

# SERIE 2

*MORE SISSIES FEMMED*



# SEE 2: More Sissies Femmed!

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# Chapter 1: The Store

*The Juniors section of the department store Blumington's*

"I'm not going to wear this Mom!"

Angela shook her head outside of the dressing room door. The afternoon had been frustrating, to say the least.

Owen continued to hold back his fears in frustration as he stared at the dress. There was no good reason for a 13-year-old boy to be stuck in a dressing room in this situation. It was living hell. He had protested getting his short hair styled in a feminine way making it extremely embarrassing considering it was done by the same stylist who had done his hair since he was a kid. Luckily, he avoided having makeup applied to his face for now. Of course, the sight of this horrific display of feminine products greeted him, his mom, and his little sister walked into the store from the mall corridor. To this point, the only feminine clothes he had on were his 11-year-old sister's panties. Do you know how embarrassing it is to wear your little sister's panties? More so that they actual fit, despite being tight around where his penis currently is.

A training bra had luckily been delayed as Angela said she was going to treat his younger sister to some new clothes too. This was far from a treat. Owen knew exactly why he was in there staring at the blush pink tulle strapless sweetheart dress like it was a death sentence. This looked like something his sister would wear to a beauty pageant or formal dance at school. Why such a feminine outfit to start? Surely just wearing a girly t-shirt and yoga pants would be better than this. He touched it briefly and it sent shocks of fear in his body as nothing he had in his closet resembled the soft fabrics that he was exposed to.

"Owen put on your dress! Your sister and I are excited to see how it looks



on you! Do you need help in there?" asked his mother Angela.

"MOM! Don't announce that!" he responded from the other side of the door humiliated that she referred to him by his male name. He hated the girly name they picked out for him, but he also didn't want to be spotted as being a boy from anyone at school walking around the store that day.

"Oh right of course, sorry KEIRA. I know you just love that name now." His mother continued on the other side of the curtain, making him grimace in the mirror. Knowing he had no other choice than to eventually face the music as it were, he took his first tentative steps.

Pushing aside the curtain he stepped out, the white ballet slippers barely making a sound on the wood floor. A tiny benefit that didn't outweigh the negatives of wearing them with the little plastic bow on the tops in perfect synergy to the frilly little socks.

His mother smiled proud of her parenting skills and punishment, while his little sister snickered and even took a few pictures on her phone, not the first or the last of that day so he made little fuss about it.

"Oh it fits just perfect Keira, you look just adorable," Angela praised, adjusting the fit of the strapless bodice a little as he stood motionless and defeated.

"I look like a sissy..." Owen replied, knowing full well that with his hair still short and no makeup he looked every part the boy he was.

"Well then maybe this will teach you how to behave like your sister here, stop fighting in school and harassing girls!" she scolded while holding out her hand for him to take reluctantly.

This punishment wasn't fair, it's not like he was the first boy that got in a few fights or pulled a girls hair. His mother was taking it way too far, and with Dad halfway across the country, there was no way to stop her as he

solemnly trotted beside her and his sister, still giggling.

Owen looked in the mirror and felt ridiculous. He tried his hardest to keep holding back the tears as he knew if he cried, it would further remove his masculinity. However, Angela and his younger sister were smiling as if they were happy they had gained another girl in the family. Some parts of Angela were doing this for parental reasons and others were out of enjoyment.

"This is a good fit for you Keira. We'll put this on the rack as a YES. Do you see anything else in here you want to try on?"

"NO MOM!" Owen said slightly wanting to scream but slightly wanting to stay somewhat silent as he wanted no one to hear his male voice. "Let's just go.... Why are you spending money on this?"

Angela smiled. "Oh sweetie, you aren't just dressing today. You are to get in Keira mode for a week every day after school."

"WHAT?!"

"I've tried everything to get you to stop getting in trouble and I saw online that some mothers have been doing this to their sons for decades with great results. Maybe you can get a matching outfit with your sister."

"YAZZZ!" his little sister said clapping her hands together. "It's going to be so much fun having a big sister now!"

"I'm going to tell Dad!" Owen protested as he tried getting the dress off going back to the dressing room.

"He already knows..." said Angela.

"WHAT?!"

Angela and his sister smiled again as she continued her motherly wisdom.



“He’s sick of your antics as well. Do you want me to send him a picture of you two later tonight?”

Owen had enough. He was so mad and upset he didn’t notice that his little sister was busy pulling some dresses and skirts off the racks that he wasn’t sure was for her or him. He squinted his eyes and just put his hands in his face to try to end the misery. Once looking up, he spotted a few women shopping around the store with a few girls that appeared his age. They had it easy. No one was forcing them to be there. Part of him wished he could transport out of there but he knew at that point he was stuck in forced feminization for the day... or week. There was no running out of the store wearing the girly strapless dress and he had to listen unless further punishment would occur. There was no showing enthusiasm for his little sister who skipped her way over holding a faded pink crop-top that read “Real athletes wear Leos” on it knowing she wanted him to try it on along with the zebra-striped yoga shorts that were showing slightly under it. He violently grabbed them out of her hands walking a few feet to the dressing room knowing she had a little control over him thanks to his mother’s insistence of his sissiness.

Several feet from the dressing room, he spotted the Barbie-like blonde mannequin with her hand extended wearing some ugly green prom dress. It’s stupid permanent plastic smile had been grinning at him since arriving there, as it welcomed most girls with its smile. It had to smile for boys being forced to try on girl’s clothing as well. He became slightly envious as the mannequin surely had no feelings. It was stuck in time and not embarrassed by people. Completely emotionless to the environment it was a part of.

After the dressing room door shut with Owen about to dress like his 11-year-old sister, she spoke from her other side. “Keira is going to be so cute mom! I can’t wait to practice doing hair and makeup with her!”

Angela smiled knowing that her real daughter had always wanted a sister. She was a girly-girl and was sometimes intimidated by her older brother, but no longer!

The little sister's eyes light up. "Oh, Mom! After this, can we go to the Beer Treehouse? The new line of Miss Patty's Dolls just came out!" She said about the collectible dolls she liked, not to play with because of her age, but more to display in her room.

"Sure," Angela smiled. "Maybe you and your new sister can get ones together and do the kiss and wish thing with it in the store."

As the girls smiled together and Owen overheard this while a Macklemore was playing over the speakers in the dressing room, his penis shriveled. Next to the dressing room, the Barbie life-size mannequin finally showed one hint of emotion as a small teardrop formed at the plastic eye...



# Chapter 2: Meet the Boys

## *In another part of America: The Feminization Room*

Jordan tossed and turned, clearly having a frightening dream as he groggily opened his eyes halfway. Rubbing his head, he had to stop going on midweek benders he thought, at his age of 33 the hangovers were getting worse and worse. Swinging his body to the side he let his feet drop to the ground off the edge of the cot as he sat up, stretching out a little.

Something wasn't quite right though, the carpet had vanished and it wasn't his bedroom. Instead, it was a grey concrete layout. It, unfortunately, was not some hot blonde girl's room, though he had tried unsuccessfully to go home with one last night. He'd always been careful with his escapades in the past, making sure his wife could never find out. Was this a jail cell? Why? What did he do wrong? He remembered working last night at the bar and then having some drinks afterward but couldn't remember what happened after leaving work. Surely he didn't cause a major scene and get arrested at his place of employment.

Standing up now slightly alarmed, Jordan looked around the room, surveying his surroundings. The room was nondescript, almost purposefully so. The walls were gray and boring. The small single cot which didn't fit his size was also had a completely off white bedspread. The pain in his back now making sense from the bed. He was wearing something that resembled boxer briefs saw no sight of any pants or a shirt.

Seeing no other furniture or even a window in the room his eyes finally locked onto the door, stepping over hurriedly towards it before bouncing back when he tried turning the handle and walking through. A few more attempts and he realized it was locked on the other side. Now banging on it demanding answers he heard a strange noise from the other side.

It was the sound of muffled shouting as well as banging, just like his. Not an echo though, more an imitation, was someone mocking him? Before he could properly grasp what was happening the door he was leaning on swung fully open at so much speed he stumbled into the following room.

He looked up to see a rather distressed looking young man, pointing at him. "Who the fuck are you?! Why did you kidnap me you sick freak?!"

The guy he was talking to looked even more distraught. His palms were sweaty and lips were chapped from biting them slightly. His eyes widened as he tried calming the somewhat burly guy in front of him. Their height of 5'11" was about the same, but Jordan had at least 40 pounds of extra weight on him, more than the 150 pounds the younger guy, Cody, possessed.

"Calm down bro! Where are we?" said Jordan

Cody became increasingly mad. "Don't lie to me boy unless you want to get fucked up."

"Dude, calm the fuck down! I ain't trying to do anything with you. I just got out of that prison cell!"

He started to question his judgment and become more questionable. "What kind of jail is this?!" asked Cody.

"No idea man. I honestly woke up on a cot and got out of the other door. It's some type of living room here but it doesn't seem like anywhere I've seen before. Who has joining bedrooms?" Jordan could only think of one other place, some old house he was in, that was like that.

The boys didn't bother bringing up their similar wardrobe choices. They both just woke up after all although they questioned why there were no dressers or closets in the rooms. While gaining some trust, they both observed the surroundings in the living room. It was more organized and much more furnished than the bedroom cells. The large television mounted on the wall



would be perfect for any guy's man cave. A large sectional sofa was in front of a coffee table and two end tables that seemed like they came from IKEA. Two bookshelves were on each side of the television but neither bothered to observe its contents at the moment. There were no lamps in the room as the lighting came from the ceiling which had some speakers on top as well. Like the bedrooms, there were no windows. Unlike the holding cells they were going to be calling bedrooms, this room had soft white carpet. A nightmare for red wine, but something that looked like it would come from a decorator's house. Several rugs were on the floor and other artwork was only minimalist paintings as an Impressionist style print of a Parisian skyline. Looking around, they only saw an imprint of a door on one of the walls, though it had no handle and seemed to have no hinges. There was a small apartment-style kitchen and a table on the other side of the room that connected with the living room. Again, simple designs, but somewhat feminine.

"Where the fuck are we?" asked Cody.

"Got me... What's that up there?" Jordan said pointing to the ceiling on the wall on the opposite side of the room. There was a small opening. Maybe leading to an attic. With the ceiling about 10 to 15 feet in the air, it was unclear how it was easily accessible. Next to the shoot was another panel with indentations, though the rectangle small shape off the ground made no logical sense for a door.

"HELLO!?! Can anyone hear me?" asked Jordan.

Silence. Jordan tried again, "Hey?! Anyone up there?" he screamed assuming they were in some type of basement thanks to no windows.

Cody cupped his hands, "Hey! We need help." He noticed another door in the corner and walked towards it. As he opened it, Jordan asked. "What's in that room?"

"Just a bathroom. Shower tub thing, toilet, and sink. Though this sink is like very big and shit," replied Cody.

"Shit man. There has to be some way out of here. You have your phone on you?"

"Nah bro, I ain't got shit. Woke up just like this and don't even know where my pants or shoes went."

"What do you last remember?" asked Jordan.

"You know man... Last night... at some girl's place doing shit. Didn't want to spend the night after hitting that so walked to my car and then...."

"What?" Jordan asked during the pause.

"You know bro... I don't remember what happened after that... I mean.. I had like two shots and a beer but wasn't that fucked up. But nah, don't remember driving back to my apartment."

"How old are you?" asked Jordan questioning him because of the subject matter he mentioned and how Cody looked very young.

"19, what about you?"

"33... My name is Jordan Shaw."

"Cody Willows."

Neither said 'nice to meet you' or anything of that nature given the circumstances of their introductions.

"Do you live in New Riverbridge?" asked Jordan.

"Where's that?" Cody replied.

"It's close to Collitowne."

"Speaking Greek to me bro."

"Wait, are you even in North Carolina?"

"Dude, I go to school in Tennessee," said Cody.

Jordan seemed very surprised that he was in another state. "And you were there last night?!"

"Yeah."

"I was working at my tiki bar last night on the coast. This makes no sense at all."

"Wait, what were you doing last night?"

Jordan replied, "I manage a tiki bar and after we closed at 1. I stayed there talking to some people after work but I'm not sure what happened. Usually, I get in the door at about 3:30 and go in bed with my wife. But now I'm here!"

"Strange..."



Suddenly, some mist entered the room and started covering both men. The lights in the room went out causing complete darkness. Both men jumped a little in their tracks fearful of what was about to happen. At that moment, the panel on the wall opened up slowly showing some smoke coming from inside the wall and pink lighting.



“What in the fuck is that?” asked Cody.

“Fuck if I know,” Jordan said frightened, but also curious as he walked towards it.

\*Giggle\* “Welcome y’all. I see you two have been getting to know each other.” The child-like voice with a strong southern accent was somewhat piercing to their ears and very eerie.

“WHO ARE YOU?!” screamed Cody.

The men watched as an anamorphic porcelain doll came on what must have been a conveyor belt inside of the glass panel room. Her arms moved like a robot and she seemed to glide although it was hard to see with its Southern Belle dress on. The doll must be about two feet tall. Its dark eyes were extremely creepy, yet mysterious. The black curly hair added to the mystic nature. This doll could be something seen in an antique store or something in a haunted house.



