



Reluctant Press presents:

Sissy On The Farm

Cheryl Lynn



A 'New Woman' E-BOOK

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Sissy on the Farm

By Cheryl Lynn

The farm wasn't all that large by Texas standards but it was located in the middle of a major gas field. The ranch style house was built in the early fifties and looked rather plain. It still had the louvered windows and yellow Formica kitchen tops that were so popular back then. There was a barn, sty, chicken coop and bunkhouse on the property. However there was only one cow, four chickens and a cranky sow inhabiting those areas. Mrs. Julie Henderson was the only human occupant of the property. She was pear shaped with thick thighs, her brown hair worn in a tight bun at the back of her head and usually wore a gingham short-sleeved dress with petticoats. She was in her

mid-forties but looked older. She had married into the family that originally settled this land back in 1848.

Her husband Pete was big and husky in his youth when she married him but became obese and very fond of beer the older he got. The older and drunker he got, the more abusive he became. Fortunately for Julie, he got so fat that she could easily avoid his physical abuse. Pete's sister, Millie, had married and moved away shortly after Julie had tied the knot with Pete.

When Pete died, Julie had no place to go so decided to stay on the farm. She didn't go out very much and when she did, let the locals know that she was much better than they. Even when Pete was still alive and they were more social, the locals didn't cotton to her. She was a Yankee after all and everyone thought Pete had married below his station. They all thought she was just a conceited rich snob.

What they didn't know was that she really didn't have that much money. All she received when Pete died was the proceeds from a small insurance policy and an annual stipend from the family's trust fund. She could also use the house and grounds. She was not a millionaire that someone might assume seeing her living amid so many gas wells. Julie made sure that the locals never found out just how poor she really was. The locals may not like her and considered her a foreigner but they respected her. If they knew how poor she really was, she would lose what respect she had.

The Trust Fund that operated the farm was controlled only by direct descendants of the original family. Wives or Husbands that married into the family could only get control if there were no living direct descendants or if those descendants were ruled mentally

incompetent. So she withdrew back to the farm and as the years passed, she became bitter and antisocial. Her only human contact was with old Doc Julian, the vet.

Doc Julian was in his early sixties and looked like Bozo the Clown without the makeup. His shiny bald head sprouted a fringe of gray hair out the sides and he had a thin grey mustache. His nose was red and bulbous and his gray eyebrows very bushy. He had a pronounced paunch and thin knobby kneed legs. He'd never been married and according to some locals had mighty "strange" ways about him but he got along just fine with Julie. They were both social misfits.

Doc Julian and Julie became friends when Bossy the cow got sick. Doc had to spend the night treating Bossy and Julie stayed up with him. By morning the cow was doing much better and Julie felt a kinship with Doc. It had been a cold night and Julian had a bottle of brandy in his medical bag. Some time during the night and a half empty bottle, they shared their fantasies. Julie mentioned that after the way she had been treated by men over the years, she would have to be totally dominant in any relationship. Doc stated that to physically dominate was one thing but to be able to mentally dominate would be so much better.

With three-quarters of the bottle empty, they began talking about sex. Doc admitted that he was more into other men than women but didn't mind switching around. Julie stated that after the way she had been sexually abused by her husband, she was off men completely. Both decided that if they could ever get someone to dominate they could take their sexual frustrations out on him/her. They agreed that person should be kept sexually frustrated as it would be even more satisfying.

“Yeah, let’em get good and horny but never let them cum. That’d teach’em. Let’em feel just what we have had to put up with for so damn long. Julie, I think I like your style girl. Maybe we can continue this conversation later. I have to get over to the Donaldson place. Their sow is about ta litter,” Doc said as he packed up his medical bag.

“Doc I’d like that. Maybe nuthin ever happens the way we want but we can always share our dreams,” Julie replied.

Ooo

Millie and Milo Cranston were happy to get away from the farm. The royalties from the gas wells assured them a very nice life style. They moved into a new modern house in a quite suburban neighborhood. After a couple of years went by they had a son and named him Thomas. Thomas’s christening was the last time the entire family came together. Millie’s parents died soon after and Julie lost her husband five years after that. Milo’s parents had him very late in life and were now living in a nursing home coping with Alzheimer disease. Life was good except, no matter how hard they tried, no other off-spring came into their world.

Unlike Julie, Millie had a nice figure though getting a little plump with age. She had reddish-brown hair with a natural curl and a cute button nose. Milo was thin and wiry with blond hair. Thomas inherited his Father’s thin frame and blond hair. He also took after his Mother. He inherited her button nose, naturally curly hair and vivid green eyes. His Father was five foot nine and his Mother five foot four. By the time

Thomas entered high school, he reached his maximum height of five foot seven and weighed one hundred ten pounds dripping wet. Being the only child of well off parents, he was spoiled rotten and use to getting his way.

Thomas, like most teenaged boys, wanted to be in a rock band. He let his hair grow down to just past his shoulders and talked his parents into letting him use the garage as a practice hall for him and his friends. Again, like most teenaged boys, he wasn't very good at it. Like everything else he did, Thomas was just too lazy to follow through. He had no aspirations since whenever he wanted something; his parents just gave it to him. When it came to girls, he didn't have much dating experience. One time he managed to fondle Mary Beth's breasts but that was as far as he got. Most of the girls he dated found him to be too wishy-washy and whiney. Even if he had money, after three or four dates the girl found some excuse to dump him.

He developed a very laid back manner and nothing much bothered him. Even when the few male friends he had kidded him about not getting any pussy, it didn't faze him. However, he was totally freaked out by the few openly gay students. There was something about them that made his skin crawl. Thomas was a homophobe probably because deep down he thought he wasn't much of a man. He still hadn't grown but a few straggly hairs on his chest and like his Father had little in the way of facial hair. He tried to work out and build muscle mass but he was just too lazy to achieve any results.

Thomas discovered masturbation shortly after reaching puberty. He found many imaginative ways to

stick the pages of his Mother's catalogs together. Mary Beth featured prominently in his mind when he did that as well. All-in-all, Thomas was just a below average teenager with little motivation.

Circumstances changed for Thomas in the winter of his junior year. Black ice on the highway claimed the life of his Mother and Father. Julie, his only living relative, was called in to take over his care and upbringing. She showed up at the door wearing a black cotton long-sleeved full skirted dress, black satin pill box hat with veil, black leather gloves and black heeled boots. Other than a smear of red lipstick, she wore no other makeup. Her disposition was as sour as her look. Thomas disliked her from the start but managed to keep his distance. Julie for her part disliked him as well and didn't mind having him sulk in his room. Friends and neighbors of Millie and Milo didn't like her either and after a few condolences stopped visiting. Thomas' eighteenth birthday in late November went by without notice and the sour dreariness of life went on.

While Thomas moped and kept to himself, Julie was making plans. The house was put up for sale and she made preparations to go back to the farm. The will had been read, the authorities had made their decisions and Julie was named guardian. She would have control over all his finances until he reached his majority of 21. Under state law he could have received it upon reaching 18 but his parent's will said that he was too immature to get such a large amount while so young. Unfortunately, they failed to name someone to act as his legal guardian. Julie didn't initially like the idea but a call from Julian changed her mind. Maybe fantasies could come true.

Ooo

When school let out for the Christmas holidays, Julie rented a U-Haul and packed it with what furniture items she wanted to take back to the farm. Most of the boxes with Thomas' stuff didn't find their way into the van. Thomas had been too busy saying goodbye to his friends to help with the loading and didn't miss them until they got to the farm. Julie had the folder containing all of Thomas' school, medical and dental records along with birth certificate and other papers. She had informed the authorities that he would be home schooled and that Doctor Julian Hess would be his doctor.

As she started the van for the long trip home, Julie felt a thrill run up and down her spine. Things were going to be so different back on the farm and the anticipation was making her pussy drip. According to their plans, Doc should have rummaged through the attic and removed all the old clothing from storage. Millie's Mother was a known pack rat and never threw out anything that might have a future use. Old baby clothing and furniture, out of style dresses and lingerie, children's games and dolls were all carefully preserved in the large attic or out in the barn. Now that clothing was being taken to the dry cleaners or laundry and some of the furniture relocated into the currently unused back bedroom. Doc had hired a couple of itinerants to paint and refurbish whatever needed to be fixed up.

That back bedroom now had pale pink walls with a boarder of white wall paper decorated with a colorful floral design. The oak floors were scattered with bright pink and lavender plush rugs. A mobile of fairies and ballerinas floated above the large crib. The crib's plastic

covered mat had bright pink satin sheets, a small white satin covered pillow and white satin comforter adorning it. Cabinets were fastened nearby along side a changing table. The white cabinets had fairyland animals, sprite and elf decals affixed to them. A playpen with many stuffed animals and several dolls filled another corner. A kitchen set and doll house sat in another corner. The only window was curtained with pale lavender chiffon and burglar bars fastened to the outside. The wooden door had been replaced with a reinforced metal one that locked from the outside.

Party dresses, petticoats and jumpers were packed into the closet along with special shoes that Julian ordered off the internet. The white with pink striping six drawer bureau contained ruffled nylon and plain cotton panties decorated with flowers, bunnies and cartoon characters also obtained off the internet. There were an assortment of bullet and training bras, panty girdles and old fashioned rubber lined open bottom girdles, lace frilled slips and half-slips hemmed lavishly in lace, garter belts, hosiery and tights filled the bureau's draws. Most of that clothing came from the attic as did many of the dresses and other clothing. The special baby outfits and items were ordered off the internet.

Doc was really looking forward to fulfilling one of his major fantasies. Inside the closet was a costume he was dying to see on Thomas. It was a lavender pussy cat costume. The fluffy ears were big, pointy and furry with pink highlights at the tips and designed to be attached to human ears. There was a long fluffy serpentine tail with its tip tinted bright pink and inserted into the rectum using a large butt plug. A matching wrap

went around the shoulders and was constructed of fake lavender fur covering the shoulders and back while a pale pink chiffon front closed with pearl buttons. The top ended in fur trim just below the breasts leaving the mid-section bare. The bottoms were harem styled pantaloons with fur trim along the top and at each leg hem. A purple crotch piece decorated with sequins and beads completed the outfit. There was a slit in the back to allow the tail to stick through.

Julian almost came in his boxers at the very idea of Thomas wearing that costume. Of course he would have to wait a bit before that could be accomplished. They didn't want to rush any of the changes they planned. Both Julie and Julian knew that most of the fun would come during the transformation process not after they had completely broken him. They had someone they could train to meet their specifications and dominate. They would no longer have to cater to the world at large. The farm was remote and seldom visited. They could afford to take their time and relish every moment of his transformation.

Ooo

Doc met the U-Haul with two burly rough looking men. They quickly unloaded it and left in a dilapidated pick-up truck. Thomas was now alone with his Aunt and Doc. If he had known then what was about to transpire, he would have jumped into the back of that pick-up. The ranch house was almost twenty miles of dirt road from the highway. Its remoteness pretty much guaranteed that Thomas would never escape.

As the men unloaded the van, Doc invited Julie and Thomas into the kitchen where he had prepared some

hot cocoa. The day was blustery and cold so the offer was quickly accepted. Thomas sat at the table sipping on the hot beverage glancing between his Aunt and Doc. There was something about the gleam in Doc's beady eyes that bothered him. The way Doc kept patting him on the shoulder or hand was beginning to really bother Thomas.

His Aunt wasn't much better. She kept looking at him with a feral grin on her face. It felt like she was sizing him up for a meal and that sent a shiver up his spine. He finished his cocoa as the two men were paid and headed out the door. As the unmuffled roar of the truck faded down the road, Thomas felt very drowsy. It was all he could do to keep his eyes open.

"Looks like the sedative I put in his drink is about to kick in Julie," was the last thing Thomas heard as his head touched the table.

Doc lifted him up and carried Thomas into the back bedroom where he laid him down on the changing table. Thomas' clothing was quickly cut away and disposed of in a black trash bag. His long hair was carefully tucked into a bright pink shower cap as Doc, wearing rubber gloves, began smearing a smelly paste all over the exposed body. The sticky paste went from Thomas' cheeks all the way down to his toes. Soon a sulfuric rotten egg smell filled the room. As Doc began whipping down the prostrate body with a wet sponge, only bare skin glowing a pale pink remained.

Julie came over with a baggy filled with crushed ice and placed it against Thomas' groin as Doc put on a fresh pair of latex gloves. As the ice was shrinking Thomas' privates, Doc reached between his legs and pulled the shriveled penis up with his thumb and fore-

finger. Bending his head down, Doc gave the tip a kiss then ran his tongue around it.

“Couldn’t help myself Julie, I just had to give it a taste. Besides, he will never use that again,” Doc said as he stepped back.

When the ice pack had done its job, Doc reached down and shoved Thomas’ testicles back up into the channel they had descended from. Next, he forced the penis back in on itself so that only the head was visible. Using surgical glue he quickly secured the penis in its prison. To make sure his penis never reappeared, Doc sutured the head to the surrounding flesh. Then he folded the empty scrotum tissue up and around it, first gluing then suturing it in place. The results looked amazingly like a virginal pussy.

“Well, I hope ya satisfied Julie. Just like ya asked fer no boy parts a showin’. Not what I wanted but since he’s your play thing no biggie as long as I get what ya promised,” Doc said as he stepped back.

“That’s just perfect Doc. With him all tucked back like that no way he’ll ever get an ugly erection now is there? Besides, isn’t this what we both wanted? He’ll always be sexually frustrated this way. So what if you can’t play with it? There plenty left for you to enjoy,” Julie replied with a smug smile of satisfaction.

“I still think we shoulda just put a chastity belt on him Julie. That’s one sensitive organ let me done tell ya. A chastity tube and plate woulda done the same and still allow me to have my fun,” Doc replied sullenly.

“Yeah, but it would have to be removed for cleaning. This way it stays nice and clean down there. Remember I’m the one who will have to change him until

we break his spirit. So what if you can't whip it or stick pins in it or whatever else you do with it. There are a lot of places you can enjoy like his nipples." She stated.

"Okay Julie, you're right. Now turn him on his side so I can inject him. It will take about a year for these hormones to have noticeable effect but there are other things we can do to hasten his development," Doc conceded.

