only had I suggested that I could have him disbarred and arrested for participating in my stepmother's fraud, but I threatened to tell his friends and family about our break-time activities. Having an affair with a shemale would not go over too well in the circles in which he travelled. Indeed, it would likely be an unrecoverable *faux pas*. Still, I had no way to know if he would help me or if he would try to double-cross me. All I could do was wait and hope.

It was early evening when everyone was gathered in the study. My stepmother was there, as were some distant relatives. The staff was there too. I stood among them. As we waited for the lawyer, my stepsister arrived. She's had her hair cut short and she wore my old clothes. She was believable as a slightly

effeminate male, but she would never fool anyone who actually knew me. Of course, the people who knew me had all been fired, except for Yvette who barely knew me and who had been kept around to see if she would recognize me; this was why we were understaffed at the moment. Naturally, my stepmother immediately began referring to Belle as “Vic” to make sure everyone believed she was me.

“Why don’t you stand next to me, Daisy?” asked Belle. She needed me nearby so I could put my signature on the documents when my stepmother distracted everyone.

I dutifully moved next to her.

“You better do what we told you. If you don’t, you will regret it,” she said to me.

“Is everyone assembled?” asked the attorney.

“I believe so,” said my stepmother.

The attorney took a seat at the desk and flipped open the folder. A junior associate stood next to him as did a witness from the bank. They were there to validate the will. As the attorney read the will, my stepmother was all smiles. It didn’t even seem to bother her that she got nothing. Slowly, he went through the various bequests leaving minor assets to each of the assembled distant relatives. Then he came to the critical point. Would he do as I had asked or would he not?

He read from the will: “After careful consideration and obtaining the advice of my counsel and my accountants, I have decided to leave all the rest of my assets to the only person I loved most and who I trust the most to administer my companies. . . my daughter Daisy Frances.”

The room went silent. No one had any idea how to respond.

Suddenly the room erupted. The relatives were shocked to discover a previously unknown daughter. My stepmother was in shock and lunged for the will. She and Belle grabbed the will and read it. Sure enough, there was my new name.

“This is impossible!” screamed my stepmother.

“It’s what he wanted,” said the attorney.

“But she’s not real! She’s a he! She’s no daughter! She’s Vic!”

The attorney shook his head. “Vic is standing next to you, you made that clear yourself when he entered the room.”

“But! But. . .! But—”

“This is perfectly valid,” said the attorney. “I’ve verified Ms. Frances’ identity. We’ve even run a paternity test to verify the claim—”

“But you don’t understand!” screamed my stepmother. “I made her! I created her! She’s Vic!”

The attorney shrugged his shoulders. “The matter is closed,” he said and he and the bankers handed me some forms to sign.

“You can’t do this!” screamed my stepmother.

At this point, the attorney signaled two of the butlers and they grabbed my stepmother and Belle and they started to escort them from the room. "Please see to it that these women are calmed down and then help them pack. Unless Ms. Frances chooses to let them stay, they must vacate the premises within the hour."

My stepmother shook herself free from the butler's grip and she pointed at the lawyer and then at me. "We'll see about this! You haven't heard the last of this! I'm going to go see my own attorney right now and I'll sue all of you! I'll get this bogus will invalidated! This is an outrage!" she exclaimed and she picked up the phone and called our driver to bring the car around. She and Belle then stormed outside to the waiting car.

As I watched the car pull away, I couldn't help but laugh.

—o—

"Why were you laughing?" asked Penelope.

"Because I had arranged for the car and I knew where it was heading, and it most definitely was not taking my stepmother and Belle to her attorney. No, not at all," said Vic with a laugh.

"Where was it going?"

Vic smiled. "I'm thirsty. Are you thirsty?" he asked and he hit the intercom on his phone. "Could you please bring in some tea," he said into the phone.

They sat in silence for about a minute.

The door opened. In walked two women dressed as French Maids. One was much younger than the other, but both were quite attractive, even though their costumes were way over the top. Both wore fishnet stockings and they tottered around on six-inch heels. Corsets gave them tiny waists and their breasts were enormous. They had clearly been enhanced. They moved strangely as well; it wasn't feminine so much as it was effeminate, as if they were boys trying to mock women rather than be women. Both also wore leather collars that very much fit the description of the collars the school uses.

"Ah, the tea is here," said Vic.

As he said this, the first maid set down the tea on the desk as the second one picked up the cups and filled them. She then handed a cup to Penelope and a cup to Vic. They started to leave, but Vic told them to stand by the desk.

"So where was the car going?" asked Penelope.

Vic laughed. "The Ravenwood School. See, what most people don't know, even those who have attended, is that the school isn't just for men." He rose from his seat and pointed to the two women. "I'd like you to meet my stepmother Maxine and my stepsister Belle," he said.

Penelope almost fell out of her chair.

“I thought it might help their outlooks if they went through the program,” said Vic with a laugh. “And now they work for me in the same capacity they wanted me to spend the rest of my life, don’t you?” he asked them.

“Yes, Miss,” they both said in unison.

By this point, Penelope had recovered from the shock. “Did they go through the same program?”

Vic nodded his head. “The very same. But they weren’t able to overcome its effects like I did.”

“So this is their fate?”

“For now. But they know that if they displease me, I just might put them on the street or make them work in some factory surrounded by horny men. That was what you said to me, wasn’t it, stepmother dear?” he asked the older maid.

“Yes, Miss,” said Maxine.

Penelope took a deep breath. “So you escaped your stepmother’s plan.”

“Yes.”

“And you managed to get your entire inheritance.”

“Yes.”

“So why didn’t you turn yourself back into Vic? Why did you stay as Daisy?”

Vic shrugged his shoulders. “I could tell you that the surgery would be incredibly difficult to undo and would leave some rather ugly scars. I could tell you that despite my being able to resist becoming submissive, I still am much more feminine than before and I would never come across as masculine again no matter what I did.” He paused. “But none of that would be the truth. The truth is that I’ve rather come to like being feminine. I love the feel of the clothing, the cold air beneath my skirt. I love the sound my heels make echoing through the hallways. I love the looks and the attention.”

“Is that why you didn’t change back?”

He looked at Penelope with distant eyes as if he were considering a world of possibilities. He finally nodded his head.

“I love being a woman,” he said.

