

Sissified by Dr. Simmons

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Feminized by my Professor

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by K.C. Ripley

Author's note: All characters depicted in sexual acts in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

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I sat in the front row of the auditorium in my Intro to English Literature class, trying to hide my boner. I was a freshman, and this was my first class. The schedule had said the instructor was Dr. A.J. Simmons, and I had expected some old, crusty white guy with a beard, droning on about Shakespeare.

Instead, the most gorgeous woman I'd ever seen walked down the stairs to the front of the room. She was a redhead, sexier than any woman I could conjure up in my fantasies. Her white blouse was unbuttoned down to her plump breasts.

She looked over the rim of her dark-rimmed glasses, scanning the class of several hundred students. Her light blue eyes briefly locked with mine, and my cock sprung up, propping up the fly of my shorts. I blushed and put a hand in my lap to hide it and push it down, not sure if she had seen anything.

The corner of her mouth turned up in a smile before she turned to the chalkboard. She wore a long red skirt that hugged her smooth, round ass. I didn't see any panty lines, and the thought of her not wearing anything under that skirt made my boner painfully strong. I felt precum on my palm, wetting the front of my shorts. I just tried to take a deep breath and calm down, but it didn't help much. Dr. Simmons was fucking amazing, and I thought if I had to sit here for an hour watching her, I just might unload in my boxers.

She picked up a piece of chalk and wrote one word on the board: Sexuality. Then she put the chalk down and turned back to us.

"Some of you, maybe most of you, think literature is boring," she said. Her voice was light, but strong, a perfect sexy voice to go with the rest of her. "This is an introductory class, but my primary academic interest, and thus the central theme of this class, will be..." She nodded at the chalkboard. Then she locked eyes with me again. "I promise you. You will not be bored."

I couldn't handle it. I dropped my gaze, my face flushed, my heart pounding. My balls ached, swollen and sensitive against the inside of my shorts. The precum puddle in my pants had grown, forming a patch on my crotch. I could smell it, and hoped the pretty girl in yoga pants next to me couldn't.

“For example,” Dr. Simmons went on. “You might not know that in Shakespeare’s day, female actors were unthinkable. So all the parts, male and female, were played by males. One of the greatest works of romantic literature, Romeo and Juliet, was performed by two males.”

I had kept my head down this whole time, just trying to collect myself, but I glanced up to see if she was still looking at me. She wasn’t, thankfully, looking around the room as she talked. But when I raised my head, she did look back at me.

“Male actors often played female characters late into their teens,” she said. “So some of you eighteen year-old young men could have been prettied up and put on stage as Juliet, opposite a big, strong Romeo.”

God, she was killing me. I really thought I was going to come, right there in the middle of class. But I dropped my head again and scribbled on my notebook, trying to tune out what she was saying. Even the soft, rhythmic lilt of her voice was enough to keep me rock-hard, though I tried to block out everything.

The next hour was agonizing, as I struggled to keep my boner unseen and just make it through the class. I had two hours before my chemistry class, and I decided I was heading straight for the registrar to switch instructors. There was no way I would be able to concentrate in Dr. Simmons’ class. I’d flunk for sure.

I didn’t even realize class was over until the girl next to me stood up. I heard the rustling of the other students, the explosion of chatter as they began to talk to their friends on the way out. I had been doodling in my notebook when class ended.

I breathed a sigh of relief and began to put my things away. I bent down to put my notebook and pen in my bag, and when I straightened up, I jumped.

Dr. Simmons was standing over me. She was even more incredible close up. I could smell her, a light, beautiful scent like roses and fresh spring water.

“Did you enjoy the first lecture?” she asked. I looked around quickly, wondering if she was really talking to me, but most of the

other students had already cleared out of the hall.

“Um, yeah,” I said. “It was great.”

“What’s your name?” she asked.

“Michael,” I said.

She looked me up and down, then leaned over my desk, the sweet smell of her even stronger, the tops of her creamy breasts hanging braless in her white blouse.

She whispered in my ear. “Well, Michael, you’d make a great Michelle.”

My cock had settled down over the course of the class, but now it sprang back to full attention. I didn’t even know what she was talking about, though.

I grabbed my bag and slid out of my seat, coughing. “Sorry, Dr. Simmons,” I said. “I really need to get going.”

“But you’ll be in class on Wednesday?” she asked.

I looked up at the door. “Actually, I was thinking of dropping.”