"Priscilla at your service," \*giggle\* said the doll moving her arms slowly. The boys couldn't believe the doll was moving its mouth. Even though it looked like a vintage porcelain doll, it moved in the way that animatronics do in certain amusement parks.

"Dude I am freaking out, first the waking up in a prison cell. Now I'm dealing with a talking doll. This is so fucked up," Cody muttered as the doll sat motionless before turning its head towards him and tutting.

"Uh uh, bad language isn't very good, though I'll let you off with a warning this time. Now I'm sure you both have a lot of questions..." The doll stated before being interrupted by both of them.

"No shit."

The lights behind Priscilla changed from pink to red for a second as both felt a cold shiver, before changing back to the soft pink. "Well, all you two need to know is you've been specially selected, for a competition."

"Like some creepy game show or something?" Jordan asked, looking around for a camera and noticing several on the walls and ceiling.

"Exactly, and just like in a games show you'll be competing against each other," she continued, motionless but staring straight ahead in the space between the pair.

"So if it's a game show we win something right? Like a cash prize?" Cody questioned, underestimating the situation he was in.

Priscilla just giggled and shook her little head side to side, a mechanical noise loudly heard before she answered, "No there will be prize money. You will both be competing for your freedom. There can only be ONE who escapes!"

The two men exchanged confused and worried glances before Jordan eventually plucked up the courage to ask. "And... What about the loser?"

This time the doll turned to him before speaking. "The loser will not gain their freedom," was all she answered with before continuing with the rules. "Neither of you may leave for the duration of the competition, there will be task set and the person who wins the most at the end will gain their freedom. Understood?"

Neither of them understood anything of what was happening.

"I didn't sign up for this!" said Jordan.

The doll giggled again. "Who said anything about signups?! WE pick the boys!"

"Dude, you are talking to a fucking doll!"

Jordan snarled, "What happened to our clothes?! Why are we only wearing boxer briefs?"

Priscilla laughed. "Those aren't boxer briefs sweetheart. Those are boyshorts that girls wear!"

"What the fuck?!" Cody said immediately taking them off and throwing them. He would rather be completely nude than wear girly shit. Jordan kept his on.

"What do you want from us?!" Jordan demanded.

Priscilla giggled. "You must complete each task and participate no matter what or there will be serious consequences!"

"Yeah, and I'm going to sue the fuck out of whoever is putting this on? Who is behind this?!"

"That's a secret!" said Priscilla. "Now, are you subjects ready for your first task?"

"NO!" yelled Jordan. "You can't force us to do anything!"

Priscilla paused. The guys watched as the creepy doll moved her hands slightly and then her mouth started moving again. "Y'all will want to compete...If you ever want to see these people again alive!"

Suddenly the television turned on. The guy's attention was immediately brought to it. Those faces then turned to shock.

"That's my wife!" said Jordan noticing the picture of his wife on the screen wearing a black tank top. Suddenly the next picture in the slideshow was a recent pic of Cody's parents.

"WHAT THE FUCK?!"

The next photo on the screen showed Jordan's siblings.

"You sick piece of shit! You would never hurt my family!"

Priscilla responded. "Of course not... as long as you DO what you are told!"

Cody was usually a tough guy, but he started getting teary-eyed seeing more of his friends and family on the screen. "So we have some stupid rip-off Chucky here that's going to commit murder?!"

"It takes a team!" said Priscilla. "Now, do you both agree to participate?"

Both looked at the television and saw no other choice for now. The doll was making sick threats of violence. In a fit of rage, both shook their heads.

"Good, refusal to compete in any task will result in STRICT punishment or worse," she stated loudly, the color behind her once again turning red but this time staying, "I do not recommend that as it will be... Hazardous to your health."

"Oh, shit man we're gonna fucking die here..." Cody muttered as he ignored the doll and looked again for a way out, seeing not even a hint of a weakness in the basement apartment bunker's defenses.

He was brought out of his frantic search however by the sound of banging

against metal, getting closer and louder as he winced before two packages dropped from the chute beside Priscilla.

"Each package is labeled with instructions for each of you, your training and competition begins now." Was her last words before the lights inside the box went out and she was invisible once again. The two ominous pink boxes laying side by side on the floor.

Jordan who had been the quieter of the two approached the packages looking over them both before seeing a piece of paper with his name on it. Taking that package he went over towards the sofa and began to try opening it before Cody screamed, making him jump. Jordan who had been the quieter of the two approached the packages looking over them both before seeing a piece of paper with his name on it. Taking that package he went over towards the sofa and began to try opening it before Cody screamed, making him jump.

"What the hell man!? Don't open it, it could be a bomb or something," he reasoned, starting to sweat and shake in fear.

"I don't think that makes sense, why go through all of this just to blow us up straight away? Besides you heard that crazy puppet thing if we don't do this...They'll fucking kill us and our families," he replied, being the voice of logic even though he was just as scared.

Taking the envelope he opened it up before reading inside his head, "Task 1: To start off and ease you into the new regime, this task will be easy though still timed! In your package, you will find clothing, underwear, and footwear. All of which must be put on before standing in front of the television and stating. "I'm all dressed!" The first to do this will win the task and be given a change of clothes more comfortable and usual for you!"

Putting the down the envelope with Cody in the middle of reading his on the other side of his room Jordan winced as he opened the box, his fears coming to life as he took each item out of the box. First, a tiny black tank top that looked like something his young teen step-daughter would wear,



showing plenty of stomach. Next a pair of high waisted studded denim shorts before a long black thin lace cardigan with a floral pattern. The worst items in the box were a floral VS thong with a black waistband reading "pink" along several times, a matching balcony bra with a B-cup. At the bottom of the box finally was a pair of black ankle socks and floral Vans.

"They can't be serious, what the fuck is this shit? What's in yours!?" he shouted over to Cody who was stunned, peering into his own box.

"The bomb might have been better..." Was all he could mutter out.

Cody's face burned crimson with a mix of embarrassment and anger as he took each item out of the box laying them down on the floor. A matching black lace bra and panty, sheer and silky. With a long blacktop, low cut showing plenty of chest. Along with black flat sandals and floral leggings.

Jordan grimaced, "What kind of sick asshole is trying to make us dress like women? This must be some kind of prank reality show."

"Just do what she said," said Cody as fiddled with the black bra trying to figure out how to put it on.

Knowing they were in a bad situation regardless of this being a show or not, both boys fiddled with the problem of putting on female clothes. The floral leggings were very tight and were hard to put over unshaved legs while it felt extremely humiliating having to wear a bra. Jordan felt like making fun of Cody since he was younger and a little younger and skinny showing that it would be more passable for him. Although the B-cup bra was big against his flat chest. Jordan was hesitant and gave up after feeling the skinny straps of the tank top on him and refused to put on girl's underwear.

"I'm all dressed!" Cody screamed in front of the TV.

A light appeared over Cody's name on the LED and a "winner" screen with balloons appeared on the TV. Suddenly, Priscilla's doll image appeared

on the television on a pre-recorded message in front of the balloons.

\*Giggle\* “Aren’t you so pretty! Congratulations on winning the first challenge! You are one step closer to freedom. As promised, here is your new outfit!”

Another package dropped from the shoot with Cody’s name on it. As he opened it, he discovered it was more clothes, just different than the ones he currently had on.

“WHAT?! More feminine clothes?”

“Sounds like more of a punishment than a reward to me!” said Jordan, still not fully dressed as a girl.

“Oh! \*Giggle\* And for our LOSER,” Priscilla said on the TV right before it went to black. Another package came down from the chute with Jordan’s name on it. It was small. Too small to hold any clothing. Both boys were curious as to what was inside of the package. Opening it up, he found a bright purple plastic object with a young base and a cone-shaped top.

“What in the hell is this for?”

“That looks a butt plug...,” said Jordan.

# Chapter 3: Back at the Farm

*Somewhere on a farm in the middle of nowhere*

Samantha sat down at her vanity, patiently brushing her hair while humming along to the vinyl record player filling up her room with the unique vintage sound of the song 'Johnny Angel' by Shelley Fabares. Grabbing a bottle of Soir de Paris perfume she spritzed herself a few times before sighing and standing up.

It had been a rough few months for her at home on the farm. She was never allowed off the remote property and it was mind-numbingly dull, no one for company other than her parents who didn't have anything too interesting to say. Samantha wondered if she used to have friends before her accident that gave her amnesia, rubbing her head even though there was no scar or even bump. Ma and Pop said she would maybe be allowed to join them at church once she completely "recovered."

Smoothing out her light blue 50's dress she glanced around her room for something, anything, to occupy herself with but as with the other thousand times, she came up short. The room looked like it hadn't been touched, like Samantha, since the 50's with faded floral designs covering most things and a light pink satin everything else.

The record player that still hummed its tune was in one corner but that was it in terms of entertainment. She wished somehow technology would allow her to have a television in her room but she knew they were large and expensive. Shrugging her shoulders she left her room to watch it downstairs, another day of nothing out in the wilderness of farmland.

"Hey darling!" came a voice from the kitchen as she passed it at the bottom of the stairs, her elderly mother waving at her before wiping a hand on her apron.

"Morning, breakfast almost ready?" Samantha replied, eager to get the conversation and get to the living room as soon as possible.

"Nearly sweetie, you look precious by the way!" she said as Samantha nodded nonchalantly and continued her way to her one escape, the television.

"Thank you, Mama!" Samantha said as she did a small curtsy. Since the mental training had occurred, she thought nothing out of ordinary despite still having a small penis between her legs. Just meant she had to sit down to urinate when it came time for that. Thornton and Sandy Anne had not yet felt comfortable for her leaving the house just yet. She found herself occupied by telling stories with her "parents", watching the three channels available on TV, and hobbies in the room. She had become an expert at doing her hair and makeup thanks to the magazines (not past 1965), provided by her mama.

Her father Thornton came in the kitchen door wearing denim overalls and a straw hat. He was starting to feel the work of farm life as he approached 90-years-old. Having a son would have helped, although they were unable to have children. Sandy Anne had always wanted a girl, which was how Samantha ended up here. Their plan was to have her introduced as a deb into society once it hit her 16th birthday on the anniversary of the day she arrived asking to use the phone. It seemed like a long time ago already as nothing remained of Sam's old self. Thornton and Sandy Anne knew damn well they were really living in the 21st century although they were turned off by modern technology and culture deciding it was best to raise a girl in the society that they loved and cherished so much. A time when things were more innocent. Luckily, the cable system had been rigged by an accomplice of Thornton's to only show TV sitcoms from no later than 1965. Samantha enjoyed the Ed Sullivan Show and Bonanza the most. Thornton's accomplice was trying his hardest to figure out a way to put on all vintage news broadcasts and commercials but had not gotten to that point yet since the footage was unavailable. Instead, sometimes a new news segment aired which confused Samantha's young mind. Unfortunately, today would be the day of broadcast she did not ever need to see. The cable rigging system had a

malfunction and showed something it shouldn't have.

Samantha crossed her shaved legs as she sat on the sofa and took a sip of her coffee. The black and white television displayed an advertisement for a modern car as she sat there thinking it was an error.

"Gee golly, what is satellite radio? We haven't even landed on the moon!" said Samantha as she laughed to herself. Suddenly, loud dramatic noises appeared on the television as a news report came on with an attractive Hispanic anchor. She turned to the camera and started the report:

"Still no leads in the case of Sam Anderson, the then 19-year-old that has been missing for several months now."

A shot of the man's picture came up on the screen. Samantha squirmed a bit as the guy looked somewhat familiar.

The news anchor continued, "The victim's family say they are not giving up hope."

The scream jumped to a man and woman hugging each other. "We just hope our son returns home safe. We know foul play was involved. He wouldn't have gone off by himself!"

The voice over with some crime scene shots came up as Samantha leaned forward to listen. "The police have not confirmed on whether or not Sam Anderson is a victim of Crossword, the infamous serial killer who has feminized young men and turned them into dolls. A client of Crossword's was arrested two weeks ago while transporting six porcelain dolls but committed suicide as the police approached the vehicle. The dolls are currently under laboratory testing and it is not confirmed on whether there are men alive inside of them. All we can state for now is that Sam falls into the age demographic targeted by Crossword and his word team."

A tough-looking cop with "Detective Chase" In the lower third of the

screen came on. "We are making it our top priority to put an end to Crossword's madness. This has gone on for too long and it is mysterious on how he is feminizing men, let alone kidnapping them. We WILL find the location of his feminization dungeon. A shot on the screen then went to a porcelain doll. One that looked like Priscilla.

"Why does that look so .... Familiar?...." Samantha said as she became very dizzy.

Her head almost flung back into the sofa as her eyes shut tight, images flashing across the inside of her eyelids as memories of a foreign life darted across her vision. Confusing at first and hard to make sense of before they became clearer and more vivid. Her parents, her REAL parents that were on the t.v. Her life growing up the 00's not the 60's and most important, HIS life.