“Femdom Marriage”

by Domina Dixon

Hamilton Guy’s life was a tale of two lives. When he was young, he was full of confidence and energy and spunk. He was a sports star in school. He had his pick of women. He created his own business. He succeeded in everything he did. But slowly, things changed for him. The more success he had, the more freedom he was given, but the more freedom he found through being on his own and being his own boss, the more he began to struggle. Hamilton needed guidance. He needed structure. He needed someone to keep him on track. That need would eventually lead him to Monica Ravenwood’s School, which was why Penelope Hope had come to see him.

“Thank you for meeting with me,” said Penelope to Hamilton’s wife Kristine.

“Not at all,” said Kristine kindly. She seemed very pleasant to Penelope. “We weren’t expecting you this early so Hamilton isn’t here right now. My daughter has taken him shopping.”

Penelope felt a tinge of disappointment. She was anxious to see Hamilton. She was finding these interviews to be intensely exciting and she couldn’t wait to see how Hamilton had turned out. “Oh, that’s too bad,” she said.

Kristine smiled. “Don’t worry, they’ll be back soon. In the meantime, why don’t we get started? I can give you the background,” she said and she motioned Penelope to sit in a soft leather chair.

Penelope smoothed her wheat-colored skirt beneath her before sitting down in the chair. She then pulled her notepad from her purse. “I know a little about Hamilton from the people who introduced us, but not a great deal I’m afraid.”

“That’s ok; I can fill in the blanks.”

“I understand you were once his secretary, is that correct?”

“Oh yes, I was his secretary,” said Kristine as she sat down across from Penelope on the sofa. She wore gray slacks, black pumps and a red blouse. Her brunette hair was up and her makeup was understated.

“Was that before or after you married?”

“Before.”

“What was he like back then?”

Kristine smiled. “Hamilton was always an interesting character, and working for him was quite an adventure.”

“In what way?”

“In every way. With Hamilton, you never knew if you would have a job the following morning or if he would even make it to work,” she said with a laugh.

“At least twice, he completely changed the direction of the company overnight without telling anyone. Sometimes he forgot to pay our salaries, sometimes he paid us twice. It was always something new with him. See, Hamilton is a bright man, but he’s not the most organized man.” She paused. “Perhaps I should back up to when I first met him?”

“By all means, please tell me the story as you think best,” said Penelope.

“I first met Hamilton right at the end of college. He was a popular student with a good deal of potential, but he could never quite pull it together. He was fine in a structured environment, such as on a sports team where the coaches watched him, but whenever he was left to his own devices, everything fell apart for him. I don’t think he would have made it through college if his coaches hadn’t imposed a schedule on him so he could maintain his eligibility.”

“So you started dating him in college?”

Kristine shook her head. “No, I just knew him casually at the time. He disappeared off my radar screen at graduation and I didn’t run into him again until several years later. We met again purely by chance one night at a restaurant. He’d started his own company which had gone like gangbuster originally but quickly fell into disarray and chaos. After we spoke for a little, he asked me to come work for him. I remembered him to be quite likable and I needed a better job to support my daughter from my first marriage, which had ended by that point, so I started working for him the following week.”

“What did his business do?”

“The same as it does today. It manages architectural projects for larger clients.”

“Does Hamilton still run the business?” asked Penelope.

“No, I do.”

Penelope nodded her head. “I see.”

“Almost immediately after I started working for him, I realized that Hamilton’s business was a mess. He struggled with deadlines. He couldn’t make personnel decisions. He was making tons of money, but he wasn’t getting his bills paid. It was a disaster. So I set about restructuring his business. I put in place a central calendar system, I tied everything through bookkeeping, and I streamlined his management channels. That helped a lot. Also, whenever he struggled with a decision, I made it for him.”

Penelope raised an eyebrow. “Didn’t Hamilton object to you usurping his role as manager?”

Kristine shook her head. “Well, no. See, what you need to know about Hamilton is that he’s a special person. Hamilton needs guidance. Without it, he withers. With it, he thrives. My making decisions for him simply seemed the appropriate thing to do, and he never objected. To the contrary, he began to look to

me to give him guidance.”

“Did he promote you or anything?”

“No, I retained the title of his ‘assistant,’ but I effectively ran the company.”

“How did you two get married?” asked Penelope.

Kristine smiled. “That happened a year or two later. The more we worked together, the more we both started to notice the sparks. This began with a little flirting now and then, but nothing serious at first. Soon, however, I found myself making decisions for Hamilton in his private life as well, such as telling him what to wear to meetings, giving him help with his diet, and even making suggestions on big purchases. The more of this I did, the more clear it became that we were a highly compatible couple. I’m not sure which of us sensed it first, but I asked him on our first date. He agreed. We hit it off and, within a few months, we were married.”

“I take it this was not a traditional marriage?” asked Penelope.

Kristine chuckled. “Actually, it was. Despite the fact Hamilton needs guidance, he still thought it was his role to be the head of the household. For one thing, I don’t think his ego was able to accept any other role. For another, he wanted to ‘set a good example,’ for my daughter. For yet another, we hadn’t really considered our roles formally, so when we married, we simply adopted traditional roles by default. But it didn’t last. It took less than a month before we started to struggle in these roles. It was clear that I needed to be in charge.”

“Is that when you took charge?” asked Penelope.

“No, Hamilton continued to object. His ego had a very hard time admitting that his proper place was being submissive to me. So we struggled along for a year. Finally, I gave him an ultimatum. I said that it was clear that this was not working the way things were going and I told him that it was obvious he needed to embrace being submissive to me. I told him that if he wanted to remain married to me, then he needed to agree to surrender himself to me.”

Penelope smirked. “That’s a pretty big ultimatum. I would imagine most men would not be able to do that. How did he respond?”

“He didn’t like it, but I had a plan to demonstrate why he needed this. I told him I would take a week’s vacation while he thought about it. Then I took my daughter and we went skiing for a week. I gave him no way to contact me, so that he would indeed spend the week under his own supervision. By the time I came back, he was practically begging me to take control. He learned that without my guidance, nothing worked for him. So I agreed to become his mistress.”

“How did your marriage change?”

Kristine laughed. “In some ways, it didn’t change at all because I already made most decisions. But I wanted to be sure that he clearly understood our new

relationship. I wanted no misunderstandings. He needed to understand that he was now agreeing to belong to me. He would have no rights, he would have only privileges which were things I had given him. He needed to surrender himself completely.”

“Why take that approach?”