With the procedures finished, Doc picked Thomas off the changing table and carried him into the bath. There Julie filled the tub with hot water and floral bath beads. Wearing a white plastic bib apron, Julie scrubbed the unconscious boy clean. With him cleaned and the bath water draining from the tub, Julie removed the shower cap and began washing his hair. She used a Honeysuckle scented shampoo and rinse to wash his hair. With his hair clean, she left him slumped in the tub as she retrieved the bottle of hair dye and rubber gloves. Soon his hair was dyed a brassy blond. When she finished she called Doc back in to carry Thomas back into the bedroom.

In the room he was placed in an upright chair and secured to it so that he would stay in an upright position. Julie reached over to the counter and removed a jar of pink ultra-hold setting gel. Before using the gel, she combed his hair into a center part and parted it across the forehead. A few snips of the scissors and Thomas had a set of full bangs and no frayed ends. She quickly gelled his hair and began setting it with pink plastic rollers in precise patterns. When she had finished, his bangs were tightly rolled on two medium sized rollers, from the middle and all around his head larger rollers hung longitudinally to just above his

shoulders and the top of his head was rolled tightly on small rollers horizontally. It took her a little over thirty minutes to finish rolling his hair to her satisfaction. Julie then placed a plastic bonnet over his head and turned the dryer's setting to high. With a smile of satisfaction, she set the timer for twenty minutes and left the room.

"I'm kinda sorry we didn't wait to do all this when he was awake Doc. It would have been so much more fun to see his reactions as we changed him for good," she said as she sat at the kitchen table.

"Probably so Julie but it would have been difficult to keep him still enough so we could get all that done. As it is, we will have the pleasure of seeing him react to his new and improved image," Doc said with a smile as they drank some more cocoa.

"How long do you think he will be out Doc," she asked.

"He should be rousing out of it in about an hour. That will give us enough time to finish what we wanted to accomplish today. Since it is getting late, I'll add some sedative along with the castor oil and diuretic to the formula. That way he should sleep through the night and wake with a nice smelly wet diaper," he replied with a broad smile.

"Well for my part I hope the little shit's spirit breaks pretty darn soon. I don't much cotton to changing smelly diapers. How long do you realistically think it will take to break him," she asked.

"My best guess is a week at the earliest and a month at the most. At his age he's not going to like being treated like a baby for long. I know I would positively

hate having to eat baby food, drink formula and just lay around. Having to mess in diapers has to be a lot worse. I wouldn't last long, so he shouldn't either. Of course, he could be that rare individual who actually enjoys that kind of thing," he told her.

"There goes the timer. Come along and you can help me get him dressed," she said as she rose from the table.

As they walked back to the bedroom, Julie asked surprised, "You were kidding about people actually liking to wear messy diapers and baby things weren't you Doc?"

"No of course not, I was quite serious. You would be surprised at just how many grown men and women have that kind of fetish," he replied with a smile.

Thomas was still slumped in the chair with his chin resting on his chest breathing slowly. Julie turned off the dryer and removed the bonnet. She fingered a few of the rollers and determined that his hair was dry. Doc removed the restraint holding him in the chair and carried him over to the changing table.

Julie rubbed a thin coating of petroleum jelly on Thomas' round butt and genitals then applied a generous coating of baby powder. A thick fluffy white cloth diaper was wrapped around his loins. Using large safety pins with pink rubber bunny heads she fastened it securely in place. A pair of violet colored plastic pants with four rows of ruffled lace across the bottom was pulled up his legs and the diaper tucked safely inside.

While she was doing that, Doc injected both of Thomas' small mannish nipples then attached nipple

extenders. He saw Julie looking at him and explained, "Just something to enhance the nipples. When I am finished with him he should have nice thick one inch or longer nipples. I have always been fascinated by large nipples."

"When you are finished playing around, get me a bra and waist cinch from the bureau," she asked with an amused smile.

He came back holding a purple old fashioned cotton bullet bra in his hands. "I think this should do very nicely," he said as he handed it to her.

"I bet you'd just love it if girls actually had breasts shaped like bullets. Good thing for you they don't, otherwise you'd have lost your eyesight years ago," she laughed.

"Oh don't be so sure about that. I've been reading about a new approach to breast augmentation. What it says is that you can extract the fat cells from one part of the body and inject them into the breast tissue increasing their size. Using a person's own living cells prevents any possibility of rejection. Even better, using that approach, I can probably mold them into any shape I want. That's why I have him on a high fat formula. I want him to put on a few pounds of baby fat," he informed her.

As he was talking Julie fastened the bra around Thomas' chest and laced the waist cinch tight. Next, she began pulling a pink flannel footed one piece pajama set up his body. The pajama was decorated with white ballerinas, had a snap crotch, its long sleeves ended in thumb less mittens and zipped up the back. It was slightly smaller than it should have been which resulted in Thomas having to bend his arms at the elbow and bow out his legs.

As a finishing touch, she placed a bonnet on his head and tied the wide pink satin ribbon under his chin in a large floppy bow beside his left ear. The bonnet was purple satin with tier after tier of white floral lace and a fluff ball of rabbit fur fastened to the top. The lace hemmed brim was stiff and bowed so that the only way Thomas would be able to see to the side would be to turn his head. Dressed, Doc picked him up and laid him in the middle of the play pen. Taking a pacifier from his pocket in the shape of a penis, he stuck it in Thomas' mouth and secured it in place with an elastic tie. Before standing up, Doc cradled a doll in his arms.

Ooo

Thomas was swimming in the ocean. For some weird reason the ocean was colored a deep pink. As he swam he saw a giant purple squid coming towards him. He immediately turned around and began swimming frantically away from the beast. He felt the tentacles of the animal encircle his body and begin to squeeze. One large suction cupped arm was squeezing tightly around his waist another around his chest while smaller ones gripped at his arms and legs. He tried to struggle and get out of their grip but it was hopeless. He tried to turn his head and see the beast but his head was held fast. Instead, in the way of dreams, his eyes moved around his head to see the parrot like yellow beak of the squid opening wide to eat him.

Thomas screamed but it came out only as a muffled groan. He was awake and struggling in the play pen. Julie and Doc watched amused as he came slowly back to consciousness. As his eyes opened, he wanted to rub

them but it felt like something was tangling his arms. His mind registered the pink mittens about the same time other sensations made themselves known. The strange rubbery thing filling his mouth, the restriction about his waist and chest and the feeling that he was tangled up in his sheets hit him all at once.

“Aaaahhhhaaa, utta fk,” was all he could scream.

His mind was in total confusion as his eyes roved over his body. There was some kind of pink shade blinding his vision to the sides. His hands were covered in pink cloth mittens and his body sheathed in pink. He couldn't straighten out either his feet or arms and there was a damn doll sitting beside him.

“What the hell is going on? How did I get dressed like this?” his mind questioned. Further thought stopped as laughter filled his ears.

Looking up he could see two faces staring down at him. “Ooooh, is little baby awakie. Is my little cherub ready for her baba?” he heard his Aunt say.

He tried again to speak but all that came out was, “Utta fk!”

“Now calm down Thomas. We have decided that you would make a much nicer sissy than a nasty boy. So, until you can learn to obey our commands and accept your sissy nature, you will remain in diapers and be treated like a little toddler. That means you will use your diapers, you will not be allowed to talk unless it is in baby talk and will be fed baby food and formula. How long you stay in this situation is entirely up to you. Julie and I are going to go have dinner now. Here's your bottle of formula. It's all you're going to get so it had better be empty by the time we get back. We don't give a damn whether or not you drink it but

if you don't that diaper will not be changed until this time tomorrow. Just think about sitting in a wet and poop filled diaper for the next twenty-four or so hours. I think you will find that formula tastes pretty good when you think about it. I'm going to remove your pacifier but I better not hear a single word out of your mouth. You say anything, anything at all and that diaper stays on for two days. So you think real careful like about what I just said," Doc said as he placed the large bottle beside Thomas.

Thomas felt the pacifier come loose and he quickly spit it out. It landed on the top of his tented out chest. Two thoughts hit his mind simultaneously. First, he had tits and second, there was a small dick sitting on his chest. His first reaction was to cuss up a storm and demand his immediate release. Fortunately, he caught the look in Doc's eye and just barely managed to hold his tongue.

"For now I'll keep quite. I need to figure a way out of this shit. They can't keep me like this forever. They'll slip up sooner or later and I can make my escape from all this craziness," he thought.

"Now drink up baby," Julie said as she placed the nipple to his lips. The nipple was made of soft pink rubber in the shape of a penis about an inch round and three in length. Thomas jerked his head back and it hit the headboard with a loud crack. Seeing stars, Thomas didn't resist when Julie shoved the nipple between his lips.

"Suckie, suckie baby," she said as she placed his mitten covered hands around the large bottle.

The formula tasted horrible. It tasted chalky with an oily residue. It took all his will power to swallow that swill down. He hadn't eaten all day and something was better than nothing. He had no idea that it was laced with diuretics and laxatives. He could barely keep his eyes open as his tormentors entered the room. In a daze, he felt the pacifier placed back into his mouth and being carried back to his room.

The next morning he awoke to a strange sensation. His groin and ass were covered in a wet and sticky cold mess. When the stench hit his nostrils, he knew what he had done in total disbelief. With that realization, tears began flowing down his cheeks and his skin glowed pink with embarrassment.

"How could I have done something like this? I've never done anything like it before. I've got to get out of this," he thought as he tried desperately to undo the snaps in the crotch of his pajama. With the mittens plus the way the arms of the pajamas restrained him, it was hopeless. His tears began falling heavily down his cheeks as his frustration mounted.

"I can't let them find me like this!" his mind screamed.

No matter how much he tugged and pulled, the snaps would not part. Even if they had, there would be no way he could remove the safety pinned diaper. He was still half-heartedly trying to get out of his pajamas when Julie came in.

"Oh my! Has the ittle bittie baby girl messed in her didies? Well don't worry baby, Julie is here to change you and get you dressed for the day," she said.

If Thomas thought he was embarrassed by messing his diaper he was mortified when she placed him on the changing table and he got a good look at himself in the mirror.

“Oh shit! I look like a fucking idiot in this outfit,” he thought.

She quickly stripped him down to his diaper and grabbing his hand tightly, escorted him into the bathroom. As he got down from the table, he saw his head dyed a brassy blond and covered in pink curlers.



“What have they done to my hair?” he thought. With that thought, what fight he had left in him evaporated. Meekly he followed Julie into the bathroom, forced to waddle due to the sodden mass between his legs. She had him step into the tub then unfastened the diaper. It hit the tub’s floor with a dull wet thud. She sprayed his groin and backside with the spray attachment then had him step out. She made him remove and dispose of the filthy diaper. Julie plugged the drain and began filling it with hot water. The tub was soon filled with multicolored bubbles and smelling of lilacs and lavender.

Finished with a most humiliating bath in which Julie did her best to destroy his self image, his body was coated with unguents and powders. Smelling like a room full of flowers, he was led back to the changing table where he was soon diapered, training bra and waist cinched. He was then buttoned into a white nylon frilly blouse with capped sleeves and toddler’s bibbed pink cotton jumper. A pair of white satin covered foam balls were put on his hands and tied securely in place with pink satin doubled knotted bows. These white gloves made his hands totally useless. White lace encrusted nylon socks and special shoes completed his dressing. The shoes were obtained off the internet and had a very pointed toe, three inch block heel and about a half size too small. They were also a very vivid hot pink with a dainty bow on the toes.

With him dressed, Julie began removing the rollers from his hair. As each roller was removed, Thomas could see a tight curl pop out of his head. By the time she had finished and brushed it out, his head was a

mass of tight curls at the top with long cylinder sausage curls hanging all around the bottom.

Stepping back, Julie said, "that hair is just too precious to cover up in a bonnet. I think I'll just leave it the way it is. Now come along and get some breakfast."

Helping him off the changing table, Thomas stood uncertainly on his feet. The shoes severely pinched his toes and the heel didn't feel right. With the bulk of the diaper between his legs, it made walking difficult. He was forced to waddle like a little kid. With each step, he could feel the pull of bra straps and the tightness at his lower chest and stomach.

He was led to his playpen where she turned on a little kids cartoon show and gave him his bottle of formula. "Now sweetie, Auntie Julie is going to get your breakfast ready so you hurry up and finish your baba. Remember little babies don't talk so be quite or Auntie will punish," she said as she removed his pacifier.

With the white gloves preventing the use of his hands, Thomas had a very difficult and frustrating time trying to hold the bottle. With a bit of effort he managed to press the bottle between his hands and stick the nipple into his mouth. Throughout his ordeal, Thomas kept thinking about throwing the bottle against the wall and demanding that he be set free. Each time the urge hit him, he managed to hold back. His rational mind kept telling him that the effort would do no good and only get him a worse punishment.

Ooo

Thomas endured day after day of utter humiliation. They stuck to their promise of treating him like a tod-

dlar. His diapers were changed regularly except when he had been naughty. When he was bad, he would have to wait hours to get his stinky wet diapers changed. He couldn't believe that he had not only thoroughly wet but pooped his diaper that next morning when he awoke. It was just as humiliating on each new day as it had been on the first. What was even more humiliating was wetting his diaper during the day without even realizing that he had done so.

Making his humiliation worse was the utterly ridiculous mix of clothing he was forced to wear. Frilly nylon and plastic panties with lots of lace and bows covered his diapers. Training bras in bright fashion colors with cute little pink or white bows nestled between the lace frilled cups. Painfully tight waist chinchies crushed his lower ribs and stomach. His underwear was covered by various little girl dresses or rompers. The worst was a bright pink satin little girl's party dress with built-in crinolines that made his legs itch horribly. It was covered in small satin bows and tiers of white floral lace.

He spent hours each day trapped in the play pen with his dolls and stuffed animals. Occasionally, he was given a child's coloring book with extra large crayons. To make his life even more tedious, the television was programmed to play the cartoon channel. In the afternoons, he had to watch that damn purple dinosaur for two hours while he drank two bottles of formula. He was fed two jars of baby food four times a day. In between meals, he was given formula to drink. None of the so called food tasted worth a crap and it was almost impossible for him to swallow it down. Later he was

surprised to learn that he had gained over four pounds on that childish diet.

Once a week Doc would give him a thorough check up, draw blood samples and give him an injection. Thomas dreaded those visits. By the time Doc had finished with him, he was beyond humiliated. It wasn't the needles that bothered him, it was where Doc shoved and prodded with his thick fingers.

"You have a very pretty false girlie pussy," Doc would say as he rubbed a lubricated finger up and down that narrow slit.

"Oh, I just love the way your boi pussy is clinching at my finger," as he prodded the boy's ass.