Sam's eyes shot open, wide almost bloodshot as he looked around the room. Not having every memory of his back, but the basics that told him who he was and what had happened. Jumping to his feet in the white heels he turned towards Thornton who shared his worried expression.

"Samantha? Are you okay?" he asked, glancing at the television and back to his captive.

"Don't fucking call me that you sick bastard... You're in on it aren't you!" Sam threw the accusation out, almost certain of their involvement.

Loud noises of cutlery and pans being hit came from the kitchen before Sandy Anne came rushing in, wielding the pan as a makeshift weapon confirming his beliefs.

"Gosh dang it Thornton I told you her watching that thing was bad news, what are we gonna do now?"

"Just relax, it can all be fixed we did it once we can do it again. You keep her here and I'll get the chains.." He said before turning and heading to the



back door.

Sam knew this was possibly his last chance to finally get freedom as he dashed across the room to grab the shotgun she knew Thornton hid behind a curtain.

“NO! DON’T YOU DARE!!” yelled Thornton.

“YOU SICK FUCK!” she shouted with the shotgun aimed at him.

Thornton put his hands up. Sandy Anne placed her hand over her mouth watching all of her dreams of having a perfect family go to hell in a hand basket. “Honey dear! Put down the gun!”

“Tell me! Tell me!” Samantha shouted.

“What?!”

“How did I end up here?!”

“We paid a nice man who promised to give us a daughter,” said Sandy Anne crying and fearing for her life. “It’s all we wanted.”

“You were supposed to have been brainwashed beyond repair,” Thornton said disappointed but also in fear.

“I can’t do this! Change me back!”

Sandy Anne sniffed, “I’m afraid that’s not possible. You are our little girl and we would get in too much trouble if the world found out.”

“I’m not your slave!”

“You are our daughter Samantha....” Thornton said.

“My name is Sam...”

“Don’t do anything stupid!” yelled Sandy Anne as Sam aimed the shotgun between the two.

“Tell me how to leave here!” Sam said with tears coming down his eyes.

“You can’t darling! Not until it’s our time to go,” said Thornton.

“Exactly...” said Sam.



Pulling the trigger was almost in slow motion with two shells ready to go. Sam made them find the intended targets. Blood sprayed all over the room as she watched her kidnappers collapse to the ground with a deathly thud. Part of Sam knew that it was an instant reaction and he would never purposely kill anyone, but these two people had just murdered a part of him by forced brainwashing. Where was the entire control room? How did Thornton know Crossword?

Sam sprinted as fast as he could in his dress out of the house. He needed to talk to the police.

# Chapter 4: Slumber Party

## *The Feminization Room*

Jordan looked up at the LED board in disgust. He still had no points by his name yet Cody had two by his. They had lost track of time, but knew it had been a few days since they woke up in the prison with this weird doll. This wasn't a game after all. Although once a tough man, he was realistically crying each night thinking about what he may have done to deserve this punishment. Since the first game, him and Cody had been forced to dress as girls and they noticed their hair was getting longer, maybe thanks to the artificial hormones placed in their food in the fridge. How could this happen after only a few short days? This latest challenge was disgusting, as it completely challenged their masculinity like no other had before. Still, he knew if there was any chance of survival (without killing Cody), he would have to try his best.

The instructions were simple. Priscilla said that every young girl has her dreams and that if they ever dreamt of getting out of her wrath, they should learn what girls go through and think about. Despite being a controlling man with a temper, Jordan was now dressed like his young daughter wearing pink panties with unicorns on them, soft pink and blue plaid shorts with a pink Cinderella top and bow in his hair, and a freshly shaved body since Priscilla now required grooming. Cody sat next to him with shoulder length hair .

He had on a pink thong under leopard print booty shorts and an oversized t-shirt with a drunk looking Barbie on it with the saying "Party Hard" on it. Wearing a training bra was becoming a daily habit as well but could not be removed for a few days under Priscilla's instruction.

The pair had made strides with their appearances but you could, and they could, still clearly tell their sex and age as they sat cross legged on the floor. A few boxes had been dropped down with a large blanket and several pillows

with instructions to lay them out on the living room floor for their upcoming "slumber party".

"Don't you two look adorable hehe," the doll said with green eyes flashing before continuing, "Now this challenge is going to work a little differently. I won't be the one judging you."

They both exchanged an awkward glance before Jordan spoke up, "What we judge each other or something?"

"No silly, the public will be voting," she stated with a higher tone of voice as a live feed of the living room is shown on the television along with a counter at the bottom with percentages next to their names. "They will all vote continuously through the challenge for the girl that acts as feminine as possible!"

"You mean not only do we have to act like sissies, we have to do it for an audience!?" Cody complained, folding his arms which only helped to accentuate his budding breasts.

"That's right, so don't forget you're being watched and judged at all times on everything. So act like the happy little sissies you are hehe. Now do either of you know what happens at a slumber party?"

"Yeah, sleep," Jordan replied glumly as Priscilla's eyes glow red scaring Cody into answering properly.

"Hair braiding? Maybe...?" He asked, trying to remember back to when his sister did these sorts of things.

Priscilla only giggled as on the screen a big green 100% lit up next too Cody's name and a red 0 beside Jordan's.

"That's not fair!" yelled Jordan in frustration.

Priscilla giggled as always. "Hehe, he got an answer right!"

"So I still have a chance of winning?"

"Yeah totes!" said Priscilla. "I can't wait to see what y'all come up with! Truth or Dare Jordan."

"Dare."

"I dare you to put lip gloss on Cody!"

"As long as I don't have to kiss him!" yelled Jordan.

"Not yet!" Priscilla giggled.

"Look at this as chapstick..." said Jordan to Cody trying to calm him down from flickering at the site of the pink sparkly tube coming after him. As if being hairless, wearing a training bra, and dressing like a girl wasn't enough he realized he was going to have to start wearing makeup and doing his hair soon.

The score board lit up over the next few minutes as the men answered various questions to make them start thinking like girls. Who knew that 32C was Cody's ideal breast size? Or that Jordan knew how to twerk. Sure, it was humiliating. But both of them wanted to escape and know in their hearts that their families were unharmed.

After watching some chick flick with each other on the sofa and having to answer some trivia questions, they found the score board tied. Priscilla ordered for a small package to be delivered down the chute.

"What is this?" asked Jordan.

"The tie breaker since our audience is split! They both love you! What kind of popularity contest is this?"



Cody picked up the package which was a wrapped gift. Opening it, he discovered it was a board game.

“Twister?!” yelled Jordan. “I haven’t played that in years and I’m out of shape!”

“Hehe,” said Priscilla. “We have to develop your girlish figure somehow!”

Jordan spun the spinner with his free hand while the rest of limbs were tangled in Cody's, "Blue circle left foot" He read out before sighing. Knowing he'd have to bend over right in front of Cody's face. Rolling his eyes he got in position his cute little PJ shorts giving him a peachy butt that Cody was now getting a face full of.



Glancing up the scores he was still behind, Cody always being one step ahead in pleasing Priscilla and the crowd. If he lost this challenge he knew he'd be down three to nothing, facing a mountainous task to get his freedom. Something big had to happen to swing the vote in his favour.

As Cody reached over to the spinner but collapsed rather than bury his face in Jordan's butt, they both knew the task was about to end. Cody's smug face as he looked over at the television was the last straw as Jordan took a deep breath and thought of his wife and family.

"That was fun though...I can't help but wish I was playing with a...Cute

boy and not a girl." Jordan stammered out but did his best to make it loud enough to hear and girly enough to win votes.

"What the fuck.." was all Cody could respond with as he backed away from his fellow captive before realizing why he said it, Priscilla's green light flashing signaling the end.

"Well done girls! I'm sure you both had an amazing first slumber party, but there has to be a winner. Congratulations Jordan, seems your confession swung it right at the end hehe."

Despite what he had to say and how he won it he couldn't help but smile as finally he got a point, just one step closer to freedom even if meant humiliating himself on live feed.

# Chapter 5: Beginnings

"God he looks so pathetic," said Charlotte as she glanced closer to the monitor showing Jordan jumping up and down like a little cheerleader excited that he finally won a challenge. "I love it. I want to see him completely broken as a man."

"Your wish is my command," said James/Crossword as he pressed some other buttons to update the webserver.

"He's going to get exactly what he deserves...." Said Charlotte sitting back down and flipping her blonde hair. She was no older than 25 and was out for vengeance. She knew Jordan very well. How could she forget? She had the dream job of many girls her age. Easy job at the tiki bar in a great area making amazing money for serving and flirting with drunk people. Jordan, of course, fired her not only because of turning down his disgusting sexual advances and not allowing her to request off work when she needed to. Charlotte came from a well-to-do family and was the archetype for an All-American-Girl. Popular cheerleader in high school who went on to get into a sorority and become every guy's crush. What was she doing sitting next to one of the most notorious serial killers in the nation?

Crossword looked at the monitor as he was Cody broken and upset on the sofa.

"And what about him?" asked Charlotte pointing her manicured finger to the awful display of the partially feminized man.

"Different reasons..." Crossword turned around in his chair and faced her, his grey brows furrowed as distant memories haunted him. "I'm sure you know all about my family, about what happened to the men who killed them?"

Charlotte couldn't answer but just nodded her head, slightly regretting pushing the issue.

"I saw first hand the justice in this world when those men who killed them got off with only a few years in prison. A few years for ending two lives and ruining a third. That wasn't good enough, you have to make your justice," he replied still staring at her, unblinking.

"Yeah your first two dolls, the prototypes. But why continue it, you had your revenge right?" Charlotte questioned, have always wondered about his motives.

"I had mine, but what about others? What about wives whose husbands cheat on them? What about women who are harassed by men in positions of power? They're just as entitled to revenge, and for a small fee...I can give it to them."

Before Charlotte could continue he turned back in his chair, returning to staring at the screen like a hawk while she grabbed the nearest newspaper and started on a crossword. She'd known James, as she had called him before this, for years now.

Her father worked alongside him at the toy factory for several years and were close family friends, the death of his family had hit her and her father hard as well so neither of them blamed him for his actions. After it though, when it continued her father cut off ties, not wanting to be involved any further but not reporting him either.

Charlotte, however, had kept the doll she'd been given by him, as well as a contact card, so after losing her job thanks to her scum bag boss, she knew just who to call.

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*About 15 years ago...*

"Ah, welcome home," said James as he continued stirring the soup on the stove for dinner.

Mary placed her bag down and took off her blazer. "This Sanburnie case is causing us all to work extra hours. Hey Ellie!" she said seeing her daughter in the living room from the corner of the kitchen."

"Hey, Mom!" replied their daughter without moving from her position.

"How was your day?" asked Mary to her husband.

James smiled. "Very productive. I'm in the final stages of having the model ready for presentation."

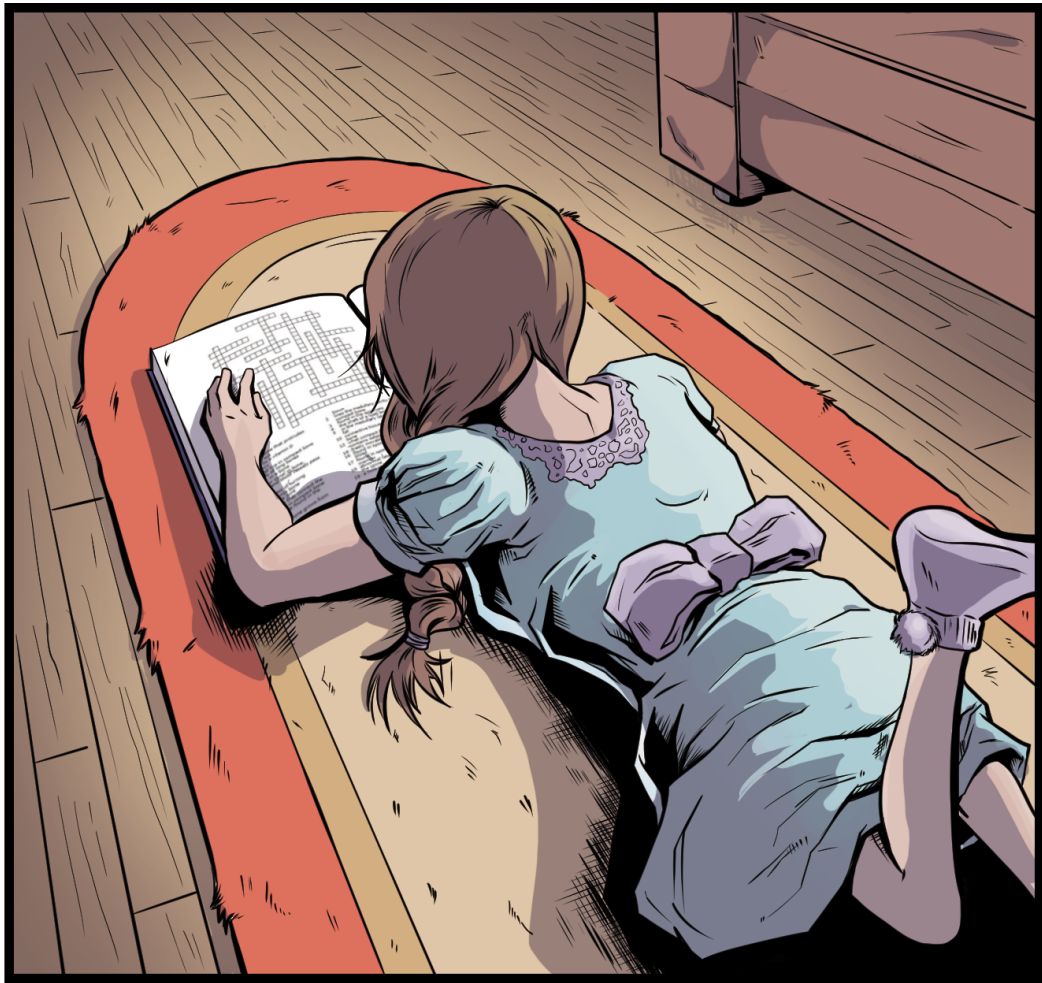
"That's exciting," said Mary going to the refrigerator to get something to drink.