“Because otherwise his ego kept getting in the way. If I didn’t do this, then he would follow my orders for a little while and then he would rebel because he felt he needed to. I wanted to put an end to that,” said Kristine.

“What kinds of things did you do to make sure he understood his new role?”

“I made him take my name—”

Penelope raised her eyebrow. “Few men would agree to that. How did he respond?”

“He didn’t like it at all. He said it was incredibly humiliating to make the request at the records office and he hated using his new name with our friends. He said it emasculated him each time someone referred to him by my last name. Also, Sophie mocked him mercilessly about this.”

“Who is Sophie?”

“She’s my adult daughter,” said Kristine.

“What else did you require?”

“I made him sign over his assets and I took his name off the accounts and the credit cards. If he wanted to spend a penny, he needed my permission. I also made him give up his car, so he had no freedom anymore. If he wanted to go somewhere, then he would need to ask me or Sophie to drive him.”

“And how did he take that?”

Kristine smirked. “That was the interesting thing. Without a doubt, these changes humiliated him, especially as my daughter Sophie was relentless in mocking him about his new status. She would constantly remind him of his new name by calling him ‘Mrs. Guy’—”

“So Guy is your name?”

“Yes. His name was Jordan. But as I was saying, she never missed a chance to humiliate him, not about his name, not about the car, not about the money, nothing. And while this obviously humiliated him, at the same time, he almost seemed to revel in it,” she said cautiously.

“What do you mean ‘revel’?” asked Penelope.

“It’s difficult to say exactly, but I noticed, for example, that he was much more amorous in bed when something particularly humiliating had happened that day. Humiliation almost seemed to be an aphrodisiac for him. I also notice that he seemed to encourage being humiliated subtly.”

“Encourage it in what way?”

Kristine paused to gather her thoughts. "It's not easy to describe, because it wasn't like he would say 'please humiliate me.' Instead, he would do things to bring it about, and I had the feeling he was doing those things intentionally because he could very easily have avoided them."

"Can you give me an example?"

"Sure. For example, he always seemed to be goading Sophie to mock him by bringing up things that he knew she could use to point out his situation. It was like he kept handing her ammunition to humiliate him with."

"Like what?"

"Well, look at his driver's license, for example. I felt that it was important to take away his freedom to drive because I didn't want him feeling that he had the right to go anywhere he wanted whenever he wanted. I wanted him to feel that he needed my permission to leave. This meant that I or Sophie needed to drive him wherever he needed to go. I know this was incredibly humiliating for him because he loved to drive and he connected driving with his manhood. He always said it made him feel free and masculine to speed down some road in his powerful car. This was why he rarely let me drive."

"A lot of men are like that," said Penelope.

"True," said Kristine. "Hamilton certainly was. Sophie realized this about him as well and she loved to rub it in that she had this freedom to drive when he no longer did. 'I can drive and you can't because you can't be trusted to drive,' she would say. This would naturally upset Hamilton and his face would turn bright red. So you would think he would try to avoid talking about this issue whenever possible. Only, he didn't. To the contrary, he constantly dropped hints in Sophie's presence how much it bothered him that she could drive and he couldn't and he would then do things like suddenly beg me, in her presence, to let him drive 'just this once.' This would, of course, be met with derision by Sophie who would remind him of his new status and would remind him that he could not legally drive, as she could. She would then laugh about this all day long and would say things that were quite humiliating as he sat there red-faced and powerless to respond."

"Why did she mock him?"

"I think it was just a matter of the shoe being on the other foot. Hamilton had always been rather strict with her because I think he struggled with hiding the insecurity he felt in exercising authority, so he overreacted at times. Now the shoe was on the foot and she took full advantage of it to get even."

"Did you discipline Sophie?"

Kristine shook her head. "No, because I felt that Hamilton was bringing this on himself. He knew that if he threw a tantrum in front of Sophie that he would only hand her ammunition she could use to humiliate him, so I can only assume the reason he did it was because he liked it."

Penelope raised an eyebrow. "Interesting."

"Isn't it?"

"So you didn't mind her humiliating him?" she asked.

Kristine shrugged her shoulders. "He seemed to need it. It made him feel better about his position and I didn't mind the fact this made Sophie more confident and more responsible."

"More responsible?"

"Yes, even though she poked fun at him constantly, she also took on a sense of responsibility for making sure he did the things he needed to do. She did care for him a lot."

"You say she mocked him constantly, what else did she do?" asked Penelope.

"As I said, she made fun of him taking my name and she mocked his submission. She kept asking him how it felt to be the property of his wife. She called him 'the Toy,' by which she meant he was a mere plaything for us. She also enjoyed giving him orders and watching him carry those out. She loved reminding him that she could leave the house without permission, that he couldn't, that she could pick her own clothes, that he couldn't, and that she could buy anything she wanted, and that he couldn't; Sophie or I needed to approve his purchases."

"When did you decide to feminize him?"

Kristine laughed. "That was actually Sophie's doing."

"Sophie, really?"

"Yes. I realized that our relationship would never work if Hamilton could exercise authority over Sophie. That would give him an outlet for his bruised ego and I couldn't allow that. It wouldn't be fair to Sophie and it would keep triggering his ego response, which remained a problem for all of us. So I was always looking for ways to let Sophie exercise more power over him to put him in his place, so to speak. One day I realized that since I was basically picking his clothing already, there was no reason I shouldn't let Sophie take on that responsibility as well."

"Did he object?"

"Of course he objected, but his objection wasn't genuine. I could tell he craved the idea. It was something he wanted."

"Why would he crave it?"

"He was struggling against his ego, which kept wanting to rebel. This was causing him problems as it made him unhappy. I think he was looking for new ways to become more submissive so he could finally break his ego and be rid of this constantly nagging voice inside him telling him to rebel. So when I mentioned the idea, I could see him embrace it as a means to lower himself further and finally break his need to rebel. I think he believed that if he could just get himself low

enough in terms of submission, then any possibility of ever having control again would vanish and he could accept his station and the need to rebel would go away.”

“Then why did he object?” asked Penelope.

Kristine put her hand on her knee and draped her other arm along the sofa. She let her leg swing slowly. “That’s the interesting thing. It took me a while to understand this, but the male psyche cannot accept what it craves or it no longer craves it. I know this doesn’t make sense to you, or to me frankly, but it does to them. Basically, he needed to fight against the thing he wanted or he wouldn’t want it anymore. Thus, he objected to me giving this power to Sophie even though deep down he desperately wanted it. In fact, in this instance, I did something interesting.”

