

# SEE GUYS BECOME SISSIES



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Thank You!

Join Us

SEE

By Courtney Captisa and Claire Bear

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## CHAPTER ONE

### Waking Up

“Where am I?” said Perry with a hoarse voice and still having an enormous headache. His vision was blurry and stomach aching.

Sam could barely make out with the man was saying. For he woke up thinking he was still in a dream. He could see a few images in the room, such as the bed across the room a few feet where Perry was laying. However, he could only see the silhouette of the man. His throat was on fire, and head hurt as well. Gathering enough energy to pull himself up, he shook his head in hopes to alleviate the pain. “Who in the hell are you?”

Slowly, Perry’s vision started coming back. He could tell the other guy was around his age, maybe slightly younger. They were in street clothes, the same ones both wore the night prior. Perry examined the room a little more. Both of them were sitting on twin-sized beds with pink sheets and purple blankets. There were nightstands separating the beds and a few abstract art pieces on the white walls. Looking the other way, Perry could make out a table, kitchen counter, and sofa with a TV in front of indicating it was some type of studio apartment or large dorm room.

Perry turned his attention back to Sam, “Who are you again?”

“My name is Sam! What about you?” he asked.

“Perry... How did you get here?” Perry responded.

“I wanted to ask you the same thing! Are we still in New Bedford?”

“I have no idea Sam. This apartment doesn’t look familiar at all. I take it you’ve never been here?” asked Perry.

Sam stared at Perry; he looked like he had a massive hangover. His facial hair seemed as if he had not shaved in a few days and his short dark brown hair was extremely messy. “Never. I don’t even know how I got here. The last thing I remember about last night was leaving my friend’s house and walking to the bus station.”

“And getting on the bus...?” Perry asked.

“Actually, no...”

“Are you even old enough to drink?” Perry continued.

“Not yet. But I still had a few drinks at my friend’s house. I’m 19, what about you?”

“23...” said Perry.

“And you were out at the bar?” asked Sam.

Perry responded, “Yeah, I left there at about 1 a.m. but

don't remember going back home."

Sam looked around, "Judging by the looks of this place; it seems like some chicks live here. Did we end up coming back here with some girls?"

"I wish... if that were the case. Where are they?"

"Good question," asked Sam. He started poking around his pockets and the bed trying to find his cellphone. "Shit, can't find my phone."

Perry looked for his as well, "Strange... I can't find mine either. I swear, these girls better not have stolen them!"

Sam laughed, "I don't think there are any girls here. Plus, why would we be fully dressed?"

"Good point," said Perry, pointing at him with his index finger. "Well, it was great chatting with you, but I'm going to head out."

"Good idea, maybe I can come back later on for my phone and wallet," Sam replied, sitting up from the feminine bed shaking his head. His hair and appearance, though he couldn't see was just as disheveled as Perry's. His short dark hair was in an untidy state compared to the usual slick back style he sported. His beard was a little dry and crusty around his mouth like he'd been drooling while sleeping.

Perry shortly returned to the bedroom section with a nervous look covering his face, "Dude you have to see this..."

Following the total stranger into a different section of the apartment he saw what he meant, a large metal door stood in the wall, though no handle was present, along with the edges of it instead were large metal bolts, under closer examination they could spot no windows or other doors, seemingly locked in.

"What the fuck is going on here?! How did we get in if there's no exit?" Sam questioned, as he paced backward and forward with panic setting in.

"This is fucking creeping me out man; we must have been locked in here while we were passed out!" Perry says, jumping to the only conclusion that makes sense to him.

"But why? and by who?"

As the two young men studied the studio apartment they found nothing out of the ordinary, there was a little kitchen section with the basics, though everything seemed bolted down and to the highest safety. A bathroom that had both a large tub and a shower, along with a room length mirror like one found in public bathrooms.

Each wall was noticeably bare with no windows or doors; only the living area seemed to have a metal chute like contraption though it was far too small for them to climb

out of, instead yelling for help and then later curses up it. Eventually giving up and sitting down for a breather and to think.

“So what do we know so far? We were both out last night, late and drinking,” Perry started trying to retrace his previous night mentally.

“Yeah and then I remember walking to the bus to go home then it’s all fuzzy... Then we’re here in this... cell...” Sam struggled to find a word for their location but settled on one that makes them both shiver nervously.

Before they can continue trying to figure out what exactly happened a glass panel opened up in the wall besides the TV, causing them both to jump. It was only two-foot squared but behind it was a Southern Belle style porcelain doll wearing a pink ornate dress and a creepy, unnerving smile walking towards the end of the panel. She had long curly black hair, a huge brimmed hat and a few cracks in her white face.

They both exchanged frightened glances before a voice, seemingly coming from the panel echoed out towards them. “Good morning subjects. My name is Priscilla,” The shrill voice giggled out, the feminine doll’s voice reminded them of little girls singing in horror films.

Priscilla said, “I’m sure you are both wondering where you are and why you’re here. The first part doesn’t matter” An almost joyous giggle followed but with a

sinister undertone causing them both to have goosebumps before it continued, "The second part I will explain. You have both been selected to compete in a game."

*Selected? Compete? What type of game?* The pair thought to themselves finding it ridiculous to question a toy they both just sat in silence listening.

"The game will consist of rounds, in which one of you may win. Whoever does better or quicker depending upon the task has a chance of winning." Her head turned toward the pair as her giggles continued, "The overall goals of the tasks will become clear in time. Every hair from the eyebrows down. Good luck subjects." Her loud giggle increased in volume as they both clutched their ears, then as quick as she had come, the glass panel vanished and they were left alone.

The boys noticed two bags come down from the chute in the room. Along with it was a light up board that had their names and an LED panel by it.

"This has got to be a fucking joke," said Perry.

"Yeah man, this is stupid. Is someone playing a Halloween prank or something? How did they know our names?"

"Like we are actually going to do that shaving thing," said Perry.

Sam said, "More importantly, how are we getting out of here?"

Perry looked around at the walls. "Hmm, no windows. We have to be in someone's basement." He looked around and found a broom. With his hands on the end, he tapped the ceiling. "Hey, whoever is up there can you let us up? This may have been funny for a minute but I have to be at work by 11 a.m."

There was silence from upstairs.

Sam looked around more as well, "Now that I think about it, we haven't heard footsteps at all since waking up."

"Someone had to be controlling that fucking doll," said Perry.

Sam started knocking on parts of the wall, noticing that they were much thicker than the ones at his parent's house.

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A few hours passed and there were no solutions to getting out of the room that they could think of. The room was completely silent other than the sounds of their movements and the refrigerator. No footsteps from upstairs, no traffic noises, nothing. It was as if they were isolated by themselves.

Sam finally walked over and picked up one of the bags.

Opening up the white packet, he found a Venus razor with 10 re-fill cartridges and two bottles of raspberry scented shaving gel.

“Looks like they weren’t kidding about us shaving...” he said looking over his shoulder to Perry.

“What the fuck... Damn this is so annoying! That door wouldn’t budget at all against any objects, the fucking walls won’t break, nothing...”

“They can’t leave us down here forever! Have you checked the fridge yet?” Sam asked.

Perry looked towards the kitchen, “Nah, eating has been the last thing on my mind.”

“Well, let’s take a break and grab something. Then we can focus on some other ways to get out. I can’t believe that chute is sealed shut as well.”

Perry opened the refrigerator and was amazed to see it was entirely stocked. Everything from orange juice, to bacon, to grapes, and no signs of any leftovers from whoever owned this apartment. “Oh shit dude, at least this person has more than like leftover pizza and soda!”

While eating, the two guys discussed what the doll had said.

“Do you have any enemies you may not know about?”

asked Perry.

“Not at all, what about you?” said Sam.

“Maybe it’s a crazy ex-girlfriend, but what’s crazy is that it was never explained HOW we actually got in here. Maybe we both passed out drunk?”

“I can’t believe it’s already 7 p.m.,” said Sam.

Perry shook his head, “My boss is going to kill me and where the hell are our cell phones?”

“I haven’t even seen a computer here,” said Sam.

Perry asked, “Yeah, but how long are we going to wait down here?”

## CHAPTER TWO

### Task #1

A few more hours passed as the pair kept trying to find a fault in a wall or any part of the ceiling, failing to find any they both retired to the beds. Annoyed and confused about their situations neither one got much sleep that night but given the softness of the beds and the silence they eventually drifted off.

They both awoke to what seemed like humming of a nursery rhyme, shaking their groggy morning heads, they eventually crept out and into the living section to see the doll in the glass panel.

“I see you’re both awake, how pleasant.” The sing-song voice announced to them as they sat down on the couch opposite it, crept out once again as its head turned slowly towards them. Having not said anything back the previous day Perry strikes up the courage to ask.

“We want some fucking answers, where the hell are we and how’d we get here?” He demanded, feeling a little foolish shouting towards a doll.

She shook her head almost violently from side to side, before sitting calmly eventually. “Swearing is a disgusting habit; you shouldn’t do that it’s NAUGHTY. Though I can answer, you’re both in your new living quarters, where you will remain until the game is over. As for how you got

here," The annoying giggle returned saying, "You were kidnapped of course."

The situation finally dawning on the pair Perry sat back down on the sofa, his head in his hands as Sam questioned further, "Kidnapped?! But why us? What the hell are you doing?!"

"I told you silly, playing a game... Though it seems neither of you wants to play, such a shame," she said, with disappointment clear in her voice.

"There's no way we're shaving it's messed up. You may have us locked down here but you can't make us do it!" Sam shouted back, growing in confidence as he figures they can't get in down to them.

"It seems you both need punishment for your behavior and refusal to compete, a shame..." And with that threat she vanishes again, the bare wall staring back at them almost tauntingly.

"Punishment? What the fuck does that even mean?" Perry asked, unsure on whether he wanted to know the answer.

"Fuck that doll and the puppeteer," said Sam throwing his arms up.

"We really have to bust out of here. Maybe there's some matches or a lighter in the drawers. We can start some smoke and hopefully trigger smoke detector to get some

attention.”

“Good thinking,” said Sam working his way to the kitchen with Perry.

Scrambling through the drawers, they found nothing. The most dangerous object being a spatula. No lighters or matches at all.