"This is going to be a breakthrough. The hottest thing since Tickle Me Elmo. If I don't get promoted to Senior Engineer after this, I don't know what it will take."

"It's all you've been talking about for the past few weeks. I hope so," said Mary coming to James for a hug.

James turned around, smiled and kissed his attractive wife. Only to be interrupted by Ellie shouting from the next room.

"Daddy! 4 letters. Blank Cell. First letter is S?"





# Chapter 6: Safe Haven

*Back at the farm in present day...*

Samantha's dress had been torn to shreds by running through the cornfields and woods around the old farmhouse. She had long ditched the high heels and now knew what those scream queens in horror films had to go through. Except this was real for her! All memories of being Sam had returned and she didn't even want to question why she had a microscopic penis-clit and breasts. More importantly, why this seemingly clueless older couple had been part of the plan to feminize her and raise her as their pretend daughter that was younger than the real person she was.

It seemed like she had run ten or fifteen miles and saw nothing other than crops, grass, and trees. Not one lamp post, other house or road. She debated going back and stealing the keys to the 1960 Chevy Thornton owned but did not want to risk going back there in case there was a chance one of them was still alive. Instead, she kept running despite tearing up her feet and getting scratched and bloody thanks to running barefoot. The pain was almost ignorable as the only thing on her mind was freedom.

After running for another thirty minutes, she came to a dirt road and followed the path. It seemed like a miracle when she finally saw the distant headlights of a car and ran towards it in the middle of the road.

Inside the car, 24-year-old Tyron Miller was texting while driving and chatting with his friend Joe Parry. Both African-American guys worked together and were heading to a friend's house who lived deep in the woods.

"Damn man... you see this video of that dad throwing trash on his son?"

"That shit was funny!" Joe laughed before turning his head. "What's that out there?"

Tyron stopped texting and looked straight on the country road. "What the fuck is that? Some mannequin?"

"No, that shit moving. Ghost?"

"Nah man..."

Samantha ran towards the car that was slowing down with tears coming out of her eyes.

"What the fuck is this shit? Some girl from back in time?" said Joe.

Samantha came up to the window as both guys stared at her. "THANK GOD YOU ARE HERE!!!"

"Woah woah... who are you?!" Joe asked.

"My name is Sam... Please... take me to the police!"

"Hold up... what's going on?"

"I just escaped!"

---

*Back in the feminization room...*

Jordan and Cody sat at their dining table eating one of the meals they found in the restocking fridge, as usual completely silent in their floral rompers till Jordan spoke up. "Hey, Priscilla? Can you play some music? Loud?"

A light flashed over by her case before an Arianna Grande song started blasting out of the speakers located all around the bunker, "What the hell man? Now we have to listen to this?" Cody complained.

"I only did it so they can't hear us," Jordan said in a muffled voice through with their proximity Cody could hear and nodded in understanding. "We need to talk, there has to be a reason why. Why us?"

Cody again nodded but had already been thinking of reasons, sure he'd pissed a few people off in the past but nothing crazy, just pranks and a few scorned ex's... "Hey weird question but, have you ever cheated?"

Jordan raised an eyebrow as he thought of the several women he'd had an affair with as well as the women at work he had propositioned. "Fuck yeah maybe, why?"

"Dude...Me too, a few times. You don't think?" Cody asked, sure he'd found the reason.

"Shit that makes sense, making us dress up and act like a chick, that's exactly the kind of shit some crazy ex would think of as revenge!" Jordan said, getting angrier as he tried thinking of which woman was the most likely. "Well regardless knowing why we're here doesn't help us get out of here...Unless you have a plan?" Cody asked, wishing more than expecting.

"Not yet, but we need all the information we can get..." Said Jordan. "Who was your last girlfriend?"

"Becky in high school! She's going to a college three states away. I doubt it was her though."

"Why is that?" asked Jordan.

"She's not the brightest bulb. Whoever did this knows a shit load about technology and engineering and has a bunch of time and money. Not likely to be a 19-year-old girl working on an associate's degree."

Jordan thought for a moment, "And you didn't piss off any other girls?"

Cody replied, "I mean I slept with at least 40 girls since freshman year, but wouldn't all of those girls be on the same boat? They are all in college too. There was this one girl I dated for like five months named Charlotte but she wouldn't think of anything like this. Too mature and sweet. Just not my type as I'm out there trying to have fun. What about you?"

"There was some fornication with some women at the tiki bar I work with. Yes, I was unfaithful to my wife but you know how that goes."

"No... not really," said Cody without citing the obvious age difference.

Jordan continued, "My wife wouldn't have been able to do this. She would have divorced me first. I doubt it was one of the girls at work. They aren't capable of doing this kind of intricate design either."

Cody looked around the room, "Do you think they could have hired someone?"

"That's a theory. But what kind of sick asshole would do this for people?"

"Have a better idea?" asked Cody.

"We have to either escape from this hell hole or find a way to contact someone on the outside. Who knows how far this will go. We've been down here for a few weeks already and are looking more feminine thanks to that puppet."

"Hey Priscilla," Cody called out as if it was some sort of personal listening device.

"Yes, peasant?" Priscilla said after her door window opened.

"We've been following all of your rules and instructions. Can we maybe get a cell phone or something?"

"Keep dreaming!" her high-pitched voice replied.

"Who is controlling you?" asked Cody.

Priscilla replied, "Inspiration and dedication, but I AM the one controlling you sissies."

"This is so fucking stupid. Here we are grown men having to take instructions from a fucking doll. Come on man, let's stack this sofa and some other stuff to try and reach that chute."

Cody walked over. "It's sealed shut. How are we going to open this?"

"I'll look for some things in the kitchen to use."

Cody started to take the sofa to where the chute was located. He was a lot weaker than his roommate Jordan and had some struggle pulling the heavy furniture over. Meanwhile, in the kitchen section, Jordan was packing some knives, scissors, and anything else he could find that could be of use. After making their contraction, Cody started to climb the stacked furniture to get to the top.

"How does it look up there?" Jordan asked.

"This thing is odd. It's not like one of those attic doors I've seen where you can push up on it and there is no sliding portion," he said placing his hands on the cold metal chute door trying to get it to budge in any direction."

"Take this knife," Jordan said carefully passing him the 10-inch blade.

Cody looked at it slightly dumbfounded as he couldn't see much use for it other than carving his initials onto the metal. He tried stabbing through the metal, but it was barely affected. Jordan noticed his struggle. "You want me to get up there?"

“Nah man, just give me a minute,” Cody said.

Jordan noticed that Cody was useless when it came to knife skills. “Try sliding the blade through the side to see if there’s a small crack.”

Cody shook his head but followed the directions. Suddenly, Jordan saw Cody’s body jolt and a sound could be heard that was like something getting fried. His body feels almost a dozen feet to the ground where Jordan was unable to catch him.

“Holy shit! Cody... are you okay?”

Cody’s body remained motionless.

“Cody!” Jordan checked for a pulse. Luckily, there was an indication of life. Jordan looked up again at the mysterious chute door. “PRISCILLA!” he called out in anger.

The evil doll’s laughter did not help calm the situation. “You sissies sure do love learning lessons. Even the hard way.”

“What did you do?”

“He did it to himself. Do you honestly think you would have it that easy trying to escape from here! Idiots. That chute door has anti-escape features including electrocution methods.”

“YOU ARE SICK! YOU JUST NEARLY KILLED HIM.”

Priscilla laughed, “He’ll be fine. He’ll wake up in about 15 minutes or so.”

“This is insanity,” Jordan said out loud to himself while also thinking about other escape methods.

“One other thing,” said Priscilla.

"What could it be now?!" Jordan asked angrily.

"You sissies will be punished for even considering trying to escape."

"WHAT?!"

Suddenly, Jordan got his wish in that the chute door opened, but only for a few brief seconds not giving him enough time to climb the sofa to escape. Only enough time to drop down two packages of little girl diaper pull-ups.

"What the fuck is this?"

Priscilla laughed. "Bathroom is locked for the next three days! In the meantime, you sissies can wear diapers since you act like little girls!"

"No way in hell," said Jordan.

Priscilla's voice turned more evil, "Don't mess with me and do what I say! Oh, and you get the pleasure of changing Cody right now since I think he pissed himself when he got electrocuted. How fun it will be for him to wake up in a diaper!"

# Chapter 7: The Station

Detective Chase stepped on the cigarette butt he'd just thrown the on the sidewalk before slamming shut the door of his black Dodge Charger, dropping his keys in his long coat pocket while grabbing his wallet. Strolling up the steps of the little backwater town police department he flashed his badge at the secretary before being lead towards the interrogation room. All without a word, just cold steely determination.

"Mr. Anderson?" Detective Chase asked though the person before him looked far from a mister or even an adult. Sam was still wearing a dress and had his hair still styled as a female. The waiting period at the station had been long as special people, including Detective Chase, had to be called in.

"Y...Yes?" he replied, still shaking from the trauma of the last few hours.

"I'm Detective Chase. The briefing I received gave me the rundown of your statement. I have some specific questions...."

He spent the next thirty minutes asking about her relationship with her "parents" and the farm. Everything she knew about the couple and any memories she had of living there. Backgrounds on Thornton and Sandy Anne revealed that they had only one child in the past. A daughter who died in the early 1960s. It was assumed that "Samantha" was created to fill the void. During which Sam had to endure nearly three years of hell living there as a girl.

From driving records, it was shown that they had previously owned cars made in 2012 and 2015 which the team came to the assumption that they had created this false 1960s environment on purpose from the resurrection of Samantha. Much further investigation was needed by the other team. Detective Chase had other priorities.



"I have a few questions about Crossword..."

Detective Chase pulled out the cold metal chair across from Samantha or Sam as they were claiming to be. Pulling the chair in, under the table, he slammed the heavy case file down with accidental force before opening up the pages, seemingly looking for something.

Sam nervously watched from behind his hands, still nervous and frightened. Confused but thankful to be in a safe place. Laying out on the table several photographs Detective Chase pointed to the first one, a small pale porcelain doll with a purple dress and dark long curly hair.



"Have you ever seen this object or one like it before Ma', a...Sir?" Stopping himself midway, fully aware of the horrific body changes Sam has been forced to undergo.

Sam looked at the doll, not recognizing that one but instantly having flashbacks to the bunker and Priscilla. Shaking a little as a few minutes pass while Detective Chase grew impatient.

"Mr. Anderson have you seen this do..."

Sam shouted out but soon quietened back down, "There was one just like it, it's all we saw in the bunker. Priscilla..." Sam leaned back in his chair, clearly frightened just by mentioning the name, looking around him half expecting her to pop out of a hole in the wall.

Chase meanwhile grabbed his pad and pen and jotted down a few notes, letting Sam regain a little of his composure before continuing. "You said We? Were you not alone in the bunker?"

Sam's eyes widened, "Perry..." He muttered under his breath. Had he escaped too? The last thing he remembered was the gas then waking up the cornfield.

"Perry who? Please, Mr. Anderson, can you remember his last name." Chase asked, thankful to finally be getting somewhere in this dead-end case.

Sam only shook his head though, his memory still a little foggy and shaken.

Chase leaned back in his chair before looking at the empty glasses on the table, "How about I get us some coffee before we continue?" Sam didn't respond but Chase stood up, leaving his jacket on the back of the chair but taking his phone and starting a call on his way out.

"Yes, Mark? I need you to run a background check on any males between

the age of 18 and 30 that have gone missing in the past year or so, first name Perry."

Getting the confirmation he canceled the call before walking over to the coffee machine, clicking the button before placing a mug underneath it, overhearing a few of the beat cops talking about the strange young lady they'd arrested.

Surely it would be front-page news soon enough, meaning he had to get as much information as he could now before Crossword knew he had him. Taking the cups he walked back into the interrogation room and placed one in front of Sam and one for himself before taking his seat again.

He continued his line of questioning, asking about every detail of the bunker he was kept in for what seemed like months. Making notes of every small feature along with drawing a little makeshift map. Eventually, it turned to what was done to him which took a lot more coaxing.