Those comments left poor Thomas reeling in humiliation and blushing a bright pink. The relief he felt when dismissed from Doc's presents was almost palatable. Julie wasn't much better when she gave him his nightly bath. She would spend quite a bit of time rubbing and pinching his nipples. She would pinch one between thumb and forefinger; pull it out as far as she could then let it snap back into place.

The only time his nipple extenders were removed was during his bath. They were always sore and tender. Julie's attention only made them hurt and throb all the more. To further embarrass him, she would run a soapy finger up and down his slit while saying, "Oooohhhh, I bet my little girly boy really likes this. I just bet you can't wait to have a real man's cock inside that little hole."

After a little more than two weeks of being treated like a toddler, fed only baby food, messing his diapers

and listening to little kid's shows and music, Doc removed the pacifier.

"Now before we dress you for the day, I have something important to ask. So listen up, I am only going to ask you this once. Are you ready to do exactly what we tell you? Do you want to be a sissy? If not, then we can keep you as our little toddler and you can live in dirty didies from now on. So what's it gonna be?" Doc asked.

Thomas worked his sore and aching jaws for a few seconds. His latest pacifier had a much larger shaped dildo than the previous. The pink plastic lip guard on this pacifier had kept his lips in an "O" shape and the rubber dildo was four inches long and two thick. He hated the idea of giving in to these weirdos's but the thought of having to stay in messy diapers and eating baby food was just as abhorrent.

"Well have you decided or do I replace the pacifier?" Doc encouraged.

Thomas looked directly into Doc's squinting eyes and said, "Fuck You! Fuck all of you. Now."

He didn't have a chance to say more as Doc shoved the dildo back into his mouth rather forcefully. Thomas was expecting it and clinched his teeth in defiance. Doc just held his nostrils closed until he had to breathe.

"Very well let's just see how much you like sitting in dirty diapers then," Doc replied calmly.

"Well from the look on your face I can see that he didn't cooperate. So what do we do now? I'm getting sick and tired of changing dirty diapers," Julie said as he walked into the kitchen.

"I didn't really expect him to break this quick but one can be hopeful. I think it may be wise if we let him sit an extra hour or two before you change his diapers from now on," Doc said as he poured a cup of coffee.

During the third week, Thomas developed the expected diaper rash. Instead of changing him whenever he messed himself, Julie waited two hours. Combine diaper rash with infrequent changes and you have one very unhappy baby. At the end of that week, Doc asked him the same questions only this time Thomas kept his eyes lowered as he nodded his head up and down.

"No, I want to hear you say that you want Miss Julie and Doc Julian to help you become a total girly-girl sissy and that you will do whatever we tell you," Doc demanded.

He found it very difficult to get the words out but Thomas softly replied. "Ye...ah, I...I want...want Miss Julie a...and Doc Julian to make me a tota.....total girly-gir....girl sis...sissy."

"Speak up loud and clear, I really couldn't hear you. Now make sure you tell me that you will do whatever we demand," Doc instructed.

Thomas sat there trying to get the words out. Thinking about what he was really being asked to do, brought a flash of anger. It was just enough to embolden him and he yelled, "Fuck you! Let me outta here!"

Once again the pacifier was forced back in his mouth and secured in place. Doc stood up and stepped back. "You're a stubborn one, but we'll see how you feel in another week or so," he said then turned and left the room.

“Looks like you’re going to have a baby fer a bit longer Julie. I think sitting in smelly wet diapers a few hours longer this week should do the trick though. He’s a bit stronger willed than I thought he would be,” Doc said when he got to the kitchen.

“Well it had better be Doc. I’m not going to be changing diapers for the rest of my life. That was one of the reasons why I never had any of my own. If this doesn’t do it, then you’ll have to come up with a different plan,” Julie replied.

Thomas soon regretted his decision. He had dumped an unusually large and mushy mess that morning and here it was almost noon and he still hadn’t been changed. The stinking mess was cold, wet and constantly shifting around as he changed positions.

“I hate this but what can I do? I don’t want to wear diapers anymore but I don’t want to be a sissy and do whatever they tell me either. Shit! There is no way to escape especially with these damn mittens on my hands. I’ve tried but gotten nowhere. So what am I going to do?” he thought as he sat in the playpen.

By the third day, Thomas had a real bad case of diaper rash. His entire groin was on fire and itched like crazy. When Julie finally changed him and cleaned the area, it burned unmercifully. The medication only lasted so long then his bottom was screaming in agony. By the fifth day, Thomas couldn’t wait to beg Doc to let them make him a sissy.

“I want Miss Julie and Doc Julian to make me into a total girly-girl sissy and I will do whatever you tell me,” Thomas quickly said when asked the question.

Just by looking at his facial expression, Doc could tell that Thomas was truly broken.

“This is so friggin embarrassing but I don’t want to spend another day wearing these damn diapers. How much worse can they make it for me anyway? Besides, I’m no friggin sissy and they can’t really make me one,” he thought.

“A wise choice sweetie, a wise choice indeed. Now sign these papers where I have typed in your name. You are over eighteen and these just make everything nice and legal,” Doc said as he handed a pen to Thomas.

Thomas hesitated only a moment or two before signing his name on the bottom line. He saw the look on Doc’s face and the dildo he was holding waving in the air and started signing.

“These documents look all legal like. I don’t think I should be signing them but what friggin choice do I have. If I don’t, I’ll be back in diapers with absolutely no way to escape. Maybe now I will be able to find some way to get away from all this,” he thought as he wiggled his freed fingers.

With the paperwork signed, Julie followed him into the bathroom where a hot bubble bath was waiting. “Since you’re a big kid now, I’m not going to change or bathe you. So put on a shower cap. We don’t want those pretty curls to get wet. I’m just going to sit on the commode lid and observe. Use plenty of that Dove beauty soap,” she stated.

When he finished his bath, Thomas was told to blot his skin with the towel as rubbing would chaff the skin. He was told to apply moisturizing lotion and then

powder with the lilac scented talc. Once he completed those tasks, she handed him a pair of pink pull-ups.

"I...I thought I was getting out of dia...pers," he bravely asked as she handed them to him.

"This is only temporary, sissy. It may take a few days before you're potty trained again. Now hurry up and pull those up," she ordered.

Thomas saw the feminine slit between his legs as he pulled the training pants up his hairless legs. He cringed at that sight and quickly pulled the trainers over his hips.

"I hope that's not permanent. I hope that's not permanent," he thought as he did what he was told.

As they entered his bedroom, Doc was just finishing up pushing a four poster queen sized bed into the spot where the crib had been. He noticed that there were eye-bolts inserted into the posts. He also saw that the doll house and kitchen set had been removed. Oh how he hated having to play with dolls and pretend cooking for them. It was so demeaning after all he was a man.

He was actually happy to see the bed. At least now he could stretch out and maybe get some real sleep. Seeing the eye bolts bothered him a bit but he shrugged the feeling off. Maybe now that he was being treated as an adult, the chances of escape looked brighter.

He was taken over to a vanity stool and told to sit. This piece of furniture was new and sat where his doll house once did. The white with gold trim vanity table had a lighted mirror, two drawers on the left, one in the center and four on the right. The stool had a cushioned bright pink satin seat and matching skirt.

As he sat, Julie removed numerous jars, tubes, camel haired brushes and pencils. "Now I am going to show you how to apply your makeup. Pay close attention because you will be expected to do this yourself very soon," she ordered.

"This is your foundation. It is used to smooth out and even your complexion. You don't need much as a little goes a long way," she began picking up a jar with a dampened sponge on top.

Over the next two hours, Julie instructed Thomas in the fine art of makeup application. She named each type of makeup or applicator and informed him of each of their uses. He was told that he would be learning the "night time slutty look" as that was the way girly-girl sissies wanted to look.

"All sissies just love gobs and gobs of makeup and so will you I'm sure," she said as she finished.

Julie spent the most time on his eyes. When he saw what she had done, he found it hard to believe those eyes were his. Both lids had black liquid eyeliner applied and where the lids joined the line was extended slightly beyond and upwards. Thick black false eyelashes were glued over his real ones. Purple blended into lavender blended into a soft lilac eye shadows were used on his upper lids. Lavender shadow had been brushed on his lower lid. His cheeks had a soft rose glow and his lips looked wet and glossy in a coral pink color.

With his makeup completed, Julie spent a few moments with his hair. "I just love this style on you sissy. The brassy blond and those ringlet curls are positively adorable on you. Once we get you dressed, I'm taking you into town to a friend of mine's beauty salon. I just have to have these gorgeous curls permed into place.

Styling gel just doesn't hold long enough. So, how about we get you all dressed up," she stated.

Standing by the bureau she handed him a pair of pantaloons in a bright pink nylon with six rows of French lace trim all around the leg's hems.

He looked at her with pain filled eyes, "Please, don't you have something..something less frilly," he asked.

"Of course not, you silly little thing! All sissies just love oodles and oodles of lace. Now go ahead and put them on," she replied.

Thomas shivered in both dread and delight as the ultra-soft nylon slid up his smooth legs. When he snapped them about his waist, the lace adorned legs reached his knees. Next was a matching white training bra with a small rose embroidered between the smooth satin cups. There was a hint of pink eyelet lace on the edge of the cups and along the straps. Julie made him reach behind his back to fasten the two hook and eye closure. She had to place his fingers on the ends to help him hook his bra.

"I just hook mine in the front and then turn it around but since you are a true sissy you are going to learn how to do that the lady like way," she informed him.

By the time he managed to properly hook his bra strap, Thomas' arms were tired and the ends of his fingers ached. The white wire boned waist cinch reached from under his bra strap to just below his navel and had to be laced tight by Julie. He moaned and groaned as they were pulled tighter and tighter until he lost four inches from around his waist. The last thing she

pulled from a drawer was a pair of white nylon socks with four tiers of pink lace that fluffed out at their tops for him to put on.

“Come along sissy. We have to decide on the rest of your outfit. It should be special since this is the first time you will be taken out of the house,” Julie said as she led him to the big walk-in closet.

The front of the closet was stuffed with fancy stiffly starched net petticoats tiered with lace and ribbon accents most in bright white but also in pink, yellow and red depending on which party dress he’d be forced to wear.

Satin and taffeta party dresses only a girly-girl could ever love were hung behind the petticoats. They all had ultra-puffy semi-sheer short-sleeves with heavily laced cuffs and tied with thin brightly colored satin ribbons. The collars were high, bone supported and lacy with a bright satin ribbon bow. The bodices were usually sheer chiffon in a floral pattern to just above the breast then close fitted to just below the breasts where the full skirt would flare out. A wide satin sash tied at the back in a big floppy bow and the skirting was bedecked with ribbons and bows. These dresses made the one he had to wear while in diapers appear to be plain gingham.

There were two bright pink dresses with white lace accents; a yellow dress with bone lace accents and the red dress, black lace accents. The shoes that matched each dress were lined up beneath the dresses. These shoes all had five inch or higher stiletto heels and a very sharp pointed toe. They didn’t have a platform sole so the very front of the foot would be forced flat. They would become very uncomfortable when worn

even for a short time. Thomas would be wearing them for a long time everyday.

To finish off his childish outfits, there was a small white patent leather purse, lacy hankie, white nylon lace fingerless gloves and a white satin scarf. There was also a parasol for him to use when taken outside to get a little fresh air. It was a very dainty colorful parasol bedecked with ribbons and bows. If the weather was cold enough, there was a long sleeved rabbit fur coat dyed bright lavender for him to wear.

Julie removed the pink dress and three white petticoats for him to put on. As she turned to face him with the items in her hands, Thomas' face paled in horror.

"You....you're not...gonna make me wear that...that outside, are you? Can't I wear some pants at least?" he asked with his heart in his throat.

"Of course, darling sissy, you are going to wear this pretty dress. This is a special day for you and I know you just have to look your very sissiest self. You can't wear pants while wearing these lovely intimates. So stop being silly. Now come over here and step into these luscious petticoats. They're gonna make that dress stand out beautifully and sissy if you dare question me again, it's back into diapers forever," she said with a big smile.

Julie took each petticoat and stuffed it inside the other. Stretching out the nylon yoke, Thomas reluctantly stepped into it. She pulled the petticoats over his waist and settled them just below his breasts. The petticoats formed a swath of frothy bright white all around his torso down to mid-thigh. The hem of the petticoat was decorated with pink satin bows and a two inch band of pink floral lace.

As Thomas moved around they made a delightful rustling noise as they swished about his body. "Oh shit, these petticoats are annoying. The netting itches and they are so loud. If she makes me go out like this everybody will know what I'm wearing," he thought.

The dress was pulled over his head and the small pearl buttons in the back quickly fastened. Julie moved around him, tugging a bit here and there as she moved adjusting the fit. Thomas thought that he would be a walking neon sign as he looked down at the bright pink satin skirt. The skirt stood almost straight out and if he weren't careful would show his pantied bottom. To make matters worse, he just knew that his pink pantaloons with their layers of white lace were showing.

With dress and petticoats flaring out all about him, Thomas sat back down on the vanity stool. Julie forced the tight fitting white patent leather heels on to his feet. Taking him by the hands, she helped him stand. He wobbled a moment or two before finding his balance. With the slight tenting at his chest caused by the bra and full skirt, he couldn't see his feet.

"Now I am going to support you as you walk. In those heels you will have to take small steps, one foot in front of the other and walk from your hips. As you walk remember to keep your head up, chest out, elbows tucked in and your wrists limp. Put a swish in your ass. I want to hear those petticoats make a nice frou-frou sound. All sissies love swishing and hearing the noise of satin rubbing against satin," she instructed.

The click-clack of his heels hitting the hard wood floor echoed loudly in his ears. The swishing sounds of his dress and petticoats became even more noticeable when Julie released his elbow and had him walking on

his own. After almost an hour of walking around and around in the room, Thomas' feet and calves were throbbing. His ankles threatened to turn and send him falling to the floor when Julie told him he could rest.

Thomas found the vanity stool and plopped down sending skirts and petticoats flying. "Sissy! What on earth do you think you're doing? Now stand up immediately. Sissies sit down daintily and slowly. Here let me show you then you can do it," she yelled at him.

For the next thirty minutes Thomas had to practice sitting and standing. Since he was wearing petticoats, he had to learn how to fluff them out so that when he slowly sat they wouldn't be crushed under him. Sitting on his pantaloons covered butt, the skirts draped around him, his hands neatly folded in his lap and knees pressed tight would be practiced until it became an automatic response.