“Damn! Really?” said Perry. “This stove is electric, so no way in hell to even make fire from that.”

“Speaking of which... why is so hot all of a sudden?”

“Yeah... what the hell I feel it now. It’s like ten degrees warmer than it was before,” said Perry.

The temperature continued to rise. When the boys first came there, it was a comfortable 72 degrees but now it felt like 92.

Sam turned to Perry, “Do you think someone else is here and started a fire?”

“We would smell something... This is the head... but where the hell are the vents or radiator?” Perry said, looking around.

“I’m going to try and find the thermostat,” yelled Sam.

After several minutes of looking, the boys were extremely

hot and took off their shirts. "Where in the fuck is this thing?!" yelled Perry.

Sam was sweating bullets and could feel his testicles were sticky. "I don't know..." he said out of breath.

The room temperature now was about 120 degrees, causing both to also strip out of their pants down to their boxers. Perry was wearing a gray pair of boxer briefs while Sam was in plaid boxers.

"It can't get any hotter..." said Perry.

Sam paused... "I think it is rising..."

"Why are they doing this....?" Perry said sitting down trying to gather his thoughts.

Sam looked over to where the chute was located. "... It's because we haven't done what they said..."

"What?" asked Perry.

Sam hesitated then continued, "This didn't start until we refused that stupid fucking game." Catching his breath, he said, "They want us to shave."

"Dude I am not doing that..."

"Man... come on! We've tried everything to get out of this fucking room, and nothing is working. Maybe if we do

what they say, then we can get out of this hell hole.”

It literally was hot as hell, but Perry didn't give up. “Nah man... I'm good,” he said, resting his head down on his arm.

“Stay out here then and burn to death. I'm going to the bathroom and fucking doing this.” Sam stormed his way and picked up one of the bags then headed to the bathroom.

He laid out all the equipment by the side of the tub before running a cold bath, still sweating as he smiled imagining the cold waters embrace wondering why he hadn't thought of using the bath or shower before. After a little wincing and making noises as he climbed into the cold bath he relaxed a little, figuring better now than never.

A few nicks later and one leg one done, testing with a few rubs that he didn't miss a spot he continued with the other leg surprised to find it was getting the hang of it, doing the fine little hairs he had on his feet as well. Sitting up in the tub he replaced the now a little blunted razor head with another before doing each arm, using way too much shaving cream but eventually getting any missed spots.

His underarms were a tricky one as he struggled to get the angle right, eventually managing it. His chest hair wasn't very prominent, but he went over it a few times as well, desperate for the heat to stop and committed at this point. Stepping out of the tub, he grabbed a fluffy pink towel,

pink being the only choice available and wrapped it around his waist.

Going towards the sink and this time much more comfortably started shaving his face, having done it plenty of times it wasn't long before he was smooth-faced and smelling of fruit. After what seemed like hours he headed back into the living room section, glad to notice the temperature had returned to normal, looking down at this smooth pale legs and sighing. Hoping it was worth it.

Just then a light on a little LED screen light up pink under Sam's name, there was ten in total for each of them as Perry's was noticeably blank. "Dude it worked!" Sam announced as Perry walked out from the bedroom, still only wearing his trunks.

"Yeah I noticed the temperature start to drop back down a little while ago, what's up with the lights," Perry responded pointing up to what Sam could only guess was a scoreboard.

"I guess that's their way of telling us who's winning. Guess I'm in the lead..." Sam said with a smirk.

## CHAPTER THREE

### Task #2

Several hours later, Sam was still feeling a little weird having shaved so much hair off of his body. Perry was still examining the room for some type of escape plan, even retracting some of the things he had tried earlier. He even broke a piece of the wall, exposing bricks behind it. It seemed like there was no way out of the room. Suddenly, the glass panel appeared and Priscilla made another appearance.

Her porcelain hand waved to them, "Hi again pretties!"

Perry looked at her, "Pretties? Who the fuck are you?!"

Priscilla the Doll giggled, "Hehe." Her head turned and looked at Sam, "How do you feel about winning Sam?"

Sam rubbed his legs, still getting use the feeling of having shaved legs. "This sucks. Let us out of here!"

Priscilla moved her head and arms lightly, "I wish I could, but the tasks are not complete yet."

"We are sick of being in this fucking room. We have lives outside of here!" yelled Perry.

"No more cursing!" said Priscilla the Doll.

“What do you want now?!” yelled Perry.

“Just wanted to say hello before it is bedtime!” she said.

“We have a bed time?!” asked Sam.

“Hehe,” Priscilla said giggling. “One other thing... even if one of you loses one of the games the next challenge cannot begin until the loser does the task as well.”

“WHAT?!” yelled Perry.

“So Perry has to shave his legs and body hair as well?” asked Sam.

“Yuppers,” said Priscilla. “Time to get to work Perry.”

“This is bullshit!” he protested. “Let us out!”

Priscilla said, “Again, you will be let out soon... After one of you wins the contest!”

“But we both have to do the fucking challenge?” Perry asked.

“The winner of every challenge is the first to complete or the one who does the best. Loser must do the challenge after for next game to begin. If you delay, you could be here for years,” Priscilla giggled.

Both gave each other a look of dread as the doll

continued to laugh, surely it couldn't be serious Perry thought to himself, though something told him she was. Without even a word he stood up and strode towards the toiletry bag that waited in the chute. With a wave goodbye, Pricilla disappeared once again leaving Sam to nervously wait for Perry to finish.

It took Perry a little longer than Sam as he struggled to get different parts of his body, the back of his knees, and butt were particular hurdles. Eventually, however, he persevered and stepped out of the shower still smelling of the raspberry shaving cream to his great annoyance.

Shaving his face was something he was much more used to and in no time he was done, walking into the bedroom a little self-conscious of pale, smooth legs almost shining back from the nightstand light. Sam didn't say a word however just a small nod before they both settled in for another restless night.

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Waking up the next day, the pair noticed their shaved bodies, even more, the touch of the sheets becoming much more intimate and soft, though neither admitted it to the other. The morning was rather uneventful as they both had their turns in the bathroom before having breakfast, not having any fresh produce they had to settle for simple toast.

Around midday they heard the familiar greeting of the

Priscilla and both trudged along to the sofa in front of the glass wall, seeing her creepy smile and wave. "Hello subjects, good nights sleep?" Her voice far too cheery for the situation, further pissing off Perry.

"Well apart from being kidnapped and having to wear the same clothes each day just fucking peachy..."

She lets out little tuts of disappointment as her head swivels from side to side, "I've warned you in the past about cursing, best not do it again..." Her threat left to hang in the air a little before she continues. "However, you are right about the clothes hehe, very in hygienic."

"So you're going to at least give us a change of clothes?" Sam asked optimistically.

Before she could reply a loud thud can be heard as two things came down the shaft and hit the metal door at the bottom, causing the pair to jump a little. "Of course, though this is just underwear for now. And part of the next task! You're expected to wear one each day from now on!" Her giggle was getting louder and louder till, uncomfortable on their ears.

Sam being the closest to the hatch got up and opened it, taking out two pink duffle bags before dropping one to his feet and opening the one in his hands, "What the hell is this?! These are...?"

"Your new underwear! Now don't get too excited but

each pair was hand selected by me, you both have twenty minutes to start the task, good luck sweeties!" Once more the glass panel disappearing, leaving the two of them alone as Sam throws his bag to the ground and storms off into the bedroom.

Perry just watched a little perplexed by the scene before he grabs one of the bags reaching in and pulling out a handful of flimsy material, looking it over before realizing what it was. Pink bikini cut panties stared back at him, with a white waistband and a cute little bow in the middle.

Sam looked at the panties with disgust as well. Whoever was behind this operation was sick. He turned to Perry, "Look, I don't want to wear panties anymore than you do but it's either we do this shit or die down here."

"I'm not giving up. We are going to bust out of here unless someone finds us. People have to be wondering where we are," Perry replied.

"Of course," said Sam as he took a seat on the sofa leaving the pink duffle bag on the floor. "But how can we even contact anyone with any form outside communication here?"

Perry said, "We probably can't, but that's why we need to bust out of here."

"And how? We have been in this dungeon for a few days

and have tried everything.”

“There’s one thing we haven’t tried...” said Perry.

“What’s that?”

“Help me lift the sofa,” said Perry.

Sam got up and walked to one side of the sofa as Perry went on the other side and bent down to lift.

“Okay, let’s pull this up...” said Perry.

The boys started to try and lift the sofa, but it wouldn’t move. Perry looked down and saw that the legs of the furniture were bolted to the floor.

“God damn it!” said Perry.

Sam looked around the room for any other objects he could use and noticed some other objects were bolted down but the nightstands and end tables were not. The two gathered some of the items close by in front of the TV and glass panel where Priscilla appears. After twenty minutes had passed, the panel opened up and Priscilla made another appearance. As soon as it opened, Sam and Perry threw the end tables at the glass. To their dismay, it did not break. Perry ran up and tried to drop kick it and feel right to the floor.

“FUCK! IT DIDN’T BREAK!” yelled Perry.

Sam looked at Priscilla and noticed her white skin was turning red; her eyes started to change color as well, to a demonic nature. The room turned red and Priscilla started talking in a much deeper, evil voice. Some fire erupted in her background.

“DO NOT TRY FIGHTING ME AGAIN!” Priscilla yelled in her evil voice. The room was becoming hotter, and the boys could feel it.

Perry punched the floor in anger while Sam looked around the room to try and get away, although there was nowhere he could really go.

Priscilla continued her speech, “Why aren’t any of you wearing your panties?!”

Sam replied, “We aren’t putting this shit on!”

Priscilla responded, “As you wish...” Her appearance turned back to normal, and the fire was extinguished. The room went back to normal color and temperature and the glass panel closed.

Getting up from the floor, Perry said, “Hopefully we got off easy...”

“That doll is fucking demonic...” said Sam.

Perry walked towards the kitchen area, “I don’t even want

to think about it anymore. I need lunch.”

As he got to the refrigerator and tried to open it up, he was surprised to find he couldn't, tugging on it with all his might it wouldn't budge an inch, trying the overhead cabinets that had a few snacks in he was mortified to find they too wouldn't open.

Watching his struggling knowing that it must be Priscilla's work Sam rushed over and tries the sinks tap, panic setting in as the water has been shut off, turning it again and again yet it remained bone dry. “Dude, they're going to kill us?!”