Chase shook his head in disgust before moving on from the sordid matters, asking finally about his escape and the elderly couple that he had attacked again. "So they were keeping you hostage?"

"Yes, but they were trying to pretend I was their daughter..." Sam said with a shiver.

"Hmm, well there's little chance of them thinking that you were. Much more likely they knew Crossword and bought you off him.." Chase surmised.

"Crossword? Bought?" Sam questioned, blinking in ignorance,

Detective Chase had seen this before in people who had just undergone a traumatic event. It was probably best for a break. "Don't worry Sam. The team will take it from here and we'll ask more questions tomorrow after you get some rest. You've been through a lot and our other branch is on location at the farm right now with the bodies."

"They are dead!? I... Killed her?" Sam asked, his breathing heavy and heart beating fast. "This can't be happening..."

"You did shoot them with a shotgun after all... Don't worry it's all been filled as self-defense and in the circumstances, I'm sure anyone else would have done the same, thanks for your help, Mr. Anderson." Chase said as he left the room, taking his phone and hitting the record as he walked back to his car.

"Two new leads, the old man and the house. On route to investigate both, we're on his tail."

# Chapter 8: Prom

The past few weeks had damaged Cody's confidence. Both as a man and of the possibility of escaping. After the electrocution and forced diaper episode, he had been on his best behavior while Jordan continued his efforts to escape. Clogging the toilet, breaking pipes, attempting to break Priscilla's window, breaking walls, and other attempts were useless but he never gave up in his mind despite how far the feminization had come along. Both had hair past their shoulders now. Their faces had higher cheekbones, full lips, defined eyebrows, and other feminine features. Cody had shrunk about three inches in height while Jordan had managed to become a full foot shorter which added to his humiliation. This was all thanks to the continued hormone development and other gases released in their sleep in separate bedrooms. Some changes can be easily dealt with such as long hair, but the worst ones were the insulting modifications to their sex organs. Jordan once sported a seven-inch cock, but that was a thing of the past. His new one-inch penis made it easier to fit into panties. Cody's penis wasn't any better and his testicles were pretty much non-existent. Jordan was now on training bras with A-cups while Cody had developed to a C which helped him feel like a girl.

Neither was accepting, but Jordan had more hope. Perhaps after the final sex change, a trip to the hospital and police would help bring them justice and their manhood back thanks to reversible surgery. The only positive part about the ordeal was that whatever type of sick contest was going on with the scoring system of challenges and the voting system had been removed from the past two challenges which taught the boys how to act more feminine. The challenge tonight wasn't any better though as they were about to get ready for prom.

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*Meanwhile in the control room upstairs*

"This is amazing. I can't believe his breasts are the same size as mine," said

Charlotte looking at a monitor with Cody putting on his strapless bra.

"I try not to disappoint," said Crossword.

"It's too bad the people on the website can't see this."

"They will be by the next challenge. Just until I install the new blocking system."

"Is something wrong?"

Crossword smirked but kept his confidence. "Someone knows something..."

"What?!" she asked.

"I found a tracking code in one of the server logs."

Charlotte became fearful that she would get in trouble as well. "Is everything going to be okay?"

"Yes," he replied. "I'm not certain of who exactly it is. It could have been anyone actually who managed to get through the security system on the servers."

"You have to be one of the most technical masterminds I've ever met."

"Thanks, Charlotte," Crossword smiled returning his attention to Jordan in the bathroom who was shaving his legs.

---

Jordan finished painting his nails in a bright red, letting them dry a little before continuing on his make up in the pink princess vanity mirror. The past month had been hell for him the body changes, clothes and being forced to feminize his room like a pre-teen princess was nearly breaking him.

Sat in a white and red pair of hello kitty cotton panties and a matching training bra he hardly recognized himself anymore, with a sigh picking up the brown eye shadow and expertly applying it doing his best not to tear up and ruin it.

Cody meanwhile was confident, if not happily, applying his own makeup. He'd had just as a hard time with their imprisonment then Jordan but with the scores being 5-3 he was so close to freedom anything was worth it at this point. Putting the finishing touches on his lip glossed lips before checking his glitter eye shadow for any smudges.

Unlike Jordan, his room wasn't decorated quite so garishly young, though he was undoubtedly feminine with pink and glitter everywhere. Stepping across the pink zebra rug he came to his dress on a hanger, shaking his head at the pure feminine nature of the thing.

With his larger breasts, there was no chance of wearing training bras anymore as he currently wore a strapless push-up one that made his C-cup breasts appear even more prominently which he was sure would get him bonus points. His minuscule penis didn't need to be tucked back anymore and didn't even make a bulge in the matching thong he was sporting.

Jordan cursed in the mirror as he messed up his eyeliner and had to start again, although he'd had plenty of practice he still made a few mistakes now and then. Practicing something you have no passion for will do that he thought before spraying himself with a pink bottle of perfume.

His prom dress was a red A-line dress with a split front skirt allowing it to show all the way to the top oh his thighs and hint at his embarrassing panties. The bodice had a mesh lace floral design that would fit tight against his now slim waist and chest his small breasts making a slight womanly curve.

The material of it wasn't unpleasant at all but the constriction and vulnerability it brought made him clench his fist in anger before storming off



to collect the matching shoes he'd thrown across the room in a fit of anger. Sitting on the edge of his Barbie bedspread, nudging the annoying plush toys to the side before slipping on the red satin high heel sandals. The heels they were wearing helped them feel like they had won the heigh challenge.

Cody had only felt a glittery sequin dress when a girl was wearing it, so having one on himself made him feel more like a girl. He knew he had this challenge won with the slit going down the side to show off his girly legs. The back of the dress showed off plenty of skin, including shoulder area. Sometimes when men get into dresses, the broad shoulders give them away but thanks to the body feminization forced upon him Cody looked like a girl from the back, especially with that developing bubble butt had had to go on. He held out the side of the dress and let it come dropping onto his body. Something about looking like a princess made him feel like a princess, but that's what happens when you decide to give in to the temptation of becoming a woman.

While in feminine prison, both of the guy's ears had been pierced thanks to helping each other with the process. How else could Cody don the sparkly silver earrings that graced his ears? He also had on a necklace and a few bracelets on his girly wrists. While he knew it took women longer to get ready for an evening out traditionally it completely made sense now on why girls have to spend a few hours getting ready for prom.

The hair part seemed to take the longest as his now blonde hair had been curled on the back and braided in certain sections for the special occasion. He had to curl his hair before but this special hairstyle that he found in one of the magazines Priscilla provided was very pretty.

Jordan didn't have the same natural fashion sense as Cody did and was struggling in the other room putting his brown hair into an updo. The regular bobby pins, hair ties, and barrettes weren't cutting it as he knew Cody was becoming a full-fledged sissy and he would have some serious competition. Surely no women go through this on prom night trying to outdo their friends on who looks the prettiest. Whoever was behind Priscilla was sick for coming

up with this idea and .... Everything else in the room. Jordan had a young daughter in his personal life. One that he knew he could attend to better. Sure, they did some regular activities but he found conversation was difficult as he had many different interests and was spending time on other activities more so than others. He could be a better father. All of these thoughts came to mind as he looked in the mirror and saw the reflection of a young girl. That could be his daughter, why was he the one wearing a bra, dress, and having long hair with makeup? Was his terrible parenthood the reason behind his feminization? He kept questioning the reasons but had difficulty thinking of solutions even if he found out the truth.

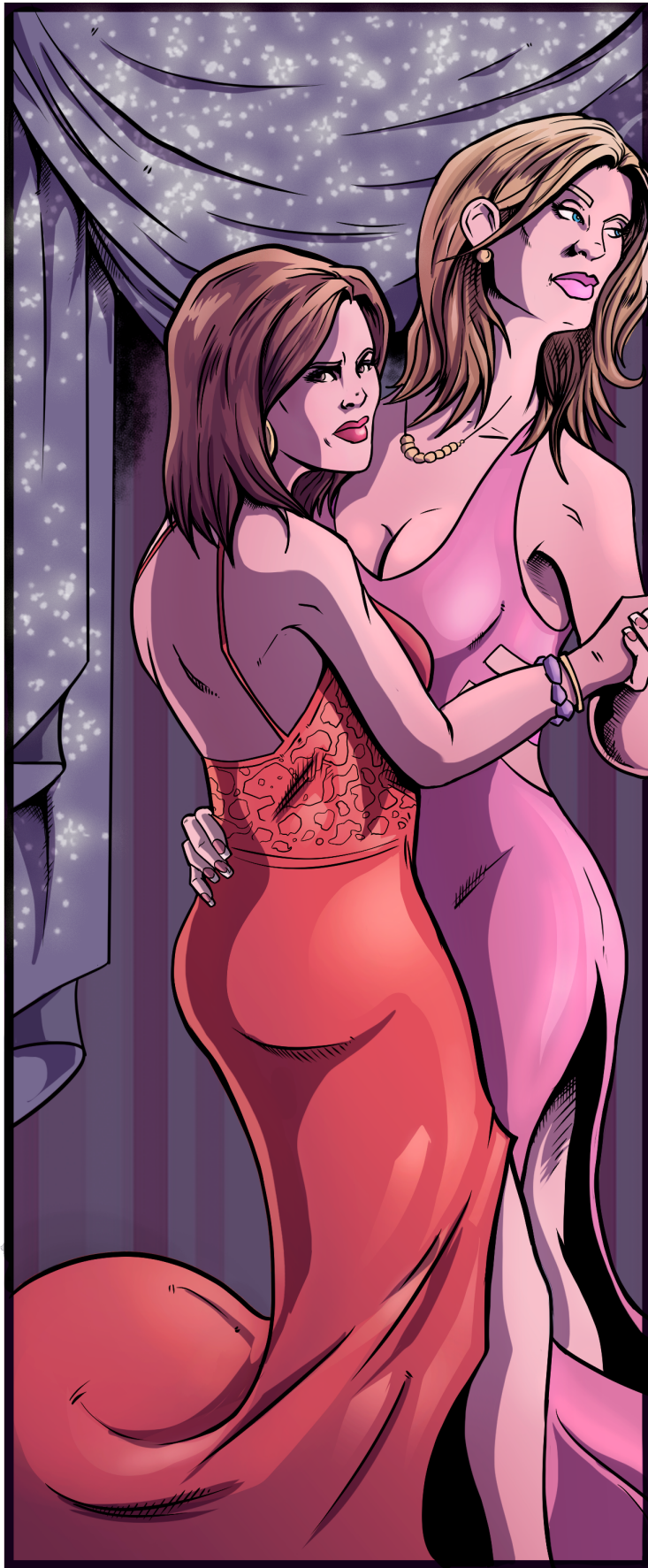
As the speakers started, they both heard Priscilla's dreaded voice announce their time was up, taking deep breathes preparing for humiliation as their bedroom doors unlocked and they walked into the living room. Both glanced over and stood frozen in shock.

They would have both sworn the over was female and an imposter but their similar blushing embarrassment made it clear it was really them. Jordan's ego took an even bigger hit when they got closer and he noticed his heels were shorter then Cody's leading to a significant height difference.

They stood side by side awkwardly as the glass panel slowly revealed Priscilla, with that huge fake porcelain grin.

"Well don't you two sissies look beautiful? I'm sure if you had dates they'd been delighted." She teased as they both looked down in a mix of anger and embarrassment,

Sadly though we can't trust you two around boys so you'll have to make do with each other, the final part of this round is to have a slow dance together. Cody, you take the lead since Jordan is basically a little sister." The last comment stinging and ringing in Jordan's ears before the music started.



The typical slow love song that the pair were soon, apprehensively dancing too together, doing their best to keep as much distance between them as possible. It would have been hilarious to watch from the outside in as the pair stumbled in their heels and long dresses. The occasional curse, and watch your hands till they eventually got through the ordeal.

"Well, it seems you two need some practice hehe, though I'm sure you'll have plenty of guys willing soon. Now before the announcement of the winner, since you've both made such good progress I'm going to have you change names."

"Oh, c'mon can't we have anything from before?" Jordan begged, trying to hold onto the last part of the masculinity he held.

Priscilla's head just robotically shook side to side as she giggled, "Uh uh, now Jordan you're going to be Tiffany and Cody, Clarissa. You both HAVE to only use those names from now on, understood?"

Both nodded solemnly and resentfully.

"Great now the winner... Clarissa! You tried your best Tiffany but Clarissa you're just a natural sissy, it's clear you love it hehe."

Clarissa just blushed as some tiny part of him deep down, had to admit to enjoying a few of the new sensations.

"I can't believe you being a sissy is going to get me killed..." Tiffany muttered under her breath before kicking her heels off violently and storming off into her room, slamming the door like a spoiled teen.

## Chapter 9: Away on Business

"I seriously wish I could send pictures of this everyone at the tiki bar," said Charlotte as she watched the sissies dance together on the monitors in the control room.

"I'll try to put some content from this on the servers when they are back up. Maybe there are some fans."

"Yeah, but I want a print out of this and plaster it right above the bar for everyone to see!" Charlotte said using hand gestures.

"He's making progress. Don't you love how I was able to make him shorter?"