"Well my darling little sissy, I think we have practiced enough for now but you will keep practicing until I am totally satisfied with your behavior. So let's finish your dressing and then we simply have to go. Your salon appointment is in an hour," Julie stated.

The white silk scarf was folded in a neat triangle and tied in a nice floppy bow just under the left side of his chin. The white fingerless lace gloves tied at the wrist with a thin pink ribbon. The strap of the white patent leather purse went over his right shoulder. The white hankie with its one inch pink lace border delicately held between the thumb and forefinger in his left hand and he was ready to go.

Once outside, Thomas had to be shown the proper way to enter and exit a car. "Face away from the door,

slowly slide your butt down onto the seat, reach behind you to make sure your skirt and petties aren't crushed, while keeping your knees together then slide your legs into the car," he was instructed. Standing out in the open, even if all that could be seen were fields and trees, made Thomas nervous as he performed that task.

"I feel like such an idiot. I can't believe I just let her do this to me. Like I have any choice in the matter, I sure as hell don't want to wind back up in diapers. I know that I will just die of embarrassment when we get to that salon. People will see me! Oh fuck! I don't know if I can live through that. Maybe...maybe someone there will help me get out of this mess. Oh I hope so then all this just might be worth it. Damn! I feel just like a sissy looking like this," he thought as the car pulled away from the drive.

Ooo

They drove for what seemed like an hour before Thomas saw the first house. Entering the small town, he tried to squish down deep into the car seat but Julie slapped his exposed thigh and told him to sit up straight or else. She pulled into a strip mall and parked the car. "Thomas, you will behave. You will agree with everything I say. You will be a nice polite sissy or I promise that I will get the diaper bag from the trunk and diaper you right in the salon in front of everyone," she hissed at him.

Thomas went pale as Julie told him that. As he slowly slid his legs out of the car, the impact of what was about to happen hit him. His eyes glazed over like a deer's when caught in headlights. He would have col-

lapsed if Julie hadn't caught him. She gave him a minute to get himself together and told him that if he behaved everything would be alright.

"Alright my ass," he thought as he took that first tentative step. He almost stumbled on the asphalt surface of the parking lot but Julie grabbed his elbow to steady him.

The salon was like what you would expect in a small off the map town. The floors were covered in a checker pattern of marbled green and white squares of linoleum. The walls painted in an egg shell white with pink wall paper edging. There were three large styling chairs and three old fashioned metal domed hairdryers. Entering the shop, the unfamiliar aromas hit him in the face like a fist. There was the stench of ammonia, acetone and other chemicals mixed in with perfume filling the salon.

Unfortunately for Thomas the salon was not empty. One of the styling chairs was occupied by an elderly blue haired woman and a young woman sat under one of the driers. Both of those women were wearing blue jeans and cowboy snap button shirts. Two ladies, wearing pink nylon smocks with white satin bows at the neck, were in the room and obviously the stylists.

Thomas gulped loudly and momentarily froze on the spot. Julie pulled on his hand to get him moving towards one of the stylist. The stylist was short, dumpy and had on way too much makeup for her age. He guessed that she was at least sixty years old. Over her left breast was a name tag that read, "Madge."

"Hi Madge, it is so good to see you again. I brought my sissy nephew Thomas for a perm like we talked

about. I really appreciate you saying that you would take care of the little sweetie," Julie said in greeting.

When she said that, Julie had to hold on tightly to his elbow otherwise he would have fainted on the spot. Seeing him stagger, Madge rushed over and helped Julie get him into a styling chair.

"Oh my, oh my here let me help you get this precious looking sissy over to my chair. I declare Julie, I've never seen such a darling as this in my life. Now, my Mother would sometimes dress my brothers in my clothes as punishment but they never looked this delightful. Petticoat punishment, I think was what she done called it. So you're punishing this little cutie?" Madge asked.

"Oh no, on the contrary Madge, my nephew just loves his frilly frocks and undies. He was like this way before I got him. My poor dead sister-in-law, well, she spoiled him something rotten and let him play around in her lingerie drawers and dresses. Although he's worn frillies for years now, this is his first time out in public. He's a bit shy and timid right now, that's all. Thomas asked to be dressed this way. Now didn't you Thomas," she explained.

Thomas wanted to shout out it was all a bunch of lies and that he was being forced to dress and act the way he was. However, he caught the tone of her voice and remembered the threat she had made by the car just in time. He also saw the smirk on Madge's face and knew she would be of no help. Hanging his head, he simply replied, "Yes ma'am I...I asked for it." If shame and embarrassment could kill, he most certainly would be dead.

Unfortunately for him they didn't, so he was forced to listen to the women gush over the big sissy. All the

women in the shop gathered around to hear all about him. They fingered his dress, examined the lace details of his pantaloons, pinched his cheeks and generally made a big fuss over him and his pretty clothing. He was too mortified to even cry as they continued to crowd around him.

“And how old is this little cutie? He doesn’t look much older than six or seven in that dress though he is kinda big for that age,” the blue haired lady asked.

“My lovely nephew is almost nineteen but just positively adores his sissy dresses,” Julie answered.

Finally to his relief, Madge shooed the other women away and began working on his hair. She washed, conditioned and rinsed his hair before snipping a few stray locks out of the way. “You know honey, I can lighten out this brassy looking color and make it a more natural blond,” she said as she snipped the last hairs out of the way.

“Oh no Madge, don’t do that. Thomas really likes that look. He said when I did it that it reminded him of those fifties Hollywood stars. Just leave the color like it is, though we appreciate what you can do,” Julie replied.

While he was sitting under the dryer Madge began working on his nails. She removed his dainty socks and shoes and placed his feet into a small tub of heated water. Seeing the questioning look on his face, she yelled out so he could hear above the roar of the drier, “Pedicure.” Pulling over a metal table, she placed his fingers into bowls containing a green liquid. “Manicure” she yelled out.

"I don't want no manicure or pedicure," he mumbled as she left him for a few minutes.

By the time the drier's timer went off, Thomas had three-quarter inch oval extensions painted a vivid hot pink that matched the varnish on his toes. Taken back to the chair, the rollers were removed. Madge fiddled with his hair for a bit before stepping back to examine her creation.

"There is something missing to complete that style. Oh, I know. You just sit here a second while I get it," she said.

She came back and was holding a large pink satin bow with eight inch streamers. The ends of the streamers were notched and there was a small plastic comb attached where the bow was knotted. She stepped behind him and quickly attached it to the tight brassy curls at the back of his head.

"There! What do you think?" she asked turning to face Julie with a broad smile.

"Madge, that's just perfect. Oh dear, Thomas is so pleased he is crying tears of joy. Thomas you must stop that crying, you're ruining your mascara darling," Julie said.

Still smiling, Madge walked around in front of Thomas and wiped away his tears with a tissue. "I'm glad you are so happy with my work dear. Here let me repair that damage. I have some water proof mascara that will not run even if you get caught in a monsoon. My, my just look at them there brows, they look like bushes. Julie I can fix them right up if you want me too," she said with a laugh.

"That would be delightful Madge. Please do whatever you think best," she replied.



In short order, Madge got out her waxing kit and stencils. She placed a stencil carefully over one brow and coated on the wax. When she had finished with his brows, they were high thin arches. Julie was pleased to see that the waxing had opened up his eyes and given his face a “surprised” look.

At last they were ready to leave the salon. Thomas was instructed to tie his scarf around the purse’s strap so he wouldn’t lose it. Madge placed him in front of a full length mirror so that he could see the final results. He wanted the ground to open up and swallow him as he stared at the image before him. His heavily made up face was framed by brassy sausage curls and a very large pink satin bow. Madge using lip pencil and flamingo pink lipstick had shaped his lips into full cupid’s bows. He brought his fingers up to touch his face unconsciously hoping that the image wasn’t his. He saw the image copy his move and the brightly painted long oval nails.

“Damn! I look like the biggest sissy faggot in the world,” he thought.

Before he could leave, Julie made him mince around the shop and tell the women goodbye. She made sure that he kept his steps short, his elbows tucked and wrists limp as he made the rounds. The ladies enjoyed fingering the lace of his pantaloons or patting him on his behind or touching his sausage curls. One or two pinched his cheeks while telling him just how precious he looked. Oh how he hated doing that. As they walked out of the door, his blushing was as pink as his dress.

To his dismay they did not head back to the house. Instead she drove over to the nearby post office. Julie

made him get out of the car and accompany her inside. There were about a dozen people and they all paused and stared at him for a moment or two. Thomas just wanted to fade into the wall as he stood with Julie holding his hand. Just as he thought he couldn't stand it any more, they reached the counter.

"These are fairly large boxes. I'll have one of the postmen bring them to your car for you Miss Julie. My, that is one fancy dress. You going to a costume party or something?" the clerk said with an amused smile looking at Thomas.

"Oh no, this is just my sissy nephew Thomas. He just came from the salon and positively glowed when he saw what Madge did for him. He just loves playing the sissy. We'll wait by the car for the packages and thank you so much for your help," Julie replied.

"What....that aint no girl? You sure coulda fooled me. Never would have guessed. You say that's your nephew?" the clerk now clearly amused asked.

"You remember Millie I'm sure. You know Pete's sister. Married and moved away. They were killed in an automobile accident last winter. I inherited him so to speak. I'm not pleased that he wants to be a great big sissy but he's blood you know," Julie replied as if that explained everything.

As they left the office, the clerk turned to the next customer, "Julie is a strange one. Don't particularly like her snotty attitude but that...that queer nephew really takes the cake. Haven't seen the like before but I guess them rich folks are all weird. So what can I do for you Hattie?" she said.

Thomas couldn't believe that no one raised an alarm or objected to his treatment. No one suspected

that something was wrong with him dressing this way. No one questioned his Aunt's statements about him being a big sissy or whether or not he was voluntarily doing so. He could tell just by looking at their expressions they thought he had the plague or leprosy.

"How could people be so blind and accepting? They just seemed to be amused or scared like I had some contagious disease. Crap! Why didn't I speak up? I should have screamed for the cops or at least asked for help. I was just too embarrassed and ashamed to say anything. Now everybody will think I am a sissy. In a town this small word probably gets around in no time at all. Shit! Shit! I'm doomed," he thought as they walked back to the car.

As a postman wheeled a cart with two large boxes on it to the car, Thomas decided to have some balls and ask the man to call the cops. As he opened his mouth, Julie waved something in front of his face. It was the pacifier. She didn't say anything. She didn't have too. Thomas caught her meaning plain enough. If he said anything and wasn't helped, it would be back in diapers and baby food. He looked sadly out the passenger window as Julie pulled out of the lot as the postman pushed the cart back into the office. Tears began to trickle down his face as he turned to face the front.

Ooo

Over the next month, Julie worked like a demon insuring that Thomas was immersed in sissy hood. He spent hours each day walking in his five inch heels until his calves, ankles and feet were throbbing in pain. As he walked, he had to keep his elbows tucked to his sides and wrists held up and limp. With the heel and

toe steps, the overall effect was to give him a very pronounced swish and sway movement. If his ass was just a bit bigger, it would present a very erotic view to any male watchers.

When he wasn't walking, he was learning to sit demurely while controlling his massive petticoats and full skirts. His purse and scarf had to sit just so in his lap when he was seated. Thomas sat for thirty minute stretches with a quarter pressed between his knees. If the quarter fell more than twice during that time, he would spend 24 hours in a diaper. With that kind of incentive, he quickly mastered the art of sitting and standing with his knees pressed together.

He spent hours learning the proper way to bend at the knees and lower his behind when picking up something on the floor. Julie just loved the way his skirts and petties rustled and floated up when he picked something up. Doc for his part would rather see him bending at the waist to expose his pantied butt.

His long finger nails gave him a difficult time at first when he had to pick things up. Thomas had to learn to turn his fingers slightly to the side and pick the item up using the fleshy part of his fingers. Each day he practiced how to perform a perfect curtsy. His training was so intense that sometimes he even dreamed about doing the swishy things he was being taught. He hated every bit of it but the few occasions when she put him back in diapers dispelled any rebellion.

Doc came by once a week to give him a physical exam, injections and increase the size of the nipple extenders. Towards the end of the month, he began measuring Thomas' belly fat using a pair of calipers. They had kept him on a rich high calorie/fat diet and despite

the waist cinch. He was developing a roll of fat on his tummy.

One evening while he was sitting with Julie having a cup of coffee, he said, "Julie, I think it's about time we did that procedure I talked about when he came here. Ya know the one, where we give him some nice breasts. I think he has enough body fat to do it now. I already ordered the forms to mold the breasts into nice cones. While I have him under, is there anything you'd like me to do fer ya?"

"Doc, you aren't going to make them humongous are you? I don't want him falling on his face every time he tries to get up. Any how, you know Doc, I was going to take him back into town and get his ears, tongue and navel pierced. Could you do that for me?" she asked.

"No, not humongous Julie, just nice firm "C" cups at most. I was going to mention that tongue piercing myself. That would be a fun addition for the both of us. Yeah, be glad to do the rest while I'm at it and if you don't mind, I want to pierce his nostrils. We also need to come up with a real sissy name for your charge. I was thinking' something like 'Bunnie' or perhaps 'Pussy Kat' spelled with a 'K.'" What'cha think?" he replied as he remembered the cat costume he purchased.

"Oh I don't know. I'm kinda use to calling him sissy all the time but 'Pussy Kat' and 'Bunnie' sounds like a stripper or hooker. How about we call him 'Percy' or 'Percy Jean?' I can't think of a sissier sounding name than that," she said with a laugh.

"You're his guardian, so I guess its Percy Jean. Just remember to always refer to him by that name. To con-

trol his mind, we have to make him believe that name identifies him and what he has become. He must learn to think of himself as Percy Jean. It will also help to destroy his ego," Doc said as he finished his coffee.

"Doc, when do you want to do the surgery?" Julie asked as Doc got up to leave.

"How about next week. That will make a nice belated Valentine's Day present for the both of us. He'll need bed rest for at least a week but I don't think you will have any problems with him. You're going to have to worry about that tongue piercing more than what I do to his tits. There'll be more swelling and has to be cleaned frequently," he replied.

It was late evening and Thomas was laid out on Doc's veterinary surgical table. Thomas had put up a fight when Julie told him he was going to visit Doc at his animal clinic and she insisted in giving him an enema. At the time he wasn't sure exactly why he was scared to death but he knew that nothing good would come of it. It took the threat of two months living as a toddler and several swats with a hairbrush to get him to cooperate.