Kristine continues. . .

“You don’t seem happy that I’m going to let Sophie pick your clothing,” I said.

“It’s humiliating,” he said. “I’m a grown man and grown men don’t let their stepdaughters pick their clothing. It’s emasculating. It puts me beneath her.”

I laughed. “Dear, you are beneath her. Why can’t you accept that? In this house, the authority runs from me to her. You don’t even rate on that chart. You no longer have any power, any control, any say on anything, or any independence. Accept it,” I said. “It’s who you are now.”

At this point, I saw him blush and I noticed his penis becoming erect in his pants. “I just don’t like the idea,” he said, evading my point.

“It doesn’t matter if you like it, does it?”

He blushed deeper.

“Does it?” I asked in a firmer tone.

“No,” he said softly.

“All that matters are my desires, isn’t that correct?”

“Yes.”

“So whether or not you like this is irrelevant, isn’t it?”

He bit his lip. “Yes.”

“So you have no basis to object to my decision to let Sophie choose your clothing, do you?”

He pursed his lips. “No,” he said, “but I still don’t like it.”

This was probably the moment where I most clearly saw how his psyche worked. In that moment, I understood exactly what was going on inside him, and I saw that this was a form of control. He craved the humiliation of this, but by making me impose it upon him, he was getting what he wanted, not what I wanted. Basically, he was allowing himself to feel what he wanted, but he was putting the onus on me; he was manipulating me. I immediately decided I wouldn’t play his

game. If he wanted to feel humiliated, then I was going to shift the onus back on him and make him ask for it.

“Fine, if you don’t like the idea, then we won’t do it,” I said.

He froze. I saw his penis deflate almost instantly. He swallowed hard and ran his tongue over his teeth. “I . . . uh—”

“No, no. You said it’s too humiliating and you don’t want it, so we’ll forget about it. I’ll honor your wishes this time.”

He bit his lip. “If this is what you want, then I can’t stop you,” he said. He was clearly hoping I would force this upon him, but I didn’t want that. I wanted his submission, not his enslavement.

“No,” I said and I started to walk off.

“But,” he said and he stopped.

I turned to face him. “If you want this Hamilton, then you need to admit right now that you want it. I’ll give you until the count of three. One . . . two—”

“I do,” he blurted out, because he knew that if I reached three, then I would stay true to my word. He blushed deeply and I could tell it was killing him to admit this. I had broken through this false submission his ego had set up and brought out real submission. I decided I needed to exploit this. “Get on your knees and ask me.”

He hesitated.

“Did you not understand me?”

He swallowed hard. Then he dropped to his knees. He said nothing.

“Go on.”

“Will you please give Sophie the power to pick my clothes,” he said softly and I could see his body shake as he said this.

“I thought this would humiliate you?”

He shook his head.

“Don’t lie to me,” I said.

He shuddered. “Yes, it humiliates me.”

“But you want it nevertheless, don’t you?”

“Yes.”

I paused. “Tell me why.”

Hamilton cringed and I could see him struggling to speak. “I need to be humiliated.”

“Why?” I asked coldly, though I knew the answer.

He bit his lip. “It helps me realize my place.”

I folded my arms and looked down into his face. I could see my victory written in his eyes, but I wasn’t finished yet. “Before I can give you this, I need to see if Sophie wants to accept this role,” I said. I called Sophie. A moment later she came upon this scene with her stepfather on his knees before me. “Hamilton wants

me to give you the power. . . well, why I don't I have him explain it. Hamilton, ask Sophie very nicely what you asked me."

I don't think I'd ever seen him as red as he was in that moment. His mental agony was indescribable, as was the thrill of seeing this man so utterly emasculated. It seemed to take forever before he could speak, and his mouth was clearly dry, but he finally did it. He looked up at Sophie and he whispered, "Will you please tell me how to dress from now on?"

Sophie burst out laughing, and I saw Hamilton deflate. She had crushed his ego as if it were a tiny man beneath her heel. She then patted him on the head. "Sure," she said and she walked off.

I honestly thought Hamilton would cry or scream or run off or something, but he didn't. He stayed there on his knees for some time before he looked up at me. "Thank you," was all he said.

I smiled.

That was how I gave Sophie the power to choose his clothes. It didn't take long from there before she began to introduce feminine clothing into his wardrobe. It started with a pair of tiny shorts. Then she added a blouse or two. Soon she was painting his nails and styling his hair femininely. She added panties, stockings, high heels, you name it. She even made him carry a purse. She seemed to revel in the idea of emasculating and feminizing him, and soon it just became natural to see him looking halfway like a woman and halfway like a man.

—o—

"Did you object to this?" asked Penelope.

"No, why should I?" asked Kristine.

"He was your husband, after all. Did you like seeing him feminized?"

Kristine giggled. "In all honesty, I'd never thought about it before, but once Sophie started him down that path, I found that I was hooked rather quickly. It is simply erotic to see your husband emasculated, feminized and helpless. I can't even begin to describe it. . . it's just something you need to experience."

As Penelope wrote some notes, a noise in the hallway announced the return of Sophie and Hamilton.

"Ah, my husband is home," said Kristine.

A moment later, a young woman appeared. She was tall and had long chestnut brown hair, which she wore in a ponytail. She wore a white blouse beneath a pink sweater with three-quarter length sleeves and jeans. On her feet, she wore black spike-heeled pumps with silver tips. Her nails were pink and she held a small black clutch purse into which she deposited a set of car keys as she entered the room.

“Home safe and sound,” said the young woman, and she called over her shoulder, “Come on, Toy, bring the bags.”

Following meekly on her heels, carrying three shopping bags, was a shorter woman. This woman had wavy platinum-blonde hair which cascaded to the middle of her back. She had large, heavy breasts with obvious nipples which stood erect beneath her pink top. Her shape appeared to be strongly controlled by a corset. Her legs were surrounded by a short, pink pleated skirt and ended in five-inch high-heeled pumps. Her toenails and her fingernails were perfectly filed and painted white. The only thing to suggest that all might not be as it seemed with this woman was the tiny bulge in the woman’s skirt, where “her” penis struggled against a tight girdle. This was Hamilton Guy.

“Oh, I didn’t know we had company,” said Sophie when she saw Penelope.

