

Jenna Masters

PARTS

1 - 12

Sissy Dollhouse



**S
E
A
S
O
N

O
N
E**

Sissy Dollhouse

Season One

Jenna Masters

2017

Contents

[The Forced Feminization Compound](#)
[Hypnotizing Jeff into Jen](#)
[Used by Tanya and her Tranny Assistant](#)
[Forced Fem Hypno Conditioning Session](#)
[The Bimbo's New Body Gets Used](#)
[Tranny Schoolgirl Job for Mr. Jarvis](#)
[Femboy Prison Release Program](#)
[The Futile Resistance of a Femboy Slave](#)
[Feminized to Perfection](#)
[Tranny Gangbang Nurse](#)
[Tgirl Bride Forced Black](#)
[Gurl Scout Cookies](#)

The Forced Feminization Compound

Tanya Payne greeted the rich, Russian businessman with her trademark cool civility. Tanya was a gorgeous woman; a six-foot-tall blonde who was still startlingly slender with a tiny waist and full round hips, but even her beauty was eclipsed by the parade of creatures that stood down the long corridor. They stood almost at attention, chests high, lovely fake breasts lifted, faces blank (hinting at the highly conditioned and suggestible state of their weakened little minds), thin, feminine bodies on display. Between each of their legs was a little hairless penis, shaved, waxed and gently oiled, the only remnant of their lost manhood. For some, that last little scrap would even be removed, and they would be sold off as women, but for the particular clients that Tanya courted, they liked to know the history of their toy's broken masculinity.

Some of her clients liked the deeper, more primal need to please that only resides in the soul of a sissy. For others, they liked the absolute and total depth of submission that only a transformed boy could provide. They were not just submissive in the fantasies that they fulfilled for her clients; they were submissive down to the very core of their beings. They had surrendered, or been forced to surrender, not just their pride, self-esteem and free will, but their very masculinity itself. Plus, most of her dolls had qualities that a natural woman could never achieve, their body fat perfectly managed by the nurses and nutritionists at the compound, but their bodies still perfectly soft with flawless curves surgically implanted or injected into them.

Tanya bowed a little as she extended her hand for the large, middle-aged Russian. "Good Morning Mr. Ivanov and welcome to my Dollhouse."

Mr. Ivanov could not resist eyeing Tanya's ample cleavage before he turned his attention, staring down the long line of young sissies. Tanya was an expert at seduction and well versed in the physical process of arousal, so it was easy for her to spot the signs of his quickening breathing and pulse as he looked at all the lovely creatures.

"Where do you ever find them all?" he whispered as if he was standing in the corridors of a sacred church.

Tanya offered the man her arm and when he took it, she guided him

down the hallway. He looked at the gurls, naked and flawless in the electric light of their underground bunker. Blondes, redheads, Asians, blacks, every flavor of sissy a man like him could ever desire.

“Finding them is easy,” Tanya said. “Lots of boys have a sissy inside them already, just waiting to be brought to the surface. The world out there is swarming with suitable trainees, just begging to be broken and allowed to become what they were always meant to be. It’s training them that is the challenge, or rather, training away the illusion of manhood boys like this have been taught to believe they possess.”

Mr. Ivanov stopped in front of a wispy thin blonde, with lovely full lips and enchanting blue eyes that stared off into the distance. “What about this one?” he asked. “What’s her story?”

“I named this one Jen,” Tanya told him. “She is a natural little slave. She used to believe her name was Jeff, but now she knows better.”

“It’s hard to imagine this hot little slut ever being a boy,” Mr. Ivanov said, looking over Jen’s tight, fit little hormone altered and surgically enhanced body. Even Jen’s small penis was cute, soft and feminine. He gave the sissy’s penis a little flick with his finger, and Jen gasped slightly but his vacant gaze did not drift from its fixed point in the distance.

“They are all so... hollow...” Ivanov commented, as he ran the fingertips of one hand up Jen’s flat, feminine tummy.

“That’s because they haven’t been given a fantasy. Think of this state as being like a programmer’s mode. They are aware of everything around them, and they are ready and receptive to commands, but they have no thoughts or feelings of their own, because I haven’t told them what to think or feel. When a client comes in for a fantasy, I plant my suggestions deep inside the sissy’s receptive little mind, and she becomes totally, and completely whatever I instruct her to be.”

“She will actually believe the fantasy is real?” Ivanov asked.

“For her,” Tanya said. “It absolutely will be real. If I tell Jen she is your slave or your lover or your little barking doggy, then that’s what she will become. She will feel everything as though that is real, because for her, it will be real. She will know of no other reality except for the one you want her to believe. It’s not like hiring some prostitute who pretends for you. Our dolls

actually become whatever you desire.”

Ivanov let his hand keep running up Jen’s body, finally cupping his firm, artificial breast. “Amazing,” he said. “What kind of fantasies do you offer?”

“There are no limits. The only limit is your imagination, and the only rule is: if you break it, you buy it.”

Ivanov laughed in his deep, rolling voice. He was a big man, as tall as Tanya, but thick and powerfully built. Tanya was pretty sure the man had ties with the Russian mob. The way his powerful hand squeezed the soft skin of Jen’s implanted breast made Tanya imagine he had a slightly sadistic side to him.

“Explain to me again what is included in the corporate package,” he said, his eyes not leaving Jen’s tight, curved body.

“Unlimited use of the basic fantasy packages by all corporate officers, as well as clear, upfront pricing for any upgrades; yearly corporate full service retreat at the sissy spa and priority scheduling for appointments with your preferred dolls.”

Ivanov reached down and squeezed the curve of Jen’s firm, rounded ass. “I’d like to try a little sample.”

“Of course,” Tanya said. “Would you like to go to the office and discuss the fantasy you would like to arrange?”

“That won’t be necessary,” Ivanov said to Tanya before saying to Jen, “Turn around, Whore.”

Jen hesitated.

“Jen,” Tanya said. “Mr. Ivanov here is a very important man. Do you remember what I told you about important men?”

“They must be obeyed,” Jen purred, his voice soft and feminine with only a hint of coarseness remaining from the operations on his vocal chords. He turned around. His gaze still far away his voice purred. “I am happy to obey you, Mr. Ivanov.”

Ivanov smiled and suddenly slapped Jen in the face.

Jen let out a little whimper but he still stared ahead, waiting for

instruction.

Ivanov reached up and lightly caressed the red handprint. The heat and color of the slap stood stark against the feminine boy's soft, pale cheek. He touched Jen's face tenderly, and then roughly grabbed a fistful of his gorgeous blonde hair. He pulled the sissy off balance and kissed his plump, Botox-filled, hormone softened lips.

Ivanov laughed when he saw the little sissy's small penis growing hard.

"I thought you said she didn't feel anything unless you told her to?"

"I told her you were a superior man," Tanya said. "So she feels the natural feelings any sissy feels when confronted by a superior man."

Ivanov pushed the little sissy to his knees. Then he opened his pants, and let them fall to the cold cement floor. Jen stared at Ivanov's big cock with wide eyed, almost zombie like curiosity.

"Can I kiss it?" Jen asked. "Can I kiss your beautiful dick?"

Mr. Ivanov reached down and pulled his semi-erect cock up by his hand, exposing his big hairy balls. "Start down there," he instructed.

Jen leaned forward and pushed his small, pretty face between Ivanov's wide, hairy thighs and turned up his fat, wet lips to kiss the man's massive balls. Jen gently, almost innocently kissed each one, and then he let his little pink tongue slide out of his small mouth and began to trace the circumference of the Russian's thickly scented testicles.

Tanya was proud of the little sissy. One simple suggestion carried with it a powerful collection of commands. The 'Important Man' suggestion overloaded the little sissy with the compelling need to please the man, to gain the man's approval, and to earn the man's cum.

The little sissy looked up at the man now, deep vacant eyes trying to gauge the man's desires. Jen picked up the subtle hints of the man's reactions to the tongue sliding across his balls and instantly made adjustments to pace and pressure, his wet, sissy tongue reveling in the masculine taste of the businessman's skin. Ivanov moaned with pleasure, looking down at the feminized sissy's pretty mouth as it licked and sucked his big, hairy balls. Ivanov's big Russian dick was fully and impressively hard now.

Tanya wasn't exactly into cock. She preferred the soft touch of a woman, or the soft touch of a compliant little sissy, but even she felt a little quiver of wet warmth in her silken panties as she saw the well-formed meat that Ivanov stroked slowly above the slender, naked sissy. She doubted Jen even needed a suggestion to feel awed to submission by a cock like that. Even when he was a young male believing he was a real man, while he was secretly getting sold off by his girlfriend, a cock like Ivanov's probably would have brought him to his knees and made him shudder with need to serve what was clearly a superior man.

Ivanov took that big cock now and pressed it to the soft wet lips of Jen's beautiful, cosmetically enhanced face. "Open wide, little sissy," he instructed. "It's time to taste a real man."

Jen eagerly stretched his small mouth wide and allowed the throbbing purple head to slide passed his lips. Jen greeted the meat with his tongue, pressing it softly to the underside of the man's throbbing shaft as it was pressed it into his wet mouth. "MMMM," Jen purred as the salty taste of flesh pressed against his eager tongue.

Tanya felt her own pussy tingling as she watched her well-trained, feminized doll go to work on the big man's cock. She looked down the line of gorgeous sissy dolls, naked and graceful, standing vacant and proud, stomachs in and tits out, as Jen knelt right along-side his new sisters, sucking fat cock. Jen's head began to bob back and forth along the length of the Russian's prick, deep throating the wide meat like the well-trained and highly conditioned slave he was. Tanya listened to the eager little sucking noises Jen was making, and to the deep moans of pleasure that Ivanov made and she felt proud of her newest, least experienced little doll.

Turning boys into eager transgender dolls, ready for programming and eager to give pleasure in any way that was required was an art that involved many aspects. Seduction, manipulation, drugs, surgery, hormones, hypnosis and mind control... it was a beautiful art that required the mastery of many different fields, but the rewards were so worthwhile. There was no slave more dutiful or eager than a feminized man whose deepest and most fundamental sense of masculinity had been shattered into a million pieces. Every pretty little fragment of that masculinity was desperate to be reassembled in any way it was told.

Jen's wet mouth moved back and forth along Ivanov's engorged cock, his fat lips rolling across the Russian's throbbing skin. The sissy looked up at the superior man with vacant and compliant eyes, waiting for the slightest hint of how to please him more or serve him better. Tanya couldn't resist gently stroking Jen's soft blonde hair, "Good girl," she said as Ivanov began to press his hips back and forth, fucking the beautiful sissy's luscious little mouth.

Ivanov moaned with pleasure as he pumped his hips, driving that amazing and powerful cock down Jen's well-trained throat. Jen took it without the slightest indication of discomfort, his throat expanding as the head of the cock pushed deep inside it. If this was a fantasy, Tanya would have programmed Jen for some reaction, perhaps gagging like a virgin schoolgirl or saying filthy things like a jaded whore, but instead the sissy just gazed, blank eyed at the superior man, looking for clues to please him as he pumped his cock faster and between the soft pillows of Jen's luscious red, feminine lips.

Jen's small mouth was stretched wide, the bulging cock slamming down the sissy's narrow throat, his long, feminized body swaying slightly, slender knees on the cold concrete floor.

Ivanov grunted, placing a large hand on the crown of Jen's small head. "I love fucking your stupid, blank little face." He turned his fist in Jen's hair, pulling the sissy's blonde locks roughly.

Jen acknowledged the pain with a whimper but it didn't change her blank expression. Those zombie eyes seemed to stare up at the superior man with a look that said, "Hurt me if you like."

"Yes," Ivanov said. "I could fuck this vacant whore's pretty bimbo face all day, but I really want to pound that round little ass of hers. Tell her to turn around."

Tanya didn't have to say anything. Jen was already sliding his moist lips off the Russian's dick and standing up. The beautiful, slender legged sissy turned and bent over, pressing the palms of his hands between his slightly spread, beautifully tanned, feminine legs. In his seemingly vacant mind he had already done the calculations of exactly how wide he needed to spread his legs to put his tight sissy ass at the right height for Ivanov's

throbbing cock.

Ivanov looked from Jen's full, round, girlish ass to his pretty face to his blonde hair swaying down and brushing against the concrete floor. Ivanov seemed to admire the slender doll's incredible flexibility. Ivanov stepped forward and pushed his cock, still wet from Jen's mouth, against the sissy's tight little brown opening. Jen flexed the tiny but well-toned muscles of his model-thin arms so that he wouldn't be toppled over by the weight of the man. Ivanov grunted as he began to press himself deeper into Jen's tight asshole.

He wrapped his massive hands around the Jen's tiny waist, hands almost touching, and he began to pump back on Jen's soft, curving hips. As he jerked Jen's body backwards he slammed his hips forward, his hips slapping against Jen's soft ass with a sharp sound.

Jen's expression finally changed as the massive rod penetrated deep inside him. Tanya saw a little falter: Jen's eyes turned up; his expression showing deep, primal shock as his thin little body was brutally claimed by another, more powerful man. Ivanov began to pump himself deep inside Jen's ass with merciless, grinding intensity.

Jen whimpered. His hands clenched into fists, he looked up at Tanya, his eyes full of sudden pleading, desperate for help. Tanya recognized a potentially embarrassing lapse coming. Ivanov didn't see it, as he pumped away at the softness of the sissy's small, round ass, grunting and drooling slightly down onto the soft skin of Jen's slender back. He was thrilled and excited by the whimpers coming from the boy's soft, red lips, but Tanya knew they were evidence of Jeff, trying to break back through.

Tanya stepped beside the doll and leaned over to whisper into his ear. "You are being used by a superior man. There is no pleasure greater than being used by a superior man. Remember?"

Jen bit his lip, stopping himself from crying out as the fat cock rammed back and forth inside him. He nodded his head up and down.

"Even pain is pleasure when being used by a superior man. Remember?"

Jen nodded.

“Suffering is the purest form of love. You do still love me, don’t you Princess?”

Jen nodded once more.

“Then suffer for me. Let the pain of your body become the pleasure of knowing that I enjoy your submission.”

Jen’s eyes lost that frantic, searching look and they glazed back over. The sissy’s cries changed from restrained whimpers of pain, to open moans of pleasure. His little dick shot back to full hardness and he looked from Tanya, letting his head hang down once more to stare up at Ivanov’s beautiful balls as they slammed back and forth against hormone softened skin.

Tanya straightened back up, fixing her skirt. She turned and watched once more as Ivanov continued to pump his hips and hands, using Jen’s little body like the sex toy it had become.

“Do you like that, whore?” Ivanov asked. “Do you like having my big cock in your slutty little asshole?”

Jen moaned his whole body quivering and shaking as the massive cock railed back and forth inside him. “Yes sir,” Jen whimpered. “I need it. My slutty asshole needs it.”

“Oh fuck yes!” Ivanov groaned as he began to fire his thick hot seed deep inside Jen’s slender body. His tight grip on Jen’s hips yanked Jen’s ass hard against him, holding the little sissy tight as he filled the feminized boy’s body with hot jizz.

Jen whimpered, “Oh yes. Oh yes. I love it.” Tanya knew that deep in his mind he did love it. Not just because deep down it was in his nature to serve a better man, but also because she had told him to love it. She had imprinted him with the superior-man suggestion and making a real man cum was the ultimate reward and the ultimate pleasure. As Ivanov shot his seed into Jen’s dark brown hole, Jen also began to erupt with orgasm. The sissy’s seed fired down across his firm tits, and flat tummy, sprinkling down across his pretty face and lustrous hair.

As Ivanov, spent and relaxed, finally pulled his softening cock from Jen’s ass, the sissy spun around and dropped to her knees. As Ivanov caught his breath and regained his senses, Jen went to work cleaning the man’s filthy

cock with his pretty little mouth.

Ivanov watched the gorgeous doll clean him for a moment then he looked once again at Tanya. “Seriously,” he almost demanded in amazement. “I want to know. How did you do it?”

Tanya smiled demurely as if the thing was entirely out of her power. “Trade secrets, Mr. Ivanov,” was the only answer she offered.

He laughed. “Alright. You win. Where do I sign?”

Tanya directed her dark haired assistant to lead the man back to the office where he could sign his contract. It was with great reluctance that Jen let that fat dick slip from between his red painted lips, and once it did the sissy watched the man longingly as he pulled up his pants and followed Tanya’s assistant without giving Jen another look or thought.

Tanya gave her dolls permission to return to their four by six-foot concrete rooms, then she returned to her office and sat down on her leather couch. Jen had been too new to get used like that, but he had done a fine job. Jen had been one of her easiest and most eager trainees so Tanya sometimes forgot he had only been at the compound for a few months. Still, it was an undeniable thrill watching the little sissy get used by such a large and well-formed man. Tanya leaned back on her luxurious couch, sliding her skirt up. She ran her hand down the front of her panties and felt the wetness that had formed there.

As she felt her warm and excited pussy with her cool fingertips, Ivanov’s question was still fresh on her mind. “How did you do it?” he had asked, and now she thought about it; remembering the breaking of Jen, a weak and sensitive boy who used to be called Jeff; remembering it while she rubbed her quivering, wet cunt.

Hypnotizing Jeff into Jen

Before he was ever a beautiful transgender forced into sissy prostitution, Jen's name was Jeff, and Jeff was bored. He had a lousy job and a girlfriend who belittled him and almost no money. The only things he had to his name were his car and a small house his parents had left him. Every day after work Jeff stopped into a bar. He had only turned twenty-one a few months back, and he still felt a little self-conscious walking into bars, like someone was going to stop him at the door and tell him he couldn't come in. He always had his ID ready, because he knew he still looked like he was barely out of high school, but no one at this bar ever questioned him.

This bar, which he'd picked at random, didn't seem to have anyone who took even the slightest interest in whether he was old enough to drink there. It was a dark, smoky place, with country music playing on an old-fashioned jukebox and several large, angry looking middle-aged men, all drinking by themselves as far from each other as possible, while they chain smoked cigarettes. Was this what he had to look forward to?

Today he walked up to the bar and ordered the same brand of beer he ordered every day and then he sat there, thinking the same things he thought every day, not wanting to go home.

A few minutes later a gorgeous and shockingly tall, blonde woman walked into the dim building and strolled towards the bar on her long, slender legs. Her designer heels clicked on the cheap linoleum floor as she walked up and took the stool next to him.

"Buy me a drink?" her musical request carried the weight of an order.

He was stunned by her. She seemed out of place. She had perfect, tan legs that were exposed by a small, black skirt; her light blouse showed off her big tits and was sheer enough to show just the outline of her bra beneath it. Just the top two silver buttons of the soft white blouse were undone, showing the supple skin at the delicate base of her neck. Her hair was tied back in a bun but had come loose all over, leaving wild streams of gorgeous blonde hair dangling in her sensual face. She looked like a lawyer from a TV show: Professionally dressed but too beautiful and breathtaking to exist in real life. She wore spike heels but even without them he imagined she would stand at

least six feet tall. “Yeah,” he said. “Of course. Whatever you want?”

“Whatever I want?” she teased. “You sure you want to agree to that much, so quickly? You’re not holding anything back for negotiation. I might want something very sinister.”

Jeff swallowed. This gorgeous woman made him uncomfortable, but he couldn’t think of anything he wouldn’t want to give her. “Whatever you want,” he repeated, his voice breaking with nervous tension.

She laughed in a dark and seemingly unamused way. “Oh Princess,” she said. “You’re perfect.”

Jeff’s ego bristled slightly at being called ‘Princess’ but she seemed to think it was a compliment, and he wasn’t about to argue. He stared at her gorgeous, slender body, her flawless pale skin, and her long, perfect legs. At 5’7”, Jeff felt self-consciously small beside her.

“Never mind that drink,” she said. Suddenly she got up and began to stroll away, elegant and graceful. Jeff was about to accept that she was leaving without another word but she stopped. “Come along then,” she said, looking back at Jeff over her shoulder.

Jeff didn’t even hesitate. He jumped up and began following her as she walked, slow and regal to the front door. She led him out to her car, a dark SUV-style stretch limousine with heavily tinted windows. The driver was a beautiful young dark-haired woman with a strange, almost mesmerized look on her face. She wore a tight blue uniform dress like an old-fashioned stewardess and a little blue cap as she got out of the car and opened the back door for the six-foot-tall blonde. Jeff tried not to stare at the tight body of the petite brunette for fear of upsetting the breathtaking blonde as she moved into the back of the big SUV.

As he slid into the seat behind the radiant blonde, he noticed her looking at him like he was a piece of meat. It felt strange. Women didn’t look at him like that. He wasn’t particularly handsome or studly. Some girls found him cute, but he didn’t really have a lot of luck drawing women with his physical allure.

“I forgot to ask your name,” he said shyly.

“Tanya,” she said, a little harshly then added. “Take this.” She held a

capsule in her hand.

“What is it?” Jeff asked.

A look of anger flashed across her face at the mere question but then it suddenly turned to a very charming and alluring smile. “It’s just a harmless little pill,” she said. “It’s going to make everything so much more intense for you. It will make your pleasure centers go haywire, and break down all your inhibitions. It will allow you to really be yourself. You won’t be able to fight the pleasure you feel at my slightest touch or smallest suggestion.”

“So it’s like ecstasy?”

Tanya laughed. “Sure, Princess, It’s like ecstasy.” She pressed her palm up to his face and he lowered his lips down and swallowed the pill right out of the palm of her hand. “Good boy,” she said.

Jeff looked at the mesmerizing blonde. “Can we... Are we going too... fuck?”

Tanya laughed in her purring voice. “Where’s your imagination?” She asked. “How many times have you fucked? Isn’t it always the same thing? Don’t you want more?”

Jeff would have been happy just to fuck, but he couldn’t bring himself to disagree with her. Instead he nodded. Her voice sounded so soft and musical and pleasing to his ear, he could feel her words rolling down his spine. Whatever this drug was, it sure started working fast. “Yes,” he said. “But I want you, I want you so bad.”

“Of course you do,” Tanya said. “But why don’t we start by playing a game. Would you like to play a game with me?”

“Yes,” Jeff said, staring at the amazing curves of her luscious body as she lounged comfortably across the wide, leather bench seat.

“I want you to imagine yourself standing on top of a flight of stairs. One by one you are going to imagine yourself stepping down those stairs as one by one I will unbutton the buttons of my blouse. As I unbutton each button and you step down each step, you will find yourself dropping into a warm, safe place, which is comfortable and soft. Each step, and each button, brings you closer and closer to that wonderful, blissful place where every part of you can relax and completely let go.”

She reached up and brought her long, graceful fingers to the pearl button of her blouse. “One,” she said as she gently unlatched it. Her blouse opened just a little more, revealing the beginning of the line that ran between her full, soft breasts. “Feel yourself relax deeply as you descend one step closer to that wonderful, relaxing place.”

Jeff stared, feeling like he was being slowly drawn into that magnificent cleavage.

“Two,” she purred as another button released. He could see the shape of her breasts slowly becoming revealed as he drifted closer.

“You are now one step closer, and twice as relaxed.”

Jeff felt deeply and powerfully relaxed as her hand moved down the line of her blouse to the next button.

“Three,” her deep voice softly purred. “One step closer and three times more relaxed.”

Jeff could see the top lace of her delicate red bra. Her finger teased across the edge of it as she traced slowly down to the next button.

“Four.” She released the button and more of her bra became revealed, the fullness of her gorgeous breasts beginning to push her blouse open. “You’re so relaxed now that you can’t even be bothered to think. It’s so much easier not to think; to just let things happen; to just listen to my voice and accept everything I say easily and completely as you descent another step to that wonderful, relaxing place.” She undid another button. “Five,” she moaned.

Jeff’s dick was hard with anticipation but he also felt strangely calm and relaxed. He didn’t need to make it happen, he didn’t need to worry about whether or not it was going to happen, he simply had to relax and allow it to happen.

