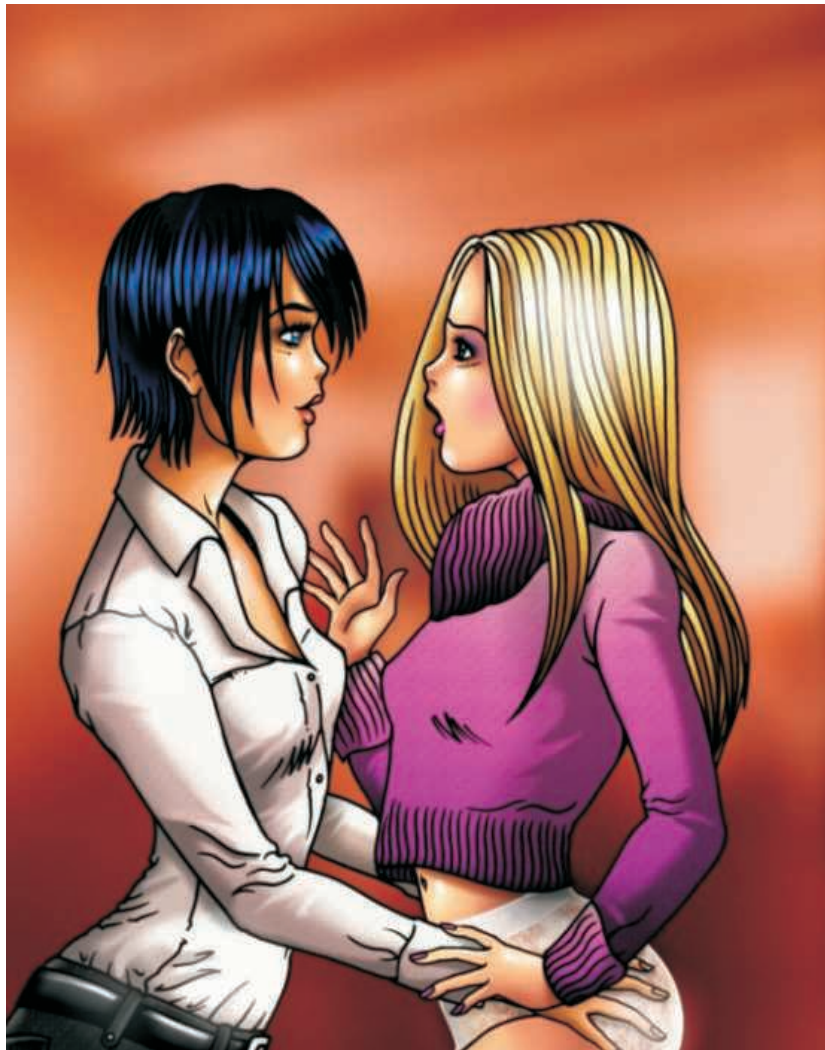




Reluctant Press presents:

Sissyhood 2

Cheryl Lynn



AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Sissyhood Part 2

By Cheryl Lynn

With the corset on, his clothing hung loosely from his diminished frame. Daphne had chosen a full skirted black velvet dress with a scoop neck and short sleeves for him to wear. Four layers of white nylon net petticoats filled out the skirt.

He was in misery as she put him through an afternoon of deportment and charm classes. Walking just right in the three-inch spike-heeled black patent leather pumps, sitting coyly with a hint of petticoat hem exposed; his hand and arm movements, designed to create a flirtatious atmosphere, drained what energy he had left.

Lee was so tired after he demonstrated what he had learned before the camera, he only nibbled at his dinner. He didn't complain when Daphne sent him to bed early. As he slept, the "I Love Sex with Boys" CD was playing. If he listened very carefully, Lee might have heard, "Nothing turns me on more than seeing a naked boy;" "I love being caressed by a boy;" "Kissing a boy is fantastic;" "Seeing an erection makes me drool. I want to suck on it like a lollipop" and "Having him fill my boy pussy makes me cum." After each sentence, the tinkling of little bells could be heard.

Daphne sat at the computer, smiling broadly as she hit the send button. Everyone on Lee's friends list would receive the latest video of him flaunting around in his black velvet dress.

"What with the sissy tapes and Ms Howard, he has really surprised me by how far you have progressed. Who would have guessed just how much a few subliminal tapes and hypnosis could change the mind? His father certainly blew a gasket when he saw that last video. He told me that he was no son of his and that I should kick the little fairy out of the house. I'm having entirely too much fun right now with him to do that," she thought.

"Besides, I need more time for the sleep corset and chastity device to do their jobs. Another three or four weeks, he'll have an hourglass shape and his penis will never get erect again. I wonder if I should get him some breasts. I still have that 'I need breasts' CD but

I'm not sure. I think I want him looking into the mirror and seeing a flat chest. With boobs, he might start thinking that he is a real girl," she continued thinking.

"Then again, if he had boobs, he would know he could never go back to being a boy. Maybe small ones, like a full A-cup with extended nipples. Ms Howard did say that without treatment, over time he might revert to his old self. Oh, the dilemma. What should I do? It might be hilarious if he had boobs and his mind got back to normal. Either way, I guess that this will teach him not to fuck with me," she thought as she typed "breast enhancements" into Google.

Ooo

Daphne let Lee sleep in Saturday morning, wanting the CD and corset to take full effect. When he awoke, she helped him out of the corset and turned off the CD player. He was told to do his morning toilet, then she would help him dress.

With Lee out of the room for a few moments, Daphne had time to reflect. The last few years had been very interesting. Lee's ongoing feminization had been proceeding well. Fortunately, the boy's body hadn't matured anywhere nearly as much as his male classmates' bodies had. Also fortunately for Daphne's program, Lee had contracted an illness during his Sophomore year that let her keep him from school which meant that she could keep him in feminine mode 24/7. By the time he was well enough to go back to school, he was well on his way to full-time girlhood. At 18, Lee was somewhere between masculinity and femininity and heading permanently toward the latter.

As the tub was filling, Lee sat on the toilet and removed the sanitary pad. "Oh shit!" he exclaimed when he saw the sticky mess on the pad along with several red spots. He rolled it up in a mass of tissue and threw it disgustedly into the trash. Next he filled his douche bag with warm water and a few drops of perfume. Sliding the large nozzle into his rectum, Lee was surprised to discover that he liked how it felt.

"I never enjoyed doing this before, so why do I like it now? I feel so stretched and full, yet when I shove it in... Oooh that's the spot. I wonder if that is what Roger would feel like? Crap! Why am I thinking of him doing that to me? I'm no queer. Shit! Shit! Shit! That hurts!" he thought as he moved his hand from the nozzle to the metal tube covering his penis.

"I've got to get this thing off before it rips my clit, I mean my dick, to pieces. Mommy just has to take it off," he mumbled.

After finishing his bath and toilet, he went back to his room, dressed in negligee and bunny slippers. Daphne was waiting for him with his wardrobe lying on the bed. As he removed the negligee, she was pleased by what she saw: his flat chest and arms without any muscle tone, his hairless body looking so soft and smooth, his stomach flat yet soft, and the sanitary belt and pad tucked between his legs.

"With a pair of boobs, he could surely pass as a real girl but he is no girl. The boobs would have to be larger than life to make the parody look just right. A D-cup at the least. On his small frame, a D-cup would look humongous and there would be no way he could

hide them. Then again, small ones would make people question his sex. I'm going to have to give this some serious thought," she mused.

Her thoughts were disrupted when Lee spoke. "Mommy please, you have to take this thing off of me," he said while tapping his fingers against his padded groin.

"Don't be ridiculous, Stacy. You need that to protect your clothing. You know how you stained those pretty panties and I won't have you doing that again," she said.

"Oh no Mommy, I didn't mean the pad. I mean this chastity device. It's hurting me down there. I had some blood spots on my pad this morning and it scared me," he replied.

"Don't be such a whiner, Stacy. The instructions said that might happen a few times but it would soon stop. Maybe if you are a good sissy today and do everything right, I may take it off before Roger comes over. Now stop whining and get dressed.

After he put on his lingerie, in a soft mauve-colored nylon, Daphne helped him into a light gray linen housedress. The dress had short sleeves, white cuffs and collar and a full mid-calf length skirt. Fluffing out the skirt over several crinoline petticoats, he stepped into a pair of three-inch black pumps. A white plastic large square beaded necklace, onyx stud earrings and several white plastic bangles for his wrist and he was ready for the day.

He posed for the camera, then had breakfast. Daphne told him to dust, vacuum, mop and do other household chores as Henrietta had the day off. He wanted to complain but the idea that she would free him from that dreaded device stopped him. His scowl did not go unnoticed, however, and she decided to put the "Happy Homemaker" disc in his CD when Roger left.

"Remember what Henrietta showed you. I wouldn't want to be in your shoes when she returns to a less than perfect house," she told him.

By three o'clock, he was exhausted but the house was clean enough to pass inspection. Noticing his fatigue, Daphne decided to send him to his room for a nap. She wanted him fresh for his date with Roger. While Lee rested, Daphne set up the den with several hidden video cameras designed to work in low light. She planned to save the resulting coverage as a surprise for her husband at the proper time.

At four, she woke him and told him it was time to get ready for his date. In the bathroom, she removed the chain that held the small key to his chastity device from around her neck.

Sitting on the commode wearing a pair of latex gloves with him facing her, she released the lock and carefully removed the device. Taking his small penis in her hand, she examined it. The head was red and somewhat swollen. As she touched it, Lee's penis seemed to shrink back into his body.

"Ouch! That hurts. Please don't touch it anymore," Lee exclaimed.

Getting up, she found a tube of medicated salve. "Here, just let me put some of this on it. It will dull the pain and help it heal," she said as she bent over and applied a liberal amount to the head of his penis.

"Now I want you to douche. When you have finished your bath and shaved, call me," she instructed as she left the blushing boy, taking the chastity device with her to clean.

As he was performing his toilet, Daphne was in her bedroom removing the chastity tube and replacing it with a smaller one. "According to the instructions, after another week I need to change this one out for the smallest tube. By the end of the third week, his mind will associate so much pain with an erection, he won't be able to have one. The salve will prevent any infections but will heighten sensation at the same time. I think Roger will have him screaming in no time. Hopefully, he will think Stacy is screaming in pleasure," she thought.

After about forty-five minutes, he called her back into the bathroom. She inspected him and removed some hairs off his backside. Donning latex gloves, she had him bend over. Taking a large dollop of lubricant, she pushed it inside his boy pussy. Next she turned him around and applied a liberal coating of the medicated salve to the head of his penis.

"Please Mommy, please don't put that thing back on me. You said if I was good, you wouldn't do that," Lee pleaded when he saw her pick up the device.

"Stacy, I said no such thing. What I said was that I would take it off. I didn't say anything about not putting it back on. Hold still while I do this or I'll get the hairbrush and tan your hide with it. Besides, if I don't do this, you will most likely embarrass yourself when Roger gets here. You don't want him seeing a wet spot on your dress, do you? You can leave your sanitary belt and pad off for tonight. A sissy boy's first date shouldn't be hampered by a period," she stated.

Back in his bedroom, she helped him get dressed for the evening. The first step was to splash perfume behind his knees, wrists, throat, between his breasts and behind his ears. Taking a pair of white nylon lace frilled full-cut briefs, a matching bullet bra with a hook and eye closure and half-slip with four inches of floral lace trimmed hem from the dresser, she handed them to him.

As he was putting them on, Daphne went to the closet and selected a pink full-cut poodle skirt, four white crinolines, a white semi-transparent chiffon blouse with billowing sleeves and low-cut rounded collar with lacy jabot. Once dressed, she had him put on a pair of white ankle socks with three rows of pink lace ruffles and black and white saddle oxfords.

She accessorized him with a short pink silk scarf tied around his neck with the bow over his left shoulder, four pink and white plastic bracelets on his right wrist, several rings for his fingers, gold studs with four thin gold chains with tiny bells at their ends and a gold lady's watch. The gold studs had come with the training CD's to be used as enhancements to his "Sex with Boys" CD.

With him dressed as she wanted, Daphne had him sit at the vanity and redo his nails with fire engine red polish. As his nails dried, she placed a towel around his shoulders to protect his clothing and began applying his makeup. Long false eyelashes coated liberally with black mascara, black liquid eyeliner, frosted pink eye shadow, rosy blusher and fire engine red lipstick. Daphne only had to use a little hairspray after patting a few stray hairs back into place. As a final touch, she removed the navy hair band and replaced it with a pale pink one.

