

CAMP CONVERSION



By James J. Craft

Illustrated by Kitty Mellow

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1) 'Week 1 - Training & Orientation'

It was true that it wasn't exactly their first choice - being a camp counselor was kind of lame - but at this stage, they didn't have many options. Mitch, Cory and Kyle knew that lounging around and playing video games all summer was not going to be an option for them. Especially now that they were eighteen and heading to college in the fall. They had known that they needed a job for months, but they had put it off and put it off. And during the week leading up to their graduation, they started to learn that their procrastination had meant that all the good jobs were already taken!

They had literally received their diplomas the night before Cory had found a job advertised online - he wouldn't say how or where he found it - that looked like a winner. It started immediately, and they would all receive 'generous compensation' after the summer was complete.

Mitch had asked what 'generous compensation' meant, exactly. To which Cory had replied, "Do you want the job or not?" Not being the argumentative type, Mitch chose to go along with the group.

The interview had been over the phone, all three boys at once, and after a few quick questions, such as their height, weight and eye colors, they were accepted to their new roles at the

reclusive and exclusive Camp Wannmaikasissi.

The job started immediately that Friday, which would require the three young men to pack their things immediately and head out to the rugged Ozark Mountains. They would fly from California to St. Louis, where they would board another - much smaller aircraft - that would bring them to a small airfield in the middle of a heavily forested area. After they had landed, a dark colored SUV would transport them to the gates of camp.

The drive from the airfield seemed to take forever, and the scenery was a never-ending canopy of forest. Exhausted by their trip from the West Coast, the three boys fell asleep in the back of the vehicle.

"We're here!" the portly old driver called out, waking them all from their slumber. They all rubbed their eyes, wiping away the sleep as they looked around at their surroundings.

"Holy shit" Cory said to the others with a big smile, "This is amazing"

The grounds of the camp resembled a luxurious resort, with manicured gardens and lavish water fountains in front of the main building. The building itself was an impressive structure, several stories tall and built to resemble a luxury hotel - the kind you would find in a national park - all nestled in a lush forest.

"Wow!" exclaimed Kyle.

"This is where we're spending the summer?" Mitch asked.

The driver chuckled as they approached the front of the building, "Not exactly," he chortled as he steered the vehicle to the left of the luxury hotel to a gravel road that continued into the woods.

"But don't worry," he offered, "I'm certain you'll get to spend some time there eventually" He seemed to chuckle at the end of his sentence, as if he was the only one in on the joke.

A few moments later the SUV came to a stop at a clearing in the trees. A collection of wooden buildings was assembled before them. The largest of them was the main lodge, with a few smaller cabins scattered at either side.

A wood-carved sign was affixed to the front of the larger building.

Welcome to Camp Wannamaikasissi.

The driver helped the boys unload their gear then pointed them to the main building. Inside, the space was much bigger than expected, with a huge atrium featuring wide beamed ceilings and wide plank hardwood floors. When Mitch turned to ask the old driver a question, he had vanished, replaced by an attractive young lady dressed in short turquoise shorts and a white v-neck shirt with turquoise piping.

"You must be Cory, Mitch and Kyle!" she giggled, "Follow me!" she said, without waiting for a response. Cory, naturally, obliged, his eyes tracing the outline of her tight-fitting shirt and shorts, admiring her curves, as the other two followed suit.

The three young men followed their guide through the main building, then out a set of doors to a walking path. The gravel walkway meandered into the woods to one of the quaint cabins they had noticed on their way in. She stopped when they arrived at cabin six, and turned to Cory, "Here you are!" she said with a lisping chipper tone, "Your new home!"

Cory shrugged and walked into the cabin with smile, with Mitch and Kyle close behind.

Inside, the cabin was simple, but well-appointed, with a mixture of contemporary luxury and rustic flair. Three single beds adorned with thick layers of Egyptian cotton sheets were placed throughout the space inside. Each had its own wardrobe and vanity nearby. At the back of the cabin, an oversized bathroom with an oversized tub and oversized mirrors. It had more the appearance of a dressing room than of a lavatory.

On the three beds, a music player, with a neatly folded pair of jeans and a tee-shirt had been placed.

"Is this like a uniform or something?" Cory asked with a snicker, pointing at the pile of clothes on the bed.

"Absolutely!" the girl replied with a chipper giggle, "It's part of your fabulous camp experience. Just put them on in the morning and leave the old ones on the floor. Our housekeeping staff will do the rest! It's all taken care of!"

"Sweet" Cory chuckled. This really *was* going to be a breeze. "And this thing?" he motioned at the music player on the bed, "Is this for us too?"

"Absolutely!" the guide replied with a smile, "Since your cell phones aren't allowed, the Camp provides a music player for you to use in your down time. It's fabulous!"

Cory nodded hesitantly. Apparently, everything at Camp Wannamaikamissi was fabulous. He glanced over Mitch, who had already placed the headphones over his ears. The player came on right away, and the music was fairly good. He turned to his friend and shrugged, then gave a meek thumbs up. Kyle followed next and gave an enthusiastic nod as the music started to play.

"So, what's the deal with the big hotel we passed on the way in?" Cory asked the guide.

"Oh, that's the camp's main lodge," she said with a smile, "That's where all the campers are".

Cory's eyes grew wider at her response, "*That's* where the campers are??" he asked, "So that's where we'll be working?"

"Eventually," the guide replied, "But you've got a lot of training to do before then. Speaking of which, first thing's first, you all need to get into your camp uniforms right away, we need to get your training started"

"Sure thing," Cory replied starting to look around the cabin.

A few awkward moments passed until the guide cleared her throat to regain the boy's attention.

"What I mean is," she continued, "I need you to do it now. I have instructions to bring your non-camp issued clothes back to the main hall" she said finally, "So maybe you could just pop into the dressing room and get changed?"

Cory shrugged, "Or I can do it right here," he smiled smugly, "You wouldn't mind, would you?"

Without waiting for a response, he started slipping out of his shorts and top, and was soon wearing only his boxers. He was clearly trying to get a reaction from the guide, who was maintaining her composure surprisingly well. Cory was known as a bit of smart-ass and troublemaker back home. He was once voted most likely to be incarcerated during a class project about law and order.

He scanned the guide's face, looking for a reaction, but quickly realized that she was unphased by his antics. So, he shrugged his shoulders and started slipping into his new jeans.

"Um...hold on" she finally interjected, "you have to wear the camp-issued briefs too. House rules" She pointed at the powder-blue high-cut briefs on the bed.

Cory balked, "I'm not wearing those," he said defiantly, "They'll totally crush my junk!"

The girl just laughed and pointed at Kyle who was already changing, "It doesn't seem to be bothering him"

"Dude!!" Cory cried out after seeing his friend slipping into the new underwear. He turned back to the guide, "I don't care if he was wearing a thong," he spat, "I ain't putting those queer things on"

The girl sighed, "Well I can't leave here until you do. So, I guess I'll just have to wait here until you change your mind" she spoke with the same upbeat voice she had used all along.

Kyle shrugged as Mitch took the pile into the changeroom, "You might as well just do it," he said, "She'll probably just sit here and wait."

Mitch emerged from the changeroom, having fully changed into the camp uniform. He handed his old clothes back to the girl, who inspected them and smiled, "Aren't they just fabulous??" she asked.

Mitch nodded enthusiastically, the headphones still firmly in place.

"Just waiting for you Cory!" she chimed.

Cory rolled his eyes, "Fine, but if I'm going to change, I'm going to change right here in front of you" he said with an arrogant tone. He wasn't going down without making a scene.

He slipped his boxers to his ankles and stood for a moment - completely naked, his manhood erect and pointing at camp guide. She regained her composure as best she could but was having trouble hiding her smile.

It wasn't a 'wow, what a big cock' kind of smile, but more like, 'wow, you have no idea how *unimpressive* you are'.