“Six,” Tanya said with a subtle hiss. Her breasts poked out her open blouse, perfect and firm in her tight red bra. “Six times more relaxed. So relaxed you don’t care about anything but surrendering to that wonderful and blissful place that only my voice can take you. You’re so relaxed that you don’t care about your name. I could change it with a whisper and it wouldn’t matter. I could change anything about you and it would only make you more

relaxed and more content, because in this perfect and relaxing place, which you are so close to, any changes I make to you are perfect. Anything you become when I whisper into your ear is what you were always meant to be. You know this because I told you this, because in this place, there are no lies.”

Jeff nodded his head slowly up and down, staring into the beautiful gap that ran between her gorgeous, full breasts.

“Seven,” she said, unbuttoning the next to the last button of her soft, sheer blouse. “Everything I tell you here, in this beautiful, soft, and supple place, is the absolute truth. You don’t question it. Why would you fight this beautiful feeling of blissful relaxation? Why would you want to cloud your pretty little mind with thoughts, when you can just let go, and let me tell you what to think? When I ask you what you desire, you don’t have to think about it. Your only concern will be what I want you to desire. Doesn’t that sound nice?”

“Yes,” Jeff moaned.

“When I release this final button and you take your final step to this wonderful state of relaxation you will feel normal, but deeply relaxed. You will believe you are thinking clearly and that you are in possession of your own mind, but you will have surrendered that. You will have surrendered your mind to my desire and to the wonderful relaxation and comfort that comes with that surrender.” Tanya reached down and unbuttoned the final button, exposing her tiny waist, perfectly slim and curving, tiny belly-button on her flat, tan stomach. “Eight.”

Jeff just stared. “You’re so beautiful,” he said.

“Let me show you something,” she purred.

She lifted her small ass off the seat slightly as she pulled her skirt up and took hold of her panties. Jeff watched in stunned amazement as she pulled her delicate, red lace panties down her golden thighs. He got a peek at her pussy, it was perfect. She had a small trimmed bush of natural blonde hair. His mouth was watering.

Her voice returned, deliciously sensual. “Pussy is the most powerful force in the universe.” Her skirt moved back down her slender thigh, covering his little view of that powerful force as she sat back down and

leaned forward, peeling her panties down her impossibly long legs. One by one she moved her feet, covered in spike heeled pumps, out of her soft, lacy underwear and then she sat back up, presenting the balled up panties to Jeff.

Jeff stared at them for a moment, unable to move.

“Pussy gives life,” Tanya’s hypnotic voice continued to purr, “Pussy is life. Stare at the soft fabric of my panties, Princess,”

Suddenly, being called ‘Princess’ with that special, erotic emphasis she placed on the sound of every ‘S’ filled his body with an electric thrill. He stared at her beautiful underwear, feeling a little dizzy.

“These panties,” Tanya continued, “have been so close to my pussy that they’ve absorbed a tiny bit of that power. The magic power of my beautiful pussy is interwoven into the soft folds of these lovely, red panties.”

Jeff wondered if he could smell her on those panties. He wondered if he could taste her. “You’re so amazing,” he said.

“No,” Tanya said. “You’re just very, very weak. My pussy gives me power, but all you have is weakness.” Somehow, when Tanya said weakness, it sounded delicious and alluring. He stared at her panties as she moved them slightly in front of his gaze, they had a sheen to them that caught the light in a strange and alluring way that he couldn’t take his eyes off of.

“Feel that weakness,” Tanya said. “Isn’t it a nice, comfortable feeling; being so weak and helpless and totally under my control, totally under the control of my pussy?”

“Yes,” Jeff said. It really was a nice feeling. He felt so relaxed, even his dick, felt calm, relaxed and comfortable, even as he grew harder and harder in his jeans.

“Feel that wonderful weakness moving inside you, melting you away; melting you into a soft, comfortable warmth. You want to sniff my panties, don’t you Princess?”

Jeff’s mouth was watering as he nodded his head up and down.

“Of course you do. You’ve never wanted anything as badly as you want to press your face into the softness of my underwear and breathe in that delicious power.”

Jeff was whimpering, he wanted it so bad.

“Go ahead Princess,” Tanya purred. “Admit your weakness, admit your desperate longing, admit your uncontrollable desire to be my pet and lean forward to sniff my panties.”

Jeff easily and eagerly accepted all of those deep and fundamental truths as he leaned forward and pressed his face to the silky material of her shimmering panties and breathed deeply the beautiful aroma of her pussy.

“MMMM,” Tanya purred. “That’s my good pet. That’s my weak, desperate little Princess.” She held her underwear to his face with one hand as she reached her other hand to his hair and gently pet him. “I’m so proud of you for taking this first, most important step in becoming who and what you were always meant to be. You deserve a reward Princess. Tell me what you want.”

“I want to fuck you,” Jeff whimpered.

“No,” Tanya purred. “That’s not what you want. I’m too powerful, my pussy is too miraculous, and you’re too weak. You’ve already admitted that, remember? No. You do not want that. That is for other men, but not for you. You want something else. Tell me what you want.”

Jeff strained for a moment, still breathing in the blissful scent of her silky underwear. “I want a blowjob.”

Tanya laughed. “Oh precious, no, that’s not what you want. In some distant dream you believed you wanted to be the type of man who got his dick sucked, but that was before you were honest with yourself. That was before you surrendered to me and became my little pet. Thinking about those times now, when you actually believed you were the type of man that deserved to be pleased by a woman, actually makes you feel embarrassed. You wish you could have started being honest with yourself much, much sooner, don’t you Princess? Be honest now sissy, and tell me what you really want.”

“I want to taste you,” Jeff said, his mouth watering at the thought. “I want to eat your pussy. I want to taste your delicious power.”

“You’re getting closer, Princess. You do want that. And I will allow that, perhaps, but there’s something else. There’s something you want even

more than that. Look inside yourself and tell me what you want as your reward.”

“I want to wear your panties,” Jeff said.

“Oh?” Tanya said seductively. “Is that so? You dirty, dirty boy.” Her voice was like waves of cold water washing over him, filling his body with chilling intensity. “You want that so bad, don’t you? You want that more than you’ve ever wanted anything before. The idea of feeling that cloth, that was just touching my warm, wet, magical pussy; feeling it brushing against your soft little balls and your weak little penis... it fills you with a longing and a hunger unlike any you’ve ever felt before, doesn’t it Princess?”

“Yes,” Jeff whimpered. “I’ve never wanted anything more than I want that.”

“That’s good. That’s a good, perfect little pet. There’s just one problem. I can’t let you wear my soft, wet panties unless you belong to me.”

“I do,” Jeff said. “I belong to you.”

“You can, but you don’t yet. You have a girlfriend. Stacy. Do you remember Stacy? You probably don’t. She’s probably just a distant, vague memory from some other life that is of no concern to you anymore.”

Jeff tried to think. The name sounded familiar. He could kind of remember a face, the warmth of some body, lying in a bed beside him.

“It’s okay,” Tanya said. “You don’t have to think, remember? All you have to do is surrender. Stacy is the one that contacted me. Stacy said I can have you, you can belong to me, isn’t that nice?”

Jeff nodded yes.

“She just wants a few things, things you don’t care about anymore. Things you are happy to give up if it means you get to belong to me.” She took a stack of papers and a pen from a nearby seat. “This is the title of your car, and this is the deed to your house. I told her you would gladly sign them over to her if I asked you. Did you want to do that? Do you want to do that for me?”

He took the papers and signed them quickly.

“Good pet,” she said. “And this is a letter saying you’ve gone off to

join a monastery in India. She has promised to show this to anyone who might look for you, that way we know we will never be disturbed, isn't that nice of her."

Jeff stared at her long legs, her skirt slightly bunched up, barely covering what he knew was a beautiful, perfectly trimmed pussy, her gorgeous slender frame and big, full rack covered only by her red lace bra, her beautiful face, shimmering green eyes staring out at him, framed in golden hair, as she presented the letter for him to sign.

Something echoed in the back of his mind, like a thought trying to break through, but then he remembered, he wasn't supposed to think, and the realization came with a wonderful sense of peace. Thinking would only get in the way of his pleasure. He reached up and signed the letter. "Can I wear your panties now?" he asked her.

"Of course you can, Princess," she said. "Just one more to sign" She presented him another form this one was a waiver of all rights for a person named Jen, who was formally known as Jeff. Jeff signed it eagerly and handed the papers back to Tanya, who handed him her lovely, soft and thrillingly red underwear.

He quickly slid off his pants and shirt, and then peeled off his ridiculous boy underwear. He was embarrassed by his weak little erection, but quickly covered it up, sliding her tight panties up his legs. He felt the tightness of the lace against his hard dick and soft balls and waves of pleasure rolled through his body.

"There is no greater pleasure for you," Tanya moaned, spreading her legs as her skirt bunched up even higher on her hips. "No greater pleasure you will ever experience than acknowledging your place as my little sissy pet. Sliding on my panties is a pleasure deeper than any orgasm could ever give you." She spread her legs even wider, her small slit glistening with wetness. "Are you ready to taste it? Are you ready to taste my power?"

Jeff's body shuddered with pleasure from the silk and lace that pressed tight against his tender skin as he dropped to his knees on the floor of the limo and eagerly buried his face between Tanya's slender, tan thighs. He pressed his trembling lips to her wet cunt and tasted the most amazing flavor he'd ever experienced.

Tanya moaned with pleasure as she took hold of Jeff's head and pushed his face harder against her warm slit. She wrapped her legs around his shoulders, her heels pressed to his back and she ordered her driver, "Bridgett, take us back to the air strip."

Used by Tanya and her Tranny Assistant

Tanya relaxed in the back seat as the hypnotized twenty-one-year-old boy eagerly ate her pussy. What the skinny male lacked in skill he made up for in eagerness and an almost desperate need to please. Eagerness and malleability were essential qualities in a feminization candidate, but Jeff had them in spades. He was probably one of the weakest and most needy creatures that Tanya had encountered in years. She looked up at the mirror along the ceiling of the SUV limousine. Little Jeff, soon to be Jen, was naked, except for Tanya's panties, which were made of red lace.

Tanya had her dark skirt pulled up to her hips as she sat back in the dark leather seat. Her thin blouse was open, revealing a red lace bra that barely held her impressive rack in place. Her thighs rested on Jeff's slender shoulders as his face was buried in the wetness of her slit. She had a small, natural blond bush that was perfectly trimmed down to a small triangle, as if pointing down to her new sissy's diner. She grabbed the back of his hair, pulling it to test its strength and see how extensive the hair surgeries would need to be. He whimpered and looked up at her, but she quickly pressed his face back to her wet pussy, grinding her hips against him.

"Don't stop licking that magical pussy," she told him. "Or I'm going to take it away. You don't want that, do you Princess,"

He didn't answer but instead drove his tongue deep into her slit, her wetness running down his chin.

"Good boy," Tanya purred. "See how my pets get rewarded? See how beautifully I treat my little toys?"

He mumbled in agreement as he hungrily drank her slick juices.

Tanya enjoyed the desperate slurping of his little mouth for a while, grinding her pussy against his face until the pleasure started building and her body reacted, sending little electric jolts of intensity shooting through her system. She pumped her crotch against his face in shivering convulsions until her soft little orgasm passed and she pushed his face away. He knelt in front of her wet pussy, looking up at her with pathetic need in his soft little eyes. To get a little space from his puppy-dog desperation, she took her spike heeled foot and pressed it to his naked chest, pushing him back. He stumbled

back, collapsing to his ass a few feet away from her body.

Jeff stared at her. “What happens now?” he asked.

Jeff stared at the gorgeous blonde in front of him as she pulled her skirt back down, covering up the delicious, magical pussy that sat between her lovely, cream-colored thighs. She didn’t answer his question for a long time, and he started to wonder if he’d really spoken it out loud, or if his strangely confused mind had just tricked him into thinking he had, but she finally spoke.

“My personal assistant can help us answer that question,” she said. She pressed a button the console next to her seat.

Tanya’s personal assistant was the girl Jeff had seen earlier, the stunning little brunette that he thought was a chauffeur. She stepped into the car. She was a beautiful, slender girl with long, curly brown hair that cascaded across her narrow shoulders and thin back. She had soft, tanned skin and dark eyes. She had tiny features and barely stood over 5’4”. Her blue uniform would have looked cute and girlish if it wasn’t so tight and so short. The fabric stretched across her narrow frame, showing off her shapely little hips, small round ass, and small, firm breasts. She was definitely what lurid guys in locker rooms would call a “spinner”.

She had a beautiful face as she smiled demurely and obediently to her boss then turned her gaze towards Jeff. The strange, mesmerized look she had before had completely disappeared, and she looked present and curious as she moved closer.

“Bridgett,” Tanya said. “Why don’t you show Jeff what he has to look forward to?”

“Yes ma’am,” Bridgett said as she began to unbutton the silver buttons down the front of her tight little uniform. She smiled at Jeff as she undid them. He had a strange feeling of intense Deja-vu as she slowly unbuttoned her dress, silver button by silver button. She wasn’t wearing a bra, and when the dress was half opened Jeff got an amazing view of her firm, pointed tits, her nipples hard and pink. She got to the waist, where the buttons ended and the tight bodice of the uniform flared out into a loose skirt. She began to peel the dress down then, past her beautiful little tits, down her

narrow ribcage and flat tummy, past her belly button, and as she peeled the dress down her thighs Jeff had a sudden shock.

Bridgett had a dick. She let the dress fall to the ground, revealing every bit of her naked, hairless little body. Her dick was big, and thick and hard. It stood up on its own, erect and throbbing as it pointed up at her perfect tits and gorgeous face.

“It’s rare to find a subject suitable for training that has a nice, big cock like this,” Tanya said as she reached past Jeff and gently stroked the slender brunette’s big cock. “Most of them have sad little worms between their legs like you do. That’s part of what makes Bridgette so special. That’s part of why I keep her as my own, personal assistant.”

Jeff stared at the gorgeous brunette as Tanya released her soft grip from the tranny’s cock and leaned back in her seat once more. Bridgett was thin and tan, with small pointed breasts and a tiny, perfectly curved little body. Her skin was soft and immaculate, as if begging to be touched in the soft light of the limousine. The only thing she still wore was a small heart shaped silver anklet and long heeled black pumps. Her only other adornment, aside from the miraculous shape of her hairless body was a six inch tall tattoo. On her flat, little tummy, just above and to the left of her hard, throbbing cock, was a dark haired fairy with butterfly wings, pinned to the ground by a chain running from its collared neck.

Something about that little tattoo was incredibly alluring, and Jeff couldn’t help but imagine himself spilling his cum all over it.

Tanya’s hot, purring voice returned. “I see you think she’s special too, don’t you Princess.”

Jeff realized he was staring and he quickly looked away. He felt ashamed.

The gorgeous transsexual stepped forward, running her small soft hand through Jeff’s hair, her big cock hovering in front of his face. “It’s okay,” she purred in her small voice that still seemed to somehow resonate with power. “You don’t have to fight it anymore. Not with me, and certainly not with Mistress Tanya. She knows every tiny thought in our heads already.”

Jeff tried to look up at Bridgett’s beautiful face, but she was standing so close that her big cock was getting in the way; almost brushing against his

cheek. Her fingertips were tracing the back of his skull and the skin of his neck, sending trembling pleasure surging through his body. “You’re a very naturally pretty boy,” Bridgett said. “Has anyone ever told you that before?”

Jeff shook his head no, and almost jumped when his face just slightly touched the fat tip of Bridgett’s hard penis. Bridgett laughed. “Does my cock make you nervous Sweetie?”

“Yes,” Jeff answered, his voice a weak little whisper.

“Well,” Bridgett said. “Maybe if you’re extra sweet to it... it might not hurt you.”

Jeff just stared at her, confused and aroused, terrified and excited.

Bridgett smiled beautifully down at him. “Why don’t you give it a little kiss?”

Jeff didn’t think he wanted to, but then he remembered something, as Tanya leaned forward and whispered it into his ear. “There is no greater pleasure for you than acknowledging your place as my little sissy pet. Embrace that delicious weakness inside you. Show everyone what a dirty, weak little toy you can be.”

Jeff whimpered, trying to fight the need inside him but he was helpless against the steady pulsing desire to show Tanya what a good little pet he could be. He leaned forward and pressed his lips to the beautiful tranny’s throbbing erection. Tanya and Bridgett both laughed at him. Bridgett continued to gently massage his scalp, “Aren’t you sweet,” she said. “See, there’s nothing to be afraid of. I think it even likes you.” Even the skin of Bridgett’s hard, throbbing cock was feather-soft and feminine. He looked up at her perfect tits and pretty face as he kissed gently up and down her shaft. He breathed in her intense, feminine scent and let his hands come up to feel the thin legs and small round ass of the tiny ladyboy.

“Okay now,” Tanya said, reaching forward and taking Bridgett’s rock hard dick in her long slender hand. She pointed the pulsing mushroom head to Jeff’s lips and whispered. “No one likes a tease Princess. Open up that little sissy mouth and taste this big cock for me.”

Every word Tanya spoke rolled through Jeff’s body like electric current and he felt his own dick, still hard and desperately twitching, poking

out the top of his tight red panties.

“Come on,” Tanya purred, her other hand squeezing Jeff’s ass, pressing the panties even closer to his skin. She ran her hand gently down the crack of his ass and cupped his small balls, squeezing them with a gentle hand while her thumb gently stroked his taint. “Come on Princess; embrace that weak little sissy bitch inside you. Don’t fight her. Let her win.”

Jeff opened his mouth and let Bridgett slide her big cock between his lips. Jeff looked up at Bridgett’s pretty face, perfect tits and feminine little frame, but there was nothing feminine about the feeling of a huge cock sliding into his wet mouth.

Bridgett moaned, “Oh yes. That’s a good boy. That’s a good little bitch. I can’t wait to call you sister.”

Tanya purred, “And I can’t wait to have you join my family of little dolls.”

Jeff didn’t know what they were talking about but he didn’t care as his hands explored the dark-haired ladyboy’s smooth, tight ass and his mouth explored her huge, throbbing dick. Tanya’s right hand ran up and down the crack of Jeff’s ass, stroking from his balls to his trembling asshole through the silky soft panties he wore, pressing firmly with her soft fingertips. Jeff’s own small erection was poking out the top of his sexy panties as the tranny’s dick pressed back and forth in his mouth. Tanya’s left hand held the base of that big, t-girl cock, stroking it as Jeff’s lips moved back and forth across its hot skin.

“You love this,” Tanya whispered, as if he was about to forget. “You love to serve my every need and whim. You love to prove your devotion.” She looked up at Bridgett now, smiling at the beautiful transgender. “That’s my pretty girl,” she said. “You can press it deeper. You can fuck his face. He can take it.”

Jeff felt a rush of pride at the faith Tanya had in his ability to take cock, and he hoped he wouldn’t disappoint her, even though he already felt like he was going to gag on the big meat pressing against the roof of his mouth. Bridgett obeyed Tanya’s request and pressed her fat cock deeper into Jeff’s face, her small curved hips pressing forward. Jeff could feel her ass flexing through his hands as she began to pump herself back and forth.

Tanya released her hand from its grip around the tranny's cock and began to slide it down the front of Jeff's body, feeling her way down his body. She felt between his nipples, down his tummy to the little pink tip of his penis, poking out the top of the sexy red underwear she gave him.

"Oh my," Tanya said, as she took the engorged head of Jeff's dick between her thumb and finger. "Somebody loves sucking cock."

Jeff quickly pulled his attention away from the details of the contours of the cock, rolling across his lips and tongue and he gazed up at Bridgett to remind himself it was a girl whose dick he loved sucking. Tanya ran her hand inside the front of his panties and began to rub his erection with the palm of her hand. Her other hand slid down the back of his panties, one finger curling up and pressing into his tight little asshole. Jeff whimpered onto the skin of the fat cock moving in and out of his mouth, making him gag slightly as it pressed against his narrow throat. Tanya began to stroke his cock with the palm of her hand, moving with torturous slowness. Her finger pressed into his asshole, penetrating him with a feeling that was slightly uncomfortable, but also thrillingly unfamiliar.

The car was full of the sound of his mouth slurping on that big cock, him slightly gagging with every pump of the tranny's rounded hips. Tanya finger-fucked his ass as the beautiful tranny gently fucked his mouth. He had four hands on his body, his dick his ass, the back of his neck and the top of his head, all belonging to a woman more beautiful than any he ever dared imagine he could be with. Once upon a time he would have fantasized about fucking them, but the idea of it embarrassed him now. That was clearly for other, better men than him. What he really wanted was to wear their pretty panties and be their little pets, serving their slightest and tiniest whim however he was capable.

He was slowly gaining some control over his gag reflex as Bridgett pushed her cock deeper and deeper. Tanya pulled his panties down to his thighs so she could finger-fuck him more vigorously. Two fingers pressing into his hole, the terrifying, but thrilling sensation of her long, silky fingers plunging inside him made his head swim with confused thrilling sensation. Her other hand held his dick in a tight fist, barely moving it, but still it throbbed and pulsed with pleasure at the mere pressure of her soft, warm skin.

Suddenly Tanya looked up at Bridgett and said something that made Jeff's spine tremble. "I think his ass is ready for you Sweetheart," she said.

"Yes Ma'am," Bridgett responded, sliding her fat cock out of Jeff's small wet mouth.

Tanya whispered into his ear, her voice a thrilling tickle. "Lay down on your back, Princess."

Jeff wanted to plead with her for some other way to serve, but the weight and magnetic power of her words were impossible to resist. He quietly obeyed, lying on the floor of the limo, looking up at himself in the mirrored ceiling. Bridget peeled Jeff's panties down, leaving them dangling from one ankle as she spread his legs wide and moved between his thighs. She looked at his face with her dark, sensual eyes. He stared at those beautiful eyes for a minute before his view was eclipsed by Tanya's wet pussy as she straddled his face, leaning in to kiss her tranny assistant on the soft, pretty lips.

Jeff instantly went to work, kissing sucking and licking Tanya's perfect cunt, as the two girls began to kiss each other. Tanya's big, natural tits pressed against Bridgett's small implants as the two women pushed their soft lips together, pink tongues exploring each other's wet mouths. Tanya reached down and helped guide Bridgett's massive erection to Jeff's tight little asshole.

Jeff had a sudden feeling, like he was strapped into a rollercoaster that he had lost his nerve to ride. He surged with a moment of panic, his asshole tensing, but it was too late to protest, his face muzzled by Tanya's deliciously wet cunt. Tanya pressed the full weight of her tall body down on Jeff's mouth, grinding her wet slit against his face. As Jeff quivered with fear, his whimpers muffled by Tanya's dripping wet pussy, Bridgett began to penetrate him. Tanya and Bridgett kissed passionately, ignoring Jeff and his small, throbbing erection as Jeff felt the contours of Bridgett's hot meat pressing into his hole. He felt like he was being torn open as Bridgett split him with her rod, rolling slowly forward with her slender, gorgeous body.

Jeff's mind went blank as Bridgett's dick filled him with thickness and warmth, taking over every corner of his consciousness and filling his tender depths with white-hot pain. But, as Bridgett rocked her cock back and

forth slowly inside him, that pain was also full of pleasure. New sensations filled his awareness as he was touched in places he'd never been touched before, the sensitive flesh deep inside him tingling as it was stroked with hot, throbbing cock.

Tanya ground her pussy against his face as Bridgett ground her dick inside his trembling brown hole. He could hear them both kissing loudly, lost in the wetness and the softness of each other's mouths. Tanya reached down and began to stroke Jeff's erection once more, slowly and gently, barely making contact with his hot, throbbing skin.

Both the girls began to ride him faster and faster, Tanya's pussy and Bridgett's cock filled his entire awareness of the world, swallowing up every other thought or concern. It was as if he had always been this thing; this sex-object lying on the floor of a limousine, getting used by two beautiful women. It felt natural and right, even as the raw sensation of that deep fucking filled his bowels with aching pain and throbbing pleasure that were both previously unknown. Tanya pressed her weight down harder, riding his face with terrible force as he struggled to breathe and eat her wet pussy at the same time.

"I'm going to cum," Bridgett purred in her soft, feminine voice. Tanya suddenly moved off his face and crouched beside Bridgett, as Jeff panted and gasp for fresh, clean air. Bridgett pulled her fat cock from Jeff's tender, throbbing asshole and began to stroke it over him. She whimpered girlishly then began to fire wad after wad of hot, sticky jizz down on Jeff's body. Jeff felt her cum splattering across his tummy and hips and spraying against his small balls and penis as he looked up at the beautiful, dark haired transgender, stroking her big cock and firing streams of jizz down on him.

