

COLLECTION



THE GREAT SORORITY SISSY HUNT

PHI DELTA MU



Cindy Cooke
President



Wendy Duncan



Matilda Gaines



Sandra Hawke



Heather Hunter



Amber Hyatt



Karla Lewis



Kristi Mendez



Erin Miller



Danielle Newman



Teri Servin



Vanessa Stewart



Destiny Wallace



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The Great Sorority Sissy Hunt

The Phi Delta Mu sisters sat around the meeting room of their sorority house.

Cindy Cooke, the house President, clapped her hands as loudly as she could, bringing the meeting to order.

Not taking any chances with their house's survival, the Deltas were meeting in March to brainstorm ideas for the next pledge class, even though it was still six months away. With only 20 girls in the house and 6 of those graduating, they had to avoid the increasingly embarrassing impression that their house was dying.

When the grumbling sisters quieted down enough for her to be heard, Cindy glumly shared the details of the bad news that they'd already suspected. "As we're all aware, our sorority's numbers have dwindled over recent years, and our freshman pledge class next fall will make or break us. Either we get at least a dozen new girls, or this chapter will be dissolved," said Cindy, her face missing its usual beaming smile.

"O.M.G. is it really that bad?" moaned Destiny Wallace, one of the younger sisters. She was usually relentlessly upbeat and perky as befitting her status as a varsity cheerleader.

"Big D," as her sisters nicknamed her, was one of the most popular members of the Deltas. Her radiant mocha skin and flowing natural curly hair combined with her lithe and athletic body made her one of the most beautiful young women on campus. She'd actually modeled during her summer vacations, and she maintained a high GPA.

"We have a special sorority," continued Cindy ignoring the interruption. "We are a family, and I don't think any house with 120 or more actives can say the same thing," said "Cookie" looking into each of her sisters' faces one by one and smiling slightly as they all nodded in sad agreement.

She sniffled back a sob reflecting on how much she loved every one of them, and fought off a wave of sadness and guilt, feeling like she'd let them all down.

"We raise more money for charity than some of those bigger houses too,"

added philanthropy chairwoman Sandra Hawke, a tall, brunette with glasses that made her look like a sexy secretary more than a nerd.

"No doubt we have a great house," said freshman Amber Hyatt, a petite and buxom blonde. "How do we get the new pledges to see it, though?"

"This house is tired," said Junior Teri Servin. "The paint is peeling and we don't have the amenities that the other sororities have."

"Agreed," replied Cindy. "That takes money though."

"Smaller houses have less money. With less money, you get a smaller house," agreed Vanessa Stewart somberly. Vanessa was a beautiful girl whose dark features matched her dark mood.

"How much money would we have to raise?" asked Sandra.

"At least \$50,000," said Cindy. "\$100,000 would be even better."

"I have an idea," said Erin Miller. Erin, a sophomore, rarely spoke up at meetings so people were a bit surprised. "What about a slave auction? We raised a lot of money in high school that way,"

"We've done slave auctions before and we could definitely raise a few hundred dollars, but we're not making a hundred grand that

way,” said Sanra.

“That depends on what you order those slaves to do,” joked Kristi Mendez.

The girls had a good laugh before Cindy brought the crowd back to order.

“Not to be a wet blanket, but we need to get serious.”

“You know,” said freshman Karla Lewis. “She’s actually got a serious point there. I have a friend Lindsey who always seems to have a guy dangling from a hook. She’s never lacking for money. I could call her and we could--”

“And what is that point?” interrupted Cindy.

“I was a cheerleader in high school and we always had slaves,” said Karla timidly.

“Say what now?” asked Destiny Wallace.

“It’s not as crazy as it sounds,” said Karla. “It was actually kind of fun. It was sort of an unofficial tradition. The girls on the squad would come out to football tryouts where we would pretend to be practicing our cheers. What we would really do was to pick a least valuable player.”

“Least valuable?” asked Danielle Newman a junior who sported a four-point-zero GPA despite growing up in a rough neighborhood in inner-city Milwaukee.

She was one of the few to go to college from her class, let alone pulling down such high grades at DuPont.

Now, we wouldn’t pick somebody who actually made the team because those guys would be too busy. Instead, we’d look for the guys who got rejected and we’d try and pick out the smallest and prettiest boy we could.”

“It has to be a pretty one,” agreed Teri.

“Come on, let her finish,” said Cindy.

“Well, we’d figure out what cheerleader that guy had a crush on and that girl would invite him over with the excuse that her parents were out of town and she was going to have a small party. Now, you can imagine how those guys reacted when they realized they were at a party as the only guy with the entire cheerleading squad,” said Karla.

“Oh, especially if you were targeting a reject—one of those guys who was half the size of the football players, but wanted to be on the team because he thought it’d make the popular girls like him. As if,” said Wendy Duncan.

The girls all giggled at the image of a slim, petite pretty boy at the mercy of the pretty, popular cheerleaders.

“What we did next totally depended on the guy. Sometimes, we just physically pinned him down and hogtied him, or we might get him drunk, or the girl he liked might seduce him with the promise of a blowjob. He’d readily agree not knowing that the blowjob would be him going down on a dildo,” said Karla.

“I like the hogtie idea better, but let’s call the dildo plan B,” joked Matilda.

“Well, however we did it, the next step was dressing up the guys. Eventually, they’d be in cheerleading outfits, but that first night was usually just putting them in a wide variety of dresses and even sexy lingerie and photographing them in case they changed their minds about obeying us girls at some later date,” explained Karla.

“Oh yeah, you want to get plenty of good quality blackmail material if you want to keep them in line,” agreed Sandy.

“It worked,” assured Karla. “Until he graduated, that boy would be the property of the cheerleaders. If we wanted him to attend a school

dance in a dress and makeup, the only question was what color dress. Even if he wasn't passable, it'd still be easier to explain than dozens of incriminating pictures. The sissies would be responsible for doing whatever the girls on the squad wanted from their homework and chores to entertaining them. If a guy fought it, he would find the humiliation nearly unbearable, but if he let go and enjoyed spending time with the most attractive and popular girls in the school, he might just find it was the best part of his high school years."

"I find it hard to believe that any guy would actually like it," said Cindy.

"You'd be surprised," said Erin.

"Very surprised," agreed Becky Winslow with a confident grin that seemed to be from experience.

"Of course, he'd be given his own cheerleading uniform and taught to do the same cheers as the team and a few embarrassing ones of his own," said Karla.

"When he graduated, we would leave him alone and find a replacement at the next football tryouts. Of course, every year at homecoming, we'd make the old sissies come back and do a fashion show for the amusement of the team."

"Blackmail, the gift that keeps on giving," said Vanessa.

"And they let you get away with that?" asked Destiny.

"Of course not, but guys are terrified of people finding out they're not as macho as they let on. Do you think any guy is going to want to further his

humiliation by reporting the cheerleading squad for kidnapping?" asked Karla rhetorically. "One time a science teacher tried to stop us. We caught him, dressed him up as a cheer girl, and left him tied

to the flag pole. After that, no one dared to defy us again, at least not when I was on the team.”

“No,” said Matilda Gaines, “They’d do anything to keep it quiet.”

“You seem certain of that,” said Erin.

“I’m a reformed junior high bully,” said Matilda flexing her well-defined biceps.

“My girlfriends and I always targeted the boys because they’d never tell.”

“Oh yeah,” me too said Kristi. “That was the best.”

“I never knew I lived with such delinquents,” joked Sandra.

“I used to beat up boys too,” confessed Teri. “Truth is, I kind of miss it.”

“That’s what I’m saying,” said Karla.

“You know, I bet we could do it. We even have extra rooms with our membership so depleted,” said Kristi. “We’re kind of set up for it.”

“I can’t believe that we’re seriously considering this,” said Cindy.
“What are we looking for? I mean do we want guys who look really girlish?”

“Or ones that would be easy to control,” said Erin. “This will be a lot easier if the guys don’t have fraternity brothers or angry girlfriends coming after us.”

“What about guys who deserve it,” said Matilda. “It’d be way more fun to do this to some guy who thinks he’s God’s gift to women.”

“Oh yes!” agreed Vanessa. “I know just the asshole. I want to train him to walk in heels.”

“This sounds like so much fun,” said Sandra.

“It will be,” assured Karla, “but in answer to your question, we definitely want guys that nobody will be terribly upset if they disappear for a week of sissy training.

Other than that, the kind of guy you target depends on what kind of sissy you want.

A guy who is six-foot and one hundred and ninety pounds is probably not going to be able to fool other guys.”

“But that guy would be fine for cleaning the sorority house, right?” asked Vanessa.

“Right,” agreed Karla.

“Don’t forget, we’re doing this because we want the house fixed up,” reminded Cindy.

“Yeah, we’ll make more money off of skinnier guys,” said Sandra. “The more versatile the better.”

“What do you mean by versatile?” asked Erin.

“Well, if we get a big guy, we could rent him out to another sorority as their maid,” said Sandra.

“That would be awesome!” cheered Matilda.

“It would be,” agreed Sandra, “but a smaller guy could be a maid and if he was cute enough to pass, he could bring in money going on dates with boys too.”

“More than dates,” said Destiny making a blow job motion. The whole room exploded into laughter.

“Do you have a friend who really is doing this outside of the cheerleading team?” asked Cindy

“Yeah, she’s really good at it. Not only does she train guys, they usually are happy to be trained after awhile,” said Karla.

“Do you think she could come here and give us some pointers?” asked Kristi.

“I bet she would,” replied Karla. “She’s on the west coast now, but I bet she’d fly out for us.”

“There’s a lot of money to be made doing that,” said Heather Hunter, a sophomore who had remained a passive observer until now.

“It’s a bit illegal though, isn’t it?” asked Cindy.

“More than a little I’d say,” said Sandra. “That’s full fledged pimping.”

“I don’t want that kind of trouble,” said Cindy.

“Relax,” said Karla. “If you have one of these guys controlled enough it’s easy to get them to do it.”

“Let’s start slow,” said Sandra. “I don’t think we’ll get any prison time for making a guy clean our house.”

“Does anybody have any big spring break plans?” asked Cindy. “We could use spring break as a kind of sissy training Hell week. By the time classes start up again, they’ll be totally controlled.”

“That’s a great idea,” agreed Vanessa.

“I admit this intrigues me,” said Teri. “I don’t think I know enough to pull it off though.”

“We don’t need a house full of sissies. If we pair up and two sisters are each responsible for one sissy, it’ll be easier,” said Matilda. “That

would still leave us with nine or ten even if we're the only ones who do this."

"Yeah," agreed Karla. "I can do one so you all can see what it's like."

"Do you have somebody in mind?" asked Cindy.

"Yes I do," said Karla. "Do you want to pair up with me."

"Sure," replied Cindy. "Sounds fun."

"I don't think I'm comfortable talking about sex to a room full of women," said Roger.

"You'll be great," pleaded Cindy.

"Yeah, if you make it about sex, you'll actually have girls come. Attendance at these faculty lectures is totally dependant on the speaker and topic," argued Karla.

As Cindy went through a checklist in her mind, she had to applaud her partner's choice. He was small with delicate features. It didn't take too much imagination to see him as a future sissy. As a graduate student he didn't have a ton of friends as most of the people he had been close to as an undergrad had left the university. As an extra bonus he was a big enough jerk to deserve what he was in for. Roger Grace had a reputation for grading women lower than men and for offering extra-curricular tutoring sessions where he took advantage of girls desperate to pass some very challenging psychology classes.

"Really? Talking about sex with women intimidates you?" asked Cindy. "I never would have thought."

"I didn't say that," protested Roger.

“Then are you just unable to teach women,” said Karla. “That’s not going to look great on a résumé, you know.”

“Okay,” said Roger. “You two are way too persuasive. I’m in. When do you need me?”

“Let’s do Thursday at seven,” suggested Cindy. “I’m sure we’ll get a full house.”

“Fine, I’ll be there,” promised Roger. “I don’t know why I’m doing this, but I am.”

“We’ll make it so worth your while,” promised Karla seductively.

“It’s probably a good idea to shave first,” said Cindy.

“Shave? Why?” asked Roger.

“Well, you know the girls appreciate the professionalism. A lecturer who is groomed shows he cares about his students,” assured Karla.

Cindy and Karla were as giddy as children on Christmas Eve as they left Roger’s office. There were going to be some major preparations to make, but they had a plan to ensnare Roger and he had just started nosing around the bait. Cindy was sure that this would be one guest lecture that would be packed, even if her sisters weren’t there for the reason Roger believed.

As Roger stepped into the living room area of the Phi Delta Mu house, he was shocked to see that every single seat was taken. Some girls were actually sitting on the floor to squeeze in for his lecture. They seemed genuinely excited too.

“Thank you so much for coming,” said Cindy grasping Roger’s hand gratefully.

“I told you we’d have a great turnout.”

“You weren’t kidding,” said Roger motioning to his smooth face. “I’m glad I shaved.”

Roger began his speech and it wasn’t terrible real y, but it felt kind of like if an undergrad had gone back and summarized his high school health textbook. This was a graduate student who would probably be treating patients or at least educating the next generation of psychiatrists. Then again, knowing Roger the girls surmised this wasn’t something he spent a whole lot of time on. The sorority had a tough time sitting quietly through the speech because they knew there was going to be something much better to see as soon as the opportunity presented itself.

The girls politely let Roger speak although when he mentioned issues that can make a sex life sputter and stall, Matilda did ask, “Roger, do you ever sputter?”

Red-faced, Roger returned to his lecture, but his focus and concentration were blown. He stammered nervously as he began to talk about the clitoris and then turned ashen white when he saw a hand raised to ask a question. It was Amber Hyatt. Roger didn’t know her, but aside from her amazing body, which her tight sorority t-shirt did nothing to disguise, and her silky black hair, Roger observed that she had an innocent look to her, which perhaps led him to let his guard down. When he called on her, she actually stood up to speak like she was in a lecture hall.

“Professor, what is BDSM?” she asked shyly.

“We’re not really talking about that right now,” replied Roger.

“Go ahead and tell her, Roger. We won’t mind and besides freshmen have to learn somewhere,” said Karla. “Better here than in the street.”

“Yeah, getting bad ideas about stuff like that could be real harmful,” agreed Danielle.

“Fine,” said Roger wiping his brow. “BDSM stands for bondage, discipline, sadism, and masochism.”

“Isn’t it Bondage, dominance, sadism, and masochism?” asked Heather.

“Right,” stammered Roger. “I thought that’s what I said.”

“So how is tying somebody up sexual, professor?” asked Amber.

“Well, it’s not exactly,” replied Roger. “A reason for one partner to tie up their other partner is so both may gain pleasure from the restrained partner’s submission and the feeling of the temporary transfer of control and power from one partner to another. Let’s move on. We have a lot to cover tonight.”

“Hold on Roger,” said Karla approaching him. Before he knew what was happening, she was behind him and restraining his wrists with a type of rope handcuff she had seen how to make on the internet. He was helpless in a matter of seconds.

“Hey! Untie me now,” demanded Roger.

“Is that exciting you at all?” asked Amber.

“No, of course not,” complained Roger. “This isn’t funny.”

“Is he really helpless?” asked Erin.

“Oh no, a big strong man like Roger could free himself just by flexing his muscles. It’s hard to tie up a real man, that’s why it’s always women that get tied up in movies and television,” explained Destiny. “Right Roger?”

“Yeah,” grunted Roger. “I just want to be adult about this.”

“Let her have her fun, Roger. You don’t need your hands to teach, do you?”

asked Cindy.

"No, but I'm not going to do a lecture while I'm hogtied," protested Roger.

"Hogtying would be your feet too," corrected Matilda.

"Come on Roger, I'll untie you when we're done," promised Karla.

Even Karla was surprised when the flustered young man went back to his prepared lecture. He looked so funny trying to act like an academic despite his wrists being bound behind him. He stumbled through the next few minutes before Teri spoke up.

"Roger, is it weird that when I'm stressed out, I use a dildo and that relaxes me?" asked Teri.

"I don't think...maybe this isn't the time," said Roger.

"It's our one chance to talk about sex with an expert," said Teri. "I thought you could at least answer a question."

"No, you're right," said Roger. "Using a dildo or a vibrator is something many women do. It's not weird."

"That's a relief," called out Kristi

"Great," said Teri approaching Roger. "That puts my mind at ease."

Roger hadn't seen Karla and Matilda creeping up behind him and didn't realize anything was up until they had held him fast. Bound and grabbed, he was

helpless as Teri walked forward and slowly untwisted the cap from a bright red tube of lipstick.

"Don't do this, Teri," said Roger.

“You remember me,” smirked Teri. “You shouldn’t have given me a C and then tried to sleep with me when I asked for help bringing my grade up.”

“I’m S--,” Roger started before his speech was cut off by Teri grabbing his cheeks in her left hand, her nails digging into the soft flesh to make sure he didn’t move. With her right hand she slowly coated his lips very thoroughly with her lipstick.

Cindy walked forward approaching Roger, a mammoth nine-inch black dildo flopping in her right hand. The look of fear on his face was evident to everybody in the room.

“No! Please don’t,” begged Roger.

“You did say there was nothing weird about using a dildo, right?” asked Cindy.

“Yeah, but not like this,” whined Roger trying to squirm away.

“Well then, maybe you’ll want to take it the other way then,” said Karla. “One way, is that I hold it in front of you and you demonstrate to all of us what a good little cocksucker you are.”

“No,” said Roger trying to get free and wincing at the thought.

“You might like the other way better,” said Cindy. “We all bend you over and Karla fucks your ass with the dildo and you show everybody what a good little cock slut you are.”

“I don’t—“

Cindy put her finger up to Roger’s mouth and shook her head. “I asked which one will it be?”

So only Roger cast his eyes downward and opened up his mouth. Cindy placed the dildo in his mouth and Roger slowly began to suck on it.

“If I’m not happy, your ass is mine...literal y,” warned Karla. “It’s not a pacifier, it’s a dick.”

“Show it some love,” cheered Matilda.

As Roger sucked away, many of the girls had their phones out and took pictures of the floor show. Roger’s lipstick was smeared al over his face and the dildo as Cindy instructed him not to suck it like a pacifier, but explore the shaft with his tongue and not ignore the bal s. Final y, almost merciful y Cindy announced that Roger had done an adequate job and was finished with his faux blow job.

“Please, let me go,” begged Roger.

“Oh Roger, it’s not going to be that easy. Do you know how many of my sisters tonight got real good quality video of you sucking that cock,” said Cindy.

“That wasn’t a cock, that was rubber,” protested Roger.

“Wel , it was rubber shaped like a cock and besides, the footage can be edited to make it look like a blow job,” said Cindy. “Think how humiliating it would be for you if that got out.”

“What do you want?” he demanded.

“Just a fashion show, nothing too horrible,” promised Cindy.

“That sounds embarrassing,” said Roger.

“I should hope so,” said Karla laughing at the distress her target was obviously in.

“You’re going to take pictures of me if I do that,” protested Roger.

“Oh sweetie, why would we show people pictures of you modeling dresses when we have al those action shots of you slobbering al over that cock in your mouth,” said Karla.

Roger hated going along with them and doing the fashion show, but he knew Karla was right. The pictures they already had of him were worse than any new ones they'd be getting.

"Deal on one condition," said Roger. "Nobody outside of this house may ever see the pictures or videos from tonight."

"You know they'll take new videos," said Cindy.

"I'm aware, but if they don't leave the house, I'll deal with it," said Roger.

"If you cooperate, nobody else ever has to see," agreed Karla.

"That's acceptable to me," said Cindy. "You have a deal."

Without untying him, Cindy, Karla, and Erin led him into a bedroom in the sorority house. Roger thought it was the most feminine bedroom in the entire sorority house with pink paint, curtains, and throw rug. The room even had a strongly feminine scent. If you could smell colors, Roger was sure this was what pink smelled like.

"Sit down," said Erin motioning to the white vanity in the corner of the room.

Cindy and Karla had invited Erin to help because she was a wiz with hair and makeup. Those were the skills that they'd be in need of if they were going to turn Roger into anything more than an effeminate boy.

"Not yet," said Cindy. "We've got work to do before we're going to be able to use your talents."

"Okay," replied Erin. "I guess I just got a bit too enthusiastic."

"Okay Sissy Roger, you need to go into the shower. When you get in there, put on this hair removal cream," said Karla handing Roger a bottle of lotion. "Put it on all over, leave it for five minutes, then rinse it off. You better tidy up any missed

spots with this razor because we'll be checking when you get out, even your privates."

"Really?!" Roger complained. "Why is that even necessary?"

"Because we said it is," replied Karla sternly. "Don't ask so many questions."

"Girls don't have stray hairs poking out of their panties, do they? In this sorority they sure don't," said Cindy.

Roger went into the bathroom and looked around. It was pretty empty considering it was a girl's room. There was some product, but it all looked neat and new. The bathroom was shared with another room, but the other door was locked and there was no window.

He thought about locking the girls out, but that was only delaying the inevitable. They'd taken his phone, so he couldn't even call for help. He couldn't stay in there forever, and anyway it wouldn't be hard for them to remove the door.

With no window in the little bathroom, there was no escape and no place for him to go. He chalked up removing his body hair to yet another humiliating defeat, but hopefully only a temporary one.

Finishing in the shower, he wrapped a towel around his waist and walked out into the bedroom where the girls were waiting with wicked grins on their faces.

"Come on Roger, we've seen it all before. Drop the towel," urged Karla.

"You can consider it part of our education," teased Erin.

Roger thought to object, but ultimately just shook his head and dropped the towel to the floor.

"Oh that's precious. All tiny and smooth!" Cindy giggled while giving a little clap. "Roger, I hope you grow a bit more because that's not

going to cut it with most adult women."

"The shower was cold," Roger whined as his cheeks blushed bright red. He instinctively covered his shrunken penis with his hands before Karla tossed him a pair of lacy violet colored panties. The panties were so small and delicate that Roger almost felt more exposed wearing them than when he was naked.

"Oh the perfect fit" Karla remarked. "It's a good thing you're so tiny down there."

"Come on, girls. Hasn't this gone far enough?" asked Roger.

"We'll tell you when it's gone far enough. Now lift your hands over your head and hold them there," ordered Cindy.

The three girls inspected the hairless boy for any missed spots, and they did find a few. Cindy took a pink disposable razor and women's shaving cream to touch up the places Roger missed.

"Now, it's your turn Erin," said Karla. "Sit your ass in that chair, Roger."

Erin started things by smoothing a liquid foundation over his skin and then adding a loose powder over that before applying a rose colored blush to both of his cheeks. He hardly needed it. The humiliation was already giving him big blushing cheeks.

Grabbing his chin to turn his face, she carefully inspected his face before declaring his foundation done. She lined his eyes with black liner in a sexy "cat eyes" look just to make it extra noticeable.

Rather than going for typical smoky eyes, she took a metallic shadow that gave him champagne colored lids that danced and sparkled in the light. Erin then finished up by gluing a set of false eyelashes to Roger's lids. He shuddered as he saw the transformation that Erin was creating.

After Erin was done gluing on the false eyelashes and applying a healthy coating of mascara, she outlined his lips and painted them with a dusty purple lipstick that looked more like a deep pink than a purple.

"I like that look on her," said Karla. "She looks more girly girl than I expected!"

She looks innocently girlish while stil being sexy."

As Erin fit a long straight blonde wig on his head, Karla painted Roger's fingernails and Cindy did the same to his toes. They had agreed on a shade of polish that matched his lips pretty closely.

"That is a real y pretty shade,"

commented Erin.

"I always think pinks and purples look great with blonde hair," agreed Karla.

"I'm not a blonde," protested Roger.

"That's okay, most blondes aren't natural y blonde. That blonde wig is absolutely adorable on you," said Erin.

"Wel , Roger won't be wearing wigs forever. Maybe when his hair gets longer we can get it dyed this shade," said Karla.

"What are you talking about? This is a one time thing," said Roger in a near panic.

"Relax Roger, she's just teasing," said Cindy. "You know how us girls are."

"Oh...okay," said Roger nervously.

Karla grabbed her phone and took several pictures of Roger in just his bra and panties with his ful makeup, and painted nails. Without

his bra on, it was still obvious that he was male. "I think this is one for the scrapbook," she said as she snapped away.

Cindy went into the dresser and pulled out a sexy purple lace halter bra, while Erin searched through the closet before settling on an amethyst colored shoulderless bodycon dress with a keyhole opening in the front. The tight dress only came to mid-thigh and it was worse than anything Roger had feared the girls would put him in.

After Cindy helped him with the bra and stuffed a pair of "chicken cutlet"

silicone breast inserts into the cups, they eased Roger into the dress. Erin zipped it up the back, encasing the suffering sissy in the sexy clothing. Roger reflexively tugged on the hem of the dress, but it didn't even make it down to the middle of his thighs.

Karla helped Roger slide a pair of nude stay-up stockings along his freshly-shaved legs. He couldn't help but gasp at how feminine they made his legs look.

Cindy produced a pair of silver strappy sandals with a very narrow three-inch heel that perfectly complimented the dress. Even with some coaching from Erin and Karla, Roger still found them nearly impossible to walk in.

Cindy noticed his awkwardness and reassured him, "Don't worry, princess, you're going to have plenty of practice walking like a girl."

"Again with the later," snapped Roger. "There is going to be no later."

"I meant when you're walking, you'll pick it up. How hard can it be when half the population does it on a semi-regular basis," assured Cindy. "Speaking of walking, let's get going," replied Karla. "You have a lot of girls who want to see this."

“Hold on,” said Erin attaching dangling amethyst clip-on earrings to Roger’s ears and spritzing him with *Britney* perfume. “Just a few touches.”

Roger was in no way surprised at the thunderous roar of approval that greeted him when he walked out to the front room full of sorority members. He wasn’t happy to see a camera on a tripod capturing everything, but he wasn’t surprised by all the girls holding up their phones to immortalize the moments. He only hoped he could keep his exposure limited to the Phi Delta Mu house.