After a few awkward moments, and a few chuckles from his new roommates, Cory slipped the new tight-fitting briefs up over his package, followed by the jeans and tee-shirt.

Without warning, the girl grabbed Cory's pile of dirty laundry and with a syrupy-sweet tone said, "Welcome to Camp Wannamaikasissi!"

Cory rolled his eyes; this girl was weird.



"Now boys," she continued, "Please take your supplements and make sure your music players are working. Dinner is in twenty minutes in the main hall," she said pointing at a pill bottle on the table, "Oh... and before I go, I need our first camp picture!" She produced a tiny black device, that looked like small tablet and motioned for the boys the gather in front of her.

Cory had just put his earphones over his ears, while Mitch - who had grabbed the bottle of supplements from the table - was tossing a caplet into his mouth as the girl snapped a photograph while smiling wide, "Fabulous!" she chimed.

"This place is messed up" Cory mumbled.

"I'm sensing that," Mitch chuckled as he passed the pill bottle. He gave it a quick read, but there was not much information written on the outside. From what he could read, they were designed to give them extra vitamins and minerals. He surmised that it was to assist them with what would be - an active few week at camp.

At least that is what he thought they would do...

2) 'Week 2 - New Skills Development'

The first few days of training were spent learning about Camp rules and expectations. The three young men were "Help Oriented Trainees", known around the camp as a "HOTs". The head guides explained that the nickname 'Hottie' was also used from time to time. Cory rolled his eyes. There was no-way he would ever use that word to describe his friends.

They would be expected to attend training workshops daily, learning about all of the different aspects of the camp. They were also expected to wear their uniforms every day, without question.

It was about midway through the week when the three cabin-mates had settled into a routine of breakfast power-shakes shakes and supplements in the morning, followed by a brief workout, a video on camp spirit (or some silly thing that no one really paid attention to), then quiet time at the cabin wearing their headsets and listening to music. Cory would sit and stare out the window, completely bored. While Kyle and Mitch had taken to their music players quickly, he wasn't a fan of the playlist, and preferred to sit in silence, waiting for lunch.

The afternoon workshops varied from day to day, starting with basic camp skills, then delving into more important matters - like personal hygiene. Everyone learned about body odor and gross things like lice. The three young HIT's lamented about the lame content of the workshops, but were told by the camp's perky staff that it was all part of their mandated training.

"How are you going to become a fabulous helper if you don't follow your training??" the head instructor would ask them, using the same surgery voice that all the other guides and counselors used. Cory rolled his eyes again.

"What the hell kind of camp uses this much soap?" Mitch asked one morning as the three trainees were getting ready for breakfast.

"I dunno" Kyle piped up, "Maybe the campers are a bunch of queer kids or something," he chuckled, sniffing the air around him, inhaling the floral scent of the soaps and lotions they had applied to their bodies during their new morning routine.

"You didn't sign us up to be counselors at a gay camp, did you?" Mitch asked, looking at Cory.

Cory looked perplexed, "No!" his voice trailed off, "I don't think so..."

"Come on Cor," Kyle lamented, "This better not be. I mean, how did you learn about this place anyway?"

Corey thought back to the link he had seen on the website he had accidentally clicked on. He

had been surfing for porn on his computer when he somehow ended on a 'Chicks with dicks' site. Before he could leave the site however, the link for the camp had popped up. It suddenly occurred to him that he might not have properly vetted the camp before they accepted their job posting.

"Fuck off Kyle," he began, "Do you think I'd sign us up for faggy queer camp?"

Kyle shrugged.

"Besides," he continued, "Haven't you noticed that all the other counselors and leaders are hot chicks here? I mean literally - we're like the fucking foxes in the henhouse boys!"

Mitch and Kyle nodded. They agreed that the other camp staff were all hot girls, which gave them great odds to score over the course of the summer, regardless of the fruity scent of their bodies. Quietly however, they were increasingly uncertain that they liked Cory's vulgar language. But neither of them was brave enough to say anything.

The next day, the three young men joined their fellow trainees, all of them young males like them, in the main hall at the center of the camp. The head instructor - known only as 'Ranger Irene', informed them all that in order to ensure their hair would be lice-free, they would require the campers to obtain an 'undercut' hairstyle, with a short, shaved sides and back, and long sweeping bangs at the front.

The crowd murmured among themselves about the idea of getting their heads partially shaved as a lice preventative.

"What fucking use is that?" Cory muttered, "Only shaving the sides is fucking useless!"

Kyle and Mitch looked mortified at Cory's continued blatant use of profane language. Even more-so as Ranger Irene responded by angrily rushing Cory out of the room, gripping his ear as she shouted at him, "You are not to use that foul language, do you understand?" Cory was visibly shaken when he returned to the group later, his hair shaved at the sides, his long bangs having been bleached blonde.

The bleach was supposedly symbolic - intended to 'sanitize' his potty-mouth language.

Another curse-word would never escape his lips.

After a day of adjusting to their new hair, the campers received another surprise with the introduction of new camp uniforms. Their new camp Tee-shirts were snug fitting, and cropped slightly short, leaving a strip of their now-smooth stomachs bare.

The cabins contained only bathtubs, not showers, which meant taking daily baths. The tub was the size of small whirlpool, and clearly intended for multiple users. Cory had complained that three guys taking a bath together was not an option - to which their guide had offered a bubble bath solution.

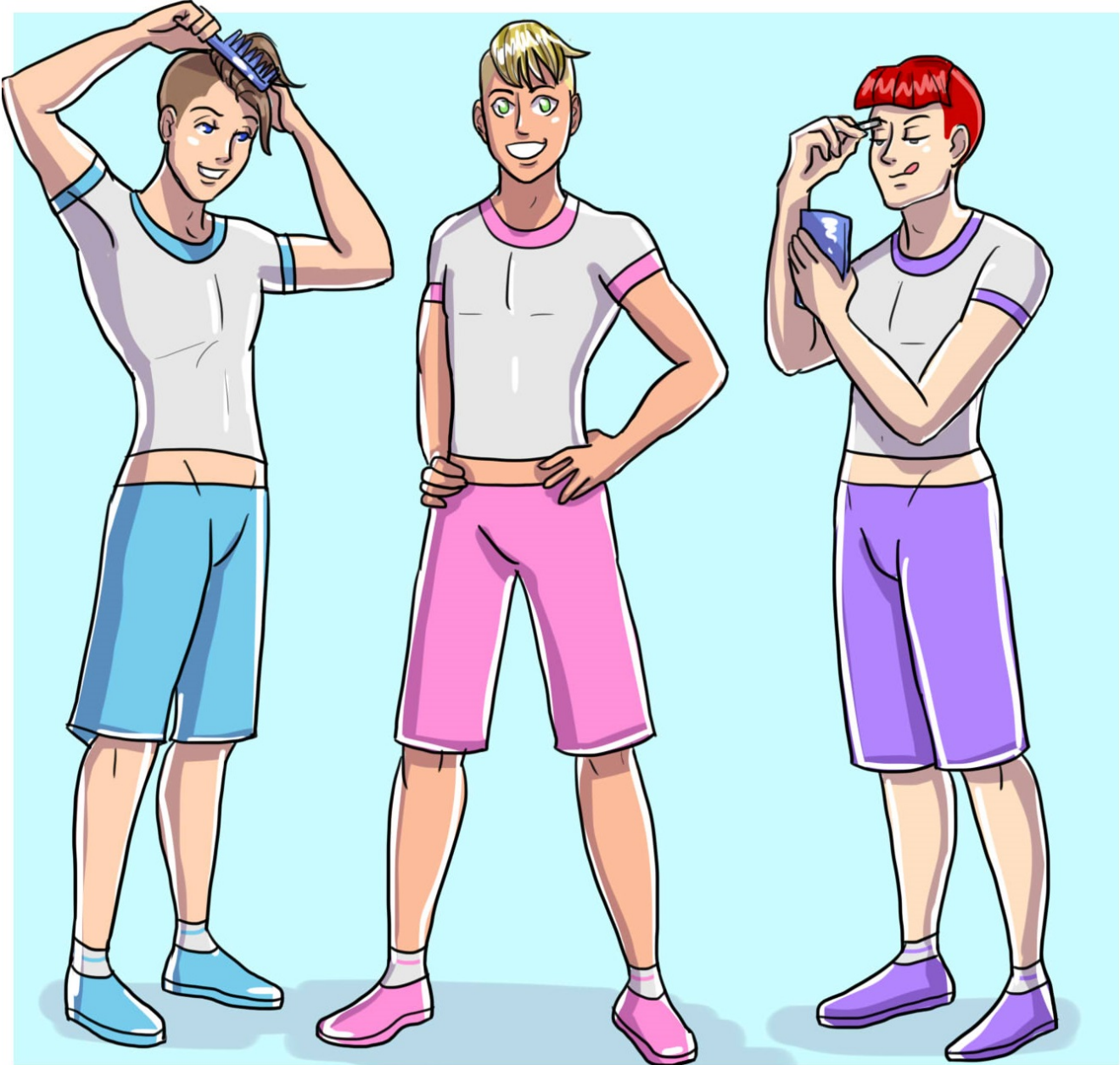
“The bubbles will be like a cover on the top of the tub,” she explained, “So you can all be modest together!”