Once he was all cleaned out, she dressed him in bra, panties, white puff sleeved nylon blouse, baby blue corduroy bib overalls, white knee highs and a pair of five inch white heels. She breathed a sigh of relief as Thomas swallowed the sleeping pill without complaint. Now he lay peacefully on the stainless steel table.

Using a pair of surgical tweezers, Doc pulled Thomas' tongue out as far as he could. Picking up another tool that looked like a hole punch, he pierced the

tongue. Setting aside the punch, he placed a gold plated stainless steel rod with a smooth round ball at one end through the hole. As Julie held the tweezers, Doc picked up another golden ball and added a drop of super glue then quickly screwed it tight to the exposed end of the gold shaft.

He pierced each side of the nostril just above the tip and inserted gold studs. The ear lobes were quickly pierced and the holes filled with keepers. It didn't take him long to pierce Thomas' innie navel. With a satisfied grin on his face, Doc then inserted the navel jewelry. It was shaped in the form of a smiling stylized cat's head with pointy ears. The outline of the head was done in black enamel and the face set in bright pink stones. The whiskers and nose in black enamel and the large eyes in a white enamel background with large green stones for irises. The ear to ear grin on the face was formed out of very small white seed pearls. A bright pink enameled curly tail was use to cap the end of the stud protruding from the top of the navel.

"Where on earth did you find that? It's absolutely perfect," Julie asked when she saw it.

"I had it custom made. I saw something like it on an internet site illustration. Forgot exactly where but I think it came out beautifully," he replied.

With the piercing finished, Doc examined Thomas to make sure the anesthetic was still working. "Okay, we're ready for the hard part. Julie I'm going to need your assistance here. I want you to hold the forms in place after I inject the fat tissue I'm going to remove

from his stomach," Doc said as he handed her a clear plastic bullet shaped object.

Using a large syringe and needle Doc soon had the right breast filling the form. Making a small incision vertically under the breast, he inserted a thin piece of L shaped plastic that would prevent any sagging. He then suctioned out whatever air remained inside the form.

"Alright now, you can let go of it. The vacuum inside the form will hold the flesh exactly where we want it. Align the other form on the blue line I drew around the breast while I get some more tissue. You know I think there may be some extra fat I can use. What do ya think about puffing up his lips while we are at it?" he said.

"Just as long as you don't over do it Doc. I know you and I don't want him looking like a friggin cartoon," she answered.

"Julie, what you must think of me. I promise I'll just make them puff out a bit more. I like a nice full set of lips," he said with a small laugh.

Ooo

Thomas awoke slowly, the strange dull pain coming from his mouth he noticed first. Then a pressure on his chest made itself felt. "Aaaagh! Uh kan't..." he tried to speak but he couldn't form any words. His tongue seemed stuck in his mouth and didn't seem to work. His confusion and fear was clearly etched on his face as he came fully awake.

“Just lay still Percy Jean. Here try to take a sip of cold water. It should help,” Julie said as she placed the straw between his lips.

“Percy Jean? Who the fuck? Shit! What the fuck did they do to me?” were his first thoughts. He tried to get up but he was held down.

“Percy Jean settle down. You can’t move around because you’re strapped into the bed. Now, sip some water and I’ll explain everything,” Julie stated.

Drinking the water seemed to cool off the burning sensation coming from his mouth. He sipped some more and settled back into his pillow. “Percy Jean, that’s your new name. We decided that a sweet sissy like you should have a proper name. Now, don’t try to speak. Doc pierced your tongue and it will be sore and swollen for a bit. He did a few other things but that can wait until you’re feeling better. Now I am going to give you a few pills. They are for pain along with some antibiotics and one to help you sleep,” she informed him.

When next he became aware, he was being moved into a sitting position. Thomas could move his tongue around in his mouth. He could feel the round balls attached to it move as he flexed his tongue. “Wha... what thappened” he squeaked out.

“Ah, good you’re awake. You can talk but just don’t over do it. Your tongue isn’t fully healed yet,” Doc said.

“Whaad ya do ta me?” Thomas asked. His tongue was more flexible but he still found it hard to form words.

“Why I just made a few adjustments here and there. Nothing too extreme I assure you. A few piercings in

your ears, nose and belly button and, oh yes, I enhanced your breasts. Like I said nothing outrageous, I filled them out to a modest "C" cup. Now I need to do a little check up so open your mouth," Doc stated.

The tongue piercing was healing nicely and Doc sprayed his throat and tongue with antiseptic. Moving down to Thomas' chest, he removed the bra that held the forms in place. Thomas didn't want to look but while he tried not to just had to see what had been done. On his chest were two bullet shaped clear plastic forms. The forms didn't freak him out but the flesh filling them did. He did the only thing he could and that was faint.

He was kept on bed rest for a week. During that time Thomas realized that there was nothing he could do about any of it. His mind grudgingly accepted the fact that he now had boobs. His ego and sense of self had been seriously diminished. Adding to this assault were the frilly lace embellished and satin ribbon bows of the double layered chiffon nighties he was always dressed in. His hair was kept in pink rollers and covered with a mop cap that matched the nightie he was wearing. Even though he was confined to bed, Doc made him wear his high heels.

"Why are you making him wear those heels in bed? Don't you know that the heel will tear the sheets all to hell?" Julie asked.

"Sheets are replaceable. Making him wear those heels all the time will eventually prevent him from ever wearing flat shoes again. Those heels will make his Achilles Tendons shrink and it will be painful to walk flat footed once that happens. I could put some metal splints on his feet that'll work but they'd probably tear

your sheets and the bed even worse than the shoes," Doc replied.

Four times a day, Thomas was carried over to a chair set in front of a full length mirror for an hour. There he was forced to look at his reflection while reciting, "My name is Percy Jean and I am a sissy. Just look at my pretty peignoir and my boobies. I am Percy Jean and I am a sissy." Julie made sure that he kept repeating that phrase in the highest voice he could manage. If he faltered, she slapped his thigh painfully with a riding crop. She giggled as he repeated the refrain because the tongue piercing had given him a lovely lisp.

During the rest of the day, he was forced to read instruction books about applying makeup, gay land lesbian love and basic gay hygiene. When he finished reading a chapter, he had to write in a feminine script a synopsis of that chapter. If it wasn't in a feminine enough script or lacked detail, he would have to do it all over until Julie was happy with it. He hated every tedious second of it but now that she had introduced corporal punishment when he disobeyed, he concentrated on his studies and lessons.

Finally Doc declared everything healed. He removed the forms from Thomas' chest. Seeing his bare chest with two bullet shaped breasts sticking out with long thick nipples made him nauseous. It had been one thing to see them encased in plastic. It was totally different when Doc was squeezing them and pulling on the nipples as he examined them.

"Those aren't fake! They're real!" Thomas' mind screamed at him. At that realization, his male ego shrank back in horror. He had hoped that Doc had just glued fake tits on but he could feel the touch and prod-

ding. He felt the pain as he attached bigger nipple extenders, it was too much and he fainted.

The scent of ammonia filled his nose as his eyes flickered open. "I guess that was a bit of a shock. Good thing you were already in bed. Come on, get up, we have to get you dressed for the day," Julie said handing him a bright yellow bullet bra.

Thomas slid out of bed and stood on shaky unsteady feet. It took him a moment to stand in his heels. "I'm sure that you remember how to hook your bra but you will have to do something different. Slide your arms through the straps, bend at the waist and fit the cups around your new assets. Once your breasts have settled into the cups, stand up and fasten the back," she instructed.

A pair of yellow nylon open crotched panties was the next item he pulled up his legs. He wasn't happy about the open crotch but the lace frills around the opening covered most of his groin. He wasn't pleased about the next item either. It was a yellow satin open bottom rubber lined heavy support girdle. Julie dusted some baby powder on the rubber lining then handed it to him. It was a struggle but he managed to tug it into place. The strong reinforcing strips criss-crossing the front pulled his stomach in and the ones on the back hem pulled his ass cheeks up. She had him sit at the vanity where he rolled white sheer thigh high stockings up his legs and attach the lace welts to the garters of the girdle.

Four full stiff net white petticoats with a nylon yoke were placed on the floor and Thomas instructed to pull them up. Huffing and puffing he managed to settle them just below his breasts. Julie decided to help him

out and squatting down fitted a pair of bright yellow patent leather five inch stiletto strappy sandals to his feet.

Standing up, she walked over to the closet and removed his dress. It was in a bright violet satin with a sheer white overlay of chiffon covering the skirt. The sleeves were puffed up into what looked like sheer white bubbles with three tiers of floral lace hanging from them. In the center of each strip of lace was a thin ribbon of violet satin and the puffs were supported with thin boning. The dress had a collar trimmed in knife pleated white chiffon that reached down to the rounded neck and a bodice of pleated violet satin.

Holding up his arms, Julie settled the dress on him and zipped the back. The bodice hugged his chest tightly and stood out in a crisp "V." The low neckline exposed a nice cleavage. The full skirt began just below the breasts and flowed down to just above mid-thigh. It flared out dramatically over the stiff petticoats.

With him dressed, she had him sit at the vanity. Easing himself down resulted in the skirt and petticoats flying up into his face. He quickly pressed them down with his palms blushing slightly. As he sat Julie removed the rollers and brushed out his hair. To finish his look, she fastened a large bright violet satin bow at the back of his head.

Placing a protective plastic cape about his shoulders, she quickly applied a thick coating of makeup. She coated his eyelids purple blended into violet and that was blended into pink eye shadow. His full lips were painted glossy red. With the makeup done, she sprayed him liberally with a sweet floral perfume.

“Now get up and come over to the full length mirror. I want you to see what a real sissy should always look like,” she ordered.

While Thomas had a good idea of what he looked like seeing his reflection came as a real shock. He didn't look anything like his old self. His lips could only be described as “cock sucker” lips. They were full and shaped into a permanent pout. Then as he glanced down, the new cleavage showing on his chest shouted “girl.” He was use to seeing himself dressed like he was with that brassy looking hair but the total new image presented to him came as a big shock.

“OMG! There aint no way I will ever be able to go back to being me now. Look what they have done to me! I look like that sissy girl in the old movies. What's her name, yeah, Shirley something or other. Damn! I hate this,” he thought as tears began rolling down his cheeks.

“Oh my gosh! Are those tears of happiness I see? Why I'm sure they are. Percy Jean you positively have to be the biggest sissy I have ever seen. Now, stop those waterworks and dry those tears. It's a good thing I used waterproof makeup or you'd look like a dang con. Now come on, I promised Doc he could spend some private time with you,” she said.

“Oh no, please Aunt Julie please don't leave me alone with him. He scares me! Please don't do this,” Thomas plead.

“Percy Jean don't be foolish now. Doc has been very nice and did all that work to make you look just like you asked him to. Don't deny it. I heard you plain as day tell him you wanted to be a big sissy when you got

out of diapers. Now listen up, if you keep complaining every time I ask you to do something, you aint too old to be put back in diapers permanently. Why, now that I think about it, that dress would look adorable if there were thick diapers with a frilly pair of plastic panties under it. I'm not going to tell you again. So dry those eyes and come along," she said.

Ooo

Thomas was sitting on Doc's ample lap trembling in fear. Doc had his hand underneath the mound of petticoats rubbing the panty covered slit between Thomas' legs. "Ahhh Percy Jean you make a lovely sissy, don't ya know. I may be just an old country horse doctor but I think my little enhancements really put you over the top," he said as his other hand pulled Thomas closer and began messaging the right breast.

Thomas was becoming even more uncomfortable as Doc fondled him. He could feel Doc's fingers rubbing the nylon against the head of his imprisoned dick. The feeling he was getting from that disturbed him tremendously. He especially didn't like being this close to Doc or any man for that matter. The smell of his cheap cologne, the lingering odor of cigar smoke and bad breath was almost nauseous. His homophobic fears were heightened by his fear of physical punishment.

"This is so friggin queer! I can't stand much more of this but if I don't let him do whatever he wants. I don't want to think about that either. I don't care if I look like a silly little girl, I'm still me inside. Crap! If I had any real balls I'd grab a table lamp and bust his head open. If I were able to knock him out, how would I get past Julie? She would hear and come running. Then what?

Bust her in the head? Shit! I'm a million miles in the middle of nowhere and dressed like a fancy doll. Even if I got away, they'd probably charge me with murder. After the way I acted in town, no body would believe they forced me. Damn! I wish he'd quit touching me and let me go but I don't want to be put back in diapers," he thought as a tear formed in the corner of his eye.

Thomas was brought out of his musings when he felt the buttons come undone. Doc had stopped fondling and was in the process of removing his dress. He sat frozen as Doc pulled the dress down around his waist. Doc turned him so they were facing each other and planted a big wet kiss on his lips. He forced his tongue deep into Thomas' mouth. Thomas was too shocked to respond as the tongue maneuvered around inside his mouth and filled it with saliva.

Thomas tried to pull away and break that awful kiss but Doc held him firmly. "Oh damn, he's filling my mouth with his spit!" he thought in disgust.

He was so caught up in the kiss that he didn't feel Doc unhook the bra and push the cups over his breasts. When the kiss finally broke, Doc leaned back with a big shit eating grin on his face. "I've been wantin' to do that fer a long time Percy Jean. Now let's get down to some other things I've been wantin' to do. You cooperate and make me happy. Then I won't consider making your titties a whole lot bigger. Maybe beach ball size. I really like big tits but your Aunt wouldn't let me then. So don't make me mad," Doc threatened.

Thomas was feeling a little green around the gills from having to swallow all the spit that had filled his mouth. Even though he swallowed, he could still taste

Doc in his mouth. Hearing Doc's threat caught his full attention and made his other worries disappear.

"Bigger tits? Beach balls? I don't want the ones I got! Knowing how easy he put these damn things on me, I'm sure he can make em bigger any time he wants. I can't let that happen. Just don't think about it. Just do as he says and try to blank it out of my mind. Oh, I can't believe I'm doing this," he thought as he reluctantly nodded his head.

"Alright Percy Jean, now I want you to ask me very nicely to play with your titties. I want to hear you say it very sincerely with meaning," Doc ordered.

"Yes my darling little sissy go on and beg me. Once you beg me, it'll become easier and easier over time. You're going to beg me to do everything I ask because the more you beg, the more your mind will accept and who knows, maybe you'll come to like it," Doc thought.

"Pwe....pwease... Doc Julian play with my titties," Thomas stuttered.