Finished, she led him over to the full-length mirror. The reflected image came right out of the Fifties and Lee stood in a daze. He thought he looked pretty which pleased him but the old-fashioned image unsettled his mind.

“No girl would dress like this. Certainly no boy ever would. Yet I see myself as being pretty. I don’t want to be pretty, do I? Roger, he’ll see me like this. I hope he thinks I’m pretty. If he thinks I’m pretty, he will protect me and maybe get me away from her. I’ve got to make him like me so he will take me away from her,” he thought.

Promptly at seven, Roger arrived. Lee answered the door, “Hi, Roger, I’m soooo glad you could come. I helped Mommy prepare dinner and I hope you will like it. Please come in. Mommy so wants to get to know you.”

“Wow! You look great, Stacy. You sure have taken this retro look to the max. I really like, no, I love how beautiful it makes you. It’s so feminine and you know how much I like that,” he said, smiling broadly.

Lee blushed at the compliment and felt a tingle run up his spine. He whispered a thank you. Then, blushing, Lee kissed him on the cheek and excused himself so he could finish dinner preparations.

While Lee was in the kitchen, Daphne had Roger alone in the living room. “Roger I know you like my step-son Stacy and he certainly has taken a liking to you. It seems like all I hear is Roger this and Roger that all day long. I was hoping that since he came out, someone would watch out for him. He’s a sensitive boy, you know. He is so vulnerable, especially with his retro look. Can I depend on you to watch out for him? If you do, you have my permission to date without any conditions. You look like a boy I can trust so I won’t set any curfew. Just enjoy yourself but remember he is just coming out. He may at times act like he isn’t what he is, if you know what I mean. You will need to be forceful with him at times but I’m sure that you will do the right thing,” she told him.

“Sure, Mrs. Campbell, you can trust me. I like the new Stacy. He use to be real mean to me back before he changed but I’ll do my best. I’ll help in anyway I can. I promise,” Roger replied.

“By the way, you do use protection, don’t you? I mean one can’t be too careful now-a-days. Stacy has mentioned that she would like to be more intimate with you. Should you and my sissy step-son become involved, well, I don’t quite know how to put this delicately but leave the condom inside him if you would. That way I will know you are being safe,” she instructed him.

“Of course, if you want but...” Roger said, taken aback by her forwardness.

“Now, not another word dear, I think I hear Stacy coming to call us to dinner,” Daphne said with a smug smile.

As they entered the dining room, Daphne couldn’t help but giggle at the thought of Roger’s condom dripping its contents down Stacy’s thighs. It would serve the little sissy right to discover just how messy having sex with a boy could be.

As Daphne and Roger sat at the table, Lee served dinner. Lee was really looking forward to this meal. He had helped Daphne bake a chicken and finally he would get to eat some real food. He had tried talking her into serving steak but she absolutely refused.

The meal was pleasant and when it ended, most of Lee's chicken breast was left uneaten. He was just too full to finish it, much to his dismay. As he started to clear the table, Daphne surprised the hell out of him when she said she would do it and for them to go into the living room. Shortly afterwards she entered and told them that she had to run errands and wouldn't be home for a couple of hours.

Lee didn't know what to think about that but realized he now had a chance to tell Roger all about her. Maybe when he knew the truth, he would help him escape all this madness. Instead, as soon as the door shut, Roger pulled Lee into his arms and gave him a deep probing French kiss. When the kiss finally broke, Lee was left breathless and his heart was pounding. Any thoughts he had of telling Roger about his step-mother were forgotten.

"Ooohhh, that feels so good. I feel all tingly inside," Lee thought as Roger moved his lips over to Lee's left earlobe and began nibbling on it, then licking inside the ear. Lee nearly jumped out of the seat when Roger did that to him. It tickled and sent a shock wave to his senses. It also made the little bells on his earrings jingle and jangle loudly.

As Roger's lips moved slowly down Lee's neck, shivers went up and down Lee's spine. The tinkling of tiny golden bells could be heard in his ears as new fantastic sensations filled him completely.

Lee didn't object when Roger unbuttoned his blouse and shoved it off his shoulders and began kissing the top of his breasts. It didn't take long to unhook the bra and shove it up and over Lee's boy breasts. When he took a nipple into his mouth and began sucking and pulling on it with his teeth, Lee almost saw stars. The tinkling in his ears got even louder.

Lee did not realize that the tinkling sound was a key part in his "Sex with Boys" CD. As the necking got hotter and heavier, the tinkling got louder. The message that was being sent to his subconscious was that the louder the tinkling, the better he would feel.

As Roger sucked Lee's nipple as deep into his mouth as he could, Lee let out a soft long moan. Encouraged, Roger slid his hand down to Lee's leg and began running it up to his crotch. Feeling the hand rub his thigh, Lee reached down and pulled it away and placed it on his other breast. He would be so embarrassed if Roger discovered his chastity device.

Roger was satisfied for the moment and began massaging Lee's breast while he continued to suckle the other. Lee knew that he had to keep Roger preoccupied so he reached over and began rubbing his crotch. Roger stopped suckling long enough to tell Lee to open his slacks. Soon his dick was freed and Lee's hand was caressing it. The tinkling got louder in his ears and another moan escaped his lips.

All too soon Roger's lips left Lee's right breast leaving it pulsing to return for another French kiss. As their tongue intertwined, Roger reached down and removed his slacks and boxers. With his groin now fully exposed, he reached behind Lee's head and guided it down to his straining member.

"Come on baby, I can't wait to feel those luscious lips around my dick. Come on, you know you want it," Roger gasped.

Lee wanted to resist but the pressure on his neck was too strong. As his face got closer and closer to Roger's dick, Lee was salivating in anticipation and scared at the same time. It was so much bigger than his. It was at least eight inches long and two around with a large mushroom reddened head. As he stared at it, something clicked in his mind.

"This is why I am a sissy. My penis is more like a girl's big clit than a real man's penis. It is a sissy's place to please a real man. Lick it like a lollypop and suck on it like a Popsicle," he thought as his lips touched the head.

Soon Lee's head was bobbing up and down in a steady rhythm. He couldn't take much more than half of it but he tried as the tinkling in his ears became even louder. Roger was moaning and groaning in pleasure as Lee expertly worked on him. The vision of Stacy the school asshole and joker who did his best to fuck over the gays bobbing up and down on his dick was too much. He came in a torrent. Moaning loudly, he pushed down hard on Lee's neck, forcing him all the way down to his pubic hairs as he came.

Lee felt the massive dick bump hard into his upper palate then pass by his gag reflex and fill his throat. He couldn't breathe and was beginning to panic as he felt hot cum flow down his throat. At last, Roger eased up and Lee was able to pull back enough to get a deep breath. A last spurt covered his tongue just as Roger lay back, setting his dick free.

Lee collapsed on Roger's lap, his left cheek brushing the still damp limp dick. He rubbed his lips together, tasting the salty slimy deposit that covered his tongue. As he lay there, he could feel Roger messaging his back and burped. He cringed as Roger's smell engulfed his mouth and sinus.

"Ohhhh shit! What have I done? I just sucked off another boy! I don't think I should have liked that but I did. The taste isn't all that bad, kind of slimy but not bad like I thought it might be. Even so, I shouldn't like it. We're guys, after all. Yes, but he is a man and I'm just a sissy boy. Sissy boys do that. Yes, sissy boys love sex. I wonder what it would feel like if he put it in my boy pussy? I enjoy my douche now and I like inserting my tampons too. They make me feel full but they are inert not like Roger's dick. It is all warm, velvety smooth and stiff but not hard. Mmmmmm I wonder," Lee thought.

Lee's thoughts were interrupted as Roger pulled him up to sit beside him. After a deep French kiss, Roger asked him, "Baby was that your first time? If it was, it was pretty awesome."

Lee blushed and nodded his head in the affirmative. He felt very pleased with Roger's comment and blushed when an image of what he had done flashed through his mind. Roger took Lee's hand and moved it back down to his crotch.

"I like you rubbing me down there. It feels so good. Have, have you let anyone, you know, put it in your other hole? I want to be your first if you haven't. Why don't you suck it some more and get it hard again?" Roger whispered into Lee's ear.

Lee pulled back and the tiny bells tinkled loudly in his ears. He looked down into Roger's lap and saw his hand wrapped around the limp shaft covered in Lee's lipstick. Again something clicked in his head. As he lowered his head, Lee thought, "Oh my, it looks like a strawberry popsicle." It did not take long for Roger's shaft to harden into a stiff rod.

Lee wanted to keep sucking on his Popsicle but Roger gently pulled him off. Roger handed Lee a condom and told him to put it on for him. Unable to stop himself, Lee did as he was told. Soon Roger's dick was covered in a lubricated bright red latex sheath in bright red, the color of power.

Roger repositioned Lee over the arm of the sofa and lifted up his skirt and crinolines and pulled down his panties. After rubbing his hands around Lee's butt for a moment or two, he spread the ass cheeks. Spitting onto his fingers, Roger rubbed it into the exposed anus. Telling Lee to relax, he pressed the head of his dick into the anal opening. Then he pushed hard, forcing the head through the opening. Grabbing Lee by his hips, Roger thrust his forward.

Lee let out a loud squeal as Roger's penis entered his backside. Tears began flowing from his eyes as he tried to tell Roger to stop. The pain was too great for him to do anything other than to pant heavily between squeals. He felt like his backside was being torn apart by a hot poker. The pain shot through his nervous system like lightening, one searing sharp stab after another. Roger was ruthless in his efforts to push his dick as far as possible up Lee's rectum.

As he withdrew almost to the tip and thrust forward once more, Roger mumbled, "Take that you bitch for all the times you fucked with me. By the time I'm finished with you, all the guys in the society will have a go at you. You're going to be our fuck toy and the biggest fairy faggot on campus. Let's see who is going to be laughing at the queers now."

A short while later, Lee's pain became a dull ache as Roger rocked above him. The tinkling of his earrings seemed like the peeling of church bells as Roger shoved him forward, then pulled him back. His relief was short-lived as suddenly a new sharper pain filled his brain. His chastity device was hurting him cruelly.

Finally, with a loud grunt, Roger filled the condom. He lay across Lee's back to recover. "That was the best fuck I have ever had and the most satisfying. I might have been too hard on him though. I don't want to scare him away, at least not yet," he thought.

Recovered, Roger stood up and carefully removed his softened dick from Lee's ravished asshole. As he pushed the end of the condom into the sphincter, he noticed some blood on his finger. "Oh well. I guess this proves he was a virgin," he thought as he backed away and slapped Lee's ass.

Redressed, Roger sat on the sofa, lifted Lee's head and placed it on his thigh. Lee was still sobbing loudly and his makeup was smeared all over his face. As the crying slowed to whimpers, Roger handed him his handkerchief.

"Baby, you're the best. I'm sorry if I hurt you but I understand that first times can be like that. I tried to go slow but you were so hot and tight. I promise it will be better next time. You'll see. Here let me help you back onto the sofa," he said.

As Lee slowly moved onto the sofa, the tiny bells tinkled in his ears. "Oh damn! That really did hurt! I remember doing Mary Beth and she said it had really hurt. She even showed me some blood on her panties but she's a girl. I guess it's the same with sissy boys. It was starting to feel good until that damn chastity device started cutting into me.

That hurt even more than what Roger was doing. I don't think I want to do that again anytime soon," Lee thought as he pulled his panties up.

Sitting back on the sofa, Roger started kissing and telling Lee just how fabulous he was. The kissing and compliments made Lee feel a whole lot better. Roger leaned down and began sucking on his boy nipples. The sucking actually felt good except when Roger bit down on the nipple and pulled with his teeth. The hurt from his biting wasn't as bad as the burning sensation in his rear but his penis hurt worse.

"I can't blame Roger for hurting me. Daphne's chastity device is causing all my real pain. I've got to get Roger to protect me from her. I know he really cares from the way he is kissing me," Lee thought.