He had in fact gotten a little bit better on the heels, but he still was pretty awkward. Erin had coached him that he was supposed to walk across the room, turn and pout while posing like a model and then walk back out the way he came.

“Did you hear that? You’re a hit,” gushed Karla with faux enthusiasm. “Let’s get you into your next outfit.”

Just like backstage at a fashion show, the girls worked like an assembly line to change Roger’s outfits. He was put in eight or nine outfits and costumes. He decided that they all fell into two categories. Some were extremely trashy, while others just cried out girly girl in their femininity. They were both humiliating to wear for different reasons. They even made him strut out in front of the girls wearing a black and pink baby doll. His calves were really starting to get sore from walking in the shoes.

The final outfit they put Roger in was a metallic gold glitter bodycon dress.

Like almost all of his previous dresses, it only came to mid-thigh. The girls loved

how he looked in it. It was figure-slimming thanks to the ruched detail of the spandex dress. Mesh at shoulder and neckline gave the illusion of showing a lot of skin without revealing enough to expose his true gender.

The girls had him wear very expensive black pantyhose that also had glitter to make his whole body shimmer in the light. A pair of four-inch strappy black sandals completed the outfit. The extra-inch of heel height was making it difficult to walk, but as he looked at his appearance in the mirror, he could scarcely believe how good he looked. He was so mesmerized by his own reflection that he didn't notice Karla and Cindy applying tiny heart-shaped padlocks onto the straps of his heels.

"Hey!" complained Roger.

"Just a little added accessory," said Karla. "We wouldn't want you falling out of your heels."

"This ends now," demanded Roger.

"Come on," said Cindy. "This is the last outfit of the night. Are you really going to get exposed when you're so close to being done?"

"My last outfit?" asked Roger. "You swear."

"That's it," promised Karla. "You won't have to model anymore."

"Okay," said Roger.

When he returned to the living room, the girls were less boisterous. There were cheers, but there were more oohs and aahs. Roger knew that he looked good and that made him feel strangely proud, which only made him feel more humiliated.

Roger gave his model turn and walked back towards the girls, but was alarmed to see several girls walking toward him. He tried to back away, but in those shoes he just wasn't very graceful. Matilda grabbed him and twisted his arms up behind his back and soon he was just overwhelmed by the girls. They didn't stop until his hands were tied behind his back and a leash was fastened around his neck, which was passed off to Karla.

Cindy handed Becky Roger's keys and told her to go and bring back anything he'd need. Roger doubted that list included any of his clothes. Roger began yelling for help, but a very resourceful Wendy shoved the dildo he had been sucking earlier back in his mouth causing him to gag and sputter.

"Knock it off, right now," demanded Cindy. "We have enough pictures to make you a laughing stock and we have enough women who will press complaints against you to get you fired."

The look on Roger's face as he realized that they had more than just what happened tonight to use against him was exactly what Cindy had hoped for.

"That's right," said Teri. "You've been a very bad boy and if you don't cooperate and learn how to be a very good girl, it'll only go worse for you."

Karla and Cindy dragged Roger back to the feminine bedroom he had been in before. He could hear the girls again cheering behind him. He was in a terrible spot.

"Welcome to your new home, Teagan," said Cindy.

"Teagan?" asked Erin.

"It just came to me. What do you think?" asked Cindy

"I like it. Teagan it is. One down ladies, who is next," said Karla over her shoulder. A shiver ran down her spine realizing that she had captured Roger and now he would begin his training. They had set aside a wing of rooms for their sissies in training. Now one was full and she had big plans for the sissy occupying it.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Great Sorority Sissy Hunt: Lindsey

Lindsey King stood in Verde Gardens, an exclusive boutique. She held two dresses way out in front of her, indecisive of which one to purchase. The first one was a brilliant blue mermaid design. Her second choice was a bright red with a sexy slit all the way up the thigh. She turned to the sales lady. "What do you think, classy or slutty?"

The older woman, still in shock from everything she had been exposed to, was too scared to answer.

Lindsey reached over and placed a reassuring hand on the woman's shoulder. "Please, don't worry. It is not like this is the first time," she laughed out.

With a forceful shove, she chose red and slutty. The ring of the cell phone drew her attention away from the dressing room. One glance at the photo brought a smile to her face. "Karla, my fantastic friend! You did not interrupt anything. I was helping my special friend pick out a dress for a date. I hope things are going well for you."

Lindsey held the dress over the top of the door while she chatted with her cheerleading friend from high school. A well-manicured hand reached out for the silky fabric. "Thank you, my Princess,"

came a voice that did not match the manicure.

Lindsey was too engrossed with her conversation to answer. "Of course, my dear, I will be delighted to come help you and the girls. I needed to have a vacation from Mr. Dependent anyways. Let me check flights, and I will be out this evening. Don't worry about the cost. That is what I have him for."

A hand came back up over the door to hold out a credit card.

Lindsey took the card and put her phone to her chest. "I will pay for your new outfits, and I am buying a plane ticket to go see my friend, who needs my help."

The masculine voice trailed in delight, "Anything for my perfect Princess."

Lindsey stood up, showing off the red soles of her shoes to the older sales lady, who gawked. "These? Yes, he does spoil me in

such ways. I have five pairs in my closet. Take care of everything he has in the dressing room with him. I can sign. I am on this account,"

she stated. The older woman knew it was rude, but the words were out before she could regain control. "Are you married to him?" she blurted.

The sexy young redhead looked over her shoulder in response to the question. "Him? No, of course not. He has a wife, but she does not utilize the control she could have over him."

The plane skidded down the runway as Lindsey gathered up her belongings. Karla would not be meeting her today, and that was disappointing. Lindsey's cheerleading sister had an important test this afternoon. The schedule just did not work out.

Lindsey sauntered down the tarmac. There were two of Karla's sorority sisters holding a small sign with Lindsey's name on it.

The first stepped forward, presenting her dark manicured fingers.

"Lindsey, I am Cindy Cook, the president of Phi Delta Mu. Karla sent Sandra and me to pick you up and take you back to the sorority house. Everyone is excited to have you join us and offer your unique skills. According to Karla, you have a special skill with older men. We already have a few younger slaves to handle things in the house and help with campaigning for funding."

Lindsey took a moment to look at both of the girls in front of her.

They were beautiful, the kind of college pretty that young men chased down. Lindsey dressed utterly different from them. She was

wearing a tight black skirt with thigh highs and a blouse cut to display her most significant asset. "I have always attracted older men. When the cheerleaders began the campaign to attract a slave, I saw a different outcome than my sisters. I like nice, expensive things and young men cannot provide me with what I want."

Sandra had been quiet for the conversation so far, but Lindsey could tell she wanted to know how a girl, who was about their age, could get men to do such outrageous things. "Lindsey, I am the Philanthropy Chairman of Phi Delta Mu. It is my responsibility to make sure that the Sorority uses its power to do good things in the world," she explained.

The redhead turned and looked at her. "I am part of the world, and I need good things."

There was a power about Lindsey that drew both the girls in, but it scared them.

The ride to Sorority house took only a few moments. In front of the Lindsey was an old Victorian style home. With some work, the house would be stunning, but it looked tired. Everything about it sagged, from the roof to the chipped paint.

"Oh, I see the problem in all its glory," she stated with heavy sarcasm.

Karla flung open the front door, clearly excited to see her friend after almost a year. "Lindsey, you are here! I have missed you so much," she squealed out. Did the sisters explain to you what is going on and what we need?" They hugged hard, and Karla laid her head on the redhead's shoulder.

"Karla dear, I'm not sure what you want them to explain. You need a roof and a paint job. After that, life will continue to be positive.

You would not have called me if you had a roofer and painter in your Biology class," she teased. Lindsey kissed her friend on the

forehead. A perfect lipstick outline stayed branded the creamy skin.

The evening was fantastic. The girls all enjoyed the stories that Karla and Lindsey shared from when they were cheerleaders in high school. Both of the girls had joined the squad their freshman year and participated in the slave inductions. The sorority sisters sat cross-legged on the floor as Lindsey told them about the first time she seduced an older man into wearing her lingerie.

Amber scowled. "Ewe, I could never fuck an old man. That is just disgusting."

Lindsey and Karla both burst out laughing. "Amber, you never fuck them. If you do that, then you lose all the power you have over them. These men are here to do our bidding. They want what we never give them. If they ever get the carrot, then they will want something else."

Lindsey leaned over and pretended to whisper into Amber's ear.

"We are not here to give them sex. That is what a wife is for, taking care of their pathetic dicks. We have to turn him into putty, and then make him serve our desires."

Karla spoke up. "These girls are quick learners when it comes to making a man into a sissy." There was a round of giggles to reinforce that statement.

Over the next few days there was a lot of discussion about what projects needed attention first. Lindsey did an online session with her current sissy. Mitch, or Michelle, as she referred to him, was a well-established real estate developer. The girls watched in awe while he went on a shopping trip by himself and then dressed up for all of them. At the end of the playtime, Lindsey demanded he sends her several thousand dollars, and the money magically appeared in her bank account.

Early the following morning, she made a trip to the bank and contributed to Karla's sisters' building account. Lindsey missed being part of this type of environment. She wanted to go to college, but family problems had kept her home for the first year while all her sister-friends went out into the world. Being on campus made her feel like the young adult she was. It was fun to giggle and watch girly movies at night with all the sisters.

The first project they decided needed attention was to get a new paint job on the Sorority house. It was a bit of eyesore. Lindsey dressed down in some sweats with her bright red hair hid under a plain brown baseball cap. She did not want any person to recognize her. Lindsey had been raised by her father and an older brother, so hanging out at a hardware store was easy for her. She started in paint chips, watching for a specific type of man to show up.

Lindsey wanted a professional painter that was on the young side, maybe late 20's or early 30's. He needed to be feminine in stature but confident in action.

The first afternoon produced a friendly man that watched all the female workers. All the girls employed at the big retailer enjoyed his attention, and it was apparent the regularity of his business. Lindsey did not approach him. Instead, she started a conversation with one of the girls and discovered his name was Ricardo. He was originally

from Spain and one of the best painters in the area. The mousy brunette blurted out everything she knew about this man. He frequented one of the local bars close to the college, eating there almost every night. Lindsey gave this stranger a friendly hug and left to go shopping for her costume.

Michelle, meanwhile, was lonely. He kept sending all kinds of texts, begging for any attention she would give him. It was his anniversary with his wife this week, and he always got clingy.

Michelle lived in a loveless marriage where she had her portion of the house. Lindsey took advantage of the occasion to have him pay

for all her things to impress this other sissy. It was fun to show off the different dresses, lingerie, stockings, and shoes that Michelle would never see her dressed up in, other than in a few snapshots via phone.

The final outfit was fantastic, a pair of black stiletto heels with Cuban stockings. Underneath were a 40's style bra and a thong pair of panties. Lindsey decided to go with a slip. It would allow for a bit more tease, and the dress would lie nicely over the top of it. A bright red 1950's style v-neck with a pencil skirt style and capped sleeves covered it all. Lindsey knew better than to wear it just like it came off the rack; she had already arranged for a seamstress to add some extra tucks in the appropriate places.

After her costume for the night was picked out she went to the makeup counter. A perfect shade of red lipstick and false eyelashes would put Ricardo where she wanted him to be.

It was getting later into the evening when she arrived at the local bar. The atmosphere was perfect for her plan; all the other girls were in spandex or comfy clothes. Lindsey wanted to be the one woman that stood out from everyone else.

It was easy to spot Ricardo sitting in a booth at the back of the local hangout. A cute, but not too cute, waitress had engaged him in casual conversation. Lindsey waited until the waitress was pulled to another table before she stepped through the bright light of the door into the dimmed atmosphere. The ring of the doorbell made Ricardo and every other man in the facility stare her way.

Lindsey made her way to the bar and ordered a club soda with a straw. She did not drink club soda, but she liked the bubbles, and the

white straw showed off the bright color of her lipstick. Ricardo's attention remained glued to her, and Lindsey used care to draw him in closer. She slowly uncrossed her legs, showing off just enough of her creamy upper thigh to watch the hard swallow in his throat.

Of course, smoking was no longer allowed in bars, but this place did allow for vaping. Lindsey didn't care for it, but she had a 1920's style vape that gave her something else oral to play with, to draw attention to her bright lips. That was all Ricardo could take; he made his way over to her.

Lindsey put her hand out, and he grasped it. "Hi, I am Lindsey, and you?"

Ricardo fought for a moment to gather his thoughts. "Ricardo.

You are stunning. You seem a bit out of place in this environment."

She laughed him off. "I like being out of place; it is way more interesting."

Ricardo was talking to her eyes, but he could not control his gaze entirely. The low cut dress pulled his attention to the immense cleavage that Lindsey had learned to use her freshman year of high school. "Would you like to join me at my table?" he asked.

Lindsey held her hand out to him again and allowed his firm grip to steady her on her heels. She sat on the outside with her legs turned toward the aisle. Ricardo was flirting with her, and she encouraged it to go on.

"What is your drink preference, Lindsey?" he asked.

She had to sip on her club soda to hide the evil grin on her face.

"I like tequila shots," she replied with a wink. Lindsey could tell he did not know what to think about that reply, but he ordered a round of drinks.

Lindsey had been raised by men who made sure she would always be able to handle her liquor, and drinking men under the table was a fun game. She slammed down three rounds of drinks and Ricardo was already showing signs of intoxication. She moved over to his

side of the booth to touch him. For Lindsey's plan to work out, he needed to be all over her. Ricardo played right into what she wanted; he ordered more rounds. He was so drunk that she no longer even had to take the shots. Lindsey pulled out her phone and texted Cindy.

'Pick me up at the bar and pretend you are a ride-sharing operator.'

Cindy responded with a 'k.'

"Ricardo, I think we should get out of here and get a place a bit more comfortable," she whispered into his ear. To accentuate her point, she rubbed her hand over his knee.

"I do not think I can drive," he slurred out.

"Oh, I ordered us a ride share operator," she assured him.

Cindy was already waiting outside when Lindsey helped Ricardo out the door.

The two girls made a show of exchanging addresses, and then Lindsey sat in the back seat with her new conquest. Ricardo was pawing her all over. It was disgusting, but she put on the show of enjoying his attention.

The ride back to the house went quickly.

Ricardo leaned into Lindsey. "Your house needs a paint job."

Lindsey helped him into the house. "You are so right."

The guest bedroom was downstairs, and right inside the front door. It made for easy to access. Lindsey brought Ricardo in and shut the double French doors behind her. She pushed her conquest back onto the bed. "How about I show you a bit of fun?" Ricardo got up on his elbows to watch this stunning woman in front of him.

Lindsey danced in front of her conquest. She took her time with the stunning red dress.

Ricardo clumsily undid the buttons on his shirt, exposing his chest.

"Oh, that is it, babe. Take off all those clothes for me," Lindsey encouraged. He took off all of the male clothes and threw them in a pile at the end of the bed. "You look so sexy, honey. I like to get a bit kinky. Do you enjoy being naughty?" she probed.

Ricardo nodded his head in agreement. This night was turning out better than he could have ever hoped. Lindsey kicked off her high heels and put her foot on the baseboard of the bed. She pulled her slip up to expose the garter belt hidden underneath. A flick of her fingers released her right thigh-high. This tease of nylon caused Ricardo to groan out. She took her time rolling down her nylons.

The alcohol was doing what she wanted.

Ricardo was feeling intoxicated waves rolling over the top of him.

It was hard for his brain to concentrate on what was real and what he had fantasized about all night. This redhead was the type of woman he dreamed of, but never thought would become a reality.

Lindsey grabbed the toe of her thigh-high with her left hand and the top with her right; she shot the nylon over to Ricardo. He caught the silky item and rubbed it against his face.

"Do you like watching me strip for you?" she teased.

His cock twitched at the sound of the question, and he moaned assurance.

Lindsey puts her other leg up on the baseboard as she teased the nylon down to her ankle. She pushed her leg out. "Take it off with your teeth." Ricardo scrambled up to comply.

Lindsey stepped back from the bed and shook her round bottom slowly. His intoxicated brain struggled to follow. "Ricardo, would you like to see more?" she taunted by pulling up her slip.

"Yes, oh yes, please, yes," he begged.

"If you want more, then put my nylons on for me," she winked.

Ricardo did not understand at first, "I don't understand."

She reached up, picked up the nylon, and started it on his toes.

"Put my nylons on if you want to see me do more for you," she demanded.

Ricardo wanted all of her. He worked to do what she wanted. He had never put on nylons, so he puts runs in the delicate fabric.

"That is what I want of you. Watching you put thigh-highs on turns me on so much." Lindsey pulled her slip up. She bent way over to expose her bright red panties. "Take them off?"

Ricardo answered with a loud, tortured groan.

"If I take them off, you will put them on," she stated.

Ricardo just wanted to see what was underneath the bright fabric, so he nodded his head. She turned back around to bend over and show off her cleavage. A quick flick of her fingers brought the thong down to her knees. With a quick shimmy, her panties dropped around her ankles. Lindsey stepped her left foot out of the panties and kicked the panties to him on the bed.

"Please, Lindsey, let me see your pussy. I need to see how beautiful you are," he begged.

Lindsey walked over to the bed and kissed his nose. "In good time. Now, keep your word and put them on."

Her plaything was on the verge of passing out. Ricardo put the panties on, but they were backward. Then, instead of begging for more, he laid back for a moment and started to snore.

Lindsey laughed at his timing; it worked perfectly.

A knock on the French doors produced Karla and a quiet girl named Teri. Karla provided the sorority camera and took pictures of him in those ripped thigh highs and panties. Lindsey went through the dresses in her closet to choose a girly floral print.

"What? He does not have to match," she said to Karla's raised eyebrow. The two girls laughed at the moment through their hands.

Teri Servin, a junior, went through Ricardo's clothing until she found his cell phone. "I am going to clone his phone. Insurance, in case we need to send information to other people."

Lindsey turned to look at the girl. "Note to self: never leave the phone unattended around you."

Teri blew her a playful kiss. "Girl, I have skills."

Lindsey reached into her makeup bag, pulled out a bottle of lotion and a magnum condom. "Magnum is so not his size," she laughed.

The sexy redhead ripped open the packaging and threw it on the table beside the bed. Then she blew hard into the condom and pushed some lotion into it. With a flick of her wrist, she threw it on the table where it plopped down. "Presentation is everything, my dear." she answered the question on Teri's face. "We don't lie, but they can think whatever they want to think."

Lindsey stripped down to her bra and climbed under the covers while Karla took tons of pictures. Teri took Ricardo's phone and started to snap various shots.

"Okay, now everyone out. My playmate and I have to get some sleep," Lindsey shooed them out.

The sun was starting to creep up over the horizon when Ricardo woke up. He pulled the covers back and put his feet on the rolling

floor. "Man, way too much tequila last night," was the only thought that rushed through his throbbing mind. The hardwood floor felt weird on his left foot. After sitting on the edge for just a moment, he stood up and walked to the bathroom.

Ricardo went to pull his boxers down, but they were lacy. The fog in his mind slowed down his ability to understand what happened.

He brushed his hand against his thigh and felt something rough, but silky. Ricardo stepped over to look in a mirror.

He was wearing a floral dress, red thong panties, and a thigh-high.

"Oh, what happened last night?" he asked out loud.

Ricardo walked back into the bedroom, where Lindsey pretended to be asleep. On the table beside her was a magnum condom that had been filled up. "Those are not mine," he whispered. A cold rush of fear washed over the top of him.

"Lindsey, please wake up. I do not understand," he squeaked out.

She sat up and pretended to be groggy, "What is wrong, Ricardo? You look so cute in that dress I picked out for you," she inquired.

"I don't wear faggot clothing. There is no way I would do that.

Who wore the magnum condom?" he demanded. "That is not something I would use."

"Why, I only did what you asked of me, Ricardo. This whole thing was your idea. You were not that drunk were you? It would hurt my feelings to know you forgot our first night together," she pouted.

"I have a perfect memory. I remember being at the bar, getting into the car, and arriving here. I remember you stripping for me..."

his voice trailed off.

Lindsey pretended to start to get teary-eyed. "You don't remember? While he had been in the bathroom, she had texted all the girls to get them up. "I guess me and my girlfriends will have to remind of you all the things we did together," she snarled.

Karla burst through the door with her tablet in hand.

Lindsey got up and put on her robe. "I think we may have a bit of a misunderstanding, Ricardo. See, my girlfriends are I looking for a sissy slave. You are who we have chosen to be our newest addition.

Of course, you can walk out that door right now. If you choose to

leave, my girlfriends and I will send all those naughty pictures to everyone on your phone. Just for good measure, I will include copies to all those people in your email list."

Ricardo sat down on the bed. He had been in numerous bar fights over the years, but listening to this sexy woman felt like the hardest strike to the gut. "Lindsey, you would ruin me. I am a poor man who works in fancy, expensive houses. These people only trust me because of my reputation."

Karla sat down beside this man dressed in floral print. She did not say a word but started flipping through pictures. Ricardo tried not to look, but his eyes kept dragging him back.

With a defeated sigh he asked, "What do you want of me?"

Lindsey reached over and rubbed his shoulders. Her touch caused him to shudder in fear. "Nothing major. Just wear our girly clothes for us, run errands, and do some work around this place. Oh, that is a great image. Look at this one," she laughed.

A look of defiance passed over his face. "No, I will not do this. I am a real man and will not be used by girls like you."

Tara came in with his cell phone in hand. "You won't mind if I share these with everyone on your list, then? It looks like your contacts are full of friends, fellow workers, and . . . oh, this woman. I think she is a real estate broker and wants you to do a large job for her. Hmm, like \$20,000 or more. It should be interesting when she gets this message. Don't you think?"

Ricardo screamed out in pure terror. "No! Anything. I will do anything, but don't lose me that job."

Lindsey kissed him on the cheek, "See? I knew we would all come to an understanding. The first thing you are going to do for me is to wear pretty panties all day long. Do not take them off, because that would be bad for you. Oh, and in case you thought you could erase all those images off your phone, know that we have all your contacts."

Cindy walked in with a thong in her hand to show to Ricardo.

"Wait. You were the driver last night. I remember you," he blurted out. It was at that moment he knew the situation entirely, and realized there was no getting out of what they wanted.

When his hand reached for the panties, the girls knew they had him.

It had been a week since Lindsey had brought Ricardo to the house. She started him on little assignments while she forced him deeper into feminization.

Teri decided to take Ricardo on for a few days. She wanted her bedroom repainted, and to teach him how to do his nails. When he came to the sorority home that evening, she was waiting. "Strip down, Ricardo. I am dressing you up and doing your toenails."

None of the other girls had stayed in the same room when he took off his work clothes. Teri was not a shy girl. She wanted to shave off all the nasty hair off his body personally. She put him into the tub that was filled up with bubbles. Teri brought out a brand new razor and her favorite feminine shaving cream. She started on his thick calf muscles, removing years of hair growth. Teri layered on the cream, and the girly smell filled the room. She used quick strokes with the blade.

Ricardo was humiliated when his penis became hard as she moved her way up to his inner thighs.

Teri just reached out and swatted his penis with a quick slap. "Go down, boy, you are not wanted here." She was teasing, but she could see he wanted to fall through the tub.

After his bath, Ricardo stood quietly while Teri dried off his body.

"I am going to dress you up tonight and do your toenails. You will be my plaything all night long, and then, tomorrow, you will paint my room for me." He was completely exposed to her, down on her knees as she dried him off. She could see it was a turn on, but she could also see it scared him how much control she and her sisters had gained over him in such a short amount of time.

Teri dried off his penis and testicles with the same indifference as she did his biceps. That lack of interaction for Ricardo had to be humiliating. She jumped up and ran to her closet. She pulled out a leather skirt, a low cut red peasant blouse, a pair of strappy stilettos (Lindsey had provided each girl one pair of shoes for him) and a dark brunette whip.

"We are going to have so much fun tonight, being naughty with each other. You look like a deer in headlights, Ricardo. Do I frighten you?" she winked at him.

She could see in Ricardo's eyes that, of all the girls, she scared him the most. There was a darkness about her. She would destroy his

life if that were her desire, and she knew he instinctively understood she would not feel bad about doing so.

Not that she expected him to share that with her.

"Of course not, Teri. I desire to please you, is all."

Teri walked over and stroked his cheek with the soft outside of her hand. "Liar."

He flinched.

"Sit down in the chair and present your feet to me," she demanded of him. There was a small chair with an ottoman in front of it.

Ricardo did as he told. That was the only choice he had.

Complete obedience.

Teri took a bottle of lotion. It smelled of tropical fruits. She massaged it into his feet. Her touch must have felt fantastic against his aching skin. She pulled out some side dikes - diagonal cutters -

and trimmed his nails back, cutting the dead skin off the side of each nail.

He watched, clearly fascinated by the whole process of what Teri was doing to him.

She pushed back the thin skin that covered the top of each nail.

"Men are so blessed when it comes to little toes. Most of us girls do not have a nail worth painting, but yours are perfect for making them pretty," she chanted as she worked. Then she pulled out a Dremel and worked to remove all the hard dead calluses caused by being on his feet all day long.

"Hmm, what color should I do your nails? I was thinking red with silver tips," Teri muttered as she rummaged through a large box of

different colored nail polish. She painted up each toe and let them dry while she helped him to match lingerie - a bright red satin bra and matching thong panties. The bra had breast forms in it to give him the appearance of having cleavage.

The leather skirt felt sexy when she had him step into it. "I know I am not supposed to wear animal skin, but there is something about the smell and feel of leather. I cannot give it up, no matter how hard I try," she confessed.

The peasant blouse rode just high enough on the shoulders to cover the bra straps. The last thing Teri added was the feminine brunette wig. With a dramatic turn, she faced him towards the full-length mirror on the door.

Ricardo would have never recognized himself; the change was breathtaking. He looked like a model with his slender build and long legs with the strappy heels. The bright red on his toes caught the eye and made the gaze concentrate on the toes.