“Yes, Ms. Hope arrived early,” said Kristine and she rose to kiss her daughter on the cheek before returning to her seat on the sofa.

Sophie smiled at Penelope. “Nice to meet you.”

“Thank you,” said Penelope.

Sophie then looked at her stepfather who had said nothing. She nudged him in the rib. He then grabbed the hem of his pleated skirt and he curtsied to Penelope. “Hello Miss,” he said by way of a greeting.

“Hello to you too,” said Penelope.

“Thank you, Miss.”

“Why don’t you and Hamilton have a seat, dear,” said Kristine. “How was shopping?”

“It was nice,” said Sophie. “We found some good things, but I kept having to tell your sissy husband that he couldn’t have everything his greedy little sissy eyes saw. I swear, mother, he’s worse than any of my friends when you get him into the shoe department at the store.”

Kristine laughed and patted the seat next to her on the sofa. This was enough of a signal for her husband to know what to do, so he set down the shopping bags and he tottered over on his high heels, smoothed his short skirt, and sat down next to his wife. He crossed his legs, letting his open-toed high-heeled pump dangle from his toes, and sat with his arms folded in his lap. Sophie then moved around behind the sofa and sat down on the other side of him. She draped her arm over the sofa behind him and crossed her leg toward him, almost knocking the shoe off his foot. The demure man now sat firmly wedged between the two women. Penelope wished she had a camera.

“I was just telling Penelope how you discovered the school,” said Kristine.

Sophie giggled.

“How did you find the school?” asked Penelope.

Sophie shrugged her shoulders. “Internet rumors. You know how it goes. Somebody says something and somebody says something else and then you kind of stumble your way into it.”

“The school has a website?”

Sophie laughed. “No. But I found people who knew about it and I posted a message saying I was interested and then we started talking by e-mail and then they finally told me about it,” said Sophie. “It was all very hush, hush,” she said and she patted Hamilton’s thigh, “but it was the luckiest day of sissy’s life, wasn’t it?”

Hamilton blushed.

“Why did you decide to send him to the school?” asked Penelope to Kristine.

“Well,” said Kristine, “we needed something. Hamilton was adjusting well for the most part, but his ego kept creeping up and it was causing problems. It would cause outbursts and make him pouty and moody. It seemed he needed to fight, even though he didn’t want to, just to satisfy his ego. I was struggling to find a solution to this problem, both for my sake and for his, but I wasn’t having much luck. Basically, I’d tried everything, but nothing worked. Then Sophie mentioned the school.”

“I told her how the school went about turning real men into sissies and I told her that it sounded like a great idea to send the sissy to the school for training,” added Sophie. “If they couldn’t fix his ego problem, then nobody could.”

“Did you know they would feminize him?”

Sophie nodded her head. “Oh, absolutely. And we knew they would make him totally submissive. I know my mother wanted that and I thought it would be great to have him totally helpless.”

“What did you think of having him feminized?” asked Penelope to Kristine.

She smiled. “I loved the idea.”

“What did he think of it?”

“I think he was worried. He was worried that this would be more permanent, as if the other things that had happened weren’t already permanent. I also think he worried about being completely at Sophie’s mercy as she could be quite cruel when she got the upper hand.”

This caused Sophie to roll her eyes. “I am not cruel.”

Kristine chuckled. “You can be very cruel, dear, when you want to be.”

Sophie cracked a sly smile. She shrugged her shoulders and shook her leg excitedly. She didn’t respond.

Kristine returned her attention to Penelope. “In any event, we decided

this would be the best thing. We would send Hamilton to the school and they could feminize him and make him submissive and then we would get back the perfect submissive sissy, one without an ego that kept interrupting everything we did and causing everyone tension. So I enrolled him.”

“Did he object?”

Kristine shook her head. “No, I think he was as intrigued by the idea as I was. I think he saw this as a way to finally bring himself to accept the lifestyle he truly wanted.” She paused. “Besides, it wasn’t his place to object.”

Penelope looked at Hamilton. “Did you want to attend the school?”

Hamilton nodded his head. “Yes, Miss Kristine is correct.”

“Did the program work?” asked Penelope.

Sophie burst out laughing. She cupped her stepfather’s heavy breast in one hand through his blouse and held it up. “What do you think?”

Penelope wanted to laugh at this display and she had to admit that seeing this feminized man at the mercy of his own stepdaughter made her giggle on the inside – in fact, it made her wet if she was being truthful – but she was a writer on a mission and she was determined to maintain her professionalism, so she wrote down a note to give herself a moment to refocus her mind. She then looked at Kristine.

“What types of classes did he take? What worked the best to bring about the submission you were hoping to achieve?” asked Penelope.

Kristine smirked. “Why don’t I have Hamilton answer that,” she said.

Hamilton blushed.

“Go ahead, dear, tell Ms. Hope the training which worked best on you.”

Hamilton smoothed his skirt. “There was a lot of training, Miss, but the most effective was easily the spankings or paddlings,” said Hamilton in a soft, feminine voice.

“Spanking? They spank the students?” asked Penelope.

“Yes, it’s part of the disciplinary approach they use,” said Hamilton.

“Can you imagine?” asked Sophie with an excite grin. “Grown men letting themselves be spanked and paddled!” She shook her leg excitedly and blushed. She was obviously turned on by the idea.

Penelope returned her attention to Hamilton. “Did they strike you hard enough that it hurt?” she asked.

Hamilton nodded his head. “Yes, but the level of pain depended on the level of infraction. One of the things the school wants to make sure students learn is that disobedience of any sort will not be tolerated, no matter how mild. They reinforce this constantly and one of the ways they impart this lesson is through spankings or paddlings. If you violate a rule or you show disrespect, you can expect to be punished, and the severity of the infraction will determine the severity of the

punishment. For example, a simple unintentional error or minor mistake might lead to a student being spanked with an open palm.”

“That doesn’t sound painful enough to work as an effective punishment,” said Penelope doubtfully.

“It’s humiliating more than painful, but the humiliation is very effective. Typically, they order you to the front of the classroom and then make you raise the skirt on your uniform. The instructor then pulls your panties to your knees and orders you to bend over and stand very still.”

“In front of the class?” asked Penelope with some surprise.

“Yes. They go with the theory that public humiliation is the most powerful form of humiliation.”

“Did you find that to be true?”

Hamilton blushed.

Sophie laughed and patted him on the thigh. “Go on, answer the question, girly.”