"Yes! He's going to be so adorable," said Charlotte putting on a cute pouty face. "Plus it looks like he's going to 'lose' this competition unless he gets his shit together. I was surprised that Cody took this more seriously when it started. He was all bro-ish before and it's fun seeing him act like a princess now. That will teach him to sleep around."

Crossword liked the fact that Charlotte looked like an innocent woman but had this somewhat evil side of her which caused her former dating partner and manager who fired her at the tiki bar to be put in the same room together. "You'll get your wish soon, we are almost at the end of the feminization process."

Charlotte smiled and looked around the room since not much activity other than Jordan crying was happening on the monitor. She spotted the familiar picture that was near one of the keyboards of the lab but never said anything before. It showed Crossword who looked about 15 years younger with a woman about his age and a young girl who appeared to be about 8 or 9 years old.

"Your family was very beautiful James," said Charlotte.

Crossword looked over at the picture which brought back some great memories. "Thank you. I loved them very much."

Charlotte paused for a moment but then found the courage to ask him. "I don't believe you ever told me... What happened that night?"

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**October 2005...**

"Mom. When does Daddy get back?" asked Ellie.

Mary smiled at the side of the bed, tucking her daughter in for the night. She graced Ellie's hair with her hand. "He'll be back soon. He's on an important trip right now and..."

Suddenly, Mary heard a noise. It sounded as if it was coming from downstairs.

"What was that?" asked Ellie, hearing the sound as well.

"Stay here.." Mary said, patting her daughter's knee over top of the pink bedspread.

Mary cautiously peeked out of the door of Ellie's bedroom. The hallway was dark, but there was a light in the middle of the staircase. Slowly, she walked out into the hallway holding her robe tightly to her chest. She peaked downstairs but didn't see anything in the foyer or hallway leading to the kitchen and living room. The house had an alarm system, yet nothing went off. Perhaps it was the wind slamming the screen door of the back porch again. Mary turned her attention back to going into Ellie's room to finish tucking her in.

"It was nothing Ellie. Now it's a long day tomorrow, so..."

The sound of glass breaking interrupted her speech. Mary's heart sank as she knew something was wrong.

"Get under the bed Ellie..." she said. The little girl fearfully got out of the bed with her doll and hid under the bed for protection.

Mary quickly ran to the nightstand of her bedroom and unlocked her revolver. Her hands shook as she loaded a few rounds into the cylinder.

As she peeked out of the bedroom door, she announced her presence. "Who is there?! Is someone in here?"

Before she moved, she took out her Blackberry and dialed 911.

"911, what is your emergency?"

"I think someone is in my house! We live at 315 Elm Street in the Lullindale neighborhood. Please hurry!"

"Okay, ma'am. Please stay on the line with me as long as you can. Do you see anyone right now?"

"Not right now," Mary said in a quiet voice. "I'm home with my daughter. I just heard something break like someone is walking downstairs."

"The police are on their way," said the dispatcher.

"Please hurry... OH NO!!! They are coming upstairs!" she said as she heard footsteps coming up.

"Do you have a place to hide?" asked the dispatcher.

Mary's attention was taken away as she saw a man wearing all black at the

top of the stairs.

“GO AWAY! I HAVE A GUN!” she screamed dropping the cellphone and aiming the weapon and the intruder.

“Where are the plans?!!” he screamed.

“WHAT PLANS!!! GET OUT!” she yelled with her finger on the trigger.

“Operation: Dawna!” he yelled coming closer to her, holding a weapon of his own.

“Let’s hurry!” said the other intruder breaking stuff downstairs.

Mary pulled the trigger but missed him. One of the intruders fired his shot from his .45 caliber handgun shooting Mary in the arm causing her to drop her weapon and hold her arm in pain.

She fell to the floor. Ellie in the other room holding her hand over her mouth in fear as tears came down her face.

“Now where are the plans?!”

“I honestly have no idea what you are talking about...” she replied.

The intruder kicked her in the face causing immense pain.

“Take what you want...,” she muttered with her bloody mouth.

The other intruder came up the stairs yielding a knife. “I don’t see anything!” he said, as if in a major rush.

“We can’t stay here long!” the other said smashing Mary’s cellphone with his foot, knowing she had dialed for help. “Check every room...”



Suddenly, Ellie made the mistake of coming out of her room and screamed at the top of her lungs at the two men and her almost lifeless mother on the ground.

“We can’t leave any witnesses!” one of them yelled.

“Dude, she’s a kid!” said the other.

“It doesn’t matter. Goodnight sweetheart!”

Mary screamed, “NOOO!!! PLEASE DON’T!”



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Charlotte held her hand over her mouth teary-eyed as Crossword continued the story.

“They didn’t successfully find them at the house. I only held a backup copy in a safe in my man cave in the basement. Mary had no idea they were there. Those assholes killed my innocent family for no reason. If only I had been there that weekend...”

“It wasn’t your fault.”

James had guilt. But it was mostly when the innocent first occurred. Memories came back of his depressive state and having to drink a bottle of whiskey every night to cope with the loss of his family. He immediately rented an apartment and put the house for sale to not have to be reminded of the hedonistic murders that occurred there.

“In a way no. But if I had never started that project... My family would still be alive.”

“Although things would be COMPLETELY different,” Charlotte said.

“Some ways good, some ways bad. But I miss my family and think about them every day.”

“As you should. Keeping their memory alive!” she said hugging Crossword, even though he wasn’t used to such gestures in recent years. He always knew Charlotte as a nice girl. One he could have seen Ellie growing up to be.

“I spent the weeks after that drinking every day, but it didn’t destroy my life,” he said. “I spent every waking hour working on my craft. Finding new ways for these dolls to work. How they could be more human-like. How to have imagination start to control their motion.”

Just like Crossword... Charlotte thought. Changing the subject to something about work.

“But they caught the guys who did it though, right?” she asked.

“That’s a longer story...”

# Chapter 10: Back at the Station

Sam sat nervously on the edge of the bed as he waited for the doctor to return, wearing a pink gown cause it fits him better than the men's blue one he was dreading the results. Surely if anything can be done, it can be undone, or at the very least he could go back to at least resembling a man.

When the door finally creaked open he looked up startled as the male doctor gave a small, rather insincere smile before closing the door gently. He was in his mid 50's with dark, greying hair. Wearing the typical white doctor's coat complete with a stethoscope draped over his shoulders.

"Mr. Anderson, we've got the last of your test results back," he stated calmly, with practiced neutrality.

"And? Can it be... reversed?" he asked, even crossing his fingers.

the doctor made only a slight grimace before shaking his head slightly and continuing, "I'm afraid the... The treatment you underwent is far beyond even today's medical science, the people that did this are working with serious medicine and procedures we've never even known or considered."

"So I'm stuck like this... forever?" The reality sinking in and his head collapsed into his hands.

"There are some methods we could use to balance back out your hormones, you would be able to grow facial hair and the like again but other than that I'm afraid there's not much we can do. Your body will still have its curves and shapes, your height will remain the same and your... Equipment for the lack of a better word will remain its current size."

"So I'd look like a freak?"

"Your appearance wouldn't match the norm of today's society's is all I will say on that, that is if you go through with those methods. Another option, and the one I recommend along with your therapist. Is that you try you enter witness protection and assume the role of a female.

"As a woman!? You mean let him win?" Sam said, tears welling up and fists clenched.

"It's not about anyone winning Mr. Anderson, it's about getting to live anew. Safe and away from the people that did this. We suggest you go through with the various sexual reassignment procedures and into the witness protection program, where you can start your life anew. It is the safest and easiest route at this point."

Sam's world came crashing down as he openly started weeping, the doctor grabbing a box of tissues and holding them out for him before pressing a button on his pager, signaling for the surgery team to join them to start the procedure.

Before the arrived, Detective Chase showed at the door.

He noticed HER crying. "Did I interrupt something?"

"My world is over!" cried Sam.

"I'll make this brief... You may not see me for a few days, Sam. Thanks to the information you provided us, we are on the way to investigate a suspicious location."

"Really?" Sam said wiping tears away. "Where?"

"From the description you gave of the vehicles at the farm, we tracked the type of tire sold in the area. There was only one rundown auto shop that sold it in a nearby county. We are questioning several people who have owned the place."

"Are we all set!" said a smiling nurse.

"NO! Not yet!"

"Oh no, Sam. Put any medical stuff before this. Don't worry, we will make sure they pay and justice is served. Good luck on whatever you need to be done here!" said Detective Chase.

---

Later that night, Detective Chase stayed low in his parked car, doing his best to make it look empty while keeping his eyes on the little wooden cabin down the old dark country road next to the abandoned auto shop. Everything in the area looked like a time machine. Much like the old farmhouse where Sam was living as a girl in the 60s.

"Now how in the world did that old man buy tires for his car and have them last here?" said Chase out loud. He noticed the vintage advertising and gas prices under 90 cents in the window. This place had been abandoned for decades.

Chase's partner, Officer Brooks, was in the passenger seat. "You ready to get out?"

"Not just yet," he replied.

He quickly checked his records.

Thankfully after following up a few of them, he'd managed to track it down to one suspect, Jackson Daniels. A computer genius in his own right, yet kicked out mid-course in his senior year for hacking computers and selling cheats for tests. He had to be the one that was setting up Crossword's computer systems and that meant, he'd met him.

Chase was finally close to getting somewhere after nearly being fired from

the case several times, it took a few hours but eventually, he saw movement. A dirt bike and a casually dressed rider parking up out front before looking around and heading inside.

Chase quickly grabbed his radio before phoning it in, being told back up would take several minutes he decided to go in alone. Dangerous, but he couldn't lose this lead, not when he was so close. Grabbing his Glock from the glove box he slipped out of the car and made a hundred yards or so to the cabin on foot.

The front door was old and rotten wood, clearly once having a lock but no longer as he pushed it open and pointed his gun inside. Empty apart from a slight light coming from a staircase down. Silently and slowly creeping down the décor changed from rustic and barren to modern and clean. Clearly a hideout perfect for a tech junkie.

Peering around the corner he spotted the suspect, still wearing his motorcycle helmet as he looked through several USB sticks, clearly looking for something in a hurry.

"Freeze!" Chase yelled out, looking down at him from the barrel of the gun as the perp threw his hands up before grabbing something from the desk. Not a weapon but a creepy porcelain doll, using it almost as a hostage or a shield.

Chase stepped forwards a few times before carefully looking at the doll, just like the others they'd found before. Looking deep into its brown, but cold eyes he was horrified to notice a tear drip down its cheek and onto the floor as he fired his gun.

"What the fuck was that?" asked Officer Brooks.



# Chapter 11: Court room

Clarissa and Tiffany both copied the positions on the screen, stretching out on their yoga mats with easy flexibility coming from a month of training. Both had to come to find these moments more relaxing since it wasn't overly feminine, even though both were wearing tight yoga pants and pink sports bras.

The girl on the screen doing the moves would often give them compliments by name or call them sissies showing it was recorded just for them, which added another level of humiliation too it. Eventually, they were both asked to do the splits as they were each day.

Getting closer each time but never quite making it Clarissa looked over at Tiffany who for once was doing better than her, Tiffany's new small frame and height making it a little easier as her crotch laid firmly on the mat, though she didn't seem pleased about it.

The screen soon went blank as they both rolled up their mats and put them away before getting protein shakes, of course, filled with more hormones than proteins but they didn't know that. Their small talk about asking to watch some decent shows on the television was soon interrupted by Priscilla popping up through the glass.

"Hello sissies, enjoy your workout?"

"Hardly a workout, you just make us stretch out..." Tiffany complained as usual.

"Well, we don't want you two running your figures with ugly muscles, do we? hehe." Priscilla asked rhetorically before continuing, "We have a new requirement for you two girly girls."

"So this won't be scored? Where's our incentive?" Clarissa asked, finishing her shake.

"The same as always, if you don't comply you'll be punished." Her eyes glowing red, sending a shiver down both their spines, "You'll be getting a few packages which you'll be expected to use for the next few days. Instructions are on the boxes, sissies!" She giggled before the glass panel went blank again and the metal chute made the familiar clang of objects falling.

Crossword watched, his furrowed brow only a few inches from the small camera feed as the two feminized captives held up the boxes of tampons and maxi-pads in confusion. Charlotte couldn't hold back her laughter at the sight, having been the one to come up with the punishment.

"That will teach them, he refused to give me time off on my periods and Cody always complained about my mood swings. Let's see how they like it now." She cursed with a smile that was being matched by Crossword.

Poetic justice was something he greatly enjoyed, which is one of the main reasons he kept doing what he did. That and the money. "They've come a long way, we're almost ready..."

They both nodded before turning away from the screen and taking a sip of the coffee Charlotte had just made, "So you were telling me the other day... About the men who... Your family?"

A sad look crossed his face as he nodded solemnly and crossed his legs in the office chair before continuing with his story. "At that point in my life, I had never wished death on anyone. Not even my worst enemies at the LipImagination. But it had been a long few months since those assholes took my family from me. Seeing John White and Chris Winters walk into that courtroom with orange jumpsuits on was not enough. I wanted to see them get the death penalty before I did something about it."