Tanya reached down and began to stroke Jeff's cock once more, using Bridgett's cum as a thick lube. Jeff listened to the wet sounds of Tanya stroking his erection through the hot sticky lotion of Bridgett's semen, while Bridgette cleaned up and began to put her uniform back on. Bridgette stepped out of the car and Jeff looked at Tanya. The beautiful blonde looked down on him, not with passion but with clinical curiosity as she stroked his hard cock. He stared at her beautiful face and perfect tits and long golden hair. He began breathing deeply and he closed his eyes.

Jeff whimpered as Tanya suddenly stopped stroking him. She began

cleaning her hands with a nearby towel as if she had completely lost interest in him.

“I’m so close,” he whimpered.

“So close to what?” Tanya asked without looking at him. She turned her hand over indifferently, inspecting it for remnants of filth.

“I’m so close to cumming.”

“An orgasm?” Tanya laughed. “No. Only my special girls get to have orgasms. Boring, uninteresting boys, they don’t get any orgasms at all.”

“Please,” he begged. “I’m so horny. Bridgett, she came all over me. Can’t I please cum too?”

“I told you,” Tanya said. “She’s special. Not everyone can be special. Some people are destined to be completely insignificant.” She looked at him then, as if carefully measuring him with her gorgeous crystal clear eyes, before she finally continued. “But you can be special. If that’s what you want. I can make you special.”

Jeff took a deep breath as the edge of his orgasm passed. He felt so strange and disoriented. He sat up, feeling dazed, trying to get his head wrapped around what he had just done. The tranny’s cum was still wet and sticky against his skin. He felt confused and a little ashamed, but something about Tanya’s sweet, lulling voice told him that everything was going to be okay.

Tanya got out of the car and he pulled up his panties and followed her. Forgetting his clothes, he followed the beautiful blonde onto a private jet on a small landing field in the middle of nowhere.

Forced Fem Hypno Conditioning Session

By the time Jeff's first dose of mind altering drugs and hypnotic suggestions were beginning to wear off he was already in his little cell. He was strapped to an inversion table so he could be flipped upside down, right side up or horizontal with great ease. As Tanya walked into the little concrete room he was currently in the horizontal position. The IV that ran into his arm was pumping him with drugs that made him sleep. Tanya had her assistant Bridgett with her, and she had dressed the beautiful dark-haired transgender in the sexy little nurse's uniform she liked her to wear when they did their morning rounds.

Tanya shut off the IV and looked at her watch. She counted down a full minute and then she unlocked the little table and kicked it, sending Jeff spinning to the upright position and coming to a sudden, jarring stop.

“Good morning, Princess,” she said.

He looked around confused. “Where am I?” he mumbled sluggishly, squinting because of the harsh, electric lights.

“You're with me, Darling. Isn't that enough?”

His eyes focused on her and he nodded slowly as if trying to remember something buried deep in his past. “Yeah, Of course...” He stared at the tall blonde woman's full beautiful cleavage, her large breasts pressed together and framed by her thin blouse, buttoned down low. She had a little silver necklace with a single pearl, hanging, swinging slightly between the beautiful mounds of those fantastic tits.

She nodded at Bridgett and the gorgeous transgender began to lean into him. Her soft, tantalizing body brushed against his naked flesh as she began affix wires to Jeff's skin. Jeff laid there, strapped upright to the rotating table, trying to keep himself from getting embarrassingly erect. He couldn't remember how he got here, but it seemed somehow natural, like he belonged in this place. He gave up fighting his arousal as the little tranny nurse began to slide a suction device onto his still soft penis. The thing was a padded PVC pipe connected to both water and power and attached to a bracket on the table.

“What is this?” Jeff’s confused voice asked as his penis began to swell.

“It’s time for your morning conditioning session,” Tanya explained. Bridgett stepped forward and gave him an injection in his arm, causing his eyes to go wide and his body to awaken with a sudden gasp.

“Awake now Sweetie?” she asked.

“Oh fuck, my heart is pounding,” he complained. Every limb, including his cock, surged with electric frenzy as adrenalin pounded through his system. He felt terrified and aroused and overwhelmed all at the same time. “What the hell was that?”

She ignored the question and gave him a second to recover before she said, “We are going to start with a simple ink blot test.” She held up a paper with a black smear across it. “What do you see?”

“I don’t know,” he said. “Clouds I guess.” She nodded to Bridgett who flipped a switch, delivering a massive jolt of electricity.

“I’m sorry, Sweetie,” she said. “That is not correct.”

Jeff’s body convulsed from the table for a moment then relaxed and he looked at Tanya’s soft, pretty face with horrified panic. He felt pain and fear but he still felt tremendously aroused, his rock hard erection pulsing with frustration inside the strange suction device sitting dormant on his body.

“How about this one?” she asked holding up another card.

He looked back and forth from the card to Tanya’s face with panic. “I don’t know. You tell me what it is.”

“Well it’s something different for everyone,” Tanya told him. “But for you I’d like it to be a beautiful little ballerina, twirling with her skirt high in the air.”

“Okay,” Jeff agreed quickly, willing to agree to anything to keep from getting another terrifying jolt of electricity.

Tanya nodded at Bridgett and she delivered another powerful shock.

“Fuck,” Jeff cried. “What do you want me to say?”

“I don’t want you to say you see it,” Tanya explained in a sweet,

patient voice. "I want you to actually see it."

Jeff stared at the blotch once more. Actually see it? How could he actually see it if it wasn't there? "Yeah, okay," he agreed again. "I actually see it now."

Tanya nodded and Jeff's body contorted once more with electric spasms. This time it didn't stop right away but continued as Tanya spoke to him in a soft, kind voice.

"Don't lie to me," she said. "None of this is going to work if you aren't completely open and totally honest with me."

Jeff whimpered as the electricity shut off. He stared at the ink spot and tried as best he could to actually see the ballerina. Suddenly his terror gave way to amazement as she stood out, clear as day and unmistakable on the paper. "How?" he started to ask.

Tanya seemed to understand his question before he asked. Her voice radiated sensual command as she said, "The mind is much more powerful than we give it credit for. That's where suffering comes from, for a little thing like you. That big mind all out of control, it makes you so unhappy."

As she spoke, his body began to be flooded with endorphins that Bridgett injected into his arm. The suction device on his penis began to slowly suck him to hardness. "You're so much happier when we shut all that down. When we close off all those big scary rooms in your brain and use only the good ones, only the ones I like." The slow, wet rumbling of the device on Jeff's cock pumped waves of cool water over his throbbing erection and he moaned with sudden pleasure.

"Are you ready?" Tanya asked. "To let go of all those dark, scary rooms and live only in the bright, clean little rooms that I tell you are safe and beautiful."

Jeff nodded his head up and down slowly.

"That's very good," Tanya said. She held up a small device with blinking lights. "If you're ready to let go of all the suffering in those dark, scary rooms then look into the light and repeat after me."

Jeff opened his eyes, staring into the colored lights that hovered in front of his face, blinking in a strange, melodic rhythm.

“I am very, very relaxed,” Tanya purred, her voice soft and sensual.

Jeff did feel very relaxed. The electricity had tensed every muscle in his body and now they all felt calm and weak. The chemicals moving through his body made him feel happy and eager to please. The wet, throbbing suction device on his cock made him feel needy and hungry for more pleasure. “I am very, very relaxed,” he said.

“I am so relaxed I can’t even think. But I don’t have to think, because I have my Mistress to think for me.”

He was so grateful to Tanya for being there, so that he didn’t have to use all that energy and all that power to stress his mind over thinking. “I am so relaxed I can’t even think. But I don’t have to think, because I have my Mistress to think for me.”

“Good,” Tanya said. “You can stop repeating now and just listen to everything I say. Listen to everything your Mistress says and accept it, because here, there are no lies. There are no lies here because everything I say, every word I whisper, becomes completely true for you. Like the ballerina in the ink blot, my desires become your reality.”

“Yes,” Jeff said. He wanted that so bad. He couldn’t remember why.

“We’re walking into that house. The big, empty house of your oversized mind. Picture that big scary house now, and begin sealing off the rooms one by one. Close off all those wasted rooms, and all the wasted things inside them. Seal away all the garbage that has collected in this big, worthless space. All your memories, seal them away room by room. Lock up the good with the bad, because they have to go together, Princess.”

Jeff let his mind fill with images of his past, filling up room after room in some frightening and dark old house, and then he sealed off each room, locking it away forever. The suction on his cock felt soft and tantalizingly cool, gently stroking him. The dark haired little nurse with the slender, beautiful body was injecting him with another needle, but he didn’t even mind that. Tanya had taken over worrying about what happened to him. All he had to think about was sealing away all those dark, scary rooms with all his thoughts and memories.

“Picture yourself now,” she said. “Sealing away all your dreams and goals, all your fears and nightmares, seal them all away in those dark scary

rooms.”

Jeff felt so calm and relaxed as he just allowed all those things to disappear, locked away in the rooms as he imagined himself closing off door after door.

“As you lock away all these areas... and your mind gets smaller and smaller... you feel more and more relaxed. You surrender more and more of the things you thought were yourself and you realize that all these things are the things that were blocking your pleasure. Picture a room now, it is a frightening basement full of spiders and snakes and old swamp water. You don’t ever want to step in that room again, do you?”

Jeff shook his head, picturing the room vividly. He never, ever wanted to step foot in it again.

“Now I want you to take your name, and all the things you used to believe were connected to that name, all the fears and hopes and dreams that you couldn’t seal in the other rooms because you used to think they were part of you and I want you to shove them all in that room. You can do this because now you finally realize those things aren’t connected to you, they are merely connected to your name. Push them all into the room and shut the door.”

Jeff couldn’t wait to be away from the terrible room. He shoved all those last remaining things into the dark, dreary room and he shut the door.

“Now all those things are in that room, you can’t even remember your name, or anything connected to that name, but that’s okay, because that’s not who you are. It’s okay to let it all go because I can give you a new name. I can tell you who you are. You notice now that the door is actually huge and steel, like the door of a massive bank vault. Once you spin the wheel on that big locking mechanism you know you will never be able to open it again. But that’s what you want. You don’t ever want to look in any of those rooms again. Without them you feel light and happy and calm, in your small, empty little mind. Now reach up, like a good little thing, and lock that big metal door up nice and tight.”

He imagined that big wheel on that big steel door, ominous and powerful in front of him. He wondered if maybe he had forgotten something in that room, but then he remembered Tanya would tell him if he left

anything behind, so he spun that locking mechanism, sealing the door forever.

“Is it done, Princess?” Tanya’s soft voice gently purred into his ear.

He smiled with blissful relief as he nodded. “Yes Ma’am.”

“Good. Now there’s only one room in your mind. It is bright and beautiful and warm. The walls are decorated with pink lace curtains. You walk up to a little dresser next to a beautiful princess style canopy bed and you open up the top drawer. It is full of very sexy woman’s underwear: Panties and bras and gorgeous lingerie in cute, vivid colors, all of it soft and silky and covered in lace. You can pick them up and sniff them if you like. You can rub your face across the soft, cool fabric. No one’s going to stop you. No one’s going to say it’s wrong. You can play with these sexy bras and pretty panties for as long as you want.”

Jeff could feel that suction device on his hard cock circulating faster as he vividly imagined pressing the silky softness of a handful of sexy panties against the skin of his cheek. The thing began vibrating with water-pressure, a combination of gentle suction and increasing vibration throbbing across his hard cock.

“Now walk across the soft carpet on your small, bare feet. You see a white wall with a dark blue blanket hanging in front of it. You know that behind that blanket is a full length mirror and at the top of the mirror, stenciled in beautiful pink letters will be your new name. Are you excited to see your new name, and see your new face and body?”

He nodded. He felt the blissful feeling of pulsing across his dick and the wonderful feeling of excitement in his tummy.

“When you do pull away that curtain you will see, smiling back at you the most beautiful young girl you’ve ever seen. She will be blonde, with beautiful full firm breasts and a tight, curved little body. She will have a sexy little bimbo face to match her empty little bimbo mind. She will be wearing sexy white lingerie that is tight and covered in lace and exposes lots of her soft, creamy and delicious looking young flesh. You will feel so attracted to that woman that the only thing that could possibly satisfy your need for her, it to actually become her. But that’s okay, because the girl you look at in that mirror is going to be you. When you’re ready, pull away the curtain and look

at the beautiful young creature you've become."

He imagined pulling the curtain away to reveal a sexy and seductive looking little blonde. He stared at her tight little ass and gorgeous firm tits as the suction device throbbed harder and harder on his dick, the water turning warm.

"Go ahead and feel that sexy body of yours, Jen. There's no one in that pretty little room to stop you."

Jen looked up and saw his name written in beautiful pink stencil at the top of the mirror, as he brought his hands to his chest to feel his gorgeous, full breasts. He squeezed them through the tight brazier of his little white teddy. He moaned with intensity and pleasure as psychotropic drugs and ecstasy surged through his bloodstream.

"Good girl," Tanya said. "Such a good, good girl. Now you can do a special trick in this room... This magical little room that is your entire, tiny little mind... If you take out your little sissy dick and press it to the mirror that sexy, incredible version of you will suck it."

Jen imagined taking his small throbbing cock out of the sexy white teddy he was wearing and pressing it to the mirror. The slender blonde bimbo in the mirror smiled wickedly as she dropped to her knees. He imagined her reaching out of the mirror and grabbing his slender, feminine ass-cheeks and pulling him to the cold mirrored glass. His throbbing cock pressed into the mirror and she wrapped her fat, wet lips around it.

He felt the reflections lips moving back and forth across his erection as the suction device radiated wet warmth and vibration up and down his shaft. She looked up at him with naughty, slutty eyes as she slurped eagerly on his dick.

"Jen loves sucking cock," Tanya told him as he imagined the gorgeous bimbo that he had become slurping her wet mouth back and forth across his cock. His cock pulsated with pleasure and intensity as his mouth watered with hunger and desire.

Tanya continued to purr as she began to move the suction device back and forth on his cock. "Jen loves spreading her pretty red lips and taking fat dicks into her wet little mouth."

Jen whimpered as the new sensation appeared, making his dick surge with intensified need. “Fuck. Oh fuck.”

“Don’t talk with your mouth full sweetie,” Tanya said. “Picture yourself in that mirror, sucking that hard dick like the eager little bimbo you’ve become.”

Jen was down on his knees sucking his own tranny cock on the other side of the mirror, loving the taste of hard, salty dick. He looked up at himself, his beautiful long blonde hair falling gently down his narrow shoulders and brushing across his firm, artificial breasts. His soft ass felt so nice in his soft, feminine hands as that cock moved back and forth in his pretty little mouth. He could imagine himself vividly as being on both sides of the mirror, sucking and being sucked while Tanya stroked him with the suction device.

“Jen loves serving cock more than anything else,” Tanya’s beautiful voice reminded him. “She loves and adores pleasing hard, throbbing cocks. You’re never sexier than when you’re on your knees for cock. Your empty little bimbo brain fills with cock, chasing away everything but throbbing warmth and delicious flesh.”

Jen’s mouth watered as he imagined sucking on his own throbbing cock and Tanya moved the soft, wet suction machine back and forth along his shaft. Tanya’s lips were tantalizingly close, almost pressing to his ear as she whispered, “Such a sweet, pretty little cock-sucker. Such an eager little mouth; wet and open for cock; thirsty and desperate for cum.”

The thought of hot, salty semen jumped into Jen’s mind and he imagined himself sucking harder as Tanya stroked him faster. “Aren’t you happy you found this beautiful room to suck cock in?” she asked. “Aren’t you glad you sealed up all those gross boy rooms in your mind so that you can live in this beautiful, cock-sucking sissy room?”

Jen imagined his thick, feminine lips slurping up and down his own desperately hard erection, his own soft, girlish hand running through his long blonde hair.

“Yes,” Tanya purred. “Suck it. Suck it like a dirty little bimbo. Make that cock explode for you. Make it burst in your mouth with hot, delicious jizz.”

Jen could feel his balls tightening, getting ready to shoot his load, which he imagined would be spraying right into his eager little mouth. He pictured his pretty, feminine face sucking harder, luminous eyes staring up with wicked desire. Jen's toes began to curl and his legs and ass began to flex and flutter as Tanya worked the suction device, which clamped onto his dick with soft firmness, swirling wetness washing up and down his shaft. His balls pulled up into his body and he whimpered as the orgasm overtook him.

In his imagination, both versions of the pretty little blonde he had become, the one getting her pretty little dick sucked and the one on her knees eagerly sucking, both convulsed with a powerful orgasm, as his body trembled on the table, cumming as if it was the first time he'd ever climaxed.

When the trembling subsided and he relaxed against the table he felt the suction device stop and then slide off his still hard cock. He heard Tanya whisper once more, "Open your mouth, pretty girl."

Jen opened his mouth and Tanya pressed a tube between his lips, pumping his own salty cum back into his mouth.

"Eat it up, little bimbo," she purred. "Eat every filthy little drop."

Jen obeyed Tanya's command and swallowed every drop of hot, sticky sperm that was pumped into his wet little mouth.

When he had finished devouring his own semen Jen smiled, satisfied and content.

"Good girl," Tanya said. "You are one of the most easily trained little cocksuckers I've ever met. I'm so proud of you." Tanya pet his head with her cool, soft hand. "Go back to sleep now. You need your rest. You have another session in the afternoon, and tomorrow we begin with your surgeries."

The Bimbo's New Body Gets Used

Jen woke up feeling rested. He sat up and stretched, pushing out his gorgeous new breasts as he raised his slender arms into the air. He looked down at the gorgeous, firm tits with the perfectly formed pink nipples and he couldn't resist touching them. He ran his soft feminine hands slowly over them. They were still a little sore, but they had mostly healed. He ran his hand farther down his body, feeling his slender little torso. A scar that he'd received from a surgery to remove four of his ribs and implant a lap-band in his tummy had been covered by a vivid tattoo. The tattoo was of a beautiful blonde-haired fairy with butterfly wings, kneeling on all fours and shackled to the ground.

Tanya, Jen's beautiful and amazing Mistress, had told him if he ever felt confused, sad or threatened he could look at that tattoo and it would remind him that he belonged to her and that everything was going to be okay. He ran his hand down to his slender little thighs. His long hairless legs were beautiful sculpted. He had no body hair at all anymore, after all the hormones and the laser treatments. His thin little sissy dick was tingling with a sense of excitement just looking at the gorgeous little creature he'd become. He couldn't remember what he had been before but he knew he had not been beautiful. He had not experienced the incredible satisfaction of belonging to a generous and intoxicatingly beautiful Mistress like his beloved Tanya. He had never known what to think because he had no one to tell him what to think.

Jen's face was framed in long blonde hair which fell over his soft shoulders in tantalizing waves, tickling his sensitive skin. Jen reached up and gave the golden locks a little tug because he couldn't remember if they were real. He almost cried out when the sharp pain hit his scalp, then he giggled at himself for not remembering this luxurious head of soft, healthy hair was painstakingly attached to his skull, as real as anyone else's hair.

The door opened and he immediately smiled pretty like he was taught. He smiled up with his new, perfect teeth and full, Botox-filled feminine lips.

It was Bridgett, the tiny, gorgeous dark-haired tranny that served as Tanya's personal assistant.

“Good Morning, Bridgett,” Jen said in his quiet voice, still slightly hoarse from the operation on his vocal chords.

Bridgett smiled at him, her small gorgeous face dark and glowing. “Good morning Sweetie,” she said. “Let’s get you all dressed up and ready. Tanya has some special training for you this morning.”

Jen got out of bed. He had a base layer of makeup permanently tattooed on his pretty face, but Bridgett put on another layer for him so he would look nice and slutty. Jen sat on the edge of his mattress while the gorgeous transgender stood in front of him. Bridgett wore a loose blue skirt that went all the way down to her ankles, but was slit up the side revealing both of her small, flawless, tan legs to halfway up her tiny thighs. Bridgett wore a white blouse that sat firmly against her narrow torso, hugging her small, firm boobs, as she bent over and applied a thick layer of lip gloss to Jen’s pretty new lips.

“So pretty,” Bridgett said. “Your complexion just makes this bright red lip-gloss pop. I could just kiss those sexy lips, but I don’t want to smear it.” She laughed and added, “Otherwise I’d already have my dick in that pretty little mouth of yours.”

Jen blushed and his mouth instinctively watered at the thought of fat cock pushing through his glossy red lips. Bridgett helped him dress in a pair of tiny denim shorts and a tight pink T-shirt. His big, fake tits stood tall and firm even without a bra, and his hard nipples imprinted on the thin cotton of his top as it stretched over his breasts and hugged tight against his narrow frame. The shirt only went halfway down his torso, showing off his flat, feminine tummy, tiny waist and his sexy fairy tattoo. Bridgett took him by the hand and he stepped into a pair of sexy, pink eight-inch heels that he still struggled to balance in.

Bridgett was very patient with the taller, slower moving, blonde sissy as she led him, teetering awkwardly down the hallway to go meet Tanya. She led him into a concrete room where Tanya stood looking through a pane of one way glass into a room where an older man stood. The older man was in some kind of military uniform, covered with colorful ribbons and medals as if he’d been in a hundred wars. The man was grey-haired and distinguished looking, very broad shouldered, tall and trim.

Tanya wore a very professional looking grey and black skirt-suit. She turned and waved Jen forward. He walked up to the beautiful and radiant blonde and stared into her gorgeous eyes.

Tanya smiled back, telling him, "You look pretty as a picture this morning." She took hold of Jen's shoulders and turned him to look into the next room where the man in uniform waited patiently. "This is General Griffon. He is in charge of the police for the little island country where I've built my dollhouse. He is very handsome."

Jen looked through the glass at the man. He was very handsome.

"He's also very important. He likes to meet all of the new dolls I bring home to my compound. All my good dolls, all my very favorite sissies, they are all very excited to meet him."

Jen looked at the very important man. He was very excited to meet him.

"Doesn't he look so strong and powerful in his uniform?"

Jen felt Tanya's words washing over his tiny bimbo mind, touching all the delicate places in his brain that only Tanya's beautiful, musical voice had access to. "Yes," Jen said. "Very strong and very powerful."

"Yes, little sissy," Tanya purred. "He is everything you are not. He dominates every room he enters. Women feel weak and hungry with desire when they see him. When women see you they feel amused and maybe curious to play with you, but they don't burn with desire like they do for a real man like this; an important man like this."

Jen looked at the real man, the important man, staring at his handsome profile and his distinguished posture in the uniform as Tanya's words moved through his small, feminine body like electricity.

"Look at him," Tanya commanded. "Women lust for his cock, while they only laugh at yours."

Jen had almost forgotten he had a cock. He supposed he would laugh at it too if it belonged to someone else.

"If a man like that pays attention to you sissy, he is doing you a tremendous compliment. Are you ready to do whatever it takes to earn his

attention?”

The slender feminized blonde nodded his pretty head up and down, blonde hair bouncing with his eager movement. “Yes Mistress. I’ll do anything to earn his attention.”

“Good girl,” Tanya said. She led Jen over to a door next to the window and opened it for him. “Go introduce yourself to the very important man.”

Jen walked into the room, his big tits pressed hard against his tight T-shirt, his tiny denim shorts barely covering his soft, round ass; struggling to walk in his eight inch heels.

The man looked up at Jen and smiled charmingly. “Well hello there, Little One,” he said in a soft, deep, calming voice.

Jen felt tingles rush through his small body. His heart fluttered at hearing the important man address him with such familiarity. He blushed a little and bowed slightly. “Hello General Griffon Sir,”

The man laughed softly at Jen’s nervousness and said, “Just General will do. And what should I call you?”

“Anything you want,” Jen said. “But my name is Jen.”

“Jen is a beautiful name. It suits you. All Tanya’s dolls are pretty, but you are simply adorable.”

Jen blushed again, his long legs swaying slightly on his small, nervous ankles. “Thank you General.”