Hamilton hung his head. “Yes, Miss. It was very effective. It’s highly humiliating to stand helplessly before a classroom full of people as a young woman spansk you. It’s particularly humiliating when this causes you to become erect.”

“Did you ever become erect?”

Kristine snickered. “Hamilton becomes erect at all types of punishment,” she said. “Even the word ‘spank’ is enough to cause an erection.”

As she said this, Sophie lifted Hamilton’s pleated skirt from his lap allowing Penelope to see Hamilton’s erection sticking up beneath his panties. “This happens all the time when you spank him,” she said.

“Have you spanked him?” asked Penelope.

Hamilton bit his lip and visibly blushed deeper.

“Sure,” said Sophie. “Somebody needs to keep him in line and my mother’s too soft on him.”

Kristine giggled. “I am not too soft.”

“Oh please!” said Sophie with a laugh and she let go of Hamilton’s skirt again.

Penelope focused on Hamilton again. “You said they punish you depending on the infraction. Why do they punish for simple unintentional errors? If the student didn’t intend to do anything wrong, what would be the point of punishing them?”

“Because the school takes the position that students must always behave correctly and even unintentional failures are unacceptable.”

“I see. What other levels of punishment are there?”

“There are many punishments, but in terms of spanking, beyond a simple open palm spanking, some teachers will use rulers or riding crops or paddles if the

infraction is more severe. One teacher liked to use the sole of her shoe. She liked to remind you that being beneath a woman's shoe is a man's place as she did the spanking. If the infraction was intentional and disrespectful, they had a caning ceremony. This was particularly humiliating."

"Did that ever happen to you?"

"Yes, Miss."

"Tell me about that," said Penelope.

Hamilton continues. . .

It was a beautiful morning and I was in my comportment class. I have to admit that I was enjoying being at the school. I didn't so much care for wearing the sissy outfits, and I hated the heels, but the entire experience thrilled me deep down. It felt natural to me, though I believe I was the only male there to feel that way; most of the others were desperate to escape, at least until they finally surrendered to the inevitable.

This comportment class was always difficult and most of the students weren't doing very well. It takes a long time for a man to learn to move naturally as woman, but the instructors expected perfection from the beginning and they were merciless in demanding it. This actually bothered me at first because I was constantly being punished and I felt that was unfair. In hindsight, however, I now understand there was another lesson being taught in their intolerant approach. We needed to learn that in our new stations in life, we needed to do as we were told at all times and we had no right to fair treatment or to complain. By holding us to an impossible standard and punishing us for falling short, they both made us strive for perfection and they made us realize that our place was to obey, not to demand special consideration.

This particular day, I wasn't doing very well. I'd already had the instep on my foot slapped twice with a riding crop, which stung a good deal, for failing to keep my feet aligned as I walked. This was a problem for me as I tended to point my toes outward when wearing heels whereas I should have been pointing them inward.

SLAP!

The crop struck my foot again, and it stung.

"Keep your feet aligned properly!" growled the instructor, who I suspect was not much older than Sophie. That was humiliating in and of itself, that many of the instructors ordering us around were young women barely in their twenties. Personally, I had no real problem with this because I was already used to being dominated by Sophie, but many of the others struggled with it, especially the men who were middle aged or older. They could deal with an instructor in her fifties,

but not one in her twenties. Still, they needed to learn as they would be called upon to obey the orders of all women, not just the women they chose.

"I'm sorry, Governess Karen," I said.

"One more time and I'll paddle you," she warned me.

That was when I made a huge mistake. As my wife has told you, I was still having problems with my ego rearing its head at times and the school had yet to eliminate that, and when this young woman threatened me, my ego surfaced. As she turned her back, I stuck out my tongue at her. It was childish, but I did it.

My defiance felt great for a moment, but she saw me reflected in the glass window.

Before I even knew what was happening, she turned around, grabbed my penis, which they let hang unrestrained beneath my skirt that day, and yanked me by it to the front of the glass. Naturally, I became erect in her hand.

"How dare you get an erection!" she growled.

I turned bright red as my face lit up with shame. Everyone was staring at me. "I'm sorry, Governess. It's not voluntary," I pleaded.

"Of course it's voluntary," she said.

"It's not, Governess!"

"Are you saying I'm wrong?"

I froze. I didn't know what to say. On the one hand, we were forbidden from disagreeing with the instructors, *ever*. Whatever they said was the truth and we would accept it, no matter what we may have otherwise believed. Thus, I knew I could not question her. But, on the other hand, if I denied that she was wrong, then I would be admitting that my erection was voluntary. I had a split second to decide what to do and I chose the only path I could, as I knew I had no right to disagree with her. "I'm sorry, Governess. You are correct."

She snickered and smirked at me. She still held my erection firmly in her hand. "Very well, then make your erection go away."

I bit my lip. I knew I couldn't do this, but I tried. I closed my eyes and tried to think of anything I could which would turn me off, but it wasn't going to happen. It was rare that my penis was let out of the chastity device they made me wear and it was even more rare that anyone touched it. That made this exciting. Standing before the rest of the class and the other instructors made this ten times more intense as well. There was just no way I could make myself go flaccid.

"I'm waiting," she growled.

I kept trying. It seemed like forever as I stood there with her holding my erection as I tried to think it away. As it became increasingly clear that there was no way I was going to lose this erection, Governess Karen signaled one of the other instructors and she went to get the cane. I cringed. I hadn't been caned yet, but I saw others get caned and I knew it was rough.

A moment later, the other instructor returned with the cane and was soon followed by several dozen other students and instructors. The students were instructed to gather around and then sit on the floor on their knees before me. The instructors moved around the room making sure everyone gave me their undivided attention.

This was the caning ceremony.

“You’ve been disrespectful,” said Governess Karen. “You defied me. You won’t make this pathetic erection go away, and you’ve disobeyed my orders. You must be punished, don’t you agree?”

“I’m sorry, Governess. Please forgive me, Ma’am,” I said.

“I didn’t ask you to beg, now answer my question.”

“I’m sorry, Governess. Yes, I must be punished.”

“Ask me to punish you.”

“Please punish me, Governess.”

“Why should I?”

“Because I’ve been disrespectful and I disobeyed your orders.”

“How have you disobeyed my orders?” she asked coldly.

“By having an erection and not stopping it.”