The bell that announced dinner was ready snapped him out of his trance.

"Time to go show you off to the girls. I think they will be pleasantly surprised." Teri grabbed his hand to drag him out into the main hall.

All the girls turned to see what she had created. They sat for a moment and then started to catcall Ricardo. They could all see he had no idea how to react. It had to have been humiliating, but there was also a sense of pride they sensed beginning to grow inside him from all the attention.

The girls had fixed a formal dinner. Tonight was an evening of lessons for Ricardo on mannerism.

The next morning, Ricardo - dressed in spandex, high heels, and a tight tank top - taped off Teri's room. He had gotten up before sunrise to meticulously move her possessions to the storage room.

The girls enjoyed torturing him with shoes that required his attention on balance. It was fun to look down and see his toes nails peek out through the cutout. Initially, he attempted to reason with the sorority sisters and explain that the shoes would be ruined, but they did not care.

He worked all morning to make Teri's room perfect for her personality; there was no room for failure.

Ricardo would get up each morning at sunrise and put on what she laid out for him. It started with panties, but had progressed to

thigh highs and painted toes nails. Of course, she would take all kinds of pictures, just in case he got an idea of being wrong. Ricardo would have never told her, but he enjoyed the attention of all the girls.

That night, after he had showered and waxed from head to toe, he sat down on the floor, his head on Lindsey's knee.

"What is going to happen to me?" he inquired. "I heard Karla say that next week you had to go home. I belong to you."

Lindsey stroked her fingers through his hair that had started to grow out. "Ricardo, you were never meant to be mine. I have a sissy at home that misses me. I came here to help my fellow sisters with their projects. You will only be under their control until you finish your final task. When you have finished painting the exterior of Sorority home, then you will be released from your servitude," she consoled.

There was a sinking feeling in the pit of Ricardo's stomach. In the beginning he had wanted nothing to do with these girls. Coming home every evening to have all the girls give him tasks while they made him wear high heels or dresses. All the woodwork had been completed, and the rooms freshly painted; all that was left was the exterior of the house.

He wanted to find a way to stay valuable to all the girls in the Sorority.

"Cindy, what if I agreed to be a handyman for the sisters? Would you allow me to stay on after Lindsey leaves?" he begged.

Lindsey gave Cindy a wink over Ricardo's head. That was what they had planned all along. "Well, Ricardo, this is not my decision.

The girls will have to vote and see what everyone wants to do. I am sure they all know how well you behaved over these last couple of weeks. I will submit your proposal when we have our house meeting in the morning," Cindy answered him.

Lindsey woke up early, before the sun came up. Her time with all the sorority sisters was over. She had return back to her mundane life in the Midwest. Michelle would be picking her up, and he had missed her. Her sissy playmate had been jealous of Ricardo, even though that was for her sisters. Cindy would be driving her to the

airport, but had promised it would be a fun surprise waiting for them.

Lindsey did not want to make the girls get up, so she told everyone goodbye the night before.

This time with everyone had been incredible, more than Lindsey could have imagined when she stepped on that plane weeks ago.

She stepped out into the cold dawn air and turned to look at the Victorian house. Ricardo had done an incredible job giving the old place a few face lift. With a sigh of sadness, she stepped into Cindy's car.

The airport was quiet due to the time of day.

As Lindsey walked down the ugly carpet she noticed a group of girls. Then it hit her; one of them was Ricardo, and he looked perfect. The girls had done his makeup a slightly smoky eye with false eyelashes.

He towered over the ladies in five inch closed toes stiletto heels. A pair of black nylons covered his lean legs, and a bright blue wrap-around dress was the perfect color for him.

Lindsey kissed him on the cheek, "You look like perfection."

Ricardo took care not to kiss her too hard and leave a lip mark of pink on her cheek.

The sisters were all sad to see her leave, so mascara was sacrificed while they waited for her to board her plane. "I am leaving you with a perfect sissy to take care of all your handyman needs. I am only a phone call and a plane ride away if you ever need me to come back to my sorority home. Now, stop ruining all that makeup you worked so hard to apply this early in the morning. What kind of example are you setting for Ricardo? He will think that girls' makeup is something to take lightly, and we wouldn't want that," she fussed.

After a final round of kisses, she walked down the long run to sit in her plane for the ride home to Michelle.

TO BE CONTINUED

Heather and Becky

Heather Hunter, college sophomore and Phi Delta Mu sister, sat at a plastic table surrounded by mismatched chairs in the middle of a drafty kitchen. Their situation had never bothered her before, but ever since Cindy had given that little speech . . . well, she'd started noticing all the little ways in which their house was lacking.

The drafty windows. The mismatched furniture. The rattling furnace.

The ceiling fan that could either cool the air or light the room, but not both at once.

They'd talked about needing at least fifty-grand to fix the place up, but if this was to become the kind of house that she'd be proud of, they were going to need every cent of Cindy's hundred-grand dream budget.

And maybe even more.

She cradled a mug of hot coffee in her hands, having given it a bit of a morning kick with an ounce of Baileys. Drinking in the morning wasn't something she did often – even if it was a Saturday – but today she needed that little shot of courage. This was not going to be any ordinary morning.

A second cup, as yet untouched and minus the kick, sat across from her. It hadn't been waiting long, just long enough for the smell to waft its way upstairs. As if on cue, those steps creaked with the familiar dance of soft footfalls.

Heather's smile was an anxious one as she waited. When she saw Becky emerge from the shadows, the grin spread across her face, adding just the right amount of light to the morning.

"Good morning!"

“Good morning.” Becky paused before the table. “Coffee? For me?”

She tilted her head to the side. “What’s the special occasion?”

“Have a seat and I’ll tell you.” Heather sipped at her coffee as she waited, taking courage from the Irish Cream. “Well,” she began, “you know that little speech that Cindy gave us, the one where Karla and Sandy were talking about slaves and blackmail?”

“You mean the one where we discussed kidnapping hapless college boys, forcibly feminizing them, breaking their spirits, turning them into simpering little bitches, and then renting their sissy asses to the highest bidder?” Becky swapped coffee cups with a knowing grin.

When Heather looked surprised, the other sister tapped her nose.

Somehow, she’d smelled the Bailey’s.

“Oh, yeah.” Becky closed her eyes as she savored the smooth bite of alcohol. “I know it well.”

Heather leaned over the table. “Well, I think I have just the right boy.

The kind of boy nobody else is going to target.” Becky leaned in as well, until they were almost close enough to kiss. “The kind of boy who won’t just make us a few bucks, but who will make us rich.” She leaned in even more, until they were forehead-to-forehead. “But I’m going to need your help.”

“And what makes you think I’m the right person to help?” With a giggle, she flicked out her tongue and licked the other girl’s nose.

“Other than the obvious, that is.”

“Because I need somebody with your confidence and your experience,” she licked her right back, “who won’t shy away from my darker inclinations.”

“Darker inclinations?”

“Bondage. Dominance.” She kissed the other girl. “Sadism.” Becky kissed back. “Masochism.” They said it together.

“Oh my god.” Becky slammed her hands down on the table, making their coffee cups rattle. “We’re going to build a dungeon!”

“Actually, I already did.” Heather checked her watch and pushed back from the table. “I need your help filling it.”

♥ ♥ ♥

“The Prime Directive?” Becky laughed out loud. “You can’t be serious? We have to go in there? With all those geeks?” Her laugh turned into a shudder. “They’ll be drooling all over us, and this is a brand-new sweater!”

“Relax. I stop in here once a week. They know me.”

“So?” Becky moved towards the store, but Heather didn’t follow. “Are we going?”

“Not yet.” Heather casually swiped at her phone. “We’ve got about twenty minutes before our mark gets here.” She smiled. “You can set your watch by his perversions.”

Becky wasn’t at all comfortable lurking outside a comic book store.

Girls like them – sorority girls – weren’t supposed to be seen in such a place. They had reputations to consider. Every time somebody looked their way, she felt like crawling into the bushes.

Suddenly, Heather opened the door and they stepped inside. She had to scurry forward to follow. Almost immediately, like they scented estrogen on the air, three guys awkwardly looked away, another suddenly decided he had to be somewhere else, and two more offered up polite smiles.

The last guy, dressed in skinny jeans, a vintage Iron Maiden shirt with three-quarter length white sleeves, and a pair of ratty Converse

sneakers strolled over with a smile. "Heather! Perfect timing, as usual. Just finished bagging up this week's holds."

"Awesome. You rock." She slid a pair of twenties across the counter, pushing just hard enough for them to flutter to the floor. "Oops!

Sorry." When he leaned over to pick them up, she switched her brown paper bag with the one that had the black 'J' marked in the corner.

A smile and a 'thanks' later, and they were out the door.

"Um, you want to tell me what that was all about?" Becky looked completely confused.

"Sure, but keep walking. Slowly, though." Heather led her down the sidewalk. "Brian takes care of me. He puts aside my X-rated yaoi and futanari manga so I don't have to mingle. Been doing it for over a year now, but there was one time, end of last term, where he screwed up and gave me the wrong bag."

They kept walking, making a circle around the public fountain and heading back toward the comic shop. "Instead of chicks-with-dicks, I got a bag of absolutely deplorable hardcore bondage torture porn."

She held out an arm to stop Becky beside her. "That boy there? The fat guy in front of the store, looking absolutely panicked? It was his bag."

Before Becky knew what was happening, they were following him around the corner of the store, into the alley next door. "Hey!"

Heather called out cheerily. "Are you Jason? I think we got each other's hold list this week." She gave an exaggerated shrug, as if it were no big deal. With the bag held out in one hand, she pointed to Becky with the other. "My friend? My sorority sister? She thinks your books are way hotter than mine."

Becky improvised beautifully. “Yeah, I’d love it if we could hang out a bit. Maybe give them a read together?” She made a show of slowly, sensuously licking her lips. “See if they give us any ideas?”

Jason grinned like he’d just won the lottery. He couldn’t stammer together a complete sentence to respond, but he was quick enough to follow along.

♥ ♥ ♥

Less than an hour later, a pair of tired, sweaty sorority girls stood in the secret basement dungeon of their sorority house. There was a puddle of nervous fat boy urine on the concrete floor before them.

“Goddamn. How much do you think he weighs?”

Heather shrugged. “Two-fifty, maybe two-sixty.”

“And you’re sure this set-up will hold?” Becky gazed admiringly at the makeshift system of chains and pulleys they’d scrounged from the off-campus thrift stores. It wasn’t pretty, and neither of them was too confident about how it would hold up in the long-term, but it had made it surprisingly easy to winch the young man into position. He was dangling, just the tips of his toes touching the floor.

She just wished they’d thought to wait until he was in position before stripping him naked. It was bad enough that he’d thrown that little hissy fit when he’d spotted the shackles. The little bitch had screamed, pissed himself, then slipped in the mess, smacking his head on the floor and leaving them with dead weight.

“Oh, absolutely.” Heather flinched at the sudden creak in the beam.

“Well, for now, at least.”

She saw Becky’s eyes wander around the room, taking in the oft-patched padded bench, the cheap Halloween stocks, and – her personal favorite – the cushioned commode-turned-queening chair.

“I know this isn’t exactly high-end stuff, but it’s a lot. How are we going to afford all this?”

Heather just shrugged. “You’ve gotta spend money to make money.

Don’t worry about it.”

Becky cocked her head to the side. “Seriously?”

“I ran it by Cindy, and she agreed to finance the room.” She covered her nervousness with a cough. “With, um, one condition.”

“Care to share?”

“Well, if we can’t make our budget back before the end of the month, it’s coming out of our pockets.” She shrugged it off, as if it were no big deal. “It’s not a problem. I told you, we’re going to make us rich.”

Her sister looked about ready to protest, but trust won out.

“Whatever. So,” she asked, “what’s his story, do you think?”

“Oh, typical toxic masculinity garbage. The kind of loser who believes his own lies about being unfairly denied by the women around him, the kind who has convinced himself that not only do women deserve to be taken by force, but that they’ll learn to like it.”

She took a step forward. “We’re going to help him realize his fantasy, just not the way he expects.”

Becky turned to her sister. “Um, so, the girl who gets off on futas dominating femboys, splitting them in two and destroying their minds with cocks the size of baseball bats, she’s got a problem with torture porn?” She barked out a laugh. “Hello, Pot? Kettle here. You’re black!”

Heather smiled, but there was very little humor to it. “The difference,”

she explained, “is that Jason has been caught – at least twice that I know of – breaking into other sororities and stealing dirty bras and panties from girl’s rooms. The difference,” she added, “is that he’s been stalking some of the freshman girls, harassing them, making them feel threatened. The difference,” she continued, her lips a thin line of anger, “is that I’m pretty sure that’s Rohypnol I found in his front pocket, and a pair of condoms with holes poked in them that I found in his wallet.”

Becky leaned in and fingered the dirty, well-creased condom packages. She ran her thumb across the worn surface of one of the white pills. “I doubt he’s ever opened a condom package in his life,” she told her sister, “and I’m willing to bet these poor worn-down pills are just Aspirin.” She wiped her hands clean on her skirt. “Props,” she suggested, “to make a worthless coward feel dangerous.”

“The difference,” Heather finished, her voice breaking, “is that I know the difference between fantasy and reality, between stupid props and dangerous paraphernalia, and I’m not obsessed with forcing others to fulfill my perverted desires.”

Despite the tension - or perhaps to break it - Becky giggled.

“Except,” she said, pointing at the naked boy dangling from the ceiling, “that’s kind of exactly what we’re doing.”

“There’s one important difference.” The smile returned to Heather’s face as she reached forward and slapped the boy’s balls. “While I fully intended to enjoy this,” she slapped harder, “this is all about justice, about teaching him a lesson.”

“Justice or revenge?” Becky didn’t back down from her sister’s glare.

“Not that it matters to me. I’m in this for the thrill, and to save the sorority. I just want to make sure you’re being honest with yourself.”

Before she could respond, their captive boy moaned and twitched.

Heather reached out, grabbed his cold, shriveled little balls, and twisted. "He's going to learn that women are to be respected, not objectified, and to be feared, not made afraid. And he'll have the privilege of paying for our renovations in the process."

"Ow!" The fat boy was awake. "Whoa! What's going on?" He thrashed in his bonds – not that he had much wiggle room. "Where am I? What the fuck is this?"

"Such language." Heather dug her nails into his soft, fleshy sac. "If you want to come out of this without singing soprano, you're going to learn some manners, and you're going to do it real fast."

He looked about ready to spit a string of angry insults but apparently thought better of it when she tugged. "Okay, okay." The boy squealed like a pig. "I'll be good. Just . . . just tell me what you want."

"You," she cooed, her hand leaving his balls to stroke his cock. "We want you." The shaft began to grow in her hand. "See, Becky wasn't kidding when she said she liked your porn. Actually, we both get off on bondage and domination, and we're going to have some fun."

Jason moaned as he began thrusting into her hand. "Look, this is fun and all, but I'm used to being the one in charge." He groaned as her grip tightened. "I don't really do submissive. That's a girl's role."

"Oh, you have no idea." Heather kept smiling as she finished jacking off their captive. She knew his boasting was all false bravado, but she wasn't going to call him on it – at least, not yet.

When she felt his shaft begin to swell, she let go and jumped back.

With an anguished cry of denial, Jason shuddered and twitched through a ruined orgasm that left semen leaking from his cock in weak little spurts that dribbled into his puddle of urine. A release that

brought him no pleasure. “No! Please!” He stared down at himself, as if unable to believe what he was feeling. “Why did you stop?”

“Because we’re here for our pleasure, not yours.” It was Becky’s turn to step up. “We just needed to get this ugly little thing out of the way.”

Heather flicked the slimy head with a look of disgust. “So small, it’s hardly worth the effort, is it?”

“I’ve seen clits that were bigger, to be honest.”

When Becky began squirting a cold gel along his shaft, Jason smiled, hopeful that she’d finish what her sister started. The longer she just stood there, though, holding the shaft in the open palm of her hand, the more worried he began to look.

“Heather?” Becky nodded towards the floor. “If you’d do the honors?”

Before Jason could tense up or resist, Heather yanked his legs wide.

The moment she did, Becky stepped forward. One hand pressed his balls up, forcing them back inside him, while the other gently pressed the limp shaft into place, tucking the head between the soft, jiggly globe of his ass.

“What . . . what are you doing?” The strain on his legs had him quivering.

“This,” Becky explained, “is medical-grade surgical adhesive. Bonds almost instantly.” She let go, then clapped her hands in delight as his cock stayed where she’d placed it. “Without the solvent, your tiny little dicklette should remain safely out of our way for, oh, two or three weeks, at least.”

“Are you insane!” He began thrashing against his bonds, as if that would shake his cock free. “How am I supposed to piss?”

“Sitting down,” Becky cooed, “just like the rest of us girls.”

That's when Heather stepped forward with the can of shaving cream and a straight razor. Jason's eyes went wide as she tilted it back and forth, allowing the light to illuminate the razor's edge. "Now," she said softly, "you might want to hold still for this." She scraped the razor down one dry thigh. "Very still."

He whimpered and hissed and tensed as she shaved his legs. He bit his lip as she shaved the flat, almost feminine looking base of his well-secured cock. When it came time to shave his chest, he looked

like he was going to protest, but an 'accidental' nick that brought a drop of blood to his nipple silenced that.

"How are those legs doing?" Becky asked? She reached out and tickled him behind the knee. As Jason gasped and stifled a giggle, she quickly snapped a few photos with her camera. "I bet they're really sore, just aching for a little relief, am I right?"

Too afraid to respond, Jason bit back another laugh and nodded.

Until he saw what she held in her other hand.

That was when he began blubbering. "No, no, no. I'm not wearing those. You can't make me."

"Silly boy." She set the shiny pink, thigh-high stiletto-heeled boots on the floor next to him. "You can't stop me." With him hanging the way he was, his toes just touching the floor, it was an easy job to slip his feet into the boots. Zipping them up was a whole different story, requiring a lot of tugging and squeezing and squishing, but by the time Heather was ready for the next step, she was done.

"Oh, that look suits you." Heather snapped a few pictures of her own.

Quickly, Becky slid a hand up along his ribcage and tickled his armpit. He bit his lip until it turned blue, but finally exploded in a fit of laughter that she caught on camera.

While he twisted and gasped and tried to get his breath, she grabbed the most important piece of their transformation ensemble and just held it up before her, waiting for him to notice.

“What the hell is that?” His heels made a delicious clicking sound as he danced around in his restraints, trying to find his balance.

“This,” Heather told him, “is a corset. More specifically, a steel-boned, shelf-bra corset.”

“Oh my god, you’re going to need so much help with that.” Becky stepped in to help hold the corset while Heather began the intricate process of lacing up the back. It seemed to take forever, but that just made the torture that much more exquisite.

“Good to go?” Becky smiled at the nod of ascent from her sister.

“Then let me get things started.”

She reached between his legs and gave his cock a hard slap. When he gasped, Heather tugged on the corset laces. “Again,” she said.

This time, as Becky slapped and Jason gasped, she began tightening them from the bottom up.

Slap. Gasp. Cinch.

Slap. Wheeze. Pull.

“Hold on a second.” Heather dug her fingers into the boy’s ass and pulled down. When he shrieked, she did it again, grabbing handfuls of flesh and freeing them from the confines of the corset.

Becky peeked around behind and her eyes went wide. “Oh my god!

He’s got ass! Booty! The boys are so going to want to hit that!”

“Don’t I know it.” With a grin, Heather returned her hands to the laces. “Let’s keep going.”

Slap. Pant. Yank.

Over and over again.

“Now, this is the best part.” Heather had Becky hold the shelf bra in place as she grabbed handfuls of fat boy’s chest and tugged then upwards.

Jason squealed like a pig, while Becky’s eyes just kept getting bigger. By the time Heather was done tugging, their captive had generous C-cup breasts resting atop the shelf of the corset.

“He’s got tits!” Becky howled with laughter as she quickly stepped in to paint the insides with adhesive. She held the twin mounds of flesh in her hands, giggling as they jiggled, until it was time to press them together. “There! Perfect cleavage!”

“You know . . .” Heather backed away, then held up one hand to block out Jason’s face. “From the waist down, with those tits, that waist, that smooth pussy, and those boots, he makes a pretty hot girl.” She lowered her hand, then quickly raised it again with a grimace. “Put a bag over his head and I’d fuck her.”

“So that’s it?” Becky didn’t look impressed.

“Hell, no.” Her sorority sister pointed to the plastic totes lined up along the wall. “You check out the wigs, see what you like, and I’ll take care of makeup.”

♥ ♥ ♥

It was two-and-a-half hours later before they were finally finished.

“So, what do you think?” Jason’s jaw dropped lower with each photo as Heather scrolled through the pics they had taken. “A pretty little slut, aren’t you?” she teased. “Just made to be dominated.”

He'd felt every single thing they'd done to him, could feel the weight of femininity clinging to him like an ill-fitting second skin, but to see it was something else entirely. The weight on his head was revealed to be a long blonde wig with pink-frosted pigtails framing his face. The uncomfortable shroud around his eyes he could now see was a combination of extreme eyelash extensions and thick eyeshadow.

"Why are you doing this?" He was almost sobbing. The weight, the feel, the taste of lipstick on his lips was worse than anything else.

"Whatever I've done, I'm sorry. Please, I've learned my lesson."

"These," she told him, "are my favorites."

Jason's eyes nearly popped out of his head when he saw the selection of photos in which he appeared to be smiling . . . laughing .

. . . enjoying himself! "You crazy bitches!" Realization dawned on him.

"That's why you kept tickling me?"

"Yup." Becky sidled up to him and ran her hands down his cleavage.

"That was my idea."

"Nobody will ever believe it." He shook his head in denial. "Smiles or not. There's no way anybody will ever believe I was a willing participant to this."

"Oh, when we're done, there will be no question." Heather led Becky around behind him. No matter how he twisted, he couldn't see what they were doing. "Photos only tell half the story. The video we're about to record? That's going to put you over the top."

Jason was sweating. He could hear muffled conversation and giggles, along with the sound of material rustling and metal straps jingling. He had no idea what they were up to, but none of it sounded good. If only there were some way to free himself, but they'd strung

him up well. His boots barely touched the ground, and his hands were bound together above his head, dangling from the ceiling.

He was helpless.

“Whoa!” Suddenly, all that tension was gone. He fell forward, stumbling and staggering in the unfamiliar heels, only to be stopped by the restraints again. This time, it was a slower, more gradual easing of the tension, but with his arms still pulled up behind his back. Just when he thought he couldn’t take the pressure on his shoulders any longer, a pair of hands grabbed him by the waist and wiggled him backward, one awkward high-heeled step at a time.

By the time they were done, he was just as bound and restrained as before, but with his torso parallel to the floor, his tits hanging down, and his ass high in the air. It was a scene he’d seen before, and that scared him because he knew what came next.

“Practice time, bitch.” Heather came sauntering out of the shadows with an impossibly thick purple dildo bouncing from the harness around her waist. “We’re going to loosen you up a bit.”

Becky danced out of the shadows next to her, a long, slender pink dildo poking straight out from her own harness. “And you’re going to beg us to do it.”

“What?” He tried to pull back, but there was nowhere he could go.

“No fucking way. This has gone on long enough. You bitches seriously need to let me go.”

“It’s like this,” Heather told him. “We can lube you up, loosen you up, get you ready for the boys . . .”

“Or,” Becky added, “we can just throw you to them, as-is, and see how well you do at taking the real thing.” She made a show of stroking her hard, rubber cock. “Hard and dry,” she threatened,

“inside your tight little holes.”

“What is it your books all say?” Heather held a finger to her lips, like she was trying to remember something, but he could see the cold calculation in her eyes. “You’ll come around, once you feel the touch of a real man? That you’ll learn to like it?”

“We’re really doing you a favor.” The girls had stepped so close that he couldn’t see their faces anymore, just the jelly dildos staring menacingly back at him. “It’s more than the girls in your torture porn get, and more, I’m sure, than you’ve ever given thought to in your sick little fantasies.”

Heather slapped the purple dildo across his face, first one cheek, then the other. “Beg for it,” she whispered. “Tell me how much you want it.” He felt the rubbery head bounce against his lips. “Make me believe it, bitch, or Becky really is going to go in dry.”

The feel of the other dildo slapping down between his butt cheeks drove the reality of the situation home.

This was going to happen.

Whether he wanted it to or not.

But he wasn’t going down without a fight.

He was a man! He was the Alpha! These broads may have been confused, acting out their dyke fantasies on him, but it was time to stand up tall and put an end to it.

“No, I fucking won’t,” she snarled. “This has gone on far enough! If you don’t let me down, right now, there’s going to be hell to pay.” It was hard to look menacing in his position, so he forced every ounce of venom into his voice. “Let me go,” he demanded, “or I swear to God I’ll make you pay.”

“That’s how it’s going to be, is it?” Heather shoved her dildo against his lips. He had to seal them shut to keep her out, which meant he couldn’t say anymore.

“Goody! I was hoping it’d go this way.” From behind, he felt the other dildo being pressed hard against his ass.

He tried to wiggle away, to walk forward, but the bitches had him trapped. There was nowhere he could go, nothing he could do to stop this.

But he could be a man. He could take it. Own it. Not let it break him.

“Do him, Becky. Fuck the bitch.”

On cue, the dildo behind him stabbed into his ass.

Hardly enough to even spread his asshole, but enough to break him.

“P-p-p-p-please,” he whispered.

“I can’t hear you!”

“Fuck my face,” he whimpered. “I . . . I want to suck your dildo.”

“What’s that?” The dildo traced a line around his lips. “I think you made a mistake. As far as you’re concerned, this is a cock. Now, let me hear you say it.”

“Fine! I want your cock!” he screamed. “I need it in my mouth!” There were tears of humiliation in his eyes. “Please,” he begged, “fuck me!”

“You’ve got it, bitch.”

Jason gasped in surprise as the fake cock slipped past his lips. It tasted like rubber, and felt weirdly firm against his tongue, but it wasn’t the worst thing in the world. She paused, giving him a chance to adjust, to breathe, before pressing further.