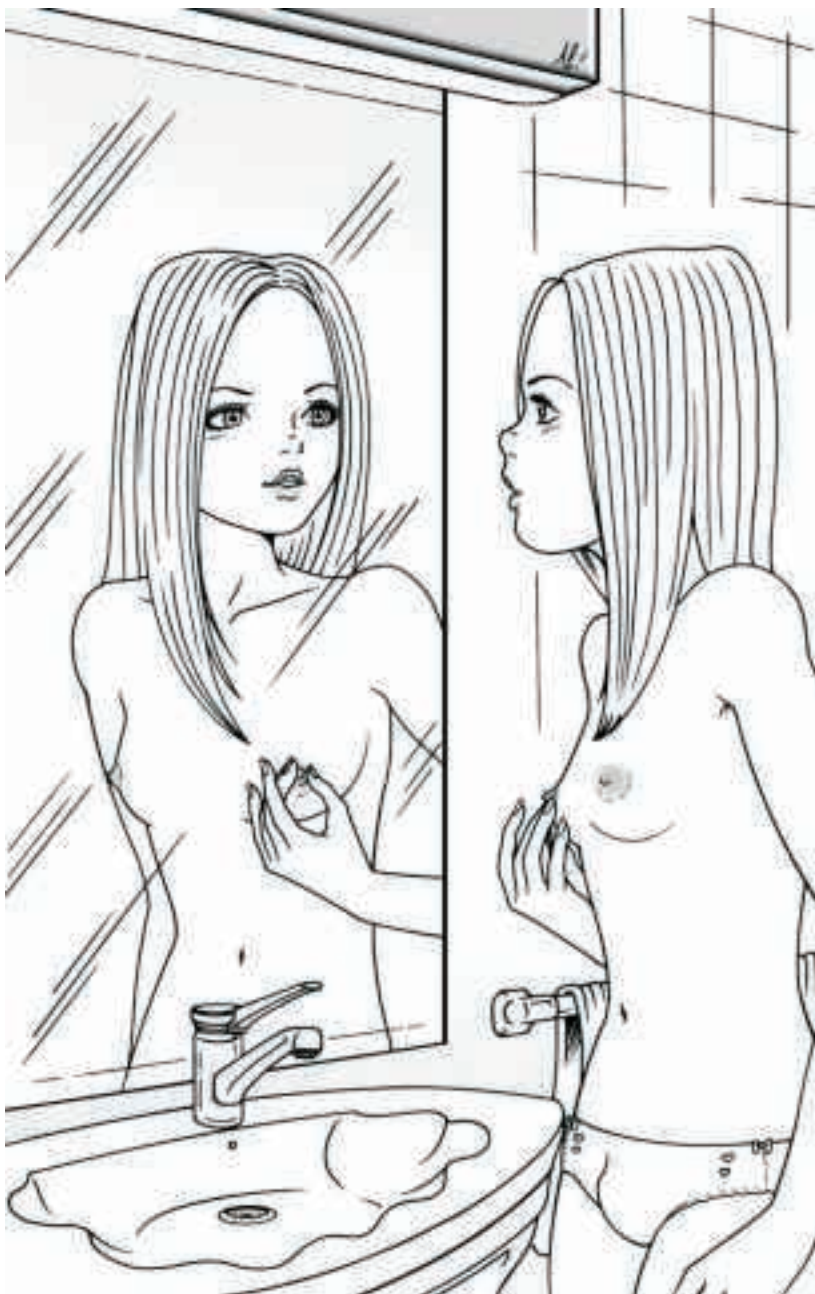
Their make-out session was brought to an end when they heard the garage doors opening. Daphne was back. "Oh my gosh! I can't let her see me like this," Lee said getting up.

"Go get yourself cleaned up, baby. I'll keep her occupied. Just don't take too long," Roger told him.

Settling the blouse on his shoulders, Lee hurried to his bathroom. There he removed his blouse and looked into the mirror. "Damn, I look like a raccoon and my lipstick is almost gone," Lee said while grabbing a jar of cleanser.

He quickly removed the damaged areas with the cream then started to fasten his bra. "Look at my boobies. They are all red and swollen," he whispered then reached up to touch his right nipple. "Ouch, that hurts. Got to find something to put on them," he added reaching for the body lotion.

He fastened his bra and pulled on the blouse. It took him a few minutes to button as he was still not use to the long



fingernails. Before leaving the bathroom, Lee brushed his teeth. Looking once more into the mirror, Lee noticed that the roof of his mouth was covered in small dark bruises.

"Oh shit! What's wrong with my mouth? Oh, Roger's cock must have done that," Lee mumbled. Dressed, he hurried to his bedroom and did his best to repair his makeup.

While Lee was cleaning up, Daphne was seated next to Roger on the sofa. The smell of sex was heavy in the air. "Tell me, Roger, did you manage to make a woman of my little Stacy? I really want to know how he took it, no pun intended. You can be candid with me, dear boy. I'm not the judgmental type and only want what is best for the both of you," she said.

"Um, we did but I, I don't think he liked it. Stacy was crying really hard even after we, we finished," Roger admitted shyly.

"Really? Well I'm not surprised. I have him in a chastity device. I guess when he got excited, well, you know. I probably should have removed it for tonight as you probably were left, err, unfulfilled," she said.

"Oh no, that's alright. I was more than happy. I'm not like most gays. I like my guys on the submissive feminine side," he blurted.

"Then you won't mind if I leave it on him. It helps to keep his panties clean and teaches him control. Something he had a problem with, if you know what I mean. If it hurt him that much, then he must have really enjoyed what you two were doing," she replied.

"I don't care. Like I said, I'm different. I like girly boys. I don't particularly care to have them take the masculine role in a relationship," Roger reassured.

"Good, just remember to leave your condom in him so I'll know that you practiced safe sex. By the way, let's keep this conversation just between the two of us, shall we?" Daphne asked.

"Sure, Ms Campbell, whatever you say is fine by me. So it's alright if I see Stacy again?" Roger replied.

"Of course, my dear, I wouldn't have it any other way. You seem to be a nice boy. I just know I can trust you to do the right thing by my Stacy. Like I said, I won't set any curfew when you two go out. Just be considerate of the time. Well, I have some things to do in the kitchen. Stop and say goodbye when you leave," she said with a broad smile.

When Lee returned, Roger pulled him into a tight embrace and they kissed deeply. "You were magnificent, babe, and you look fantastic. I can't wait to see you again," Roger said as they broke the kiss.

For some reason, Lee felt very glad that Roger thought he was fantastic. Roger's compliments along with the peeling of tiny bells rang in his ears. Looking deep into his eyes with a big smile on his face, Lee reached down and brushed his hand across Roger's crotch.

"Oh Roger, I really enjoyed tonight and..." Lee started to say but was interrupted by Roger's kiss.

When Roger left, Daphne took Lee back to his room and told him to strip. Taking off his white panties, there was an obvious wet spot covering the double nylon gusset along

with some red splotches. Lee blushed and wadded the panties up in his hand but Daphne demanded to see them.

He blushed even more as she shook them out. Tapping her foot on the floor, she glared at him. "What is the meaning of this?" she demanded.

Lee was so flustered that he didn't feel the trickle of fluid slowly running down his upper thigh. "I, er, I mean I must have had, had an accident in my panties," he stammered.

"You had an accident or do you mean Roger had an accident in your panties?" she asked while thinking, "Oh, this is just so much fun. Look at him blushing. I wonder if I should pull that condom out of his ass or let him discover it on his own. No, I've got to do it. I can't miss the look on his face when I do."

Lee held his head down in shame. His thoughts were in conflict. "I can't tell her what we did but if I don't, then she will think I messed in my panties and she will never remove this damn device. What should I do? This thing is killing me, tearing my penis to bits. I've got to get her to take it off some how. Oh geez, what should I do?"

"What's that dripping down your leg? Turn around this instant. I want to check your boy pussy. Do it!" she screamed in mock anger.

Humiliated and embarrassed to his very core, Lee slowly turned. When he had his back to her, she pressed her hand to the back of his neck and pushed. When he bent over, she reached out and plucked the condom out. Holding it between thumb and forefinger, she held it up and swung it in front of his face.

"Just how were you planning to explain this?" she demanded.

With that, tears spilled down his cheeks as sobs racked his body. "I, I, it, it just happened," he managed to finally stammer thru his tears.

"Well, it looks like my sissy boy is a slut, doesn't it? Things like this don't just happen. Now hold out your hand," she said. When his hand came up, she dropped the condom into his palm.

"Now take that into the bathroom and dispose of it properly. When you are finished, we'll put it into your scrapbook. Then you will put the time, date and the name of the boy that did it. After all, you will want to keep track of all the boys you have done it with," she demanded.

Lee stood sobbing as he held the condom in his palm. He wanted to be sick. He wanted a hole to form at his feet so he could just disappear.

Ooo

Daphne let Lee sleep in again Sunday morning. She entered his room around ten and helped him out of his sleep corset. She examined his naked body as he stood, trying to rub out some of the soreness in his ribs.

"I can see definite changes from the corset. His ribs are compressed and while he doesn't realize it, he is standing with his chest out and pelvis in. I saw some spotting on his

pad, guess I'll have to put some more salve on it after his bath. He must have lost close to ten pounds and now he is almost the weight of a girl his age," she thought.

Seeing that he had put on his negligee, she said, "Stacy, take your bath while I pick out your clothing for the day. Call me when you are finished. I want to check your device."

As she watched him swish to the bathroom, walking heel and toe, she grinned widely. "Yes, I think a pair of full A-cup titties with large nipples would do nicely. An A cup is small enough to embarrass a real woman yet big enough to humiliate a sissy boy. A D-cup might make him think he could pass as a real girl. I'll change out the Happy Homemaker CD for 'Boobies are a sissy's best friend' for a few days. I don't think that idiot guidance councilor needs to know about that, though.

"I can't wait for that breast pump, nipple extenders and hormonal crPme to arrive. In a few months, he'll be such a pansy. Between the video from last night and his new look, his father will certainly write him out of his will. I'll get everything when the fat bastard dies. I can't believe I'm having so much fun doing this. I've soaked my panties every day so far. Think I'll pick out something extra femmie for him today," she thought as she entered his closet.

She decided that, since it was Sunday, he should be dressed up nicely. Daphne selected a just above the knee full-skirted lilac chiffon cocktail dress. The dress' bodice was embroidered with purple sequins, white seed pearls in a floral pattern. It was V-necked with draped chiffon shoulder straps and had a wide dark purple satin ribbon tie at the empire waist. She also picked out three bright white net crinolines and a pair of white sling-back sandals with four-inch stiletto heels.

As she lay the clothing on the bed, Lee called out, saying he was finished with his toilet. In the bathroom, she donned a pair of latex gloves, sat on the commode and removed the key from her neck.

"Alright Stacy, I'm going to remove your device as we want to make sure you are not really damaged down there," she said.

After the device was off, Daphne took his penis between thumb and forefinger and examined it. The head was red and slightly swollen but other than for a few minor nicks, it showed no real damage. She coated it liberally with the salve and replaced the device, much to his chagrin.

"Stacy, how could you say that your clitty was cut to shreds? You saw it for yourself. Other than a little irritation, there's nothing seriously wrong. I think you were just using that as an excuse to get me to remove it. Well, I can assure you that after this, I am not taking it off any time soon. So stop your sissy whining and let's go get you dressed," she told him.

After he was dressed and put his makeup on, Daphne handed him his scrapbook. The first page read, "MY FAVORITE MEMORIES," and his name "Stacy Lee Chapman." Inside the book were pasted his first tampon box cover and instruction sheet, the wrapper from his first maxi-pad, the tags from his first bra and girdle, the braids that Norma Jean had cut off and other items, all with short written comments and dates in his handwriting. As he turned to the next unused page, Daphne handed him the used condom and some cellophane tape. His face was bright crimson by the time he closed the book.

"There dear, you'll have this book filled in no time. In the future when you look at your scrapbooks, you will be glad that you took the time to preserve all your precious memories. I just wish my mother made me keep a scrapbook. I've forgotten so much. Come on, let's go get something to eat," Daphne said as he was putting the book away.

Sunday morning, Lee stood before the camera holding out the full skirts of the cocktail dress with his finger tips. "I so love this darling dress. I couldn't wait to wear it. I hope Roger asks me to the prom, so I can really show it off. All this chiffon makes me feel so femmie and the sequined bodice is to die for," he said as Daphne smiled her approval.

"Stacy, you are getting better at describing your clothing but I still want to see more enthusiasm. Now let's do it again. This time, I want to see a big smile and some bounce and jiggle in your stance. You need to be more expressive with your body language," Daphne told him.

Lee did the routine again, this time swaying his hands back and forth while holding the hem of his skirt. He swayed his shoulders and hips while maintaining a great big smile. Inside he was burning with embarrassment at having to perform before his stepmother. He knew she would e-mail it to his school's social worker and principal and no telling how many others. Seeing previous videos his Step-mother made convinced those authorities that he really was a sissy boy and was not being forced into the role.

After lunch, Daphne put Lee through deportment lessons. She had him walking in four-inch stilettos, heel and toe, for what seemed like eons. Each walking session was followed by sitting lessons. Back straight, sweep the back of the skirt, slowly settle into the chair while crossing the feet and tucking them under.