She snickered and she squeezed my penis harder. As she did this, another one of the instructors came up behind me. She held the cane, which was a thick rod about four feet long. Normally, I would have been made to grab my ankles, but with Governess Karen still firmly grasping my erection, I was given other instructions.

“Put your hands on your hips and stick out your rear,” said the other instructor.

I did as I was told.

WHOOSH!

I heard the cane break the air on its way to my rear. I tensed my muscles.

CRACK!

The cane slammed hard against my rear. The shock coursed through my body. All the fat the hormone pills had been placing on my body shook from the shock. My growing breasts jiggled. My penis lurched further into Governess Karen’s hand. Then I sensed the pain, which radiated out from my rear across my nervous system. I shuddered.

“One, Governess,” I said as I was required. Students were required to count off their punishments. A moment later, the assembled students, who were also required to count, also said, “One.”

CRACK!

“Two, Governess,” said I.

“Two,” said the students.

CRACK!

“Three, Governess.”

“Three.”

CRACK!

“Four, Governess,” I said. By this point, the pain was becoming intense. The cane struck much harder and it stung much more than anything I had been struck with before. I could feel that my rear was bruised and sore and red hot. I was shaking from the pain and I began to cry quietly.

CRACK!

“Five, Governess,” I said. My voice was cracking.

“Five,” repeated the students.

CRACK!

“Six, Governess,” I said. At this point, something truly strange and humiliating happened. For reasons I cannot understand, the pain stopped hurting so much and it instead began to excite me. This made my penis throb in Governess Karen’s hand, and each blow made me throb all the harder.

“Don’t you dare cum in my hand!” she warned me when she felt this.

CRACK!

“Seven, Governess.”

With her having warned me not to cum, I suddenly found it impossible to think of anything else. And with each crack against my rear, I found my penis throbbing more and more. Eight, nine, ten blows landed, and my penis pumped away. Eleven and twelve blows landed and my penis literally danced in Governess Karen’s hand.

CRACK!

“Thirteen, Governess,” I said, and that was the point where something inside me decided that I wanted to cum. I had been fighting it as best I could, but it suddenly occurred to me that I shouldn’t. I realized that I had been desperate to cum for weeks now, and here was my opportunity and I should just embrace it and let the pain make me cum. Unfortunately, I apparently gave myself away with my facial expression or by relaxing my muscles or something because Governess Karen realized immediately what I was doing.

“Do you really think you can get away with that?” she growled and she tightened her grip on my penis so much that she essentially choked it off. It was impossible for me to cum now even as I could feel it starting. In effect, she squeezed so hard that all that energy that had built up toward an explosion crammed itself back into my own body. It was the most frustrating thing I’d ever felt. It was like a sneeze that stopped unexpectedly only ten times stronger.

Meanwhile, the blows continued to come. They eventually reached twenty-five before they stopped, and I and the class counted off each one. By this point, my mascara had run all the way down my cheeks as I was openly crying. My

rear end was aflame and I wouldn't be able to sit on it for hours. My penis felt like it had been filled with concrete and my testicles felt like they were on fire. I was a mess.

A moment later, Governess Karen let go of my penis.

I initially felt tremendous relief when she stopped squeezing my penis and I thought I might now experience the release she had denied me. That didn't happen, however. Instead, the moment she let go of my penis, I actually fell to the ground. I couldn't stop myself; I felt like I had lost control over my body. At first, I thought I was passing out, but I wasn't. To the contrary, I realized that I was moving and speaking without even being aware of it. And as I slowly awoke to reality, I realized that I was kneeling before this young woman, this Governess Karen, kissing her toes through the open toe on her sandals and blubbering on and on asking her forgiveness.

"Please forgive me, Governess Karen! I'll be a good sissy. I won't ever disobey another order. Please forgive me!" I begged.

She stood above me and laughed.

I kissed her toes again. "Please forgive me, Governess! I want to be a good girl."

"Pathetic," she said. As she did, the other instructor ran her fingers over my bruised and inflamed rear. She grabbed my testicles and yanked on them.

"Do you want us to take these off?" she asked.

"Yes, Governess Karen," I said, though it shocked me that I had said this. "Please make me a good girl. Make me anything you desire!"

She slapped my testicles and then stood up. She laughed. "Get up, sissy."

I rose immediately, though my panties remained down around my ankles. My penis was still semi-erect and stood out beneath my skirt, which was caught up in the little white belt of my uniform. I put my sissy feet together and stood in the perfect sissy posture they demanded.

"Take a look out at the class," said Governess Karen and she waved her hand toward the hundred eyes that stared at me in utter amazement. From the looks on their faces, it was clear that I had lost whatever dignity I had to these men and women; they saw me as an object of derision now. "They have seen you break. They know what kind of sissy you truly are inside," said Governess Karen.

"Yes, it's true," I whined. At that point, I wanted her approval, I *needed* her approval.

She continued. "The whole world knows what happened here. They can all see it in your eyes. Never forget this moment!"

"Yes, Governess," I said and I felt tears running down my cheeks. Strangely, however, these weren't tears of pain, these were tears of joy as I felt

inside myself that I'd finally broken through my ego and I was now free to be the man I always wanted to be. I was no longer afraid to be seen as who I really am, to be seen as weak and helpless and needing control. I smiled and my face began to glow. This felt like a victory to me.

"All right," said Governess Karen. "Let's all get back to work, class."

As the others stood up, I started to move, but she stopped me.

"No. You stand here just as you are and you let everyone see the sissy that you are," she said.

And so I stood there.

—o—

"That's incredible," said Penelope. "So they broke your ego right there?"

Sophie rolled her eyes. "He was always a sissy. I told my mother that before she married him. There was no ego to break."

"This doesn't strike you as an amazing story?" Penelope asked Sophie.

"Amazing that a man would let it happen to him, sure. Amazing that the Toy would get off on being sissified? Hardly."

Penelope couldn't help but giggle at Sophie's tone. Despite the fact her words were disdainful and suggested a childish arrogance, her tone was clearly that of a young woman who would never take the second chair to anyone. Indeed, she very much sounded like a young woman who would have many men eating out of her hand throughout her life and it sounded like hers would make an excellent story. Still, Sophie was not the reason Penelope was here, she was here to get Hamilton's story, so she returned her attention to Hamilton.

"So you stood there, broken and happy?" asked Penelope.

Hamilton bit his lip. "Broken yes. . . happy, no."