“This has gone too far, raising the temperature is one thing but starving us out, surely they don't want us dead?” Perry reasoned.

“They want us to complete these tasks for whatever reason, so I guess not?” Sam responded, trying to open the refrigerator door for himself, but having the same bad luck.

“Then it's a bluff; they wouldn't starve us out they're just trying to scare us, whoever they are,” Perry theorized with a smug almost content look on his face.

They soon found that the TV too had been shut down, locking them away from what little entertainment they had in the dungeon, the lights seemingly being the only electrical devices working. Boredom soon sat in, as well

as thirst and hunger as the two men broke the silence with small talk occasionally, both laying in bed miserable.

Eventually, night came, though neither knew it being underground with no windows, they drifted off to sleep sometimes waking up from hunger pains almost in turns.

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As Perry woke up again, he turned to side to see his forced roommates bed empty, figuring he'd slept in longer he stood up and strolled his way out to the conjoined room, surprised to see Sam eating some cereal at the table. Elated he ran over and grabbed a bowl himself, digging in and sighing with relief at the first few mouthfuls, "See I told you they were bluffing! They can't starve us out; we beat them!"

Sam just nodded along before making a face that told Perry everything wasn't as it seemed, looking at him oddly Perry just shook his head as he looked down to his friends waist, "You didn't..."

"I didn't see any other choice man. My stomach hurt from not eating and I'm not about to die down here."

"We aren't going to die!" said Perry.

"We tried everything in order to get out of here. There's no escape at all other than following Priscilla's instructions," said Sam.

Perry shook his head, "Whoever is behind this is trying to turn us into girls! Shaving body hair, wearing panties, how far are they going to go?"

"No idea, hopefully not too far but we are only two challenges in out of 10," Sam said while pointing to the LED sign that had the number two next to his name while Perry's said zero.

"What do you think is going to happen to one of us if we lose?" asked Perry.

"The way it's looking, we may be killed..." said Sam.

"Jesus!" replied Perry. "There has to be a way out..."

"You keep saying that bro, but we don't have any choice but to do these games with Pricilla."

Perry became more upset thinking about his upcoming feminization. He knew Sam wanted to escape as well, but had given up hopes and had to follow the evil doll's direction. Debating more so, he finally gave in. "Fine, looks like we both need to try to win this fucking stupid thing. But we need to make a deal."

"What's that?" asked Sam.

"If by chance only one of us makes it out of here alive, we need to tell the authorities and lead them back here. Since that sealed door is going to open up, we are also probably

going to see who is behind this and need to make sure they are arrested and gets the death penalty,” said Perry.

“Deal, but you know the death penalty is banned in this state, right?” said Sam.

Perry said, “Doesn’t have to be the state who does it...”

Sam grunted, “Ah, I see what you are saying. Yeah, someone needs to arrest this asshole and burn that fucking creepy doll but in the meantime; I think you have to do something before the next challenge happens... So put on your panties.”

## CHAPTER FOUR

### Task #3

Perry couldn't believe what he was about to do as he stood in the bathroom naked from the waist down staring at the black satin panties in front of him. Several times he had gone to put them on and chickened out at the last second, it was a relatively small thing, he knew that but it represented more.

Him putting on the panties showed he was going along with his captor's feminization; he was willingly dressing as a girl for them, even if the alternative was staying down here forever. Eventually, after a call from Sam that he needed the bathroom, he bit the bullet and stepped into them.

The feeling was electric as they slid up his smooth, shaved legs. Finally resting on his hips around awkwardly around his unfeminine parts, a quick rearrangement and it was comfortable enough as he grabbed his jeans. Walking out of the bathroom with Sam looking at him he was constantly aware of what he was wearing, with the back riding up a bit.

A few hours passed to what they could only guess was about Midday when the familiar giggling brought their attention to the glass window in the wall, and the porcelain doll behind it.

“Hello sweeties! Looks like you’ve both completed the task hehe, though Sam now has a two-point lead!” Priscilla said aloud as they both look over to the LED scoreboard, Sam unsure whether or not to be pleased.

“About that, what happens to the loser?” Perry asked, fearing that it could be him.

Priscilla stopped giggling for a moment and looked down, the creepy doll seemingly in thought before the head jerked suddenly upright, “You’re not allowed to know that, but it’s within your best interest to win...” The last part was giving Perry a chill down his spine right down to the panties.

“But there’s a while before that, let’s begin task three!” she said, hands clapping together as the metal thud from the chute door rings through the room. “In the bag are two pairs of breast forms, and glue. You’re too attach them. When complete, the second half of this task will continue.”

Sam and Perry’s mouths practically fell open at her instructions, both standing and ready to argue their points but the doll gave a shy wave and the glass window disappeared leaving them alone, Sam giving a nervous glance over towards the chute.

Perry broke down once again. “This is fucking ridiculous.”

“There’s no way out,” whispered Sam, still very nervous to be feminized as well.

“You know, this whole set-up is stupid. How do I know YOU aren’t behind this?”

“What?” asked Sam.

“I didn’t know you before this and didn’t know anyone who would be so vengeful against me to have me kidnapped. Maybe this is your sissy fantasy!”

“Dude, fuck that. I don’t want to dress like a sissy.”

Perry snarled, “Then why have you been ‘winning’?”

“Because I want to get the fuck out of here!” said Sam as he made his way to the chute.

Perry got the image of Sam ‘winning’ and him potentially murdered. Although he didn’t want to do it, he rushes to his bag by the chute. “I’m not sure how we are supposed to ‘win’ this, but fuck it... It’s time to get out of here.”

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The breast forms in Perry’s hand felt entirely realistic. There was a bottle in the bag with an adhesive and instructions to lay on the ground and where exactly to put the glue on his chests. Now that both boys were still hairless, it would make putting on breast forms much easier. These unique forms were as close to breast

implants as anyone could get. Both were busy with little regard for any height or weight difference between the boys.

Sam felt the cold gel hit his chest and waited a bit before applying the left breast to himself. Meanwhile, Perry had on both breasts and was waiting for the timer on the sign to go off since he had to wait five minutes for them to stick.

The buzzer rang and Priscilla appeared again.

“Congratulations Perry, you won the first part. Although the bad news is, there is no point awarded as we still have the second part to go. Sam, you have to wait a few more minutes to get your boobies!”

Perry stood up and felt the weight of the breast forms. They felt and acted like real breasts, and there was no clear end or beginning around the edges showing his natural skin as opposed to the falsies. They even had nipples on them.

“What is this next challenge?!” yelled Perry.

Priscilla giggled, “It wouldn’t make much sense to have breasts and not wear a bra, right?”

Suddenly, two other bags came from the chute.

“Are you kidding me?!” yelled Perry. “How is this a challenge?”

“You must put on your bra correctly,” said Priscilla.  
“Starting... now.”

“Hey, that’s not fair! I’m still waiting for these to dry!”  
yelled Sam.

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After the two had their bras on, they were given other instructions. The two had a strange feeling about putting their clothes in the chute but did as they were told by the stupid doll, Perry seemed to lighten up at the thought of something, however, “Dude if these clothes drop down into a bin or something maybe we can try and take it off then jump down?”

Sam nodded in agreement looking for weaknesses around the edges of the chute as he placed his jeans, boxers, shirt and shoes in the chute along with Perry’s. “You might be onto something, or at the very least climb up to somewhere. It is pretty small, though...”

“With the little, we’ve been eating we might slim down enough to be able to make it...” Perry wondered, hoping that they had finally found the weak point.

Just as the two were formulating a plan to escape in front of the chute, however, searing heat began emanating from it causing both to back away apprehensively. Within seconds, with chute door still open they saw bright red and orange flames dancing and crackling. Their clothes

burning right before them, along with any escape plans out of the chute.

“Well, there goes that plan, no way I’m getting caught in that....” Sam mumbled while Perry put his head in hands, once again failing.

“Don’t see why you’re so upset, though; the comeback is on...” Sam tries to cheer up his fellow captive as he points to the wall, the LED light under Perry’s name flashing a few times before staying lit.

“I guess that’s good, though...If that was only Stage Three, what the hell are the rest going to be like?” Perry wondered, dreading the thought.

## CHAPTER FIVE

### Task #4

It didn't take long before they were banging on the wall and shouting up the chute for mercy, the type of music they maybe could have put up with but the sheer volume as well meant that they could barely hear themselves think let alone each other.

Eventually, the familiar glass window appeared, and the music subsided, causing sighs of pleasure at the silence, which was soon broken by Priscilla, "Have you two girlies changed your minds?"

The both nodded in agreement, unable to bring themselves to say it, in no time theirs a cling clang in the chute as some more duffle bags are sent down. This time however the TV next to it also turns on, seemingly onto a YouTube video much to their surprise.

"Today's task is going to take some practice; you're both going to copy the video and whoever gets closest, wins!" Priscilla announced cheerfully as the video continued with a woman waving to the camera before starting to apply makeup.

Perry's fears were confirmed as he took the duffle bags and opened them up finding full make up kits with everything any teen girl could need, lipstick, gloss, liner, mascara, eye shadow, false lashes, foundation, primer,

blush, and more!

"How much shit is in here?" He mused to himself, though accidentally loud enough for Priscilla to apparently hear.

"That little outburst will be going against your makeup judgment; now you'll have to make yourself extra pretty to MAKE UP for it." Her soft giggles taunted him at the lame pun she made.

Sam took his bag with a frown, smart enough not to mention his disdain as he tried to find all the things the woman had used as the video is seemingly on repeat, Perry not wanting to loose soon follows suit. Once both had all their tools ready, they waited in anticipation for the video to loop back around.

Once it did they set off as fast as they could trying to do their best to mimic the woman on screen, sadly they had a lot more trouble than her since it was their first time using such things. Perry used two different foundation colors accidentally while Sam applied his false lashes upside down having to redo them again.

In the end, they both looked like poor imitations of drag queens, patchy makeup with way too much applied. They both sat there waiting while Priscilla watched from the glass window, not saying a word while they were applying it all.

"Well this may take longer than anticipated," she

announced in a monotone voice, clearly not pleased, "The video will change in two minutes, clean off your current looks and be ready..."