Cory was not on-board, but not bathing was not an option. Group-baths were to become the norm. After a couple of weeks, however, the three boys noticed how smooth their skin was becoming.

And how hair-free.

No one could determine if it was the bubble bath, the soaps or the lotions, or a combination of all three, that was leading to them being completely denude of body hair from the neck down.

The new camp uniforms were finished off with knee-length shorts instead of jeans, and each boy received their own distinct color. Mitch was assigned baby-blue, Cory pink (he said he was man-enough to handle it) and Kyle a soft purple. The color-schemes were carried forward in striping on the tee-shirts, and with new sneakers worn over white ankle socks.



It wouldn't take long for the HOT's to accept their new routine, dressing in their colored camp uniforms, brushing their long bangs (except Kyle's red locks that had been cut super-short) and

checking their formerly bushy eyebrows for messy strays, which they were shown how to promptly pluck.

Cory forced a smile, but inside he wasn't convinced that there wasn't something nefarious going on.

3) 'Week 3 - Hiking and Nature'

As the camp activities shifted to a more outdoor-oriented theme, the campers began taking

nature hikes before lunch. They would hike from the camp to the luxury lodge and back, at least once a day. When that became too easy, they started doing the hike blindfolded!

"Fabulous job boys!" Ranger Irene commended them, "If you can do this hike blindfolded, you'll have no problem doing it in the dark."

By mid-week, Cory noticed that the shorts that they were given, had gotten shorter, and were now ending on their smooth, hairless legs at mid-thigh. The material had become much tighter as well, encasing their upper thighs and groins like second skin.

"It's crushing my junk," he complained as he pulled the new standard-issue underwear up over his hips. The tight new underwear had replaced the briefs that they had been wearing before, and were essentially hi-cut panties in a tight V shape.

The panties were needed to hold everything in place for the new shorts but posed a problem for the young trainee's genitalia. The other counselors had shown them all how to 'tuck' their testicles and cock in a way that would allow them to hide away during the day. But it caused a great deal of unhappiness.

After complaining incessantly, Ranger Irene finally offered a solution to the three young men. She appeared in their cabin one morning after their bath and directed them to form a line facing forward. She then proceeded to attach adhesive 'patches' to their scrotums. She explained that patches would help to alleviate their discomfort, and true to her word, by the end of the day, all three boys agreed that their balls now felt numb to the touch and were not painful at all.

As the trainee's shorts got shorter, their socks grew correspondingly higher, ending at just below the kneecap, with a double band of their assigned color at the top. The camp shirts had also changed from athletic crewnecks to body hugging V-neck styles. The shirts were piped with a band of the young man's assigned color at the neck and on the sleeves. The new shirts gave a hint of their trim bodies, and a glimpse of their midriffs.

Regular workouts, including yoga, had been introduced. But not with the expected results. Instead of bulking up, the young men found that they were smoothing out, with exception of their bottoms and hips, which seemed rounder and wider than before.

Initially, Cory was alarmed at the hourglass-like shape he noticed on his friends... and himself, but his concern seemed to dissipate after a few days.

By week's end, the campers had hiked so many times, that the challenge of being blindfolded was no longer challenging. The walk to and from the main lodge had become so routine that the camp counselors needed to add new elements to the journey to create a challenge for their HOTtie's. The first were new instructions on how to hold their hands and wrists as they walked. The trainees either needed to bend their wrists and walk with their hands slightly extended, turning at the waist with each step - or walk with their hands on their hips. At first the second option was widely accepted, as walking with your hands on your hips was quickly

discovered to be the easier of the two. That changed soon after, however, when counsellors insisted that their trainees switch positions on the return trip from the lodge. This meant that HIT's the walked with their hands on their hips on the way there - had to walk back with their wrists bent and arms semi-extended, and vise-versa.

But after a day or two of frustrating results - the counselors made further changes to ensure better results.

"You need to roll your hips with each step!" Ranger Irene had had been shouting for the past forty-odd-hours, something that would be ensured after each of the trainee's sneakers was replaced with thickly platformed, wedge-heeled ankle boots. The new footwear forced the young men to take small dainty steps, thrusting out their hips and chests as they rocked their hips to and fro with each minced step.



"If you can't adjust your posture and stance naturally," Ranger Irene continued to shout as the unhappy-campers traipsed through the forest, "Then we'll have to take more drastic measures"

Initially the dozen or so trainees, mumbled quietly and complained amongst themselves excessively, but by the end of the next day - after being given extra time that morning to listen to an extra session on their headphones and watching an extra video in the main hall - they were starting to get used to hiking with their exaggerated gaits in their wedge heeled boots. The three friends were feeling quite pleased with their personal progress as they made their way to the main hall, their rears swaying gently with each lilting step.

When they arrived, their mood changed quite quickly as they realized that Ranger Irene was going to remove the 'patch' from the boy's scrotum that she had attached the previous week.

One by one, the trainees were instructed to lay down on a gurney-like bed, while a Councilor lowered their shorts and panties. Moments later, the patch was forcefully removed, causing them to cry in pain for a brief moment. It was the realization that the patch had hidden something worse, however, that cause even more alarm.

Their testicles had shrunken drastically.

Cory lamented the reduction in the size of his balls as they returned to their cabin.

"They're the size of peas," he whined, "How will I ever get an erection now??"

His cabin-mates shrugged. They weren't sure they knew the answer. Stranger still, Kyle and Mitch were no longer sure that they cared.

"I think it's kinda fabulous that everything fits better 'down there,'" the two of them had giggled to each other.

Corey just rolled his eyes.

4) Week 4 - *'Painting and Crafting'*

It would take a few more days for Cory to finally to come to terms with his rapidly shrinking testes. Thankfully, his routine kept him too busy to allow much time for lament.

Each day started with a group bath, followed by a lite breakfast, a blindfolded hike through the woods in wedge heeled boots to the main lodge. Followed by a new followed by a new addition to their training known among the friends as the scavenger hunt. The trainees had to wander quickly and quietly throughout the lodge, finding different room numbers, then wandering from door to door, until they returned back to the service entrance at the rear of the building. They would then travel back to the camp - blindfolded. The new game proved to be sufficiently distracting and helped to divert their attention from the changes that were occurring around them - and to them.

It had started with their ears being pierced, and quick-healing keepers placed in the lobe. They were then assigned to different workstations where they set about designing and creating sets of fun and funky crafts. The entire group was gaggle of pretty girls, and giggling pretty boys

assembled in the main hall for what they assumed to be traditional camp-crafts throughout the day. Cory wondered how they would teach the other campers how perform the craft, but was told that it 'wasn't important'

"Making crafts is one thing," he complained to Mitch and Kyle, "But don't you think we should know how we're going to teach the campers how to do this?"