"Now Percy Jean, that didn't sound all that enthusiastic. Why don't you try again and put some feeling into it," Doc replied. Doc made him repeatedly beg over a dozen times before he was satisfied.

"Oh pwease Doc Julian pway with my titties. I want you to thuck my nipples and squeeze my bweast so much. I want to fweel your lips on my nipples so pwease thuck my titties," Thomas lisped as sincerely as he could.

"Very well, since you asked so nicely my darling sissy," Doc said as he removed the extenders from his

nipples. Thomas scrunched up his face in pain as his nipples were freed throbbing and pulsing.

With the extenders off, Doc reached out with both hands and began messaging the twin globes. Thomas wiggled in his lap as he looked down and saw his nipples sticking out between Doc's thick fingers. The nipples were about the thickness of a night crawler and at least an inch long. Before Doc started messing with his body, those nipples had just been small pink bumps on his chest. He could feel Doc's fingers squeezing and mashing his breasts. That feeling only reinforced the fact that he actually had real breasts in his mind.

When Doc's lips puffed out and sucked one of his nipples into his mouth, Thomas jumped in surprise. The warm, wet sucking combined with the gentle gnawing of teeth sent a shock up his spine. Thomas wasn't expecting to feel any pleasure from what Doc was doing and he despised himself for doing so. As Doc suckled, his hand was between Thomas' legs, one thick finger rubbing up and down over the head of his imprisoned dick.

Thomas was shocked at the warm pleasant sensations. "I'm not supposed to be enjoying this. I'm not queer!" he thought. He could feel his dick trying to get hard and the warm glow emanating from his groin and breasts drove what maleness he had left further back into the recesses of his mind.

Doc slurped hungrily at Thomas' nipples and breasts for at least thirty minutes before sitting back with a satisfied smile. The pale flesh on the boy's chest was reddened and the nipples swollen from his attentions.

“Very nice. Very nice indeed. I’m going to have to do something to increase the size of those nipples though. They’re too thin and not long enough. Maybe another injection of fat cells would do the trick,” Doc was thinking.

Doc pushed Thomas off his lap and told him to strip. As Thomas stood, the bra slipped down his arms and fell to the floor. He hesitated for a few moments just looking down at the bra before pulling down the petticoats. All too soon he was standing in just his lingerie, his skin glowed a pale pink with humiliation. Doc indicated for him to turn around and he slowly did so.

“That is getting to be one fine looking sissy body you have there Percy Jean. I’d guess a thirty-four “C”, twenty-six, thirty but in time we’ll get that waist down to no more than twenty and that butt to at least a thirty-six. Now get down on your knees, I have something else you need to do for me. First you are going to undo my pants and then you are going to beg me to let you suck my dick. Remember don’t bite or use those teeth or I will give you big “GG” sized tits,” he said.

Thomas reached out tentatively and began undoing Doc’s pants. The smell of urine and musk hit his nose as he leaned in to pull down the pants. “OMG! I can’t believe I’m doing this. I want to puke. I have to keep telling myself that I’m not a queer. If I don’t do this, he’ll give me balloon tits and Julie will put me in diapers forever. I can’t let that happen. Just close your eyes and do it,” he told himself.

“Come on Percy Jean let’s not delay the inevitable. Let me hear you beg to suck my cock with enthusiasm. You better sound like you really want it or it’s off to my operating table,” Doc ordered.



“Yeah, come on you sweet thing, let me hear you say it. Making you beg for it will drive the words home into your mind crushing your male ego even more. Making you say it like you really want it will only make the message even more powerful. Threatening to blow up your titties is strong enough to get you to do

it. Even though Julie wouldn't let me but you don't know that do you," he thought.

Thomas was disgusted at the sight of the old man's penis as it popped free of his boxers. It was thick and about seven inches long sticking straight out from a bush of mostly grey prickly looking hairs.

"Just keep your eyes closed and keep thinking that I'm not a queer," he thought as he lowered his head and parted his lips. "Pwease Doc Julian, may I thuck your cock," he said.

"Oh, you can do a whole lot better than that Percy Jean. Now try again and make damn sure you keep your eyes locked on mine the whole time," Doc said.

"Pwease Doc Julian I weally weally want to thuck your cock. It looks so delish. Like a tweet banana, so pwease let me thuck on it. I..I pwomise to dwink every thing up," he lisped for what seemed like the hundredth time. With each disgusting repetition Thomas' ego took another direct hit.

Finally the nasty deed was done. As the hot discharge hit the roof and back of his mouth, Thomas' gag reflex took over. Doc saw the signs and firmly pressed his fat hand over his mouth.

"Drink it bitch and keep it down. You dare spill a single drop and I'll bust your ass," Doc demanded.

Thomas sat gasping on the floor between Doc's feet. He had gotten his gag reflex under control but every time he swallowed, he could still taste the awful discharge. When Doc saw that Thomas wasn't going to vomit all over the place, he pulled him up across his lap.

"Since you done such a good job and begged so nicely, I want you to thank me for letting you do that.

All sissies thank everyone for giving them their hot seed. Of course, you had better sound really grateful when you do," Doc instructed.

"Twank you Doc Julian for giving me your hot theed," Thomas complied.

"No, no sweetie, tell me you loved getting my hot cum down your throat and how yummy it was," Doc instructed.

"Doc Julian..." he started to answer but was cut off.

"No Percy Jean, I think you should refer to me as Daddy from now on. Come on, let me hear you say it," Doc instructed.

"Daddy I just love your cum. It taths better than ice cream, It weely douze n I...I can't wait for thome more," Thomas lisped.

"Well since you like it so much I'm going to see to it that you get a lot more. I have a whole bunch of bull semen that has expired that I need to get rid of. It'll be a good way fer you to develop a taste fer male seed. I even have a dispenser for it that I know you'll like. I had it made special from a cast of my own dick and balls. I know you'll just love sucking on that. Now I want you to get up and put your hands on the coffee table. Daddy has another gift for you," Doc said.

Ooo

That morning Julie gave Thomas some medicated suppository to ease the pain in his boy pussy. After Doc had finished entertaining him last night, he was told to only think of that particular hole as his "boy pussy" then made him recite twenty times just how much he loved having his boy pussy used.

Finished with his morning toilet, Julie handed him a plum colored bra with pink floral embroidery decorated the side of the cups that continuing up the straps and a matching panty girdle. He was then given a purple and violet striped leotard in lustrous stretchy fabric and white tights. As he struggled into the tight leotard, he looked at her questioningly.

“Doc says you need exercise that will limber you up. So I decided I’m going to teach you ballet. Ballet exercises all the muscles while not adding a lot of strength except in your legs and thighs. It will also stretch you ligaments and tendons to make you more limber. Oh, yes, don’t forget to tie that precious pink tutu around your waist. Now hurry up and put on those slippers so we can get started,” she informed him.

She had to show him how to tie the ribbon laces on his special pink ballerina slippers. What made the special were the four inch stiletto heels. She then untied them so he could weave them above his ankles, tie a pert bow then tuck the remaining ribbon so he wouldn’t trip over them. When he showed her that he could do it correctly, she had him begin a stretching and limbering set of exercises. He had problems at first with the heels slipping on him but found that if he kept pressure on his toes, he could do the exercises. Once she thought he was ready, she turned on the music. As the sounds of “Swan Lake” began, Julie began her instruction.

“For the first position, stand up straight, bring your feet together then turn them out so they make a straight line facing away from each other.”

When Thomas seemed to be having difficulty, Julie knelt down, pushed the feet together then fanned them out. As she did so his knees started to bend which she told him was a no no. With him finally in the first position, she showed him the second by spreading his feet apart.

Thomas began to wobble as Julie began moving him around, making sure that he kept his feet pointed in the opposite direction before putting one foot in front of the other. As she let him stand in that position for a bit, she told him that was called the third position.

“Do you understand what I’ve shown you so far? Good...now I’m going to show you the fourth position. Just stick your leg out with the toe pointed like this...easy now. Do it slow, you’ll pick up speed later,” she said seeing him windmilling his arms trying to maintain his balance.

Julie bent down again and pushed his feet together then slid them across the floor until the ankle of one foot was right in front of the toes of the other.

“This is the fifth position. Knees straight and try to hold it steady,” she said seeing him struggle to keep his balance.

“Now for the pile go back to the first position. Alright that’s it. Now bend your knees while keeping your back straight. Further down,” she said as she pushed down on his shoulders until he was correctly positioned.

“Good! This is called a demi pile. The next position is just a modification of this one and called a grand plie,” she said as she pushed him down into a full squat raising Thomas’ heels slightly in the process.

Julie held him in that position for a few moments as he wobbled on his toes.

“Very good Percy Jean. Just a few more positions then we’ll start all over to see what you can remember. The next is called a rond de jambe. Go back to first position, point one foot forward, no no don’t straighten it out just move it forward and lift the heel. Now slide it across the floor in an arc to the side. Now work it behind you then bring it back forward.” Julie instructed. She had to help him get his foot back but while a little wobbly managed to keep his balance.

By the time Julie was finished with him, every muscle, every fiber of his being burned and stung painfully. Julie helped him to the bath where he was allowed to soak in hot perfumed water. She gave him a couple of aspirins and told him to relax.

Ooo

The rest of the week Thomas was miserable. Between ongoing grooming and mannerism training, daily ballet practice was leaving him sore and aching. Julie was also making him choose his own sissy outfits and lingerie to wear. She called it coordinating and accessorizing lessons. When he wasn’t learning some lesson or other, she had him reading gay magazines both male and female. She had been so turned on seeing him in his precious ballerina costume and teaching him such girlish moves that she just had to make use of his pierced tongue.

So one afternoon after he had his bath Julie decided it was time. She must have sat on his face for at least an

hour that first time. Since then she used him twice or more every day. He was very good and still needed a lot of improvement but the magazines were helping. She was thinking about bringing him into her bed for the night now that his oral skills were becoming better.

The idea of waking up with his head stuck between her legs would be a pleasant change. She would have to make sure he was secured while she slept though. Friday she found the box in the afternoon mail. She removed the rubbery item with shaking hands. It was made of a heavy material coated in pink rubber and a square of thick netting. The garment looked like a high waist girdle but with a wide tube hanging between the legs. There was a metal wire sewn into the end of the tube with a small padlock. Julie about creamed her panties just thinking about using it that very night.

After his nightly toilet, Julie had him reapply his makeup in a heavy night time look then put his hair up in a mint green nylon mop cap. She told him to put on a pretty nightie then come to her room. Thomas chose a mint green nylon baby doll with matching bloomer styled matching panties. Slipping into the five inch stiletto heeled mules he went to her room and knocked on the door. If he wasn't so concerned about what she wanted him for, he might have enjoyed the feel of the soft nylon tricot rubbing across his nipples.

When he entered, he found her wearing a floral print shortie cotton gown with what looked like a pink tube hanging between her legs. She came over to him without a word and turned him around then fastened padded handcuffs about his wrists. Next, she bent down and attached leather padded cuffs around his an-

kles that would allow him very small steps and removed his mules.

She positioned him on the bed face down then slid into position with her thick thighs beside his ears. She smiled down at him and said, "Tonight my sexy sissy, you are going to please me all night. Stay awake as long as you can and you had better use that tongue like you never have before. I expect to be wakened with that tongue of yours still going strong or else." With that, she slid the sleeve over his head and secured it with the pad lock making sure the netting was positioned so he could breathe freely.

"At least she smells somewhat fresh," he thought as his nose was buried between her legs as he stuck out his tongue. Thomas spent a very uncomfortable night. It was hot inside that hood and as the evening went on the aroma of Julie's wet hairy crotch was getting ranker and ranker. He knew that he brought her to several orgasms as her pussy oozed out fluids and she painfully jerked her thighs together. He kept working his tongue until he heard her snoring. He was jarred awake when he heard her yell out, "start working that tongue Percy Jean."

When Thomas finally brought her to climax, Julie lay back enjoying the after glow. "I could get real use to this kind of treatment but I've got too much to do to just lie here," she thought.

With an effort, she sat up, grabbed the key from the bedside table and unlocked the hood. Thomas came out dripping with sweat, the mop cap plastered to his head and gasping for air. His face was smeared with makeup and lots of her juices.

"Go take a bath and shampoo your hair. It's a mess," she ordered.

Ooo

As Thomas was putting the last roller in his freshly shampooed hair, Julie came into his room. She was wearing her blue checked gingham dress with white collar and cuffs. "Good, you're about ready to get dressed. We have an appointment in town so I'll get you something appropriate to wear," she stated.

For a moment he hoped she would select something that wouldn't totally humiliate him but he was wrong. Bright canary yellow nylon lingerie consisting of panties, waist chinch, bullet bra and stay-up white nylons with a floral lace welt and yellow satin bow at the back were handed to him.

She pulled out a hanger with a pair of bright yellow velvet bibbed short-shorts with an one inch wide shiny yellow satin hemming at cuffs and outlining the bib. Yellow satin suspenders were sewn into the back waist, criss-crossed and attached to large brass buttons sewn at the top edge of the bib. A white chiffon blouse with billowing sleeves, high collar and full lacey jabot hung from the other hanger. The bibbed short-shorts hugged his body like a second skin clearly exposing the small feminine mound between his legs. There was a good three inches of bare flesh between the cuffs of his shorts to the top of his stocking's welt.

Thomas seeing the outfit Julie had chosen threw his lingerie to the floor, pulled the last bit of defiance he had and screamed, "I'm sick and tired of wearing bras and those sissy clothes. Can't I at least have normal girl's clothing for a change? I'll wear your sissy shit around the house and do what you want but at least let me wear normal clothing when you take me to town."

“Percy Jean I’ve had enough of you! For that little outburst, you’re going to be taught a lesson you will never forget. I wasn’t going to do what Doc wanted but now you have earned it. Now, you get dressed quietly or I’ll make it even worse,” she said sternly leaving the room.

When she came back from making a phone call he was finished dressing. Without a word, she handed him a pair of yellow leather open toed pumps with big leather bows attached to the back of the four inch stiletto heels. A chunky white plastic bangle was put on his right wrist and four alternating white and yellow plastic bracelets on his left. A white wicker box purse with pearlescent plastic handle completed his accessories.

“That looks lovely my dear Percy Jean. Just leave the curlers in and cover your head with a white silk scarf we’re running late,” she ordered. By the tone of her voice, Thomas knew that she was still pissed. It was bad enough having to go into town dressed like he was but with his hair still bound in bright pink rollers he was miserable.