It didn't take long before the pressure on the back of his tongue made him start to gag.

"Get it good and sloppy," Heather advised. "Let your saliva build, and don't swallow. Give me a good, sloppy blowjob."

She was right. That made it easier. Somehow, it was even more humiliating to feel the drool running down his chin, but the gag reflex was relaxing. It helped some that the smell of her pussy was overpowering that of the rubber cock, but he still choked when she

slammed into the hilt. He worried his lips were going to split from the girth of the cock, but he was doing it.

And that's when he noticed something. Her thrusts were changing, becoming more deliberate as she undulated before him. When he realized it was the musk of her arousal was getting sharper, that the dampness of her pussy was making as much noise as his sloppy blowjob, he shuddered in . . . well, something approaching pleasure.

It was weird. It was fucked up. It was a perversion of roles, but her arousal was turning him on. Dressed as he was, bound as he was, with a fake cock fucking his throat and another held at bay against his ass, he was responsible for this woman's sexual arousal . . . and he kind of liked that.

Suddenly, dildo withdrew from his mouth. He barely had time to catch a desperate breath as she shoved the harness down around her ankles and buried his face between her legs. "Eat me," Heather moaned. "Fuck me with that cock-sucking tongue and finish me." Her hands grabbed hold of his head and pulled him tight. "Make me come!"

There was no resisting. Jason licked at the folds of her wet pussy, lapping up her juices. This was a moment he'd only dreamed of. A virgin in all ways that counted, he'd never gotten any closer to a wet pussy than a pair of dirty panties. He knew he was being used. He

knew he was being dominated. He knew he was the bitch in this situation, and he struggled to remember why that was so wrong.

Jason knew he had a choice to make, and it was an obvious one. He cast aside everything he'd been told by all the other fat, lonely losers. He chose to deny every ounce of incel bullshit that had been poured into the raw, gaping wounds left by humiliation and denial, and let the lust of this woman before him cleanse those wounds once and for all.

He thrilled to the way she used him, the way she was selfishly, joyously riding his face to orgasm. The feel of her swollen clit rubbing against his nose was sheer ecstasy, and when she finally settled low enough for him to do so, he latched on and sucked it.

Just like a little cock.

And that was okay, because he could hear how much she enjoyed that. She screamed in orgasm, and he felt a blissful satisfaction that was like nothing else.

He did that.

He made her come.

That orgasm?

That was all him!

"Are you done?" The voice from behind him made him jump. He'd almost forgotten all about Becky. "It's my turn, but I need to hear it."

The pressure against his asshole was still there. "Beg for it, bitch, and maybe I'll give you a little lube."

Jason was frozen with indecision. He was still riding the high of Heather's orgasm, finding it hard to concentrate on the idea of what Becky was threatening, but he knew this was different. If sucking

Heather's dildo had been a test, then accepting Becky's inside him was a fucking final exam.

Sucking a fake cock was one thing. Really, it had been no different from sucking her clit – except her clit had been way, way, way better.

But this? Taking a fake cock inside his ass? Could he do that? Could he take that inside him?

He realized he didn't have a choice, but that wasn't what decided him. No, it was the suspicion that she would enjoy it just as much as Heather had.

Just like that, a final trigger flipped in his mind, turning from how wrong he'd been about the sexes to how right these women were.

He was fucking enlightened, and he didn't give a shit what people might think about that.

"Fuck me." The words slipped out of him before he knew he was even going to open his mouth. "Fuck me with that beautiful cock." He wiggled his ass as best he could, given his restraints. "Ride me," he begged, surprised to find he meant it. "Use me like a bitch and –"

He gasped at the feel of something cold and wet being poured over his ass. He felt the dildo slide through the smooth, slippery liquid, drawing it back to pool around his asshole.

"I could give you some advice," Becky hissed, "but I want this to hurt, at least a little bit."

He cried out, a wordless howl of shock and agony, as the head of the dildo quickly, almost brutally popped inside. It burned like nothing he'd ever felt before. He wiggled and jerked against his restraints, but it was no use. He was impaled on a pretty sorority girl's pink cock, and there was nothing he could do about it.

"How's it feel to be my bitch?"

“It hurts,” he cried. He couldn’t to this. He was wrong. This was too much. “It’s too big,” he pleaded. “Please, take it out.”

“Yeah, that’s what she said!” Heather’s joke, as unexpected as it was, proved a welcome distraction. Jason breathed deeply of the wet pussy before him and used it to center himself. “Just relax,” she told him. “Push back, bear down on her cock like you’re trying to force it out.”

He did as she suggested. It helped, for a moment, until he was punished with two more inches of the dildo inside him. “Oh, fuck! Too much, too much! Take it out!”

This time, the two women were in perfect sync. “That’s what she said!” they exclaimed together.

Fortunately, Becky did withdraw. He moaned in relief as her rubber cock slipped out with an audible pop, leaving his ass gaping and raw.

This time, when she poured the lube, it ran right inside him.

Jason couldn’t help but be reminded of those open wounds. This was just one more to be filled, but it would be filled the right way. Her way.

This time, the passage of the pink dildo inside him was less painful and more just uncomfortable. He groaned and gasped, but the intrusion was bearable.

“Oh, that’s a good little bitch. Take it, take it all.” He felt Becky pull the dildo out, and then press it back inside. Out, and in, slowly, ever so slowly, deeper each time. “Almost there.” Again, out, then in.

“Bear down, bitch. Let. Me. In!”

Jason jumped as he felt it. When she buried herself to the hilt, something about her angle changed. He felt something, a weird sort

of quivering pleasure. He clenched down in surprise, and her next stroke felt even better.

“What’s going on?” His eyes were bulging out of his head in surprise.

“Why does that feel so weird?”

“Because you’re a good little bitch.” Becky began fucking him harder, pulling all the way back, until just the head of her dildo was inside him, and then plunging back into the hilt. “Because you were made

to be fucked,” she said, “just like all those comic book bitches of your fantasies.”

He could hear the excitement in her voice and it slowly eroded the humiliation he was feeling, along with the pain. She was getting off on fucking him, and he could only imagine how she must be feeling with the dildo pressing back against her sex, rubbing and grinding her towards orgasm.

“Fuck me,” he begged, his voice cracking with the strain. “Use me.

Ride me.”

“I’m going to cum so hard,” Becky promised, “but not until you do.”

He didn’t understand how that could be possible, especially with his cock glued between his legs, but he suspected it had something to do with the sensations he was feeling inside. Ripples of pleasure were spreading through his body with each penetration, making him push back against her, hopefully hastening her orgasm as well.

“Oh, this is so fucking hot.” Suddenly, Heather turned before him, her ass rubbing against his face. “Lick my asshole while she fucks yours,” she urged. “Stick that tongue as deep inside me as Becky has her cock inside you.”

That was gross. He couldn’t do that. And yet he was. He was high on endorphins and he could still smell, still taste her sex. He poked his

tongue out and wiggled it inside the hot rosebud of her ass. She tasted like musk and spice. It wasn't entirely unpleasant.

"Might as well get used to that taste," Becky groaned between thrusts, "because . . . because . . . oh, fuck, never mind what I said, I can't hold off any longer!"

Jason felt her thrusts become even more frantic and furious. She wasn't riding him, she was masturbating herself with the cock inside his ass. Her nails dug into his ass as she screamed. His face

pressed deeper into the ass before him. He felt so close, so close to orgasm himself, so close to a weirdly impossible explosion, but was ultimately denied.

Becky slipped out of his ass, either exhausted or satiated or both, from what he could hear in her breathless panting.

Stunned by all that had happened and longing for that release he'd been so close to achieving, he was grateful for the restraints, which allowed him to collapse without falling to the floor. Exhausted, he let his head hang down and wondered what was next.

♥ ♥ ♥

Heather settled down and motioned for Becky to join her. Laying head to head, they looked up into the sissy's exhausted face, their bodies forming a t-shape with his shadow on the dungeon floor.

Jason looked twice as tired as she felt, and yet – oddly, bizarrely – nearly as happy.

"So," she said, new plans spooling in her mind, "it seems I may have misjudged you. Tell me, Jason. Honestly. Did you enjoy serving us?

Submitting to us? Playing the sissy beta to a pair of female Alphas."

His cheeks red with embarrassment and rouge, Jason nodded.

“Interesting.” She pursed her lips. “Let’s forget about the blackmail for a second, although we’ve got plenty of material for that.” Her chuckle was a thoughtful one. “I think you can do better. What would you say to a job?”

“I . . . I think I might like that,” he said, “but I’d like to ask for a favor.”

Becky blinked in surprise. “And what might that be?”

“I don’t want to be Jason anymore,” he told them. “You’ve opened more than just my ass.”

Heather grinned. “Oh, the boy has a sense of humor!”

He nodded. “It’s amazing what happens when you allow yourself to be pulled out of all that toxic macho incel bullshit.”

“Wow, we’re suddenly sounding rather enlightened.” Becky reached up to pinch one of his nipples. “It wouldn’t have anything to do with these, would it?” she asked. “Or maybe the way I fucked your ass-pussy so hard, you forgot you had a dick?”

He reddened even further. “It, um, wasn’t really much of a dick to begin with.”

Shocked by his admission, the two girls laughed.

“I think we can accommodate that.” Heather reached up to trace his – rather, her – sloppy, smeared lipstick with a finger. “Welcome to Phi Delta Mu, pledge Jasmine. Work hard, fuck hard, help us save our sorority, and maybe – just maybe – we’ll take you all the way.”

Oh, this was going to work out so much better than she’d hoped.

Never mind the renovations, the new girl was going to make them enough to put in a pool!

To Be Continued

Teri and Sandra

“Teri! You getting ready?”

“Yeah, I’m trying stuff on! I’m almost done.”

Teri Servin was in the middle of choosing an outfit when she heard her roommate, Sandra, coming up the stairs of the house towards her room. She had meant to have a dress already picked out for the party tonight but she was so indecisive. Right now, she was dressed up in a slinky black dress with shoulder straps. It fell down to her upper thigh but there was a bit of a slit on one side to show off her long, toned legs. She turned her body to look at herself from different angles. When Sandra walked into her room through the open door, she saw her jaw drop.

“You look amazing,” said Sandra. “I’m going to look so dumpy next to you.”

“Don’t be ridiculous,” said Teri. She saw Sandra’s exasperated expression behind her in the mirror and she couldn’t help but laugh. “You’re being too self-conscious; you seriously look fine. And you should probably hurry up and get dressed so that we’re not too late. It’s already past nine ‘o’ clock.”

“Are any of the other girls coming?” asked Sandra.

“I think so,” said Teri. “A few of them. Everyone seems to still be hungover from last night’s party.”

“Yeah, two in a row in a little rough,” said Sandra smiling. “But I’m down for whatever, you know that. And I’m sure you’ve heard that Brandon Crane’s going to be there.”

Teri tossed her brown hair over her shoulder, raising an eyebrow. Brandon was the president of Alpha Kappa Sigma and a guy she had had her eye on for a while. Neither she nor Sandra actually really knew Brandon, they just knew *of* him. They had run into each

other in different parties, and Teri was particularly sure that Brandon had noticed her. How could he not? Unfortunately, he wasn't single, but that had never really stopped her before. "Really?"

she asked. "I thought he wasn't much of a party guy after he started dating that girl from Epsilon Chi. Didn't she think that parties were a bad look for them since they were a couple?" She wrinkled her nose as she said the name of the rival sorority.

"I heard that they broke up," said Sandra.

Now Teri was intrigued. "When was this? I didn't see anything about it online?"

"It's just a rumor at this point," she said. "I've been hearing people talk about it. I'm not sure, though. I guess we'll find out."

"Well," said Teri, turning back to the mirror. "Let's make sure to look as hot as possible to get his attention."

"Can I borrow something of yours for tonight?"

Teri allowed her to peruse through the closet as she did her make up. She didn't wear much, but she liked to accentuate her eyes with a bit of mascara and eyeliner and add a bit of rouge color to her lips. She liked to curl the edges of her hair when going out, just to give it a bit of volume. She liked to let her natural beauty shine through. Sandra was the opposite, and started watching a video make-up tutorial on her phone as she plastered her face with a layer of bright and bold colors. It worked for her, though, and she liked the attention it got her.

The girls started finished getting ready, and very soon both of them were looking perfectly delectable. There was a reason they were so popular in the university's Greek world. They were gorgeous, both of them with slim waists, perky breasts, and long fit legs. They were bombshells. They grabbed their purses and left.

The party was at the Alpha Kappa Sigma house, a large white structure with white columns and a brick walkway in the front. As they crossed the front lawn, they could hear the bass of the music of the sound of chatter coming from the other side of the open door.

The party was still in its early stages when the girls came in.

They were greeted by a few familiar faces, but most of them were unknown. Teri walked across the living room with Sandra following her, both girls making sure to not look phased as everyone's eyes were on them.

Teri was always amused by the way people would let their eyes linger on her figure. —the men's filled with restrained lust and the women's filled with tinges of jealousy. Sandra nudged her friend in the arm with her elbow knowingly. They walked into the kitchen where there was some food laid out on the table and counter, and a huge plastic bowl filled with a pinky-orange jungle juice.

"Classy," muttered Teri under her breath. She picked up a red solo cup and dipped it in, filling her cup only partly. Sandra followed suit and they both took a sip of the concoction. It was nothing but pure alcohol and sugar.

They walked around, mingling a little bit and taking to some of the people that they knew. The party was overrun with girls from rival sororities, and Teri couldn't help but be annoyed.

"Ok, so where is Brandon?" asked Teri in a whisper after an hour went by. "Doesn't he live here?"

"He does live here," said Sandra, looking over her shoulder at the door as she took a sip from her drink. "I don't know where he is right now. But I've got my eye on some of these other eligible bachelors. They can't all be taken. Come on, let's mingle with some of the guys."

Before Teri could say anything, Sandra hooked her arm around Teri's and pulled her back towards the living room where there was music playing and more people were congregated.

Thankfully, someone from their sorority had come to the party, and jumped into their conversation.

Sandra drank the too-sweet jungle juice, doing her best to care about anything that was being said around her. She always found these parties a bit boring, and was really just coming to keep up with the joneses. As sorority president of Phi Delta Mu, she had to show that she could be fun and sociable.

Just then, she heard a swell of voices coming from the front door, and she turned her head to see the commotion. Her jaw dropped when she saw Brandon Crane walked through the door, surrounded by a posse of his friends. He was devastatingly handsome, even if he wasn't the buffest of guys. He was tall and

with a thin frame, and dark hair that curled slightly in the front, and a wide smile. But the best thing about him was that there wasn't a woman on his arm.

Teri poked Sandra discreetly. Sandra turned around, and she let out a small gasp when she saw him. "Fuck, he's hot," she said.

"He definitely looks like he's single."

"He most certainly does," says Teri. He looked absolutely delectable.

"We should share him," said Sandra.

Teri laughed. "I wish."

"No seriously," said Sandra. "We should share him. There's no way that he would say no to either one of us, and he definitely won't say no to *both* of us. And look, he's standing right next to some guys that we know. Let's go talk to them and get them to introduce us."

Teri looked back at Brandon, who was surrounded by people at this point—many of them being girls. It was obvious that he wasn't being shy about flirting. With a drink in hand, he seemed to have his attention enraptured by a brunette wearing an absolutely gaudy dress that showed off most of her breasts.

"Fine," said Teri with a small giggle. "But you make the first move. I'll be your wing-woman."

"Works for me," said Sandra with a smile. She made her way across the room, and quite brazenly interrupted the conversation that Brandon was having. Teri was right behind her, absolutely thrilled.

Sandra was a good flirt. Instead of going straight to Brandon, she went to the guys that she did know, striking up a conversation with them.

It didn't take long for Brandon to notice the girls. He slowly made his way over to them, his gaze following them. Finally, he came up to them, and it seemed as if he couldn't figure out which girl to look at first.

"This is Sandra," said the guy the girls they were talking to.

"And this—" he motioned to Teri, "This is Teri. They're both in Phi Delta Mu. Teri's actually the president."

"Yeah, I've seen you guys around," said Brandon. "But I don't think we've met. It's nice to meet you." He stretched out his hand and gave each girl a handshake, something that felt overly formal at a college party. But when he grasped Teri's hand, he held it a little longer than she anticipated. Her eyes caught his, and she could tell that he had an interest in her.

"I need another drink," he said. "How about you girls?"

"I could get a refill," said Teri.

“You girls seem like you need something a bit better than the mix my boys made,” he said. “I’m sure we’ve got spritzers somewhere.”

“That would be great,” said Teri, flashing him her best smile.

He led the girls into the kitchen. There were more people in the house now, and everyone seemed to be watching them. He opened up the fridge and pulled out the thin, low-calorie wine drinks that the girls were more used to drinking. The girls took the drinks and Brandon took no time in getting to know them better.

Teri knew that Brandon would be a bit full of himself—all sorority guys were a little self-centered. But Brandon was one of those guys that thought he was at the center of the world. Every word that came out of his mouth was a brag, even if it was something that wasn’t worth bragging about. It became clear that he had really only become president of his fraternity because of how much money he had. His family’s money is apparently what kept the frat and all of its expensive tastes afloat. Besides money and looks, however, there wasn’t a lot of substance there. In fact, when the conversation shifted to his ex-girlfriend, he started to talk about how much of “crazy bitch” she was, and made sure to do it loud enough so that everyone could hear.

At first glance, he seemed to be the typical macho frat guy.

Yet, something about him seemed different. It was as if he was compensating for something, or hiding something. Teri’s mind wandered, and she couldn’t help but notice a few things about him that were a bit interesting to say the least. He had a tendency to flip his hands down with a limp wrist when he laughed, and he would stick out his hip a little in a girlish way. Of course, these little things

didn’t automatically mean anything, but it got her thinking about the fun she and the other girls in her sorority had with a sissy boy. She already had a plan forming in her mind. She glanced at Sandra, and gave her a knowing smile.

“You know, I meant to tell you earlier,” said Brandon, lowering his voice and leaning closer to them, the smell of liquor emanating from his mouth. “But you ladies are probably the hottest ones at this party right now.”

“Oh, yeah?” asked Sandra.

“Yeah, for sure,” he said, his eyes fixated on their breasts.

“And I heard a little rumor about Phi Delta Mu girls.”

“Really?” asked Teri. “What was it?”

“I heard that you guys are always down to get fucked,” he said, his lips curling up into a shrewd smile. “Is that true? Are either of you guys down to smash?”

Teri did everything to not wince at his coarse words. She looked at Sandra then back at him, smiling sweetly, bending over the kitchen island counter slightly so that her cleavage looked even more enticing. “Well,” she said. “Lucky for you, Sandra and I are so close that we do everything together. *Everything*.” As she put an emphasis on the last word, she reached out and put her hand on Sandra’s arm.

It would have taken a fool to not understand what she was trying to say, and Brandon wasn’t *that* much of a fool. “Well, my room’s upstairs,” he said with a grin, his eye bright with the prospect of having two gorgeous women to have sex with at the same time.

“We can go have a little fun.”

“Here?” she said, feigning concern. “If we go upstairs together the gossip is going to be ridiculous.”

“I don’t care about that,” he said. “And why are you so sure that I don’t want the gossip? I don’t mind everyone knowing that I got to bang two gorgeous girls at the same time.”

Teri smiled. She had him right where she wanted him. She took Sandra's hand as Brandon led them down the hallway and up a set of stairs. There were a few people that noticed, but most people were too busy focused on getting more intoxicated.

"So, you got the same vibe from him too, right?" said Sandra.

"Yep," said Teri. "I think he'll be perfect for us to experiment with. I think that we should force him to come back to our house."

Sandra could barely conceal her excitement. Like Teri, she was looking forward to the next opportunity to transform a guy into a perfect little sissy for her to do whatever she wanted with.

When they got to the top of the stairs, Brandon led them to the furthest room in the hallway. He opened the door and let them into the darkened room first, then slipped inside, turning on the light so that he could lock the door behind him. The girls looked around the bachelor's room--it was neat for the most part, there were just a couple of old beer cans on the bedside table, and a bit of laundry strewn about. There was a bathroom attached, and its door had been left open slightly.

The girls sat on the edge of the bed and Brandon came up in front of them, grinning like a school boy. "Fuck, you guys are so hot,"

he said as he started to unbutton his shirt. "So, you guys do everything together huh? What happens when one of you wants to masturbate?"

"Well," said Teri. "Let's show you." Teri leaned close to Sandra and pressed her lips against her friend's and started to kiss her.

Sandra kissed back, and they opened their mouths to let their tongues dance against each other. Teri's brought her hand up to Sandra's chest her hand tugging down her dress so she could curl her fingers around her breast and tug at it slightly. By the time they

pulled away, Brandon was clearly turned on. He had taken off his shirt and started to take off his pants.

Just then, something caught Teri's eye. Sticking out from underneath the pile of laundry, was an unmistakable shimmer. It was a piece of clothing with spaghetti strap type top. It looked like a dress. Suddenly, she remembered that Brandon was only newly single. His ex would have been bound to have left some of her things there.

"Why don't you come give us a kiss?" she said, just as Brandon took off his pants. She spread open her legs and pulled the

front hem of her dress up to expose her lacy, black underwear. "A kiss right here?"

Brandon moaned softly and finished pulling off his pants and tossing them aside. He knelt down in front of Teri and moved his head to be in between her legs, running his legs gently up and down the inside of her thigh. He pulled her panties aside, and began to lick her with gusto, moaning as he did.

Teri moaned as well, putting a hand on the back of Brandon's head as he pleased her, pushing her head in further. She looked up at Sandra and, while Brandon was preoccupied, she tilted her head towards his discarded pants.

Sandra knew exactly what she was talking about. There was a belt on the pants. Sandra got up nonchalantly and walked over to them, grabbing them up quickly and pulling off the belt. Brandon didn't notice, focusing entirely on licking up Teri's juices from her swollen pussy.

"You look so good doing that," said Sandra, sitting by him with his belt. "You're making me so horny."

"Yes, keep fucking licking me," moaned Teri. "Just like that—
fuck!"

Brandon was so into it, he barely cared when he felt Sandra moving her hands down his legs. Quickly, Sandra wrapped the belt around his ankles, but once she did that, he started to get concerned. His head bolted up, and he tried to turn himself around.

Teri quickly grabbed his head and turned it back, shoving his face into her cunt. "You're not done yet," she said as sweetly as she could. "You still haven't made me cum."

"Wait," said Brandon, pulling his head away again. "What are you doing?"

But by this point, Sandra had pulled the belt into a tight knot around his ankles forcing them into immobility.

Brandon tried to stand up, clearly panicking. "What the fuck?"

Get me the hell out of this!" He reached his hand down to try and pull himself out of the contraption, but he couldn't bend himself far back enough to pull off the belt.

"We're just having some fun," said Teri, quickly, redirecting his attention. "Keep eating me out." She pulled her dress up and over her head, taking it off completely. Brandon stayed in his kneeling position, looking up at her with wide eyes as she started to unhook her bra. He felt conflicted—unsure of why these girls had decided to tie him up like this, but desperately wanting to keep eating her out.

Sandra sat down next to Teri and wrapped an arm around her and reached a hand over to pull down the fabric of her bra, revealing Teri's hard nipple. "Don't you want to keep tasting her?"

"I do want to," he said. "But not with this around me."

"But this is how we like it," said Sandra. "If you want to fuck us, that's what you have to do."

"Alright," he said. "Fine. But first I want a blowjob. From both of you. I want you guys to take turns."

The girls looked at each other for a moment but then, they agreed. "Sandra why don't you go first?"

With some difficulty, he stood up and Sandra knelt in front of him and he yanked down his boxers and pulled out his hard cock. It was much smaller than the girls had expected, and they both had to bite their lip to not snicker. Sandra opened her mouth, and Brandon sunk his cock in between her lips. He started groaning with pleasure right away, and as he pounded himself into her mouth, Teri walked around behind him to where the pile of laundry was, and snagged the shiny dress from underneath it. With a little bit of extra quick digging, she was able to find another pair of pants with the belt left in the loop. She pulled that out as well.

Brandon was completely oblivious to all this. Sandra was working her mouth up and down the length of his rod and she had allowed her to pull up her hair to place her head at a better angle.

Teri came up behind him, rubbing his shoulder. He turned his head to kiss her, teasing her lips open with his tongue. Slowly, so that he would realize what she was doing, she brought his hands down to be behind him. She gently brought his wrists together and before he could realize what was happening, she had them tied up.

"What are you doing?" Brandon said in a yelp, pulling his dick out of Sandra's mouth. With a smile, Teri stood back, watching Brandon wildly try to get himself out of the belt. But it was impossible

—now his wrists and ankles were tied up. Sandra immediately grabbed her purse from the foot of the bed and opened it up, pulling out a cell phone and filming his antics. Both girls started to laugh.

"Delete whatever it is you're doing!" he said. He was hopping up and down, desperately trying to take his arms and legs out of their binds.

"I don't think I will," said Sandra. "I think it would be really fun to send this video out to your ex girlfriend."

"No!" he said. "Please, no!"

"Alright, then," she said. "But you'll have to do everything we ask you do to."

"Why?" he asked desperately.

"We told you," said Teri. "We like to have a little bit of fun. You were having fun, weren't you?"

"I was," he said. "But I didn't know how crazy you guys would be."

Teri laughed at that. "We're not crazy," she said. "Believe me, you're going to enjoy what we do to you. We noticed that you're a bit more in touch with your feminine side than other guys are."

"F-feminine side?" Brandon glanced down at the dress in Teri's hand.

"Yes," said Teri stepping forward. "So, I don't think that you'll mind this at all."

"Wait, what are going to do to me?" Brandon was still squirming, his head shifting back and forth and he looked at each girl, his face in complete disbelief.

"You're going to hold still," said Teri. "So that we can dress you up in this cute dress you've got here."