His friends just shrugged. It didn't seem to bother them. Or anyone else.

Eventually it wouldn't bother him either.

Later in the week the trainees were surprised to learn that the crafts they had created were jewelry pieces - dangling earrings and matching bracelets - that they would be expected to wear from here-on-in.

Predictably, Cory's initial reaction was one of defiance. There was 'no way' he was going to wear those faggy earrings! Or so he had complained, but after a few stern talking-to by Ranger Irene, and few extra hours of headphones and videos, he reluctantly agreed to wear the set of dangling earrings he had constructed the day before.

Jewelry-making turned out to be a *lot* of fun. So, when it was announced that a new craft activity was coming, a day or so later, the group sighed with a collective 'awwwwww'.

That was until set of brushes and sprays emerged. To the surprise of the helpers in training, their next lessons were to be about hair styling. Those who lacked sufficient hair length, would learn to add extensions, a painstaking task with hours of focused effort. Mitch's hair had already been the longest of the bunch, and after a half-day of careful attention by Kyle, and some less-than-helpful attention by Cory, it was extended to just off his shoulders.

"Oh my gosh," he giggled, "It's so fabulous!" he said with a smile as he turned from the mirror, "Are you guys sure you don't want your hair to be long like this??" He modeled his head a moment, turning his head from side to side to allow his light brown hair to shimmer and shine.

"I'm totally good," Kyle replied, turning his own head of luscious red locks in the mirror. He had gotten the sides extended to a chin-length bob style, while keeping his bangs super short. It was different than most of the other trainees, which was kind of the point.

Cory, of course, was the long hold-out.

"No way," he said, "I ain't getting my hair done!" he protested.

But after another stern talking-to, he quickly found himself having chin-length golden-blonde extensions woven in.

After a few days of haircare, the focus of the trainee's 'crafting' sessions shifted again, this time to what they assumed would be drawing and painting. And they were correct - sort of.

Their workstations were stocked up with various pencils, brushes, and what looked like paints and powders. However, they would soon come to find, that the paints were actually cosmetics of various kinds, and the canvas that they were going to use were their own faces and fingers. The workshop started with them all learning to apply a hint of blush and lip gloss with steady hands and brushes, followed by filing and painting their nails with their assigned colors.

Cory was again losing his composure.

"What the heck?!" he complained once the group had returned to their cabin, "has everyone lose their minds??" he cried, "When are we going to learn how to build a fire, or shoot an arrow, or paddle a canoe?? Isn't that what camp is all about?? When the heck are, we ever going to show a camper how to put on lip gloss or polish a fingernail??"

Kyle shrugged, "Maybe it's an all-girls camp?" he suggested.

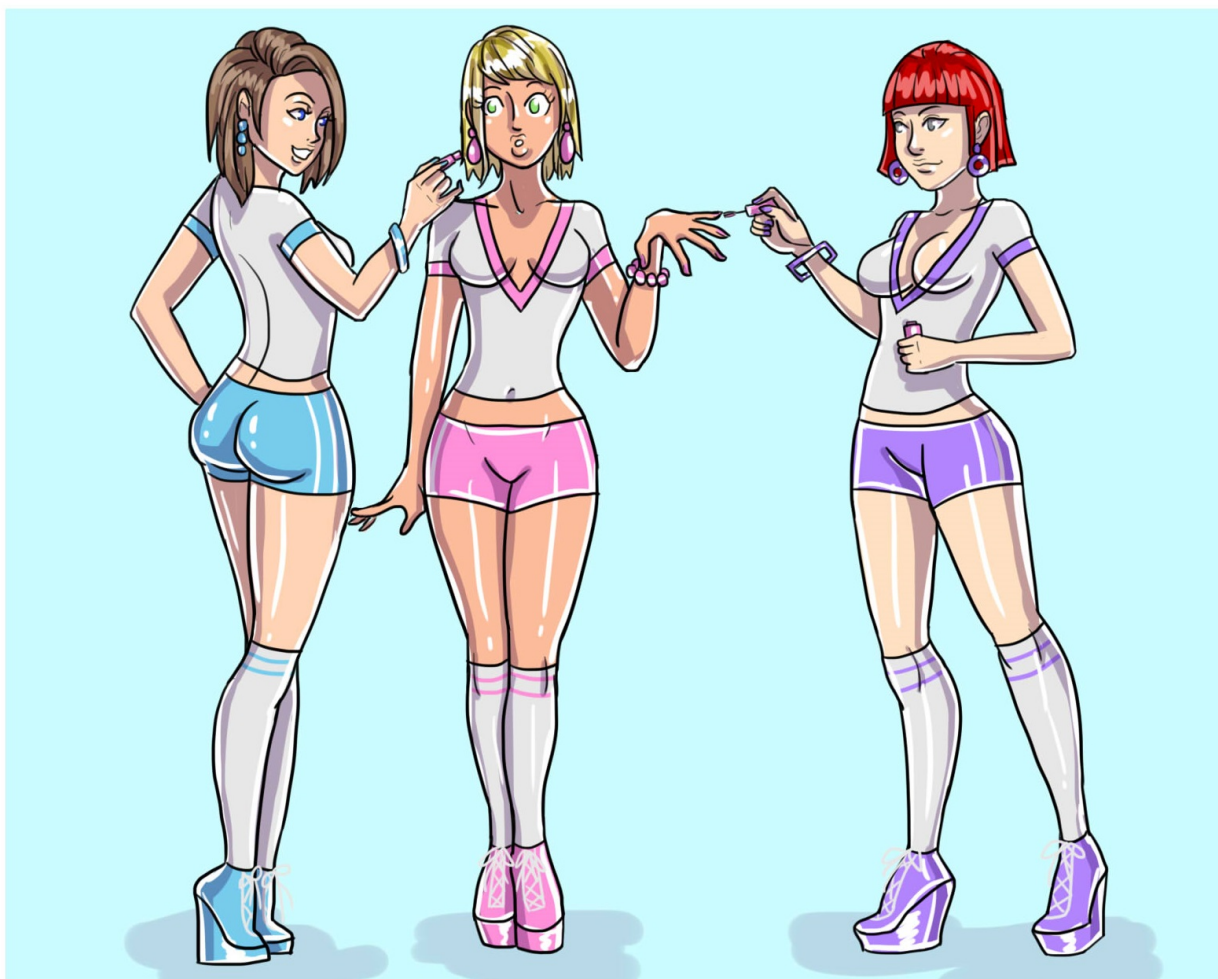
"Or they've just gotten with the times," Mitch added, "Makeup isn't just for girls you know," he continued, "I saw an ad on TV for makeup, and it had a boy in it!"

Kyle nodded his head supportively. The two of them were listening to their headphones, as they had loyally done since the first day at camp. The playlist was particularly good today. They knew that Cory was upset, but they didn't really understand why. And for some reason, they really care.

They were very happy with their routines and couldn't understand why Cory was making such a fuss. They were enjoying learning about painting and brushing - painting their nails and brushing their lips.

"Okay Cor," Mitch spoke with a soothing tone as he removed his headphones and grabbed his lipstick, "If you aren't going to practice yourself - at least let me try." With that he began to apply the pale pink lip color to his surprised friend's lips. Cory tried to complain, but an equally distracting event was occurring on his left hand, with Kyle applying a coating of nail polish.

"Yeah," Kyle said in soft sultry tone, "So be a good girl and stand still while we work" he giggled.



Cory's mouth hung open. He knew that things were getting weird but being called a 'girl' just seemed too far!

Sure, their camp uniforms had gotten even more tighter fitting, with shorter-shorts and tighter fitting V neck shirts. Their newest ankle boots had thicker platforms and higher wedge heels, with sexy laces in the front, and their knee-high socks now extended over their knee caps - but that didn't mean a thing - did it?