“What did you do before you came here, Jen?” the man asked in his relaxed, masculine voice.

“I don’t remember anything from before I came here,” Jen said.

The General smiled with understanding. “That’s okay, Little One. I don’t suppose there’s anything worth remembering.”

Jen smiled back nice and pretty, meeting the man’s dark eyes with his own crystal blue gaze. “I’m sure your right, General,” Jen said. Then after a moment he added, “Thank you for taking time out of your day to see me, Sir.”

“Oh, I’m sure you’ll make it worth my time. Turn around and show me that pretty little ass of yours.”

Jen turned awkwardly on his massive heels. Throwing his beautiful blonde hair to the side, he looked back at the General over his shoulder. Jen eyed the man anxiously, waiting to see if he approved of the tight round ass that was behind the thin layer of stretched denim. The General didn’t say anything right away. Instead he stepped forward. Jen felt his stomach flutter as the powerful older man stood right behind him, so close he could feel the energy of the man’s body, and feel the man’s hot breath in his soft blonde hair. The General reached down and took a handful of Jen’s soft ass into his strong hand, squeezing gently.

“Very nice little ass,” he said.

Jen’s body surged with blissful excitement at the approval of the powerful, older man. “Thank you,” Jen purred.

The man’s hand moved across the denim of Jen’s shorts, and across the soft skin of his ass cheek poking out. His other hand reached around the front of Jen and felt his slender thigh. It moved slowly up his skin as the General’s hot and thrilling breath moved down the back of his skull. “I think you can find a better way than that to thank me, can’t you Sissy?” The powerful hand moved across Jen’s thigh and up his shorts, almost brushing his small, erect penis as it moved up to his flat, feminine tummy. “A pretty little toy like you, I bet you know exactly how to thank me for my time.”

“I’ll do anything you want,” Jen moaned, his body throbbing with almost uncontrollable need. His sissy clit was hard and throbbing in his little shorts, locked in place by the skin-tight denim. “But I would really love to suck your dick. I’ve never sucked a really important man’s dick before.”

The General’s hand moved up under Jen’s shirt, cupping one of his big, firm breasts as the other continued to rub his tight, feminine ass. “Have you ever sucked anyone’s dick before?” he asked.

“I don’t know,” Jen said. “I don’t remember. But I know I’ve never sucked anyone as important as you.” The General’s body, straight and tall behind him, felt as solid as a brick wall. The General released both his hands from Jen’s body and began to peel off Jen’s tight, pink T-shirt for him. When the T-shirt was off, the General stepped back and Jen turned towards him.

Jen's face was full of hungry need and desperate submission as he stood there topless, wearing only the slutty micro-shorts and pink heels.

The General looked him up and down and then stared at his beautiful artificial breasts, as Jen implored him with his soft, blue eyes, begging to serve the powerful older man.

"Tanya is an artist," The General said. "He takes worthless, unwanted boys and turns them into such beautiful creatures."

Jen smiled happily. "Am I a beautiful creature?"

The General began to unhook his belt. "You will be even more beautiful with my cock in your mouth."

Jen dropped to his knees at the man's feet, his pretty face turned upwards, his glossy red lips slightly parted, his eyes full of eager need. "Please make me prettier," he begged. "Please full my mouth with your beautiful cock."

The man let his uniform trousers fall to the floor along with his boxers. As Jen stared at the General's beautiful cock his entire sissy body trembled with awe. The dark, vein covered dick wasn't huge, but it radiated amazing power as it throbbed, strong and hard in front of Jen's eyes, Jen's long, dark eyelashes almost brushing the fat, purple tip.

Jen licked his red lips with his little pink tongue before spreading his mouth open wide and staring up at the General in eager, hungry expectation. The General stared down into Jen's blue eyes as he placed one hand on the back of the sissy's small skull and used the other to brace his cock as he pressed it forward. Jen's stuck out his tongue, curling it up as if he couldn't wait to taste the General's hot meat. As the General's cock moved closer to Jen's lips, the pretty sissy flicked at the underside with his wet tongue, tasting the manly flavor of sweat and testosterone.

The General moaned softly as he pushed past Jen's lapping tongue and pressed his dick to the pillows of Jen's wet, feminine lips. Jen let his lips ride across the contoured, vein crossed shaft of the General's beautiful cock as the man pushed it deeper into his small, wet mouth. The older man's hard prick pressed hard against his throat, making Jen gag with sudden ferocity.

The General eased his cock back out, leaving just the fat head inside

Jen's mouth as the slim sissy caught his breath. Jen looked up at the General with apology in his eyes. He was so embarrassed that he couldn't deep throat the important man's cock.

The General laughed. "This is why I love taking my turn with you little dolls before your training is finished. I love to feel the boy inside you finally breaking as I press past that final barrier; before your throat is as open as an old whore's." The General petted his blonde hair softly. "I'm probably going to hurt you, but it's not because I don't like you. I like you very much. Now be a good girl and keep looking up at me with those pretty blue eyes."

Jen stared up at the General as he began to press his cock back into Jen's tight, sissy throat. Jen struggled to maintain eye contact with the distinguished older man as he gagged on the fat tip of his cock. The cock pressed into Jen's windpipe, making his blue eyes water, then it eased back out. The General's shaft was smeared with red lip gloss and saliva as he slowly pumped it back and forth in Jen's pretty mouth.

Even as he struggled to control his gagging, his whole body quivering, his tight ribcage aching, Jen felt a warm feeling of acceptance washing over him that made his little dick tingle and his small, hairless balls throb with pleasure. To resist the urge he had to reach down and touch himself, he reached up and put his hands on the General's strong ass-cheeks. The General's ass flexed in Jen's small hands as the General pumped his hips forward, driving his cock deep into the sissy's throat.

"Such a good, pretty little cocksucker," the General said as Jen gagged on his fat dick.

Jen's dick throbbed with agonizing excitement against the coarse fabric of his skin-tight shorts, as the General began to fuck his face. The General's hand felt warm and comforting as it held Jen's head in a firm grip. Jen's soft blonde hair cascaded down his shoulders and chest, tickling his hormone softened skin every time his head was pushed back by the thrust of the General's hips, and pulled forward by his powerful grip.

Jen was bounced back and forth repeatedly on the General's shaft as it invaded his slender throat, Jen gagging with every thrust. Jen moved his hips back and forth slightly as well, feeling the frustrating tension in his shorts growing and decreasing slightly as he humped the air. He took one

hand off the General's muscular ass and ran it down his soft tits, feeling a hard, pink nipple poking his hand. He ran the hand down his body, savoring the comforting feeling of his soft, feminine skin and flat tummy. He ran his hand down to the bulge in his shorts, laying the flat of his palm against his small, throbbing bump; he added even more pressure against it, humping his own palm now as well as his skin tight, denim shorts.

One hand pressed against his crotch, one hand squeezing the General's hairy, flexing ass, Jen gagged on fat cock as it slid back and forth across his glossy, red lipstick-smearred lips. Jen stared up at the important man, trying to relax his abused throat, trying to be the good sissy cocksucker that a powerful man like the General deserved.

“Are you ready to eat my cum, Little Doll?” the General asked.

At the mere suggestion of tasting the sperm of this very important man, Jen's body flooded with warm, shuddering vibrations. His eyes implored the man to feed him as his own body trembled with orgasm and began filling his denim shorts with sticky jizz. Jen shook and trembled as his small hairless balls unloaded into his slutty micro-shorts, but he kept his posture high and his mouth open. Jen's eyes were locked to the General's eyes, begging with desperate need to be fed while the last waves of pleasure rocked through his small, feminized body.

“You came?” the General asked, sounding surprised but not angry. “Such a dirty little slut. Tanya will probably punish you for it, but I love it. I love that you can't control your filthy nature. I love that you are such a slut you can get off on just sucking my cock. Are you ready for your reward?”

Jen nodded his head up and down in small, eager motions, the General's fat cock still sliding back and forth across his Botox filled lips.

The General held Jen's skull in place firmly as he pulled his cock from the sissy's mouth and began to stroke it vigorously. Jen waited with excitement, mouth open, tongue extended, pretty blue eyes closed. Finally the General began to cum, spraying hot, salty Jizz all over Jen's pretty face and small, open mouth.

His voice, telling her she was a “Good girl,” and his thick, creamy sperm splattering against his skin, all made Jen feel warm acceptance and deep fulfillment pounding inside him. Each wad of cum that shot across his

cheek or squirted onto his eager tongue filled Jen with a blissful feeling of belonging and purpose.

Finally the eruption subsided. Jen opened his eyes and looked up at the General as the man pulled up his pants and fastened his belt once more. Jen smiled up with the man's sperm painted across the skin of his small pretty face. The General patted Jen's head and said, "Good girl. Run along now. I'm finished with you."

Jen bowed gratefully, picked his shirt up off the floor and left without saying another word.

Tranny Schoolgirl Job for Mr. Jarvis

Tanya stared at the little blue eyed blonde in the skimpy little schoolgirl outfit. “What is your name?” she asked.

“Jen,” the feminized sissy answered with a flirty giggle.

Tanya took her fingers and pushed some of the hair that had come loose from the sissy’s pigtails out of the feminized boy’s pretty, blue eyes. “And what do you do?”

“I’m a student at the Jarvis Academy for Extremely Naughty Girls,” Jen answered.

Tanya nodded with approval. The sissy hadn’t just memorized his role; to him it was the truth. He had become a teenage girl so naughty and out of control that she had to be sent to a special reform school with other wicked young girls. “And what is your favorite thing to do?” Tanya asked.

“Anything I’m not supposed to,” was Jen’s eager reply.

Tanya walked past Jen to the next doll in line. Like many Asian boys, this little sissy made a tall, model-like woman. He had delicate features and light, mocha skin. He had full, round tits that, although they were the same size as Jen’s breasts, looked slightly unwieldy on the Asian sissy’s tiny frame, giving the dark little tranny an almost comic-book physique. He held his chest out proudly, displaying those big, gorgeous tits and smiling wickedly. He was staring at Tanya through gorgeous dark eyes that sparkled behind his long, delicate eyelashes. His beautiful face was framed in long, straight black hair and his long brown legs were deliciously slender.

“What is your name?” Tanya asked the beautiful nineteen-year-old Asian ladyboy.

“My name is Ting,” the pretty waif of a sissy answered in a flighty little accented voice.

“And what do you do, pretty little Ting?”

“I’m a student at the Jarvis Academy for Extremely Naughty Girls,” she answered.

“And what is your favorite thing in the whole world, Ting?” Tanya

asked.

“Attention,” was Ting’s answer.

Tanya nodded slowly and looked over the pair of slender sissy bimbo’s. They looked delicious in their tight little tops and tiny pleated skirts, their hair in pigtails tied with matching pink bows.

“Good girls,” Tanya said. “Mr. Jarvis is waiting for you in his office.” Tanya opened a door at the far side of the room and stepped aside, allowing the two sissies to enter the long hallway that led to the room Mr. Jarvis had rented for his schoolgirl fantasy. Tanya then went over to her own office and sat down at her desk, turning on the monitor so she could watch what happened through the cameras she had hidden in the room.

It wasn’t just that she loved to watch, which she did, but it was also her job to watch. As much as she led her clients to believe that her process of feminizing and mind control was flawless and permanent, it did require constant maintenance and she had to be constantly on guard for little lapses on the part of her dolls. Ting, especially, was a very willful little sissy and Tanya was always on the lookout for him to cause disruptions. But he was also one of her most striking dolls. Many of her dolls had features that no natural woman could hope to achieve, but Ting was even more doll-like than most of her gurls. His glowing, naturally feminine skin was intoxicating. His slender hips, which managed to taper into an impossibly small waist, while still maintaining a soft, feminine curving profile, made her seem like she really was one of the mystical butterfly-winged fairies that had always dominated Tanya’s imagination.

Watching the little Asian doll at work always excited Tanya, and as she sat at her desk she pulled an ebony vibrator out of a mahogany box and set it in her lap, already anticipating losing control of herself during the coming show.

Jen stared at the little Asian girl next to her as they both walked into the dean of the school’s office. Ting was her biggest rival at the all girl’s school, seeming to land at about the same place in all things, including an ability to get into trouble. Jen hated her. Jen especially hated how beautiful she was: how gorgeous the little Asian looked in the tiny pleated skirts and skintight tops that were their uniforms at the academy. Jen knew that the

feeling was mutual, but they held hands, as was the rule whenever two girls were walking together, and they shot each other nasty glances as they walked down the hallway and into Mr. Jarvis's office.

Mr. Jarvis stood on the other side of a large oak desk. The important and handsome man was dressed casually today. He wore slacks with no belt and a loose T-shirt, but he stood tall and powerful, commanding the room.

The two girls spoke in unison, their sing-song voices saying, "Good morning Mr. Jarvis."

"Good morning girls," Mr. Jarvis said as he pointed at the couch across from his large wooden desk. "Have a seat."

They walked over and sat side by side on the sprawling couch, slender bare-legs almost touching, still holding hands. Jen struggled to smile prettier than Ting as the Asian shot Mr. Jarvis a warm and lovely smile. Jen shook her head a little to the side, causing her beautiful blonde hair to glimmer in the fluorescent light. She whipped Ting's soft mocha skin slightly with it, causing the Asian to glare at her with annoyance in her dark eyes.

Mr. Jarvis pulled a chair in front of the couch and sat in front of the two girls. "I'm afraid I have bad news," the head of the school told them. "One of you girls has to be expelled from the school, and I can't decide which one."

Jen swallowed hard, her heart beating fast when she thought about what might happen to her if she was expelled from the school and sent out to live on the cold, hard streets. She felt Ting's thin legs trembling beside her and knew the other girl must be imagining the same horrible possibilities.

Mr. Jarvis leaned close and touched each of their noses one after the other with his fat, index finger. "Eanie Meanie Minie Moe," he joked, as he poked their noses back and forth, and then laughed at their small, frightened faces. "But seriously girls," he said. "How do you think I should decide which of you gets to stay at this nice, safe and warm school and which of you gets turned out into the cruel world?"

"I think you should keep whichever one of us is skinnier," Ting said as she lifted her top to show off her impossibly tiny waist.

Jen gave the other girl a firm elbow in the ribs, "Shut up bitch," she

said. "Maybe he should keep the one that isn't going to blow away in the next wind storm!"

"Fuck you, Stupid whore!" Ting yelled into Jen's face.

The two girls began to wrestle, viciously tearing at each other's hair and clothes. Mr. Jarvis just sat back and watched as the girls bit and scratched at each other, skirts torn off, shirts ripped open and firm naked breasts pressed together as they whimpered with effort.

"Alright girls," Mr. Jarvis finally ordered. "Stop."

They both stopped fighting and sat up, their pigtails in disarray, their uniforms ripped and their soft, flawless skin covered in tiny scratches. They sat obediently with their hands on their knees waiting to be reprimanded.

"Look at what you've done," the dean said. "You've ruined your uniforms. Perhaps I should expel you both. You know there is a long list of desperate girls waiting to get into this academy?"

They both spoke in unison once more. "We're sorry Mr. Jarvis."

"Alright then," Mr. Jarvis said. "Take them off."

The two girls both stood, eyeing each other with hostility as they stripped out of their torn tops and damaged plaid skirts. They both stripped until they were each wearing only their regulation pink cotton panties. Jen looked at the tiny Asian girl across from her. The girl's tight, slender curves and full breasts, her perfect mocha skin and tiny, toned tummy and legs made Jen uncomfortable, and Jen's clitty began to swell slightly inside her panties.

In Jen's reprogrammed mind it was completely normal for girls to have two inch clits tucked into their panties. She looked at the other girl's small bulge. The hot little Asian even had a cuter, tinier clit, Jen realized, feeling even more jealous. But still the mysterious features of the girl's pretty face and the perfect skin of her dark little body filled Jen with embarrassing excitement as she stood there in nothing but her pink panties.

Mr. Jarvis looked at Ting and said, "You know the rules, when girls fight they get a spanking."

Ting shot Jen a triumphant look as she smiled a wicked smile. Ting peeled off her tight pink panties, letting her slender, two inch clit bounce

along with her tits as she pranced up and draped herself beautifully over Mr. Jarvis's firm lap, gorgeous round ass pushing up deliciously into the air.

Jen blushed as her clit grew even harder, poking out the top of her pretty pink panties.

Mr. Jarvis took his wide, age weathered hand and rested it on Ting's firm, young ass cheek. "I'm going to give you twenty hard lashes for being such a naughty little girl. Are you ready?"

Ting didn't sound like she was even trying to hide the excitement in her slutty, accented voice as she whimpered, "Yes, Mr. Jarvis Sir, I'm ready."

Mr. Jarvis lifted his hand high in the air and brought it down on Ting's little brown ass with a loud smack. Ting's whimper was like a tangible electric force moving through the room as Jen's entire body quivered with excited need. The powerful older man lifted his hand once more, and once again brought it down with a sharp crack against the Asian teen's flawless skin. Jen's clit throbbed, the head pressed tightly against her tummy as it grew harder and poked even more out of her panties.

"Oh yes, Mr. Jarvis," Ting whimpered, humping his thigh as she squirmed on his lap. "I've been such a bad little girl. I deserve to be spanked hard."

Jen shuddered with excitement and anticipation as another loud smack echoed through the dean's office.

"It hurts," Ting cried. "But I'm such a naughty little whore. I need to be spanked harder."

Another loud slap as Mr. Jarvis's strong hand made contact with Ting's soft flesh. Jen felt as if her own flesh was being touched by the sounds of Ting's slutty voice and perfect ass getting whacked. Jen couldn't stop herself from taking two fingers and pinching her clit with them, slowly stroking her hard little clitty as she pushed her panties down to the tops of her thighs.

"Look at you," Mr. Jarvis said as he stared at Jen. "Enjoying seeing your little friend get punished? What a bad, bad little girl."

"Yes sir," Jen whimpered as she massaged her swollen clit. Ting's clit was also hard as she rode the older man's lap, humping the soft fabric of

his slacks.

“You girls need to learn to work together,” he said. “Get up Ting,” he told the little Asian girl.

Ting looked disappointed that her spanking got cut short as she stood up, hard little pink clit pointing up at her big, gorgeous tits.

“You girls need to kiss and make up,” he ordered.

Ting approached Jen. Her naked back was to Mr. Jarvis so he couldn't see the angry look she gave Jen as she strolled elegantly up to the striking, blue eyed blonde. Regardless of her hostility, she took Jen's ass in her hands and pulled her body close, their small pink clits pressing together as Ting pressed her pretty pink lips to Jen's gorgeous mouth. Jen felt warmth flood her body as Ting's soft wet tongue darted into her mouth. Jen suddenly found herself wishing that her and Ting could be friends.

Ting's soft hands squeezed Jen's ass cheeks roughly in a way that she perhaps intended to be mean, but made Jen's clit twitch with even more excitement. Their two hard clits and their big soft tits all pressed together as they kissed each other deeply and passionately.

“Good girls,” Mr. Jarvis said. “Ting, help your little friend get out of those panties now.”

Before Ting unlocked her lips from Jen's she gave Jen a sharp little bite on the tongue making her squeal. Then Ting dropped to her knees in front of the blonde and began to peel her underwear down her long, slender legs. Jen's clit, released from her panties, bounced against the beautiful Asian's face. Ting scowled up at Jen as if she had done it on purpose.

“Good girls,” Mr. Jarvis said. They both turned to look at the man and saw that he was stripping. He watched them with lust filled eyes as he rushed out of his clothes, dropping them on the floor. He was a big, hairy man with pale skin, but something about him was irresistible. He seemed to radiate with power and importance and both the young girls licked their lips as they watched his big, semi erect dick swing between his legs like a horse-cock.

“I'm going to teach you girls to get along and work together,” he said. “In fact, I'll make you a deal. If you can work together to make me

happy then I'll let you both stay, but if you can't then you both get expelled." He stepped forward and placed his hand on the side of Ting's mysterious looking young face, his heavy meat dangling in front of her. Jen dropped to her knees beside the tiny Asian girl and looked up at Mr. Jarvis with eager blue eyes. The two girls each reached forward with one hand, taking Mr. Jarvis's hardening cock in their hands and pointing it up between their pretty faces.

The older man's huge dick was already hard as they pressed their soft, puckered lips to either side of the fat tip. He moaned as their velvety lips moved across his throbbing skin, giving him gentle wet kisses up and down his shaft, both of them looking up from either side of his dick with eager, compliant eyes. He let his fingers run through the soft hair of their ponytails, filling his grip with one black ponytail in one hand and one blonde one in the other. The girls licked up and down Mr. Jarvis's prick, their tongues accidentally brushing each other's eager little mouths as their clits stood erect in their slender laps.

Jen stared across Mr. Jarvis's thick cock at the pretty face of her nemesis, gazing into her beautiful, dark eyes. They were each running their wet tongues across the surface of his throbbing meat, pressing their soft lips to his hard skin. Jen felt sudden affection for the beautiful Asian and she reached across to the pretty girl's lap, wrapping her hand around Ting's hard clit. Ting returned the favor, grabbing Jen's throbbing clit. They both began to stroke each other gently as they massaged the dean's gorgeous dick with their wet mouths and pink tongues.

"Good girls," Mr. Jarvis said. "I love to see my student's getting along." He used their ponytails to guide their faces up over his cock, bringing them mouth to mouth so they would kiss once more. They kissed each other gently, with sweet affection, tits rubbing gently. Mr. Jarvis stepped back and pulled them by their ponytails onto the floor. Jen was on top of the pretty Asian girl, both of them kissing softly, holding each other's hands and holding each other's clits.

Jen savored the feeling of Ting's gentle touch and incredibly soft skin against her own young flesh as she lay on top of the gorgeous Asian. They both released each other's hard clits, letting them rest against each other as they began to explore the other's feminine curves.

Mr. Jarvis reached down with his strong hands and spread Jen's ass cheeks wide. She could hear him grunt as his body hovered above her, his massive bulk beginning to rest on her narrow frame as her weight rested on Ting's even tinier body.

"Are you ready to have that sweet little ass fucked?" he asked.

Jen's body surged with excitement at the idea of doing something so naughty with such a powerful man. "Yes please," she whimpered. A moment later she felt the thrilling sensation of her asshole being stretched wide by the dean's hot meat as he pushed himself into her slender hole. It hurt, Jen realized as her asshole spread wide, but she loved it.

Jarvis moaned when he felt the warmth and tightness of Jen's velvety soft sissy-cunt. He began to drive his cock back and forth inside her roughly, listening to her high pitched cries as he fucked the feminized sissy gurl hard.

The two sissies rubbed against each other with every thrust. Nipple brushing against nipple; small throbbing dick rubbing against small throbbing dick; small hairless balls tapping against small hairless balls; pigtailed bouncing; firm young breast flattened against firm young breasts.

They held each other's small round asses in their soft feminine hands as they kissed passionately moaning as Jarvis thrust his fat cock deep into Jen's tight, brown hole.

Their young sissy-bodies rocked back and forth against each other as Jarvis slammed his cock deep inside the blonde, his weight resting on their small frames, their cute little dicks rubbing against each other. The tension of their bodies, smashed together under the weight of Jarvis, was causing each of their little cocks to get stroked by the other's, and stroked by the soft flesh of their flat tummies.

Jarvis listened to the sound of their whimpers, the Asian crying with only pleasure, the blonde crying with both pleasure and pain. He slammed harder and harder into the little blonde's ass; fucking the sissy like he owned her, because, for now he did.

The sissies stopped kissing and rested their faces cheek to cheek as they each whimpered with the beginning of their orgasm. Their soft faces pressed together as they cried out, their small bodies squeezing each other

tight like natural born sisters as the shivers of orgasm raced through their slender young bodies. They began to fire their hot jizz against each other's flat, feminine tummies. The cum just made their bodies slicker, causing them to slide even more as Jarvis continued to fuck Jen savagely, savoring the sensation of her velvety hole.

Finally Jarvis couldn't fight it anymore. He pulled out of Jen's warm little asshole and rose to his feet, jerking both the sissies up to their knees by the handle of their pigtails. They both opened wide, eagerly waiting for their sticky reward. They looked up at him and he looked from Ting's mysteriously dark, almond eyes to Jen's wide blue eyes. He groaned as the pressure in his balls spilled out and began to fire out of his long shaft and onto their young, pretty faces.