The two let out a moan in unison as they grabbed makeup wipes and did their best to hurriedly rid themselves of the clown like makeup. The next video soon started up, this time, a teen girl looking like she came straight out of a Misney pop video.

"Hey cuties!" the girl on the video said with much enthusiasm. "Today, I'm going to show you my Fall date look."

"God this sucks," said Sam.

"Let's just get this shit over with."

"Sam snarled, "But that also means we will probably have to wear this around the apartment for now on."

"Perry turned his attention to the video, this time not rushing and doing the exact steps she said to ensure he would with the challenge.

20 minutes later, both boys had on fake lashes properly, layers of foundation, eye shadow, some glitter, and pumpkin spice lipgloss. Looking in the mirror, both were surprised at the level of femininity they had just experienced. There were hints of being male, but they looked more like a bunch of little sissies than anything

else. Sam noticed some mistakes on his face and brushed them slightly with a tissue. There was a loud ding on the scoreboard and Perry's changed a number.

"Yes, I won!"

"I thought you weren't excited about this?" Sam mocked.

"I'm not bro, just want to get the fuck out of here."

Priscilla appeared again, "Congratulations girls. The score is now tied, and you are both one step closer to winning! The TV has been locked to only show beauty tutorials and other topics of femininity. You may be able to catch an episode of Orange is the New Yellow or Glitter Natural if you are lucky! Be sure to practice every day!"

"Everyday? How long are we going to be down here?" yelled Sam.

Priscilla giggled, "The next challenge has been delayed slightly. Here are some other clothes. Be sure to keep your hygiene up and practice being ladylike." With that being said, two other bags came out of the shoot, containing new clothes and personal items.

## CHAPTER SIX

### Task #5

Just as she had said the next task did take a while, the pair soon fell into a routine of getting up, shaving and using the feminine products before putting on their feminine attire, followed by makeup watching a video. Their days were mostly spent planning what they were going to do once and out and to who kidnapped them while watching the feminine targeted shows and beauty videos.

As the days turned into weeks, they began to get a little more anxious, though unsure of just how much time was passing with no window or clock they knew it had been awhile. Thankfully though the kitchen seemed to have a restocking mechanism, so they were regularly stocked up, though they continued losing weight.

They both were never the most muscular but soon with no working out apart from yoga videos and dance workouts their bodies became much leaner and altogether, more feminine. Perry, scared by these changes spent a whole day trying to find out how they restocked the fridge, looking for a hidden door but found nothing, eventually giving up.

As even more time passed, the pair began asking questions both to each other and calling out for the doll that hadn't shown its pale face in months. Occasionally one would get lazy and forget to shave or put on makeup

resulting in various forms of punishment ranging from no electricity or water to loud music while the lights flashed on and off. That would soon put them back on their feminine tracks.

The result of time spent together in the apartment made the boys bond together since they only had each other to talk to. Sam expressed worry that his family and friends thought he would be dead while Perry figured the same. They agreed they would be sure to track down the person responsible for this if any of them got out. Since dressing as a girl every day, Perry had become more accustomed to things such as wearing a bra. Their breast forms had not budged since originally placing them on, much to their regret. Neither one of them had admitted it, but both of their penises had become softer thanks to chemicals placed in the food in the fridge.

After an undisclosed amount of time, Priscilla made an appearance, marking the first time the boys were actually happy to see her.

“FINALLY!” screamed Sam.

“Please let this be over!” said Perry.

Priscilla giggled, “Hehe, far from over! We are finally ready for the next challenge!”

“Well, what the hell took so long!” asked Perry.

Priscilla moved her arms, "Your hair had to become long. That's what took so long!"

Perry looked down in disgust. He knew neither one of them could get haircuts, but didn't know he had been stuck there just, so this sick doll would have him grow his hair out. He held out the ends, which came down passed his shoulders, about the same length as Sam's.

Continuing her plan, Priscilla said, "Now that both of you have been mastering makeup applications making yourselves beautiful. It's time to start styling that hair!"

"How did I not guess..." said Sam.

"Don't worry darlings. The challenge will be very similar to the last. You'll watch many beauty tutorials on hair since that is now unlocked on the TV. However, this challenge is a little different."

"How is that?" asked Perry.

Priscilla said, "First, it's time for a new look for the both of you. Follow the instructions!"

Sam yelled, "How are you even judging who the winner is if we have to style each other's hair?"

The doll moved her head to look at him, "Whoever does the best job, duh."

“Yeah, but how will you know.”

Priscilla giggled, “I have my ways!”

Two packages came down the chute. The boys walked over, causing their newly developing hips to sway a little with their bubble butts that were forming thanks to forced feed hormone treatment. Since their hair had grown, the boys had just been brushing it, with no way to cut it. However once opening the packages, they reluctantly knew they could do more now. Each package was labeled with their name and contained similar items such as bobby pins, hair ties, bows, barrettes, holding spray, heat spray, a flat iron, a curling iron and more. The only real difference was that Perry’s package contained a hair dye set that was golden platinum blonde and Sam’s contained one that was sandy brown in color.

“She wants us to dye our hair?” asked Perry.

“Apparently... I’ve never done this before,” Sam responded.

“No shit... me either!”

Looking through the package, each found instructions on how to dye hair along with how to view the styling videos on YouTube on the TV.

As Priscilla disappeared giggling they both sat down on the sofa for a short while watching the videos, not paying

total attention more psyching themselves up for what they were about to do. Perry looked down at the girl on the cover of the dye's packaging, trying to imagine her bright blonde hair as his own.

"I guess we better get started...." Perry reluctantly muttered out, standing up and looking down at Sam.

"Yeah, the sooner it's done the sooner we're out of here..." Sam agreed, heading to the bathroom as he followed the instructions on the box. He slipped on the plastic gloves before mixing the horrible smelling stuff in a small bowl, grimacing the whole time while Perry did the same.

"Might be easier if we do each other's so we don't miss a spot?" Sam asked, half hoping his captive ally would bring them both to their senses and stop, no such luck, though.

"Yeah sure whatever, You can do mine first," was Perry's only reply as he sat on the edge of the tub shirtless and braless, the budding growths noticeable but Sam didn't say a word since he had his own pair as well.

It took the pair a little while to get the hang of evenly combing it through their now long locks but eventually they did it, both doing some small talk while they waited for it to work its magic. Rinsing their hair in the shower one after the other they both stood stunned in the mirror.

Perry's long straight hair was now platinum blonde and glistening even though it was still wet, his face a mixture of curiosity and disgust. Sam's was a little darker in shade. He eyed the pink hairdryer and all the other new hair styling equipment they had been gifted.

The instructions in the package notified them of the videos to watch on the TV. Perry touched the ends of his newly colored hair as he walked towards the TV, turning it on and putting in the information. A video popped up of a young girl with bright pearly whites. She waved and said, "Hey cuties, today I'm going to show you two pretty hairstyles for back-to-school!"

"What in the hell...? Why is she so excited to go back to school?" asked Sam.

"Who knows," said Perry. "More important, why are we watching a video of teen girls?"

"I'm a teen still..." said Sam.

The two guys watched as the girl formed her hair into two different styles. Both had a lot of curls, but one had an added bow in it. They were very feminine, something both of them would have to get used to since the challenges were only making them more girly. After the video had ended, Perry turned to Sam.

"So I guess we both pick one of them?" Perry asked.

“I’ll take the one without the bow!” said Sam.

“Great. Now how the hell are we....” Perry was interrupted by Priscilla’s creepy voice.

“You both have fifteen minutes starting right now to get started! Head your little butts back to the bathroom and get those curling irons heated up!”

Cursing under their breath, the pair followed her instructions into the bathroom and plugged in the hair straighteners and curlers grabbing all the pins and other accessories they would need before doing their best to imitate what they’d just witnessed in the video.

As expected they both struggle immensely, burning themselves several times while cursing about not having enough hands to hold three strands of hair. Sam started on Perry’s first as he started to braid it, eventually getting the hang of it to do at least a basic job of a ponytail braid. The bow, however, was harder than rocket science for the feminized male.

Looping hair this way and that as if he was tying shoelaces he finally settled on something that looked half like a bow and half like a knot with Perry complaining the whole time he pulled his hair this way and that. Using the hair straighteners he gave him some cute bangs as well to finish off the look, half proud of his handiwork.

Knowing he didn’t have much time left, Perry didn’t even

glance in the mirror as he shot up and moved behind Sam, grabbing the same stuff he had previously used on him. Carefully adding light curls to the ends of his hair as he did his best to create what he thought to be a feminine style.

Once he had curled Sam's hair, he to set about the arduous task of braiding though with even more difficulty, cursing as he counted the seconds down in his head, desperate to win another round.

By the time both of them were finished, each had curly, feminine hair. Although for the first time doing so, there were a few mistakes. Priscilla appeared again asking the boys to come see her.

"Your time is up pretties! Let's see how you did!"

After a few seconds of waiting... Perry saw the LED light up in his favor.

"Yes!" he yelled and jumped, causing his fake breasts to bounce and hair toss.

"Damn it! How did you win?" asked Sam.

"I guess Priscilla liked my job better?"

Priscilla giggled, "Hehe, you both look pretty, but Perry's job looks a little more like the video!"

“Does this mean I can straighten my hair now?”

Priscilla giggled and moved her hands, “Hehe, why not stay looking pretty? Speaking of which, you are each now required to watch one hair tutorial a day in addition to your other required viewing.”

“What the hell is the point of that?” asked Perry.

“What else are you going to do down here?” asked Priscilla.

“Just let us go!” said Sam, trying to persuade her again into freeing them from slavery.

Priscilla giggled, “We are now about halfway there.”

Perry responded, “We have been down here for months! People probably think we are dead! This has gone far enough, what the hell is left if we are only halfway there? We know you are trying to turn us into girls.”

Priscilla started making her way back as the glass panel slowly closed. “Hehe, someone is learning to be a good girl.”

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### Task #6

Thanks to their new hairstyles they had an extra hour of things to do the next morning after waking up, including shampooing and conditioning the long blonde locks they both were now sporting, followed by styling it into the few recommended styles the TV showed them.

Of course, they were all ultra feminine as they both gradually saw their old male selves disappear in the mirror replaced by what could have passed as their sisters. Having had a good few months of practice they both were adequate at makeup.