He glanced over at Kyle's tight-fitting top and the little breasts that had spouted out of them. *There must a rational explanation for that*, he surmised, *I mean, guys can't just randomly grow breasts - especially such firm and full-looking ones.*

He looked over at Mitch's pert, rounded ass. *And Mitch has always had such a nice butt*, he tried to convince himself, *hadn't he?*

A shocking look washed over his face as he realized that he had both the breasts and ass of his cute-looking and very girly friends.

Oh my gosh, he exclaimed inside his head, *can it be true?*

Once his friends had finished their work, they walked him over to the full-length mirror on the

wall so Cory could see for himself.

"Oh-my-god" Mitch cooed, "Fab-u-lous!" he tittered.

Kyle nodded his head excitedly.

Cory just looked confused.

5) Week 5- Team Building'

The days that followed continued to be very confusing...for Cory.

He knew that they had to be reaching the end of their training, yet they still hadn't learned any skills that he would have thought coincided with being a camp counselor, or helper as they called them at Camp Wannamaikasissi.

Instead of canoeing, they did each other's hair. Instead of archery, they painted their nails. They *did* at least go on nature hikes, in wedge-heeled platform ankle boots and hotpant shorts. But at least it was hiking.

And don't even talk about pitching a tent.

The double entendre was becoming more and more prevalent as of late. It seemed that the trainees were spending a *lot* more time watching videos and listening their headphones in the last few days, and the results were increasingly unnerving...for Cory.

He was noticing how easily excited the other trainees were getting with each other. And even though none of them could show it - as their little cocks had been neatly tucked away - there were other 'tells' of arousal.

The HOT's would practice their scavenger hunts through the lodge and walk two and from the lavish luxury building daily. It was during these hikes that Cory noticed many of the trainees were holding hands while they walked.

Kyle and Mitch were the worst of them.

There were other signs as well.

One day, during their morning bath Cory noticed Kyle and Mitch sitting next to each other. Kyle's hands disappeared under the water. A moment later Mitch's eyes began to roll, his eyelashes fluttering as he bit his lip.

"What the..." Cory commented as Kyle's hand movements become less concealed, "What the heck are you two doing??"

Mitch wasn't in a state to be able to offer anything more than a moan, so Kyle took the liberty to answer on both of their behalf, "We're just having a little fun Cor," he smiled at his friend before turning back to smile at Mitch, "Don't be such a party-pooper"

"A party pooper??" he replied, "What.... are you two..." he gasped, "Have you two turned gay!?"

Mitch sighed with an annoyed tone as if irritated that Kyle's covert hand job was being interrupted, "We're not gay Cor," he said with the soft voice that he had adopted as of recently, "We're just having a little fun" he smiled at Kyle, he leaned forward to give his friend a quick kiss on the lips.

"Guys! "Cory exclaimed, "Are you kidding me right now?? All the hand-holding, and doing each other's hair and nails, and now *this!*" he cried, throwing his hands open to emphasize his point.

"Seriously Cor?," Kyle complained as he stood up in the tub, looking directly at Cory, "You're *such* a downer right now. " he continued, before turning back to look down at their red headed friend, who was still seated before him.

Mitch said nothing, but instead smiled and reached up out of the water to run his painted fingernails over Kyle's naked groin.

Cory got out of the tub and stormed off to his bed, leaving his two roommates alone to do whatever they were going to do.

It had been happening for several days. The two of them seemed to be constantly touching and cooing over each other. Cory wasn't jealous of the affection - at least that's what he told himself - he was, however, genuinely worried about his friend's deviant behavior. He had no other explanation for it, other than they were getting sucked into whatever weirdness was going on around him.

He sat on his bed, glancing at his headset. He hadn't been listening to it much since he arrived. He wasn't a big fan of the music, and it often made his head hurt whenever he *did* listen to it.

He pondered using it for a few moments, especially since he could hear giggling coming from the bathroom.

Cory slipped the headset over his ears and closed his eyes, thinking back to the beginning of the week. The theme was "Teambuilding", and as Ranger Irene had explained, it was an important function of the HOT program. HOTtie's would be interacting with their campers on a regular basis, which would mean that a lot of time would be spent on very personal interactions. The trainees needed to make sure that this time was as good as possible for as long as possible.

"Soon, you'll be working with our campers on a daily basis, and we want our campers to have memorable time while they're here" Ranger Irene said, "It's your job as camp helpers to make sure that this happens"

This made no sense to Cory. When he had signed up to become a HOT, he had envisioned that he and his buds, or his friends as he called them now (buds seemed like such a heavy word). Anyhow, he envisioned himself with Kyle and Mitch, supervising a bunch of young kids with silly songs around the campfire.

But now he was being told it wasn't going be more about 'personal interactions' and making sure that the campers had a memorable time? Whatever that meant

Mitch and Kyle's public display of affection was certainly memorable.

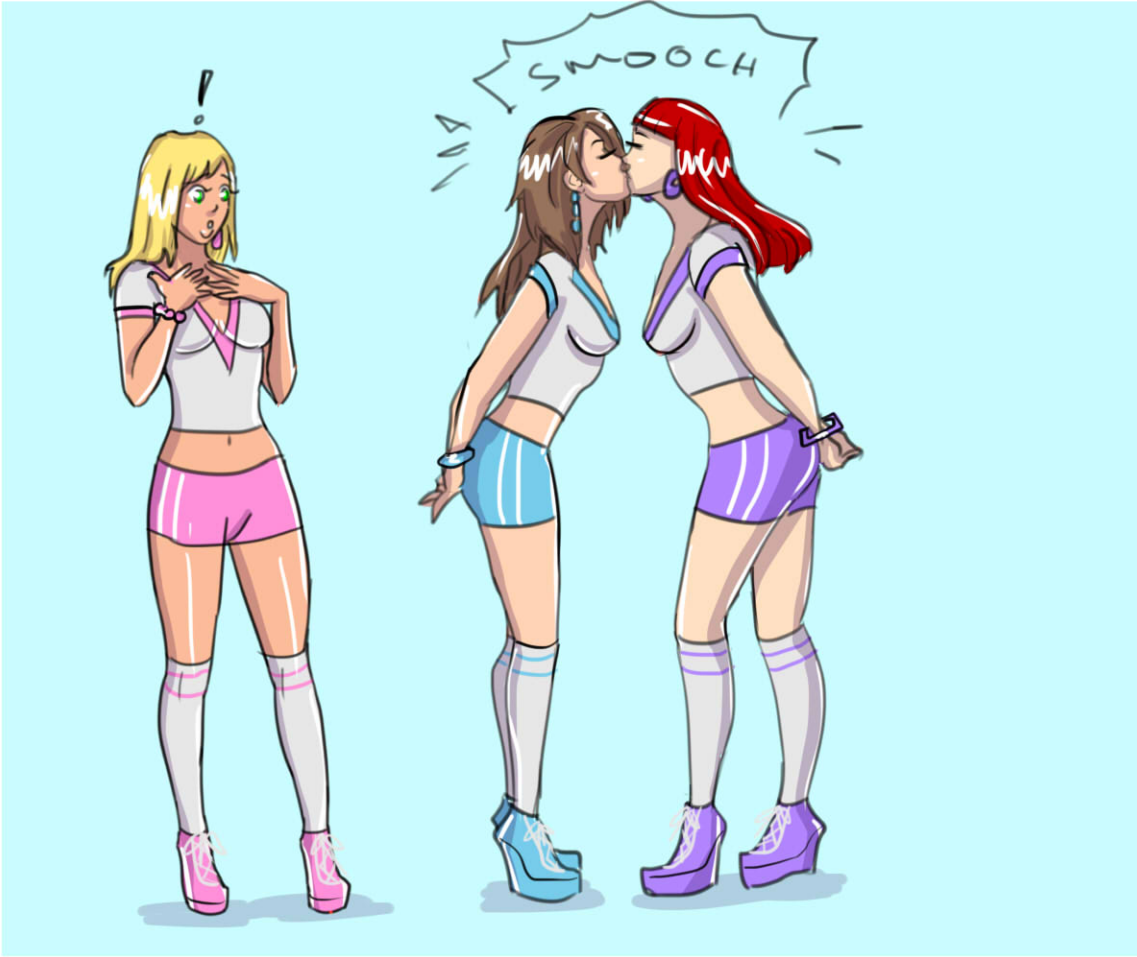
In fact, watching the recent behavior of nearly ever trainee in the 'HOT' program was memorable as of late, as they all seemed to be serious afflicted by a new need for PDA. And it was not only accepted by the training staff - but it was also *encouraged!*

Later in the week, the workshops started to focus on proper eye contact, smiling and flirting techniques. The counselors referred to it as 'friendliness' training, but Cory knew otherwise.