The girls smiled as Jarvis's hot cum splattered against their hormone softened skin, their hands in each other's lap, each idly stroking the other's still erect penis. They stuck out their tongues and let salty sperm splash down on them as it sprayed across both their faces. Then, even as Jarvis fired off the last creamy wads of his orgasm, the two sissies turned to each other and began to kiss again, sharing his thick sperm as their pink tongues moved in and out of each other's filthy mouth. They gazed lovingly into each other's eyes as they took turns licking the other's face clean. Then they looked up at him with a question in their pretty eyes.

"Good girls," he said. He patted them each on the head and said, "You can go back to your rooms."

The young sissies got up and skipped hand in hand out of the office Mr. Jarvis had rented.

Tanya leaned back in the chair behind her desk, still pressing her dildo deep into her wet cunt, her body tingling with excitement from watching the filthy show. As she continued to masturbate, she closed her eyes and she remembered how she had found Ting...

Femboy Prison Release Program

Tanya first met the beautiful little Vietnamese boy Ting when she was touring a prison in England. She was wearing a professional looking grey skirt-suit as the warden of the prison introduced himself. At five foot nine, the balding, overweight prison warden was towered over by the six foot blonde in six inch heels.

“Good Afternoon Ms. Payne. I’m Chief Warden Munson,”

Tanya smiled enchantingly and offered her hand, palm down for him to kiss, which he awkwardly did. “A pleasure, Mr. Munson.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” he beamed. “I understand you are here scouting for at risk inmates for a work-release program? The governor spoke very highly of you. I believe he is quite fond of your island resort. I will need to try and visit sometime.”

Tanya laughed softly. “I’m afraid it is quite out of your price range, Mr. Munson. But perhaps some alternative can be arranged.”

The warden bustled slightly, but couldn’t resist Tanya’s intoxicating smile, “Yes, well... Right this way Ma’am.”

She moved down the corridor with a graceful sway of her incredibly long, slender figure, mesmerizing both the warden, and the young guard who accompanied them. As they walked down the line of minimum security cells, eyes popped open and attention swelled as she passed, people staring at her in quiet awe. She didn’t seem to pay the slightest attention to the cells around her until she suddenly stopped, her attention captured by a young Asian sitting quietly in a cell to her left. He was exquisitely slender, with beautiful, jet black hair that hung long and straight past his shoulders and glimmering dark eyes. He had soft, flawless skin and delicate features. Without a single operation, or a single dose of hormones, he was already more striking and feminine than ninety percent of the girls she encountered.

“Who is this?” Tanya asked the Warden.

“This is Ting Duong. I’m afraid he doesn’t fit the criteria for your program. He is an eighteen-year-old immigrant that was arrested for a fairly minor crime. Vandalism of a public railway, he will be released in less than a

month.”

Tanya stared at the delicate and beautiful young Asian, who stared back at her with slightly hostile, intensity in his simmering young eyes. “I want this one,” she said. “Give him to me.”

“Give him to you?” the warden exhaled as if she were making an inappropriate joke. “He is not an object to be given. He doesn’t qualify for your program because he doesn’t have enough time on his sentence and even if he did he would have to agree to it. This isn’t some kind of…”

“Quiet,” Tanya said; a command which the warden obeyed, although he glared at her with an angry look. “Have him brought to your office. I will interview him for a position after his release.”

She turned and began walking back the way they had come. The warden glared angrily after her for a moment, then nodded to the guard to bring the young Asian man as he followed after the striking blonde.

As the warden walked back in his office, Tanya had already seemed to take it over. She sat on the edge of his desk, her long legs stretched beautifully out as she kicked off her shoes and rubbed her perfectly formed nylon covered feet against each other. The warden tried not to stare at the woman’s flawless legs or gorgeous feet. She was obviously used to getting what she wanted, and she did have very powerful friends, but he wasn’t going to be pushed around by her. He was only allowing her to meet with the young Asian because it might actually be in the boy’s best interests. Perhaps a job opportunity after his release might be just what he needed to turn his life around.

Still... he couldn’t help but stare at the curves of the gorgeous blonde’s body as she leaned back on his desk as if it was a sofa in her private sitting room.

He breathed in the intoxicating smell of her perfume. He couldn’t place the scent exactly. It filled the room, both from her body, and across the surface of his own skin. She had sprayed it across her body when she first returned to the office, and the fumes had lingered in the doorway. Even now he could smell the intoxicating scent hovering around his face. The gentle but powerful odor made him feel dizzy and a little bit confused. Instead of

getting better as the cloud cleared though, the strange feeling of confusion seemed to be intensifying. Every sensation felt vivid and powerful, and even the air blowing through the fan felt intense as it brushed across his skin. But in spite of the strange and confusing feelings coursing through his body and mind, he felt incredibly relaxed and more than a little bit excited.

He could hear the sound of her nylons smoothly running against each other as her delicate feet moved back and forth, rubbing against each other with slow, gentle movement. "It's okay," he heard Tanya say, almost at a whisper. "It's okay to look at my feet. I don't mind. I have beautiful feet, don't I Mr. Munson?"

"Yes," he said, too relaxed to feel shy. "Beautiful." It felt so good to agree with the radiant blonde. Whatever that perfume was, he loved it. He wished he could breathe it in constantly. He wished he could live in a thick cloud of it forever.

"Yes," she purred. "Go ahead and stare. Watch their movement... Stare at them... Listen to the sound of them... it makes you feel incredibly relaxed to stare at my beautiful feet."

He stared at them, his mouth beginning to water as he felt more and more relaxed.

"I think it's safe to say," Tanya continued in her melodic voice, "That they are the most beautiful feet you've ever seen."

"The most beautiful," he agreed. He felt so strange... so calm and so totally relaxed. He smiled happily, staring at her beautiful feet.

"You feel so relaxed and so calm... you feel almost like you could give up thinking all together and just stare.... Just stare at my beautiful feet..."

"Yes," Mr. Munson agreed.

"You probably want to touch them," she said. "You would probably do anything in your power to touch them. Isn't that true?"

"Can I touch them?" he asked.

"It's more than that though, isn't it Mr. Munson. It's not just that you want to touch them. You want to completely surrender to them. The

incredible power of my beautiful feet is so intoxicating, it reminds you how weak and small you really are. But that's okay... because I like you weak and small. It's my favorite thing in the world to see you weak, and broken and small."

"That's what I am," Mr. Munson admitted with great and profound relief, the confession making him feel even more deeply relaxed. "I am weak and broken and small. Can I touch your feet?"

She laughed a light, beautiful laugh. "Not yet, Mr. Munson. First you have to make me completely happy. Then, once I am completely and totally happy, then I might let you touch one of my perfect, little feet. Would you like that Sweetie?"

Mr. Munson couldn't concentrate on anything except those slender, flawless feet. "Yes Ma'am," he said.

"Good boy," Tanya purred. "Now when my pretty little doll is brought to me, you just agree with everything I say, and you will make me very happy. Isn't that going to be easy? Doesn't it already feel so good to agree with what I say?"

"Yes," he said. "So good."

"When I snap my fingers you will no longer be in a trance state. But you will remember this feeling of pleasure you get from agreeing with me, and you will remember how badly you want to touch my feet, and just what you need to do to make that happen. Okay?"

"Yes, Ma'am," he said. He didn't know what she meant about being in a trance; he was never in a trance. She snapped her fingers and he suddenly felt less sleepy and more alert. How long had they been sitting there? What had they been talking about? He looked down at her beautiful and amazing feet. He wanted to touch them so bad his blood was rushing through his system and his normally reluctant erection was swelling without provocation. Perhaps if he made this woman happy she would let him touch those perfect little feet.

Tanya watched the weak minded warden waiting patiently and obediently for a chance to please her and she laughed softly under her breath. She enjoyed playing with people, and there was probably no limit on what

she could make this man do if she really took the time, but she was here on business. Soon the guard brought Ting.

Ting looked up, his beautiful dark eyes full of curiosity, hostility and fear. Tanya sat up straight and tall on the desk. She crossed her beautiful long legs and held her head high as she stared down at the slender young Asian. “I’m afraid I have bad news for you Ting,” she said.

Ting swallowed. “Who are you?”

“I’m your only chance to get out of all the trouble you’re in,” she said. Tanya thought about sending the guard out of the room, but she noticed the way he looked at Ting and decided he could stay. “You see,” she continued. “We found drugs in your cell, quite a lot of them. You are going to be charged with possession with intent to distribute and sent to maximum security.”

“What is this?” Ting eyed her, his face torn between breaking down in tears and lighting up with rage. “Are you setting me up?”

“Does it matter, Sweetie?” she asked. “I’m sure it doesn’t matter. You’ll be fine in maximum security. Pretty little thing like you... All you will have to do is drop on those skinny brown knees for every murderer and rapist you meet and you will be fine. It might be fun actually. Think of all the attention you’ll get...”

Ting was shaking. “What do you want from me?”

Tanya smiled. “Quite a lot of things. But don’t worry Sweetie, you will like them. Perhaps not right away, but you will learn to love them someday as much as you will learn to love and worship me.” Tanya glanced at the guard; his eyes kept drifting from Tanya’s long legs to Ting’s tight, feminine ass as if he couldn’t decide which he preferred. She decided to help him make up his mind.

She reached in her briefcase and took out a small leather corset dress. She tossed it on the floor in front of her newest doll, and then tossed a pair of eight inch heels and pink stockings. “Put these on,” she commanded.

Ting laughed nervously, “I’m not going to...”

“Put them on!” the warden echoed. “Or the guard will put them on you.”

The guard almost shuddered with excitement at the prospect of physically forcing Ting into the tight dress.

Ting looked back at the muscular guard behind him, and the guard smiled back with lecherous eagerness. Ting swallowed and began to strip out of his orange jumpsuit. Tanya and the guard both stared at Ting's feminine body. He was almost completely hairless and he was slender and dainty with smooth, mocha skin. The warden stared only at Tanya's feet as she continued to rub them gently together.

Something about the way Ting pulled on the dress made Tanya say that, "This isn't the first time you've played dress-up."

Ting didn't say anything but blushed deeply and stared at his dainty feet as he stepped into the ill-fitting shoes. He stood there, tall and slender, pink stockings and tight little dress, teetering on the massive heels. His naturally pretty face was framed in soft, black hair that hung slightly past his narrow, dainty shoulders.

Tanya gestured with her finger for Ting to approach her and when he did, she grabbed him by the bony hips and spun him away from her. She took hold of the straps and buckles at the back of the corseted dress and tightened them down. Ting whimpered with discomfort as the snug fitting leather pulled tight, restricting his exposed ribcage and concave tummy, making him struggle to breath. The dress had built in padding at the chest, making the boy appear to have small, perfectly formed breasts.

Tanya reached around the front of Ting, reaching up under the tight dress and peeling down his white cotton briefs. She let them drop to the floor and cupped his small balls and tiny prick. She whispered into his ear as her feet moved along and began to run up his slender, hairless legs, massaging his smooth skin through both of their silky stockings.

"Poor thing," she whispered, letting her breath caress his long, black hair and soft young skin. "It's good thing I found you when I did. You must be so tired of pretending to be a man, with a tiny little thing like this between your pretty legs..."

He whimpered, his little dick swelling in her hand in spite of her taunting.

"You have two choices," she purred seductively into his ear. "You

can become my toy, and do everything I tell you, in which case you will be a highly desired companion and a treasured pet who gets to know it belongs to me, or..." She gently stroked his small erection underneath the tight leather dress. "You can refuse my offer and get sent to maximum security, where you will be the toy of whatever bad, bad man decides to claim you, and be passed around like garbage."

Tanya could feel his bony back pressing against her soft tits through her light blouse as he relaxed back into her, his body throbbing from her touch. How long had it been since he'd been touched like this? She doubted he'd ever had a woman as gorgeous as her touching his sad little penis. "What do you say, Princess?"

"Yours," Ting whimpered. "What choice do I have?"

"None," Tanya sang into Ting's ear, and then she gave him an abrupt shove, sending the slender little sissy collapsing conveniently to his little brown knees on the hard tile floor. Tanya stared at Ting, looking deliciously feminine with the tight dress ratcheted down on his narrow frame. She wasn't the only one staring. The large, powerfully built guard also stared down at the delicate, cross-dressed Asian with the naturally beautiful face, long black hair and convincingly padded chest.

"First things first," she told Ting. "You have to demonstrate obedience. If you can't show complete and total obedience, you will have to go to maximum security." Ting was trembling, staring up at her as she turned and smiled at the guard. "Do with this little sissy whatever you like."

The guard moved forward.

"Wait, wait wait..." the warden said, softly, as if afraid to upset the mesmerizing blonde with the hypnotic feet. "This is... it's too much."

"But it's making me happy," Tanya said, turning her beautiful smile to him as he stood and approached her. His eyes were desperate and pleading. She extended one of her feet, stopping him by pressing it into his soft belly. He gasped when her foot touched him, his erection obvious and unmistakable in his Khaki pants. "In fact, I'm so happy now, you can touch my foot; if you still want too... you can even kiss it, if you like."

The warden nodded his head up and down eagerly, drooling as he said. "Yes. Yes. I want... I want to kiss them..." He dropped to his knees,

looking up at her with begging eyes. She pressed one of her slender, nylon covered feet to his eager mouth, and he began to kiss it. Her other foot ran softly up and down his belly.

The guard walked up to the trembling Asian and placed one hand on the side of his pretty face. The guard's other hand unzipped his own trousers. Leaving his heavy duty-belt still buckled to his hips, the guard pulled out a fat, semi-erect cock. The young, mocha skinned sissy stared up at him with nervous eyes as the guard swatted him lightly across the soft cheeks with his slowly hardening horse-dick.

Tanya and the guard both laughed at the frightened, violated look on Ting's pretty face, while the warden slobbered sloppily all over Tanya's beautiful foot, kissing and licking up and down the tender, graceful arch. Tanya absently pressed the ball of her other foot down Mr. Munson's soft belly to the waistline of his pants, skillfully unbuttoning his trousers with a flick of her toes and without a glance as she watched the guard. The guard was pressing the swollen head of his massive, fully erect cock against her newest doll's thin, pink lips.

Mr. Munson moaned with incredible delight as she pressed her silky soft, nylon covered foot down the front of his pants. She could feel his hard erection throbbing against the silky, second skin of her nylons as she gently but indifferently rubbed his crotch with her instep.

Tanya watched as Ting opened his small mouth and let the guard's big dick slide past his trembling lips. She looked into his eyes, expecting to see a delicious look of surrender fill them, but instead he stared back at her with willful defiance. He stared at her with those beautiful dark eyes, made more beautiful from angry intensity, as the guard's big hands gripped his small skull and that massive cock pressed deeper and deeper into his wet, little mouth.

Mr. Munson made slurping noises as he kissed up the ball of her foot and began to suck on her perfectly formed toes, and Ting made slurping noises as he ate the guard's sweaty dick. Drool ran down Ting's delicate little chin even as he eyed Tanya with smoldering hostility. Tanya's pussy began to tingle with an excitement she hadn't felt in years. She knew even then that this defiant little sissy was destined to be her favorite doll.

She maintained eye contact with the little Asian, gazing into his angry dark eyes with her own, radiant blues. The guard's thick, vein rippled manhood pressed back and forth in the little sissy's pretty mouth. A coating of wet drool glistened on the surface of that huge cock as it moved across the soft surface of Ting's soft little lips. Tanya's pussy was flooding with warmth.

"Today is your lucky day," she told the warden. He looked up at her with eager eyes, humping the instep of her beautiful foot. She began to peel up her skirt. "I'm going to let you press that filthy little mouth of yours to my delicious cunt."

Mr. Munson began to dribble precum against her calf as he moved up her leg and pressed his nose to her silken panties. He breathed in deeply the clean aroma of her pussy as she listened to the sound of Ting beginning to gag on the fat cock that the guard was cramming down his narrow throat.

The warden continued to hump the smooth nylon surface of Tanya's slender calve as he reached up and pulled her delicate white panties to the side, revealing her wet slit and perfectly groomed, blonde bush. Tanya's body shuddered as Mr. Munson pushed his unworthy mouth to her beautiful pussy and began to suck and lick up the glistening juice of her snatch. She let him hump her right leg as her left leg swung over his shoulder and pushed against his back, pushing him tighter against her body.

Ting maintained his defiant eye contact with her even as his eyes watered from gagging on the massive cock pressing in and out of his slender throat. Even without makeup, his pretty, feminine little face looked absolutely stunning with a massive, throbbing penis ramming its hole. The warmth and wetness continued to flood Tanya's pussy as she watched her new toy get used by the powerful guard, and Mr. Munson continued to lap up that wetness and warmth like an obedient little slave. She pulled him even tighter to her body, grabbing what was left of his hair with her hands and twisting it as she commanded him, "Lick harder Bitch. Make me cum,"

Mr. Munson's eager tongue darted inside her and lapped at her opening. Ting looked deliciously feminine in the skin tight corset dress, on his slender brown knees on the floor, having his pretty mouth fucked hard by a huge cock. She couldn't wait to break this little Asian sissy down. She couldn't wait to have him begging to suck cock for her instead of doing it out

of desperate necessity and hating every minute of it.

Although Ting obviously wasn't hating every minute of it. She smiled with wicked pleasure when she saw the boy's small erection returning, pressing against the surface of his tight little dress. She didn't know if his excitement was from watching her get eaten, her grey cotton skirt pulled up to reveal the tops of her nylon stockings and folded up past her wide hips as she grinded her wet cunt against the older man's face, or whether it was from finally accepting his place as a pretty little sissy cocksucker. She didn't really care. She could use either one to break him.

She pressed her cunt harder against Mr. Munson's face, feeling his wet, eager tongue as she watched the guard pounding Ting's pretty face.

"Fuck," the guard said. "I love fucking your hot little sissy mouth."

Ting didn't even look at the man as his fat cock moved back and forth, stretching his small mouth and penetrating his throat. He kept his eyes on Tanya's gorgeous blue eyes as she wrenched the warden's hair. "Harder!" she commanded. "Pretend you're not totally worthless and make me cum."

Mr. Munson licked harder and humped her leg harder. His erection was throbbing against the smooth surface of Tanya's nylons. The guard was fucking Ting harder and harder, groaning as he pumped his fat rod back and forth in Ting's wet, sissy mouth.

"Fuck yes," the guard moaned. "I'm going to cum in your stupid sissy face." He pulled his pulsating cock roughly out of Ting's wet mouth and held it in front of the pretty Asian's face. The guard pumped his erection with his fist, groaning loudly.

Tanya began to moan as her orgasm started, peaking as the first wad of creamy semen splattered against the young Asian boy's pretty face. Mr. Munson began to cum on her nylon covered shin, making it slick with jizz as he continued to hump away, licking her eagerly. Ting closed his angry, dark eyes as streams of hot sperm streaked across his face and splattered into his shiny black hair.

When Tanya's orgasm had passed she lifted her foot from Mr. Munson's back and moved it to his face; using it to push him away from her. "Go do whatever paperwork you need so I can take my new doll with me," she told him dismissively.

The warden zipped up his cum stained pants with shame and embarrassment and rushed off to do as he was told. The guard left the room as well. Ting just knelt on the floor, not taking any action to clean the streaks of cum that ran down his face. Instead he just stared at Tanya with a look of pouting defiance.

Tanya laughed at the pretty sissy. "Congratulations," she said. "You have been accepted into my dollhouse."

The Futile Resistance of a Femboy Slave

Tanya stood over Ting's slender naked body. He was a defiant and willful little man, she had to admit. It would have been infuriating if he wasn't also the most adorable and feminine Asian boy she had ever seen. In fact, every time he ignored a simple instruction, or pulled himself out of the depths of hypnosis to whisper, "Never," it made her body tingle with delicious excitement. It was only a matter of time till she broke him, but the struggle of his ego to hold onto its illusion of manhood was almost intoxicating.

Still, she was way overdue with this project. She had subjected him to electrocution therapy, intense hypnosis and continual subliminal programming, but still he resisted embracing his true sissy nature. Still he resisted total surrender to her will. Like it or not, if she didn't make progress soon, she would have to move on to other dolls.

Tanya adjusted the fit of her dress, shifting her big breasts, which were squeezed into the tight top of her low-cut, little black dress. She nodded at Bridgett, her gorgeous little transgender assistant. Bridgett bent at the waist, her tiny, white nurses dress riding up to show off her cute pink panties as she added more drugs to Ting's IV. The amount of powerful hypno-narcotic drugs she was administering was way over what she would normally use, reaching possibly dangerous levels, but time was running out. Tanya waited a few minutes then she whispered into Ting's drug induced trance, "Ting... Pretty little Ting... It's Tanya... Do you remember me dear?"

He nodded his head, a weak and frail thing, his voice a faraway whisper. "Bitch..." he groaned.

Bridgett gasped with shock that anyone would dare speak to her beloved mistress like that and if Tanya would have let her, there's no telling what the deliciously vicious little tranny would have done to the man, but Tanya just laughed softly. "Oh Princess, when will you stop fighting me and realize I'm trying to help you? You can spend your whole life clinging to your pathetic little scrap of masculinity, or you can give in to me. You can take my hand and surrender to that need inside you. You can let me guide you to the beautiful sissy doll that's calling out from deep inside that pretty little mind of yours. Wouldn't it feel good to just surrender? Give up this

pathetic fight and let the real you finally take over?”

“That’s not me,” he grunted, taking great effort to speak through the delirium spinning in his mind. “I’m not...”

“Shhhh,” Tanya purred. “It’s okay Sweetie. You don’t need to speak. I know all your arguments already. I know everything you’re going to say before you say it. Those are all just words. But words really have no meaning except the meaning that we give them, don’t they? That’s why I’m changing the meaning of all your words. It will be simpler for you, and easier, if we make all the silly little words you speak mean the same, simple thing. From now on, no matter what words you say, what you’re really saying is: Thank you Mistress Tanya.”

“No,” he whimpered.

“You’re welcome Sweetie,” Tanya purred. She nodded at Bridgett who lowered the medical table that Ting was laying on, lowering him down to nearly floor level.

Tanya reached under her little black dress and pulled her panties off, handing them to her pretty, brunette assistant. Bridgett stared at those panties like they were a precious and delicate treasure. Tanya watched Bridgett’s enraptured face for a moment then turned to her attention back to work.

“Ting, I’m going to give you a special reward, now that you’ve learned to thank me with your every word. I’m going to let you press that pretty little mouth of yours to my pussy and taste the beautiful power I have over you.”

Ting didn’t say anything, so she took the heel of one of her spike heeled pumps and pressed it into his exposed ribcage, grinding from side to side. “Speak,” she said.

“Uh,” he whimpered. “That hurts.”

“Your welcome, Ting,” she said. She stepped over him and squatted down over his face, her hands resting on his narrow chest as she looked down past his dainty feet, her pussy already wet and eager for worship. She saw his little penis react with a tingling stir as he breathed in the aroma of her fresh, warm cunt. “You don’t have to kiss and worship my hot little pussy,” she told him. “But if you do, you’re admitting you belong to me; you’re admitting my

pussy is more powerful than all your weak little lies about freedom and all your pathetic dreams of manhood.” She let her pussy lips hover just inches from his salivating mouth. His small dick shot to an achingly powerful erection. “You don’t have to worship my pussy, but if you do, you’re admitting everything I’ve ever told you is true and everything you’ve ever told yourself is a lie.”

His dick throbbed with need as he whimpered.

Tanya leaned forward, draping her body over his. “You don’t have to worship my pussy with your unworthy little mouth,” Tanya purred seductively, her hot breathe washing over his erection. “But if you do I might pity you, and give you a reward.” The word ‘reward’ was moaned over his little dick, her soft red lips almost touching the tip of his quivering erection.

Ting broke down and began to press his mouth to her wet clit. She moaned with pleasure then got control of herself again and said, “What do you say, Princess?”

“Thank you Mistress Tanya,” he said.