This was followed with more walking, then stooping lessons. Slowly bend the knees while lowering the buttocks, feet together, reach out and pick the object up then slowly stand. He had to repeat these lessons over and over for three hours. After that, she had him read aloud from one of his romance novels in the highest pitched tone he could manage. When she finally told him to go to his room and change, Lee was exhausted.

Ooo

The next week at school was much the same as the previous. He had his morning sessions with Ms Howard where she gave him new mantras to repeat over and over.

"I am a sissy;" "I love wearing soft and sensuous clothing;" "I love wearing makeup;" "I want to be pretty;" "Negative or derogatory comments by others do not bother me;" "My gay and lesbian friends will protect me" and "I love the way I am" became his new repetitions.

Darla was more than satisfied with Stacy's progress. As a matter of fact, she was amazed at just how fast he was adapting to his change of life. His progress was so good that it reaffirmed in her mind that Stacy was really a sissy in both body and soul.

"Obviously," she congratulated herself, "it was my diagnosis and therapy that made his transition so easy."

Roger, on the other hand, was of two minds. He enjoyed feminine boys but Stacy was way over-the-top when it came to femininity. He found it hard to believe that Stacy was being forced to be the way he was. Stacy had told him, almost every day that week, how his stepmother was forcing him but that couldn't be. Stacy was just too natural at being a sissy. His actions were just too girly to be forced, especially when his stepmother wasn't around.

Roger knew if he was being forced to dress and act that way, as soon as he was on his own, like at school, he'd certainly tell the authorities or run away. Stacy had never given any hints about running away or any indication of rebelling. Additionally, when Daphne talked to him, she sounded very concerned about his welfare and wanted Stacy to have a friend. Daphne certainly did not come across as the bitch Stacy described her to be.

Roger initially thought that he wanted revenge on Stacy for all the crap he had heaped on him and his gay friends. Originally he intended to let all his gay friends have some personal time with Stacy. Now, however, Roger decided that he was in love or, at the very least, obsessed with him. Stacy did things to and for him that just plain felt good. Resolving most of his conflicts, Roger asked Stacy out for Saturday night.

When Stacy told Daphne Monday night that Roger had asked him out, she was more than happy to oblige. "That's just wonderful, Stacy. I'll reconfirm our appointment with Norma Jean for Friday afternoon. I'm sure you are tired of that beehive and your hair does need a good washing," Daphne told him.

That night after his department lessons, Daphne sent him to his room an hour earlier than normal. After his nightly beauty regiment, she laced him tightly into his night corset, a devilish device specifically made for him by a corsetiere.

It was made of heavy cotton, almost a canvas, steel spring ribbed in an hourglass shape. It was designed to: Keep the back straight, pull the shoulders down, push back the pelvic area and push up and out the rear. The corsetiere guaranteed that if it were worn over a month's time, combined with proper diet, the enforced body shape would become almost permanent.

Over the past week, Daphne had been keeping Lee in his sleep corset as long as possible. His high carbohydrate/ low protein and calorie diet greatly enhanced the work of the corset. She intended to keep him in it for at least ten hours a night. She even made him wear it while performing his department lessons. That had proved almost disastrous as Stacy could hardly move the next morning. Daphne had to give him a strong pain pill just to get him to school.

After she put him to bed, Daphne pushed the start button on the CD. Lee only heard some soft music but underlying the music were strong subliminal hypnotic messages. This particular CD's hidden message was "I want breasts and a great figure." She had a whole stack of CD's and, to her surprise, they achieved results far beyond her expectations.

As she walked out of the room, Daphne decided to leave the "I want breasts" CD on until Wednesday when she would swap it out for "I love sucking cock." The "I love boys" CD worked wonders on Stacy and she couldn't wait to see the effect of the next one. The hidden camera video she made of Stacy and Roger going at it like sex-starved rabbits was invaluable to her.

When she picked Stacy up after school on Tuesday, she drove towards an older section of the city. When Stacy asked what was up, she replied that she had a special surprise for him.

“Something that I’m sure you’ll be thrilled with and Roger will drool over, dear,” she told him.

Lee nervously fiddled with the handle of his purse when she told him that he was getting a surprise. Every time she gave him something, he hated it. Even worse, each one made him into a bigger sissy than the previous gift.

As Daphne parked the car, Lee sputtered, “Nooo, please Mommy, don’t take me in there. I don’t want a tattoo. I, I wo, won’t let you.”

“Stacy! That is enough! I hadn’t planned on getting you a tattoo. For your impertinence and rebellion, you just earned yourself one of my choosing. Now get your ass out of the car and come with me, or do you want to add a sound spanking when we get home?” Daphne said heatedly.

Cowered, Lee got out of the car. He hadn’t been spanked in a while but the bruises on his backside from the silver-backed hairbrush lasted for days afterwards. Lee was less than enthusiastic as they entered the shop.

They were greeted by a tall skinny bald-headed middle-aged man. Every exposed part of his body including his bald head was covered in elaborate and very colorful tattoos. “Welcome ladies. My name is Jethro. What can I do for you today?” he said.

“Hello, my sissy stepson wants to get a belly piercing and a tattoo. Can you do it today?” Daphne asked.

The tattooist was clearly taken aback. Standing before him were obviously two women. One was mature and the other a retro-dressed teenager. Lee was wearing a black pencil skirt, pale yellow nylon cap-sleeved blouse with lots of frilly lace. He was carrying a bright yellow wicker box purse.

“Your stepson? You’ve got to be kidding me,” Jethro finally managed.

“I assure you that I am serious. Now, can you do what he wants? Or do we go someplace else?” Daphne stated.

“Sure, lady, whatever, I can do it. Please, go into the back while I lock the door so we won’t be disturbed,” Jethro replied.

Two hours later, they were on the way home. Lee now had a golden ball inserted just above his innie navel. The ball was attached to a curved gold rod that entered the navel. At the end of the rod was a one-inch bejeweled butterfly.

The butterfly was outlined in gold and the wings inset with bright sparkling pink, pale blue, aquamarine stones while the body was inset with white seed pearls. In the small of his back, Jethro had etched, in fine detail, two small grey and white rabbits getting it on. Daphne thought that the tattoo was just perfect. Lee just gasped when he saw it.

At dinner that night, Daphne had Lee dress in a black short-sleeved midriff blouse with pointed collar and cuffs exposing his new jewelry and tattoo. A pair of white skin-tight stirrup pants and a pair of black four-inch spiked-heeled sandals completed his dressing.

Standing before the camera, Lee gushed and clapped his hands together, declared how much he just loved his new belly ring. "Thank you Mommy for letting me have my belly ring. I love it, I positively do, I do," he said over and over. Then, blushing, he did a slow pirouette to show his tattoo.

"I think this is just so cute. I had to have it, no matter what Mommy said. Bunnies are just the sweetest things ever," he cooed.

He was still blushing in shame as he sat for dinner. Henrietta had fixed him something special to celebrate his new decorations. His dinner consisted of a soy burger without the bun, small salad and the ever-present rice cakes. She was laughing the whole time she was around him.

"Gosh sissy boy, ya don got yourself fixed but good this time. I ain't never seen nuthin' like that on a man. All you need now is some big pouty lips 'n' you'll be the perfect sissy," she told him as she placed his plate on the table.

Daphne looked up from her steak dinner when Henrietta spoke. "Now that is an idea. I can't believe that it never crossed my mind to give him big pouting lips," she thought.

Ooo

Tuesday night just before bed, Daphne handed Lee a box. "Stacy, I got you something that I think you really want but were too afraid to ask for. It's a breast pump. You do want nice boobies for your Roger, now don't you?" she asked.

I never said I wanted boobies, Mommy," Lee responded as his eyes glazed over. "Do I really want boobies? Well, Roger would like it if I had them. Nothing really big, no, nothing big, but nice little ones, just big enough to fill his mouth. Yeah, that might be kind of cool," he thought while accepting the box.

Soon he was lying on his back after coating his breast area in a thick layer of hormonal cream with two plastic cones stuck on his chest. The pump had sucked out all the air in the A-sized cups and his coated flesh filled them. Shut-off valves on the cups assured that they would stay that way all night. Once laced into his sleep corset, Lee wouldn't be able to remove them until morning.

Daphne wasn't impressed with the results. "That ad certainly gave the impression that I would see overnight results but he's just as flat as he ever was. This contraption may work but it's going to take a lot of time. I don't want to wait that long, so I guess I should see about making an appointment for him with a plastic surgeon," she thought as she closely examined his chest.

Wednesday night after Lee was put to bed and the sleeping pill started working, Daphne changed out the CD's. The soft music that came on was a rendition of "The Stripper" with the subliminal message, "I love cock, big cocks, little cocks, any kind of cocks." The second set of music was "Hair" with the message, "I love the feeling of pubic hairs tickling my nose and lips, a man's pubic hair tickling away at my nose and lips." The last music on the disc was "I Can't Get No Satisfaction," with the message, "I can't be satisfied if I don't get cock. I have to have my lips on a cock."

As the music played on and on, Lee dreamed of sucking Roger's cock. When he woke the next morning, his penis was hurting as it strained in its chastity tube.

Thursday after school, Daphne made another detour. This time she pulled up in front of a plastic surgeon's office. "Now Stacy, I know you want itty bitty titties for your Roger. That breast pump may take a year to give you what I, I mean you, want. I'm right about you wanting this for Roger, aren't I?" she told him before leaving the car.

Lee was shocked by what Daphne was asking. "Titties, I want titties? Boys don't have titties, do they? Why would I want them? Oh, yes, for my Roger. The way he sucked on my nipples last week must mean he would like that. If I had little boobies, then maybe he would like me more and take me away from her." His thoughts were interrupted by Daphne.

"Stacy Lee, I asked you a question. Don't you want to look really pretty for your boyfriend Roger? Nothing too big, just a mouthful size because anything bigger would be a waste. Little sissy titties," she said.

"Damn, did I just say that? Only a man would say something that ridiculous. I can't imagine any woman wanting small A-cup breasts," she thought.

"She is okay with me getting breasts but is that what I really want? She said they would make me look really pretty. I want to be pretty, but boobies? Boys don't have boobies, though it would make me pretty. I guess it'd be okay if I just had little sissy ones," Lee pondered. He could not completely dispel a deep fear of what was about to happen.

"Alright Mommy, but only if they are little boobies. I don't want anything big that I can't hide if I want. You promise not to get them too big?" he finally said.

"Yes Stacy, I promise. I am so happy you want to do this. You've made me so happy that I want to give you a pleasant surprise while we are here. Something so good, your Roger will think you are the prettiest sissy in the whole world," Daphne gushed.

"Oh no, not another surprise, her surprises are always horrible. Did she say it would make Roger think I was the prettiest sissy in the whole world? Maybe it won't be so bad," Lee thought.

Four hours later, a dazed Lee walked out of the clinic with Daphne giving him support. She helped him into the car and fastened his seat belt.

"Darling, when you are able to comprehend what I did for you today, you are just going to love it. I love it already and I can't wait to show you what came in the mail today. That surprise will have to wait until your lips are healed," she laughed.

That night after Lee was put to bed, Daphne received a phone call from her husband. "Look I don't like those e-mails you are sending. I don't like this one damn bit. I think I better come home and set everything straight. I'll not have a flaming faggot living under my roof but I need to see things for myself," Philip shouted into the phone.

"Philip, calm down. I'm sorry you're upset but he is your son after all. I have tried my best to discourage him. Unfortunately, he is so committed to his coming out that there is no stopping him. Today he actually screamed at me when I tried to stop him from running off and getting some doctor to give him boobies and a lip enhancement. Darling, settle

down. I couldn't stop him. I really tried. No dear, they aren't humongous. Maybe an A-cup but he wanted them for his boyfriend.

"Oops, I probably shouldn't have mentioned his boyfriend Roger. I, I was trying to keep that from you dear. Yes, I understand. No, that project you are developing is just too important. If it doesn't make schedule, you will lose millions. You don't want that, do you? I didn't think so. Just let me handle it. Besides, a few more weeks won't make that much difference. Yes darling, it is very upsetting and hard on me as well but I married you for better or worse, remember? Now you go and have a few drinks with the boys and take care of business. I'll take care of my end here. Love you, bye," she said.

"Shit, that was close. I don't need him barging in here right now. I'm having just too much fun," Daphne thought as she replaced the receiver.