"That's not mine!" he said. "That's my ex's!"

"I'm sure it is," said Teri. "But wouldn't it look so cute on you? I think so, don't you, Sandra?"

"I think he would look lovely," said Sandra, smiling. She put down her phone, stopping the filming for a second, but quickly tapping out a text with the video attached. "I've just sent this picture to Cindy

Cooke, the Phi Delta Mu president. If she finds out that you haven't obeyed every single word we've told you to do without complaint, she's going to send the video to everyone in the Greek world. So, I think it's in your best interest to follow along and enjoy the ride."

Brandon stared at her slack jawed, then mumbled something under his breath, shaking his head.

"Now," said Teri, holding up the dress. "We want to put you in this dress, but we need to take off all of this nasty manly hair that's all over your body. Let's go to the bathroom."

Teri and Sandra got up and walked towards the bathroom.

Brandon paused for a moment, still in disbelief as we watched these two half naked girls who had demanded that he do whatever they said to do. He looked towards the door of his bedroom, and for a brief moment, the thought of escaping and jumping out into the hallway.

But just at that moment, there was a loud knock at the door.

"Brandon! You in there, dude?"

Teri and Sandra turned around and Brandon smiled. "Yeah, I'm in here," he called back. Then, to the girls he said, "My friends are looking for me. I don't have time for this."

Teri and Sandra looked at each other then back at Brandon.

"Well then," said Teri. "Go ahead and open the door. I'm sure your guy friends won't make fun of you one bit for being naked and tied up while two girls told you what to do."

Brandon's face turned a deep shade of red. There was another knock on the door. "Brandon? You OK?"

Brandon looked back at the door and he quickly realized that if he went to open the door at this moment, he would never live this

embarrassment down, especially if the video of him was released.

He had no choice. He was going to have to follow along with whatever these girls were telling him to do. "I--I'm fine," he said out

to his friends on the other side of the door. "I'll be out in a bit; I'm kind of busy."

There was a bit of whooping laughter from his friends, and he knew that they probably thought that he was getting laid in there. He heard them leave and then he turned back to the girls who were staring at him with matching cocky smirks. He took a deep breath, and then nodded. "Fine," he said, softly.

"That's what we thought," said Teri. "Now, hurry up. Let's go."

The girls headed into the bathroom, and Brandon was left to hop and hobble his way inside after them. Teri turned on the light, illuminating the messy bathroom. Both girls made a face as they looked around them. Sandra gingerly put down the toilet seat, and she instructed Brandon to sit down on it. Teri began to dig through the medicine cabinet, and it wasn't long before she found a razor.

Brandon looked on with dread as he watched her run it under the water before bringing it down to his leg. With slow movements, she began to run it down his thigh, his dark leg hair coming off with the blade. After each stroke, she would put it back under the water to clean it off.

After fifteen minutes, both of his legs were completely clean-shaven. They had even made him stand up for a moment so that his butt could get shaved off. He thought that it might be the end of that, and to his surprise, Sandra began to undo the belt that was keeping his ankles together.

"Are you guys letting me go?" he asked, hopeful that they were done with him.

Teri laughed. "Absolutely not," she said. "We've just gotten started. Spread open your legs."

"Why?" Brandon asked in a stammer, eyeing the razor. "You aren't going to shave me down there, are you?"

"Do you remember what we told you?" asked Sandra, picking up her phone. "Do you want that video to get sent out to everyone?"

Brandon shook his head, saying nothing. With a frustrated sigh, he took off the boxers that had still been around his ankles and spread open his legs. His now flaccid cock and shrunken balls were

hanging free. Teri wet the razor again and got to work cutting away all of the hair, starting with the hair on his inner thigh. He watched, his face deep in blush, as he saw his body transforming. Very soon, hairless cock matched his balls.

"Doesn't it feel so much nicer that you're all smoothed out?"

asked Teri, rubbing her balls. The touch sent a shiver of pleasure up his spine, conflicting with his emotions. He was surprised by how good it actually did feel to have a hand run across his clean balls. He nodded miserably, hating himself for how much he enjoyed the feeling.

Satisfied, the girls tied his ankles together once again, and they continued to take the razor to shave off the hair on his stomach and chest. Then, they gave him a respite from having his hands tied behind his back, but it was only to raise his hands up to shave under his armpits and the hairiest part of his arms. Then they shaved off his stubble, leaving him as bald as a baby.

Finally, Teri was finished with the razor and set it back in the medicine cabinet. "We've got to do something with your hair," she said. "That crazy flop just isn't going to work." She pulled out the comb and ran it through his hair, creating a part on the side first then pulling the strands back into a more feminine style.

That's when Sandra took out her phone again and began to film. "You look so pretty," she said. "I can't wait to send this video to Cindy."

Brandon shifted uncomfortably, doing everything he could to not make eye contact with the camera. "You do have a pretty face,"

said Teri. "With your hair like this, you look so much like a girl. You could use some make up though. Hold on, let me get my purse."

"Make up?" stammered Brandon, looking up at her. "For me?"

"Of course, silly," going back to the bedroom and finding her purse. She came back and rummaged through it, then pulled out some of the essentials she always kept on hand—lipstick, a four-pan face palette, and some mascara. "Sandra, do you have anything?"

"I've got some extra blush," said Sandra, putting her phone down and opening up her purse. "Ooh, and some gloss."

"Why are you doing this?" asked Brandon. "I don't want that on my face!"

"Sit quietly," said Teri firmly. "You'll like this. This will make you look just like pretty girl you've been hiding in the inside."

"I'm not hiding anything," he mumbled, casting his eyes downwards.

"Yeah, right," said Sandra. "We could tell just by looking at you that you're secretly dying to be a sissy." She picked up her phone again and started to film. Teri opened up her palette and start picked up the sponge inside. It had four pans of color, two nude-toned and two with bolder, shimmery colors. Teri pushed a bit of the lighter nude color onto the sponge and began to paint Brandon's face, covering up the imperfections on his face and hiding any sign of a shadow on his chin.

Every brush of the sponge made Brandon's skin tingle. The make-up felt cool and creamy, and it actually felt sort of nice. His mind began to race as he cursed himself mentally for thinking anything positive about this situation. What am I even saying? He thought. I'm a guy, I'm not supposed to like wearing make-up. But the Teri's words didn't stop ringing through his mind. Did he have a secret yearning to be dressed as a girl?

Teri put down the sponge and dug her ring finger slightly into bold, shimmery peach color. "I think this would look very nice on you," she said to Brandon, giggling at the devastated look on his face. "Don't you think? Do you like it?"

Brandon started to shake his head, but the look on both of the girls' faces made him change it quickly to a nod. The girls smiled.

"We like it too," said Teri, and she began to paint the color onto his eyelid. "Close your eyes so we can make this look pop better."

Brandon did as she told him, his breath becoming heavier by the second as the panic really started to set in. He had been up here with the girls for such a long time. He could still hear the thumping of the bass downstairs, so he knew that there must have still been a good amount of people downstairs. All of the other guys in his

sorority that were at the party would be waiting for him, and he had no idea what else these girls had in store for him.

Teri finished one eye and moved the next, making a sweeping motion with her finger as she blended in the color. She finished off the eye look with mascara, carefully running the wand with the black liquid covering his eyelashes.

"I want to put the rest on," said Sandra, excitedly. She handed Teri the phone so that she could film and picked up the blush and lip materials. She opened up the blush and Brandon almost gasped at how pink it was. Sandra used two fingers to smear it all over the top of his cheeks, and then took the lipstick, a light red color, and painted

it over his lips. The last thing she did was cover his lips with the shiny, bright, lip gloss over the lipstick.

Brandon felt defeated. He just wanted this to be over. But when the girls ordered him to stand up to look at himself in the mirror, he was blown away by what he saw. His jaw dropped. He could barely recognize himself. His entire face had been transformed. He really did look like a girl. Every part of his manliness was hidden, and looking back at him was a woman.

“Now, let’s get your dress on,” said Teri. “You’re going to look so hot.”

Brandon barely resisted. The girls led him out of the bathroom and into the bedroom. They made him lift up his arms and they squeezed his body into the gold shimmery dress. The fabric stretched around him and the dress came down to his mid-thigh, and the girls squealed with delight as they made him spin around to see every angle of him.

“You had a nice curvy shape under all of those baggy guy clothes you wear,” said Sandra. “But you need some shoes.” She reached into her purse and pulled out her spare flats—the kind that curl up and are meant to wear after a long night out in heels.

“Why do I need shoes?” asked Brandon. Sandra didn’t say anything back, she just knelt down and made him step into the flats one by one. She had to stretch the shoes to fit his feet, and Brandon could barely walk in them. They were tight and uncomfortable.

“All right, you’ve had your fun,” he said bitterly as the girls continued to film him and take pictures of him. “Now, I’ve got to get back to my party. This has taken way too long.”

“Not so fast,” said Teri. “You’ve got to get some underwear on.

We’ve got to tuck your package. Even though it’s not very much.”

She laughed out loud at that and Sandra let out a snorting giggle.

Brandon's cheeks were enflamed with red at those words. He hardly even knew what to say, but he was thankful that the girls would be done with him soon. Teri pulled off her own underwear and dangled it in front of his face. "This are sure to make you feel extra girly," she said. She bent down and helped him step into each hole, then pulled them up, moving the dress out of the way so that she could make sure it fit snugly around his cock and balls.

Brandon felt his heartbeat get faster as Teri pulled up the soft, lace fabric against his smooth legs. It felt strangely nice, and he did his best to push those thoughts to the back of his head. The girls pulled his dress back down, then took a few more photos.

"I think we should give you a new name," said Teri. "I don't think Brandon serves you very well."

"I think your name should be Brandy," said Sandra, smiling.

"That's the perfect name. Why don't you tell the camera how much you like that name."

Brandon grunted something in agreement.

"That doesn't sound enthusiastic enough, Brandy," said Teri.

Brandon groaned. "Fine, fine," he said. "My name is Brandy and I...I love that name."

"There we go. All right, I think we're done here. Let's go back down. Sounds like the party is still going."

Brandon let out a sigh of relief. "Thank goodness," he said. He started to reach down to take off the uncomfortable shoes, but Sandra reached over and stopped her, putting her hand on his shoulder.

"You're not finished yet, sissy," she said. "Did you think we were going to let you go that easily?"

Brandon looked completely confused. “What do you mean?”

he said. “You guys did what you wanted to do, and now I’ve got to take this off.”

Teri laughed. “No, no,” she said. “You’re not taking this off.

You’ve got to keep your pretty clothes on so that everyone at the party can see.”

“Who? Whose seeing this?” Brandon felt his heart falling down to his stomach.

“Everyone downstairs,” said Teri. “Let’s go show you off.”

Brandon shook his head furiously. “No,” he said. “There’s no way. I’m not doing that.”

“Well,” said Teri sweetly. “You can choose not to, I guess. But then Sandra will have no choice but to make sure that the video of you dressed up like this sent out to everyone that you know.”

Brandon’s cheeks were flushed with a deep embarrassment, and he couldn’t figure out what to do. He was trapped. He was terrified that everyone would recognize him. As if she Sandra could read his mind, she said, “You look so much like a girl that nobody will recognize you. You’d better make sure to make sure that you’re convincing so that nobody finds out.”

Brandon took in deep breaths trying to get his bearings together as the girls opened the door to his room and led him outside. “You’d better make sure you’re playing the part,” said Sandra.

They made their way downstairs and he held his breath as he followed them back into the party. He was struggling to walk in the tight flats, but he knew that if he had to really act like a girl if he wasn’t going to be recognized. As soon as he walked into the kitchen, a bunch of eyes were on him—most of them from other guys

from his sorority. He was terrified that he would be recognized. But to his surprise, his vice president came up to him and asked him something that he wasn't expecting.

"I didn't see you come in," he said, his voice slightly slurring drunkenly. "You're a hottie."

Brandon didn't know what to say, but he felt himself blushing.

He was doing a better job at this than he thought. As he walked through the party, nobody knew it was him, and all the guys were looking at him as if they wanted to fuck him. For some reason, he felt himself reveling in this attention, and he barely noticed to where the girls were leading him.

Suddenly, he was at the open front door at the house, and they grabbed his hand and pulled him outside.

"Wait, wait," he said, looking behind him. "Where am I going?"

"With us," said Teri. "We're taking you back to the Phi Delta Mu house. Since you're Brandy now, we think you'll be better off hanging out with us instead of those silly frat guys."

"I can't just go with you!" said Brandon as he got dragged along the sidewalk towards the sorority house.

"You've already gotten this far," said Sandra. "And if I didn't know any better, I would think that you enjoyed it."

Brandon looked back one last time at the fraternity house where he was the president of, then looked forward at the sorority house where he was being taken. A bit of curiosity took him over, as he began to wonder what it is that they could have in store for him—

so he said nothing as the girls took him up the rest of the way, and he entered the Phi Delta Mu house with them.

TO BE CONTINUED

Danielle and Kristi

"That's out!" yelled Henry Shibata as he watched the tennis ball land on the clay surface of the tennis court.

"Bullshit," replied Danielle. "You lost."

"I didn't lose," replied Henry. "It was out."

Danielle was used to these antics from Henry. He was the only boy in an old money Japanese family and he was brilliant. His GPA was one film class away from a four-point and he still complained about that elective from freshman year. He was a good looking guy, but Danielle didn't think of him that way, particularly because of his arrogance.

"You lost and I'm not playing anymore," replied Danielle. "Yet again, I beat you."

"That's because you always cheat," said Henry, walking over to the net. Danielle was a cute girl. She wasn't overly muscular, but she was lean and athletic. Henry appreciated that she put up with him, but as he would never dream of bringing a black girl home to his parents, his flirtations with her veered into brattiness.

"Give it up, Henry," said Danielle. "You lost."

"Play me again, right now," demanded Henry.

"It's no fun to play with you when you whine and cheat," said Danielle. "You're a sore loser."

"One more game," said Henry.

"Maybe when you admit you lost the last one," said Danielle.

"I didn't," replied Henry adamantly.

As all the girls began to file out of the common room after enjoying the humiliation and emasculation of one of the creepier graduate students on campus, there was a certain buzz among the

sisters of the Phi Delta Mu sorority as they talked about what they had just witnessed. Kristi was particularly proud of her part in grabbing and restraining Roger Grace so that her friends could feminize him.

“Hey Kristi,” called out Danielle. “Do you want to partner up in recruiting our sissy?”

“That’d be great,” replied the self-described reformed bully. Kristi was a bit of an unusual girl. She was as tough as any guy, but she also was possibly the prettiest girl in the whole sorority. She was more comfortable in jeans or sweats, but on the rare occasions that she did put an effort into dressing up, there was no doubt that she was beautiful. “I’m afraid I don’t have any good candidates. I think we want a little wimp who will look precious in dresses, and I don’t know many guys like that.”

“I think I have a potential sissy,” said Danielle. “He’d be cute enough and he keeps trying to get me to play him in tennis. I guess the way I keep beating him is pissing him off.”

“Sounds like the kind of wimp I was talking about,” agreed Kristi excitedly.

“I’d love to get him in a tennis dress,” said Danielle.

“I bet we can and so much more,” said Kristi.

“I know where he’ll be,” replied Danielle. “Meet me at the student union at eleven tomorrow. We’ll make our move then.”

The next day was unseasonably warm. The sun was shining and it was a gorgeous spring day, about a month before DuPont ever saw spring days. Both Danielle and Kristi had just finished difficult

mornings, but had the afternoon free. It seemed like the perfect day to snag a sissy.

“There he is,” said Danielle, pointing across the union to a well-dressed Asian student in a white cricket sweater sipping tea and reading his biology book.

“Not quite as wimpy as I thought,” frowned Kristi.

“He’s maybe five-foot-eight instead of five-foot-five, but he has great legs and his face is perfect for this,” said Danielle.

“I’m sold. What do we do?” asked Kristi.

“Just back me up for now,” replied Danielle as she approached Henry.

“Hi Danielle,” greeted Henry nonchalantly, looking up from his text.

“Hey, Henry,” said Danielle, perching on the seat across from him. “It’s a beautiful day today.”

“Yeah, I guess it is,” replied Henry.

“I’m feeling like a game of tennis and I know you want a rematch,” began Danielle.

“You’re on,” said Henry. “Meet me at the courts at three.”

“It’s not that simple,” said Danielle, looking up at her sorority sister. “This is Kristi. She’s going to be our line judge.”

“Hi Kristi. But why can’t we just call that ourselves?” asked Henry.

“Because you’ll cheat and get upset like always happens,”

replied Danielle. “Kristi will make sure it’s fair.”

“She’s your friend,” protested Henry.

"If you want to play, I'm going to insist," said Danielle.

"Fine," replied Henry. "I'll still kick your ass."

"There's more," said Danielle. "If you lose the first set to me, you'll be playing the second set in a tennis dress."

"What?! Hard pass!" exclaimed Henry. "Let's just play normal."

"If you win, I'll wear whatever you want for the second set, you name it," said Danielle.

"A bet? You'd really bet me on a tennis game? You know that's my sport," said Henry. "I could make you wear anything I want."

"That's the plan," said Danielle. "Are you scared?"

"I'm not scared," replied Henry.

"I think you're scared," said Kristi.

"I'll show you how scared I am," said Henry. "Be there at three."

"I'll be waiting," replied Henry.

Danielle and Kristi had been waiting for about ten minutes when Henry arrived at three on the dot. He had a duffle bag in addition to the bag holding his racket. The smirk on his face told the girls, he had found a very embarrassing outfit for Danielle to wear if she lost the bet.

After a little stretching and warming up, the two competitors took the court. Danielle had a strategy. She knew that Henry's backhand was strong and he was fast in short bursts, but he didn't have much in the way of endurance. She set about making him run all over the court. This cost her a few points in the first set, but had the desired effect of wearing him out. Kristi called the game fairly because they didn't want Henry complaining that the game was rigged. After thirty-five

minutes of intense tennis, a physically exhausted Henry returned a lob from Danielle right into the net to lose the first set 6-4.

It was close enough that he immediately demanded a rematch. "That was total luck," said Henry. "That was the worst game I ever played.

Let's have a rematch."

"The problem is you already lost," said Kristi.

"Barely," replied Henry.

"Nonetheless, you lost," said Kristi.

"So are you scared to play me, Danielle?" asked Henry.

"No, but if you want to play again, shall we say the loser is the winner's slave?" asked Danielle.

"What does that mean?" asked Henry.

"The loser has to do whatever the winner wants," replied Danielle.

"I like the sound of that," said Henry, "but what are the limits?"

"We don't need limits unless you're scared," said Danielle.

"Fine, no limits. Let's go," said Henry.

"Sure. But, first, we had a bet going on this game," replied Danielle.

"Forget about it," said Henry. "Just worry about the new bet."

"Are you seriously trying to weasel out?" asked Kristi.

"No, but I mean, seriously," said Henry.

"That's what I thought," said Kristi grabbing Henry roughly.

“Last chance to do this with honor,” replied Danielle.

“Let me go, you crazy bitch,” barked Henry, just before Kristi flung him into the chain link fence surrounding the court. She pinned his back up against the fence with her right foot squarely pressing against his chest as Danielle ran forward and ziptied each of his wrists to the fence.

“Let me go!” demanded Henry, but Danielle wasted no time in pulling down Henry’s pants, leaving him in only his boxers before moving down to his ankles and attaching them to the fence as well.

“You really should have done this the easy way,” said Danielle, who stood in front of Henry, smirking, while Kristi brought the ball machine over. The machine was left over from the 1990s and could put all sorts of spin on the ball as well as firing it at a top speed of ninety-five miles per hour.

“I think we’ll be able to show this sissy the error of her ways,”

announced Kristi as she set up the machine. She set the speed at only 45 miles an hour and, after a few misses, found out just how to aim the ball so that it would bounce up into Henry’s unprotected balls.

“Ow! That fucking hurts,” complained Henry before three more balls followed the first one. Tears were leaking from his eyes and he pulled frantically at his bonds.

“Why don’t we crank up the speed a bit?” said Danielle.

“Wait!” yelled Henry.

“Will you put on the outfit I picked out for you?” asked Danielle.

“Come on,” said Henry. “This hurts!”

The next ball hit Henry in the stomach. It looked faster than the previous balls that the machine had fired.

“I guess if the ball goes faster, it’s going to bounce higher,” said Kristi.

“No! Stop!” yelled Henry, just before the next shot hit him right in the crotch.

“Bull’s-eye!” cheered Danielle as Henry doubled over as much as his restraints allowed. He pulled frantically on the zip-ties, but he was helpless. Kristi subtly moved the machine a fraction and the next ball struck him squarely in the left thigh.

“Stop! I’ll do it,” pleaded Henry.

“I thought so,” responded Danielle. “You shouldn’t try to welch on bets you know.”

Danielle first went over to Henry’s legs and, after removing the ties, pulled off his socks, shoes, and underwear. “No!” moaned Henry as his nakedness was now exposed.

“I’ll put your panties on if you ask me nicely,” said Danielle.

“Yes, please!” begged Henry.

“Please, what?” asked Kristi.

“Please, Mistress Danielle,” pleaded Henry.

Both girls laughed loudly at the panicked sissy’s request. “I meant, what do you want her to do, dumb ass?”

“Please put my panties on me,” asked Henry.

“Only because you asked nice,” said Danielle. She pulled a pair of black lace bikini panties up his legs and smoothed them into place. Next she put a pair of white ankle socks with pink pompoms on his feet.

“We got some great tennis shoes for you,” said Kristi, pulling a pink and white shoebox from the duffel bag. The shoes were black with pink laces and would have looked like normal tennis shoes except that they had four-inch pink heels. It took both girls to put them on his feet with him kicking.

“I thought we were going to play another game,” said Henry.

“We are,” replied Danielle. “We’re just getting you ready.”

There was no need to bind Henry’s feet again. With the huge heels, he couldn’t really move anyway. His wrists were undone, but his shirt was removed and a black lace bra was strapped around his chest and filled with a large pair of breast forms.

“What are you doing?” demanded Henry.

“We’re enjoying Danielle’s victory. Pipe down and be a good sport,” said Kristi.

“I thought the 36Cs would be too big, but that looks perfect on his frame,” said Danielle.

“Yeah, she’s just a busty girl,” agreed Kristi.

Danielle put a black tennis dress on Henry. The dress had a flouncy skirt that only came to mid-thigh and in addition to the ankle socks, showed off quite a lot of Henry’s legs. They had a thin layer of peach fuzz on them, but they were not as hairy as most guys.

That would be a problem for another day.

While Kristi did Henry’s makeup, Danielle fitted a black ponytail wig on his head and held it in place with a black tennis visor that matched his dress.

“Are you ready to play some tennis?” asked Danielle.

“Why did you do this to me?” demanded Henry.

“We made a bet, remember?” replied Danielle. “You said if you won, you’d play the second set in a dress.”

“I never said anything about the makeup and other stuff,” barked Henry.

“Think of it as a bonus,” said Kristi.

“How am I supposed to play in these shoes?” asked Henry.

“You’re a superior male athlete,” teased Danielle. “I’m sure you’ll find a way to beat a mere girl.”

“Let’s go,” said Kristi escorting him to the court. It wasn’t a request.

Henry tried to work out how to move in the heels for several minutes before playing again. Danielle allowed him a few minutes,

but it didn’t help. The only change was that his feet were now hurting him more than when they started.

“Time to play,” said Danielle.

“You can’t be serious,” replied Henry.

“I can,” replied Danielle. “Don’t forget we have a bet going on this game too.”

“Oh, come on!” protested Henry.

Danielle was having absolutely no trouble winning the first three games of the second set when the gate to the courts swung open.

Two very attractive girls took the next court over. At first, they believed that Henry was transgendered and didn’t pay much attention to the game, but when they saw his inability to even walk in his shoes, and heard the taunting from Kristi and Danielle, they completely stopped their game to watch Henry’s humiliation. Soon

they were cheering for Danielle as well and making fun of Henry themselves.

“How do you swing your racket with such big boobs?” asked one of them.

“Come on princess, you can do it,” jeered the other.

Henry was dripping with sweat and red from humiliation as the set quickly came to its inevitable conclusion—a humiliating 6-0 shellacking.

“Looks like I have myself a slave,” said Danielle.

“No!” cried Henry, trying to kick off his shoes to run away.

Kristi charged towards Henry, who gave up on taking off the shoes and instead tried running with them on. He took three steps and fell, leaving him sprawled out on the court. Kristi slowly walked over to him and proceeded to twist his arms up high on his back and the duct tape his forearms together.

“This is so awesome,” said one of the girls. “I wish we had a slave.”

“I’m Danielle. You know, you could,” said the victorious girl as she walked over to her fans.

“I’m Gina, and this is my friend Katie,” said the beautiful brunette.

“Let’s swap numbers,” said Danielle. “We still have to train this one, but then we might be interested in selling or even just renting him out.”

“Wow!” said Gina. “That’s incredible.”

“I’m sure he’ll look a lot better when we’re done with him, and he’ll be a competent maid too,” said Danielle. “I’ll let you know when he’s trained and then we can talk about it.”

“Why are you doing this?” asked Katie.

“It’s a fundraiser for our sorority,” explained Danielle.

“I guess that beats selling candy,” joked Gina.

“It has its perks,” said Danielle. “We’ll be in touch.”

It took fifteen minutes to make the five minute walk from the tennis court to the sorority house. Even with Kristi prodding him with his own tennis racket, Henry could only mince along so fast in the high heeled sneakers. As the three of them walked together, they were seen by at least a dozen other students. They said nothing.

Whether they thought it was some sort of hazing or a weird sex game, nobody paid much attention to the trio until they got back to the sorority house.

Of course, as soon as they led the bound sissy through the front door, the place was abuzz with excitement. They were the first pair to have actually carried out the sorority’s plan of kidnapping and training sissies since Roger, and everybody was thrilled and curious to get a look.

“He’s not much to look at yet,” said Danielle. “Just wait until we’re done with him, though.”