“Good boy,” she rewarded him. Then she slipped his small, throbbing hard-on into her soft, wet mouth. As Ting licked eagerly at her dripping cunt, she slowly moved her lips up and down his slender shaft, letting the swirling spit in her mouth wash over his tender, neglected prick. Ting licked eagerly, like a starving puppy-dog as he lapped at her slit. Tanya moaned with pleasure as his soft lips and little pink tongue pressed against her warm pussy.

There was something so raw and exciting about the unskilled but eager sensation of a desperate, untrained sissy eating her cunt. Soon he would be trained to perfection in the arts of eating pussy and sucking cock, but for now, his needy little mouth felt deliciously desperate fumbling around her perfect, wet cunt. Tanya ran her tongue along Ting’s small rod as she tightened the soft pillows of her lips around the base of his shaft.

Tanya shot Bridgett a look and the petite tranny nodded her beautiful face and began to unbutton and remove her tight little nurse’s dress. Once stripped the little brunette stood, slender and small breasted, her huge limp cock pushing out of her little pink panties. Bridgett took the fingertips of her small, delicate hands and pulled her panties down slightly, just enough to let

that big dick of hers hang free. Bridgett leaned forward, opened her full, red lips and let a long line of spit drop from her mouth onto her fat cock while she began to stroke herself to hardness.

Ting, oblivious to the huge tranny cock that was about to terrorize his tight asshole, continued to lick and slurp eagerly between Tanya's thighs, moaning as Tanya's soft mouth massaged his small, throbbing erection.

Bridgett got her prick to full, throbbing hardness, bulging veins winding around the thick perfectly round shaft. She stroked it gently as she spit another large glob of saliva, letting it land on the purple head of her beautiful cock and drip down like warm glaze on the top of a cupcake. Tanya felt sudden hunger looking at the magnificent meat her beautiful assistant had sticking out of her silky pink panties, and she let Ting's little penis slip from between her lips. She stuck out a finger and gestured Bridgett forward. Bridgett knelt down between Ting's slender brown legs and Tanya took the tranny's beautiful cock in her hand, laying it next to Ting's narrow little prick. Tanya enjoyed the contrast of the two pricks while Ting continued his devout worship of her dripping wet cunt. Tanya took Ting's little pecker between her forefinger and thumb, gently stroking him as she slipped her beautiful young assistant's fat cock into her mouth.

Tasting Bridgett's beautiful, perfectly formed cock, she let it slip from her lips once more. She sat up, pressing her weight down on Ting's face as she pulled Bridgett forward by the neck and kissed her passionately on the lips. Bridgett eagerly and lovingly kissed her back, staring into her eyes with absolute love and devotion. Tanya took a handful of Bridgett's soft brown hair and pushed her head down, pushing her face to Ting's tight little asshole. There was no need to give Bridgett any command as she automatically knew what was expected of her. Bridgett began to lick Ting's asshole with her little wet tongue while Tanya stroked his small prick up and down slowly. Ting stopped licking Tanya's cunt for just a moment and whimpered girlishly, his inherent sissy nature embracing the new sensation.

Bridgett pressed her tongue deep into Ting's tight asshole, drenching his opening in saliva as she tongue fucked him. Tanya stared at her assistant's beautiful young face, gorgeous narrow features pressed between the feminine little ass-cheeks of the little Asian sissy; bright red lips open so her pink tongue could lick wetly inside his hole. She rewarded the little tranny with a

gentle smile and Bridgett looked up at her with loving devotion. Tanya gave Bridgett a nod and Bridgett straightened up, holding her big cock level with Ting's cute little ass. Tanya continued to stroke the horny little sissy with slow, torturous movements, his small, spit drenched hard-on throbbing between her fingertips.

Bridgett pressed the swollen head of her fat cock against the tight opening of Ting's dark little hole. Ting's asshole quivered and he whimpered, "No, please."

Tanya purred, "Do you want me to put my mouth back on your cute little clitty?"

Ting whimpered. "Yes. Please. I'm so horny. I need it so bad."

"Then you have to be a good girl and open up that tight sissy cunt for me," Tanya said in a soft, seductive voice. "You want to be a good girl for me don't you Princess? Only good girls get rewarded."

"Okay," Ting whimpered with delicious, frustrated defeat.

Tanya laughed. "Dirty little faggot," she teased, then took his throbbing little prick back into her soft wet mouth. Bridgett began to press her fat cock into Ting's spit lathered asshole, pushing steadily though the resistance of his puckered skin. Ting grunted like the weak little sissy he was as the pain of his stretching orifice filled his senses. Tanya slurped loudly as she pressed her wet mouth up and down his cock, sending confusing feelings of pleasure shooting through his slender body. Ting was too overwhelmed with sensation to properly worship Tanya's pussy, but he pressed his face against the comforting warmth of her wet slit and whimpered against her soft sex as Bridgett's hard cock pushed deeper inside him.

Tanya's mouth moved over Ting's pretty little dick, her tongue massaging his sensitive skin as warm saliva washed down his pelvis and small, hairless balls. He whimpered with both pleasure and pain as Bridgett's big cock moved deep inside him. Bridgett buried her rod to the base, pressing her curving hips forward against Ting's soft mocha skin. Tanya pressed her own hips down, grinding her wet cunt against Ting's pretty, feminine face. Tanya's spit flowed and bubbled across her full lips as she hummed on Ting's delicate penis.

Bridgett was not so gentle with Ting's small body as she began to

ram her cock deep into his sensitive rectum. Ting's whole body rocked with deliciously tortured shudders as he cried into Tanya's wet cunt. Tanya had a perfect view, staring across the smooth skin of Ting's pathetic little balls to see Bridgett's big rod pounding into his tight asshole while Tanya continued to move her lips up and down his shaft.

Tanya was becoming more and more excited and Ting's training began to take a back seat to her own pleasure. She began to grind her cunt against Ting's face, rubbing her clit hard against his chin as her wet slit covered his mouth. She could hear Ting whimper and struggle to breathe but she didn't care, she felt close to orgasm, rubbing herself off on his pretty face while her assistant ravaged his ass.

Tanya watched that big cock spreading Ting's tight asshole wide with the girth of its gorgeous contours and she wished it was her pussy that was being filled with the beautiful meat of the pretty little brunette tranny. She grew bored of sucking Ting's little cock and she sat up, letting her full weight rest on his mouth and nose. Tanya's weight riding on Ting's face made him struggle even more desperately to breathe.

Bridgett took hold of Ting by his erection, but instead of stroking it, she gripped it in a tight fist, using it like a handle as she pulled him back towards her after every thrust of her hips sent him rocking back.

"Surrender," Tanya said. "Surrender to the pleasure of being owned by my pussy, of being owned by superior cock. Surrender to your own, sissy nature. Let your weakness allow you to become my beautiful toy."

Bridgett assaulted Ting's tender insides with her big, beautiful cock, slamming it deep inside him, filling his innermost crevices with hot, powerful meat. Her grip was tight on Ting's throbbing little prick, yanking him back with it like it was a leash. Tanya rubbed her clit against his face, feeling pleasure radiating deep inside her as she smothered his pretty face.

"Surrender," she said, her voice growing higher in pitch as her breathing increased. "Surrender your pathetic dream of manhood for a chance to be my obedient little pet. Surrender your delusions of self-worth for true submissive nature." Tanya couldn't speak anymore as an intense tingling began to radiate up from her clit and reverberate through her spine, tickling her brain. She moaned as the tingling filled her whole body. Her thighs

tightened against the sides of Ting's small head and her cunt leaked out wet warmth on the smooth skin of his pretty face while a pleasant tingling orgasm moved up and down her body like a wave of light.

Ting's body went rigid then suddenly limp as he passed out from lack of oxygen but Tanya rode out the final shudders of her orgasm, grinding herself against his face a little more before she finally let up and allowed him to breathe. Bridgett continued to fuck the little sissy's small body as he slowly began to regain consciousness. He gasp suddenly, breathing in fresh clean oxygen as Tanya hovered above his face.

"It hurts," Ting whimpered in his soft, broken little voice.

"It's only the boy that hurts," Tanya told him. "The sissy loves it. Find that little sissy inside you and you will only know pleasure." Tanya lowered her body down, bringing her ass just above Ting's pretty mouth. Without even being told he arched his neck and began to kiss her ass, tenderly tonguing her asshole. Tanya exhaled with pleasure. "Yes," Tanya moaned. "That's my good little pet. That's my good little sissy."

Something seemed to break in Ting's little mind. He licked and sucked on her asshole with happy diligence as his voice whimpered with clear and undeniable enjoyment. He no longer fought against the sensations in his ravaged asshole, but embraced the gratification of his sissy cunt. His feet moved up and down the curves of Bridgett's slender, feminine body, gently caressing her and encouraging her to pummel his eager hole. Bridgett released her savage grip on his little cock and took hold of his hips like she would another girl, grinding her cock deep inside Ting's tender orifice as Ting purred with pleasure. Every thrust of Bridgett's beautiful rod into the soft flesh of Ting's tight opening made Ting's erection twitch. As Bridgett's fucking fell into a smooth and steady rhythm, Ting's dick twitched like a heartbeat. As Ting lovingly worshiped Tanya's asshole with tender kisses, Tanya leaned forward and took his little hard-on in her mouth once more. She didn't stroke him with her lips, or even suck his dick; she just held it in her wet mouth and felt its steady throbbing and twitching as he was fucked steadily.

The throbbing of Ting's cock increased in speed even as Bridgett's hips moved at a continuous pace, until Ting released his lips from Tanya's ass and cried out with deep, blissful orgasm. Ting's dick fired huge globs of

creamy sperm into Tanya's waiting mouth, and she merely let it collect there, salty and white in her soft, pink mouth.

Ting moaned and sighed as he fired off every ounce of jizz his denied body had been storing, filling up Tanya's mouth. When he was done, Tanya spun around and pressed her lips to his. Ting eagerly kissed her as she spat his own semen into his pretty little mouth. Ting swallowed his own cum with eager enthusiasm as Bridgett continued to fuck him, Ting still whimpering softly with every thrust.

Tanya lifted her lips from Ting's, a line of saliva mixed with sperm still connecting both their pretty mouths. Ting's eyes gazed lovingly into Tanya's and behind them Bridgett purred with sudden release as she came as well, filling every corner of Ting's rectum with hot seed.

Tanya smiled at Ting's face, wet from sweat and pussy. "You're mine now," she whispered. "Whatever little shred of manhood you once had, has now been fucked to oblivion. You will always and forever be my little sissy pet." She kissed his cheek then she stood up and straightened her dress. Bridgett was standing as well, pulling her pink panties back up and looking across the floor for her dress.

Tanya walked to the door. At the door she looked back at Ting, slender and pretty strapped to the table. His lips were dribbled with spit and cum and sperm was leaking out of his ravaged asshole. His naturally feminine little body was covered in sweat. "Get him cleaned up," she said to Bridgett. "He's still got a lot more surgeries ahead of him."

Feminized to Perfection

Ting opened his eyes. He was on some kind of medical table in a small, concrete room. He felt weak and confused. He had lost his sense of time in the past few weeks. He knew he had been drugged and was being subjected sessions of hypnosis. His sleep was accompanied with soft music that was pumped into the room accompanied with whispered suggestions. “You love to serve me,” Tanya’s recorded voice whispered seductively in the suggestions. “There is no greater pleasure than to be my pet.” “The only thing stopping you from being my adored little pet is your weak and pathetic manhood.”

Again and again the voice would assault him with Tanya’s alluring promise of new and unimagined pleasures in exchange for his total submission. His dreams were indistinguishable from his hypnotic sessions and he could not distinguish between ideas originating inside or outside his mind. In his dreams he was subjected to images of him as a gorgeous bimbo serving stronger and more powerful men. Ting couldn’t even picture himself as a man anymore. When he closed his eyes and imagined himself it was as a sexy and alluring slut who couldn’t control her urges to worship Tanya and serve cock. Dreams and hypnosis and reality all blended together so he couldn’t tell what experiences had been real and what had been imagined.

Had his tight, virgin ass really been violated by a well-endowed tranny? Had he sucked dick and eaten ass and drank his own cum? He shuddered with horror at all the perverted and emasculating things that he couldn’t remember if he had really done.

Ting knew time was running out. He had to escape now if he was ever going to be a free man once more. Ting exhaled deeply, letting his frail ribcage shrink as he began to shimmy his small body out from under the leather straps that belted him to the table. Ting was an expert at escaping from bindings like this, but it was challenging. His skin felt incredibly soft and sensitive. His body, which normally had zero body fat, felt thick around the hips and ass. He heard himself whimper as he forced his weakened body to obey, and the sound was like a little kitten, but finally he did work himself out from under his restraints. He got up and went to the metal door. He stepped out into the hallway.

Down the hallway was a long line of little cells just like his, and as he moved down the corridor he couldn't stop himself from peering into each one. Beautiful young girls lay on the tables in each room, sleeping, or staring up at the ceiling with vacant, zombie-like eyes. But they weren't really girls, exactly. In spite of being the most beautiful collection of feminine creatures he had ever seen, each one had a small, limp, hairless penis laying slack across their thin pelvis, or hanging in the gap between their narrow, feminine thighs.

Ting moved faster down the hallway, almost at a run before he reached the heavy steel door at the far end. When he reached the door he pressed on it, but it was locked from the other side. He looked through a small, barred window and saw another steel door just past it. He tried the door again, slamming against it with all the force of his small body but it didn't budge. He didn't know if it was the force of his body setting something off, or the camera that he now noticed looking down on him, but suddenly a soft, beeping alarm began to pulse through the hallway, and red lights began to flash in the area past the door.

Ting turned and ran the opposite direction, past cell after cell. How many feminized boys lived in this dollhouse? His heart was pounding as he rushed down the hallway. He could hear locks unlocking as someone entered the hallway after him. He turned down a side passage and suddenly found himself in a bright, white dressing room. There were mirrors everywhere and the whole room shimmered with light and clean beauty. Ting stopped and stared.

He was surrounded by mirrors and in each one he saw a creature that only vaguely looked like him. Had he been here days, weeks or months? The beautiful Asian doll in all the mirrors looked like she had been on hormones for many months. Ting had always been skinny, but now, where he wasn't curving with feminine lines, he was sunken with drastic thinness. He looked like he was missing ribs. His shrunken little waist looked impossibly small, like it belonged to some kind of cartoon princess. In fact, he had some kind of beautiful cartoon faery tattooed to the right of his concave tummy.

He had drastic, beautiful curves. His dark face had a soft pinkish glow and full, pouting lips. His lashes were long and full and his hair was flowing, soft and alive with vitality. His naturally feminine face had been

strategically injected with Botox and tattooed with permanent makeup. He couldn't stop himself from getting hard as he stared at the beautiful young Asian girl he had become. He looked like the kind of girl he would have obsessed on before he came to this place. Everywhere he looked he was looking at that slender, curving reflection. He could see his perfect little feminine body from every angle whenever he turned his pretty face to see another mirror. He was still flat chested, but his pink nipples stood out like pencil erasers, hard and tight and begging to be sucked.

He was still standing there, stunned with disbelief, when the guard walked into the room behind him.

The guard wore black fatigue pants and a tight black t-shirt. He was muscle bound and well over six foot tall with a shaved head and a wide, masculine face. He smiled at Ting with his crooked teeth as he looked the little feminized sissy up and down.

“Little Ting escaped again,” he said. “That’s good. You’re my favorite one to catch.”

Ting looked back at the guard and blushed uncontrollably. Ting covered up his erection with his small hand and just stood there, staring at the tall, powerfully built guard.

The guard closed in on Ting, saying, “You do this so often I’m beginning to think you enjoy getting caught as much as I enjoy catching you.”

Ting felt his body trembling with fear, but his little dick was still rock hard. It felt so good pressed against his small, soft hand. In the dozens of reflections that surrounded him he looked pouty and beautiful. As the guard moved closer he pulled off his t-shirt to show the carved chest and abs of a Greek god. He laughed at Ting’s awe filled expression.

“Yeah,” the guard said. “This is what a real man looks like. Want to see my cock again, little sissy?”

Ting shook his head no, but his own cock throbbed against his soft palm and his mouth watered uncontrollably with anticipation.

The guard unfastened his belt and let his pants fall to the floor. He wasn't wearing underwear and he was already hard. His massive dick was

terrifying; rock hard and bulging with veins. It throbbed with power and masculine authority as the guard towered over Ting. “Do you want to start by sucking it again?” the guard asked.

Ting didn't want to suck it. But he did want to see that sexy Asian girl in the mirrors reflection suck it. He shook his head no again, but he was already dropping to his knees. He knelt at the powerful man's feet. The man still wore his black combat boots and his pants were at his ankles. If Ting ran now the guard would have trouble catching him.

Ting thought about escape, and then he thought about the big dick throbbing in front of his small, feminine face. He breathed in the masculine aroma of sweat and testosterone then he reached forward with the hand that wasn't still pressed against his own hairless crotch, and he gently cupped the guard's massive, swinging balls. Ting looked to the side, seeing the reflection of the beautiful Asian girl in the mirror; he watched her as she opened her mouth wide for the guard's thick cock.

The guard placed his large hand on the crown of Ting's small skull, fingers pressing into the sissy's scalp. “Good sissy,” he said as he took the other hand and guided his throbbing prick into Ting's wet mouth. The guard moaned as his hot meat slid across Ting's plump red lips. “No one sucks cock as good as an eager little faggot.”

Ting knew he wasn't gay, he just needed that hard cock in his mouth for some reason he couldn't understand. He needed to feel the hot meat of that throbbing prick moving through the soft wetness of his salivating orifice. He looked at his beautiful reflection sucking the thick cock of the muscular guard and his own erection began to drip with precum.

“Good little sissy,” the guard said again, one hand in Ting's soft hair, one hand holding his own rock-hard prick as he pressed it deeper into Ting's hungry little mouth. The cock pressed against Ting's narrow throat and Ting felt a deep calm wash over him. His throat opened and the fat, warm dick slid easily in. Ting looked up at the guard as he deep-throated the man's cock and was instantly rewarded by the look of pleasure on the man's handsome face. He really was a good little sissy, wasn't he? He felt so proud, his mouth salivating across the throbbing shaft as the guard began to fuck his small, pretty face.

The guard moved both hands to Ting's soft hair, holding the sissy's head in place as he began to pound away at that small, wet mouth. Ting didn't know how he could take that rough face fucking so easily without the slightest hint of gagging, but it felt easy and natural. He looked at his sexy reflection, kneeling on the floor like a hooker, his slender, hairless body contrasted by the guard's muscular and hairy thighs. One of Ting's small hands gently stroked the guard's beautiful balls while the other gently stroked his own small penis.

Ting's moment of bliss was suddenly interrupted as the guard pulled his wonderful cock from between Ting's lips. The guard jerked him to his feet by his soft, black hair and pushed him over to a counter. Ting didn't even think about resisting the massive guard's powerful grip. He just surrendered to the man as he was savagely bent over the nearest counter. Ting was bent over a cool, white tile countertop, staring directly into his own face reflected in the mirror. He was almost kissing himself as he looked into his own dark, almond shaped eyes. Ting's erection was pressed against the cold tile, throbbing beneath his own weight as the guard placed his massive hands on Ting's soft little ass-cheeks and spread them wide.

Ting wasn't sure if he was a virgin or not, but he could remember a sense of fullness, like a dream, filling him up and making him feel complete. "Please," he whimpered. "Please fuck me." Whether it was a dream or a memory or just his own imagination, Ting needed to feel that sensation inside him. "Please sir. Please fuck my ass."

The guard laughed. "That's sweet. You usually beg me not to. I think I'm going to miss that."

Ting whimpered. He humped his little body back and forth, feeling his own small penis rub against the tile. "Please," he continued to beg. "Pretty please... I need it."

Finally, Ting felt the hot, throbbing head of the guard's cock pressing against his tight, brown hole. He gasped as the hard meat pushed past his opening and into the tender flesh inside him. It was like a bolt of hot steel, pressing into his soft, weak little body, making him writhe with both pleasure and intense pain. "Oh fuck," he whimpered. "Oh fuck. Yes."

The guard placed one of his massive hands on Ting's impossibly tiny

waist while the other grabbed a handful of the beautiful black hair that draped down Ting's slender brown back. "Let me know if I hurt you," he told the delicate little sissy. "It's not going to make me stop. I just like to know."

The guard then slammed his massive cock deep into Ting's bowels, filling him with deep pleasure and hot, throbbing pain. Ting whimpered like the little bitch he was as the guard rocked his hips back and forth, pumping Ting's little, round ass savagely.

"It hurts," Ting whimpered. "Oh fuck it hurts."

The guard just fucked him harder, slamming against him with the full weight of a six foot, muscle-bound frame. "Take it bitch," the guard said. "Take it, you little bimbo whore." The man grunted with animalistic intensity as he pummeled away at Ting's small body.

The pain shot through Ting's core, his asshole raw and burning as the fat meat moved back and forth across it. But Ting's dick tingled, hard and throbbing against the tile counter. His prostate began to flutter with a deep vibration in time with the pumping of the rock-hard cock moving inside him. Ting felt suddenly overwhelmed by the feeling of fullness and completion that the man's dick gave him. He realized it hadn't been his imagination, as he also realized that his ass was made to be fucked. The intense pain began to soften and the soft pleasure began to sharpen as Ting realized he was made to be used by real men. He looked at his beautiful face in the mirror, made even prettier by the ecstasy the real man's massive cock gave him. He could see the man's muscular chest flexing in the reflection behind him, feel the man's powerful grip against his waist, and feel the tightness against his scalp as the man pulled at his long, black hair. He could feel the counter top rubbing against his own prick, jacking him off as the man's hips and hand pushed and jerked his little body back and forth like an Asian ragdoll.

Ting tried to kiss his beautiful reflection but he couldn't reach so he stuck out his little pink tongue. Every time the guard pushed him forward with a savage thrust of the hips, Ting's wet tongue pressed against the tongue of his enchanting reflection.

The guard grunted. "Fuck yes... you hot little bimbo. Kiss yourself you stupid whore."

Ting eagerly licked the tongue of his sexy reflection, staring into his

own beautiful eyes as the guard's massive cock penetrated deep inside him, touching the depth of his tender little sissy cunt. Suddenly it all hit him at once, all the sensations and all the beautiful reflections of his slutty new body surrounding him all became too much and his whole body began to explode with a powerful orgasm. Deep inside his ass the vibrations of his prostate throbbed and radiated, filling his body with a deep and intense explosion of ecstasy as his small hairless balls tightened and he began to fire hot streaks of jizz against the cool white tile and his own concave little tummy.

Ting only had a moment to bask in the intensity of his orgasm before he felt the guard's hot cock being jerked out of his tight hole. He felt suddenly hollow and desperate for cock and he looked back at the guard with pleading eyes. The guard jerked Ting back by his hair and then pushed him down to his knees on the floor. Ting opened his hungry, wet little mouth and stared at the fat prick in front of his face. He wanted to wrap his plump red lips around it, but the guard held him back.

The guard was jerking his fat cock in front of Ting's pretty face as he told the little sissy, "I'm going to mark you bitch. I'm going to mark your little whore face. Open your mouth you vacant little sex toy. Open wide and eat while you can."

Ting looked up at him with compliant, submissive eyes and the guard groaned as he began to cum on Ting's pretty, Asian face. The first wad of creamy white cum splattered against Ting's forehead, dripping down into one of his dark eyes. Ting closed one eye and caught the second wad of salty cum in his mouth, tasting the delicious flavor of a real man as streams of cum splattered across his small, feminine face.

The guard groaned with pleasure as he emptied his balls all over the soft skin of Ting's face.

When the guard's orgasm was complete and he stood panting and looking down at Ting, Ting smiled at the guard, feeling happy and proud. "Did I do good sir?" he asked.

The guard didn't answer. He just laughed as he pulled up his pants. He took a hypodermic needle out of his pocket and held it in front of Ting's cum splattered face. "Where do you want it this time?" he asked.

Ting just looked at the needle with confusion. The guard shrugged

and took the needle, poking it into Ting's slender brown neck. Ting's eyes turned up and he fell unconscious on the clean tile floor.