In short order they were back in the small town. Julie’s first stop was a drug store where she had Thomas purchase a box of tampons, panty liners and two of the latest teen idol magazines. He blushed even more when the check out man called for a price check on the panty liners. As they exited the store, Thomas was hoping that humiliation was his punishment for acting out like he did. From there they walked two blocks to the post office to pick up a parcel. Thomas couldn’t ignore all the stares turned their way as he

minced along beside Julie. He cringed at what he knew they were thinking as he passed them by.

As they waited in the short line, Thomas was again the center of attention.

Much to his embarrassment, the same clerk that waited on them before was behind the counter. When it was their turn, the clerk looked at them with a slight smirk and asked in a loud voice, "Why Miss. Julie how you been and that precious sissy nephew of yours?"

They left the post office hearing giggling and murmurs in their wake and Thomas' complexion was bright red. As they stepped out the door, Thomas caught a bit of conversation, "Did you see that box of tampons the sissy was carrying? That old shrew probably don't use 'm anymore. Wonder who they're for?" Julie carried the small package she received and he was carrying the drug store bag with the tampons in plain view. Again, he cursed himself for not saying anything in his own defense.

Walking the two blocks back to the car, there seemed to be even more people out on the street. There were wolf whistles and obscene gestures directed his way but he did his best to ignore them. With each step, with each wiggle of his butt he knew exactly what they were thinking because he would have been thinking the same thing if it hadn't been him. At last they reached the car and got in.

She drove a short way out of town to a stand alone building with a big sign that said, "Tattoos". There were a couple of big bikes parked out front on the gravel lot and two very rough and tough guys wearing oil streaked jeans, leather vests and bandanas sitting on a bench by the door. There black biker boots propped

up on stools. One was whittling on a stick with a big knife while his partner was sipping on a beer.

“What are we doing here?” Thomas dared to ask fearing the answer.

“Why darling, I thought I would give you a little reward for your behavior. Remember, I promised you that Doc would get his wish. So don’t ruin my mood by arguing or disagreeing to what I want done. Either agree happily or I’ll have so many tattoos inked into your skin you won’t need to wear clothing, understand?” she said with a big Cheshire cat smile.

Thomas didn’t like the tone of her voice nor the reference to not needing clothing anymore. “Crap! I’m in deep shit now. I don’t want any tattoos of any kind. There’re way too permanent and she’s gonna select something girly I just know.” He thought as a shiver of fear surged up his spine.

As they entered the tattoo parlor, the two men sitting on the bench looked at Thomas with expressions similar to someone who stepped in dog shit barefooted. Inside the shop, Julie told the artist what she wanted to have done for her precious sissy nephew. He didn’t look happy about having them in his shop but agreed. Several hours later they left the shop with Thomas having a garland of colorful flowers just above his right ankle and the face of a pink cat similar to his navel ring over his left ankle. Those tats were nothing compared to what was tattooed across his chest and back. As they got back into the car, tears began flooding uncontrollably down his cheeks.

Ooo

That Friday evening Doc stood admiring Thomas. For the first time, Doc had the whole weekend to play with his boy toy. Julie went to the city and wouldn't be back until sometime Sunday. So that would give Doc all the time he needed to bring his favorite fantasy true. Thomas was stripped naked standing with his arms to his sides, as ordered, his lower lip trembling. Doc's pudgy finger stretched out and began tracing the black outline on his chest. His finger followed the line up and over the shoulder, across the back then back over the shoulder to the other side of Thomas' chest. His finger outlined the shape of the bra that had been tattooed around the chest. Inside the outline, the tattoo artist used lavender colored ink to fill in the bra and a dark purple to highlight the stitch lines and areoles. Other inks were used to add highlights to the cups making his breasts look like a transparent bra was actually strapped on his chest.

"My my, the artist that did this is a fuckin' genius. Even the hook and eye closure in the back looks real. From a distance I would swear that you were truly wearing a bra Percy Jean. I didn't think I could get Julie to do that but you must have really pissed her off. Too bad you didn't piss her off enough to get the panties, garter belt and fish net stockings tattooed as well. One can only hope though," he said as he walked around Thomas.

Thomas could only stand there mortified to the core, crying softly as Doc continued his examination. When he heard what other tattoos Doc had in mind, he vowed never ever to piss off his Aunt. Like she had

told him, "Percy Jean, look on the bright side. You will never have to put another bra on again." He definitely didn't want her saying that about those other tattoos Doc wanted.

The tattoo had Doc so excited that it didn't take him but seconds to fill Thomas' boy pussy the first time. After getting Percy Jean's lips to get him hard again, it took much longer to fill that tight back passage. Taking a breather with a glass of Scotch, Doc went to it again with a vengeance. By the time Thomas staggered back to his room, his thighs were coated in dripping fluids leaking from his gapping hole.

Saturday nigh Doc pulled out the cat costume for Thomas to wear. The tail went in surprisingly easy despite the size of the butt plug. Then he watched rubbing his dick as Thomas put on the costume. With the costume on, Doc put some super glue inside the cat ears and fixed them securely to Thomas'. Removing the studs from Thomas' nostrils, he inserted the false black whiskers and painted his nose black with an eyebrow pencil. The lavender with pink tipped fur paws were buttoned into place leaving the hands useless.

Doc sat back in his chair with a very satisfied smile on his face. "Come on kitten, crawl over here and let me watch you lick and I want to hear some nice purring while you do it. See if you can't wiggle that tail too while you are at it," he ordered.

By the end of the weekend Doc was totally spent. "I swear Julie that Percy Jean is something else. When I saw that tattoo, I just couldn't help myself. I don't think I've ever been that horny in my life. Oh yeah, the ears. Sorry about that but I couldn't help it. They look so adorable on him. Don't worry they'll come off in a week or so. Besides, if he isn't totally broken by now,

seeing those ears in the mirror all the time should do it. Before I forget, you might want to let him rest all day today. I was pretty hard on him. No pun intended my dear, hahaha," he said with a laugh.

Julie looked up at him from her end of the kitchen table, "Doc you're one sadistic sick bastard you know. Yeah, I know and you don't have to say it but I'm almost as bad. Damn it Doc did you see what you did to his backside? It's all swollen and puffed out. It looks more like a pussy than a butt hole now and its leaking shit. You're only here on the weekends. I have him all week. So what am I to do?" she replied.

"Don't worry. I didn't do any real harm. When the swelling goes down, he'll be alright. Probably keep those new lips though. Just some of his intestines sticking out making it look like lips. As far as the leakage, give him a douche then use a tampon. If you don't want to do that, put him back in diapers," he stated.

Ooo

After that night Percy Jean just went through the motions. He spent most week nights alone in his bed. Julie seemed to have lost interest in having him stuck between her legs. During the day, he cleaned, washed and did all the household chores. On the weekend, he entertained Doc. Ever since he had gotten that damn bra tattoo, Doc had been insatiable. Percy Jean was more of a robot than anything else, just reacting to his inputs. His male ego had like his dick and balls all but disappeared. He now thought of himself as Percy Jean, sissy extraordinaire.

Julie was becoming more and more frustrated. Mainly she was frustrated by Thomas' lack of resis-

tance. There was no fun in it anymore and she was making excuses to get away on the weekends. She didn't want to be around when Doc was having his fun. She was actually beginning to feel sorry for the boy. Doc was becoming more demanding as well. He kept insisting that she get Thomas' body tattooed like he wanted. He wanted Percy Jean looking like he was wearing sexy lingerie all the time. Such tattooing would be very expensive, time consuming, painful for the boy and she just didn't want to go through with it. Doc was taking this entirely too far in her mind.

Doc had her on a power trip like no other she had ever experienced. Now as she reflected back on what she had done, she was beginning to feel guilty and remorseful. It was one thing to have a fantasy but another to actually live it. All she wanted was to be in control for once in her life. Men had totally fucked up her life and now Doc was doing the same.

When she came home after another visit to the city, Julie made a decision. She had found Percy Jean crying in his room. He was naked lying on his stomach. Julie had to stifle a scream as she saw the boy. Doc had gone and done it. The boy appeared to be wearing a lavender bra and matching lavender bikini cut panties with wide purple lace frills around the waist and legs. Sticking out of the crack of his ass was a furry cat's tail.

"OMG what have you done Doc?" she said in dismay as she went over to Percy Jean. The tattoo was fresh and bright and done against her wishes. She could see brown lips caressing the base of the butt plug and she wanted to puke. With an effort she reached down and carefully removed the plug and tossed it to the floor. Julie had been afraid that that crazy bastard

might have glued it into Thomas' ass. She had a good look at the gapping hole surrounded by brown wrinkled glistening lips. There was whitish ooze seeping from the hole but no blood and she breathed a sigh of relief. Gently she rolled him over and pulled him into her ample bosom. She held him quite awhile until his sobbing faded off into sleep. Laying him back down, she couldn't help but notice that the tattoo completely covered the groin.



“That must have been really painful. I can’t let this go on any longer. I’ve got to put a stop to this. It was never supposed to go this damn far. He’s totally lost his mind. I’ll gut him like a fish if I have to but this is going to stop,” she muttered as she pulled the covers over Thomas.

She got back to the kitchen just in time to see Doc drive off. “You son of a bitch! You haven’t heard the last of this! You’ve gone to far this time,” she screamed out the back door.

She sat Percy Jean down at the kitchen table and gave him a cup of coffee. Thomas’ body had recuperated and the tattoo was to the point where he could now sit. As she sipped hers, she looked into his eyes, seeing a vacant haunted stare.

“Percy Jean, go on you can drink your coffee. It’s just coffee with some cream and sugar. Look, what would you say if I told you....you could start dressing and acting like a real girl your own age?”

She thought that she saw some life coming into his eyes, as she continued observing him. “I said would you like to start living a normal girl’s life. Looking like you do, you can never go back to being a boy. For that I’m truly sorry but you would have no problem passing as a young lady. I could help you do that you know.”

“Wha....what....about...about Doc?” he whispered.

“Doc! That fat pig. Don’t you worry I’ll take care of him. I’m not keen on what he’s done and I have plenty enough on him to keep him away. So would you like to start being a young woman? Of course, I’ll have to teach you a lot about that but I’m sick and tired of see-

ing you moving around like a robot and being hurt. I'm sick of seeing what he's been doing to you. I need someone to talk to and share a life with. I'm sorry things got so out of hand but Doc had me going there for awhile," she said as she reached out and cupped his hands in hers.

"I really didn't know what you two were doing because I usually weren't here on weekends. However, when he stuck them ears on you and you looked so... well I couldn't deny what was happening then. I just didn't want to believe, that's all. When I came home last night...an...and saw what he did... well I couldn't deny or force myself not to believe what was happening any longer. He can't control me anymore and he won't control you either. Now don't get me wrong, I liked dressing you up like my own living doll but that'll change. So do you think that if I let you be a grown up, you could at least pretend that you like me? I won't even ask you to forgive me because I can't forgive myself," she stated as tears fell down her cheeks.

"I don't know. I hate what you two have done to me. I not only look like a freak but feel like one. Maybe, if I could...could be treated better and get out of theseissy clothes...." He trailed off. It was difficult for him to be thinking for himself. In the back of his mind, he wondered if perhaps this was some kind of test or trap. Yet, she seemed to be sincere.

"Well Doc is due here shortly. What if you stand there by the kitchen window and watch me send him away. Away for good. Would that prove that I am trying to make amends?" she asked.

Doc drove up shortly before six. His dick was already hard as a rock and there was a pounding in his

chest. All he could think about during the week was getting back to the farm and Percy Jean. Percy Jean a normal straight guy that he had broken. Made him into his fantasy sissy cocksucker and he was actually beginning to believe it himself. Doc had been hard all week and just the thought of spending the weekend with him nearly made him cum in his pants.

As he turned off the ignition, he decided that this weekend was going to be very special. No matter what Julie said, the boy was going back to the tattoo artist. He didn't give a damn how pissed she would be or what her objections were going to be. The garter belt would be permanently etched into his skin by Saturday night. She wouldn't know until she came back from wherever it was that she went to on the weekend.

Stepping from the car, he came face to face with Julie. He heard her babbling and threatening him through a rushing, pounding in his ears. A searing pain shot up his left arm and into his chest. Everything went black.

Julie kicked his body over onto its back and looked down. Turning, she slowly walked back into the house, sat down with Percy Jean, sighed and picked up her coffee. Finished her coffee, she stood up and said, "Guess I better call EMS. Percy Jean, why don't you go back to your room for awhile. I don't think you are going to have to worry about Doc coming to see you ever again. I'll talk to you when all this mess is cleaned up."

EMS arrived about twenty minutes later, while one paramedic did CPR another hooked up an oxygen tank. Julie saw one medic jab a needle into Doc's chest, they both put him in the ambulance. As the EMS crew hauled off the Sheriff's car pulled into the drive. Julie went out to meet him.

“Hay Sheriff, what can I do for you?” she asked.

“Got the EMS call and thought I’d best check up and see what happened?” he replied.

“Nothing much, I was passin’ by the kitchen window, saw Doc laying there on the ground then called EMS. That’s about it,” she told him.

“Thanks, Miss Julie. I’ll get back to you if anything comes up. I’ll send a tow to pick up Doc’s car. Oh, by the way, why was Doc here?” the sheriff asked.

“Just a follow-up on my cow Bossy. Why ya askin’?” Julie stated.

“Oh, no reason. Just curious. I’ll say bye now,” he said as he got back into his cruiser.

Ooo

Over the next six months things became more normal at the farm. Percy Jean, Julie still called him that was given a new wardrobe of mostly jeans and shorts. His hair had been lightened to a uniform honey blonde and styled in a shag cut. Madge hadn’t really wanted to change his hair style seeing he was a sissy and all that but Julie insisted.

Madge was afraid that Percy Jean looked too much like a real girl with that style. She certainly didn’t want the local boys fooled. “After all there is only one thing them sissy boys are after. If he fools one of the locals, there will be hell to pay,” she thought as she worked on Percy Jean.

It was full into summer and the weather was hot. Percy was actually enjoying himself for the first time in a very long time. He especially liked tending to Bossy.

He milked her twice a day and brushed her down until her coat gleamed. He derived a calm inner peace as he performed that mindless chore. He spent as much time out of doors as he could. He would have liked to do even more around the place but his body was still too frail for anything heavy.