Ooo

On Friday morning, with his sleep corset removed, Lee stood in his bright yellow nylon panties and chastity device, as Daphne carefully took off the ace bandage around his chest. His new breasts were just as she ordered. A full A-cup with enlarged nipples. The nipples were thick and about three-quarters of an inch long, centered pertly on his new mounds. There was a little bruising and discoloration. The doctor said that it would be okay to take the bandage off as long as a proper full-coverage support bra was worn.

"Oh my yes, they are lovely, Stacy. Your Roger will go wild when he sees them. They make your figure so much prettier. You do want to be pretty, don't you?" Daphne said using the 'prettier' catch phrase from his mantra.

Lee stood looking down at the two mounds sticking out of his chest with a slight frown. "Boobies, boobies on my chest! I shouldn't like it but I do. There're so cute, small just like she promised. If Roger likes them, maybe he will take me away from her. I can't take many more of her surprises," he thought.

In the bathroom mirror, Lee was shocked to see what had been done to his lips. They were puffy and slightly sore to the touch. What brought tears to his eyes was their size. He had big bimbo cocksucking lips. When he complained to Daphne, she told him not to worry, that they would shrink as the day went on. He desperately hoped that she was right about that.

For school, Daphne picked out a matching set of pink raspberry-colored full-cut translucent nylon panties, a long line bullet bra, high waist girdle and long half-slip with four inches of delicate lace hemming. Next she selected a gray linen mid-calf length pencil skirt and cream-colored long sleeved chiffon blouse with four rows of floral lace trim running parallel to the front buttons. The cuffs were ruffled lace and, at the neck, a big floppy bow.

A pair of ecru hose and grey patent leather three-inch pumps would finish his dressing. In addition to his usual bangles and rings, Daphne pinned a large grey satin bow to the back of his bouffant flip.



When Lee put on the bra, it felt completely different. First he had to fasten the bra behind his back, then bending, ease his new assets into the chiffon lined cups. What was really different was the feel of his flesh rubbing against the soft fabric. He gasped slightly as his nipples came in contact with the chiffon lining. A tingle of pleasure rushed to his head.

“Oh my, I didn’t expect to actually feel like this. It’s totally different from when I wore pads. This actually feels good,” he thought.

As was the established routine at breakfast, Lee stood before the video camera, proclaiming how much he loved his outfit while describing it in detail, from lingerie out. He wished his stepmother would get tired of doing this to him. It was not only humiliating but he knew that it would be e-mailed to practically everyone. Due to those damning videos, even Roger did not believe he was being forced

to become a sissy.

The pencil skirt made Lee take mincing steps down the school hallway. The click-clack of his heels rang loudly in his ears. Walking from the hips, heel and toe, made his tightly covered ass sway sensually. As usual, the stares and comments of his fellow students did not bother him as he made his way to Mz. Howard’s office. Still there was an inner ‘ear’ that heard them and winced.

Darla Howard’s attention was immediately drawn to Lee’s enhanced lips. “Oh dear, Stacy, what have you done to yourself now?” she asked. She was running late that morning and hadn’t a chance to see his latest video.

"Ms Howard, do you like them? Do they make me look pretty?" he said, sticking out his chest. It felt strange to him that he was actually proud of his new breasts. However they made him feel pretty and when he felt pretty, he felt both calm and happy.

"Errr, your, your lips seem to be really swollen, dear. Did you have an accident or something?" she managed to reply, completely missing Lee's thrust-out chest.

"Oh those! No, ma'am, they were enhanced yesterday afternoon. Mommy assures me they will shrink some by the end of the day," he replied as he lay down on the couch.

Lee was somewhat disappointed that Ms Howard did not say anything about his new boobies. They were less prominent as his padded bras were a C-cup. His enhanced lips grabbed so much attention that a change in cup size went unnoticed.

Darla quickly over came the shock of seeing Stacy's new lips and said, "Stacy, why don't I start up my metronome and we'll get today's session underway. Just listen to my voice and relax. That's it, you are getting drowsy, let yourself go, just hear my voice and the metronome."

As Lee repeated his mantras, Darla went over to her computer and opened Daphne's e-mail. "Darla, as you will see in this latest video, Stacy, over my objections, had some plastic surgery performed. He is a little self-conscious about what he had done by this morning. I don't think he realized how big his lips would get. Please see if you can make him more at ease with his new enhancements. Sincerely, Daphne."

After reading the e-mail, she opened the attached video file. "Oh Stacy, what have you done to yourself? I knew you were a sissy but I didn't realize just how much of one until now. You have so many unresolved issues and you are plunging head first into permanent changes. I do wish you had told me about wanting breasts and those, those lips. Maybe I could have stopped you. I wonder if you want to go all the way and have reassignment surgery. Well, I better go ask him, I mean her, while she is still hypnotized," she thought as the video ended.

When she broached the subject of reassignment surgery to Stacy, he said firmly, "No, Ms Howard. I'm a boy and boys don't have a vagina. Why would I want that? I'm a sissy boy but I like my penis, so I don't want one of those."

"Very well then but if you change your mind about that, you have to promise me that you will talk to me first. Promise? Good, now what do you think about your lips and new breasts?" she asked.

"I think I like my new boobies. They make me look pretty. Do you want to see them? They are really cute. And my, my lips? I hope Roger likes them. I did it just for him, you know. Hehehe, I think boys really like big kissable lips, hehehe," Lee giggled.

"Oh my," Darla thought in shock, "The poor sissy thinks those lips are made for kissing. Oh well, she did say she did it for Roger. He's a nice boy but I'm sure he won't be able to resist those lips. Kids nowadays, they think oral sex isn't really sex. What can I say except okay, I hope you have a happy life?"

Stacy didn't see Roger that day as he was taking advanced placement testing at the college he wanted to attend. He was outside, where he and Roger would eat their lunch, when Stella came over and sat down beside him.

"Hey, girlfriend, I heard about your enhancements. Wow! Those are some lips you got there. Those are cocksucking lips for sure. So why did you do it? Look, I know you're a sissy boy and all but you don't have to submit yourself to some man. Women's lib applies to you too. We don't have to cater to a look or lifestyle that men think we should have. You really wanted to have those bimbo lips? Or did you do it at someone else's suggestion?" Stella asked.

"I, I'm not sure. I think I did it because it would make me pretty for Roger. I really like Roger and I think he likes me too," Lee stammered.

"Girlfriend, it's your life. Roger is a nice guy and all but how about showing some restraint? While you are not a real girl, believe me when I say that you had better be a whole lot more careful. You do look like a very pretty girl and, and if I didn't know better, I could be really turned on by you. A whole lot of guys would be too, if you get my meaning. My biggest fear is getting raped by some man. So I'm telling you, like a big sister, to watch your back. You stay where people can see you and don't be caught alone in remote areas, especially at night. Always carry a very loud whistle and a can of pepper spray in your purse. You'll never know when they might come in handy. Now that's my little speech for the day. Pick up your lunch box and follow me to the cafeteria," Stella said.

Lee was dumbfounded and confused as he did Stella's bidding. "Gosh, does she really think someone would try to rape me? Why would a boy want to do that to another boy?" he thought.

Later when he was in Ms Howard's bathroom freshening up, he looked into the full-length mirror on the back of the door. He just stared into it until, with a jolt, he realized that Stella wasn't kidding him. He looked like a very sexy hot chick. Not a modern woman but one that could have been on a 1950's calendar maybe. He decided that he had better take her advice 'to be careful' to heart from now on.

That afternoon in the Gay and Lesbian Association meeting, Lee made sure to thank Stella. She told him that she would be there to help in any way she could. Then she handed him a whistle and can of pepper spray.

"I got you these during a break. I truly hope you never have to use them. Why don't you sit with us girls today? I'm sure you can get some good advice," she said, giving him a sisterly peck on the cheek. As Lee led the way over to the group of girls, Stella couldn't keep her eyes off Lee's gyrating behind.

"Oh dear, am I falling for a, a sissy boy?" Stella thought with a blush on her cheeks.

After school, Daphne drove Lee to Sally's Beauty Parlor. As they entered, an elderly woman was leaving. She stopped abruptly and, for a moment, just stared at Stacy. As she looked him over from his shoes to the top of his head, she broke out in a big smile.

"Young lady, you sure did give me a scare there. For a moment, I thought I went back in time. I hope you don't mind but I haven't seen an outfit like that, in I don't know how many years. It is perfectly lovely on you. Where on earth did you get it?" she inquired.

"I found it on the internet," responded Daphne. "My stepdaughter is really into the retro look as you can see. She firmly believes that the Fifties and early Sixties were the apex of femininity. Why, she is even wearing period undergarments."

“Oh dear me, the real undergarments, you say. I remember, back in the day, my mother made me wear a horrible rubber-lined panty girdle all the time. It was so hot and uncomfortable but she said it would protect my modesty. Ha! It’s amazing how fast it could get pulled down by the hands of a determined boy. Sometimes I wish the old styles would come back but I like the comfort of our modern ones. Well dears, I must be going. Thank you for making my day a bit brighter,” the woman said.

Norma Jean greeted them and led them back to her work station after locking the door. “That was Mrs. Tatum. She’s an old customer of mine and just a sweetheart. She was a little depressed today but I see Stacy brightened it up for her. Now what can I do for you? I bet Stacy can’t wait to have a nice shampoo and conditioning. One thing I hated most about that Beehive style was not being able to wash it at least every other day.”

When they arrived back at the house, Lee went to his room and unloaded a bag of large bristle rollers into a vanity drawer. Norma Jean had supplied him with enough rollers, hair nets and hairspray to maintain his bouffant flip. Daphne picked out some artificial flowers and several different colored large satin bows to accessorize his new hairdo.

“Geez, like I don’t have enough stuff already. Now I am going to have to roll my hair every night before I get to bed. How am I supposed to get any sleep with these things in my hair?” he thought.

Before he left the room, Lee examined his reflection. As before, Norma Jean had used a lot of hairspray to hold everything stiffly in place. She told him that it would be a high-maintenance style but took the time to show him everything he would have to know.

His hair was parted in the middle and had been backcombed, teased and set for maximum volume. It cascaded from the crown, then flipped upwards at the end. His bangs now looked like fat horizontal tubes sitting high on his forehead. Pinned to the back of his head was a white lace-trimmed pink satin bow.

As he looked in the mirror, Lee thought, “Oh gosh, my head looks like a big beach ball with big pink cupid lips on it.”

In the living room, he posed before the camera. With girlish glee he proclaimed how much he loved his new look. He giggled as he held his hand with wrist cocked by the up-flipped hair while turning from side to side. As a finale, he blew the camera an air kiss. On the inside he wanted to throw up but from the outside he looked like a very happy teenager.

Finished with the video, Daphne handed Lee a pair of black satin six-inch heeled stilettos. “Stacy, from now on I want you to wear shoes with a five-inch or higher heel. It will help you perfect a mincing walk. Now I want to see that cute tight ass of yours swishing and swaying,” she ordered.

One inch didn’t seem that much of a difference but three-inch heels are difficult to navigate in. The height of the new heels initially caused him some problems. However as time went on, he made the necessary adjustments.

As Lee walked around the living room, he could feel his girdled bottom swishing against the satin-lined pencil skirt. He was careful to keep his elbows in, chest out, shoul-

ders back and his wrists limp as he walked in circles. Daphne followed along, slapping any errant body parts with a riding crop until she was satisfied with his performance.

Dinner consisted of a small Caesar salad, two rice cakes and a glass of diet supplement. By now, he was use to eating little but still salivated when the aroma of Daphne's dinner hit his nostrils.

"What I would give just to have a taste of her pork chop. This damn girdle is so stifling and my legs and feet are killing me. I don't know if I could eat it even if she gave it to me," he thought.

After dinner, he was sent to take his evening bath. While he was bathing, Daphne retrieved a box. Inside was an eight-inch long, two-inch thick day-glo pink gel realistic dildo with attached testicles and pubic hair.

"I guess I'll find out just how much that 'I love cock' CD worked tonight. After he rolls his hair, I'll put him into his night corset but not give him his sleeping pill. I want him to practice until he can get every inch of this thing into his mouth. Bet his Roger will just love that," she thought.

By the time Lee had finished performing his nightly toilet and put his hair up, he was exhausted. Grabbing a bright yellow nylon scarf, he wrapped it turban-style around his mass of rollers. Daphne put the night corset on him then told him to step back into his new heels. When he complained, she told him that by keeping them on, his feet would adjust more quickly.

He hobbled as best he could over to the bed. The high arched shoes forced him to walk on his toes. Getting into bed was easier than getting out but still nothing to be done quickly. Once he was in bed, Daphne gave him the box.