Ting opened his eyes. He was on some kind of medical table in a small, concrete room. He felt weak and confused. He had lost his sense of time in the past few weeks. He knew he had been drugged and was being subjected sessions of hypnosis. Dreams and hypnosis and reality all blended together so he couldn't tell what experiences had been real and what had been imagined.

Had he really blown and then been ass-fucked by a muscular guard with a massive, beautiful cock? Had he eagerly tasted the man's salty sperm as it shot all over his face?

The leather bindings on the table felt incredibly tight against his soft, feminine skin. He could move his arms below the elbow and he reached up to feel his chest, which pulsed with soreness. His hands came to soft, tender skin. Ting looked down, just realizing now in his hazy and confused state that he had been given a set of huge, gorgeous implants. He wanted to scream from the horror, but he also couldn't resist exploring them with his small, soft hands. They were beautiful and utterly flawless. How many times had he lied in bed and fantasized about being with a girl who had tits like these? In spite of their tenderness, he squeezed them gently and his dick began to tingle and swell.

He couldn't resist reaching down and touching the erection growing between his soft, feminine thighs. One hand pressing against his big, firm tits, feeling the hard pink nipples poking against his skin, he closed his eyes and began to jack himself off.

Tranny Gangbang Nurse

Ting looked at his slender Asian body in the mirror as he adjusted his tight little nurse's uniform. His big, artificial breasts were pressed tightly down by the thin white fabric and, without wearing a bra he felt like his big, full breasts would pop out the top with every movement. But of course, bras and panties weren't part of the uniform for nurses at this hospital. He tugged at the bottom of his skin tight dress, trying to cover his curved brown ass cheeks but it was hopeless. His soft little dick was pushed up, and you could clearly see its impression through the taught white fabric just above his crotch.

He pulled his long, silky black hair back into a loose ponytail and tied it back with a piece of pink ribbon before putting on his nurse's cap. He stared at his reflection in the mirror and for a second couldn't recognize himself. He was pretty; breathtaking actually... but something seemed off. "Who are you?" his delicate little voice asked the reflection.

A voice in his mind, sounding like the voice of some beautiful American woman rolled through his mind. "You're Ting. The eager little nurse whose job it is to drain patients of all their stress and take all their aggressions. You're good at it and it gives you great pleasure to degrade yourself at the feet of powerful and aggressive men."

Was that true? Ting couldn't imagine a voice as lovely as that could possibly tell him a lie, so he adjusted his big boobs once more, verified his bright red lipstick was smear proof, and walked out of his concrete cell to go to work.

Ting walked into a room full of middle aged men. They were smoking and drinking on couches and overstuffed chairs that were spread out through the room. There was medical equipment, but it looked as if it had all been pushed to the sides to allow more furniture. The men were all drunk and happy. For a moment Ting wondered what kind of hospital this could be that allowed smoking and seemed more concerned with seating than medicine, but he dismissed the strange misgivings quickly as he felt the heat of all those men's eyes glaring at his curved Asian body.

"Look," said someone. "The whore is here."

Ting took a breath to steady his trembling nerves and began to explain. "I'm a nurse, an aggression therapist actually..."

"You can skip the play acting," The man said. "We don't care about the fantasy. We just picked this off the menu because you look hot in your nurse's dress."

Ting just stared with a dim, confused look on his pretty face. He couldn't wrap his mind around what that man was saying, but he did feel happy that the man thought he looked hot. He did a little curtsy and swayed slightly side to side with a flirty hitch in his hips, enjoying everyone's attention.

Another man spoke up, "It's not play acting Tim. She really believes it. The little bimbo had her mind erased and replaced with the script to a fucking porno."

Everyone in the room was laughing except for Tim, who was looking at Ting with raw animal lust. "Okay then, therapist," he said. "Get over here and drain my aggression."

Ting walked up to him and knelt in front of the chair he was sitting on. "I find it helps to begin with a leg massage," Ting said, fighting back an intense feeling of Deja-vu. "Can I take off your pants, Sir?"

"You're the doctor," the man said and joined his buddies in their laughter.

Ting reached up and began to unbuckle the man's belt, pulling his pants down with a slow, easy motion as he pressed his tits against the man's leg and arched his back, feeling the coarse hair of the man's leg against his feather soft, feminine skin. Ting spread the man's knees apart and moved like a dog between his legs. Ting's full round ass peeked out from under the dress as his soft butt pushed up into the air. All eyes were on Ting, and he couldn't help but show off, letting his gorgeous little ass sway back and forth as he pressed his soft face up Tim's thigh. Ting breathed in the smell of powerful, masculine balls as he pressed his lips to the man's sack, kissing delicately.

Tim watched, his slack cock starting to rise from its resting place on his hairy white thigh, beginning to swell with blood. "Fuck," he said. "I still can't believe you used to be a boy. You are the hottest little whore I've ever

seen.”

Ting blushed. In spite of clearly explaining to him that he wasn't a whore, he still felt like it was a misguided complement. “Thank you sir,” he said, then ran his soft hands up and down Tim's thigh's gently messaging the pale skin. Tim sighed and said, “Great ass and great hands. I wonder how good that mouth is...”

Tim's cock was fully erect, slightly curving and throbbing in front of Ting's pretty Asian face. Ting's mouth watered to look at it. He had no idea what it was about a real man's cock that filled his little sissy mouth with such an incredible hunger, but he was salivating drool as he leaned forward and wrapped his pillow soft lips around the rock-hard shaft. Tim moaned as his dick slipped into Ting's small, wet mouth. “Oh fuck,” he said. “Oh fuck. That is a great little mouth.”

Ting looked up at the man's face and moved his mouth up and down the hot shaft of meat. The man tasted powerful and strong and Ting could feel his own penis stirring under the tight fabric of his little white dress.

Tim moaned as Ting picked up speed, bobbing his head over Tim's lap, silky black ponytail starting to bounce energetically. “Shit,” Tim said. “I don't know if it's because you were a boy, or because you're some kind of mindless zombie fuck-bimbo, but this is the best head I've ever gotten.”

Ting felt the heat of a blush in his face as his own erection throbbed against his feather-soft skin under the tight nurse's dress. He felt the fabric stretched against his small rock-hard erection, pressing it tightly down.

Ting slurped loudly up and down Tim's hard cock as the other men in the room began to gather around, watching. Ting looked around with his thin, dark eyes, watching the men stripping as they surrounded him. He sucked faster, drool dripping down Tim's fat shaft to his hairy balls.

“Oh yes,” Tim said. “Oh yes. That's a good whore. That's a good zombie, bimbo whore.”

Ting's head bounced steadily up and down, soft lips locked tight against the throbbing contours of Tim's hard shaft.

A large hand cupped one of Ting's small ass cheeks, squeezing roughly his Ting's head bobbed over Tim's lap. Ting squeezed his soft lips

tighter against Tim's pole, tongue caressing him, his curved cock pressing down Ting's throat. The sound of Ting throating the big cock filled the room. The crowd was silent. The only noises were Ting's wet mouth slipping up and down Tim's throbbing cock, and Tim's voice moaning softly.

More hands were touching Ting's feminine body. Large, masculine hands rubbed and squeezed him. His dress slipped or was pulled down slightly, letting his big tits slip free of their confinement. Those big, beautiful breasts swayed gently back and forth as Ting's head bobbed up and down over Tim's pole. More hands groped Ting's surgically enhanced body, touching his small, round ass, his big, gently swaying tits, his long dark hair, his slender thighs and his clearly defined ribcage and tiny waist, his full curving hips. Hands were all over his gorgeous little body as Tim's fat dick pulsed in his mouth.

"Oh fuck," Tim Said. "Oh fuck. I'm going to cum."

Ting sucked faster, eager to complete his work, eager to taste the salty evidence of a job well done. As men touched Ting and groped him and pinched him, rubbing their hard dicks against his soft skin, Tim grabbed Ting's small head, fingers woven into his soft black hair. Tim began to fire his hot semen into Ting's wet little mouth. Ting gulped it down eagerly, tasting Tim's manly aggression bleeding out, drinking down the powerful masculinity that the needy little sissy could never otherwise possess. Ting savored the incredible flavor of salty manhood, then, when Tim's heavy balls had been fully unloaded, he sat back on his knees and looked around at the crowd of men surrounding him.

"Anyone else feeling unwell?" Ting asked.

Hard cocks were pushed at his beautiful young face and Ting began to kiss them one after the other, smiling teasingly up at their middle-aged owners while he reached out and began to stroke the pricks nearest to his hands. Two cocks were pushed against his bright red lips and Ting opened wide to let both the purple heads slip into his wet mouth. The twin cocks angled in towards each other, bumping into each other as they were pushed across the surface of Ting's lips. Ting let his little pink tongue work under them and between them as they rubbed against each other in Ting's mouth. Hands groped his tits and played with his asshole. Men jacked themselves off all around the gorgeous little feminized Asian doll.

Ting was roughly positioned onto his hands and knees as men played with his soft hair and slender body. When the first cock was pushed into Ting's tight asshole, Ting let out a broken whimper, causing all the cocks in the room to twitch with excitement. The feeling of that hot meat filling up Ting's skinny little ass, stretching his tight opening wide and invading the soft flesh of his colon overwhelmed Ting, making him forget everything for a moment. The tremendous heat of that wonderful cock filling him up inside made Ting feel weak, shuddering as the cock plowed through his delicate flesh and claimed the space inside his slender little body.

That diamond hard cock pressed back and forth deep inside him, fucking him with a rough, pounding beat, hands tight on his tiny little waist. The man fucking him was indifferent to his simpering cries as he took ownership of Ting's soft, round ass. The twin cocks that had been in Ting's mouth now hovered in front of his beautiful, pain filled face, and they simultaneously began to erupt, shooting slick, white cream all over Ting's brown face.

Ting's mouth opened involuntarily, his tongue sticking out without his consent so that he could taste more salty semen as it was sprayed across his flawless skin. His tongue was rewarded with twin sprays of hot cum. Ting savored the overpowering taste and the heavy scent of semen as wad after wad of hot white jizz splattered against his pretty face and open mouth. He felt a little shiver of strange joy, knowing that he had pleased two older men enough to empty their dangling balls across his face. A moment later, as Ting still waited with tongue extended, white cream and drool dripping down it, his mouth was suddenly invaded by a new cock. A fat, throbbing erection forced its way into Ting's small mouth and down his narrow, sissy throat. Ting accepted the new cock with an eager thrill, as his skinny ass continued to get drilled from behind.

Ting could hear men stroking their cocks all around his gorgeous little body as he got impaled at both ends. He could smell cum and heavy ball sweat as men pressed their swollen cock-heads against his soft, pretty skin. Hot, throbbing cocks pressed against the sides of Ting's face and his soft, black hair. They lay, thick and warm across his narrow back, resting against the soft cloth of his slutty nurse's dress. Ting's nipples were being twisted, his ass pinched, his face caressed.

Soon the cocks inside him were blowing their hot, salty loads deep into Ting's thirsty mouth and hungry asshole, filling him with potent, masculine seed. Ting shuddered with joy at having pleased another set of men, just in time to have two new dicks slammed roughly into his small holes.

The men using Ting's skinny, curved body began to fall into a rhythm, taking turns using his tight ass and pretty mouth. Ting knelt on his hands and knees, ass extended and ready for use, mouth raised and open, always ready for fresh cock, as dick after dick drilled him in both holes.

Ting felt the warmth of attention wash over him as semen filled him up and oozed out of him. He felt warm and accepted as cock after beautiful cock drilled him ruthlessly. The men jacking off over him sprayed their cum down on his skin, showering him in filth and affection. His little sissy mind began to fire off powerful chemicals, filling his consciousness with warm euphoria as cock after cock was pressed into his mouth and ass. Load after load of creamy jizz was fired across his flawless mocha skin, and deep into his savaged sphincter. His mouth was oozing with salty cream, but still fresh erections were pushed into it for a turn at his used tranny mouth.

Ting closed his eyes and focused on the sensation of the big cock that was drilling inside his cum slick asshole. The deep, soul splitting pain of that savage pumping radiated inside him. The pain was matched only by the pleasure deep in his core, as his innermost slut drew closer and closer to orgasm. Every thrust of that monstrous cock felt like it was going to destroy him, but still it drew in and out, over and over, pumping him with steady indifference as his own hard dick throbbed helplessly in his tight little dress.

Ting curved his ass up even more, granting even more access to his raw, ravaged hole.

Ting's throat was also overwhelmed with the sensation of sweaty, middle-aged cock. His mouth made a wet, groaning noise as the fat shaft moved across his slutty red lips and the throbbing head pressed in and out of his narrow throat. He could feel every contour of both of those hard, powerful cocks as they moved in unison, back and forth inside him. Hot cum continued to fly across Ting's body, splattering the perfect skin of his bare shoulders and breasts, clotting up in his lustrous black hair, painting his pretty Asian face, and staining his slutty white uniform.

Ting's beautiful doll body was rocked savagely back and forth as it was pummeled by those two, rock hard erections. Ting's mocha skin glistened with semen and his black ponytail was wet with it, turning it into a slimy whip. Ting didn't want to enjoy it. He felt that somehow, someway, this wasn't who he was, but every inch of his skin radiated with pleasure and his mind was like a ball of electric excitement, firing messages to his prostate, his tongue and his dick. He didn't want this. He fucking needed it. For some reason he couldn't comprehend he needed to be drilled with cock while he knelt on all fours like a desperate tranny whore.

His whole body began to radiate as his mouth and ass moved across the rigid surface of powerful cock. Ting felt like he was floating, only connected to the world by the sweaty dicks that moved inside him, keeping him from drifting away as he became light. The fat cocks both began to fire their jizz deep inside him, filling him with warm sticky heaven as his body exploded in a deep, anal orgasm. It was an orgasm that transcended his tiny balls, as his own desperate erection continued to throb with unsatisfied need.

The semen moved deep inside him, firing down his throat and up his ass with comforting warmth and thrilling pressure. Ting could feel the men's potent seed moving through him like they owned his body, claiming every crevice inside him with thick, powerful slime. When those two cocks finished unloading inside him and slid out of his openings, he collapsed to the floor and rolled onto on his back as men continued to fire their semen over his slender, curved body.

Gorgeous streams of hot sperm fired down on his tits, coating his hard pink nipples with a salty shine. Ting opened his mouth and stuck out his tongue once more, catching whatever jizz splattered down to his still hungry mouth as he smiled, glowing in the intense afterglow of his orgasm.

Ting lay there for a long time, long after the men had all shot their loads, feeling the comforting blanket of creamy white semen that covered him. Finally he sat up and looked around. The men were all getting dressed, laughing and congratulating each other on a great gangbang, laughing about what a dirty little slut Ting was. Ting watched them for a long time, savoring their flavor and the afterglow of his own orgasm, his own penis still erect in his tight little uniform.

Finally Ting stood up. His thin brown legs felt a little weak and it

took him a moment to get his balance back, but when he did he teetered carefully across the room to the bathroom.

Ting walked up to the sink and turned on the faucet but he didn't wash. Instead he stared into the mirror, looking at the beautiful Asian face, splattered in cum. "Are you a mindless zombie fuck-bimbo?" he asked her. "Has your mind been wiped blank and replaced with a porn script?"

Ting would have felt ridiculous; talking to his own reflection in the mirror, except the beautiful Asian doll he saw reflected there spoke back.

"Does it matter?" the reflection said in her beautiful, soft voice. "Doesn't it feel good to surrender to it, whatever it is?"

Ting stared at his beautiful reflection, gazing into his own dark eyes shining out from his cum smeared face as he pulled up his dress, releasing his cock from the tight hug of the nurse's uniform. Ting's reflection smiled pretty as he took his little dick into his hand and began to jack off.

Within minutes he was shooting his own wads of hot cum all over the reflection, staring at the beautiful Asian bimbo as he painted her with more cum. Then he leaned forward, stuck out his tongue and helped her lick it all up.

Tgirl Bride Forced Black

Jen opened his eyes and looked around the room. His long, blonde hair tickled his slender, feminine shoulders as he sat up. He couldn't remember where he was. He let his eyes adjust to the room and seeing nothing to jog his memory, looked down at his young, supple body. He was naked, sitting on a medical table, his slender, girlish body covered in goose bumps from a cold breeze blowing into the cell from the corridor. The pink nipples crowning his beautiful, full breasts were hard as diamond and pointing out across the room. His slender penis was soft and tucked down against his hairless crotch. His legs were long and elegant like a model and he couldn't resist running his fingertips over the taut tan skin of his perfectly formed, slender thighs.

Was this who he was? Was this what he had always been? He couldn't remember. He could hear the sharp tapping sound of high heeled shoes strolling down the hallway, marching past the lines of cells towards his and his penis stirred slightly with expectation, although he had no idea what to expect.

He watched the doorway, holding his breath, waiting to see the elegant woman who owned the shoes that made that powerful, confident sound. His dick twitched with every click of those heels down that long, dark corridor.

When she finally stepped into the room, Jen's heart flushed with deep and powerful affection. She was real. The beautiful woman who haunted all his dreams was real.

Tanya Payne walked confidently into the room like a fresh dose of much needed oxygen. Tanya was full bodied with delicious flowing curves, commanding the small cement room. The radiant blonde was at least six foot tall without counting her heels and she stood straight and proud with confidence and authority, looking at him like he was a curious insect.

"Hello Mistress," Jen's small voice droned. His brain felt empty and his body felt hollow, both waiting to be filled.

"Hello Sweetie," Tanya purred. "Are you ready to go to work?"

Jen nodded and then reluctantly voiced a question. It seemed like a ridiculous question, but he knew that somehow, Tanya would understand. “Who am I?” he asked.

“Close your eyes,” Tanya said in a beautiful, melodic voice. “Close your eyes and picture a mirror...”

Tanya’s hypnotic voice led him on a wonderful journey through his blank, pretty, little mind. Her voice began reminding him who he was so that when he stared into the mirror he saw himself: a slender blonde, rich skin shining with a youthful glow. His brilliant blue eyes looked seductive and lustful as he smiled a charming smile. He wore a beautiful wedding gown with a tight, lace bodice and plunging neckline showing off his full, gorgeous cleavage. It was a very traditional gown except for the extreme shortness of it. Jen supposed that was the style. As a virgin, sissy bride, he knew he had to be very stylish.

“Tell me who you are,” Tanya purred.

“I’m the luckiest girl in the world. I just married the man of my dreams. It was a beautiful ceremony.”

“Are you ready for your wedding night?” Tanya asked.

“Of course,” Jen said. “I’m ready to make my love happy. I’m ready to do anything he wants.”

Tanya smiled, feeling a rush of wicked pleasure as her reprogrammed little sissy slave vowed to perform any act for the man he had never met, but imagined himself to be head over heels in love with. “Good girl,” Tanya said, petting the dumb little doll’s hair softly. Tanya nodded at a guard who led Jen off towards the playroom, a copy of a luxurious honeymoon suite, while she herself went towards her office to watch the entire thing on camera.

Jen entered the room wearing what was basically the stripper version of a wedding dress. His beautiful blue eyes shown with love and devotion as he stared at the wiry, middle aged man sitting naked on a comfortable, overstuffed chair across from the front door.

“Hello Sweetheart,” Jen’s delicate little voice purred. He looked at the man’s boney, ungroomed body with excitement. “You look so handsome,

Tom.”

“Oh Darling,” Tom replied, licking his thin lips. “You look like your right out of a porno.”

Jen blushed. “Is that a good thing, Sweetie?”

“Take off the dress,” Tom said with a smile.

Jen shyly began to strip out of his wedding gown. He let the luxurious lace folds collapse to the floor and stood there in his bridal lingerie, slender ankles swaying in tall white pumps. He wore sheer nylons that had a soft, white tint ending at his slender naked thighs. His small crotch was covered in cream colored, silken panties and he wore a tight bustier that pushed his beautiful, artificial breasts up and out. His throat was covered in a little silver choker that said “Sissy Bride”. Jen’s face, augmented and tattooed to look like a natural bimbo, was decorated with minimal makeup, highlighting his youthful, optimistic glow.

Tom’s thin, little prick swelled as he looked his imaginary bride up and down. “Do you love me?” he asked.

Jen nodded excitedly. “Yes husband,” he said.

“How much?” Tom asked.

“More than anything,” Jen replied.

“What wouldn’t you do to please me?” Tom said as he took his dick in his hand and began to softly stroke himself, staring at the beautiful young transgender doll.

Jen looked inside his tiny, broken mind and saw that there was nothing he wouldn’t do for this man, this beautiful love of his life. “I would do anything,” Jen promised.

“Markus,” Tom said.

One of the guards at the compound, a massive black man who stood almost seven foot tall and was hugely built with a broad chest and thick, muscular arms walked out of another room, his frighteningly massive cock swinging between his powerful ebony thighs. He leered at Jen with an ugly, gap toothed grin.

Jen hugged himself nervously. “Who is this?” he asked his new,

loving husband.

“This is the man that’s going to fuck you tonight,” Tom answered. Jen’s eyes went wide with shock and Tom added, “Perhaps fuck you isn’t the right word; more like completely own your every hole.” Tom was still softly jerking his cock as he looked back and forth between the trembling blonde sissy and the massive black guard.

“I don’t want to sleep with anyone but you,” Jen pleaded softly.

“I know,” Tom said. “That’s how I had you programmed.”

Jen looked at Tom with confusion in his bright, blue eyes, not able to make any sense out of what he had just said.

“Do you love me?” Tom asked again.

Jen looked with terror at the huge black man leering back at him. Marcus stared at Jen’s tiny body with horrible, animal lust. “Please don’t make me...”

“I’m not going to make you,” Tom said. “If you really loved me, I wouldn’t have to.”

Jen’s gorgeous face had tears running down it as he nodded his pretty head up and down. “Yes Sweetheart,” he said reluctantly. “Of course I’ll do it. I’d do anything for you; anything you ask. I’m yours.”

Tom smiled lovingly and Marcus laughed with cruel intensity as he stepped up to the beautiful blonde sissy, towering over Jen’s diminutive frame. Jen’s whole body trembled and Tom stroked his erection faster, watching while Marcus reached up with a huge hand and gripped Jen’s tiny face. With a sudden burst of force Marcus shoved Jen by his face, sending the little sissy sprawling, landing hard on his soft round ass; one heel of his delicate pumps breaking.

Jen looked up at Marcus, his blue eye wet with fear then looked to Tom, pleading silently. Tom only smiled once more, nodding his head encouragingly. Jen swallowed and nodded back, making a reluctant little nod for ‘yes.’

Marcus stepped up to the sissy and grabbed him by the soft blonde hair, pulling him roughly to his knees. Marcus took his huge, still soft cock in

his hand and dangled it in front of Jen's pretty face.

Jen tried to hold his breath and squeeze his eyes shut, turning his face slightly but Marcus slapped him across the face with his huge, limp cock. Jen gasped as the hot, black meat whipped across his tender white flesh. "Make it hard," Marcus demanded.

"Oh yes," Tom moaned, stroking himself. "Oh yes, Sweetie. Make it hard. Show me what a good little wife you're going to be and make that big, black cock nice and hard."

Jen felt his slender feminine body trembling uncontrollably as he reached up with one, soft little hand and wrapped his fingers around the thick black shaft. He closed his eyes and leaned forward, pressing his pretty red lips to the ebony flesh of the man's dick. The smell of pungent cock filled Jen's nostrils as he opened his small mouth and pressed it to the side of Marcus's rod. Jen moved his open mouth up and down the side of Marcus's soft prick, his little pink tongue, and soft red lips making delicate contact with the swelling pole.

"That's it," Tom said. "That's a good little wife. Open your eyes. Look at me while you make him hard."

Jen opened his eyes, his long eyelashes batting as he stared at his beloved husband, his wet little mouth moving back and forth along the dark flesh of the huge man's dick. Marcus's hand ran through Jen's lustrous hair as he stared down at Jen's pretty face. Marcus was drooling; a wet line of spit running down from his lower lip to land on Jen's forehead, but Jen ignored it. Jen stared at the man he loved while the heavy cock hardened against his lips.