She made a fake pouty look. “Oh? Why’s that?” All the students had filed out by now. It was just the two of us standing at the front of the huge auditorium.

“I don’t know,” I said. But I did know.

“From the look of that wet patch on your crotch,” she said. “It looks like you enjoyed my class very much.”

I snatched my hand in front of my fly and blushed hard. That was it. I couldn’t be here anymore. I turned to go.

“Before you do something stupid like drop my class,” she said. “Will you come by my office?”

“Sure,” I mumbled.

“Denwood Hall,” she said. “Room three eighteen. Seven o’clock.”

I nodded quickly, then sprinted up the stairs, my boner bobbing as I ran, my balls throbbing with every step. I didn’t know if I was actually going to go to her office. Part of me wanted to never see her again. I certainly didn’t want to go through another class like

this. But another part of me was hypnotized by her powerful sexuality.

All I knew was that right then I need to get to the bathroom, splash some cold water on my face, and maybe jack off in one of the stalls.

That first day of college was one of the longest in my life. I did go to the bathroom, and I did throw water on my face. I didn't jack off, though I wanted to. The bathroom was full, though.

I made it through chemistry. The professor was some Indian guy who didn't really go over much but the syllabus. I couldn't concentrate anyway. I just kept seeing Dr. Simmons in my mind, the white curves of her breasts, the red of her lips. I kept hearing her call me "Michelle" over and over.

I skipped lunch, and after chemistry, instead of going back to the dorm, I just walked around campus until it got dark. All I could think about was her, and every time I did, my cock got hard. I put my hands in my pockets and held my cock down as I walked.

Whatever she wanted, whatever she wanted to do to me, I was going to let her. I'd never had a girlfriend, even though everyone told me I was good-looking. I was just too shy. Maybe this was what I had been waiting for.

I walked around until just before seven, then headed for Denwood Hall. It was already dark, and I saw a single lit window on the third floor. I took a deep breath and walked inside.

"Hello Michelle," she said as I stood in the doorway of her office. She didn't look surprised to see me. "Come on in."

Her office was neat, a simple oak desk with a small computer. Bookshelves lined the walls, filled with British and American literature. Dr. Simmons sat at her desk, writing something. Her blouse was still wide open, those creamy breasts even more inviting in the dim light of the office.

"My name's Michael," I said.

She laughed, a soft, delightful sound. "No it isn't," she said. "Not anymore. Let's not pretend. Now you go ahead and take off your

clothes and put them in a pile over there while I finish with this.”

I looked behind me. I hadn't seen anyone on the way up, but I was still freaked out.

“The cleaning crew doesn't show up for three more hours,” she said. “We're all alone.”

“I don't know if I can—,” I began. “I mean, isn't this illegal? Or wrong or something?”

She looked up at me with those clear blue eyes. “For there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.” She laughed and turned back to her paper.

“What does that mean?” I asked.

She didn't look up. “It means I'm going to turn you into my own personal little sissy bitch. Because that's what I want, and that's what you want. Nobody gets hurt, unless they like it. And if you don't think about it too much, you just might enjoy yourself. Now take off your clothes or get the fuck out of my office.”

I looked over my shoulder at the door. I could report her to the university. Surely this wasn't the first time she'd done something like this. But she was right. When I looked deep inside, this was what I wanted.

I pulled my t-shirt over my head, then unbuttoned my shorts. Even after I stood completely naked in front of her desk, she didn't look up. Another five minutes passed by as she worked on whatever she was doing, while I nervously shifted from foot to foot, holding my hands over my crotch.

Finally she looked up and put her pen in the corner of her mouth. “Move your hands,” she said.

I put my arms by my sides. My cock was halfway stiff, precum already dribbling out of the tip.

“Average penis,” she said. “Not a lot of body hair, but still too much. I like my sissy bitches smooth. Stand up on your tiptoes and turn around for me, slowly.”

I did as she said, my cock becoming fully erect again.

“Hands over your head,” she said as I turned slowly around.

When I'd turned all the way around, I stopped. She clicked her tongue while looking at me, thinking.

"You'll do," she said. "But you need a lot of work. Do you want to be my sissy bitch?"

I nodded.

"Say it," she said.

"I—" My mouth was dry. I tried to swallow. "I want to be your sissy bitch."