By the time they were eating breakfast it had been a few hours already thanks to their regimes, both having a little bit of toast with fruit juice, Perry sighing as he noticed his lipstick prints on the plastic cup. "So how many tasks do you think are left?"

Sam took one final bite of his food before looking over at the LED scoreboard, pointing it out with his expression, "Well judging by that scoreboard there's ten for us each so I guess we're halfway?"

"That makes sense, though with what they've already done, I don't see what more they could do...." Perry murmured, scared just by the thought.

“Don’t say that to the doll; we don’t want anything irreversible...”

To any onlookers they would have both appeared to be two if somewhat little masculine women, gossiping away while eating, both wearing yoga pants and tank tops that showed off the realistic breast forms underneath. Their faces both made up with hairstyles framing the whole look.

Not long after they finished, Priscilla appeared with no warning startling the pair as her small head turned from one to the other before giggling, “Well don’t you two look gorgeous this morning?!”

Both felt a similar pang of pain at the apparent compliment, their male egos steadily but surely waning. “Yeah yeah, can we get on with the task if you have one?” Perry complained.

“Oooh someone’s an eager sissy! Great, I just know you’ll love this one. We have a few gifts for you, clothing wise you’ve not had much to work with but now you’ll get only the prettiest skirts and dresses!” she announced, her child-like hands waving up in the air almost in celebration.

“Why the hell have we had to wait so long for that task, the hair I understand but couldn’t we have done this before?!” Sam argued, annoyed at the length of time he’d spent in the underground cell.

“Good question girly, and well theirs have been other things growing along with your hair hehe.” Her giggle had a menacingly evil undertone. “Along with the clothes will be some solvent, you’ll have to apply that to your breast forms, and then they should slide right off!”

Both smiled at this, the thought of having the pesky orbs off their chest was the first good news they’d had while being down there. “Finally, these things have been driving me insane recently so damn itchy!”

“Now you both will have an hour once the clothes arrive, complete your outfits then return in front of the TV to be judged, the one with the cutest and best matching outfit wins a point, good luck girls!”

Her arm waved a gentle goodbye before the glass panel slams shut with a loud bang, followed by several more coming from the object hitting the chute.

The boys rushed over to the packages, which were much larger than previous ones delivered. They noticed neither was labeled and both had female clothes in them, but that wasn’t their top priority.

“This must be the solvent!” Sam proclaimed, holding up a white bottle that looked similar to glue bottles.

“Are you sure?” asked Perry looking around for his.

“Yes, it’s the only bottle in here!” Sam said, running his hands among the dresses, skirts, blouses, and even heels in the package.

“Finally! I guess she’s going to reward us after all of this!” said Perry.

The boys both pulled off their tops, which was a little trickier now with long curly hair. Both their bras were exposed, both soft and black in color. Since they were used to wearing bras every day now, taking them off was easier; although this may have been record timing.

Solvent bottles usually come with detailed instructions with instructions, active ingredients, and safety precautions. However, this bottle was completely white with a thick liquid. Perry immediately started pouring some of the liquid into his hand and started smearing it onto his breast forms.

Sam asked, “Are you sure this is how we use this?”

“It’s fucking liquid, how else?” Perry said, eager to rid himself of femininity.

Sam started doing the same and said, “How long is this supposed to take?”

“I really don’t know the answer to that figuring I haven’t had to take off breast forms!” yelled Perry.

Smearing it over and using the entire bottle, Perry rubbed the liquid in and started noticing changes... The top layer of the breast forms came off, but the entire form did not disappear completely. Instead of going down further, Perry felt the sensation of his hands touching his skin. Sam experienced the same with only the top layer dissolving.

“WHAT THE FUCK MAN?!?!?” yelled Perry.

Sam, “Shit... that solvent wasn’t supposed to take the breast forms off... It was to remove the top layer!”

Perry said, “That fucking bitch ass doll... Those breast forms over the last few months have started becoming part of our bodies!”

“I don’t want breasts!” yelled Sam, pushing up his breasts, worried about the way they felt in his hands, even though he had been getting used to the weight they possessed on his body.

The panel opened again, and Priscilla appeared, “Hehe, looks like you girls are growing up!”

“This has gone far enough!” yelled Perry.

“Now you sound like a girl. You keep repeating yourself,” Priscilla giggled, mocking one of her feminized subjects.

Sam yelled at her as well, “You broke your promise!”

Priscilla said, "No I didn't, I told you they would slide right off."

"The whole thing didn't come off!"

Priscilla argued, "I didn't say it was the whole thing. I just said they SHOULD slide right off... as in the top. It's not like you two haven't been wearing bras every day anyway. Oh, speaking of which... you have only thirty minutes now to get dressed coordinating outfits and presenting yourselves... Failure to comply will result in punishment!"

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Twenty-five minutes later, the two developing sissies found themselves standing in front of the TV and Priscilla awaiting to find out who had won the challenge. There were about two dozen different clothing items in the packages that they had to rummage through in order to compile an outfit. Over the last few weeks, clothing style had been a topic of the videos that were forced to watch.

Perry chose to wear a black dress that had a leather top and lacy bottom. The skirt showed a lot of legs, which was great because of the black tights he had to put on over his black thong. The dress hugged his body tight but seemed to be the right size. To accessorize himself, he picked out some necklaces and a lot of bracelets. The package he picked had included black heels which he put on and stumbled in but figured he could make his way

and try standing at least for a few minutes for that evil doll.

Sam, on the other hand, figured that Priscilla would be judging them based on how much of a sissy they proved to be. He picked out the most feminine outfit he could find. He had the option of going with black tights, but found some white nylons that had sky blue bows on the front of them. Sliding them up his legs, he did feel like a little sissy and something in the back of his mind told him they would have never looked right back when his legs were a little more toned and hairy. He chose to wear pink panties under the floral skater skirt and matched his panties with a pink sweater. Priscilla couldn't see the ivory bra he had on underneath or the white cami but figured it was about presentation. He had on white three-inch heels and had difficulty standing in them as well.

Moving her head and hands in a robotic motion, Priscilla said to the boys, "Both of you have shown progress, which I am happy about, but there is one of you who seemed to be acting like more of a sissy. Congratulations... Sam!"

Suddenly, there was a ding, and the boys looked on the board to see another indicator for Sam winning a challenge which, but they tied at three wins each.

"YES!" said Sam. "I am going to get out of here soon!"

"It's tied!" said Perry, feeling upset from the defeat.

“Hehe, your next challenge will happen tomorrow. In the meantime, make sure to study these videos more.”

“What else are we going to do here? It’s our only form of entertainment!” Perry complained.

“Exactly!” said Priscilla as she moved back and the glass panel shut.

Perry shook his head and sat down on the sofa to take off his heels. “Ugh... these don’t come off easily.”

“... I can’t get mine off either!” Sam complained as he tried taking them off.

Priscilla’s voice came on over the intercom, “One more thing sissies... I thought you would have a hard time walking in those new high heels, so I put a special glue inside of them which will force you to wear them for the next 24 hours in order to practice walking like a girl. There are new videos available on the TV. Enjoy!”

## CHAPTER EIGHT

### Task #7

True to her word, the heels stayed on all the way into the next day much to two sissies dismay, if walking was bad in them sleeping in the constricting things was even worse. Thankfully once they woke up, the glue had dissolved enough that they could both slip out of them, Perry rubbing his sore feet and complaining as Sam used the bathroom first.

Showering for the first time with his own breasts was a new experience, to say the least, spending a little too much time using shower gel on his chest he eventually got ready and started breakfast wearing a pink satin nightgown he'd gotten in the package the day before.

Perry didn't spend nearly as much time in the bathroom as his counterpart, joining him wearing pajamas and his hair in a lazy ponytail he grumbled about a few things while eating. As if by clockwork Priscilla soon turned up behind the glass panel giggling and waving to the two feminized males, "Wakey wakey girls, it is time for today's task! Excited?"

"Ecstatic..." Sam replied sarcastically though Priscilla acted as if it was eagerness.

"Perfect attitude sissy! Now since you've had a few big ones recently, today's will be easy peasy for two girly girls

like you! It's time for a mani-pedi!" she explained to them, as the metal chute made its familiar cling, though a faint one this time as it was a small package.

"You both get to pick from the colors and other things in there; the winner is the one who not only does the better job but shows eagerness!"

"Eagerness? You kidnapped us both and are making us sissies!" Perry shouted out, his feet still sore from the day before.

"Yes, eagerness, the sissy that shows her feminine side will get bonus points! You have half an hour girls, good luck!"

And with that she vanished as the boys reluctantly checked the chute, grabbing their separate sets. Thanks to nail clippers in the bathroom neither had very long nails though Sam hadn't used them in a little while giving him what he saw an advantage.

Inside the boxes were a few maintenance things like a nail file which neither really wanted to use, the more alarming part was the few bottles of polish. Several colors were inside ranging from pink to yellow, and red to black.

Sam wasted no time in grabbing the neon pink bottle and holding it up before looking over at Perry who was giving him a strange look, "What? She said to show eagerness. What's more sissy than pink?"

“You are starting to worry me dude....”

Sam started getting to work on his toes first, knowing that if he were to start on his fingernails first, they might run a bit when moving his hands around. He got a large bowl of water and added a few products like sea salt and body oil to it. Perry eyed over and followed suit. He trimmed all of his nails with a nail file first. The packages seemed to contain items they had never seen before but remembered from some of the tutorials. After a brief foot bath, Sam dried off his feet and added another moisturizer in order to remove some dead skin. He put a towel under his feet, cotton in between, and opened the pink nail polish, steadily applying coat after coat of color to his increasingly feminine nails. Sam didn't want to admit it, but the foot bath did seem to help his sore feet heal from the pain of having to wear high heels for over a day.

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“What happened to your feet?” asked Priscilla as the boys presented themselves.

“That was harder than I thought!” said Perry.

“The obvious winner here is...”

Perry's face dropped as he saw on the board, another indicator that Sam won a challenge.

“Freedom will come! I can't wait to leave here!” yelled

Sam.

Perry felt a little anger now that Sam was in the lead again. "We'll see about that."