“Oh, I don’t think so at all,” said sorority president Cindy Cooke.

“I think she’s got great potential.”

“You’re all sick,” spat Henry. “I’m not a she.”

“Not yet anyway,” said Vanessa Stewart from her spot on the sofa.

“Have you given her a name yet?” asked Heather Hunter, a beautiful blonde sophomore known for her wild side.

“I’m sure we’ll think of something,” said Kristi.

“It’s just, I watch a lot of anime, and it seems a shame not to give Henry a sexy Japanese name. I mean, I don’t want to be cliché, but how about something like Narumi? It means beauty,” suggested Heather.

“I do like that one,” said Danielle.

“My name is Henry.”

“We’ll see for how long,” said Kristi, prodding him forward with his tennis racket.

“This is kidnapping!” shouted Henry even as he was propelled towards a side wing of the house.

“It’ll probably be a lot more than that before we’re done,” said Danielle.

“You’re going to love your room,” said Kristi. “Just wait until you see what your sissy sister Marta has done to it.”

“What are you talking about?” asked Henry as he tried to pull away from Kristi, to no effect.

Danielle opened the third door on the left and Kristi shoved Henry inside. On his heels he couldn’t maintain his footing, but managed to stop himself against a large pink four poster princess bed. Kristi helped him into a sitting position.

“Welcome to your new home,” said Danielle.

“No! You can’t do this!” yelled Henry. “I won’t do it.”

“What did we tell you about welching on bets?” asked Kristi. “You lost and now you’re Danielle’s slave.”

“Not like this,” barked Henry. “I never would have agreed to this.”

“But you did,” said Danielle. “Now you have to pay the piper. On the bright side, you’re going to be a big help to the sorority.”

Henry grunted. He was trying to act tough, but after being dressed and manhandled, he looked more like a young girl pouting.

“So let me tell you about the room,” said Danielle. “First, the door has been seriously reinforced. The Rock couldn’t bust his way out of it, so there’s no way that you could. There are bars on the window as well. If you are caught trying to escape, you’ll be kept in bondage when you’re in here.”

“I’m not your prisoner!” barked Henry.

“Actually, you kind of are,” said Kristi. “The hooks in the ceiling as well as the headboard and footboard are perfect for bondage. I have no doubt I will soon be tying you up to them.”

“There are some nice parts too,” said Danielle. “For one thing, your closet and dressers are filled with all the pretty clothes your heart could possibly desire.”

“I don’t want pretty clothes,” said Henry.

“That’s a real shame because it’s dresses, heels, and makeup for you,” said Danielle, “at least for the foreseeable future.”

“I won’t,” said Henry.

“Can you get some rope and a gag from the toy drawer?” said Kristi. “I don’t think we’re going to get anywhere with Narumi right now.”

“What did you call me?” demanded Henry.

“Narumi, it suits you,” said Danielle as she approached, carrying a coil of pink rope and a large black penis gag. It wasn’t enough to silence their rebellious sissy; they wanted him even further emasculated.

“My name is Henry!” he shouted.

“I think that will be your first test,” said Danielle as Kristi put him into a tight hogtie. “We will let you go when you begin to answer to your new name, Narumi.”

“I’m not Nar--,” Henry protested only to be cut off by Kristi stuffing the penis gag in his mouth.

“There’s something special about a sissy’s first dildo,” joked Kristi.

“We’ll be back, Narumi,” said Danielle. “You might want to try cooperating. It will go much easier on you.”

“Much easier,” Agreed Kristi as the two girls left and went to the common room for a bit. Sandy was already in there watching a courtroom reality show on the television.

“I like your sissy,” said Sandy. “As philanthropy chairperson, I can see that we could make a lot of money there. Even with the crude makeover, I could see that she’s a beauty.”

“Yeah,” agreed Danielle. “She’s pretty enough to be an escort and neat enough to be a maid. The problem is she’s very stubborn.

Way more than any of the other sissies we’ve seen.”

“He isn’t being very effective at it, but he’s definitely fighting it,” said Kristi.

“That just means he’s proud,” said Sandy. “Lindsey said the proud ones crack the best when they finally give in.”

“Well, she certainly seemed to know what she was talking about,” agreed Danielle. “I think we all learned a lot from her.”

“Also, you can use that pride to keep him in check,” said Sandy.

“Yeah, I’m sure he wouldn’t want anybody to know about what he’s doing,” said Kristi.

“That will work really well - in the short term anyway,” said Sandy.

“Beyond that?” asked Danielle.

“I’m no expert, but to get a guy to do this long term, you have to train him. It’s kind of like owning a dog. If they think they’re the alpha, you’re going to have problems,” said Sandy.

“We’ll make sure he doesn’t,” said Kristi.

An hour had passed since they left Henry hogtied on the bed.

Danielle hoped that he might see who was in charge by now, but Kristi had her doubts. When they opened the door, they found Henry still hogtied in the exact position they had left them. They crept in so

they could observe him without being seen, and Kristi was very happy to see he had made absolutely zero progress in getting himself free from his bonds.

“Well sissy, have you given it any thought?” asked Danielle.

Startled, Henry looked back at the girls, even as Kristi moved forward to remove his gag. “Have you given any thought to your name, sissy?”

“My name is Hen--,” he hadn’t even finished saying it before Kristi returned the gag to his mouth. She spanked him sharply a half dozen times as he thrashed around and flopped like a fish.

“Too bad,” said Danielle. “We’ll be back after dinner and see if you’re singing a different song then.”

“Speaking of songs,” said Kristi. “Why don’t we give her some music to keep her company.”

“Great ideas,” agreed Danielle. “*A/*lexa, play sissy mix.”

The girls had thought of everything including an excessively perky mix of boy bands and bubble gum pop to make sleep impossible. It would drive most college guys insane with its incessant cheerfulness. As Henry was left to listen to *Spice up Your Life*, Danielle and Kristi left him alone again.

The first time the girls left him, it had only been for an hour. The second time was for two. By the time they came back a third time, it was eleven at night and he was stiff from over six hours of bondage.

It wasn't a conscious decision, but when Kristi removed his gag he immediately shouted, “My name is Narumi! My name is Narumi!”

“Aw, what a good girl,” gushed Danielle rushing forward to hug her sissy. “I’m so proud of you.”

“Th-thank you,” was all that Henry could say.

“If you want to help her get ready for bed,” said Kristi, “I’ll fix her some dinner. She’s probably starving.”

“Please,” pleaded Henry.

“Go ahead,” said Danielle. “I don’t think she’ll give me any trouble.”

“I won’t,” promised Henry.

As Kristi left, Danielle began to undo the tape that had been covering his wrists since the tennis match ended. She took a damp wash cloth and removed the tape residue and helped rub some feeling back into Henry’s wrists. Henry had worn himself out trying to get loose and having Danielle take care of him felt comforting. He didn’t fight, even as she helped him remove his clothes and step into a magenta pair of panties and a matching nightie.

Danielle took the cool wash cloth and used it to remove the makeup from Henry's face. He was relieved to feel it gone. Not being used to it, the cosmetics felt strange and uncomfortable.

Kristi arrived carrying a tray with a chicken Caesar salad on it as well as a glass of water and a diet soda. She put the tray on the vanity/desk and Henry sat down to eat.

"That's such a pretty nightie," said Kristi.

Henry was hungry and he dove into the salad with relish. He shoveled the food into his mouth and barely finished swallowing before the next spoonful was dumped into his gullet.

"Stop that," ordered Danielle. "That's not how a lady eats."

"Put down the fork," insisted Kristi.

"I'm sorry," said Henry.

"It's okay, you're new to this and I know you're very hungry, but you must act like a lady at all times. Take small bites and chew your food thoroughly," instructed Danielle.

"Don't slouch either," added Kristi.

Henry ate the rest of his meal in a way that the girls were happy with. He wasn't eating like some Victorian lady, but he was no longer eating like a truck driver trying to get to Phoenix by the next morning.

"Now what?" asked Henry.

"Well, it's kind of late, and you have a pretty full day ahead of you," said Danielle. "I think it's time for you to take a hot bath and then get some sleep."

"That doesn't sound bad, actually," admitted Henry.

“I’ll go run a hot bath for you and Kristi can bring you down to the bathtub in a few minutes,” said Danielle.

Danielle left the room and Kristi looked through the closet. She emerged with a soft fluffy pink bathrobe and a leash. “Put on this robe,” she ordered.

Henry agreed, but was a little dismayed when she put a collar on his neck and attached the leash to it. “Is this really necessary?”

“You were fighting us pretty hard earlier today. I’d say it’s definitely necessary, but in time it won’t be,” replied Kristi. She handed him a pair of high heeled slippers, which he put on. Again he was reduced to mincing steps. “Just take it nice and slow. This isn’t a race.”

Kristi led her charge out into the hallway, allowing him to go slowly in his new heels. They were open-back slippers and weren’t easy to get the hang of. Henry could hear a loud thwacking sound and some crying coming from a room on the right hand side. As they got closer, a short, but stunning girl with dark features exited the room. She had huge eyes and was carrying what appeared to be a riding crop in her hands. Henry could not stop staring at her.

“Hi, what do we have here?” asked the girl in genuine surprise and delight.

“This is my new sissy, Narumi,” said Kristi. “Danielle and I are training him. Sissy, this is Mistress Vanessa”

“What a pretty name,” said the girl. “I’m pleased to meet you.”

“Uhm, me too,” replied Henry.

“We haven’t taught her to curtsy just yet,” admitted Kristi.

“That’s alright, she’ll learn in time. Our sissy Janine knows how to curtsy, but she is so bad tonight, we’ve had to punish her,” said Vanessa.

“Remember, it’ll take time, but we’re going to get there,” said Kristi.

“That’s right,” agreed Vanessa. “One day longer, one day stronger.”

Kristi and Henry continued down to the bathroom. It was a small communal bathroom and Henry was very nervous about being seen.

“Relax,” said Kristi. “You’re on the sissy wing.”

“Wing?!” exclaimed Henry in surprise. “How many of us are there.”

“Well, you heard about Janine. There are four so far, but we want to have nine or ten by the time we’re done,” said Kristi. “You’ll meet the others soon enough. You’ll even get to play together.”

Henry wasn’t sure he liked the sound of that, but he decided not to press the issue. Instead he focused on the clicking of his heels on the tile floor of the bathroom. It was such a feminine sound and one that he wasn’t sure that he should be making.

“Over by the bath tub,” called out Danielle.

Henry followed the sound of her voice until he saw an oversized tub that was much bigger than he was used to. He could smell its floral bouquet from fifteen feet away, and he knew that he’d step out smelling like lilac, rose blossom, and gardenia, even before he got into the warm bubble bath. Danielle and Kristi were kind enough to turn their heads to respect Henry’s privacy, but soon he was naked in the bath. The temperature was perfect and the water was so soothing. If Danielle and Kristi hadn’t been there, he probably would have fallen into a restful slumber right then and there.

The girls gave him a few minutes to get used to the water before Danielle produced a razor and a can of scented shaving cream. “It’s time to remove all of that nasty body hair, Narumi.”

“Really?” asked Henry. It wasn’t a big show of resistance as much as an appeal to a higher court.

“I’m afraid so,” said Kristi. “It’ll feel so wonderful against your soft sheets. You’ll wonder why you hadn’t done so earlier.”

“If you feel like a big girl, you can do it and we’ll just watch you.

Or, if it’s too tough, we can shave it for you,” said Danielle.

“I-I don’t know,” admitted Henry.

“We’ll do it,” said Kristi. She reached into the water and grabbed Henry’s left leg. She lifted it high in the air so that Danielle could lather it up and remove the hair from it.

“Wow! That looks so much better,” said Danielle.

“I don’t know about that,” said Henry. “I’m going to look like a freak.”

“No, you’re going to look like a very pretty girl and pretty girls have very smooth and sexy legs,” replied Danielle.

“I don’t want to be a pretty girl,” complained Henry.

“Are you going to be bad again?” asked Kristi.

“No, I guess not,” replied Henry.

The girls proceeded to shave him hairless without further complaint. When he was done, he was smooth and sweet smelling.

Henry was beginning to disappear and in his place the shyly submissive Narumi was emerging. He made no fuss when he was led down the hall and tucked under the covers. He had to admit that the sheets did feel amazing against his denuded skin. Unfortunately, Kristi insisted on tying his hands to the headboard so he wouldn’t be tempted to play with himself. She used silky soft ties and promised that this was only a temporary measure. Henry had been through such an ordeal that he was asleep shortly after the girls locked his door.

One unique problem with Henry was that he was Japanese, while Kristi was white and Danielle was black. This meant that he would need his own makeup from the get go, since their palates were all so different. The girls were up early in the morning and made a trip out to *Ulta* to try and find makeup that was appropriate for Henry's skin tone. They would have him go with them to a makeup counter soon enough, but for now they had to estimate.

Henry had yellow undertones in his skin so they went with foundation in that range.

Danielle hadn't taken things lightly and did a lot of research. She not only knew what they'd need, but had looked to see what brands worked best with Asian skin tones. They picked up foundation, liquid eyeliner, and volumizing mascara, a brown eyebrow pencil, and a more muted blush.

"It sure costs a lot of money to make money," said Kristi.

"That's what they say anyway," agreed Danielle. "If we want Narumi to be attractive to guys, getting her makeup down is important."

"I suppose, but even I don't wear all of this," complained Kristi.

"That's because you're not a guy trying to look like a female sexpot. Besides, we're not done. Asian girls look amazing with bright red lipstick and I look like a clown with it. We need to find her some,"

replied Danielle.

The girls returned to the sorority house to find that Henry had slept very soundly that night. He only got a little nervous when he woke up to find himself still restrained to the bed. He calmed down when the girls entered his room.

"Good morning, princess," chirped Danielle as she entered the room.

"Hi," said Henry.

“We’re going to get you dressed and made up, and then we’ll get you some food,” said Kristi.

“Alright,” said Henry, knowing that his agreement was in no way necessary for the girls to proceed.

Kristi handed Henry his robe and led him over to the vanity, where Danielle took over the makeup application. She was very happy to discover that they had come up with a foundation very close to Henry’s skin tone. She rubbed it into his face and used it to balance out his skin tone and cover up a few blemishes probably caused by sun damage out on the tennis courts.

Once his face was flawless, Danielle used the dark brown pencil to define his eyebrows. Henry was starting to come together nicely.

After the brows, she went to work on his eye shadow. This was one place that seemed very different. She had a very natural crease on her eyelid that Henry did not, so she had to work in layers to achieve a bronzed smoky eye by blending mauve and bronze shadows.

“That’s pretty good,” commented Kristi. “I wouldn’t have known how to do it.”

“I had to watch a lot of *YouTube* videos, but I think it was worth it,” admitted Danielle.

Next, Danielle lined Henry’s eyes with a dark liquid liner and applied the new volumizing mascara to his lashes. Henry flinched when she brought the eyelash curler up to his face, but Danielle soothed him, assuring him it was perfectly normal and wouldn’t hurt.

The result was eyes that really popped.

She used a lip liner to make his lips look a little fuller, and then colored them in with the bright red lipstick. Henry’s objections had been replaced with curiosity. He had no idea he could look this much

like a girl, and when they crowned his head with a long, straight, shiny black wig, he completely looked like a pretty Japanese girl.

"I can't believe it," gasped Henry. It was him, but it was as if he was looking at somebody else's face. A beautiful face.

Kristi helped Henry into a pair of powder blue panties and a matching bra that she then stuffed with the large breast forms from the tennis match. Lastly, she pulled on a pair of white tights that showed off Henry's shapely and hairless legs.

"So many fun things to dress her in," said Danielle. "What did you decide on for Narumi's big debut?"

"What do you mean by my debut?" asked Henry.

"People saw you yesterday, but now you're all shaved, smelling nice, and made up perfectly - you're night and day from how you came in," said Danielle.

"Everybody's going to love you," assured Kristi. "Let's get the rest of the outfit on. I didn't go for anything too dressy."

Kristi dressed Henry in a very feminine white lace blouse and a short blue and plaid skirt. On his feet he wore a shiny pair of black pumps with a three-inch heel. He was surprised to discover they were fairly close to his size and compared to the shoes he was wearing yesterday, they were relatively easy to walk in. A quick spray of *Coco Noir* perfume later, he was ready to meet the girls of the house.

As well as some of the other sissies.

His old macho resistance was starting to return. He didn't know if he should laugh, cry, or push his way past his jailers and make a run for it. Instead he just stared at his own reflection in disbelief. Danielle opened the door and Kristi prodded him to walk through it.

“Oh my God!” exclaimed Vanessa. “She cleaned up nice! Get a look at you, girlfriend.”

TO BE CONTINUED

Destiny and Matilda

When Dale Henderson—a spring semester transfer to DuPont College—first checked into his freshman dorm room, he found his new roommate had already moved in. The smaller guy was snoring, sprawled across one of the two twin beds.

Dale immediately saw that his bed was covered with his clothes and other junk. “That’s pretty selfish,” Dale thought. He checked his orientation materials to find the name of the noisy slob. It was Cornelius “Corky” Whitfield, a short, scrawny kid with curly brown hair framing his baby face.

Dale was eager to get his own clothes and belongings organized, but he didn’t want to get off on the wrong foot with his new roommate.

So, the slim, blond 18-year-old quietly set down his suitcase and gently pushed a few boxes under the unoccupied bed.

Corky continued snoring loudly the whole time, making Dale pray that the noise wouldn’t keep him awake at night. “That would be an absolute nightmare!” he thought.

As they got to know each other better, Dale grew to dislike his roomie more and more. He hated the smaller boy’s “sense of humor”

that included childish pranks and inappropriate comments. Like the time he told a cute redhead named Katie that Dale “wanted to know where she had gotten her cute shoes and bag.”

Of course Dale didn’t care about that at all, but the girl just smiled and started talking to him about fashion. When Katie offered to take Dale “for a shopping trip and maybe even a mani-pedi,” Corky

laughed out loud at his roommate's reddening face. Katie kept offering Dale tips on hair and makeup ever since, to his chagrin.

Their rivalry took a turn for the worst when Corky thought it'd be funny to cross out Dale's name on the intramural flag football sign up sheet, and add him to the advanced yoga class sign up instead. By the time he received the yoga class confirmation and introductory packet, it was too late to switch out.

"He's so immature! I can't believe he did this to me," Dale fumed as he read the packet of instructions from Giselle, the yoga instructor.

He shuddered when he saw the rules and guidelines for the class.

To receive the required intramural fitness credit, Dale realized that he would have to arrive at the girls' gym by 6:30 am each weekday,

"dressed and ready for yoga." He imagined that would be typical gym clothes. He was very wrong in that assumption.

He was shocked to learn that, according to the class notes, the only

"approved clothing" included tight short shorts, leggings, crop tops, and tanks. It was clear that this advanced yoga class was intended for girls, as the required wardrobe seemed awfully feminine.

This infuriated Dale so much that did he bitterly vowed to get Corky transferred into the same yoga section in petty revenge. From there, the two roommates launched into an ever escalating and ever more embarrassing prank war.

In retaliation for signing him up for yoga, Corky threw out all of Dale's boxers and replaced them with panties from Victoria's Secret. Pissed off beyond belief, Dale went out and bought himself a few pairs of boxers, and then spent the rest of his disposable income on girls'

clothes for Corky.

The next day, Dale switched all of his roomie's t-shirts with sports bras and girly tops, and replaced all of his jeans with girls' skinny jeans and leggings. It cost him a lot, but Dale felt it was worth it. The two also poured flowery feminine perfume all over each other's clothing, and switched each other's stuff like body wash, deodorant, and cologne with feminine replacements.

On the afternoon before Monday's first yoga session, Dale went to the campus store to pick out the necessary clothing for class. He found that the only items in his size were all in decidedly feminine cuts and colors. "Forget the pinks and lavenders," he said under his breath, "let's see if there's anything here that won't make me look like a total sissy."

Grumbling, he selected fifteen outfits to avoid needing to do laundry every week. This included five pairs each of short shorts, capris, and ankle-length leggings along with matching tops.

The only available colors that weren't totally girly were baby blue, gold, lime green, lemon yellow, and white. Every single article of clothing was primarily made of stretchy and tight spandex, designed to flaunt the wearer's sexy curves.

When he put on his first yoga clothes early the next Monday morning, Dale discovered that the outfit clung to his slim body like it was painted on him. The lime green top he'd chosen was shorter than he'd expected, barely covering his torso and exposing his belly button whenever he moved his arms at all.

The incredibly tight capri leggings made his boxers bunch up uncomfortably, but he rejected the idea of wearing panties underneath. "I can't believe I even kept them!" he fumed.

As he looked at himself in the mirror, Dale noticed another feature of the feminine tank top. There was a hidden reinforced strip across his upper torso which lifted and emphasized his chest, making it look like he had cute budding breasts. "Could this get any worse?" he

whined to himself, only to quickly find out that yes, it could get much worse.

The matching capris boosted his butt, making it look rounded and more than a little sexy—for a girl. The double-layered lycra crotch panel tightly squeezed and held his “junk” so snugly between his

legs that it didn’t show at all. The pants also made his legs appear long and very shapely, and the mesh panels gave it an even more flirty feminine flare.

Also annoying, there were only tiny pockets in the outfit—barely big enough for his room key and student I.D. Sighing, he realized that he’d have to put his wallet and phone in his backpack. Dale threw everything he needed into his denim backpack and readied himself to go. He knew Corky might get into trouble for missing yoga class or even for arriving late.

“Good! Serves him right!” Dale whispered to himself, noticing bitterly that he smelled like a bouquet of fragrant flowers. He checked again to make sure he had everything he needed before quietly closing the dorm room door behind him and heading off toward the girls’ gym.

Dale knew he’d have barely enough time to get to where the yoga studio was. So, leaving his roomie asleep in his bed snoring away basically ensured that the little slob would be late to class. That put a smile on his face as he locked up and headed quickly down the stairs.

The walk across the quad was totally embarrassing for Dale. Girls giggled and smirked at him, and boys openly checked out his ass.

This was totally upsetting because whether the guys expressed wide-eyed shock when they realized he wasn’t a girl, or—even worse—when they licked their lips or winked at him after recognizing he was a guy dressed in obviously feminine workout clothes.

When Dale arrived at the girls' gym, his worst suspicions were confirmed. He and Corky—if his annoying roommate ever even made it—were the only boys enrolled in the class. All of the other 12 or so signups were girls, and beautiful girls at that.

The yoga instructor, Giselle Cortez, was sitting comfortably in a lotus position when Dale entered the medium-sized room that served as the campus yoga studio. She was strikingly dressed in chic yoga

clothes, a halter top and shorts in a bright neon pink that looked hypnotically alluring against her cinnamon-colored skin. Her dark hair was in a fashionable short blunt cut that framed her beautiful face.

He quickly learned that several of the girls in the class were sorority sisters from Phi Delta Mu. That was one of the smaller sororities, and it just so happened to be the same house that Giselle once belonged to when she was a student, five or so years before. The gorgeous Delta girls in the class included Cindy Cooke, Destiny Wallace, Matilda Gaines, Jenna Solomon, and a few other hotties.

Destiny—or “Big D” as her sorority sisters called her—was an absolute beauty with radiant mocha skin and naturally curly hair that she wore piled high on the top of her head. That, combined with her lithe and athletic body, made her one of the most beautiful young women on campus.

She was a varsity cheerleader, and at nearly six foot tall she was a fashion model during her summer vacations. She had the picture-perfect face and figure to be a Super Model if she stayed with it, but her high grades and extracurricular activities gave her nearly unlimited options.

Dale's imagination went into overdrive picturing Destiny in her short cheer skirt and tight crop top cheering for him in bed, but she was hardly the only girl he was ogling. He could barely keep himself from openly drooling at the all gorgeous young women as he set down his

backpack and grabbed a lavender yoga mat from the stack in the corner. It didn't matter that all of these beauties were way out of his league.

Dale was incredibly self conscious in the tight, revealing yoga outfit.

As it was, he had to repeatedly adjust his small cock within the baggy folds of his boxers that kept bunching up awkwardly inside the skin-tight leggings he wore. As he moved toward an open space on

the floor to begin his stretches, he noticed Destiny and Matilda speaking together.

Destiny was gently patting the beautiful, statuesque Matilda on her muscular arm. Dale heard her saying, "I heard about your parents!

OMG! Are they totally splitsville?"

"Yeah, their divorce just went final," said the tall blonde European volleyball star in her slightly but exotically accented English. She paused, wiping tears from her eyes, then she went on in a stronger voice, "My mom already changed her name back to 'Montreux'— her maiden name. From now on, I want everyone to call me that too, not Gaines anymore. I already filed official name change papers."

"'Montruex'? I like that!" said Destiny, "We can call you 'Monty' for short!"

The newly-christened "Monty" nodded, wiped away another tear, and forced a smile at her sorority sister as the two beauties hugged warmly.

Seeing this, Dale was deeply moved by the stunning six-foot blonde Amazon's obvious sadness. The nerdy guy was beyond crushing on the much taller girl. He felt positively enchanted by her, and not just because of her ample physical attributes. He felt a need to protect her, maybe if he could show his eagerness to help, she might fall for him?

After a few minutes, the instructor clapped her hands and addressed the room, she was stunning and her amazing looks were only magnified by her effortlessly graceful, catlike movements.

“Hi, in case anyone doesn’t know me, I’m Giselle Cortez, the instructor for this class—but you can call me ‘Karma.’ Our class has very few rules. Come on time, come dressed and ready to stretch, and wipe off your yoga mat before putting it away when you’re done.

Is that clear? Ask any questions now, because I don’t expect any problems....”

“Yeah,” joked Jenna, one of the other girls who belonged to the Delta House, “but if there are any problems, then you’ll find out: ‘Karma’s’ a bitch!”

The class all laughed with the girl who spoke out—a sexy brunette with wavy hair and bright blue eyes. She stood about five foot six and was stacked.