Jen's whole body was trembling with fear. Marcus's throbbing black cock was fully, impressively hard now. Fully erect it was as fat as a beer can and three times as long. Marcus pulled Jen's face back by the hair and pointed that massive rod at his full, red lips, pressing the swollen tip against Jen's mouth. Marcus's horrible voice grunted, "Time to suck it whore."

Tom's sweet voice rang in Jen's ear. "He's right Darling. It's time for you to suck it. Open that sweet little mouth and suck it."

"It's too big," Jen pleaded. "I'm not sure if it will fit."

Marcus sighed impatiently and grabbed Jen firmly by the crown of his delicate skull with one of his monstrous hands. He held Jen in position as his other hand reached down, gripping Jen's chin between his thumb and first finger. There was a sharp pain as Marcus squeezed the tranny's soft flesh between his coarse fingers and pulled Jen's Jaw down, guiding his mouth open wide. Jen felt as if his jaw had been unhinged and sharp pain moved through his face as Marcus pushed his hips forward, but Jen also felt a strange sense of comfort, giving up control of his face to the superior man. "Guide it in whore," Marcus growled as his fat cock poked her skin.

Tom moaned. "Oh yes Sweetie. Yes. Guide that big black cock into your sweet little mouth."

Jen looked at her husband and saw pleasure and excitement on his face. His own face was uncomfortably contorted, jaw stretched wide, strong fingers digging into his tender skin. Jen turned his pretty blue eyes to stare back at the huge monster leering over him. He gave the man a soft, submissive glare and swallowed as best he could with his mouth stretched open.

Jen brought his shaking hands to the fat black dick hovering in front of his face and began to guide it towards his wet, contorted mouth. The heat of the black cock radiated against her lips and tongue before they even made contact with the bulging black flesh. As the fat tool pushed into her mouth, the taste of the sweaty black flesh was overpowering. Jen felt his whole-body flush with a strange, intense pleasure even as he began to cry with shame. Marcus pushed his throbbing meat deeper into Jen's pretty mouth, and Tom continued to masturbate as he watched.

"Suck it whore," Marcus demanded.

"Suck it darling," Tom moaned.

Jen did his best to suck the massive beast that his face was stretched around. Drool ran down the corners of his mouth and his whole body heaved with gags as the huge rod poked the back of his throat. Jen felt messy and filthy and utterly used as Marcus steadily pumped his hips, pushing his cock back and forth in Jen's tight, salivating mouth. "Stroke it," he commanded. "Stroke my shaft while you suck me, stupid bitch."

"Oh yes Sweetheart," Tom moaned. "Oh yes. Be a good girl. Be a

good little wife and stroke that big fat dick while you're sucking it. Make me proud Darling. Show me I married a good little cocksucker."

Jen began to move his hands back and forth along the base of Marcus's long prick, tears still running down his pretty face. Jen looked at his own delicate hands moving across the throbbing girth of the ebony cock and he had a sudden, strange thought. He wondered, for just a split second, why he wasn't wearing a wedding ring, and then he quickly pushed it out of his mind, and focused his attention back on trying to please his husband by servicing the monstrous dick of some anonymous black man.

The cock pressed back and forth across Jen's forced open lips, black flesh wet with drool and tears. Jen felt like an object, a sex doll to be borrowed from its owner; but his hands did look beautiful wrapped around a black man's fat pole. He imagined he must look sexy there, on his knees. He relaxed his slender throat as the fat cock rammed it. The filthy noise of the rod moving in and out of Jen's wet mouth filled the room. The heavy masculine smell of Marcus's body and the gentle moaning of Jen's new husband overwhelmed Jen's senses as he stroked the fat cock with both hands timed to the movement of his ruined lips.

"I think she's ready," Tom said. "I think she's ready for you to take that sweet little ass."

Marcus pulled his fat cock from between Jen's pretty lips and stared down at him. "Is that right little whore?" he asked. "Are you ready to have that tight ass demolished?"

Jen was about to shake his head no, holding his aching jaw in his hand, the lingering taste of the powerful black man still throbbing in his mouth, but he looked at that amazing, black meat and his slender body radiated with strange, confusing need. Without planning it, Jen swallowed hard and nodded his head 'yes'.

Marcus laughed and walked slowly around behind the kneeling sissy. He grabbed Jen's tiny hips with his massive hands and jerked hard so that Jen was pulled roughly to rest on hands and knees.

Tom licked his lips as he watched with anticipation. Jen looked at his new husband, sitting back in the overstuffed chair and stroking his erect cock and then Jen looked back over his slender shoulder to see Marcus, the

monstrous giant kneeling behind him with a fat black snake clutched in his massive fist.

Marcus didn't bother stripping the slender blonde tranny. He just pulled Jen's bridal panties aside to reveal a tight, hairless asshole and plunged his fat black cock roughly into the sissy bride's tender young opening.

Jen's body thrashed as the huge cock tore into his flesh, stretching his asshole wide and ramming deep into his sphincter. The tears of shame from before turned into tears of brutal pain. But there was a feeling of fullness and completion inside him as that fat cock expanded his tight colon. Jen felt himself whimper with unexpected pleasure. Marcus slammed his fat, black cock mercilessly back and forth inside Jen's soft, warm hole as Tom frantically jacked himself faster and faster, licking his lips as he watched the little blonde get rammed. Marcus's huge hands eclipsed Jen's slender, surgically modified waist as he jerked the dainty t-girl around like a piece of trash. "Take it," Marcus grunted as he impaled Jen's soft crevice. "Take it deep in your tight little asshole."

"You look so beautiful," Tom said, stroking himself as he watched. "You look so beautiful getting that sweet little body used by big, black cock. If only you could see it. If only you could see your soft skin getting impaled by fat cock, you would love it too."

The fat head of Marcus's cock filled Jen up so completely it was impossible to think of anything besides the heavy contours of it, moving back and forth inside him. Jen closed his eyes, that huge, gorgeous cock owning his mind and deepest imagination as well as his tiny feminine body. He whimpered softly with ecstasy, feeling his own little cock begin to swell.

Tanya watched with sudden interest as she noticed something. Jen had been programmed to hate every minute of her brutal ass-pounding; but staring into the pretty sissy's sweat-covered face Tanya could see the tell-tale signs of deep, primal pleasure. Her pretty little doll, it seemed, couldn't resist the deep, primal call of his little sissy body to serve powerful black cock. Jen's voice began to whimper softly, the cries of pain turning into high whimpers of ecstasy. Tanya looked between the doll's slender thighs and saw a bulge throbbing in the cream colored bridal panties.

Marcus was groaning at the little sissy, "I'm going to cum inside you,

bitch. I'm going to fill your little sissy boy-cunt full of black semen. I'm going to make you a black man's bitch forever, little whore." Marcus pounded the little doll savagely, groaning as his balls began to explode into the pretty blonde's tight ass.

Tom stood up at that moment, groaning as he stepped up to where Jen was panting on the floor. Tom stood over the sissy bride who was kneeling on hands and knees, slender body getting roughly penetrated. "Yes," Tom groaned, stroking his erection furiously. "Oh yes." Tom let out one more guttural groan before he began to cum, exploding hot squirts of Jizz all over Jen's pretty face.

As the warm feeling of another man's semen splattering against his soft feminine skin registered on Jen's surprised face, Jen cried out. The sound of Jen's high pitched whimper was so full of ecstasy that even Tanya felt an electric thrill move through her body. As Tom sprayed hot cum into Jen's face, and Marcus fired thick ejaculate into Jen's ass, Jen rocked his hips and opened his eager mouth while he too began to cum, exploding a sticky wet puddle into his silken panties.

As the thick black cock was pulled out of Jen's tight little ass, Jen eagerly spun around to suck it.

Tanya turned off the monitor she had been watching the camera on. She felt like her skin was suddenly alive with excitement and building need. She walked over to her phone and called the extension for Bridgett, her gorgeous little tranny assistant.

"Come to my office," she said. "And wear something pretty."

Gurl Scout Cookies

Adam didn't really know what to expect. The company had sent him here as a reward for landing the Maxwell contract, but the only thing his manager would say about this place was that he would have the time of his life. When he asked his coworkers, they either laughed knowingly and said, "have fun," or they looked at him with utter confusion. He knew the place was a closely guarded secret and a highly coveted resort, but he couldn't imagine what the secret could possibly be. He had been flown to the small island by a private plane. There was a town, more like a village really, that was in the area around the airstrip. As he was packed into a limousine and driven to the other side of the island he noticed that this little island even had its own flag.

And a strange flag it was. It was a pink flag with the black silhouette of a well-proportioned naked woman with butterfly wings extending from her back. Her shackled hands were raised up to the sky in a pleading gesture that made Adam's dick stir slightly. On the far side of the island he was driven into a tunnel that opened up at the side of a mountain like a supervillain's lair. Once inside the mountain he was in what appeared to be a parking garage where he was led to an elevator that plummeted him deep underground. He was then led to this strange little room that looked exactly like a very nice, but utterly typical hotel suite.

When he asked the beautiful Amazonian blonde who ran the place questions she just smiled and told him, "Don't worry about a thing, Mr. Conner. Your company has paid for everything and chosen all the details. All you have to do is relax and enjoy." He was then just left here. He didn't know what to expect, but he figured there must be some kind of party planned for later, so he jumped into the shower for a quick rinse. At 31, Adam was a rising star in his company, and his fit, toned and masculine physique was part of his draw. He knew that everyone liked to be around a fit, powerful alpha male who didn't lord his superiority over them, but simply allowed them to enjoy it. That was what made him so good at sales. It didn't matter what he was selling, he was really selling the chance to agree with him, and think like him, and be part of his success story. He didn't feel the need to do more than wrap a towel around his hips when, just out of the shower; there was a knock on the front door.

He opened the door and saw two girls standing in front of him: A gorgeous blonde and a stunning Asian. They both wore their hair in cute pigtailed and had youthful, pretty faces. They both had full, pouting lips and long lashes as they stared at him through clear, pretty eyes. They both had impressive racks for such slender girls, their proud, firm breasts giving them each a bimbo-like appearance. The impression was reinforced by what they were wearing. They each wore the stripper version of a girl-scout uniform: low cut tops showing their ample cleavage, short little skirts showing their long, slender legs, their luscious curves squeezed into tiny swathes of plain brown fabric. They each had a sash across their bodies, decorated with merit badges. They wore little black Mary-Jane shoes and had knee high white socks. They each had very similar tattoos of naked fairies on their flat, exposed midriffs.

“Hello?” Adam asked the young girl’s smiling faces.

The blonde stepped forward. “My girl-scout troop is selling cookies to raise money for... to raise money. Can you please help?”

Before Adam could speak the Asian girl stepped forward, slightly shoving her friend aside. She looked at him with an innocent face as she said, “My cookies are much better, sir.” She held up a box of thin mints in her small, brown hands. “Do you want to taste them?”

Adam chuckled softly. What an interesting little vacation this was going to be. He reached down and gently gripped the young Asian girl by the back of her slender neck and pulled her forward and up to her tippy toes as he hunched down and kissed her full, red lips. Her lips parted for him, exposing her wet little mouth and darting pink tongue as he kissed her roughly. He released his grip, letting her lower back down to her heels. He looked at the little blonde, who looked painfully neglected.

“My cookies are good too,” she said in an injured little voice.

He reached and grabbed her neck as well. The model-like blonde was tall and Adam barely had to stoop down to press his mouth to hers. She eagerly parted her lips and returned his hungry kiss with her own, needy mouth. He relaxed his grip on her and straightened up looking at both of the girls. They were beautiful and young, plastered with makeup and perfected with cosmetic surgery. “Fuck you girls are hot,” he said.

“We need to make a quota or our girl scout troop will get in trouble. If any of us don’t sell enough cookies our scout-mother will punish us,” the blonde said in a pleading little voice.

“Please. Whichever one of us doesn’t sell five boxes of cookies today is going to be in big, big trouble,” the Asian girl said, then moved forward and said with a fake whisper that the blonde could hear as perfectly clear as he could. “Please buy my cookies. Jen deserves to be punished.”

Jen gave the other girl a vicious look.

“Why don’t I buy both your cookies?” Adam offered, enjoying the fact that these young women wouldn’t break their fun, little-girl characters. “Then no one gets punished right?”

Both of the girls bright, clear young faces looked at him with joy so authentic it made his head swim. Where did they find whores that were such skilled actors?

“We would both be so grateful,” the Asian girl said.

“Yeah,” added the blonde in a purring voice. “I would be even more grateful than her.”

The Asian shot the little blonde a mean look and the blonde looked back at her with a taunting smile. They were about to start arguing but Adam laughed lightly.

“Alright now girls,” he said. “I’m sure we can find something much better to do with those pretty little cock holes than talk shit to each other.” Then, with a hand resting gently on the back of each of their slender necks, he guided their faces towards each other. As he pressed their faces together they instantly and enthusiastically began to kiss each other’s wet little mouths. He licked his lips watching the affectionate kiss the two young girls shared, and then he leaned down and joined them, intertwining his tongue into theirs. As they engaged in a wet, three-way kiss Adam let his hands fall to each of their tight round asses, squeezing them firmly under their tiny girl-scout skirts.

Finally Adam guided them into the room and closed the door behind them. He looked at them standing in his living room and ordered them in a soft voice to strip. The instantly obeyed, pulling off their slutty little uniforms

until they stood there completely naked. That's when Adam was dealt an incredible shock.

Adam looked at their gorgeous naked bodies, their tiny, slack little penises poking out from their soft, hairless little crotches. He was stunned and he couldn't speak. He had heard stories of tranny's and crossdressers who were completely passable, but in reality, when he saw them, he could always tell. There was always some detail, some subtle remainder, some lingering fragment of masculinity... but these girls were perfect.

They had obviously been surgically modified. One look had told him that their features couldn't be completely natural, but not because they seemed flawed. They looked artificial only because they seemed too perfect. Their proud perfect breasts, too large for their slender frames; their lustrous, bimbo faces; their long soft hair; their flawless skin...

"I had no idea you were..."

"What daddy?" the blonde asked when he paused.

"Boys. Or Transgender or whatever...."

The blonde giggled, "Don't be silly. We're not boys." Her voice was so authentic he couldn't help but actually start to believe she somehow didn't know, as if she believed she had been this gorgeous girl all along. She stared at him with her bright blue eyes, looking at him as if he couldn't possibly object to her, while the Asian tranny got a strange look in her eyes, as if wrestling with some vexing problem.

The blonde stepped closer, pressed her huge, firm tits to the naked skin of Adam's chest and gazed up into his eyes. "I really want to thank you for buying my cookies," she said breathlessly.

The strange look on the Asian's face passed as she stepped forward and with a sultry voice purred, "We both do."

Adam never would have imagined it was possible, but he suddenly didn't give half of a damn that these were not natural born girls. In a strange way, it was even better. He took hold of the Asian by the wrist and pulled her next to him, beside her pretty little friend. The two perfect trannies looked into each other's eyes suddenly as if really noticing each other for the first time as Adam put his hands on the top of each of their heads and gently

pushed them down to their slender knees.

The girls reached forward and tugged the towel from his waist, making it drop to the floor and revealing his hard, throbbing cock. The rigid shaft stretched out between their soft faces. His hand still on the top of both their heads, Adam used his strong grip to pull the blonde in front of his rod and press her thick red lips to his swollen mushroom head. She parted her lips with eager submission and swallowed his cock to the base. She looked up at him with her beautiful eyes as she worked her mouth up and down his shaft. Adam let out a moan then pulled her gently from his cock and guided the Asian tranny to it. She took it just as eagerly; swallowing his pole like it was her greatest and most coveted pleasure. Her lips moved across the contours of his rod as she too looked up at him with her dark, mysterious eyes.

As she throated his prick, the blonde watched her, studying every detail of her beautiful face. The Asian, noticing she was being watched, turned her attention to the blonde, and they both watched each other with fascination as the Asian's wet mouth moved back and forth along Adam's huge, erect dick. He pulled the Asian gently from his dick and pushed his meat between both the girl's mouths as they knelt on the floor in front of him, pretty pigtails dangling out from their small heads.

Their pretty faces gazed into each other's beautiful eyes across Adam's fat, spit-wet cock. Those eyes, that just a few minutes before had been full of angry disdain for one another, were now full of what could only be described as tender, doting affection. They began to lick up and down his cock, their tongues brushing together, holding each other's eyes with heartfelt tenderness that couldn't be faked. Whatever these dirty little whores were, in the depths of their tender little souls, they were deeply in love.

“Good girls,” Adam moaned. “Good little whores.”

Their tongues continued to massage his dick, their little mouths brushing and caressing each other and his hot meat. They both worked their little faces around his fat prick, each licking up the saliva of the other girl as it drooled down his pole in generous waves. Adam moaned as he watched them on their knees eagerly licking him, like two hungry girls sharing an ice cream cone, each of them trying to get more of the sweet cream than the other.

Finally Adam couldn't take it anymore. He needed to fuck one or both of these girl's beautiful tight asses. He pulled his dick from between them and their mouths instantly pressed together, little pink tongues darting into each other's small wet mouths.

"I want to fuck one of your little sissy asses," Adam growled.

The girls pressed each other down to the floor, the model like blonde on top. She spun around suddenly, placing herself in the sixty-nine position over the other tranny, her little dick dangling over the Asian's pretty mouth. The Asian girl didn't hesitate to slip her lips over the blonde's thin shaft, stroking it with her lips as her head bobbed up and down between the blonde's slender young thighs.

The blonde looked up at him, kissing the head of the Asian's little dick, while she gently jacked her with her forefinger and thumb. She smiled wickedly as she slid the middle finger of her other hand into the Asian's tight little asshole. "MMMM," she purred as she pulled her finger slowly out once more. "This little cunt is so hot and tight for you."

She smiled wickedly and leaned forward. She bent her head over the Asian's small cock and tiny, hairless balls, pressing her face between the cheeks of the Asian's soft, round ass. The blonde drove her tongue deep into the Asian's ass, drool flowing out of her mouth onto the little brown hole. The blonde's tongue flicked and swirled around the Asian's quivering little hole. Then she leaned back and looked up at him again. "Her pussy is so wet for you Daddy," she said breathlessly.

Adam knelt down and pushed his cock towards the Asian ladyboy's spit-wet asshole. The blonde took hold of his fat cock and guided him forward, one hand on his throbbing meat, the other on the Asian's slender pole. Adam reached down and parted the Asian's soft, mocha ass cheeks as he raised her ass up slightly. He slowly began to split her open as his rod pushed into her warm, little body.

The Asian moaned as Adam entered her, letting her lips open around the blonde's pretty little penis. She cried out gently across the blonde's meat, "Oh Daddy. You're so big."

As Adam pressed himself deeper into the Asian's tight asshole, the blonde began to suck the Asian's dick, looking up at him with her gorgeous

blue eyes. The Asian's slender legs were up against Adam's torso as he held her by the hips, lifting her slightly off the ground as he buried his pole inside her. One of the Asian's small ankles dangled just below each of Adam's strong shoulders, swaying delicately as he moved his fat shaft back and forth inside her.

As Adam built up speed and began to fuck the slender tranny with a steady rhythm, they matched his pace, sucking each other's dicks with bobbing heads moving at the same consistent beat. He rammed his big, throbbing cock deep and hard into the slender Asian's curved little ass while the blue-eyed blonde looked up at him, sucking the little tranny's small dick with eager enthusiasm. Back and forth his cock pressed, splitting wide the tight skin of the Asian's hole, while both their full, red lips moved up and down their pretty little dicks.

"I love you filthy little whores," Adam said. "You are such hot little fucking sluts."

The blonde took the dick from her mouth but continued to stroke it with two fingers as she looked up at Adam and said, "Thank you Daddy." Her flirty, girlish voice sent Adam's heavy balls to tightening, pulling up as an orgasm began to build inside him.

"I'm going to cum," he groaned.

The blonde licked her gorgeous lips. "Cum in my mouth Daddy," she begged. "Pull it out and cum all over my face."

Adam loved the sound of the filthy little tranny begging for his cum and he didn't have the heart to deny her. He pulled his cock from the Asian's tight little ass and began to stroke it in his fist. He held the fat, throbbing head in front of the blonde's face and her little friend's quivering ass. His dick throbbed and twitched above the Asian's smooth balls and sissy clit.

Jen waited with excitement for the strong, incredibly masculine man to blow his hot load on his pretty, feminized face. Jen opened his mouth wide, tongue extended, looking up at Adam with desperate, needy blue eyes.

The first wave of hot, salty jizz sprayed across Jen's face, splattering his lips and tongue with delicious cream. The second shot across his cheek,

then down across Ting's small cock and tiny hairless balls, which Jen continued to stroke eagerly, using Adam's thick sperm as lube. Ting moaned with ecstasy sending vibrations along Jen's prick that felt fantastic. As another load of Adam's hot sperm splashed into the soft skin of Jen's pretty face, Ting too began to cum, shooting up spurts of warm spunk. Jen leaned forward and wrapped his lips around the end of Ting's shaft, sucking up the other tranny's thin, salty ejaculate as Adam continued to paint both Jen's face and Ting's crotch with dense white seed. When Adam had emptied his fat, hairy balls all over the two sissies, leaving them splattered in warm, wet goo, he let Ting's ass fall down to the floor with a thump.

Jen, savoring the flavor of the man and the tranny's semen mixing in his mouth, released Ting's dick from between his pretty red lips and began to lap up the cum splattered all over Ting's feminine mocha skin. Jen licked gently around Ting's cute little balls, licking every drop of delicious seed that was splattered there. Listening to Ting moan with pleasure Jen pressed down on his hips burying his small cock in Ting's throat and cumming hard.

Ting sucked down every warm drop of Jen's sperm as Jen licked up every dribble of Adam's semen on the Asian's delicate body. When Jen's orgasm had passed, he rolled onto his back and sighed with contentment. Adam was walking back to the bathroom to finish his shower and Ting was turning to cuddle up beside him, pressing his big, beautiful tits against Jen's own impressive rack and letting them scrunch together. Ting kissed Jen's mouth with soft affection then began to tenderly lick the cum from Jen's face. When Jen was clean, Ting rested his pretty face against Jen's neck, tickling his tender skin with warm, even breathing.

After a few minutes, Ting looked at her strangely. "Don't you ever wonder," Ting asked, "why we always start off fighting and end up fucking?"

"What are you talking about?" Jen asked. "Nothing like this has ever happened before... has it?" Why had Ting's soft, wet mouth seemed so familiar working back and forth on his hard little clit? "Has it?"

"Yes," Ting said. "I've been remembering more and more. I think we're prisoners here. We play out other people's fantasies over and over again. I don't know when it started, or what we were before it started... but I think it's been going on a long time."

Jen nodded slowly. It felt so true. It was almost undeniable. “But Tanya,” Jen whispered. “She wouldn’t let something happen like that. She... I love her.”

“Of course,” Ting said. “I don’t think Tanya had anything to do with it. I love her too. I don’t think she even knows.”

They both lay there for a long time in silence. Jen kept running over strange events and weird inconsistencies in her mind until finally she said, “What do we do about it? Do we tell Tanya?”

Ting leaned closer as if the thing was too frightening to speak with the soft tone they were already using and instead she whispered. “That might put Tanya in danger. I think we have to escape,” Ting said.

The word hovered through Jen’s mind like a foreign invader, moving through the space of his little sissy mind like a monstrous intruder. “Escape?” Jen asked, his soft voice merely a whimper.

“Yes,” Ting whispered. “We could run away together. Find some other place and be together, like this, forever.”

Jen pictured it in his mind. Two beautiful young trannies living together as lovers in a quaint little bungalow in a faraway land, hiding out from the world like outlaws.

“Okay,” Jen said, then turned and wrapped her arms around Ting’s slender brown body. “Let’s do it. Let’s escape.”

Ting purred the word back to her, “Escape.” Then they pressed their wet little mouths together and passionately kissed.

To continue reading the adventures of the luscious Tranny Bimbo’s in Tanya’s Dollhouse, pick up Sissy Dollhouse Season Two.



Available [Here](#) on Amazon Kindle and Paperback

Visit

JennaMastersErotica.blogspot.com

For links to all my other stories including other seasons of Sissy Dollhouse