## CHAPTER NINE

### Task #8

Waking up in a satin nightie was fast becoming the norm much to Sam's chagrin, his sparkly pink toes shining back up at him as he groggily made his way to the bathroom. Sitting down to pee was one of the things the videos they were forced to watch insisted upon, and with the threat of punishments always looming he thought it a small sacrifice to make, plus sitting was more comfortable than standing.

After the usual morning routine with Perry waking up a little later then readying himself they were soon both bored wondering the house wearing their usual lazy feminine outfits of yoga pants and tank tops, Perry was watching the television though barely paying attention to the teen girl on it who was showing off the top ten ways to wear heels. While Sam was listening to a music player he'd found in one of the clothing bags, sadly, it was filled with teen pop songs, but anything was better than silence at that point for him.

As the glass panel slide across revealing the smiling doll, Sam and Perry weren't surprised, this time, having started to figure out what the usual time from them waking up to her appearing would be.

"Hello princesses. Have a busy morning?" she asked inquisitively waving a porcelain arm.

“Oh yeah, we’ve gotten so much done down here in this cell....” Perry snorted back, not even looking in her direction anymore.

“That’s good to hear!” she said happily once again, ignoring his sarcasm. “Your task for today won’t be a long one so it won’t interrupt your girly shows or music for long...”

Just as she said it, two thuds could be heard as packages hit the cold steel door of the chute, “You will have to dress in the outfits given, then, you’ll be given further instructions.”

The glass panel slammed shut they two sissies walked over to their packages, not looking forward to their contents at all. At this point, they had worn nothing but girl clothes for a while so nothing could be very shocking. Thanks to being forced feminized and only having girly shows on the TV as entertainment, both of them walked to the packages in a different motion than they did when first arriving there. Hips were swaying, and Sam found himself rolling his hand back to get this sandy brown hair from around his ear. These mannerisms came naturally from being in their new environment, so although they hated the blatant feminization, they didn’t notice the personal changes as much.

Sam opened his package to review a new outfit. The most prominent item was the oversized Wine-Red colored

cardigan that had a V-neckline, long sleeves, and dipped hem. Feeling the fabric, he could tell it was 100% wool. Next was a crop top white blouse that had a color around it and seemed like it would show just a tad of his toned stomach. Had he still been a few pounds heavier like when he first got there, he probably wouldn't be able to fit in it but with his new girlish figure, he shouldn't have anything to worry about.

Going through his package as well, Perry found identical objects. A green plaid belted skater skirt, and black panties were what he would have to put on to make Priscilla happy. Over the knee socks kind of resembled pantyhose that doesn't come up all the way. Something he had worn a few times thanks to his newly furnished wardrobe in the dungeon. The last time was a brogue ankle boot made of leather with the interior lined in gingham fabric. It was a low-stacked heel. Examining the entire outfit, Perry imaged it was something that Cher Horowitz would wear.

Sam had a similar reaction, "Why does she want us to dress like a school girl?"

"It's not like we are going to get sent to school," said Perry.

"It would be a way out of this hellhole!" said Sam.

"I'm not leaving this place dressed like a girl," said Perry.

Sam had already begun to strip off his yoga pants. Since both of them had to do everything together, both had become accustomed to seeing each other nude, although neither one of them had commented on the other's penis size... or lack thereof.

Turning their backs to one another in an unspoken agreement the two started donning their sissy school uniforms starting with the black cotton bra and bikini style panties, a tiny part of them both missing the softer materials their underwear is usually made of but neither saying that out loud.

Struggling with their breasts as they put on the bra's still not fully comfortable with being able to feel the bras on their newly sensitized nipples. Sitting down on the couch both slipped on the black knee high socks glad to have their pedicures covered up even if it was by school girl socks.

The rest of the ensemble was nothing new for them as they'd had to wear skirts and blouses previously, though buttoning them up took a little getting used to since they were on the wrong side to what they were used too. The cardigans and little ankle boots were soon added as they stood up in matching uniforms.

Small nervous glances were exchanged as they both looked over at each other's clothes, knowing they looked just like two preppy girls heading to school. "I thought it couldn't get any worse..." Perry muttered.

“I’m more worried about WHY we have to wear this...” Sam said as Priscilla appeared once more, this time squealing and giggling.

“Look at the two of you all ready for school!” She shouted out as they both felt their cheeks turn a darker shade of crimson mixed with the blusher that was already on them.

“Now that you’re both dressed the part the challenge can begin, you’ll have twenty minutes to complete your sissy pop quiz. The rules are simple, one who gets the most questions right, wins!”

“Sissy Pop Quiz? Why do I have a feeling this isn’t going to be questions about the capital of Bulgaria or what team won the Ryder Cup?” Perry asked, knowing full well the subject of the questions.

“Of course not, those aren’t things sissies need to concern themselves with knowing! No, the questions will be aimed towards what you should have learned while competing. Now you’re both not allowed to confer or get up once the test starts. I will be here watching for any cheating” She explained, her tone turning serious as she waved a fragile little finger in the air.

Perry got up and waited by the chute as the two clipboards trundled down along with two pink pencils with fluffy tops. The front of each pamphlet had ‘Sissy Pop Quiz’ in large letters, but underneath in smaller print were

named, different on each. Sighing as he passed Sam the one labeled 'Samantha Giggles' and keeping 'Penny Priss' for himself.

"Again... WHY couldn't this test been given in the months we were down here doing nothing!" asked Perry.

Priscilla answered him, "You were doing something... You were learning how to become a girl!"

"You are sick..." Perry said to Priscilla.

"You'll have 30 seconds to write down the answers. Don't talk to each other during the quiz. You will read them off to me at the end to see who scores the most. Here is your first question sissies! What does 'VPL' stand for?" Priscilla announced, ignoring Perry's rude comment.

Both of them thought for a moment and saw a timer counting down on the TV. Perry had a bad memory of being back in high school and getting answers wrong on tests because he ran out of time, so he quickly jotted down the first thing that came to mind. Sam took a moment and wrote his answer down.

Over the course of a few minutes, Priscilla continued asking questions:

"Name three shades of pink..."

"What is a pirouette in ballet?"

“How often are you supposed to change a tampon?”

“Who is Zac Efron’s current girlfriend?”

“Name the current members of One Direction.”

“What is a fishtail braid?”

“What goes into a pumpkin spice latte?”

“What date is ‘Mean Girls’ day?”

“Who is Laura Prepon?”

After she was finished, she asked the boys the questions again, but then asked for the answers. In the end, Perry saw a light on the scoreboard for his name.

“YES!” he said. “One step closer!”

There was disappointment in Sam’s face. Especially since he was damn sure that Zac Efron was dating Neil Patrick Harris.

Priscilla giggled as she always did. It was expected that she do this at the end of each challenge and no matter how many times they heard it, it was always creepy hearing her laugh even though there was no emotion on her doll face. She announced: “Bonus question time!”

“Wait so I have a chance of coming back and winning this?!” Sam asked.

“No, this is just for fun. The question is: What makes you more of a sissy than your opponent? And be honest or else...”

## CHAPTER TEN

### Task #9

The next few days passed by without any entrance from Priscilla, worrying the two feminized prisoners as the last time that happened it was months before she returned. They both fell back into their regimes, still making sure to follow all the rules but not putting in any extra effort.

Wearing loose pajamas or yoga pants and tees, their hair in ponytails and limited makeup. Boredom was their main problem as they lounged around the basement apartment with nothing to do but watch teen girl and fashion tutorials, "Dude, I can't spend another few months down here watching this stuff!" Perry exclaimed, pointing to the television and the video about seasonal manicures.

"What other choice do we have? We have to wait for that evil little doll to give us another task!" Sam replied, taking out one earplug as the Pop music blared out just audible.

"The last time we had to wait there was a reason, the hair and umm... other changes," Perry said, unable to bring himself to say his breasts, "So she must be waiting for something?"

"What else is there, we have been staying at a steady weight, our hair is long, and everything else seems to have stayed at one size..." asked Sam.

Perry nodded before clapping his hands together, "Maybe she's waiting for us to do something? Like, impress her?"

"The only thing that seems to impress that thing is us feminizing ourselves!" said Sam.

"Then we'll do that, we'll both put in some extra effort then ask for a task, it's worth a go?" Perry asked, trying to convince himself as well as Sam.

Sam gave it a little thought before relenting, "We've nothing better to do and it's worth a try I guess. The sooner we're out, the better!"

Without a moment to lose, but with a lot of hesitation the pair walked over to their closets and began grabbing what they would need. Sam took the time to grab his nail care set and retouch up his manicure and pedicure while Perry used the bathroom first, soon switching places and tasks.

Within the hour they both stood dressed up as much as they could stomach, Sam wearing floral design black tights along with knee length black skirt and frilled white blouse, his feet sporting a cute pair of black leather booties which he stood adequately if awkwardly in.

"Here goes nothing...Priscilla, can we please have our next task?" Perry asked, shaking a little with a mixture of anger and nerves.

Much to the surprise though the glass panel did indeed

slide across to reveal their tormentor in doll form, waving her arms about excited. "Aren't you two looking adorable!" said Priscilla.

"I can't believe it worked...So all we had to do was make an effort?" Sam questioned, cursing himself for not having done it sooner.

"Hehe, well no actually. I was just busy preparing for the next task, if you would have waited five more minutes before getting all prettied up I would have given you the task anyway...."

Both boys felt like calling the doll a bitch, but also knew that their efforts were useless. They were only a short way from finishing the tests and wanted to get out. Finally, their lives would be back to normal. They stood still and at attention, waiting for Priscilla's directions.

"This next challenge will be an obstacle course of feminization. You have worn plenty of female clothes. But I want you to both feel like real princesses now. At first, I was thinking of having you both dress as girls for prom, put you in pageant dresses, or have you wear a wedding dress. I thought of something better, though, and it's a difficult dress to wear, but you'll feel like a queen. Before you get into your dresses, you have a few formal hairstyles to do. You'll also need to wear a corset in order for these dresses to work so it's a good thing both of you have been dieting and have hourglass figures now. This definitely wouldn't have worked if you were still two ugly

boys.”

“Ugly?!” asked Perry.

Priscilla giggled with her evil doll voice. “Boys are dirty! Luckily, now you will be treated like a dainty girl.” As she finished her sentence, six boxes came down the shoot. Three were to go to each boy and contained everything they needed to get ready to feminize themselves even more as a way to escape the dungeons household.