"Darling, I know just how much you want to please your Roger so I bought you this. If you really want to please Roger, you might want to practice for your date tomorrow night," she said as Lee pulled the dildo from the box.

Lee carefully examined the dildo. Turning it over in his hands, his lips slightly puckered. "Oh my, this thing is so, so real. If it weren't pink, I could almost believe that it came off someone. This thing, I should think it's gross and throw it away. Why do I have this strange desire to suck on it? It even has hair and balls," he thought.

Lee just stared at it for the longest then slowly brought it to his lips. "I wonder what it tastes like. Roger tasted all musky and slightly sweaty. He really seemed to enjoy it when I did it for the first time. I liked sucking his but I don't know about this. It's hard but at the same time soft." His thoughts were broken when Daphne removed the empty box from his bed.

"I think you should really practice until you can get it all into your mouth. I set your alarm for an hour later than normal. You have a big date with Roger tomorrow and I want you rested," she said.

"Oh, my date. I'm going to have to practice. I want him to be happy with me," Lee said as he slowly slid the dildo between his lips.

With only the night light on, the dildo glowed in the darkened room. As Lee continued to practice, the glow became less and less. By the time he became too exhausted to continue, his hand was cupping the scrotum up against his chin.

Ooo

On Saturday morning, the alarm brought Lee groggily out of his dream. He had been dreaming of sucking on Roger's cock. The alarm woke him just as the big cock filling his mouth erupted in a fountain of sperm. The output filled his mouth, splashed on his face and up his nose. He couldn't breathe, there was so much liquid. Opening his eyes, he took in as deep a breath as he could in the tight corset.

"Gosh, that was some dream," he thought with a smile then grunted as he felt pain coming from his confined penis.

When Daphne arrived to remove the corset, Lee pled with her to remove the device. "Please Mommy, take this thing off me. It hurts me all the time down there. Please take it off. I'll do anything you ask but take it off," he begged.

"Stacy, we have had this conversation many times and I have repeatedly told you that it stays on. However, if you are very good today I might consider removing it later. Now go take your bath. When you come back, you must show me how much you practiced last night," she said as she removed the dildo from his bed.

Back in his room, Daphne gave him the lingerie she had selected. Nylon full-cut panties in a sheer teal color with matching bullet bra, panty girdle and sheer nude nylons. The teal-colored lingerie stood out against his pale white skin.

She had him seated before the large vanity mirror as he demonstrated just how much of the dildo he could swallow. As he slowly sucked the monster into his mouth, she would offer advice.

"That's right, Stacy, create a vacuum. Let me see those cheeks suck in. Remember to look up into your man's face. Stacy, you need to moan like you are really enjoying it. When he comes, drink it all but leave just a bit on your tongue. Then let it bubble up on your lips before you lick it slowly off."

"I'm so embarrassed doing this in front of her but this cock is so lovely. I can't help myself. I really want to suck it. I can't wait to see Roger tonight and get the real thing. Oh, I'm getting so turned-on watching my image in the mirror. It is so much better when I can see exactly what I am doing. Shit! My clitty hurts. I hope she is happy with my performance and takes that darn thing off me like she promised," he thought.

Later, when he was dressed in a June Cleaver heather grey cotton full-skirted dress with white collar and cuffs, Daphne had him do the household chores. By early afternoon,

she sent him to his room for a much needed nap. He was tired and fell into a deep slumber.

At five, she woke him and had the bath ready. As he stepped into the bathroom, the smell of lavender and roses greeted him. He quickly douched and lubricated, then eased himself into the still hot bubbly scented water.

"I can't believe how much I enjoy taking a bath now if for no other reason than because I can lay back with nobody to disturb me and relax. I don't think that I will ever take another shower," he said softly.

When he noticed his fingers were wrinkled, he picked up the pink lady's razor and shaving gel and began shaving. Out of the bath, he twisted and turned while looking in the mirror to see if he had left any stray hairs. None seen, he messaged a lavender-scented body lotion into his smooth soft skin. He finished off with a dusting of scented talc. After finishing up, Lee doubled-checked his image in the mirror while cupping his new breasts.

"I just love my new little boobies. When I rub the nipples, I get these funny feelings. I just hope Roger will like them as much as I do," he thought.

Daphne was waiting for him with gloved hands when he returned to his room. "I've decided to remove your chastity but not because you were good today. It needs to be cleaned. While I do that, I want you to get rid of that disgusting growth of hair down there. Then you can fix your hair. Put it in curlers and make sure you use the setting gel," she informed him.

He let out a sigh of relief as the device came off and forced himself not to immediately reach down and examine his sore clitty. As soon as she left, Lee reached down and found it difficult to see it between his new breasts. His clit appeared to be even smaller than the last time he looked at it. As he held it, the head was tender to the touch but otherwise he didn't feel much sensation. It remained limp even though he pulled on it, trying to get an erection.

"Have I become such a sissy that I can't even get it up?" he thought as he walked over to the mirror to get a better look.

The reflected image of his groin showed a matted mass of grungy-looking pubic hair with just the head of his penis poking through. His scrotum hung wrinkled and empty. His testicles, what was left of them, were still wedged inside his body. Later he would discover that the heat of his body combined with that generated by the girdles had destroyed them.

He went back to the bathroom to remove the offensive hair. First he had to wash his hands as the smell transferred from his crotch was pretty bad. Taking the foam gel, he slathered it on his crotch and, being very careful, shaved the area clean.

While he was doing that, Daphne was changing out the chastity tube for the smallest one. The tube was stubby, maybe three-quarters of an inch long and wide. This one had prongs along the inside of the tube as well as at the bottom.

This design would ensure that his penis could not even twitch without some pain. Additionally, it would force him to sit back further on the commode with more of a bend at

his waist to pee like a girl. By the end of another week or so, the Pavlovian response of his penis to the chastity device would be permanent.

“According to the literature that came with the chastity device, his hormone levels must be negligible by now. I wonder if I should start him on birth control pills.” She thought.

In his bedroom, she took her time refastening the device. Daphne closely examined Lee’s shaven crotch and smiled with pleasure. His groin was just as the chastity device guaranteed. Lee would never have another erection, at least not one of any significance.

“You won’t need a pad tonight and I think a sexy garter belt would do nicely. Now get busy fixing your hair. You don’t have that much time,” she said when she finished.

Ooo

When Roger arrived to pick up his date, Daphne greeted him at the door. “Oh Roger, I’m so happy that you have asked Stacy out. All I’ve heard this week was ‘I love him Momma’ and ‘I hope he asks me out real soon.’ I’m sure she has a real crush on you and I hope that you don’t disappoint her,” she informed him as she led him over to the couch.

“Oh no, ma’am, I really like Stacy. He’s everything I ever wanted in a lover and friend,” Roger replied, somewhat red-faced.

When Stacy entered the room, Roger’s jaw fell to the floor. He was wearing a pair of white crepe de chine culottes and a bright pink angora cap-sleeved turtle neck midriff-style sweater. The culottes hugged his



tight rounded ass like a second skin and the sweater was stretched tight across his pointed bosom and exposed his navel ring. Lee wore a pair of bright pink patent leather six-inch stiletto heels with narrow straps. The narrow straps wound up just past his ankles and finished off with a small pink bow at the back.

What really caught his attention was Stacy's face. His champagne blond hair had been restyled into a big bouffant flip with tubular curled bangs. Above the bangs was a band of bright pink satin. The hairstyle framed Stacy's face beautifully. His makeup had been applied perfectly and his puffed-up frosted pink lips begged to be kissed and more. Roger was practically drooling as Lee reached him and kissed him on the cheek.

Smiling broadly, Lee asked, "Do you like?"

"Stacy, you take my breath away. You are stunning," he replied.

"Oh Roger, thank you. Is that bouquet of pink roses for me?" Lee said, softly blushing from Roger's flattery.

Roger had completely forgotten about the flowers he was holding. Awkwardly, blushing himself, he handed the flowers to Lee. Daphne stepped up and told Stacy to go and put them in a vase. When she was gone, she told Roger to remember his promise.

"Yes ma'am, I will. Would it be alright if she stayed the night at my place?" Roger asked, hoping that he hadn't overstepped his bounds. As soon as he asked the question, he regretted it.

"That's what I get for thinking with my dick! What if she tells me to just leave," he thought.

"Why Roger, you are smitten with my sissy stepson. Normally I wouldn't allow it but given the circumstances, of course he may stay with you. Just let me tell Stacy to put a few things in his purse," Daphne said with a sly smile.

Roger stood open-mouthed in disbelief as Daphne turned and walked away. "What just happened? She said okay and I can spend the night with the most beautiful creature I have ever seen. Oh this is going to be one fantastic night," he thought.

Darla met Lee as he was coming out of the kitchen carrying a vase with the pink roses. "Stacy, come with me. We have to get a few more things for your date tonight. Roger wants you to stay over at his place and I have agreed. Put that vase down on the dining table and let's go," she informed him.

"Roger wants me to spend the night with him? Oh, I think I would like that," Lee responded.

In his room, Daphne went over to his dresser. She removed a nylon layered baby doll in bright red chiffon with matching bloomer-style panties. The red panties had six rows of floral white lace across the bottoms.

"While I fold these and put them in your purse, get your lubricant, toothpaste and brush from the bathroom. You're going to need those. I'll put extra cosmetics in your purse as well. You can wear what you have on when you come home. So be careful and not get any unsightly stains on it. Better yet, when you get to his place, go and change into your nightie and keep your garter belt and nylons on," she informed him.

Ooo

At the car, Roger couldn't help himself and pressed his lips to Lee's. Lee let out a soft moan and started to move back but decided to let the kiss linger. He flung his arms around Roger's neck and held him close.

"What's the matter, baby?" Roger asked after breaking the kiss.

"My, my lips are still a little tender. You will have to be gentle with them tonight, Roger honey. She made me get my lips enhanced yesterday." Lee replied.

"She made you? You mean you didn't want to get that done for me?" Roger asked, sounding disappointed.

Hearing the disappointment in his voice, Lee responded, "If you like them, I guess I like having them more. I just don't like how puffed they are. It makes me lisp a little. It's like everything else she has done to me. Like I told you, she made me this way."

Roger began to believe some of the things Lee had told him. "Maybe Stacy is being forced to do some things but now I know I am in love. I don't want him to change too much," he thought as he drove off.

"She's not going to make you have a sex change, is she? I wouldn't like that at all. I love you just like you are now," he said. He was a little afraid of the answer and didn't realize that he said he loved Lee.

"Oh no, she wouldn't. I, I mean I don't think so. After all, I am a boy. So why would I want a sex change anyway? But she is always surprising me. Every time she gives me a present, it is something more, more girlie. I, I don't know if she would do that but she might, just to make me more girlie," Lee replied.

"You know, Ms Howard asked me that same question. She made me promise to tell her if I did decide to do that. I don't want a vagina. I like my penis," Lee added.

"I will talk to her when I take you home Stacy. I don't want you to change any more than you already have. I love the way you look now just fine," Roger said emphatically.

"You do? You think I'm pretty?" Lee responded with a blush.

"Babe, you are the most fantastic person I have ever met. You are absolutely beautiful as far as I am concerned. I want you to promise me that you will not get any more enhancements unless I tell you that you can, okay?" Roger said.

Ooo

When they arrived at Roger's house, he opened the car door and helped Lee get out. As Lee stood, Roger grasped him around the waist and pulled him close. Smiling broadly, he said, "Stacy you have no idea how long I have dreamed of this moment. Ever since you

came out, I've wanted to have you alone, all to myself. My parents won't be home until tomorrow, so for the first time, we will not have to rush. I really want to take my time with you."

"Oh Roger," Lee said as he pressed his body into his, threw his arms around Roger's neck and kissed him passionately.

Roger finally broke off and began planting little kisses on Lee's cheeks, eyelids, ears and, finally, his neck. He couldn't help himself as he nibbled on Lee's neck. He bit and sucked the gentle slope of Lee's neck until a large red hickey was formed. A love bite to show the world that Stacy was his.

As Roger kissed, Lee was moaning and gasping in pleasure. "Oh my, he really does love me. If he keeps this up much longer, I don't know if we'll even make it to the house," he thought.

"Roger darling, don't you think we ought to go inside? Your neighbors might be watching. If you keep this up, they may get to see a really good show," Lee gasped.

Roger had to take a deep breath before replying, "Oh baby, I can't get enough of you but you're right. Come on, let's go."