Penelope raised an eyebrow. "Why not? I thought that was your goal?"

"It was," he said cautiously, "and I realized right away that I had overcome my ego. That made me happy the moment it happened because I knew at that moment that from now on, I would never again need to worry about struggling against my desire to submit to my wife and that I would always thereafter submit to her wishes—"

"And mine," said Sophie with a laugh.

He nodded his head, which caused his earrings to jiggle. "Yes, and Miss Sophie."

Sophie laughed again. "And any women, really?"

Hamilton blushed even deeper. "Yes, that's true," he said.

"You feel compelled to follow the orders of *any* woman now?" asked Penelope.

“Yes, Miss,” he said.

Penelope snickered. “Many women would consider that an ideal thing. So what made you unhappy?”

“I thought it would feel differently than it did,” he said.

“In what way?” asked Penelope.

He took a deep breath. “In the sense that I assumed that once my ego had been broken, I would no longer feel humiliated by this. I could then embrace my submission and feel happy and relieved in my role as a slave.”

“But you didn’t feel that?”

“No, Miss. As I stood at the front of the class and the students went about their lesson, occasionally looking up at me, I began to feel an incredibly amount of shame that I had surrendered to my submission so publically and so humiliatingly. I can only describe it as feeling like being caught in public doing something utterly humiliating and knowing that I would never again be able to look anyone in the eye. It was a deep humiliation. It was in a true sense that I had lowered myself and become inferior to everyone. I had truly been debased, and the longer I stood there, the more this feeling sank in.”

“Has this feeling stuck with you?”

He sighed. “Yes, Miss. I feel it whenever anyone looks at me. When we are at the store, for example, and someone looks at me, I feel the same way I felt standing there with my penis exposed and my mascara running down my face as the other students whispered about what they’d seen me do.”

“Does that bother you?” asked Penelope. She suspected it might not, based on his prior statements.

Hamilton paused until Sophie nudged him. “Yes and no, Miss. It bothers me in the sense that it humiliates me and makes me feel so very small. I had hoped my submission would feel less emasculating. . . but at the same time, it excites me, Miss. I cannot lie about that. It does excite me.”

Penelope actually expected this response. She wanted to confirm this however, so she leaned back and crossed her legs the other way. She bit the end of her pen. She considered his words and she thought carefully how to phrase her next question. “Would you give up this feeling if you could?” she asked.

Sophie let out a cynical laugh. She clearly didn’t believe he would.

Hamilton took a deep breath. He ran his tongue over his teeth as everyone waited for his answer. Then he shook his head. “No, Miss. I don’t think I would.”

They sat in silence for some time.

Penelope questioned Hamilton for another hour, then she spoke briefly with Sophie alone, which confirmed her suspicions that Sophie was well on her way toward dominating whatever man or men crossed her path. She finished with another hour-long discussion with Kristine.

By the time her interviews were over, Penelope had come to realize that what at first seemed cruel to her was in fact not so cruel. To the contrary, both Sophie and Kristine cared very much for Hamilton, and Hamilton, rather than being an unwilling prisoner, was getting the guidance and structure he craved. He was quite happy.

“I’m not sure I can ever fully understand your needs,” said Penelope to Hamilton at the end of their interview, “but I’m not sure I need to understand it to accept it.”

“Thank you, Miss. I think the important thing to realize is that I was so unhappy before I met my wife and now I feel so much more complete.”

At this point, Kristine returned to the room. “So what are you going to write about us?” she asked.

Penelope took a deep breath. “I’m not sure yet.”

“Well, I’m relieved to hear you haven’t prejudged us or the school.”

Penelope smiled. “No. A story like yours deserves more.”

“I like to think so,” said Kristine and she hugged her husband.

They kissed.

Epilogue

Penelope sat in her study looking at her notes. She had enough for her story, but would anyone believe it? The public was happy to believe in aliens and government conspiracies, but women turning the men in their lives into sissies to suit their needs? That seemed a little beyond what the public was ready to accept, even if it was true. Perhaps, this wasn't a story she could tell after all.

"What are you working on?" asked her fiancé as he entered her study.

Penelope closed her folder. "Just thinking about another story."

"Anything good?"

She sighed. "It's a good story, but I don't think the public is ready for this one," she said and she ran her fingers up the back of his thigh as he stood next to her. As she did, a wicked thought occurred to her. She wondered what his thighs would look like in fishnet stockings.

"Maybe you can tell me about it," he said.

She smiled. "I was thinking the exact same thing."

The End

Other Books By These Authors



“Feminized And At Her Mercy” by Crystal Summers

Doug thought his girlfriend was fooling around on him. To put his mind at ease, Doug planned to use a revolutionary DNA altering process invented by Doug’s firm to turn himself into a woman so he could spy on her. When things go wrong, however, Doug finds himself at the mercy of his assistant Julie, a woman he never should have trusted.

“Feminized And At Her Mercy” is a cautionary tale of a powerful, macho man who finds himself at the mercy of his assistant when he turns himself into a woman so he can spy on his girlfriend. This 9,000 word story includes gender transformation, female domination, erotic humiliation, spanking, and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Emasculating Her Husband” by Domina Dixon

To marry Patrick, Theresa suppressed her natural need to dominate her relationships. She believed this was what Patrick wanted. But deep down, Patrick craves submission and feminization, he just can't admit it. So when Theresa catches Patrick cross-dressing, she decides it's time to remake their relationship the way it should have been, with him as her feminized submissive. “Emasculating Her Husband” is a tale of a wife who strips her husband of his freedom, his wealth, and ultimately his masculinity.

Warning: For Adult Audiences Only. This 14,000 word story includes forced feminization, female domination, hormones, lactation, chastity devices, paddling, humiliation, and a man who craves submission.



“Blackmailed Feminized Boyfriend” by Aimee Allison

Bruce thought it might be fun to let his girlfriend April dominate him in bed one night. Little did he know that once she got a taste of control, she would want more. . . a lot more. With the help of a little blackmail, she was soon dominating him at home and at work. Could Bruce escape with his masculinity intact? What about his career? And how did he end up on a date with his boss?

“Blackmailed Feminized Boyfriend” is a tale of erotic punishment where a dominating, controlling boyfriend learns what it’s like when his girlfriend gains the upper hand.

20,000 words

For Adult Audiences Only

Story includes: female domination, forced feminization, pegging, spanking, humiliation, and more.