“Keep that up and you’ll find out just how much of a bitch I am, Jenna you slut!” growled “Karma,” but her huge smile indicated that she was only pretending to be angry. “Now get back to warm up stretching, ladies!” she said, showing zero awareness that there was a male student in the class.

A bit embarrassed, Dale shrugged it off and distracted himself by staring at Jenna in the canary yellow short shorts and matching sports bra wore. Her thin, tight clothes left little to the imagination as she pulled up her leg against her chest between her huge breasts.

The overwhelmed nerdy guy reached into his leggings, once again trying to keep his tiny, excited cock tucked away and hidden. As he continued his own warm up stretches, Dale noticed that Giselle was discussing something seemingly very important with Cindy, the Phi Delta Mu House President whose hair kept falling into her eyes.

Dale already knew that Cindy was a beautiful girl, but he had never seen her this close before. Some girls looked better from a distance, but not Cindy. She looked better the closer you were to her. Her smile was like the sun—powerful and almost blinding. Her beauty was so intense it took Dale’s breath away.

While lost in his daydream, Dale was taken by surprise when he only partially heard a comment seemingly directed at him. He looked up and saw the statuesque Matilda, now known as “Monty,” smiling

down at him. When he didn’t immediately respond, the tall, beautiful star athlete shook her long blonde hair in mild frustration.

She was wearing her varsity v-ball uniform—sexy powder blue short shorts and a matching jersey top with the number one in navy blue.

Dale gasped at how tightly her outfit clung to her enticing, nubile curves—showing off her firm and perfectly toned athletic body in ways Dale found almost unbearably arousing.

“I’m s-s-sorry, what?” Dale stuttered in reply, half smiling, half swooning as he looked up into the Amazon’s sparkling hazel eyes.

Among all of the gorgeous girls in the studio, he was clearly smitten by Matilda beyond anyone else.

“Monty” smiled grimly, “I said you have VBL—visible boxer lines!

Seriously, if you’re going to wear tight leggings like those, you should really wear panties underneath them too. Preferably thongs. I have some really sexy satin and lace pairs that I could give you. I never even tried them on. They’re way too girly for me, but they’d look simply adorable on you.”

Dale’s eyes widened in shock and humiliation. He stared up at

“Monty” feeling like he was about to cry, for some reason he couldn’t explain. Something about her made him feel so vulnerable and....

But then Matilda giggled, a joyous feminine sound that lifted Dale's heart even as it spilled over him, carelessly dissolving his male ego and leaving him blushing in embarrassment. He opened his mouth to reply, but no words came out. Instead, he just gaped at the goddess, his cheeks reddening as his cock throbbed from the humiliation.

"Aw, I'm just kidding, *girlfriend*.... Unless?" At that she gave Dale a theatrical wink and slapped him on his ass with a, "Nice bubble butt!

Looking good, *chica!* " before joining in with Cindy and Giselle's intense discussion.

The three beautiful sorority sisters seemed to keep looking over at Dale and smiling, but he couldn't be sure their talk had anything to do with him—much less discern the actual content of their conversation.

Try as he might, he couldn't make out much of what they were saying, other than a few scattered phrases like, "just what we're looking for," and "with a little bit of work," and "will be absolutely perfect."

"Maybe I'm just imagining that they're talking about me," wondered Dale, "I mean, why would they even care about someone like me?"

He was just finishing up the pre-yoga warm up stretches along with the rest of the class when the three Delta girls started whispering and giggling again. This time, he felt even more concerned that they were discussing him.

He was trying to decide on whether or not he should inch closer to eavesdrop on the beautiful creatures. But before he could think about it much less put his plan into action, he was distracted by an angry voice behind him.

"You couldn't have woken me up?" shouted Corky, wearing a sour expression as well as a cute little yoga outfit of his own. "Now I'm late for the first session of a required class!"

Dale couldn't help but smile at his rather effeminate-looking roommate and prank war rival. Corky's top displayed a very light lavender lotus flower image on a light cotton tank top in mauve—

possibly the least girly of all shades of purple, which is to say still quite feminine.

The dainty spaghetti-strapped top was so long on Corky's petite frame that it almost completely hid the lavender short shorts that he also wore. As Dale looked more closely at his roomie, he couldn't

help smirking as he noticed that it almost appeared that he was wearing a minidress!

Several of the other girls had realized that as well, and he could clearly hear their whispers of "wow, cute dress" and "check out that pretty little sissy."

Dale smirked even more as Giselle strode up to Corky and chewed him out for being late. "Don't you know how to tell time? Or do you think yoga is some kind of joke?" she snarled, living up to her

"Karma is a bitch" reputation.

The chastened boy looked like he was going to answer back with some smart-assed remark, but the steely glare in the yoga teacher's eyes silenced him like a slap across the face. Instead of mouthing off like he usually did, Corky answered, "Sorry, ma'am. I overslept. It won't happen again."

"Make sure it doesn't, Little Miss Mauve!" Karma snapped.

As the other girls giggled and some repeated "Miss Mauve," Corky meekly, submissively looked down at his feet and mutely nodded his head. Unfortunately for him, the new nickname stuck. He became known as "Miss Mauve" in the yoga class. He prayed it wouldn't become more widely used.

Watching Giselle dominating his roommate captivated Dale's imagination and he delighted in the new nickname the girls assigned to him. His mouth opened involuntarily and he found himself panting with excitement. The scene was so hot!

He couldn't help but imagine the sexy yoga instructor seriously disciplining Corky. His eyes dilated as he fantasized about the stern

"Karma" and other girls dominating his annoying roommate, maybe even spanking him or tying him up? The images excited Dale, and he felt his tiny cock getting even harder.

Unfortunately for Dale, "Monty" noticed his growing erection almost immediately. She sauntered over toward him with a huge smirk on her beautiful face, and grabbed his ass. "Like what you're seeing, little sis?" she asked him, almost leering.

As Dale tried to sputter a reply, he stepped back quickly, almost out of the goddess's reach. "Oh no you don't!" said the powerful athlete as she grabbed for Dale's waist.

He tried to spin away, but that only made Monty's hand swipe past his midsection and land firmly on his already hardening cock. She smiled wickedly as her powerful fingers clutched his little cock, making him squirm, entrapped in her possessive grasp.

"My my! Someone's excited!" Monty announced to the raucous laughter of all the assembled girls. Dale felt utterly humiliated by this treatment from his new crush, but he couldn't get his erection to subside. If anything, it was getting even harder as she continued to manipulate his tiny package!

The blonde Amazon wrapped her fingers around Dale's balls like she owned them, and smiled down at him. "Oh what I wouldn't give to...."

she sighed, her voice trailing off as he squirmed in her grasp.

But then Giselle began speaking loudly, bringing them both back to the here and now. "I better let you go...for now," whispered Monty into Dale's ear, her warm breath sending chills down his spine and making his knees buckle.

Meanwhile, Giselle wrapped an arm around Corky's shoulders and said to the class, "O.K., Cute Little Cori here will be joining me at the Delta House this afternoon. We'll be doing some yoga and performing a few chores to make up for her coming to class late,"

she cooed. "If anyone else is even thinking about traipsing in here late, just you wait 'til you hear about the punishments I have in store for pretty Miss Mauve here!"

Her voice was firm, but tempered by her graceful motions as she tickled Corky underneath his chin. "Mmmm! Such a smooth baby faced complexion! Just purrrfect" she smiled as the effeminately-dressed nerd trembled at her gentle touch. "Now, let's work on the downward dog position! You like it doggie style, right Jenna?"

After the class stopped laughing and got down to business, the rest of the session proceeded much the same way. "Karma" and the girls in class kept making each other laugh with sexually-charged double entendres as they effortlessly moved from one yoga position to another under Giselle's expert tutelage.

The girls giggled, and occasionally leered at the two boys struggling mightily to keep up. Both of them were really trying, but this was an advanced yoga class, and the two hapless dweebs were anything but flexible or experienced enough to do most of the poses correctly.

True to her word, "Karma" forced "Miss Mauve" accompany her to the Delta house that afternoon to make up for coming late to yoga class. When he finally made it back to the dorm room just after 8:30

that night, Corky was clearly upset. He absolutely refused to say anything about what happened with his roommate, however. He just

fumed and ranted saying that it was all Dale's fault for not waking him up and making him late.

Clearly Corky had experienced an unnerving ordeal. His face flushed whenever Dale even mentioned yoga or the Deltas. Dale's curiosity was so heightened that he even considered asking Giselle what had happened when he arrived at class the next day.

Every time he tried to approach the stylish yoga instructor, however, something about her intensive vibe made him turn away. She radiated a predatory energy that both enticed and intimidated the slim freshman boy.

Over the following few weeks, the daily early morning yoga classes—although they were every bit as humiliating and emasculating as ever—became almost routine for the roommates. They quickly learned to leave a bit early in the morning so they could wear warmups over their feminine yoga clothes and then strip down to their short shorts or leggings and flirty little tops. That way they could avoid the catcalls and worse from many of the guys and even some of the girls as they crossed the campus.

The two boys thought they'd been making real progress in their yoga abilities. They didn't fall over or collapse nearly as much as they'd used to, even though all the girls in the class were effortlessly performing the more advanced yoga positions were still way beyond the two boys' abilities. Still, they had learned far more than they'd ever expected (or wanted) to know about this generally feminine activity.

So the guys were stunned when "Karma" told them that they were both failing yoga. When they both acted upset, she calmly explained that they just needed some extra credit—special lessons at the Delta House—or else they'd fail the class and most likely go on academic probation.

Dale was on an academic scholarship. He needed to get at least a B+ in every one of his classes, or else he'd lose all his financial aid and have to drop out. Simply put, he couldn't afford even the slightest demerit. Failing yoga was not an option. He had no choice but to do whatever Giselle told him to do.

Corky was a rich brat, so money wasn't the issue for him. That said, he too had no real option. If he failed the yoga class, his parents would get a notification including the specific class he was failing. He knew that if his uber-macho former-Marine father found out that his only son was taking a "sissy" class like yoga.... Well, it wouldn't go well for Corky!

So Corky also knew he'd have to obey Giselle no matter what she told him to do. After his mysterious, highly upsetting experience at the Delta House, he wasn't looking forward to the extra credit sessions. But what could he do except hope for the best?

With no other choice, the two roomies began their "special lessons"

at the sorority. For the first few sessions, they toiled under Giselle's watchful eye, and improved their yoga skills if only slightly. Soon, the instructor declared they were proficient enough at a basic level, and after that she "deputized" Destiny and "Monty" to take over with the training of the still-struggling duo.

"Monty" basically made them work on their core strength and over all flexibility. She never missed a chance to handle their bodies, and often "accidentally" grabbed their cock or balls. Although Dale felt embarrassed and used by her manhandling, he got jealous when he saw his crush intimately touching Corky.

Destiny's training was far more thoroughly embarrassing. She quickly dispensed with anything even remotely yoga related and forced them to learn the varsity cheerleaders' routines. This, including all the typical ultra-feminine and saucy dances featuring jutting hips, flicking wrists, and prancing steps.

When they were good enough at cheerleading, “Big D” joined in with them, giving them supposedly inspiring encouragement like, “Yes, that’s it girls!” and “shake that booty, you hot babes!” It didn’t take long before the boys were actually pretty good at cheering, as good as some of the girls on the squad.

Corky quickly had enough of this humiliation at the hands of a girl barely a year older than him. His temper flared after she made them perform a particularly prissy step with a coquettish flounce, and he lost his temper. The petite boy sarcastically asked Destiny, “Could this be any more emasculating?”

Destiny smiled widely, her eyes flashing with excitement. “I’m sooooo glad you asked, Miss Mauve,” she said, handing them each a pink gym bag. “Here you go girls, change into these!”

When the boys looked inside the bags, their stomachs dropped. “You cannot be serious?” Dale moaned at the beautiful cheer girl. He was almost in shock as he stood frozen, holding up a very short red and white pleated skirt in one hand and a matching top that was basically just a sports bra in the other.

“I am as serious as dropping a flyer during a cheer competition!”

shouted Destiny, “you will wear your cheerleader uniforms, unless you girls want a failing grade in yoga that is? Get yourselves dressed and ready to cheer in three minutes...or else!”

The two roomies blinked their eyes in disbelief, and then looked at each other and shrugged. Was Destiny really serious? Would she actually make them wear the ultra-feminine cheer uniforms? No way!

They couldn’t! It was just too embarrassing!

“Now!” barked Destiny, “we don’t have all day; you can change right here to save time.”

Mortified, the two boys shimmied out of their tight, sexy yoga outfits and slipped into the even more girlish cheerleading uniforms. They both pulled down on their tiny pleated skirts, vainly trying to cover their boxers.

“Your undies are showing, girls!” mocked Destiny, “you better slip these on,” she added, reaching into their new gym bags to present each boy with frilly panties and tight spandex “spankies,” all in bright, sexy, candy apple red.

When the boys shook their heads, Destiny started counting down from 10. In a panic, they both quickly removed their boxers and slipped the panties up their legs and into place, then pulled the tight spandex spankies on over their flirty panties.

Not satisfied with that, Destiny styled their hair into high ponytails, and held them in place with huge red and white hair bows. “OMG, that’s just adorable! You both look like almost-perfect cheer princesses now!” She clapped her hands, bouncing on the balls of her feet with glee, “we can try makeup next time.”

The beautiful cheerleader then proceeded to put the hapless sissies through their paces. She forced them to repeat their steps, chants, and arm motions over and over until they were both quite good at it

—shocking both Destiny and the boys themselves with their new found cheerleading skills.

“Wow! Are you sure you girls have never been cheerleaders before?

I may have to sign you both up for cheerleading tryouts next week!”

giggled Destiny as they ran through a particularly sassy cheer.

Just then they noticed Matilda was watching as the crossdressed boys pranced and flicked their wrists in exaggeratedly feminine movements. She laughed uncontrollably and when she regained her breath, she began a slow clap.

“Well, well, well!” she smirked, “what do we have here, Big D? Some new pledges trying out for cheerleading?”

Startled, Dale began, “Wait, what? Pledges? No, we’re....”

“They’re just hopefuls,” Destiny cut in, “they’re wannabes really.

They begged me to help them get into shape so they might be able to try out for cheerleading. But they look like more of the pom-pom girl type, tho. What do you think, Monty?”

Corky began choking, overcome with utter humiliation. His face was flushed, and he was too embarrassed to even speak. When Dale tried to object, Monty reached under his tiny cheer skirt and grabbed him firmly by the balls.

“This little girly already has her own tiny pom-poms right here, don’t you, sissy?” said Monty, staring down into his shock-widened eyes.

She squeezed slightly, making him feel the beginnings of real pain, and rendering him particularly helpless.

Monty grinned widely. Her look promised—or threatened—much more to come. Dale both longed for and feared what that might involve. Still, something told him he’d be helpless to resist this goddess, no matter what nefarious plans she might have in mind.

Before long, the boys were at the sorority house every weekday afternoon and all day almost every weekend. In addition to yoga, cheerleading practice, and other physical activity, the girls began training them to cook, clean, iron, hand wash lingerie, do laundry and other domestic duties.

From that point on, Monty and Big D casually dominated, trained, and humiliated the two boys on a daily basis. The girls had little

difficulty using the roommates' petty rivalry to get each of them to participate in the other's feminization.

It began with Destiny letting the boys pick out each other's clothing.

First, it was picking out their rival's panties, and then having them replace each other's shirts with ever-more feminine tops.

When Dale chose a bright pink t-shirt for his roommate with "Girl Power" in sparkly sequins, Corky retaliated by selecting a tight white belly shirt that read, "SLUT!" in scarlet letters across the breast area.

That quickly escalated to the two boys conniving to make each other ever more feminine. Corky and Dale each demanded that the other shave their legs and underarms, paint their nails, pierce their ears, color their hair, and so on. With each passing week, the sissies became more and more girlish in behavior as well as appearance.

Soon, the girls forced the boys to learn to do their own makeup, nails, and hair as they steadily feminized their captive sissies. The girls were careful not to push their prey too far, but as the hours passed into weeks, so did the guys. That is, they increasingly passed for very sexy and very feminine college girls.

The increasingly intensive twice-daily yoga and ever-more demanding cheerleading practices were having a real impact. That and the strict diet the girls imposed on them were turning their bodies into lithe, fit, but only slightly muscled and increasingly feminine shapes.

When Destiny remarked on their "sexy, girlish figures" the boys blushed deeply. They couldn't deny the noticeable changes, but what could they do? They were already hopelessly entrapped, and getting more stuck with each passing day.

The threat of failing yoga hung over them like a mythical sword, and by then the girls had accumulated enough blackmail material to keep the boys under control. This included dozens of photos and videos of

the roommates dressed and acting like as perky cheerleaders, flirty school girls, and even like horny sluts on the make.

Even after the humiliation they'd experienced up to that point, the boys were utterly shocked when Giselle told them they'd have to cancel their Spring Break plans and move into the Delta House for more intensive yoga training if they had any hope of passing.

"Passing yoga class or passing as girls?" asked Corky sarcastically.

"Both," smiled the beautiful instructor as Destiny and Matilda smirked.

The boys knew that this would be bad, but they had no idea just how devious and motivated the sorority girls could be. They also knew nothing about the Great Sorority Sissy Hunt.

The college was largely deserted as the two boys walked across the quad. The crisp Spring air weighed heavily with newly-opening flower blossoms and other scents of rebirth. The boys felt helpless to stop their forcible rebirth into beautiful, feminized sissies. They could only hope for escape after Spring Break.

As of that time, Dale and Corky had contained their public exposure as well as could be possibly expected. Aside from a few of their early morning walks across campus in cute little yoga outfits—and of course performing in front of their yoga classmates and a few of the Deltas—no one had seen them dressed as girls. Within moments of their arrival at the Phi Delta Mu house that changed forever.

They were confronted at the door by several girls, but almost immediately Destiny appeared and effortlessly dragged both of them

upstairs and to a relatively out of the corridor. Eventually, they found themselves in an otherwise unoccupied bedroom.

Destiny sent a few texts while the confused boys looked around at the pink and lavender room adorned with feminine furnishings including a vanity, dressers, and canopy beds with frilly comforters and stuffed animals strewn about. It looked unoccupied, but ready for new roommates.

Within the blink of an eye, at least five more sorority sisters appeared and quickly gang-tackled the stunned boys. The two scrawny nerds suspected that any one of these girls could overpower both of them, and that realization made them feel vulnerable and helpless.

A few sisters opened the boys' suitcases and unceremoniously threw all their clothes into a pile. They sorted out the girlish yoga wear, and threw all the rest into a large garbage bag.

"You two girls won't be needing any of these ratty things," laughed Destiny as she tossed the garbage bag out the window into a waiting dumpster. "Now, it's time for an instant sissy makeover. Glam Squad Assemble!"

In a whirlwind of activity, the girls descended on their captives, stripping them and hogtying them naked. Before the helpless boys could even react, the girls smeared them with depilatory—all over their chests, legs, faces, crotches, and arms (including underarms).

As the itching grew unbearable, Corky and Dale whined, "Please! Let us wash off this junk! It's starting to burn our skin!" Monty laughed as she and a few other girls half lifted and half marched the boys into the bathroom that connected this bedroom with another similar chamber.

The girls giggled as they shoved the helpless roommates into the shower and turned on very cold water. The boys shrieked girlishly when the frigid spray hit their bodies, and started dancing around

under the onslaught. Within minutes, they were both as smooth as the day they were born from the head down.

The girls washed and conditioned the boys' hair, and scrubbed their skin all over with loofas drenched in a floral scented body wash. In record time, the two were cleaned up and patted down with soft, fluffy towels. Next, they had moisturizer with the same girlish scent massaged into their now perfectly smooth skin.

After a thorough powdering, the girls glued realistic C-cup breasts onto each boy's chest. The two nerds were quickly forcibly dressed in matching pink lacy panties and bras, then they were pushed forward and had to short pleated plaid skirts fastened around their waists.

Destiny and Monty buttoned their victims into delicate white blouses, and tied feminine little bows around their necks. Then, the boys were made to step into little white socks with a cute lace trim and black patent leather Mary Jane shoes with a two inch heel.

The girls dried and carefully coiffed their captives' hair into girlish styles with a flat iron and a blow dryer. It only took a few minutes more—and just a little foundation, contour, lavender eye shadow, mascara, rosy blush, and pink lipgloss—for the girls to complete their look.

The cosmetics and feminine hair styles did the trick, making the feminized boys' faces fit their sassy outfits. Before they could even catch their breath, Corky and Dale were completely transformed from slightly effeminate boys into cute, even sexy girls.

When Destiny and Monty dragged them before the full length mirror, the two feminized boys didn't even recognize the pretty little school girls they had become.

With all the whooping and yelling, specific voices cut through the clamor, and cut deeply into the boys' masculine pride—or what was

left of it. They cringed in humiliation as the assembled sorority sisters laughed and mocked them, as “perfect pansies,” and “seductive sissies.”

“OMG! Look at them, they’re adorable little school girls,” one of the sisters said.

“Right? They’re absolutely perfect! Small, slim bodies, cute button noses, and that blush really brings out their girlish cheekbones!”

enthused another.

One girl called them “sure money-makers” as the rest of the sorority girls cheered loudly.

Destiny stood on a chair and addressed the two feminized sissies as well as the giggling sorority girls, “Yes, we knew you two had a lot of potential as cute girls, but we never dreamed you’d come out looking so.... So....”

“Fabulously feminine?” Monty offered.

“Yes! Just look at them! They’re perfect little princesses!” proclaimed Destiny.

“Just what we wanted to hear,” moaned Corky, who the girls all began calling Cori. “Better than ‘Miss Mauve,’” thought Corky.

Even with his knees buckling from sheer humiliation, Dale could still think clearly enough to wonder, “What did that girl mean by calling us

‘money makers?’ I don’t even know most of them, so why do they all even care this much about forcibly dressing up two guys as girls?

They all seem way too ridiculously enthusiastic about this whole weird situation?”

Before Dale could even ask any of these burning questions, Monty picked Dale up and started carrying him to her own room. She had a single down the main hall on the second floor. Once inside, she closed and locked the door.

Looking at Dale with burning eyes she growled, "I am so hot right now! I've never seen such a sexy little sissy!" She was actually panting as she tossed him onto her bed and jumped on top of him like a lioness ready to devour her prey.

Dale was terrified at the unfathomable events that threatened to cascade completely out of control. Even with his growing fear, he had a growing erection as well as very mixed feelings.

On one hand, he was in awe of the beautiful blonde athlete. She had dominated his dreams, and now she was dominating him in real life.

He knew he'd never made such a stunning sexy woman so excited before, so turned on, so eager to...to what?

If he'd been expecting to have sex with this goddess, he wondered if that was really about to happen? Monty quickly solved that riddle for her captive when she reached into the top drawer of her nightstand and pulled out a harness with a large two-ended rubber dildo attached.

She wasted no time attaching the belt around her hips and flipping Dale over onto his face. As the feminized boy begged for mercy,

"Please! I'd love to have sex with you, but not like that! I want to be the man!"

Monty's laugh was chilling as she said, "You? The man? You look like a typical jail bait school girl slut! I can't call such a sexy thing

'Dale.' That could be a boy's name. Your new name is 'Delilah.' Now quiet down and let me show you who's your daddy!"

Helplessly wriggling in his cute little outfit, Dale realized there was no escape for him as his crush firmly held him down and roughly pulled down his lacy panties. The wispy cloth entangled with his bindings.

Thankfully Monty used gobs of lube in and around his little rosebud, but even though that spared him the physical agony it did nothing to protect him from the humiliation of anal penetration. Monty did everything she could to make Dale's emasculation all the more overwhelming if not permanent.

She slapped his ass, nibbled on his neck, and rode his ass for all it was worth. She kept a running commentary as she tore apart Dale's ass along with his sense of himself. She called him "Delilah, the sexy little temptress" as she hungrily ravished his feminized body.

Monty kept saying how "sexy" and "gorgeous" he was, and she also taunted him for being so "skanky" and such a "dirty little slut." Her words both tormented and tantalized him.

As the six foot female athlete pumped into his ass, Dale found himself pushing backward to meet her thrusts. He could never have

anticipated feeling this way, but he had to admit to himself that this was turning him on—despite, or maybe because of the absolute degradation and emasculation these girls had inflicted on him for weeks leading up to his deflowering.

Monty penetrated "Delilah" most of the night, riding waves of multiple orgasms and riding her new sissy until she finally collapsed and fell asleep on top of the helpless feminized boy. When the morning sun awoke them, they were both exhausted slick with perspiration.

Dale's makeup was smeared, making him look like a wanton slut about to take the walk of shame. Never in his life had he felt so humiliated, degraded or used. But never had he felt so desirable, so sexy. He'd dreamed of sex with Monty, and he'd gotten it.

As waves of afterglow washed over the pair, Monty untied her toy sissy and carried him into the shower. She was a star athlete and one of the more important sisters, so she had a single room with an attached bathroom. Most of the sorority girls had to share rooms with a roommate, and each pair of girls shared a bathroom with another double room.

The well-muscled volleyball star carefully removed “Delilah’s”

makeup and scrubbed “her” body until “she” was clean and smelled like lavender. Then, she quickly dried “Delilah” and began to force-dress her captive. She smiled at the large, perky glued-on breasts that rose and fell with each breath her toy took, and considering how nervous “she” was, those titties were bouncing most enticingly.

First, she made “Delilah” wear a black satin bra and panties set, with a matching garter belt. She slid fishnet stockings up “her” legs, then zipped the hapless sissy into a very short, black taffeta dress. She tied a frilly white apron around “her” waist, pinned a dainty little cap onto “her” head, and proclaimed, “Voila, Delilah! You’re a sexy little French Maid!”

Before letting her prey even get “her” feet on the floor, Monty quickly spread foundation on “her” face. She immediately followed that up with rosy blush, pink and purple shades of eyeshadow, thick black mascara, pitch black eyeliner, and bright fire engine red lipstick. She fluffed up his hair into a perky, sassy style and grinned possessively at her completed masterpiece.