Once inside, Lee managed to break away from Roger's embrace. "Where's the lady's? I need to freshen up," he said softly.

In the bathroom, Lee undressed. Pulling the lubricant from his purse along with the red nightie, he quickly got ready for his beloved. For a moment, Lee stared at his reflection in the full-length mirror on the back of the door. The image showed a lovely young woman dressed in a revealing bright red babydoll. The outline of firm yet small breasts, rounded hips and a narrow waist showed through the material.

"I look pretty and I feel so sexy. Somehow this doesn't feel quite right but why do I have these shivers running up and down my spine? Roger loves me and I love him so everything must be alright. Oh, and his cock, I could feel it pressing against me when we were kissing. I can't wait to get my lips around it. It gives me so much pleasure to see how it makes him happy," Lee thought as he opened the door and stepped out.

Roger couldn't believe how hard he was watching Lee's bright pink lips slide up and down his pole. With his hands gently caressing the sides of Lee's head, Roger watched as Lee's nose pressed against his groin, lips slurping at the base of his dick.

"Damn, I thought those little titties were a pleasant surprise but this is even better," Roger thought.

As Lee brought his head back from the base of Roger's dick, he noticed the pink shimmer on the shaft left by his lipstick. With his lips snugly holding onto the head of the penis, Lee sucked in his cheeks and started back down the shaft while letting his tongue swivel around it.

"This feels so good. I think he's enjoying it as much as I am. Oh how I love the taste of cock!" Lee thought as his bell earrings pealed near his ears.

"Damn, he has really gotten good at this. His lips were made to suck my cock. I'm certainly not going to complain about that enhancement. Oh so soft and smooth," Roger

thought. He didn't know that Daphne had Lee practicing so he could swallow without gagging.

It took all of Roger's will to pull away from Lee's eager lips, flip him over on his back and raise his legs over his shoulders. Telling Lee to guide his penis into Lee's boy pussy, he quickly shoved it home all the way to the base. Lee let out a loud moan as Roger's iron rod penetrated. It hurt but not nearly as bad as the first time. This time he was better lubricated and a week of using the large douche nozzle had stretched him out.

An hour later, they were cuddling on the couch, sipping wine, Roger wearing his plaid boxers and Lee clad in a diaphanous bright red chiffon babydoll. Roger could easily see Lee's eraser sized brown nipples and A-cup breasts through the gown. He let his free hand slide down to Lee's right breast and began rubbing. Roger decided then and there that he had to have this gorgeous creature all for himself. He had never been so turned-on in his life.

As Roger played with Lee's nipple through the chiffon, Lee cuddled closer to him and let his hand fall down to Roger's limp organ. "Oh that feels so nice, honey," Lee said softly.

"Stacy, I love you and want you to be with me always. I promise to take very good care of you. What do you think? Be my lover, please," Roger said sincerely.

"Oh Roger, I don't know what to say. This is so sudden. I really do care for you too. I want to get away from my stepmother. Oh gosh! What will she say about this? Besides I still have another year of school but you will be graduating in another month," Lee rambled but was stopped by Roger's soft kiss.

"Look baby, you can quit school after this semester and join me when I go to college. I'll have a talk with your stepmother. When I am finished, I'm sure she will let you come live with me. My folks won't mind. They pretty much give me my way especially if they think it will make me happy. You definitely make me happy," he finished with a soft laugh.

"Alright Roger, let's do it," Lee said with a broad smile.

"I can't wait to get away from that bitch," he thought as he threw his arms around Roger's neck, pulled him close and pressed his lips to Roger's.

As they kissed, Roger's hands made their way to Lee's new assets. As he kneaded one rounded nipple between thumb and forefinger, Lee moaned softly in pleasure. It wasn't long before Lee had his lips wrapped around Roger's engorged cock.

Ooo

That next morning, Roger talked with Daphne as the three sat around the kitchen table. "Mrs. Chapman, I love Stacy. I know this is quite sudden but I really do. I've asked her to move in with me," he said.

"Stop right there, young man. I'm not finding this acceptable. While Stacy is of age, he has not finished school. He's only a junior and far too immature to be making these kinds

of decisions. Maybe, in the future, you two can settle your living arrangements but not yet," Daphne stated.

In the ensuing silence, Daphne breathed a sigh of relief. In her shock of hearing what they wanted to do, she almost told Roger that she was not finished with Stacy. She needed at least another three weeks for the corset and chastity device to fully achieve the desired results. She also wanted to use more of the subliminal CDs that would make Stacy more promiscuous and slutty.

Daphne did not want Stacy to be happy with just one boy but she couldn't use those CDs just yet. According to the instructions, if she wanted the first set of CD's to fully establish his new persona, she would have to start with the first and go through all the others, in order, finishing with "I love cocks." She calculated that would take almost three weeks.

The "I love slutty makeup;" "I need cock everyday" and "I need different men in my life" CD's would have to wait. She could use them sooner but the original implanted ideas might fade. Daphne was brought back to the here and now by Stacy pressing on her hand.

"Mommy? Mommy? Are you listening to me?" Lee was asking.

"I'm sorry, I was thinking. Your request was totally unexpected you know," Daphne replied.

"Mrs. Chapman, I don't want to go against your will. What if we agreed that as soon as school lets out and I graduate, then Stacy can move in with me? I'm on an accelerated college schedule. Advance placement has me as a mid-semester freshman." Roger paused to look at Stacy. He received a big smile in return.

"So if I start this June, I can finish my Bachelors in three years. I just can't be without Stacy the whole summer, much less until he graduates. He's old enough to drop out now but I can wait till he finishes this year. I'll make sure he obtains his GED, then enrolls at my school. I'll pay for everything and see that he is well taken care of. I promise," Roger told her.

"Stacy, what do you think of that plan? Would you be willing to do everything I demand without complaint? That would also mean that you will not be staying overnight at Roger's until school is out. No, you don't have to ask. You may still date and see Roger but only on Fridays. If you agree, then I will go along. I'll even run interference with your father," Daphne conceded.

As Roger and Lee talked it over, Daphne was thinking, "Damn, I so wanted to play with Stacy a bit longer. If I don't go along with them, they could just do it anyway. There is no legal way for me to stop them. I'll just have to switch to the smaller sleep corset, make him wear the six-inch stilettos with the locking straps full-time starting tonight. I'll have just a few weeks to bring his body shape into line and get his tendons shortened enough so he has to always wear heels."

"There's another thing that bothers me, Mrs. Chapman. All these enhancements to Stacy, well, they were a nice surprise but I don't want Stacy getting anything else done. At least no SRS. I love her just the way she is now. Promise me that you will stop her from doing anything else," Roger said as he rose to leave.

"Of course, my dear boy, I will do my best but Stacy has a mind of her own, you know. If she tries anything stupid, I will let you know," Daphne replied.

Shortly after Roger left, Daphne had Stacy tightly laced in his new sleep corset. The waist was taken in to eighteen inches and the broad shoulder straps were shortened by an inch.

When he started to complain, Daphne stopped him by reminding him of his promise to do as he was told. "You want Roger to like you, missy, then you have to suffer some pain. Beauty does not come without sacrifice and pain. To be pretty, your body and mannerisms must also be pretty. A man like Roger loves dainty, shapely women and they always want to see them in high heels. You manage well in your old heels but you still look ungainly in the new ones. So you will wear them all the time, even when in bed. Keeping them on all the time will help you to adjust quickly to their height," she stated.

Once Daphne strapped on his new six-inch heels, Lee wasn't so happy with his decision to wait until school let out. "I don't know what I hate the most, the shoes or the corset. They both hurt and I am obviously going to be in them for a long time," he thought.

As he stood in his corset, nylons and heels, Daphne helped slip a royal blue full slip over his head. The slip had a heavy overlay of floral lace at the bodice and four inches of matching lace at the hem. A pale blue long-sleeved translucent chiffon blouse with ruffled cuffs and high collar was buttoned up his back. The blouse was followed by a navy blue straight skirt.

A three-inch wide navy blue patent leather belt with large square gold buckle, two blue and two navy plastic bangles were placed on his right wrist and a pair of sapphire ear rings inserted into his lobes accessorized the outfit.

For the next hour, Daphne put him through his deportment lessons. He moved stiffly when he walked and less than delicately when he sat. By the end of the hour, he had made some progress but not enough to please his stepmother. She let him rest in a straight-backed chair, gave him a romance novel to read and left him alone for a half-hour. When she returned, she made him get up and start walking around the room, then sit, rise and repeat the movements for another hour. By the end of that practice session, Lee's feet, waist and shoulders were screaming at him.

He was hoping that he would get a reprieve from the corset and heels when he went to school. His hopes were dashed Monday morning when Henrietta put them on him after his bath. A bright short puff-sleeved orange satin blouse with full lacy jabot and a pink and orange plaid pencil skirt completed his dressing for school that day. He was so hobbled that he could barely get around at school. Lee was almost late to every one of his classes due to his mincing steps.

Lee wanted to tell Roger what his stepmother was doing to him but couldn't. Just before she dropped him off, Daphne instructed, "Stacy if you tell anyone that I'm making you do this, I'll call your father and tell him to come home immediately. Do you have any idea of what he will do to you when he finds you like this? If I know your father, he will probably beat you half to death, then throw you out of the house with nothing but what you have on. I don't think you would like that. All you have to do is cooperate with me until school is over and I will keep your father in Vegas."

Lee hadn't thought about his father in some time. However he knew that what Daphne said was true. His father would have a royal fit. There was no doubt in his mind about that. He believed that when he moved in with Roger, his dad would probably still be in the dark.

The last thing Lee wanted was to have a face-to-face meeting with him anytime soon. At first, Lee had wanted to see his dad more than anything. Now with him looking like he did, his father was the last person he wanted to see. There was no way he would be given the time to explain his situation before his dad would be in a total rage. There would be no way of talking to him then.

When Roger asked him why he looked so miserable, Lee told him that he was just getting use to wearing six-inch heels. "Roger sweetie, I know men enjoy seeing a woman wearing high heels. I got these just for you to enjoy. Don't you like them? I think they make my legs look sexy," Lee said.

"Sure thing, babe, they make your legs and ass look fantastic. It makes me want to grab that ass of yours and kiss it," he said as his hand rubbed Lee's rounded bottom.

"Kiss my ass. You want to kiss my ass? That would make these shoes so worth it," Lee replied, blushing slightly. The very idea of Roger kissing his butt sent a tingle up Lee's spine as he shivered in delight.

Ooo

The week was a miserable one for Lee. His whole body ached from its various confinements. His upcoming date with Roger on Friday was the only bright spot. The image of Roger tenderly kissing his ass never failed to bring a smile to his lips.

When Friday arrived, Lee could hardly wait for the last class to be over. When the bell sounded, Stella grabbed Lee's hand and pulled him away from Roger.

"Roger, you scoot along. I need a few minutes with Stacy," she said.

"Stacy, I'm having a few of the girls over at my place Saturday and I want you to come. Really, I want you to come and so do they," Stella said.

"Wha, what? You want me to come over to your place. Stella, I don't know what to say. I'm not really a girl, you know. Why would you want me to hang with you guys?" Lee asked, confused.

"It's no big deal that you aren't a biological girl. We just want to know more about you and Roger. You know, just girl talk and maybe a trip to the mall," Stella replied.

"Girl talk and maybe a trip to the mall? I haven't really gone anywhere other than to the beauty salon and out with Roger. I don't know about going to the mall. I never really go anywhere and never by myself," Lee said.

"Come on, girlfriend. You've made it to school everyday all by yourself. Everyone knows about you, so what's to hide? Besides, you'll have us to keep you company. You know we all like Roger and we're just curious about the two of you. Please say you will come. Let's say about ten-ish and dress casual," Stella implored.

"I'll have to ask my stepmother and get her to drop me off at your place," Lee began but was interrupted as Stella jumped in and gave him a big hug.

"Great, here's my address and phone number. We'll see you around ten," Stella said, shoving a piece of paper into Lee's hand.

Lee was both confused and elated that Stella had asked him to come over for a visit. "Why does a bunch of lesbians want to be with a sissy?" he mused as he went to meet Daphne.

As they drove off to Sally's Beauty Salon, Lee told Daphne about his invitation to go to Stella's house. Daphne was just as confused by it as he was. "It seems strange to me but I will give it some thought while you get your hair done," she told him.

Norma Jean gave him a new style. His hair was brushed into a loose full roll all around the face and set with a liberal use of lacquer. A spiral curl dropped down to chin level on each side of his face.