Sam yelled, “Wait, how are we being judged on this?”

“It is up to my decision!” said Priscilla. “But I do have good news for you!”

“Good news for a change?” asked Perry.

“Yes, for real this time!” said Priscilla giggling.

Sam and Perry let out a sign of relief as Priscilla continued her speech.

“ONE of you WILL be released tonight since this challenge, and the final challenge run into each other. Do not tell ANYONE about your experience here or ELSE. I think you know my power by now. The loser of the challenges will not speak of this again either.”

Perry looked at the scoreboard, “Priscilla, the score is tied right now and usually most of these ‘games’ with two

people involve an odd amount of rounds. It's 4-4 right now, so let's say Sam wins this, and I win the last the score would be tied. Does that mean we both get released?"

The room turned red, and Priscilla's voice got deeper, "No... it means a SUDDEN DEATH round!"

Both turned to each other and gulped hard, growing more nervous by the second until the room returned to normal and she began giggling, "But that's only if it's trying. For now, you both have to get all dressed up like sissy princesses; I'll judge the winner on their look and elegance. Good luck!"

As they looked through the boxes, their hearts sank even more, not only were there the corsets she had mentioned but along with them were satin and lace gloves, garter belt and stockings as well what looked like bloomers and petticoats.

Dreading the last box, Sam finally gathered up enough courage and lifted out the large pink ensemble; the dress was almost identical to the kind of southern belle dress Priscilla wore. With a tight fitting bodice flared out at the hips into a sea of frills. Pink and white, ribbons and bows, as well as floral detailed, adorned it at every possible location, the sheer femininity of the dress would make most average girls queasy.

Placing it down he let out a sigh as he tried to take his

mind of it instead grabbing the underwear and not even heading into the bathroom began to change.

Perry did the same though both after struggling for a few minutes had to help the other out first with tying the corset as well as hooking the back of the stockings, so they were straight. The tight fit of the dress meant both had their corsets as tight as possible; their breasts pushed right up giving them to the effect of looking voluptuous while the tiny waist made their already wide hips flare out even more.

Both now having their tight hourglass figures, they set about getting the damn dresses on, it took them the best part of ten minutes to finally get them over themselves and in position, the petticoats underneath making them flare out even more as they couldn't even see their feet if they sat down.

Not that either would want too as of course, their outfits had matching pink court heels, with pointed tips. The four-inch heel being the most they've ever worn added with the dress made them have to make each step daintily and carefully. Before completing the outfits with their gloves, they each started the arduous and difficult task of hair and makeup.

Each one was given a few accessories like hair clips, clip on earrings, feminine hats, and necklaces. Knowing they couldn't win unless all were used both made it their mission to fit it all in. Sam was carefully doing his hair in

a curled ponytail braid that would show off his newly acquired skills while Perry went for a classic over on shoulder look that he'd seen in one of the tutorial videos titled "for date night."

As both began finishing their transformation they didn't say a word to each other, entirely lost in the competition mindset and saw the other as the enemy. Both had the small thoughts of sabotage spill into their minds but were kept busy trying to complete their looks.

Once done they made their way back over to Priscilla who Oooed and Ahhed over their looks and outfits, throwing feminine compliments at them that neither wanted though each thanked her for hoping to get into her good books.

She asked them to do several poses as well as spins and twirls while she admired and critiqued them, asking why they went with certain looks or different accessories. Both answered as best they could but were beginning to get too nervous knowing whoever won would have a huge advantage going into the final round.

"The results are in, and it was very close. You both look so perfect and doll-like, just ready to be my sister!" she giggled creepily as both winced at her words.

"But there was a winner, mostly for her grace and make up skills which she's clearly been practicing more... Samantha wins!" The LED lights under Sam's name lit up

with him now leading by a point as he fist pumped in an unladylike manner even in the ridiculous dress.

Perry's eyes widened as he looked at the score and knew the best he could do was take it to sudden death whatever that was, his legs shaking underneath the ornate petticoats and frills, his lace gloved hand closing into a fist. "So what's the next task!" he demanded, eager to win freedom by any means, even though it would require going into sudden death if he won the next one.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

### Task #10

Priscilla giggled, “We are finally here! The last challenge! I’m so proud of you two sissies and glad you have had a chance to become friends.”

Both of them looked at each other, knowing they never really had much in common although considering they were the only other humans they could interact with while imprisoned, they had gotten to know each other a better. Wouldn’t call themselves best friends, however.

Continuing her speech, Priscilla went on, “For girls, having besties is imperative as females bond in a special way compared to boys. However, as humans, we all have our needs, and it’s why girls do engage in SEX talk. They just aren’t as abrasive with it as boys are. Having great communication with each other is a key part of being best friends with a woman.”

“So our challenge is having sex talk as girls? You want us to pretend we are straight women?” asked Perry.

After Perry asked the question, all lights in the room faded, creating complete darkness other than a light that illuminated Priscilla. The TV then came on and started playing a video that looked like it had similar production qualities to that of all other tutorials they had watched during their feminization process.

A pretty curly haired brunette with heavy makeup who looked about 20-year-old waved to the camera and said, "Hey pretties! This is for everyone over 18. Today, we are going to talk about pleasuring your man by sucking some D!"

"What the f...." said Sam.

The girl continued, "Some girls have written in asking questions like 'What do I with it?' 'Does he have to wear a condom?' 'What if I'm not good at it?' Don't worry; we are going to cover all those topics today as well as me showing you techniques on this banana. Remember, the best way to good at something is practice!"

The video paused and the lights came back on. Priscilla giggled and remained still.

Perry yelled at Priscilla, "What is this?"

She did not respond at all and remained motionless and quiet.

Sam tried his luck, "Priscilla... What is this challenge? Aren't some bananas supposed to come down that chute?"

Priscilla still didn't respond to them. Staying silent themselves for a few seconds, pondering the situation, Sam spoke up. "Oh, I get it! She's not going to tell us

what the challenge is. She said that girls communicate in special ways and have unique bonds, so maybe we have to guess the challenge and talk about it.”

“Do you remember the last time this happened?” asked Perry.

Sam got the point.

Perry continued, “Look, this is the last step before one of us gets out apparently. I know what SOMEONE said earlier about letting people know, but we need to put this sick puppet down and whoever is behind it. We need to promise each other to let people know about this place... if we even find out where exactly we are.”

Thinking about the emotional journey and embarrassment along the way, Sam agreed, and the two sissies hugged each other, although it was somewhat difficult while wearing large southern belle style dresses.

They looked at each other after the embrace and Perry said, “Look... There’s something I never told you before...”

“What is that?” asked Sam.

Perry explained, “I was arrested for sexual assault last year. It was over something stupid with some drunk bitch at a bar. It went to court, and I was found not guilty. At first, I didn’t think anything of it, but I’m wondering if my

kidnapping had something to do with that..."

Sam's eyes widened... "There's something I need to tell you as well..."

"What is that?" asked Perry.

"I have seemed to suck with communicating with girls in the past few years. I don't know how it's connecting to the kidnapping, though."

Perry said, "Again, we will put that person down! I will say... it has been nice getting to know you a little better over the last few months or however long we have been down here. I know we aren't close bros, but if I were down here by myself, I probably would have gone insane."

"Thanks, Perry, that means a lot. You have been great as well. I think these challenges gave me the motivation to get out as I saw no hope either."

"Wait... That's it... The challenge was us admitting our personal feelings... Something guys never do!"

Priscilla interrupted their moment, "No you dumbasses! The challenge is about both of you giving a blow job... ON EACH OTHER! The person who makes their man cum the quickest will be the winner. Keep your sissy dresses on and adjust. Now you two can 'communicate' on who goes first." The glass panel slammed shut.

As the loud bang caused them both to jump they looked at each other in shock, both had heard exactly what she had said even if they didn't want to admit it. The awkward silence continued as they both looked around expecting the panel to open up or something to appear via the chute but nothing.

Until the lights faded a little with a subtle red hue, slight Soft Jazz began playing setting up a romantic atmosphere as both sissies played nervously with the skirts of their dresses. Eventually, Sam spoke up, "We... We can't do this, right?"

"It's crazy! They expect us to suck each other off?!" Perry said, his voice trailing off at the end.

"So we refuse, and take our punishment?" Sam asked, his eyes widening at the prospect.

"They've never changed the task, though, only punished us till we gave in. Meaning we die or complete this last task," Perry said, his tone somber.

"There's no fucking chance I'm giving up like that, not after living this nightmare for months, hell could be a year for all I know!" Sam yelled, his satin-gloved hand shaking.

Galvanized by Sam's attitude Perry nods before, sighing, "Promise right now then, we mention everything else to the cops... except this."

“Deal, we’ll say the last challenge was the dress up. So who... goes first...?”

“Well, you’re in the lead, so I guess you should...” Perry tried to convince him.

“No way man, you’re the one who needs to win this round. You go first!” Sam argued back, not eager to get down on his knees.

“Fine, fine! Just don’t look at me or say a word....” he said with a disgusted look on his face.

Perry’s heart was pumping faster than he could ever remember as he slowly guided his body down onto his stocking clad knees, the skirt flaring out around him in front of Sam. The white lace gloved hands stretched out and lifted the front of the dress up, Sam taking it so that it stayed up right and gave him full access.

He’d of course seen Sam in underwear a lot over the length of their kidnapping, though never this close and personal. He edged his way closer and closer till he could pull down the white frilly bloomers revealing the sissy panties underneath, his own pair matching.

As he sat there trying to compose himself Priscilla’s voice could be heard throughout the dungeon, “Your time started when you got on your knees, two minutes have passed already....” she warned as a timer started on the

television, counting up.

Closing his eyes, he cursed under his breath as he roughly yanked down the pink panties getting a meek complaint from Sam before Perry told him to shut up.

Wanting it over and done with not to mention knowing he would need to beat Sam's eventual time he moved even closer till he was basically under his dress, his pink lip glossed lips inches away from what remained of Sam's once proud manhood.

With a quick glance back at the timer, Perry took the plunge, knowing he couldn't give up after having come so far. His lips met the diminutive member and soon wrapped around them as he closed his eyes shut imagining thousands of separate things, anything but the reality.