---

*April 2006...*

John White was a tall African-American man and the one largely responsible for the invasion. His accomplice Chris Winters was a skinny white guy who was addicted to meth. One of the reasons he began his criminal activity with John was because of the drug habit. They were both extremely nervous appearing in court especially given the graphic horrible details of the crime and the media attention. They admitted to being hitmen and having to do people's dirty work but refused to mention anything related to why they targeted the Robbins' household.

James Robbins sat impatiently at the front of the court awaiting opening statements. He could see the nervousness in Chris' eyes but not John's as John was the only one who had done time in jail before, albeit not murder charges on a very graphic crime.

What no one could see in court and what the prosecution was going to mention was how James' life had been affected since losing his family. There was turmoil at work and his productivity suffered. He was unsure if there was enough PT in the world to utilize to try and cope with the loss of his wife and daughter. The alcoholism had kicked in just a few weeks after the incident although he kept that part mostly concealed. Friends were supportive but it was still a lot on his mind.

The trial went on for several weeks, during which Crossword was in the courtroom every day listening to the bullshit defensive attorney and having a hard time keeping his mouth shut in court. Home videos and photos were shown of James with Mary and Ellie. Ones where they were visiting the beach, camping, hugging each other. It made James cry in the courtroom and added to the jury's decision.

It was like an angelic choir to hear multiple guilty verdicts on the crimes of capital murder, first-degree robbery, rape, etc.

"Burn in hell you dumb ass mother fuckers!" James yelled out after the final deliberation was delivered. This caused commotion in the courtroom as

multiple people gasped and got out of their seats as James started to rush to punch both of the men in the face.

---

“Oh my god,” said Charlotte. “What happened then?”

“Panic ensued. They gave me a disorderly charge for it but it was later dropped given the circumstances of what happened.”

Charlotte relaxed a bit but signaled for Crossword to continue.

“It was still another few weeks until the sentencing hearing. But I don’t know what was worse, hearing that John White was getting life without parole rather than the death penalty or the fact that Chris Winters was only sentenced to ten years in jail. Both should have been hanged at the gallows right after the guilty verdict was laid upon them.”

“Justice doesn’t seem to work that anymore,” Charlotte said concernedly but also in a way in which her millennial liberal mind operated. “What did you do after that?”

Crossword looked at the monitor to see both boys putting tampons in their assholes. Struggling, just as he had seen others do many times before. To think, they would not be in this position of having to experience life as a girl... or something worse if his life had not come crashing down in the first place. All because of a terrible decision two criminals made one night and the lack of justice from the government.

“I’ll tell you tomorrow... it’s a long story. But let’s just say what man can trust the legal system and community when something like that occurs? I knew I had to take justice into my own hands. For the sake of my wife and little girl.”

# Chapter 12: More Femme

Jackson held his head down. He had not shaven in days by choice. His representation, an experienced criminal defense lawyer, sat next to him going through several papers. Officer Chase and two other troopers came into the interrogation room. It had been a day since Jackson's arrest at the old cabin and auto shop. He had already been through one round of questioning and refused to answer anything else until he had a lawyer present. Luckily, James/Crossword had prepared for such a thing in case one of his accomplishments got arrested and secured payment for the best criminal defense lawyer in the state in case something happened.

The questions started from square one. To see if Jackson would state the same answers. They knew him as an early-30s tech genius, though somewhat timid. This was the first time he had been arrested and thought for sure the police would never be able to reach him. His loyalty to Crossword was being questioned, though the lawyer had some advice of his own.

"I told you... They were only meant to punish the original people. That's why what happened to the guy who got released happened," Jackson said.

Officer Chase wasn't having any of it. "I'm more worried about where Crossword is right now."

"I honestly don't know!" he said.

"You do know!" said Officer Chase.

"You can't say that..." said his lawyer.

Officer Chase took a sip of his coffee. "I talked with the DA's office. We are prepared to drop several of these charges in exchange for some information.

"Which charges?" asked his lawyer. After reviewing the paper, his lawyer noticed most of the major charges to keep Jackson out of prison were listed.

"May I have a word with my client alone please?"

---

*20 minutes later...*

"My client agrees to reveal the location of the original feminization room," said the lawyer.

"Perfect. It's a good start," said Officer Chase. "So where is it?"

Jackson slowly said, "It's at the old cabin... There's a basement. That's where the controls USED to be. Don't ask me where they went because I don't know. There's another room below the basement. Below there you'll see what's left of it. I lived upstairs and my family has owned the auto garage for years."

"You mean you lived there and don't know what's down there?" asked Chase.

"It was only used for storage. I still go there often to check on things."

Officer Chase looked blankly at Jackson and spoke into his walkie talkie. "Can we get two officers out to the house. Please standby on how to access the other room."

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*Back in the current feminization room...*

Both feminized boys had been separated into their rooms once again, the small screens in their room giving them different instructions from Priscilla. Both were pretty grateful really, it was much easier to act like a sissy when someone wasn't psychically there watching you.

Clarissa's now platinum long blonde hair was done in a high ponytail with

a pink scrunchie and she listened to the instructions from Priscilla. It was to be a twenty-four-hour live stream to her audience where donations could be made. Both would be doing their show and whoever made the most money would win. Clarissa's show was to be stripper themed as her now slim body and large breasts fit perfectly for the role. She had several outfits all laid out, all sexy and slutty, in which she would be changing every so often. Teetering in front of the camera in her sky-high heels she awkwardly waved.

Blushing as she could see her self on the screen, pink tube top that barely contained her breasts with a criminally short white skirt. Her long smooth and slim legs adorned in pink fishnets to complete the trashy look. With one last sigh and trying to concentrate and think of the freedom she began her dance twerking in front of the camera.

Meanwhile next door in Tiffany's room she was finishing brushing her hair and adding the little pink bow clips to keep it from flying around too much. She was close too boiling point in terms of anger but knew she had no choice but to put on a show otherwise she'd never catch up with Clarissa and earn freedom.

Her little satin pink ballet shoes were soft on the fluffy carpet as she took a few deep breathes and looked at the horrific sight on the screen. There she was, looking like a regular teen girl, wearing thick white dance tights and a pink ballet leotard. Complete with sequins and of course large, frothy tutu.

She had, just like Clarissa, twenty-four hours to put on a ballet recital to earn more money. Performing better in yoga and stretching out, she fancied her chances as she struck the beginning pose before raising her leg high up and over her head.

Clarissa grabbed a fluffy pink towel and wiped a bit of sweat from her face as she shook her head in confusion, she must have slept funny or pushed herself too far cause all her limbs felt heavy and stiff. Her elbows and knees were rigid and tough to bend.

Looking over at her stripper pole she figured that it could be easier to dance on since she could cling to it, changing outfit into an American flag tie-side bikini before wrapping one leg around the metal pole and pushing her boobs out knowing her best bet was to focus on sex appeal.

Charlotte was glued to the screens as she clapped, giggled and hollered at the two old enemies acting so very different from how they wanted. The mature and macho Jordan looking and acting like a little girl at a ballet dance recital while the chauvinistic womanizer Cody doing his best impression of a slut.

"Good thing I got a new tech guy, wouldn't have been able to set this up without a livestream on a secure network..." Crossword muttered, still concerned about how much the last guy knew. Knowing he should have dealt with every single dead end.

"Yeah, this is perfect! I can't believe what you've... We've done to them, it's more than I could have hoped, Jordan or Tiffany as we're calling him now looks almost cute haha. I can't wait to have a little doll-sized version of him!" Charlotte bragged, a fire of vengeance in her eyes as she watched in glee.

"It will be him, not a version of him..." Crossword corrected her as she waved her hand, too preoccupied with watching her revenge take place before her very eyes. "Aren't you excited about the other?"

"Oh that will be great too, I'll have a little doll to take around everywhere who and a mannequin to dress up in all my outfits, not to mention watch as I have guys other. It's the perfect justice for the guy who dared cheat on me!" Charlotte laughed, making even Crossword a little worried at how far she is willing to go for payback.

"Just remind me not to piss you off..." he muttered to himself.

"Didn't you say you would tell me the rest of the story?" asked Charlotte who was very curious to hear what could make a great book, Made-for-TV



movie, or NetFlix original.

“After the sentencing trial, my life did not improve. I was coming up with these very detailed and technical plans for new toys that the executives hated. I was devastated. They wanted a better prototype and concept that was more for mass American Joe-Sixpack’s daughter than intellectual older children could enjoy like how Ellie was.”

“Wow,” said Charlotte. “You are a genius!”

“Thank you, Charlotte. Your father was one of the main people who shot me down.”

“Ugh... some things never change with him and bad decisions,” said Charlotte not wanting to admit all her Daddy issues at the moment.

“Without my family at home, I put all effort into becoming the best engineer possible at the time. It was how I was going to hit the executive level and replace those dumbass worthless MBAs at the top who couldn’t know a good toy if it landed in their lap. But if you would like for me to skip all the technical details of how I created the mystery protect then I’ll skip to the interesting part.”

“You know I want to be just like you,” Charlotte started wanting to learn more about technical design... along with feminization.

Crossword smiled but then frowned as he remained the part of the story where he left off. “Can you believe Chris was released from prison only three months into his decade sentence?”

Charlotte squinted her yes, “How is that even possible?!”

“He had a different lawyer go in for him and get him released on a few technicalities.”

“No way!” said Charlotte gasping again.

“See how messed up the judicial system can be? I knew I couldn’t have him walking the streets. Especially after what he did to Mary and my little girl. The puzzle started coming together though. What is it that many kids have?”

“Imagination?” Charlotte guessed.

Crossword nodded. “That and an imaginary friend. What if that child had a physical object that they could interact with. Kind of like a talking doll, but much more...”

Charlotte had a hard time following that statement but nodded anyway.

He continued the story, picking up with Chris living at a half-way house. “I knew his schedule... work release, off at 3 pm, to halfway house and under house arrest there for at least six months as part of the agreement. I found every document I could figure out all his little moves. No part of me wanted to turn into a criminal but it was more of vigilantly style. The van was in place, the tranquilizers had been ordered, and the old farmhouse had been set up for the operation. He was drugged and tied up to my satisfaction as we drove to what would be his final resting place as a man. It was much to accomplish by myself but I was happy with the results of the makeshift lap which had a large table with different instruments to remove his body organs and shafts to keep him from struggling since there would be no anesthesia used.

Chris woke up strapped to all fours on the table and was duct-taped at the mouth. Plastic sheets were greeted him on all escape sides in case any DNA evidence feel to the ground. Based on my calculations, the surgery would take a few weeks. Sure, removing his testicles with a surgical knife only took about forty minutes, more because he was struggling with the pain of being emasculated but I was happy with some of the results. He was injected with the secret formula that I found that could shrink bone structure and cause his

skin to start hardening. Over the weeks, he was put on a strict diet of water, breast milk, and only certain fruits and vegetables to take out any male hormones that remained in his body. While this feminization liquid worked, I later found a way to turn it into a gas form which takes less time to cause an adult male body to shrink in drastic ways and become feminized.

He always asked in pain why I was doing this to him and he begged for me to just murder him. If you count dollification as murder, I guess that would be me but I always looked at this as what it was. Justice.”

“Amen,” said Charlotte.

Crossword continued his evil story. “He knew what was happening to him once he reached about two feet tall, couldn’t move his joints, and had a flat surface crotch like a Barbie doll. To intimidate him, I put Ellie’s doll Priscilla in front of him. The one with her innocent blood still stained on its face. To show him his sins and what he was about to become. Two days later, Chris was officially dead and now a porcelain doll named Christina. It was a masterpiece. Not your grandmother’s kind of porcelain doll that is often valued as an antique, but rather one that was durable and could be moved around with a children’s imagination. One that could cry with them, or instantly hug them if needed.”

“Holy shit, so the person is still alive inside of there?”

“There are special mechanics inside the doll that force it to react in certain ways.”