"With this style, dear, you can wear a cute cloche hat. I have one that is delicate, just like you, my dear," she said handing him an oval shaped, taffeta with black lace structured chicken netting cap with a long bright green feather. She went behind him and set the cap into place using several bobby pins.

Ushering him over to the full-length three-sided mirror, Norma Jean had him do a slow turn so he could see the full effect. "This style is called a pompadour and should be fairly easy to maintain, Stacy. You can see how the hat sets off the style and gives it a more feminine look," she told him.

Lee wasn't so sure about the new style but Daphne was thrilled with it. "Stacy, with the hat you are just too precious for words. It makes you look so mature. I'm sure Roger will just love it," she gushed.

Ooo

Saturday morning, Lee was sitting at the vanity, trying without much success to cover up a large hickey on his neck. "Oh, this just isn't doing it. I can't let the girls see me with a hickey. I'll be just so embarrassed," he thought, then smiled as he remembered how much fun it was getting it.

They had gotten into the sixty-nine position in the back seat of his car. While Lee lovingly worked on Roger's cock, Roger was kissing and nibbling on Lee's nicely rounded white ass. When Roger stuffed two fingers into Lee's boy pussy, Lee gasped in pleasure. Later, as they snuggled, Roger planted that big hickey on his neck.

Giving up on the hickey, Lee finished applying his makeup, then began dressing. A black satin-paneled high waist corset and matching bullet bra were followed by a full long-sleeved white frilly chiffon blouse and a pair of skintight leopard print stirrup pants. Dressed, he stepped into a pair of white strappy sandals with six-inch spiked heels.

Mincing back to the vanity, he put a pair of six-inch gold hoops into his earlobes, slid two thick pink plastic bangles on his right wrist, took a bright pink silk scarf folded into a

triangle and tied it under his chin. Grabbing his white patent leather letter-style purse, he tossed in the necessary cosmetics, his pink wallet and some spare tissues.

As Daphne drove him over to Stella's, she couldn't help but smile at her creation. "I'm not sure what Stella and her friends have planned but if you feel the least bit uncomfortable, call me. I'll come get you, okay?" she said as she pulled into Stella's driveway.

Stella greeted him when he rang the bell. "Oh, hi there girlfriend, I'm so glad you could come over. Come on in, the other girls haven't gotten here yet."



Stella was wearing a pair of grey chinos, a man's white dress shirt, black loafers and no makeup. Stella's mode of dress made Lee feel even more of a sissy and reinforced his 'I am a sissy' mantra.

Once the door was closed, Stella flabbergasted Lee. She grabbed him about the waist, pulled him close and kissed him firmly on the lips. It was a feverishly passionate kiss with lots of tongue action that took Lee's breath away. Lee just stood there with his eyes wide open in shock and his arms hanging limply at his sides as Stella's tongue probed his mouth.

Still holding him close with their breasts meshing together, Stella leaned her head back, gasped and said, "I have wanted to do that for the longest. Stacy, you have got to be the hottest chick I have ever met. No, don't say it. I know you're not a real chick but everything about you screams girly-girl. The girls in our group are a bit too butch for me but, but you are something else. I have never en-

countered anyone like you before. Do, do you think that you could like me, you know like like me?"

Lee was gasping like a guppy, his eyes still dilated with surprise. Stella was a very good looking girl and she had just given him a kiss that should have turned his toes up. Instead, he didn't really feel anything. Maybe a hint of dislike but that was all.

"I should be ecstatic over this but I'm not. It was kinda nice and all but when Roger kisses me, I hear bells. She's great as a friend but I don't think it could be anything else," he thought.

Seeing the look in his eyes, Stella released her hold and stepped back. "Oh gosh, I'm so sorry about that. I don't know what came over me. I can see it in your eyes that isn't something you can do. Can you forgive me? I promise not to do anything like that again. Please tell me that you are still my friend. I don't want to lose that too," Stella said as she broke out in tears.

"Stella, please don't cry. You are my best girlfriend but you had me going there for a moment. I, I'm sorry but it's not the same as when Roger kisses me. I really like you but just not in that way. Heck, you've gone out of your way to help me. How could I not like you? Please stop crying or you will have me crying too," he replied while giving her a girly hug.

Stella rubbed her fingers under her eyes to get rid of the tears. Smiling broadly, she grasped both of Lee's hands in hers and said. "Stacy, you are such a dear sweet person. When all those kids were teasing and taunting you, you kept on smiling and didn't let it faze you. Coming out as a sissy and such a flamboyant one at that, well, I can't imagine how hard that was. I know it was harder than when any of the others in our class came out for the first time. It was that and the way you dress that made me do what I just did. I am glad that we can still be best friends. Just remember, being best girlfriends means that you can always count on me to be there when you need me, okay?"

"Ditto, girlfriend," Lee replied, then kissed her on the cheek.

Soon the other girls were there and they settled down in the living room. All the girls wanted to know if the rumors about him and Roger moving in together were true and asked about all the other details girls want to know about relationships. When all their questions were answered, amid many giggles, they left for the mall. Lee went happily along although he didn't think the mall would have anything he would like. The "I love only the frilliest clothes" and the "I love strong foundations" CD's pretty much assured the mall would have little to offer.

It was a tight fit but the four girls and Lee managed to squeeze into Stella's car. When they arrived at the mall, Lee drew a lot of attention and commentary. The girls did their best to surround him as they walked, shielding him from most of the unwanted attention.

Lee was nervous but seeing how the girls were protecting him, he began to relax. At first he found it hard to believe that the girls accepted him as one of their own. As the day progressed, it became very clear to him that his mantra was true. The members of the Gay and Lesbian Club would protect him. From this point forward, Lee was now Stacy the sissy in both mind and body.

Ooo

The rest of the school year flew by as Stacy accepted his path in life. His Friday night dates with Roger were filled with passion and love. Those dates made up for the days and nights with Daphne. She made him wear his training corset from the time he got home from school until the next morning. The only time he was out of a corset or his six-inch stilettoes was at bath time.

On the last day of school, Daphne examined his body after he emerged from his morning bath. He weighted slightly less than a girl for his age and height. He had a full A-cup pair of pert breasts with elongated nipples and a full rounded ass. When naked, he had to stand on his tip toes to ease the strain on his legs. His posture was a little stooped as his stomach and back muscles had been weakened.

She had removed his chastity device and his groin looked like a girl's. The pubic hair, now exposed, was trimmed into a cute heart just above the nubbin that had been his penis. It was bleached to match the hair on his head. There was no sign of testicles and the scrotum was pulled up and around the nubbin, held in place with super glue, to resemble vaginal lips. What little beard he had, had been removed by Henrietta with a laser kit. All in all, he was now the personification of sissy hood.

It had been a blast changing a macho pain-in-the-ass stepson into a flaming sissy. The thrill of it all was dimming now that she could see the results of her efforts. There was only one more thing she wanted to do to perfect the image. Daphne had made an appointment with Jethro at the tattoo parlor.

"After today, I'll be rid of him forever. Now I will have his father and all his money to myself. It certainly won't be hard convincing Philip to write Stacy out of his will. After seeing those e-mails and videos, he won't want to meet with or get an explanation from Stacy. I just won't tell him about the CD's or Mz. Howard," she thought.

"Come on Stacy, we have to hurry if you don't want to be late for the ceremony," she said as he stepped into his heels.

She dressed him all in yellow and white for Roger's graduation. White full-cut lace-trimmed nylon panties, white longline bullet bra, white high-waisted satin girdle with elaborate floral embroidery on the diamond panel, white hose and four heavily starched white crinolines. Daphne selected a bright yellow rayon halter neck white polka dotted sundress and six-inch white patent leather sandals for him to put on.

The accessories included a white wicker box hat with net veil, white gloves, a white plastic large beaded bracelet and a pair of white plastic hoop earrings.

At the graduation ceremony, Daphne told Roger she had to take Stacy to her hair appointment and that they still had a lot of packing to do. He agreed that he would pick Stacy up Saturday morning along with all her belongings.

Ooo

“Why are we stopping here? I’m not getting another tattoo. Remember, you promised Roger that there would be no more surprises,” Stacy said as they pulled into the parking lot.

“Stacy darling, just think of this as a graduation present for your Roger. As a matter of fact, when I told him what I intended, he agreed fully,” Daphne said smugly.

Stacy wasn’t sure that he could trust Daphne. However he decided to cooperate until he could see what she wanted done to him. “I’ve always hated her surprises and I’m sure that I will hate this one,” he thought as he got out of the car.

Jethro met them when they entered the shop. He was still amazed that the young woman standing before him was really a guy. “What can I do for you ladies today?” he asked, smiling broadly.

“My stepson wants to get a beauty mark,” Daphne stated.

“Er what kind of beauty mark are you talking about, Mommy? I’m not sure I want that,” Stacy asked, worried.

“Oh, a small beauty mark like the ones Marylyn Monroe and other famous actresses of the Fifties wore. I was thinking a small heart, above your right lip, darling. Nothing outrageous. Something that will make you look pretty. Roger said that would be fine with him when I asked,” she replied.

Reluctantly, Stacy agreed. “Well if it’s what actresses used to wear and Roger agreed, then maybe it won’t be so bad,” Stacy thought as he signed the consent forms.

On their way to Sally’s, Stacy kept staring into the visor mirror at his new tattoo. “It looks a bit too large and the black outline makes it really stand out. I don’t remember any actresses with this kind of mark but it is kind of cute. I think I would have liked it colored pink instead of that bright red she picked out. It will be hard to cover up if I want to,” he thought.

Ooo

With school over and Roger graduated, it didn’t take long for them to relocate. Roger’s parents set them up in a condo just off campus. While Roger attended classes, Stacy played Susie Homemaker and studied for his G.E.D. He was happy and didn’t mind housekeeping and tending to her boyfriend’s needs. Being away from Daphne was a blessing and Roger took good care of her.

They lived happily together for a little over a year when, in due course, Lee’s hypnosis began to wear off. At first it was little things like stray thoughts of ‘Why am I doing this?’ when he was doing housework or ‘Guys shouldn’t be wearing dresses.’ When those thoughts blossomed into full awareness, Stacy lost it. Roger talked him into seeing a psychiatrist and other medical professionals.

To say that it was traumatic would be an understatement. It took many doctor visits to determine that there was no going back to being a real man. More visits to the psychiatrist than he cared to think about helped him accept what he had become.

Roger stood beside his beloved the entire time. He endured the many mood swings and tantrums Stacy went through. Roger even arranged for Stacy to have his own apartment. He loved Stacy dearly but when he discovered the truth about his change of lifestyles, he kept his distance. He allowed Stacy the necessary time to find himself and it paid off.

As the reality of his situation was accepted by Stacy, he decided that living with Roger had been the best thing to ever happen to him. The fact that Roger bent over backwards to please his every whim didn't hurt his cause. Besides when he tried going back to his old boy's clothing, he didn't like it at all. The material was too coarse and heavy. The shoes didn't support his feet because the heels were too low and his back hurt all the time. He needed the support of a high-waisted girdle or corset to feel comfortable. The image of him as a man was laughable but he looked great dressed as a woman.

His revelations took almost a year to help him go from horror to acceptance. He was more than happy to move back in with Roger. The only change Stacy made was to transition into a more modern style of dressing. Gone were the petticoats and old-fashioned dresses and big hair. In came the mini-skirts, pantsuits and a nice feminine layered shag cut. He kept his corsets, girdles, fancy slippers and finer chiffon blouses and dresses.

With Stacy's life back to as normal as it ever would be, it was time to punish Daphne. They took the Doctor's notes and findings to the police and filed child abuse charges against her. When Daphne countered with the video tapes and Mz. Howard's diagnosis, the police had difficulty sorting things out. Stacy's analysis diagnosed severe trauma but did not indicate that anything was forced. The videos were very convincing that his changes were voluntary.

Detective Laura Nelson had met with Stacy and initially believed much of what he told her. When she reviewed the videos, however, they seemed so enthusiastic and genuine that she had to doubt Stacy. Calling on Stacy to explain them, she was told that if he didn't perform, he would be spanked with a hairbrush. He also elaborated about Henrietta's role in his forced sissyness.

The detective decided to investigate further and had Henrietta brought in for questioning. Under threat of a lengthy prison sentence, Henrietta agreed to a plea bargain. Daphne went away for a very long time. Ms Howard's role also came to light which resulted in her losing her license and her job.

When his Father realized what Daphne had done, he reinstated him into his will as sole heir. However they seldom saw each other which both didn't mind. Stacy's life was not what he would have wanted but there was little he could do to alter it. He came to accept it and in time decided that it was a good life.

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