He just didn't know why.

As the days progressed, smiling and flirting led to touching and teasing, which caused Cory to spiral further into panic and concern for what was happening to his friends and the other trainees.

He turned and left the cabin, marching his way to the main hall Ranger Irene's office.



It all came to head when Cory had walked in on Mitch and Kyle embraced in a kiss in their cabin. The two them were lip locked from the moment he entered the room and did not seem to care that he was there. Kyle had even given his friend a flirtatious wink, which pushed him completely over-the-edge.

"I demand an answer!" he exclaimed, "You're turning my friends gay! They were kissing in the cabin moments ago!"

"Cory dear," she replied calmly, "They're merely being trained as Helpers, just like you" she said, "What they're doing is *helpful*"

"Helpful??" he cried, "How is it helpful for two boys to kiss?"

Irene shook her head, "My dear," she began, "I thought you knew all along. It was you that clicked that link on that naughty website, wasn't it?"

"How...." he stammered, "How did you...."

Irene chuckled, "It's no random act that you're here Cory," she said, "Our helpers are carefully selected from across the country. We'd been watching you for weeks before you clicked on

our ad.”

“But it was just the one time,” he lamented, remembering the website of pretty sissies he had stumbled upon when he saw the link for Camp Wannamaikasissi, “I swear!”

“Like I said Cory,” Irene continued, “We’d been watching for weeks” She smiled knowingly, watching his face turn a brilliant shade of embarrassment, “It wasn’t just the one time, now was it dear?”.

It was true he had only visited that website once - but he had been checking out a few others more frequently. He hadn’t meant to, it wasn’t his ‘thing’ initially. He liked the traditional porn sites. The ones with typical guy on girl action. He had stumbled upon his first sissy site quite by accident. Initially he didn’t even realize that the pretty girls he was watching were really dudes. As he stood before the Head Camp Counsellor, a mortified feeling of shock and horror washed over him - like what he had felt when he first discovered that he had been watching sissy porn.

He had vowed then to never go back.

Yet something that had led him to continue to find it - a different site each time - until finally one day, he saw a link for a job at a camp, which led him to where he was now.

Standing before Ranger Irene in short-shorts and wedge heeled ankle boots. His friends making out in the cabin together.

And just like the first time he had viewed the site *knowingly*, a rush of arousal was flooding over him in this instance too.

Arousal followed by panic.

The expression must have crossed his face, as Ranger Irene seemed almost preemptive in her words, “No one will ever know you were here dear boy,” she spoke with a soothing tone, “Once your contract is finished, you can return back to your old life...though I suspect that you won’t want to,” she grinned, “no one ever does”

“Wha...contract?” he stuttered, “I don’t...”

“You signed it online when you first applied,” Irene interjected, “It was one of those user agreement checkboxes that no-one ever reads,” she chuckled again, “you really should read those”

“So, I’m stuck here?” he cried looking even more panicked, “What about school? What about my parents?”.

“Not so much stuck here as contractually obligated to be here,” the head counselor tried to sound reassuring, “But don’t worry,” she continued, “We’ll take care of your family for you so all

you have to if focus on all the fun you'll be having. The next two years will just fly by!"

"Two years!?!!" he burst into a all-out panic, "You gotta be kidding me!" He put his hand on his chest as if his breathing were becoming labored, "I can't stay here for two years!"

"Well technically one year," Irene replied, "With an early renewal option. You HOTties always take the early renewal"

"I need to get out of here!" he cried again, heading for the door.

"Okay then," Irene smiled, "Good luck"

He shot her a confused look, as if expecting a fight.

She didn't give one.

"You remember the way in, right?" she asked, "It's ten miles to the airfield, where you arrived," she began, "and another twenty-five back to the main road, which will take you back to the closest town." she smiled.

Cory looked relieved and confused that she had practically planned his escape for him, "and then another twenty miles to town, so that's," she paused to do the math in her head, "fifty-five miles to get to someone who can help you. Unless they know you came from here, in which case you're doubly screwed. Everyone in town knows not to play around with the girls from Camp Wannamaikasissi." her face took a stern expression as her voice darkened.

"But why me? Why us?" he whined, "I don't understand!"

Irene sighed, "Normally our HOT's are willing participants, here to get a head start on a change that they were going to make anyway. But from time to time we end up with a situation like yours, and your friends, where some gentle persuasion is needed," she explained, "It's remarkable, actually, how *little* persuasion your friends needed - we had all expected that *they* would be the problem, not you."

"But why?" Cory bemoaned, "Why are you doing this?"

"It's what we *do* Cory," Irene smiled, "It's in our name" She pointed at the 'Camp Wannamaikamissi' banner on the wall.

Cory stared at the banner, unable to make any sense of it.

Feeling defeated, he begrudgingly made his way back to the cabin, wondering how best to deal with the reality of his situation. He slumped into bed, his roommates still cooing and giggling as they continued to fondle and flirt with each other in Kyle's bed. To drown out the sound of their silliness, he reached for his headphones, slipping them over his ears. Within a few minutes, Cory let the soothing sound from his music player envelope him, as he drifted off to a

peaceful sleep.

The next morning, he woke early and bathed himself alone before his friends awoke. He was pretty sure that the two of them had stayed in the same bed last night.

'Whatever' he shrugged to himself.

He was feeling more at ease with his situation after a surprisingly invigorating sleep. He patted himself off and plucked the few stray hairs away from his delicate eyebrows. He was a little amazed at how un-kept he had let his eyebrows get.

He checked his nails next, making a note that his nail extensions needed filling - he could get that done during the break between workshops that morning. He finished by glossing his lips before dressing in his camp uniform. He felt a little unsettled at how he had let his grooming fall behind, and worse-still, how he was only noticing it all that morning.

A good sleep makes all the difference, he convinced himself.

That morning, the workshop began with counselor trainers handing out little boxes, long and rectangular in shape. As they opened them to reveal the black rubber dildos inside, all of the trainees giggled and cooed.

All of them except Cory.

He stared at the rubberized interpretation of the male genitalia with a surprised and disgusted expression, then looked around the room to see the other HOT's holding the sex toy in their hands, examining it closely, with looks of wonderment in their eyes.

What the hell is this?? He thought to himself, his confusion and worry from the previous day returning with like a tidal wave of panicked emotion.

The lessons that morning would focus on how to properly handle - and stimulate - the male sex organ. Beginning with gentle touching, moving to petting, then stroking and hand jobbing, and finally...

Lunch!

The trainees all giggled as they headed to the mess hall for their midday meal. Cory headed for the exit. He needed to get out of here.

He walked back to the main lodge, a trek he had made hundreds of times with his fellow campers - blindfolded. As he rounded the side of the main building he saw a familiar dark SUV approaching the front doors. It stopped, and an equally-familiar-looking driver exited, coming to the side to open the rear door for his passengers. Two handsome men in expensive-looking suits got out and walked towards the entrance, while two bellmen appeared to retrieve their luggage. Cory had never actually seen anyone coming or going from the lodge, so the whole

happening was strangely fascinating to him. He wondered who the men were, and why they were staying at the lodge.