Julie was happier than she had been in a very long time as well. She did her best to make up for what she had done and bent over backwards to help Percy Jean. She didn't object when he stopped wearing makeup and wouldn't wear any of his sissy finery. His only concession to his sissy clothing was to wear a bra, high heels or heeled cowboy boots, they were needed and wearing a nightie to bed. He wouldn't admit it but the chiffon and nylon nighties just felt delicious against his fair skin. She had tried to get him to walk and move his arms like a normal girl but his earlier programming was too strong. He still swished and pranced as only a sissy could. At the moment she was trying to get him use to wearing a lower heel but his tendons had shortened so much that he had real difficulty with any less than a three inch heel.

At night they would sit in front of the television set and actually talk. The conversation was very strained in the beginning mostly about the farm and weather. Now that things were becoming more normal, Percy Jean would actually engage in meaningful conversation. It was very difficult for him to open up about the things Doc did and about his physical changes. By the end of the seventh month, Percy Jean began telling Julie everything and they both cried together. Percy Jean cried in cathartic relief and Julie in guilt. They were becoming friends.

Percy Jean was even looking forward to a trip into town. They would go to a movie and stop on the way home for some ice cream. If they didn't do that they would window shop and have dinner at the best restaurant (and only restaurant) in town before going home. Being dressed in jeans, cowboy shirt and boots wasn't nearly attention getting as his sissy dresses. He still got the odd look and expression but that was all. Some of the locals even began to wonder if he hadn't been a girl all along and that they were just being used as the butt of some strange joke.

One mid-August night as Percy Jean was finished taking care of Bossy his life took another nasty turn. As he walked out into the darkening evening, a cloth was forced over his mouth, a strong chemical smell filled his lungs and he was soon out like a light.

Percy Jean's eyes fluttered open. He was flat on his back, wrists, ankles and midsection held by restraints. A pale light illuminated his naked body. He tilted his head up as far as he could and looked down. Two cylinders about an inch and a half long and one around were stuck on his nipples. His legs were spread wide and held up in the air by cushioned leather ankle cuffs. Seeing that, his head plopped back down, he groaned softly then fainted. He didn't see the shadowed figure move close and insert a needle into his arm.

"Percy Jean almost didn't recognize ya when I seen ya but I got ya now," a low voice could be heard as the shadow moved away.

When Percy Jean came too, he felt horrible. His mouth felt like it was stuffed with cotton and he had a pounding headache. Other things didn't feel quite right either. There was pressure on his chest and a fullness he immediately recognized as a big butt plug. He no-

ticed a pulsing pulling then release sensation coming from his breasts and a tingling funny but nice feeling coming from between his legs.

Percy Jean crossed his eyes and noticed that his nose was black. He let his eyes refocus towards his chest. His eyes opened wide as he looked at the two cantaloupe sized breasts sitting like artillery rounds on his chest. The pulsing sensation appeared to be coming from the stainless steel tubes attached over his nipples that had clear plastic tubes coming out of them. Something about the clear tubes caught his attention. As the pulse pulled at his breast a milky white substance seemed to fill the tube. He looked back in disbelief at the enormous breasts and his cry of anguish was muffled by the dildo stuffed into his mouth. There was no mistaking that they were real as the tattooed bra covered them.

With his cry, a head rose from between the spread legs. "Just enjoying what that bitch didn't want me to play with. I freed that shriveled penis of yours and was enjoying a little taste. I'm sure you felt something down there but with your testicles all dried up ya aint gonna climax. I made sure of that by freezing your prostate gland. Ya know that's where all the fluid comes from when ya cum. You'll never cum again but you'll still feel. Oh, you might feel ya ears ring a bit and the blood pound in ya head some but that's as close to cumming as ya ever will. You'll wanna cum so bad but aint gonna happen," Doc laughed with glee.

"That's the way I wanted it boy. Wantin' but never able to get satisfaction, total sexual frustration that's what you get to look forward too," Doc thought.

“Guess ya wondering what I attached to your nipples. Them be goat teat cup shells and they’re hooked up to a surge milker. Yeah! That’s right sissy. I got you lactating using some bovine medicine. Can’t see’em yet but ya nipples are the size of a small goat’s now. Them new “GG” teats ya have is me keeping my promise to ya. I put a plastic shelf under them for support so they’ll never sag or lose their shape. You give me any trouble or complaint again and I swear they’ll be beach balls by morning. Now I’m going to release you and take off those cups. Then ya can get up but do it slowly. I don’t want you to faint on me,” Doc finished.

As Percy Jean sat up, he felt the butt plug move painfully in his ass. “W..we... we thought you was dead!” he said once the dildo was removed.

“Damn near was. According to the doctor I was legally dead but the EMS guy was damn good. So here I am and so are you. Now see if ya can stand. I want to see the total effect,” Doc said.

Percy Jean stood on shaky legs. He couldn’t see anything past his chest but could tell Doc had dressed him in that cat costume. He was standing almost as tall as Doc so he understood that he was wearing heels and tall ones at that.

“Come on I’ll show ya what ya look like now. Let me help ya over to the mirror,” Doc stated.

Doc had to hold him up by the waist as he broke an ammonia capsule under his nose. “That’s it take a deep breath. I want ya full attention as ya take in what I’ve accomplished over this past couple weeks,” Doc ordered.

Percy Jean stared at his reflection, tears streaming down his eyes. He was wearing the cat costume except this one was bright pink bunny fur with white frosting. The pointed ears were firmly attached to his and the long whiskers created black fans across his cheeks. There was a small gold ring hanging from his nasal septum. His hair had been dyed a bright pink to match the fur and contact lens with extra large irises in vibrant green were in his eyes.

Forcing his gaze down, he saw the fur vest opened to reveal the large breasts with unnaturally large dark purple nipples. "OMG! They aren't nipples anymore. They're teats," he moaned as fresh tears poured down.

Calmed down he continued his inspection. The pussy kat navel ring was gone. It was one of the first things he did after Doc was taken off. He had Julie get a master key and shear it off. In its place Doc had fastened a silver skull and cross bones. He didn't dwell on it for long as he noticed that around his waist there appeared to be a semi-transparent lavender garter belt decorated in a dark purple floral design. The purple ink was also use to create floral lace trimming on the belt and garter tabs. The garter tabs appeared to run under the tattooed panties and were attached to a bright red stocking welt. At the end of the four tabs a purple bow with streamers was inked. From the stocking welt, extending down both legs was a bright red criss-crossing pattern of fish net stockings.

By this time Percy Jean's legs were shaking so much he would have fallen if Doc hadn't held him upright. "Go on Percy Jean, keep lookin' there's more to see," Doc whispered into his ear.

There between his legs, no more than three inches long and about three quarters inch thick was a purple inked penis with a gold ring through the head. The last words he heard as he fainted dead away were, "Had it tattooed the same color as the gusset of ya panties."

Ooo

Percy Jean paced around the small room completely naked except for a pair of neon blue stripper boots. Doc sat in a comfortable lounge chair in his checkered boxer shorts rubbing himself. He was getting incredibly turned on watching his tattooed sex toy practice his stripper moves. The creature that moved under the lights would have drawn the attentive eye of any man. Long pink hair swished from side to side, the melon sized bullet shaped tits bounced and swayed and a firm ass with its pink furry tail swirled sensuously to the beat of the music.

The pretty face was whorishly made up but the blackened nose, whiskers and pink pointed fur ears took away a bit of the harshness. Looking at that painted face a man's eyes would inevitably be drawn to only see the thick full luscious bright pink lips. Doc's eyes danced between those cock sucking lips and the unnaturally large nipples with small lavender satin ribbons tied in a cute bow at their base.

"Go and show me your moves on that pole Percy Jean then get that pretty butt over here and give me a lap dance," Doc ordered.

Percy Jean moved over to the brass pole and began undulating around it. He was just going through the motions with his mind blank to everything else. "Just don't think about anything. Do just what he says and

no more. Don't think otherwise I'll go crazy," Thomas thought as he stretched out pressing his groin into the pole.

Strutting over to Doc, Percy Jean leaned in and pressed his right teat to Doc's fat lips. "Teats" that's what Doc demanded that he call his breasts from now on. "Call'em by what they are Percy Jean. They aint like no breasts any woman ever had. Those nipples are just as big and full as any teat on a fucking she goat. So you got teats not breasts," Doc had told him.

When Doc finished nursing on Percy Jean's teats, he spun him around and roughly pulled the cat tail out. Handing the tail to Percy Jean he said, "You know what to do with this. Now lower that pretty ass down on my cock," Doc demanded.

As Percy Jean hovered over him, Doc examined the hole he was about to enter licking his lips in anticipation. He had done a little plastic surgery on that hole to make it more enticing. He had taken the loose skin that had been Thomas' scrotum and sewed it to his ass hole. Thanks in part to the large butt plug, that hole was always slightly open. With the addition of the extra skin, it looked just like a woman's bald pussy. Doc had gone so far as to glue a rectangular landing strip of pink fur just above it.

Percy Jean cringed as he brought the butt plug to his lips and slid as much of it as he could inside his mouth. Slowly he lowered his backside until he felt the head of Doc's dick enter. Holding his position, he counted to ten then lowered himself a little more. He repeated the motion until all of Doc was filling his ass. Feeling his ass pressed tightly against Doc hairy bush, he began rising as slowly as he had descended. It took

Doc a long very long time to release his load deep into his favorite toy.

Percy Jean was in full robot mode. He did whatever he was told. He fucked when told, he sucked when told, he ate when told and he slept when told. When he viewed himself in the mirror, it no longer fazed him. He was so use to seeing the lavender bra, garter belt, panties and stockings tattoos as well as the glued on cat ears and fluffy tail he didn't bat an eye. By this time Doc only had too loosely tie him in his bed. Percy Jean, just like a horse when tethered to a rail, just assumed he could not escape.

For his part Doc was beginning to feel bored. Percy Jean was no longer a challenge. Plus, it was getting harder for him to find more ways to humiliate and use his captive. "Crap! I knew this day would come but I didn't think it would be this soon. It hasn't been two full months and I'm getting bored. He is too damn compliant now. Where's the fun in that? Maybe if I did some more plastic surgery to get him to look more like a real cat? No, I'm not that good. I know, what if I started branding him? I wonder if the sharp sting of fire would bring some fire back into him. Make him resist and challenge my authority. I'll have to give that some serious thought," Doc said to himself.

Ooo

"You know Percy Jean I've had an idea. What do you think if I branded my initials on your pretty backside? Later I could brand words like, "sissy," "gay boi" and such on the more visible parts of your body. How

would you like that?" Doc said carefully watching for any reaction. To his disappointment, there wasn't any.

"Guess I'll just have to brand his ass and see what happens. Talking about doing something aint exactly like actually seeing it being done. Maybe then I'll get the reaction I want," he thought.

Doc had Percy Jean bent over the table with his hands and ankles tied tightly. A long handled piece of iron was resting over the open flame of the gas stove. Percy Jean had a very good view of it as it became bright red. Doc was enjoying walking around the boy telling just how he was going to brand his initials into his ass. He was looking for any twitch, any tears or other show of emotion. As the iron became almost white hot, Doc thought he saw a tear descend down the boy's cheek.

"Ahh, yes, just what I was waiting for. Now for the real test," he thought as he picked up the hot iron.

Standing behind him, Doc held the branding iron just inches away from the smooth round ass cheek. "Come on let me hear you scream. Let me hear you beg me not to do this. Come on, you can do it. You're not gagged," Doc mumbled.

Doc had his back to the kitchen door and in his aroused state didn't hear in open. As the iron came closer to Percy Jean's ass, he let out a soft mummer but otherwise held his tongue.

"I am a robot. I do as told. I let happen, happen. I will feel no pain. I will feel nothing for I am a robot," Percy Jean kept telling himself.

"Ka-pow!" a single shot rang out. Percy Jean jumped at the sound. It was so sudden. Then he heard the thud as a heavy body hit the floor. He stayed grit-

ting his teeth waiting for whatever was next. The gun shot and thud were probably some trick Doc thought up to scare him all the more. His eyes squeezed shut waiting for the next shoe to drop but opened them when he felt his bindings being undone. Yet, he dared not hope.

"Percy Jean are you all right? Oh don't tell me that I'm too late," he heard Julie yell.

"Julie....," he managed before fainting.

He woke up with Julie cradling his head. "Oh you poor thing, I'm so sorry that I let this happen. I should have known we weren't going to get rid of that fat bastard so easily. When you didn't show up that evening, I thought you were just taking a walk. It wasn't until morning when I didn't find you in your bed that I began to really worry. I drove into town to see if you had gone there but nobody saw you. I thought about going to the Sheriff but decided against it. I figured you just wanted to get away from the farm and me. Oh, I'm so sorry," she explained as tears rushed down her cheeks.

"Ho...how did you find me?" he croaked.

"Lucky, very lucky. I went into town last night to do some grocery shopping and ran into that tattoo artist. He asked me how I liked his newest additions. When I looked confused, he told me what he did up here at Doc's fishing camp. That son of a bitch was surprised as shit when I hit him with my purse full in his face. Think I took out a couple of his front teeth. Anyway, it was too late to come up here then but it looks like I got here just in time. That fat fuck aint going to do this to you or anyone else ever again. This time I

made damn sure of it. Come on, let's get out of here," Julie explained.

They stopped in his room just long enough to grab a wrap to cover him with. They quickly sped away leaving Doc in a pool of blood with half his head. They drove into town and stopped in front of the sheriff's office.

He looked at her surprised and asked, "What are we doing here?"

"Come on Percy Jean, we've got to tell somebody. I want you to tell them everything starting from day one and don't leave me out of this. I deserve whatever they decide. If it weren't for my actions, you'd never be in the fix you're in now," Julie said.

Epilog:

Julie did some time for her role in abusing Thomas but was acquitted of murder charges. The DA tried to get a count of manslaughter but the jury denied him that charge as well. As far as Doc was concerned, the jury decided that she had actually done the town and county a big favor.

Thomas underwent a long period of medical and psychiatric treatments. Unfortunately the doctors couldn't do anything about the extensive tattoos. They did reduce his breast size, at his request, to a "B" cup and surgically did the same to his teats. The ears and fur patch above his anus were the easiest to fix. The rest a bit more painful but the final results were more than he could have expected.

He was wearing a pair of girl's stretch jeans with flowers embroidered up the flair legs and on the hip pockets, pink satin long sleeved cowgirl shirt and cowboy boots with a three inch heel when the Sheriff drove up to drop Julie off. They met in a tight embrace. It wasn't easy to live together but they managed. After all, where could either of them go? They were the only family they had.

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