Dr. Simmons smiled. "Good. We're going to have a lot of fun this semester together, Michelle. But first things first. Put that on." She pointed at a white terrycloth robe hanging on a coatrack in the corner of the room. I hadn't really noticed it until she pointed at it. I put it on as she stood up. She opened her desk drawer, and I heard the jingle of keys.

"Put on your shoes and let's go," she said.

Her silver Mercedes had leather seats. I'd never been in a car that nice before. Everyone in my family drove either Hondas or Subarus. She didn't play any music or talk to me during the drive. She headed towards the outskirts of town. I didn't know where we were going.

Ten minutes later we pulled up at the end of a strip mall just outside the city limits. A red and blue neon sign above the shop glowed "NAILS 4 YOU".

She turned to me. "Makeover time," she said. "Oh, you don't have any money on you, do you?"

I shook my head.

She reached into my robe and grabbed my nipple, twisting hard. "You speak when spoken to," she said.

I hissed and winced at the pain. "Okay," I said. "No, I don't have any money."

She twisted harder. I squirmed in my seat, just wanting her to let go.

“You refer to me as Dr. Simmons, ma’am, or Mistress. Understood?”

“Yes Dr. Simmons,” I said.

She finally let go. My nipple pulsed with pain.

“Well,” she said. “You can pay me back. If you’re pretty enough, maybe we can whore you out, make a few bucks.”

Before I could respond to that, she got out of the car. I got out too.

We went inside, a silver bell jingling overhead. It was late, and the place was empty, except for an old petite Asian woman wearing a green satin dress. Her hair was up in a bun. She smiled brightly when she saw Dr. Simmons.

“Ah, hello Angela,” she said, with no trace of an accent.

“Hi, Betty,” Dr. Simmons said. “It’s that time of the year again. You busy?”

“I’m all yours,” Betty said. “What did you bring me?”

Dr. Simmons looked at me. “Take that robe off for Miss Betty.”

I hesitated, and she snatched out and grabbed my ear, twisting.

“When I tell you to do something,” she said. “You fucking do it. Immediately.”

“Ow,” I said. “Yes, Dr. Simmons.” I untied the robe and let it fall to the floor. She let go of my ear and I reached up to rub it.

Betty looked me up and down, then walked around me, her hand on her chin. “You want a full workup?” she asked Dr. Simmons.

“Yes,” she said. “The whole deal.”

“Okay,” Betty said. “What’s her name?”

“Michelle.”

“Oh, nice,” Betty said. “All right, Michelle. Come with me.”

Dr. Simmons sat in a waiting room chair, took out a book, and began to read. I followed Betty through a curtain of hanging beads into the back.

The room was all white, like a doctor's office, with a padded table covered with a sheet of white paper. She told me to lie down. The paper crinkled as I got on the table.

Betty worked at another table for several minutes, her back to me. When she turned around, she had a clay bowl with what looked like a brush a barber might use to shave you. She dipped the brush in the bowl and plopped it on my chest.

I flinched. It was hot.

"Stay still, girly," Betty said. "Don't make me go get your Mistress."

I took a deep breath and tried to relax. She spread the stuff all over my chest, then turned back to her table. She had a small red rubber ball between her finger and thumb.

"Open up," she said.

"What?"

"Open your mouth," she said. "There's a Greek place next door, and I can't have you disturbing the diners."

I opened my mouth, and she popped the ball in my mouth, shoving it all the way in with her thumb. Then she pulled a roll of duct tape out of her dress pocket and put a piece across the ball and my cheeks.

I could feel the wax on my chest hardening as she positioned my forearms up and began applying more hot wax to my arms.

After the wax on my chest had completely cooled, she put everything down, grabbed the dried wax on my chest, and looked down at me.

"This is gonna hurt like a bitch," she said, and giggled. I squeezed my eyes shut, and she pulled the sheet of wax with one strong jerk. Light exploded behind my closed eyelids and my world lit up in pain. The ball gag muffled my screams.

I opened my eyes, now glistening with tears, and looked down at my chest. It was bright pink, dots of red all over, pinpricks of blood where my hair had been ripped out at the root.

"Buckle in, bitch boy," Betty said. "This is gonna take a while."

The next hour seemed like an eternity, but I made it through. I don't know how. Several times I almost just jumped up from the table and ran for the door. But something kept me in check. Maybe I didn't want Dr. Simmons to be disappointed in me. A big part of it was that I wanted to see what happened next.