More confusing still, why were the HIT's being trained to walk to and from the building and scavenge around inside it. It made no sense!

"Are you lost my dear?" a kindly voice asked.

Cory broke out of his daydream to spot the SUV driver standing near, smiling.

"Oh," he exclaimed, nearly forgetting that he was trying to escape, "I was...just..." he stammered, "getting some fresh air"

The man nodded, "Oh, well then" he said, "You won't find any air fresher than out here," he nodded again, "but you know that they frown on you trainees being out here during these hours. Probably best that you head back to your camp before someone spots you"

Cory looked perplexed, "Those men you were driving," he switched topics, "Were they like, the owners or something?"

The Driver laughed, "No," he said between chuckles, "They're just guests. You girls call them campers, I think. Miss Irene owns the camp," he continued, "her and her 'friends'" he raised his fingers in air-quotations. "But you don't need to know all of that," he said after a brief pause, "You should just head back to your cabin now sweetheart."

Cory was still shocked. *Ranger Irene was owner? Men in suits were the campers?? This man thinks I'm a sweetheart???*

"I know," he nodded finally, forcing a smile, "I just thought I might see what's over there," he pointed his long - recently gel-filled nail towards the tree-lined path that led from the property to the airfield. He knew the man was trying to help, but also knew that the only way out was straight ahead.

The man smiled, "Nothing but trees sweetie," he said, "Nothing but trees"

Cory was going to reply to the gentleman's comment, but a stinging sensation in his neck distracted him. It felt like he had been attacked by a bee. He turned quickly to see Ranger Irene, an empty syringe in her hand, standing directly behind him. He was about to complain, but as soon as he opened his mouth, he felt himself falling backwards into the arms of the kindly driver.

He was carefully placed in the passenger seat of the ultra-quiet electric golf cart that Irene had been driving and taken back to his cabin. The whole trip seemed like a dream, as he was tucked into bed, his headphones placed on his head, before Irene wished him sweet dreams.

He closed his eyes and drifted off.

6) Week 6: Graduation

A few days had passed since Cory's foiled attempt at escape. He had been confined to his cabin while he 'recovered' from his poor choices. At least that is what his counselor attendant had referred to it as.

What It meant for Cory, was several days spent lying in bed or sitting on the sofa resting, listening to his headphones, painting his nails, watching the occasional dirty video (which all featured pretty sissies in compromising situations), or fondling the black dildo he had been given the previous week.

The fondling only occurred only when his roommates were out of the cabin. He still felt shy about touching the intimate body part of another man, even if it was a fake. But he was starting to grow accustomed to how its slender somewhat cylindrical form felt in his hand...and in other naughty places.

When his friends returned, he would ask how their workshops had gone and get all the latest camp gossip.

Kyle had mentioned that their training was nearing completion - according to Ranger Irene. Soon, they would be ready to become full-fledged helpers in the main lodge. Mitch highlighted the rumor that they would all get a two-week break before they started in their new positions.

Normally Cory would have challenged all these notions, as they would have made no sense to his keen macho intellect. But this time, he just nodded and giggled. His keen macho intellect was slowly disappearing.

He didn't care that they were all giggling and gossiping like schoolgirls.

He didn't care that they were all wearing wedge-heeled booties and short booty shorts.

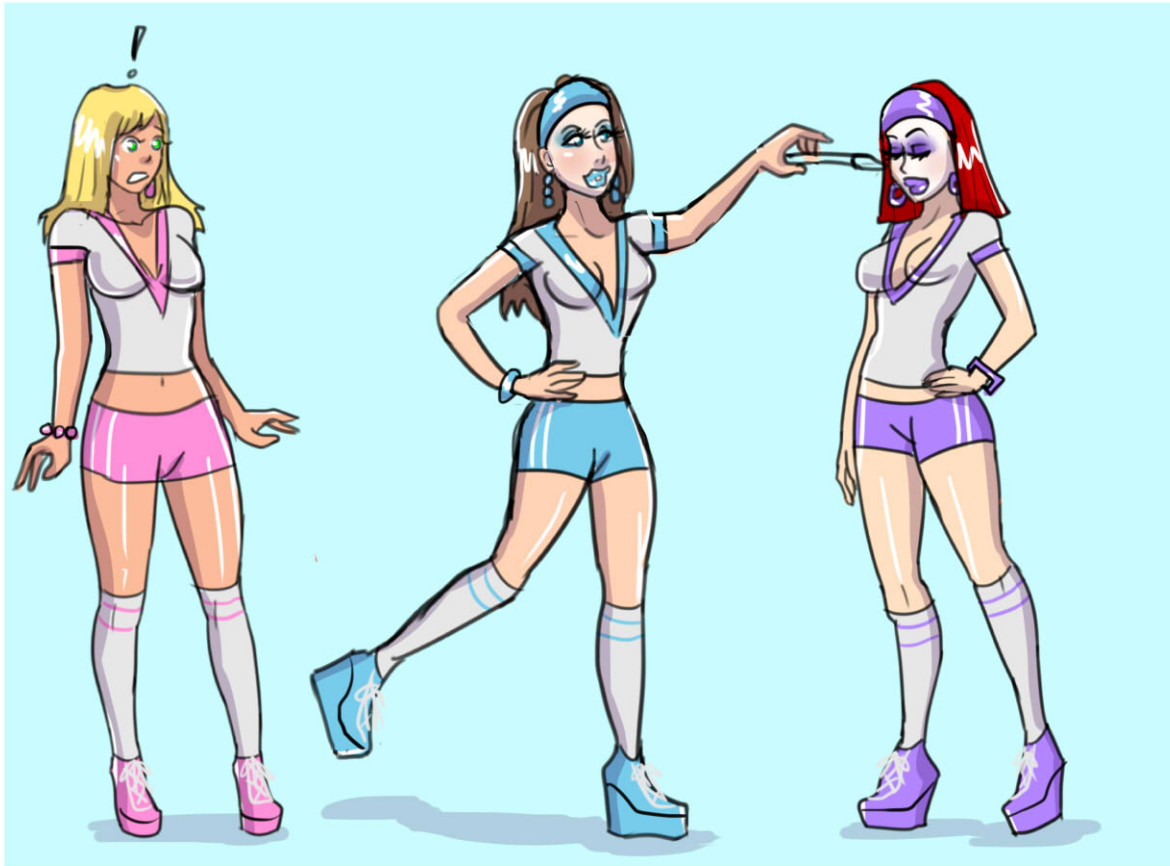
He didn't care their hair had extended beyond their shoulders, and their chests had swollen up to perky b-cups.

He didn't care at all, anymore.

It was just easier that way.

Later that week, however, his new-found easy-going attitude would be challenged when he returned to the room from his morning bath to see his friends engaged in their makeup application. Normally this wouldn't have been an issue, as glossing their lips and mascaraing their eyes was part of their normal good grooming regime.

This morning, however, was different. Very different.



Kyle had already applied a thick pale foundation to Mitch's face, and was carefully drawing in his friend's eyes with an equally thick application of eye shadow, and bold strokes of blush. Cory then noticed that Kyle's face had already been painted in a similar fashion, including bold blue lips!

"Omigosh!" Cory exclaimed, "What are you doing??"

The two friends rolled their eyes. They were getting used to Cory's panicked ways.

"You've missed a few days of workshops Cor," Kyle said, maintaining his focus on painting Mitch's face, "We've learned some fabulous new techniques while you were gone"

"New techniques??" Cory exclaimed, "You look..." he paused, searching for words.

You look like whores? You look like sluts? You look like drag queens? You look like sex dolls? All of these thoughts ran through his head.

"You look...Fabulous!" he smiled, as he pulled a stool to watch Mitch's transformation.