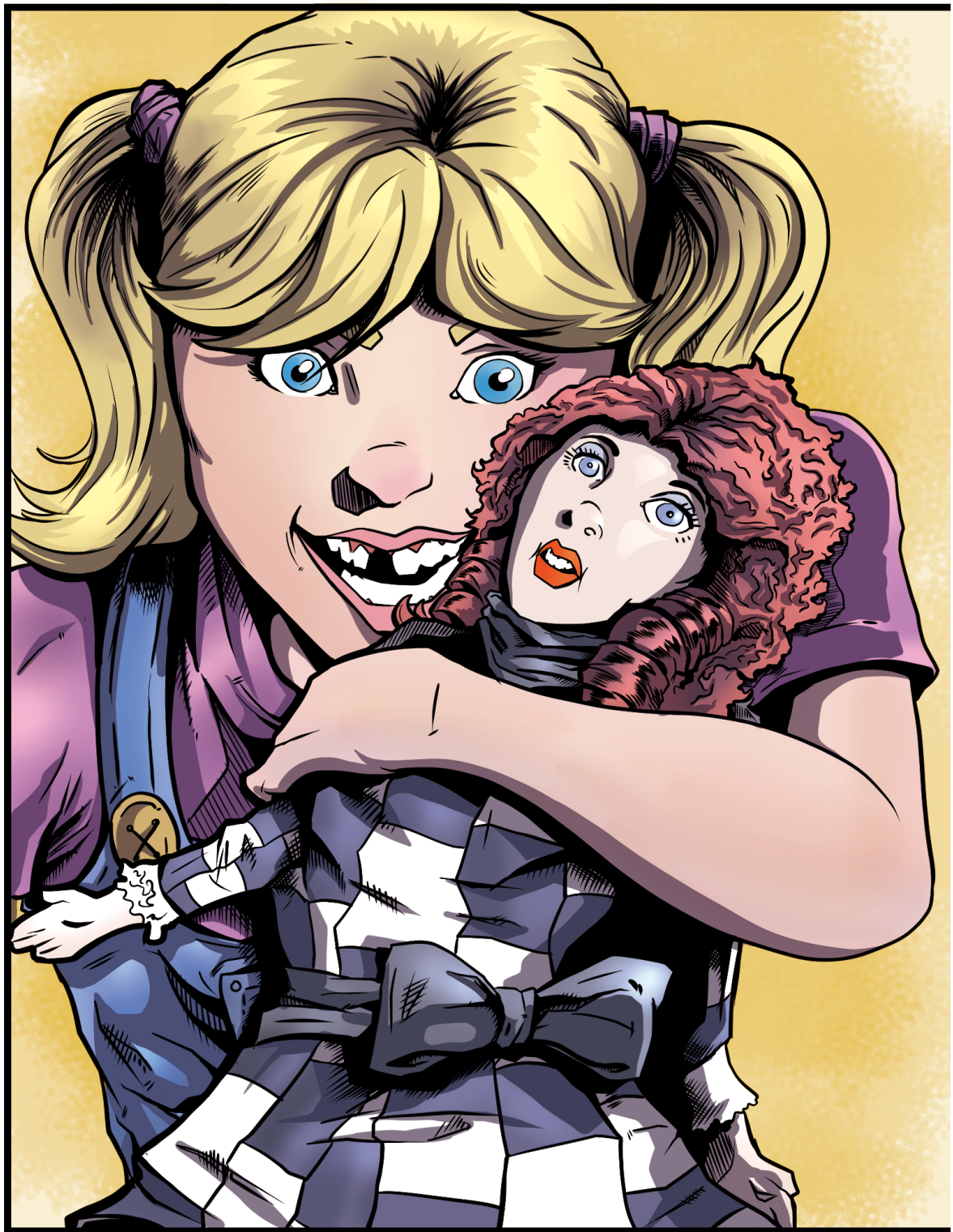
“Wow, I didn’t know that was possible. There must be some serious engineering happening there.”

“I try my best,” said Crossword.

“How do you get moving parts in with the gas or liquid transformation?” she asked.

“It’s complicated, but it works off changing some of the last remaining body parts into moveable parts. Hence, why the doll isn’t like Baby Pee-Pee and cannot use the bathroom. I’ve always wondered why people want dolls of that nature.”

“I had one when I was very little. It was nice to play Mommy once in a while,” Charlotte admitted.



Crossword smiled at Charlotte's sweet mother-like nature. "The Christina doll needed some type of theme though. In honor of Ellie, I put a crossword dress on her with various children-lovely words on it. Can you believe that the board didn't like Christina?"

“What?”

“They still did not understand the concept and wanted to do a different dress design. At that point it was impossible and I mean impossible to change their minds. I took matters into my own hands. It was time for a change. I put my two weeks' notice in and resigned from my position. I told everyone in my life that I was finished with the toy industry and just wanted to start over again. Surely with my engineering skills, there could be other projects I could work on such as furniture or model design. However, after letting Christina sit there for a few weeks, I knew I had a gold mine on me. It was then that I started a website with great imagery and put the custom doll manufacturing as a service. Christina was sold to an individual for \$3,500! Surely there was a market for this and the demand was high. There was also no shortage of injustice in America. I needed to create a line of dolls with other crosswords on them that connected in memory of Ellie. Within a year, dozens of drug addicts, murders who got off, con artists, and others were used to create my first line. Of course, I didn't tell the general public about this but there was a lot of press about men disappearing. What you see now is a snowballed effort. When the media circus began, I created a new name so they could not trace me and became more selective with orders. The web service, plus private clients willing to spend tens of thousands of dollars made me a multi-millionaire in the course of just a few years. As far as everyone knew, James Robbins works as a private consultant in design in Arkansas while Peter Manuel is the person who designs and produces the feminized dolls. They, of course, know me by the media's name Crossword. We are now in the hundreds of these precious collections of dolls.”

“That's amazing,” said Charlotte. “And all of these are men who did not deserve to live any longer as men. What productivity!”

Crossword coughed. “Not all have been perfect. There were a few rejected and partial transformations...”

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Thanks to the information from Jackson, police units were all over the

scene of the old cabin which later led to finding a few chemical bottoms with a name on them. The name was searched in a database for specific chemicals. One only certain doctors were able to access, though Crossword found a loophole. Through research that took over two weeks, the team found an address in the middle of nowhere, which was an odd place for another old house with a basement and secure bunker situation.

Turning the metal handle of the rusty hatch lock on the bottom bunker took all the officer's force as he finally managed to open it. The strange scent of dampness and used chemicals filled his nostrils before he pulled up the collars of his jacket and grabbed his flashlight.

The bunker seemed to go down forever into the murky depths as the stairway went back on itself several times before he reached the hard concrete floor, another large bulkhead door blocking his path but this one wasn't locked and with a forceful push he was in.

Chase put out his cigarette on the old dirt track, crushing the butt underneath his boot as he checked his gun was in his holster, safety already off before slamming the door of black Dodge Charger shut. The drive around the back way mountain paths was dusty and secluded with not even many animals around, the silence broken by his footsteps.

Flicking a light switch beside the entrance revealed a damp, rust filled metal room the only sound coming from the occasional dripping of water onto concrete. This looked like the place Jackson had mentioned during one of his interrogations.

The sound of plastic cracking filled the room with an echo as he looked down and noticed a small doll's limb, not daring or wanting to think where or how it came to be he stepped around it before seeing several of them scattered around the floor, limbs, heads and even dolls clothing.

He'd seen plenty of horrific and creepy things in his career but even he had the chills as he walked into the final room, the sound of soft murmurs making



him pull out his pistol. Slumped in the corner was a doll, missing its lower half and only having one arm.

Its long hair was tangled and messy covering its face, different to the others being life-sized. Still, with his gun up, Chase approached it and with a gloved hand moved the hair away from the face to see the lips slightly moving. It appeared to be animatronic but only its lips moved, maybe a camera he thought, left here as a fail-safe.

He swore he heard whispers though, along with muffled...Sobbing? The realization hit him like a truck as his entire body almost wretched, moving his head down and ear closer to the lips his fears were realized.

"Help... Me... Please..." The soft voice begged as Chase's hand shook. Moving back before asking loudly.

"What...What happened? Who are you? Did Crossword do this?" He asked them all at once, having a million questions but unable to think straight.

"Please, you...Have to...Help..." Was all it replied with, unmoving with no emotion on the face.

"I will, I will. Just tell me something, I'm after the man who did this!"

"J... James Robbins... Look for... James Robbins." Came the doll's response as Chase quickly took note of the name. Could that be him? Crossword?

"Do you know where he is now?" asked Officer Chase.

The doll tried speaking more words, "I was put in a bag and was at the end of the truck. We drove... some country road. I last remember seeing a sign that said Oskland Route 14."

"Okay, I'm going to get you out of here, find help!" He told it, him, her? Before leaning in to pick it up, hearing it beg again.



"No... Just...Just end this..." A single tear rolling down its plastic cheek as Chase knew exactly what they meant, nodding his head before pointing the gun.

"Thank you..." Was its last words before a bright flash filled up the darkroom, and the doll's head exploded into a thousand small plastic pieces. Chase put on his sunglasses despite being in the dark bunker and muttered, "An explosive end..."

# Chapter 13: Invasion

Charlotte continued watching the two screens, the donations neck and neck. Eager to see which one wins, even though in the end it doesn't really matter. Neither will be left unchanged or free, the donations were just so Charlotte and Crossword could make money as well as have vengeance.

Just as it was coming up to the final hour of the live streams the control room filled with a red light along with a high pitched alarm. Charlotte's eyes widened in horror as she checked the outside CCTV feed and it showed several S.W.A.T. trucks invading the compound.

"Holy shit!?" she screamed, turning to Crossword who looked just as alarmed but not as frightened. "How did they find us?!"

"No idea..." Crossword said looking at the screen dumbfounded. What had given this away? How did they find a new bunker? "We have to get out of here, I have fail safes and an escape but we can't waste time," he said oddly calm as he grabbed his coat and pictures of Mary & Ellie. The only things in the room that had any attachment to him.

"This can't be happening I can't go to jail!?" Charlotte continued hysterically as Crossword just took her hand and headed for the side door. "What about them?" she finally screamed out pointing towards the camera screens to the still dancing girls.

"They're already complete," he stated before flipping a switch labeled 'EMERGENCY!'

Clarissa paused as the vents along the wall started pumping green gas into her room, grabbing a towel to cover her mouth as she screamed and panicked trying to get out. Her head going light as her vision turned blurry, confusion setting in as her limbs went numb and but not limp.

Stiff and unmoving she was frozen in place, unable to scream anymore as his throat seized up, her entire body's skin almost cracking and turning into a hard material. The tiny vestiges of her manhood shrinking up inside her as smooth skin replaced it. Her eyes the last part she was able to move, darting around until those too were stiff.

Tiffany in the other room underwent much the same horrifying transformation only hers was shrinking her more and more until even the chair she once sat at to do her make up was taller than her. Laying back on the floor, staring at the ceiling as she tried in vain to scream for help.



Crossword set off several other switches as him and Charlotte exited the room. The mannequin and doll left in the feminization room were the least of their worries as S.W.A.T. members with military-style rifles found their way into the compound. Luckily with Crossword's wealth, he had been able to hire the best of tactical solutions and security teams to construct what he called "Fall out shelters." Multiple places around the country just in case something like this were to occur. He wasn't about to surrender or go down easily. He continued through the small hallway with remote in hand and Charlotte's hand in the other to escort her safety. This girl had just wanted revenge against some idiot guys in her life. No need to have her pick up a felony along the way. "We have to get to my plane," he yelled to Charlotte as he pulled her hand.

Officer Chase sat outside the bunker, which looked like an abandoned farmhouse from the outside. "He's finally going down..." he said.

Officer Brooks came to his side. "Chase... we have an issue."

"What's that?" he said.

"There's a gas leakage in the building. Some type of pink and green gas."

"Is it flammable?" Chase asked.

"I'm not about to find out! S.W.A.T. wants to evacuate, but don't worry. We have the building surrounded. There's no way they can esc...."

Crossword's push of a button on the remote caused the entire compound to explode. All S.W.A.T. members inside the building were immediately killed or were suffering on the ground badly injured and on fire. He had safely denoted this while on a secret fireproof underground runway for his private plane.



Debris from the wreckage flew in the area, some landing on dirt, but others causing damage and fire to everything around the property including more law enforcement officers.

Officer Chase sat on the ground very bloody with a piece of metal through his side. Officer Brooks had been decapitated. There were multiple yells from people trying to give directions, but the scene of the entire building and everything, minus Crossword and Charlotte, in flames and destroyed proved the mission to be a disaster.

Meanwhile, Crossword had started the plane with Charlotte in the passenger seat and had opened the secret underground opening to freedom. Crossword had thought this escape out throughout. The plane had a secret code in it to look like a standard crop plane to avoid any inflight or airline security errors. This was his path to freedom.

Officer Chase looked up, seeing the small white plane exist the flaming demolition left. He had come so close to putting down this evil serial feminizing serial killer.

“Chase to barracks... We have an issue..” were his last words.

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Charlotte looked out the window of the plane. The smoke coming from the incident scene was very evident in the country area. Part of her felt safe with the mastermind in the pilot’s seat but another part of her realized she was now a fugitive. She started to cry. Crossword showing a little emotion for once held her hand.

“It will be okay. I’ve had to escape before,” he said.

“Really?”

“But not like this!”



“Even if there any survivors.... They will see everything. The control room... the feminization room... Priscilla. Everything. They will be on to us. Where are we going?”

Crossword took a breath. “Somewhere west of the Florida Keys. There’s another place ready there.”

She paused for a moment. “What are you talking about? We go through all of that and you are already wanting to find more people to feminize?! We have to lay low for a bit.”

He looked at her. She was right. But he had other plans. With the wheel to the plane in his right hand, he took out the photo of Mary and Ellie in his pocket and placed it on the dashboard.

“I want another wife and daughter...”

Charlotte smiled, “I’ll help in any way I can, but I don’t think I’m ready for something like marriage and womanhood. We don’t know each other THAT well.”

“I mean help me find them. We need two more...”

*To be continued!*



That was something different! I hope you enjoyed reading this story as much as we did writing it! If you found pleasure in this story, please be sure to leave a positive review!

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

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