Betty had waxed and ripped nearly every strand of hair off my body. My pubic area was by far the worst. I thought being kicked in the balls was the worst thing you could do to them, but having all the hair plucked off like a chicken was excruciating. By the time she was done, I felt like just like a plucked bird, most of my skin red, raw, and prickled with dots of blood.

Mercifully, Betty finished the waxing by rubbing me down with some sort of cream that numbed my skin. I was still shaking all over when she led me back to the front for Dr. Simmons to inspect me.

"Stop shaking like a bitch," Dr. Simmons told me as she looked me up and down. "Nice work as always, Betty. Please keep it up."

Betty then led me to one of the chairs and had me sit down naked. "What color you want?" she asked Dr. Simmons.

She lowered her book and thought. "He'd be pretty in pink, don't you think?"

"Sure thing," Betty said. She gave me a pedicure, and then a manicure, painting my toenails and fingernails a bright, hot pink.

"You gonna learn how to do this," Betty said as she worked. "I'll teach you. Then you can do them for your Mistress."

She got out the makeup after that and started in on my face. She put on base and blush, then mascara and eye liner. I was starting to feel like a real girl by the time she got out the sparkling pink lipstick and began to smear it on my lips.

Betty pulled a platinum blond wig from a bag by the chair and slipped it over my hair. When she spun me around in the chair to look at myself in the mirror, I gasped.

I looked like a beautiful teenage girl. My naked skin was raw and red, but the makeup had transformed me into something incredible. Dr. Simmons put down her book and walked up behind me.

“Now all you need is an outfit, and we’re ready to go,” she said.

Betty snapped her fingers, hopped up, and ran back through the beaded curtains. She returned with three outfits and some other things I didn’t recognize.

“Stand up,” Dr. Simmons said.

“Yes, Dr. Simmons,” I said, getting up.

She took something from Betty. It looked like a pair of rubber, flesh-colored panties. She threw them at my feet.

“Put those on,” she said.

As I wiggled into them, I realized just how tight they were. As I cinched them up all the way, my dick and balls had nowhere to go but to tucked down and smashed flat against me. The back of the rubber panties had the back cut out, exposing my ass.

Dr. Simmons picked out a little red mini-dress from the clothes Betty had brought, and she tossed it to me. I pulled it over my head and the silky fabric felt soothing on my raw skin as I pulled it down tight.

Betty brought out some shoes next, and Dr. Simmons settle on a pair of sparkling pink high heels for me. I stepped into them, wobbling, and took a few test steps. They fit pretty well, but still hurt my feet.

“What do you think, Betty?” Dr. Simmons asked her.

“She looks real nice,” Betty said.

Dr. Simmons looked at the clock on the wall. “All right,” she said. “Let’s go, Michelle. They should be good and beered up by now, even on a Monday. Thanks again for excellent work, Betty.”

Betty nodded and smiled as we left.

“Where are we going?” I asked, as we headed back down the highway. My cock and balls were folded up underneath me, so I was basically sitting on them, which hurt like hell. Other than that, I felt a rush of excitement. I felt amazing and sexy, transformed from a shy, mediocre eighteen-year old guy into a beautiful, hot girl.

She smiled, but didn't look at me. "Shut the fuck up. You need to rest that little cock-hole of yours."

We headed back into town and toward campus, but not all the way. We ended up in a neighborhood a few blocks away, and it wasn't until we pulled to a stop in the cul-de-sac that I saw the Greek lettering on the front of the two-story house.

Tau Kappa Epsilon. Most of the lights were on in the house. Cars spilled out of the driveway and around the cul-de-sac. I could hear the thump of music even from inside the car.

Oh God, I wasn't sure I was ready for this.

"You're going to make me go in there alone?" I asked.

She laughed. "Oh no, you dumb little bitch," she said. "I'm going in with you. I charge these frat boys ten bucks a suck, twenty a fuck, but most of the fun is in watching you work. Let's go."

We walked up the sidewalk together, the sound of the music pounding loudly now. I heard a bunch of guys cry out in unison, as if someone had just performed some impressive feat of manhood.

At the door, Dr. Simmons told me to ring the doorbell. I reached out with my hand.

"With your nose," she said.

I leaned in and pushed my nose against the doorbell, hearing the ding-dong inside, mostly muffled by the music.

"Again," she said.

I had to ring the doorbell with my nose five times before someone answered the door. He was a huge guy with a dark crew-cut, wearing only boxers and a sleeveless t-shirt.