The hormones had taken significant effect on Sam's penis, not only shrinking it down in size but also meaning his erections were few and far between, even masturbation had become difficult in the previous weeks. Meaning Perry wouldn't be able to do get it down quickly or easily.

Eventually, after just sucking he realized this and needed to change tactic. He used two fingers to rub it a little while continued sucking on the head. Finally making some leeway as it started to show signs of life, hardening and growing ever so slightly.

Minutes flew by as the clock kept counting up five then ten then twenty as Perry was growing exhausted under the dress, his jaw sore and his knees aching but he knew he was close to the end. Despite agreeing not to talk Sam's small moans gave him that information.

With the skirt almost fully covering him he was sure the cameras couldn't see him so he moved off a little and began giving him a hand job as Sam continued to moan, eventually with no warning buckling and realizing. His master plan literally backfired in his face however as since there was barely any room under the dress Sam shot straight at Perry's face coating him.

"Ugh, dude really?!" yelled Perry as he wiped some of Sam's cum off his face with parts of Sam's dress.

"24 minutes, 32 seconds!" said Priscilla.

"My jaw hurts," said Perry.

Perry prepared himself for winning this challenge. On the other hand, Perry knew he needed a shot that didn't include taking one in the face. He used to be able to masturbate pretty quickly, so he prepared himself as he lifted up the skirt of his dress.

Sam leaned down with both of his hands holding up his skirt and got to his knees. Inside of going completely underneath, he pushed up Perry's dress and pulled down his panties with his teeth, which impressed even Perry. As

soon as Sam saw Perry's now feminized cock, he spit on it a few times to moisten the area he was going to be working with. Perry was able to get a slight erection, as Sam found out after gliding his mouth onto it, accepting Perry's dick with his tongue. This caused Perry to get a little harder. Apparently, the hormones had affected Sam's body a little more than Perry's. Trying his hardest not to cum, Perry ignored thoughts of some hot girl in a sexy dress going down on him and instead thought of something unrelated but it didn't work.

Meanwhile, Sam was putting his cute fingertips on Perry's testicles to play with them a little as he rapidly sucked and spit on Perry's feminized cock. He even put his hand around Perry to grab his ass and considered slipping a finger in there if needed. Because Sam's voice had been feminized as well, he used another tactic by yelling out some sexy phrase, trying to make Perry think of him as a girl.

"I want you to cum..."

"Cum for me daddy..."

"Your dick is huge."

The last one was a lie, but it was more about the idea than facts. After using all of his energy to make sure Perry's dick was slippery wet and well satisfied, Sam felt Perry's warm semen in his mouth. He started to swallow some, but then remembered he would need evidence.

After Perry was finished cumming in Sam's mouth, Sam stood up and let the cum drip down his chin, with some falling on his dress.

Priscilla announced, "21 minutes, 23 seconds!"

Sam smiled with cum still on his lips knowing he was the winner and would be released. Perry felt embarrassed and defeated and for the first time in months, started crying.

Both were slightly traumatized from having to suck each other's dicks, but unfortunately, that wasn't going to be the only surprise tonight...

## CHAPTER TWELVE

### Epilogue

The LED light by Sam's name lit up. Priscilla giggled, "You have made such great progress as a girl. Congratulations, you are the winner Samantha!"

Sam smiled, but still didn't feel completely great about the events leading up to this.

"... Let me out of here..." Sam said, half-smiling, and half trying to keep his balance as he stumbled a little closer to the metal security door.

"It won't be that simple," Priscilla giggled.

The glass panel slammed shut and the room lights dimmed. From the vents, gas was released into the room. Perry and Sam quickly started coughing and panicking at the ivory colored gas that was rapidly filling the space of the apartment

"What the hell is this?!" screamed Perry.

"I don't know!" Sam said as he coughed and covered his mouth. "They are trying to kill us!"

Perry stumbled around in his heels, "I'm feeling really dizzy..."

“Me too...” said Sam as he fell put his hand on the end of the sofa for support.

The gas filled the entire room to the point where neither of them could see past a few feet in front of them. They both began sweating more and started losing the ability to breathe thanks to the toxins in the blasted material. Prior punishments had been rough, but they truly feared for their lives now that the challenge was over. Even though Sam won, he still had trouble trusting Priscilla especially now that they were stuck in the gas chamber. Having to suck Perry’s dick should have proved enough for him to escape, but now he felt like he was going to pass out.

Within seconds, both boys felt like they were going to vomit, but instead feel to the group and became unconscious. A few minutes later, the ivory mist had evaporated slightly, and Sam and Perry got their wish. The metal door started making sounds, as it was the first time it was being opened in months since Sam and Perry were originally brought there. Two large men in white hazmat suits with gas masks walked into the room. Both could hear each other in order to communicate.

“That’s him... The one with brown hair. Leave the blonde here,” one of them instructed the other.

Since Sam had become a petite little princess thanks to diet and hormones, one of the men had no problem lifting up his fragile body, although his dress caused the guy to take a while to get his hands in the right places. Exiting

the room, the other locked the metal door completely air tight again.

Over the intercom, Priscilla's voice could be heard even though Perry was the only one left in the room and was completely comatose.

"Prepare for the final stage. All access points locked and sealed. Engage second gas injection and final transformation!" said Priscilla.

At her command, a pink gas came out of the same vents where the ivory mist had originated. While the ivory colored formula was designed to cause them to lose consciousness and cause pain numbing, the pink cloud had been developed for another purpose.

Although it took a few minutes, Perry's body submitted to the pink aroma. His skin tone started to lose pigment and become whiter all over his feminized body. The gas leaked into his nose and began to cause some internal changes, including the suspension of his heart beat, shutdown of his nervous system, and abeyance of other major organs. The contents of the pink gas started to affect his bone structure as they started to condense themselves, making him shrink in size. His entire body mass went down in size, and that wasn't the biggest change to come...

Once a prized possession, Perry's penis started to turn completely white, then started to get hard... and not in

the form of an erection. The tissue, urethra, prostate gland, scrotum, testicles, and other parts in between making the part of his body known as his cock started to turn into a hard ceramic known as porcelain. Getting too hard in texture for its own good, his penis shattered, falling off of his morphing body. To take its place, a non-gender smooth surface was placed over his genital area, also sealing his butt.

The rest of his skin started to harden in all places along with his skin turning very white. The dress and other garments he was wearing morphed in shape, becoming smaller with him. His eyes became smaller and hardened, staying open permanently. After the final transformation of dollification was complete, Perry was motionless and barely 22" long.

Many memories of feminization happened in the apartment dungeon. Fortunately for Perry, he won't have to think about it again.

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### ***Meanwhile, upstairs...***

"Amazing work James... I'm not sure whether I'm happier about the service launch or the fact that this new line of dolls is going to be a hot-seller. Regardless, I'm sure my daughter will be happy to get a new porcelain doll tonight." The man, Robert, was in his 40s and was wearing a dark suit, sitting next to James who had black medium-length hair with glasses and a flannel shirt staring

at the main computer screen with three large monitors showing various camera angles in the apartment. Next to Robert was an older gentleman who remained seated and just monitored their conversation.

James replied, "Do you know how hard it was to make all this happen? It took years for me to develop the formula for that transformation gas. Not to mention constructing that basement apartment, installing security measures, and finding a team willing to help me on this."

"I understand," said Robert. "Both of these operations are going to be big business, and we are going to make a lot of money together."

James leaned back and smiled, "And to think this all started just because you wanted to pay for some footage of two guys feminizing themselves..."

"Apparently I'm not the only one. What did you see the website views are up to now?"

"100,000 members are viewing each week for the past five challenges," said James.

The old man nodded.

"Outstanding, and to think there were only 5,000 members when we first launched this site," replied Robert.

James smiled, "It's about the experience. They can pay each month to watch any angle in the apartment where these two are feminizing themselves. People also wrote in saying their favorite feature is being able to vote for their favorite sissy at the end of each challenge."

"Perfect," said Robert. "There's only a few issues I have."

"What would those concerns be?" asked James.

"Can we speed up the feminization process a little? Months on end is a long time for hormones to work."

"I'll see what I can do, although it did help website views!" said James.

"... Is it possible to create a gas that can change their gender completely at the end?"

"I wish, but we are probably about a decade away from that happening with current studies and technology. It's easier for now just to have their internal organs shut down and have chemicals that harden their skin and change pigments making them dolls like that porcelain puppet that I use to communicate with them," explained James.

There was disappointment in Robert's face, but he continued, "Next is some bad news... I saw another article in the paper today. The media is still referring to you by the nickname 'Crossword' again. The headline was: *2 Down: Similar disappearance for men? May have*

to move operations since the authorities and media are on to us.”

James leaned forward looking at a monitor as one of his hence men in a hazmat suit picked up the doll formally known as Perry to bring **HER** upstairs for Robert to take home to his daughter. “We can research other operating facilities soon, but it will have to wait. There are two new boys coming in for a visit tonight...”

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Sam’s eyelids felt heavy as he struggled to open them up, a bright light blurring his vision whenever he could squeeze open. Laying there for a short while his mind eventually caught back up with reality, where was he? Was he still in the dungeon? What was that gas? All questions he had to answer as he slowly and carefully managed to pull himself up into a sitting position, shielding his eyes from the bright light he studied his surroundings.

He was perched in the middle of what seemed to be a corn field laying on some flattened crops, the huge doll dress he had on before still covering his feminine body, struggling to his feet and standing in the awkward heels he took a deep breath in and looked up towards the sun with his eyes closed, freedom at last.

Though the issue of where he was soon sunk in as he stumbled around for a few minutes eventually spotting a small farm house on the top of a hill. Gathering the hem

of his skirt he hurried up to it as fast as possible in his outfit which was barely more than a jog. Banging on the door for dear life hoping someone would be inside.

Thankfully the door soon swung open revealing an elderly man wearing a checkered shirt and jeans looking at him a little strangely, an elderly woman looking over his shoulder worried.

“Can we help you young lady?”

Sam cried, “Oh, thank god! Please, I need to use your phone!”

***To Be Continued...***

We 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 us 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!)

Claire's Tumblr: [mermadprincesss.tumblr.com/](http://mermadprincesss.tumblr.com/)

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