Once completed, Cory took his place on the stool, allowing Kyle to completely make him over in the same sexy, somewhat whorish, slutty, sex-dollish, drag-queen-like manner that both he and Mitch had been made over in.

Cory smiled as he watched his appearance change.

He couldn't wait to be out of his 'quarantine'. He couldn't wait to finish his training. He couldn't wait to be a helper.

And after a few more days of training, and a two week 'break' a medical clinic located on the far side of the property, he would get his chance.

When he and his friends returned from the clinic, they knew that their training had finally concluded, and they were now ready to be the best possible helpers that they could be.

They were escorted from the camp to the main lodge, a trek made more difficult by their newest assigned footwear. Thankfully, they had practiced so many times that they all arrived- Cory, Kyle, Mitch and the other dozen or so HIT's- unscathed.

Once in the lodge, they went directly to the ballroom, where they assembled behind the curtain, awaiting their names to be called.

Cory stood between his friends, Kyle at his right, Mitch at his left, all of them holding hands, waiting for what came next.

Ranger Irene was the MC of the event, dressed in a black leather catsuit and heeled boots, her face heavily made up. She looked more like a dominatrix than a camp ranger, but they all knew better than to question. Cory had caught glimpses of the crowd that waited them and recognized that they all looked like the two men he had seen exiting the SUV days ago.

"And now campers," Irene spoke with a demanding voice, "Our next HOTtie's. Please welcome Mitzi, Coryn and Kylie to the stage!"

The crowd erupted into feverish applause, complete with catcalls and wolf-whistles. **Coryn smiled as she took a step forward in her new pink lace-up over-the-knee platform-soled spike-heeled boots, with Kylie and Mitzi in tow. They gave their best, sultry look to the crowd, pouting their collagen-injected, brightly painted lips, and fluttering their heavy thick fake eyelashes, posing on the stage for the audience to view.**

Their modified bodies were clad in body hugging rompers with short-booty-short bottoms and deep V-neck tops, all colored in their corresponding colors. Instead of socks, the trio wore thigh high stay up white stockings with the colored bands around the top, framing their lovely legs, while the minidresses accented their recently augmented chests. They continued to pose for the crowd, as Mistress Irene (as she was apparently called) auctioned them off to the waiting guests.

It was a scene that would be repeated once or twice a week for the next two years, as the trio became full-fledged helpers at the Camp's luxurious and highly specialized lodge.

The campers, or guests, or patrons as they were often referred to as, would select a sissy for

either a three or six-day duration, and for a nominal fee, would enjoy the company of the sissy for remainder of their time at the lodge. They would wine and dine, and they would entertain - sometimes with each other, and sometimes with their guest in the privacy the well-appointed lodge rooms. The guests had all paid a hefty premium for the special intimacy that only a sissy could provide.

And provide they would.

Even Coryn, thanks to a heavy dose of programming in her headphones, and the specialized supplements in her meals.

And when the duration of their two-year term were up (they *always* took the extension), the sissy's would be married off to happy clients around the world.

But for now, Coryn was guided from the stage by the same counselor trainer who had led her to her cabin that first day. Today, instead of cute shorts and a collared top, she wore a turquoise catsuit similar in design to Mistress Irene's.

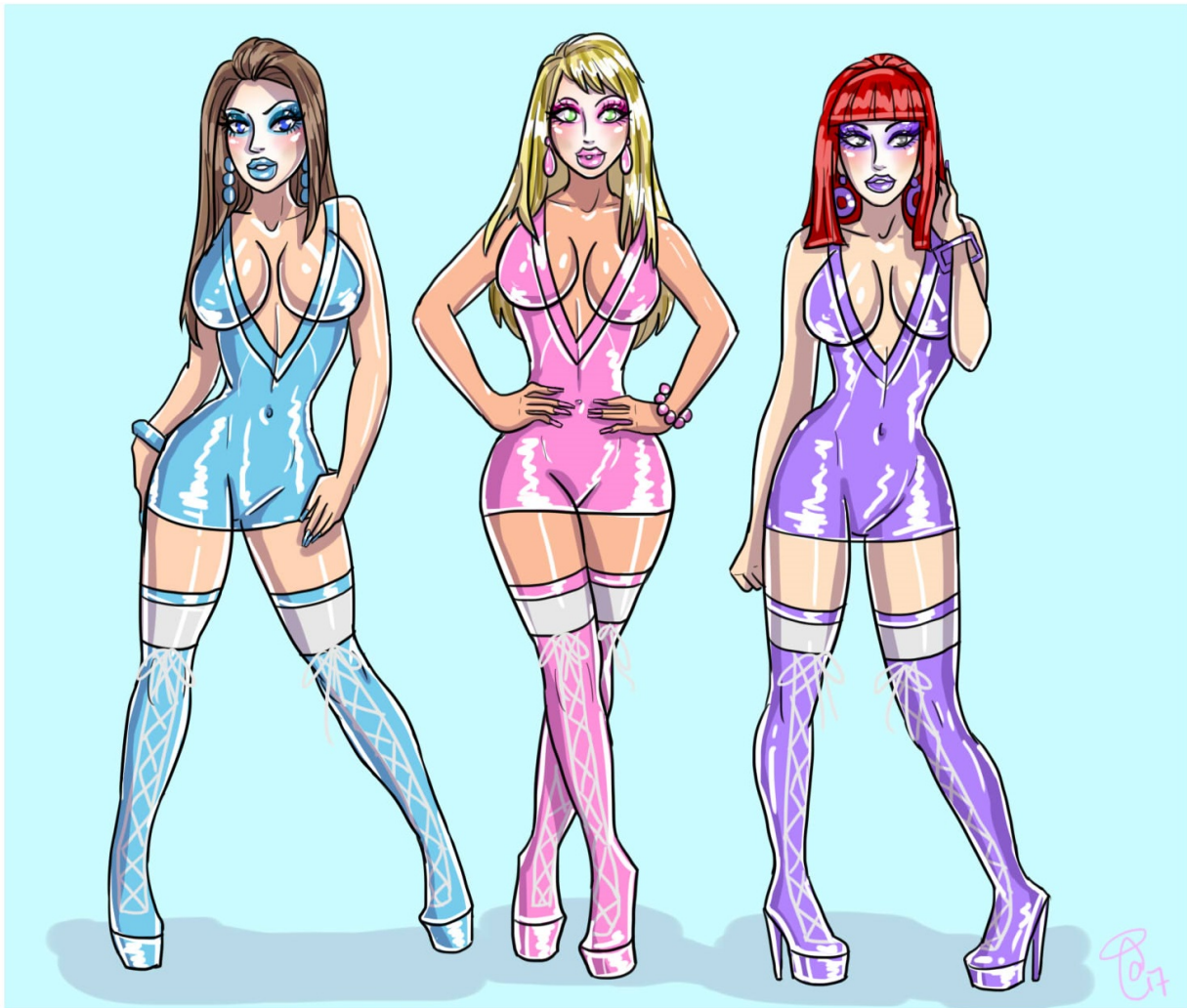
Coryn made her way to her soon-to-be happy camper, a tech mogul from California as she would come to learn.

"Oh my god," Coryn exclaimed in her most surprised, softest voice, "I'm from California too!!"

The Mogul, as it turned out, liked the company of a pretty California boy-turned-sissy, and quickly became one of Coryn's most frequent camper patrons.

On some level, the Cory part of Coryn's sissy-brain rationalized that if he made a good, he could somehow escape from the camp and return to California.

Thankfully, that tiny part of the sissy's creampuff-brain stayed very small, and very silent. The larger, and mostly reprogramed part stayed loud and lavish, and showered her patron with sissy kisses, and sissy blowjobs, and sissy back-pussy fucking, and dreamed about being a sissy wife as soon as her contract at the camp finished.



It seemed that Cory's summer job experience would become Coryn's lifelong career.

THE END!

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