"Oh, hey Dr. Simmons," he said.

"Hi, Tanner," she said.

He looked at me and his eyes widened. "Whoa, who's this?"

Dr. Simmons leaned in to whisper in my ear. "Tell him your name, fuckwit. And for your sake, you might want to sound like a girl."

I raised the pitch of my voice and said: "Hi, I'm Michelle."

A big, goofy grin spread on his face, showing a little gap between his two front teeth.

“Well you’re just in time, little girl,” he said, raising his voice to almost yell over the music. “We were starting to get a little bored.”

“It’s the first day of the semester,” Dr. Simmons said.

“Yeah,” Tanner said. “But we gotta break the place in.” He looked at me again and licked his lips. “Usual deal?”

“Of course,” Dr. Simmons said.

He stepped aside and waved us in.

There were ten frat brothers in the house that night. I never got all their names. But I do remember the first one to take me upstairs. The other guys called him Bosco. He was short, but muscular. Looked like he did a lot of bench pressing. He had curly red hair and blue eyes. He looked like the kind of kid who would bully you in school, who’d knock your lunch tray out of your hand or slam your locker door on your fingers. He squeezed my ass as he handed over thirty dollars to Dr. Simmons.

“You want both?” she asked.

He looked me up and down. “Yeah, broke up with Sheila over the summer. My balls are full.”

She laughed as she took his money, and the three of us went upstairs.

The room was dark and smelled moldy. A couple of bean-bag chairs were the only furniture, and a bong lay tipped over in one corner.

As soon as we were inside, Bosco closed the door, walked to a bean-bag chair, and pulled his jeans down. He plopped down on the bag with a whooshing sound, his pale pecker wobbling in the air.

“Crawl over here and gobble it up, bitch!” he yelled at me. I got down on my hands and knees. The techno beat from downstairs sent vibrations through my arms and legs as I crawled.

His cock was paper white, stubby and thick. It seemed to spring up from his wiry orange pubes like some weird clown nose. As I

leaned in, I smelled him, the beer and funk. He probably hadn't showered for at least a couple of days.

He grinned as I looked up into his eyes and took the base of his cock in my hand. I felt like the filthiest whore in the world, and my own cock stiffened against me painfully.

I opened my mouth wide and lowered my sparkling pink lips onto the head of his dick. He tasted salty and pungent, like deli meat that was just about to turn bad. I felt myself starting to gag, but held it back, my eyes watering.

I began to suck, sliding my lips down his thick shaft.

"You're a lucky boy," Dr. Simmons said to Bosco. "This is her first."

"No shit?" he said. "She's a virgin?"

"I should charge you extra," Dr. Simmons said.

"Nah," he said. "You should give me a discount. Bitch probably doesn't know what she's doing."

But as I squeezed the base of his cock, I began to work into a rhythm, and I thought I was actually doing a pretty good job. Bosco confirmed this as he gritted his teeth and began to moan.

"Sounds like he's enjoying himself," Dr. Simmons said, crouching down beside me, watching me suck Bosco's cock. She slapped me on the back of the head. "Why don't you sound like you're enjoying yourself? You are, aren't you?"

I began to make more noise, slurping loudly and moaning. I pulled his cock out of my mouth, a trail of cum and spit between my lip and the head.

"You taste delicious, sir," I said in my girliest voice, before taking him back inside my mouth.

"Better," Dr. Simmons said, her face only inches from mine. "But you need to finish him off. He still gets to fuck you in the ass, and we've got a frat house full of boys for you to service tonight."

I picked up the pace, puckering my lips inward to shield his cock against my teeth. I bobbed my head up and down, the platinum bangs of my wig whipping against my forehead.

Bosco grunted and shuddered. Hot cream plumed into my mouth. I stopped bobbing, grabbing the base of his cock with both hands and milking him into my mouth.

“Don’t swallow,” Dr. Simmons said.

I looked at her with Bosco’s dick in my mouth and nodded, continued to pump him. He said his balls were full, and he wasn’t kidding. My mouth filled quickly, hot cum dribbling out past his dick and streaming down my chin.

When he finally stopped grunting, I let go of him and slid my mouth off, careful not to let any more cum out. I must have looked like a squirrel, my cheeks bulged with spunk.

Dr. Simmons patted me on the head as Bosco panted heavily. His salty load squished around my tongue and between my teeth. I almost gagged again, but stopped myself.

“You better not spit that out,” Dr. Simmons said. “Otherwise I’m making you walk back to the dorm when we’re done.”

I nodded, my eyes watering.

“You paid for a butt fuck too,” she said to Bosco. “You need a few minutes to recharge?”

“Nah,” he said. “I’m good.” And amazingly enough, he was. I could already see him getting hard again. “I want to fuck her over the stairwell, though,” he said, climbing up out of the bean-bag chair.

“Of course,” Dr. Simmons said, standing up and snapping her fingers at me. I stayed on the ground, at her heel, as we went to the door. As it opened, I heard the music loud and thumping again. She patted the wooden rail of the stairwell. I stood up, grabbed onto it, and leaned over.

Bosco came up behind me, and I felt him nestle up against my thighs. I felt his cock, almost fully erect again, tapping against the bottom of my ass cheeks.

“I’m going to go downstairs and find something to drink,” Dr. Simmons said. “You kids have fun.”

She turned to go, then turned back, handing a tube of something to Bosco.

“Please lube her up good,” she said. “Remember, she is a virgin.”

Bosco took the tube, laughing. I watched Dr. Simmons walk down the stairs, the blood already rushing to my head as I leaned out over the railing. I felt the cool squirt of gel at the top of my ass crack, then his hand as he roughly slid it between my cheeks and poked his thumb up my butthole.

He leaned forward. “You ready, slut?”

“Yes, sir,” I said, though I wasn’t sure.

He plucked his thumb out, and I heard a plopping sound. Then he sidled up closer to me, lifted his cock in his hand, and guided it between my ass cheeks until he found my hole.

I thought he might guide it in slowly. Instead, he jammed it forward, filling my ass with one thrust. God, it hurt so much. I winced, seeing bright lights behind my eyes.

Then he was fucking me, that thick, stubby cock of his pushing in and out. I felt like I was being hit in the stomach over and over, the air being knocked out of me repeatedly. I felt my face flush with blood, and it was hard to breathe.

A couple of frat brothers poked their heads into the stairwell, and seeing him fucking me, they whooped. He slapped me on the ass and fucked me harder.

I wish he had fucked me first, because blowing him made him able to last a lot longer afterwards. I don’t know how long he fucked me, but the song switched at least four times.

I thought he had put a lot of lube, but by the time he was done, I wished he had put more. My ass felt rough and raw as he fucked. Finally he pulled out, and I felt a shot of warmth on my left ass cheek. As the cum trickled down the back of my thigh, I sighed in relief that Bosco was done with me.

“Whew,” he said, zipping up his jeans. “That was pretty fun. Ten out of ten, would do again.” Then he laughed, slapped my clean ass cheek one more time, and headed down the stairs.

I slumped off the railing onto the floor, exhausted, my ass feeling like I'd just shat out a twelve pack, one can at a time. I heard footsteps on the stairs, and as I looked up, there was Dr. Simmons, as beautiful as ever. On her arm was another frat boy, a tall blond kid who looked like a linebacker.

He whistled as he looked at me lying on the floor. "She's pretty hot," he said.

"Yes, she is," Dr. Simmons said, taking a ten dollar bill from him, folding it, and tucking it in her blouse.

"She ready to go?" he asked.

"You better believe it," she said, winking at me. And together we all went back into the dark room.

Every boy in the frat had a go with me that night. Five just wanted blow jobs. Two just wanted fucks, and three wanted both. The last few were a haze. I don't know how I stayed conscious, I was so tired.

Dr. Simmons thanked everyone as she led me crawling down the stairs and out the door on my hands and knees. I had no idea what I looked like. She had freshened up my makeup several times, but I had to look like a wreck. I definitely felt like one.

At her car, I tried to open the door, but it was still locked.

"I changed my mind after all," she said. "You did okay tonight. Enough to pay for some of your makeover. But you can do better. Something to think about while you walk home."

My stomach sank. I wasn't sure I could keep standing, much less walk back to the dorm.

She started to get in the car, then stopped. "Oh, and you're dressing like that for school tomorrow morning. Carry an extra bag and change in the bathroom."

"Please, Mistress," I said weakly. "Do I have to?"

She got a mock look of surprise on her face. "Of course," she said. "You're my one and only little sissy bitch."

With that, she got in her car, started up, and drove away. The sun was just starting to come up. I took a deep breath and began the long walk back to campus.

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