“Now you’re ready, *Mon Cherie!* ” said Monty, staring at the trembling sissy before her with a predatory gleam in her sparkling hazel eyes.

“R-r-r-ready? Ready for what?” Dale stuttered, and something about his vulnerability made Monty’s nipples rise to attention and set her loins ablaze with lustful desire. She’d planned to parade the new sassy sissy maid in front of the whole sorority, but that would just have to wait now.

Monty grabbed the sissy she'd just feminized into a wet dream fantasy, and put "her" onto her lap. She bounced the helpless little maid on her lap, gasping and groaning with arousal and delight.

The athletic girl used her powerful leg muscles to entrap, seduce, and dominate her little toy. She once again penetrated her prey and thrust firmly into "her" over and over and over and over, until both lovers simultaneously orgasmed, then collapsed into a heap of entwined, hyperventilating bodies.

"I can definitely get used to this!" Monty giggled. Dale—now renamed Delilah for the foreseeable future—just quivered and moaned with utter humiliation and subjugation, but also feeling the most toe-curling deep sexual satisfaction he'd ever dreamed of.

As they once again languished in post-coital afterglow, Monty almost casually shared the details of Delilah's future. The feminized boy laid there, stunned and appalled, but also oddly aroused by what he heard.

"Today and tomorrow we're preparing you and the other sissies for a fashion show and photo shoot," said Monty. "The fashion show is for the sisters of Delta house to help us see which of you 'girls' move and act and talk the most flirtatiously. Those of you who are the most feminine will be further trained as sissies for hire. The photos will go into the online catalogue so horny guys and frat houses can rent you out."

"Rent us out?!?! For what?!?! What do you—" began "Delilah," now outraged and terrified. It was one thing to role play and have kinky sex with the irresistible Monty, but he was not about to prance around frat boys dressed as a girl!

Seeing a possible rebellion, the goddess immediately reasserted her control over her new toy. "Be quiet and listen to me. No questions!

No objections! Your opinion is meaningless."

She shushed her prey with a finger on his brightly painted lips and went on forcefully, “I can tell you this much right now, princess: the way you look in that saucy French Maid’s uniform makes me absolutely sure you’ll fly through the first round and move on to the next stage.”

“Next stage?” Dale asked.

“Yes,” said Monty, “After a few days of training, we’ll pick the prettiest sissies and promote them to serving us girls and our boyfriends at a fancy dinner dressed as French maids. Just look at you, my sissy temptress Delilah! You’re a cinch for that already!”

“Delilah” wanted to ask for a more complete explanation, to ask why this was happening to him? How the girls expected to get away with this crazy scheme? He opened his mouth to challenge Matilda, to demand answers, but felt much too overwhelmed and intimidated.

Instead, “she” just nodded helplessly and silently as a single tear ran down “her” cheek as “she” listened to “her” impending fate.

“We expect the frat guys to ask us if they can rent some of the better looking ‘girls’ to clean up their disgusting frat houses, do their laundry, and maybe perform ‘other services.’ Again, looking as feminine and alluring as you do, I’m sure you’ll be in high demand for all of that—especially the more intimate ‘services.’”

The irresistible Amazon explained the Delta’s plans to keep feminizing Delilah, Cori, and various other sissies. She hinted that the forcibly- feminized boys would help save the sorority. She didn’t go into any details, but Dale guessed that the sorority planned on pimping him out along with Corky and the other sissies who he hadn’t seen yet.

“Don’t fret, Delilah, I’ve already claimed you as my personal plaything. I expect and demand your full and submissive cooperation moving forward.”

She paused to see if the sissy would object to these revelations, but seeing only stunned disbelief and hearing no sound other than faint moaning, she went on.

With a huge smile Monty said, "The prettiest, most passable sissies like you will participate in a bikini car wash to raise money for the Delta House, alongside several actual female pledges. We'll carefully watch for the reactions to see which 'girls' look sexy enough to be rented out as escorts and how much we should charge for them."

Monty felt a small jolt pass through the sexy sissified maid who still sat, bouncing on her lap. At this point she was sure that revealing the Deltas' plans would get a more dramatic reaction, but to her surprise "Delilah" went limp right there in her grasp.

"Wow, the poor pretty little thing fainted!" she observed, then she shrugged and giggled. "This is gonna be the best Spring Break ever!"

TO BE CONTINUED

Amber and Wendy

. Amber Hyatt and Wendy Duncan were the kind of girls other girls secretly hated, but pretended to like. You just had to pretend to like Amber and Wendy. They were both freshman at the Phi Delta Mu sorority, but although they were the envy of many girls, their sorority still needed money and more members.

It was Wendy who came up with the idea of catching guys, then training them to be sissies. Wendy was a tall, brunette girl with a mean face. Her eyebrows naturally curved inwards and her mouth was fixed into a perpetual smirk. Despite this, she still managed to be astoundingly pretty. Her figure was slim but her breasts were a perfect D-cup. Her eyes were bright green and she had an enviable tan. Girls in the college were a little scared of her, as they had been in high school before, but all of the boys fancied her. She knew that

and she relished in leading guys on, only to shoot them down if they didn't meet her high standards.

Amber wasn't quite as scary as Wendy, but she was always willing to go along with Wendy's 'evil' plans. She had been known to be overly playful with boys, to the point of leading them on and breaking their hearts as she enjoyed herself. She'd also been known to flirt heavily with tutors, in order to get her grades raised. Amber was one of those girls with very little shame. Her hair was bright blonde and she wore girlish clothes that showed off her slim figure. Like Wendy, she had an impressive tan. Amber also had a belly button ring, that was usually on show.

When Wendy mentioned the plan to Amber, she giggled.

“Oh my God, you evil genius,” she laughed, “Are you serious?”

Wendy smirked and nodded. “It's the obvious solution,” she said.

“How else are we going to get the members we need? We can train these boys to act exactly as they should, to be worthwhile members of the sorority.”

Amber nodded and giggled some more.

“Who are you thinking?” She said.

“I don't know,” Wendy replied, “Not yet, anyway. But you can rest assured, by tomorrow my plan will include names, addresses and other important information.”

Wendy was serious. As she said those words, you could almost see the thoughts whizzing above her head.

Amber allowed herself to daydream. She thought about the guys at college, those who laughed at her and those who flirted with her. She imagined them in dresses, talking and acting like girls. She imagined

Wendy bossing them all around. Still giggling to herself, Amber quickly allowed her thoughts to become as vivid as Wendy's.

It was the following day, whilst the two girls were at Starbucks, that their plan started to become concrete.

"Have you thought of anybody yet?" asked Amber.

Wendy looked irritated. "I'm working on it," she said, "Trust me."

"Oh, I know," said Amber, "I'm sorry! I'm just... Excited. It's going to be lots of fun, as well as useful for the sorority!"

Wendy nodded seriously.

"We need somebody suitably feminine, so as not to arouse suspicions," she said.

Amber joined Wendy's serious nod.

"Yes," she said, "A small, skinny boy. One who could pass for a girl easily, in the right clothing."

"There are a few of them in our college," Wendy said.

Amber nodded, though she couldn't think of one off the top of her head. Both girls sat in silence for a couple of minutes, sipping their warm cappuccinos. Amber suspected that Wendy's brain was busier than her own, though she was trying hard to think of someone as well.

"I've got one," said Wendy suddenly, curling her thick brown hair around her finger. "I know who we can recruit first."

Amber smiled eagerly. She'd been counting on Wendy to kick things off.

"I'm all ears," she said, "Who? Who's going to be our first sorority sissy?"

Wendy laughed. She slowly, purposefully sipped on her coffee, then answered.

"Do you remember that guy I dated for a few weeks?"

"Which one?"

They both laughed.

"The football player... Anyway, he's not important. His roommate is.

Do you remember me telling you about his total wuss of a roommate?"

"The tiny little one?"

"That's right."

Amber nodded. "I remember you mentioning him. He sounded like a total nerd. Always playing video games?"

"That's the one," Wendy said. "He's really tiny. Like, in girls sizes, he will fit into size 4 clothes. He'll be easy to get into them, too!"

Amber laughed again. She felt a little nervous, but more excited.

"So, what are we going to do?" she asked.

"We're going to go and get him!" Wendy said, "His name's Geoff Bowman and his address is 16, Pershore Drive."

Amber and Wendy both felt their hearts racing as they knocked on Geoff Bowman's door. It was very possible that his roommate, who

had dated Wendy for a few weeks would answer. The girls were more than elated when he didn't.

"Hey Geoff," said Wendy, flashing her super-white teeth at the small, weedy boy.

"H-hi," he stuttered, "Wendy, isn't it?"

He looked visibly embarrassed. He was blinking abnormally quickly and touching the back of his neck nervously.

"That's right," said Wendy, "And this is my friend, Amber."

Geoff looked at Amber. He smiled politely, trying to look calmer. In a relieved voice, he said,

"Tom's not in. I'm sorry. He should be back later."

He started to close the door, but Wendy put her hand on it.

"Are you not going to invite us in for a drink, Geoff?"

Geoff coughed and stammered again.

"I'm sorry," he said. "Of course, please come in. We don't have much but you can have a hot drink, or a bottle of beer."

The girls followed Geoff into the house he shared with Wendy's ex, Tom. Tom had been OK to Wendy but she had gotten bored of him.

"It's not very tidy in here, Geoff," Wendy said cruelly. By now, Geoff's face was burning.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I wasn't- we weren't- we weren't expecting visitors."

Wendy looked around the room in distaste. There were DVD cases on the floor and a couple of worn jumpers over the side of the sofa.

She'd seen much worse living rooms, but she turned her nose up as though she hadn't.

"What would you like to drink?" Geoff said. "Beer, tea, coffee?"

"I'll have a beer, please," Amber said quickly. She was always ready for a drink.

Wendy laughed.

"Sure, why not," she said, "I'll have the same."

Geoff brought both girls a bottle of Budweiser from the fridge. He quickly moved the jumpers of the side of the sofa and gestured for the girls to sit down. It wasn't until then that he noticed the huge bags in each of their hands.

"Oh my, I'm sorry," he said, looking mortified again. "Please, can I help you with your bags?"

He put the bottles of beer down on the coffee table. Wendy and Amber looked at each other. Instantly, they pounced.

Wendy gripped the back of Geoff's arms and held him still. He was so weedy, it didn't take much effort on her part.

Amer laughed and opened both of the big bags, which now lay on the floor in front of them.

"Hmm," she said, "So much to choose from. What would suit Geoff, I wonder?"

She pulled out a pair of tights.

"We'll *definitely* be needing some of these," she said, giggling again.

She slipped them into her pocket.

Wendy's expression had gone dark. She looked mean and cruel as Geoff pathetically wriggled in her arms.

"G-g-g-get off!" He stammered. Wendy held him still.

"I think there's b-been a misunderstanding,"

"There hasn't," Wendy said sharply.

Amber continued to giggle as she rummaged in the bags, whilst staring at Geoff. Although he was young like them, he dressed much older. He wore a checkered shirt that wouldn't look out of place on a 70 year old, and brown corduroys. On his feet were dark slippers.

Amber guffawed as she took his outfit in.

"Crikey," she said, "Anything is going to look better than what you have on!"

Geoff continued to stammer, but it wasn't clear what he was saying.

"What's the matter with you?" Wendy barked, still gripping his arms hard. "Stop jolting about, will you!"

She looked at Amber.

“Amber, what have we got for him? What do you reckon? See what I mean about him being nice and petite?”

Amber held up a pink summer dress.

“I think this would suit our girly,” she said, “It's suitably spring-like, too. It being March and all.”

Wendy nodded. Without warning, she reached around to Geoff's front. She ripped open his shirt and pulled it off. He tried to run away but Amber quickly put her foot out, causing him to trip. As he groaned on the floor, scrabbling to try and lift himself up again, Wendy sat on his back. She used his checkered shirt to tie his arms behind his back, then dragged him up off the floor again.

“He's so weak, he's making me feel strong!” She laughed to Amber.

“You're like the Hulk!” Amber agreed.

Wendy dragged Geoff over to the sofa and threw him down. She pulled down his corduroys and yanked his socks down with them. He wore white briefs, which had both the girls in hysterics again.

“As if!” Cried Amber, “I mean, as if! Who wears those?”

Wendy pointed at his briefs, laughing loudly.

“You look so ridiculous,” she said, “Oh my God! I need to take a picture!”

Geoff's face burned as he sat helplessly on the sofa. His arms were tied firmly behind his back and it was clear he'd thought better about trying to run again. Besides, he would have struggled to balance without the use of his arms.

Wendy took several snaps of Geoff as he sat, restrained and in just his white briefs. He frowned fiercely and a tear fell down his face.

"I don't want this," he said desperately. Wendy and Amber howled.

Again without warning, Wendy pulled Geoff's pants down. He kicked and tried to prevent her, but it was no use. Almost instantly, he was on the sofa wearing nothing but the checkered shirt that was wrapped around his wrists, behind his back.

"No!" He shouted, "No! Please!"

His cock was flaccid and small. He tried to hide it between his legs, but this just made the girls laugh even more.

"Aww, he wants to be a girly, look!"

Wendy took more pictures.

Lying the pink summer dress across the table, Amber continued to look through the bags.

After making him promise not to run, and threatening him with the pictures, the girls were able to release Geoff's arms. This enabled them to properly feminize him.

First, they used the waxing strips they'd brought to remove the hair from his underarms.

"There is absolutely no way a girl from our sorority would be caught dead with hair like that!" Amber said, flattening the strip against his armpit.

Geoff grimaced as she pushed the strip down, building the anticipation before she tore it off. He was determined not to yelp, or worse, cry. In a weird way, allowing them to feminize him in this way was going to make him feel more manly. He had to take whatever he could get.

Amber ripped off the first strip, removing a chunk of his armpit hair.

“Not bad,” she said, “Your hair is soft, which makes it easy. We still need a few more goes, though.”

She used the same strip a couple more times, then picked up another one to complete the hair removal of his first armpit.

When that one was smooth and very sore, she started on the next one. Throughout this, Wendy stood with her hands on her hips, watching and grinning sadistically at Geoff.

“I’ll start on the legs,” she finally said, picking up her own waxing strip.

Whilst Amber removed the hair from his second armpit, quicker than the first, Wendy worked on his legs. Amber soon joined her. They were like women possessed as they worked to get rid of all the hair on Geoff’s body.

Of course, once the legs and armpits were smooth, it was time for his chest and pubic area. Geoff had very few hairs on his chest, making this easy. His balls, too, were not very hairy.

“He was born to be a girl,” Wendy laughed. Amber stroked his now extremely smooth chest, agreeing.

Geoff seemed to have started to relax. He was relieved that the hair removal was over. Was this nearly over? He knew it to be some cruel prank. He’d always known that Wendy was cruel. But surely there couldn’t be much more, could there?

Whilst Wendy stood over Geoff, her hands on her hips again and laughing at his smooth, naked body, Amber took out some lingerie from one of the bags.

“I think pink is a good colour for spring underwear,” she said, holding up a pair of panties and a bra that were a very similar colour to the summer dress.

“Yes,” said Wendy, accepting the panties from Amber, “Let's put them on.”

Geoff closed his eyes as Wendy pulled the panties up over his legs, onto his crotch. He felt himself becoming aroused but desperately focused on not getting hard. He thought about his maths class earlier in the day. He remembered how bored he'd been, despite the fact he usually liked maths.

When the panties were on him, both girls stood back and cackled.

Geoff took a deep breath.

“We need some boobs for him!” Said Wendy, “Although he's skinny, a dress over that body would just look *too* flat-chested.”

“Don't worry,” Amber said, rummaging in the large bag again, “We definitely packed some chicken fillets!”

Geoff watched as the girls excitedly took out some chicken fillets to give him breasts. The initial shock was wearing off and now, he was more bemused. *Was this what girls – mean girls – did for fun? Were they getting off on this? Why? Why him?*

Wendy roughly approached him with the pink bra to match the panties he now wore. She hooked it around his back and pulled the straps over his arms. As she did so, it hurt him a little, but he was still trying his best to look some version of manly. He managed not to flinch.

When the bra was on over his flat chest, Amber pushed the fillets into the cups.

“There,” she said, “Looking good!”

Amber took her phone from her pocket and took a few snaps.

“Smile,” she said, “You're looking hot, girl! Smile for the camera!”

Despite himself, Geoff gave the girls quite a toothy grin.

“Close your mouth,” Wendy said quickly.

He did as he was told, despite his humiliation. They took more photos of him as he sat, helplessly in the pink underwear. He was wondering how much longer this torture would last.

Without putting tights on, the girls pulled the pink dress over Geoff's head. Wendy dragged him to his feet as Amber straightened the clothing over him. In the pink, cotton dress, his breasts looked incredibly realistic. He instantly looked one hundred times more like a girl.

“Wow,” said Amber.

They stood back and stared at him. His naturally smooth, delicate face looked incredibly girly when coupled with the dress. His hair was short, but they could soon fix that. Make-up, first, though, the girls both agreed.

Wendy picked up a large make-up bag that had fallen to the floor as Amber had rummaged through the stuff. Indeed, there were several items of clothing littering the living room, from dresses to lingerie to different kinds of shoes.

“Sit down and sit still,” said Wendy. Geoff began to despair again.

The girls weren't showing any signs of easing off.

“Hey,” he said, “How much longer will this go on for? Haven't you had your fun yet? I mean, surely whatever kick you were trying to get out of this, you've got?”

The girls looked at each other and burst into laughter.

“OOOoooooh!” Said Wendy. She shoved Geoff back onto the sofa and climbed on top of him. He wished he wasn't, but he felt himself getting erect.

“We are going to do whatever we want to do with you,” said Wendy, staring at Geoff seductively. He stared back at her and said nothing.

He looked closely at her face. She looked so cruel, he thought, like she was truly evil. Geoff began to feel more sorry for himself than embarrassed as Wendy started to wipe foundation onto his cheeks.

“He is going to make such a good girly,” she said to Amber, “He's being good now, too. Well done. You're much nicer when you're quiet.”

Her and Amber laughed again.

“What shall we call her?” Amber said .

Wendy paused her foundation application for a second as they both stared at Geoff's face.

“Jen?” Amber suddenly said.

Wendy shrugged. “Sure, why not,” she said. “Jen, Jenny, Jennifer.”

Geoff shuddered. He tried to focus on the sensation of the cool liquid foundation, covering his face.

When she'd done smoothing his complexion, Wendy put black liquid eyeliner around his eyes. This instantly made him look older, and more confident.

“Hmm,” she said, “You're starting to get it going on!”

She looked at Geoff's eyes. Like Amber's, they were green.

“Hey, Amber,” she said, “What wigs do we have?”

Amber returned to the bags on the floor, to take out their selection of wigs.

Wendy remained focused on Geoff's make-up.

"Keep your eyes open," she told him as she approached his eye with the mascara brush.

Geoff couldn't help but blink.

"Hey!" Said Wendy, "What the fuck did you do that for?"

"S-sorry," Geoff stuttered. His detached feeling had faded and his embarrassment was returning. *Why was he letting two girls do this to him? Why was he saying sorry? He really was a wuss.*

"Keep them open," she ordered him. Although he felt his eyes watering, he kept them open whilst she drew on his lashes with mascara, making them darker and appear twice as long.

When his mascara was on, Wendy applauded herself.

"This make-up is already looking amazing," she said. She looked through the bag.

"Aha!" She said. She picked up a selection of eye shadows.

"Which one do you reckon?" she said, holding the palette up to Amber.

"Well," said Amber, looking at it thoughtfully, "How about the green, sparkly one. To match her eyes. I know I use that one sometimes, and Jenny has similar eyes to mine."

"She certainly does," Wendy said. "Not quite as pretty, though."

Amber smiled guiltily.

“Close your eyes,” Wendy instructed Geoff. He was relieved to do so as it felt like a temporary escape. He felt her soft touch on his eye lids and he started to get aroused again. This made him agitated. He really didn't want to be laughed at even more.

When Wendy had put the eye shadow on Geoff, she picked a bright pink lip gloss from the makeup bag. She put it on his lips, without a word, then grabbed her phone. She took more photos of Geoff, then laughed as she pointed at his crotch.

“Look, Amber!” She said, pointing at Geoff's semi-erect cock, which showed through the panties and dress.

Amber gasped as she put her hand over her mouth.

“He really likes being a girly!” Wendy laughed. She took more pictures of him and walked over to Amber, who sat on the floor with four wigs in front of her.

“I know which one I think,” said Amber, “But what about you?”

Wendy looked at the selection of wigs. There was a long, red one with straight hair, and a blonde one similar.

“That blonde one looks like your hair!” Said Amber to Wendy. Wendy smiled and fingered her hair.

There were two more, shorter wigs, both of which were brunette.

Wendy instantly dismissed those two, looking at the blonde and red long-haired wigs.

She held each of them up and looked at Geoff next to them. Geoff looked down at himself. He'd never worn pink before, or a dress. He felt alien, like he was in a bad dream. He shook his head, but nothing happened. He reached down to stroke the cotton dress. It felt pleasant against his fingers and thighs as he stroked it. When he looked up, both girls were still staring at him, as Wendy held the wigs.

"You choose," she eventually said to Amber. Amber took both wigs from Wendy and approached Geoff.

"Hmm," she said, "Well, you do have green eyes. And that green eye shadow really does bring them out. Your skin is also very pale, so blonde might not work right. I'm thinking red, Wendy."

Wendy stared at Geoff in his pink dress, then at the wig, then back again.

"I agree," she said. "I was worried it would clash with the dress, but actually, it looks pretty!"

"Doesn't it!" Amber said. "You are going to fit right in with us girls at the sorority."

Geoff felt a tightening in his throat. This was going too far.

Amber pulled the red wig onto his hair and he stood up. She pushed him back down again but he forcefully pushed her off him.

"Stop!" He shouted, sounding emotional. "Enough! That's enough!"

Amber staggered back in shock. She hadn't expected him to lash out like that, not after he'd sat so calmly for Wendy.

Wendy immediately retaliated. She slapped Geoff hard on his right cheek, then straight away back-handed his left. He gasped with shock himself.

"Come on," she said, "Into your bedroom."

The girls dragged Geoff roughly up the stairs, whilst Amber held the wig in one hand.

When they reached his bedroom (Wendy knew which one it was by process of elimination), Wendy pushed him towards his bed. She kneed him in the balls and he fell backwards, squealing loudly.

As he lay back on the bed, cupping his balls in agony, Amber shouted at him.

“I am very disappointed in you,” she said. “Us two girls always –

ALWAYS – get our way. You had better learn to co-operate, young lady.”

Still cupping his balls, Geoff whimpered and slowly sat up. He'd given up all hope of looking manly.

“Sit up properly,” Wendy said.

“For fuck's sake,” she added, “We're going to have to touch up your make-up again now.”

Amber ran downstairs to grab the make-up bag. Whilst she was there, she grabbed two pairs of shoes to choose from. She brought all three things upstairs and returned to the scene. Geoff sat timidly on the bed, with smudged eyeliner and mascara and a shaking lip.

Amber touched up Geoff's make-up and hid all traces of the smudging. As she did this, Wendy looked through Geoff's closet. It was full of old-man clothes. There were shirts, several pairs of jeans and corduroys and a few suits. She even found an old overcoat, that looked as though it was from the 1950s.

“Hey, look!” She said, pulling it out of the closet.

Geoff turned miserably to look at what she held up.

“That was my grandad's,” he muttered.

Wendy ignored him and put her hands into the pockets. They were very big and deep.

“Hey, Amber, you do a bit more make-up, OK?” She said.

Amber nodded and picked up the blusher. Wendy took some nail scissors from the make-up bag. She used them to cut huge holes in the pockets of the large coat.

Wendy lay the large coat on the bed next to Geoff, then admired his make-up.

“You've really done a good job there, Amber,” she said.

Geoff turned to face Wendy. Behind her was his closet, which had a full length mirror on the door. For the first time since the start of the ordeal, he saw his reflection. He couldn't help but gasp.

It was true that he really did look like a girl. Although they'd not yet managed to put the wig on him, his face – now it was made up –

looked phenomenally feminine. He was shocked by how realistic his breasts looked, too. *Did all girls wear fake breasts?* Geoff was very sexually inexperienced. He didn't know if chicken fillets were a part of all girls' wardrobes. He looked at the dress and how it fitted his body. He couldn't believe how girly he looked, how slim.

“Oh my God,” he said.

“I know,” said Wendy, “Don't you look a gorgeous girl!”

Geoff turned back around and stared in front of him. For the first time in his life, he felt confused about his identity. He also felt confused about how he felt. For the third time, he was beginning to feel aroused. The girls' attention was something he wasn't used to, and they seemed to really be enjoying themselves. *What was going on?*

As he sat still on the bed, somewhat dazed, Amber pushed his feet into the chosen pair of shoes. They were silver, pointed shoes with a medium heel.

"She's being kind," Wendy told him. "If I'd have chosen, you'd have been in a six-inch heel."

"Well," said Amber, "These do go beautifully with the dress."

"They do," Wendy agreed.

The shoes were too small for Geoff, but Amber managed to squeeze them in.

"Blimey!" She said, panting as she finished pushing his second foot into the shoe, "That was a squeeze!"

"We can get her some new ones, in time," Wendy said.

Geoff's nerves grew even greater. Once again, he realised there was no sign of this ending. What on Earth did the girls want with him?

What were their plans?

"Stand up," said Wendy.

Geoff cautiously lifted himself from the bed. He struggled to balance in the shoes, and had to hold his arms out.

Wendy took the opportunity to effortlessly slide his arms into the large overcoat that she'd lay out on the bed. Geoff felt comforted immediately. This was an item of his clothing. Something he always felt good in, even if it was old-fashioned. A hint of a smile crept across his face as Wendy straightened the coat over him, covering the dress.

"Put your hands in your pockets," she said quietly.

Geoff immediately did as she said. Wendy nodded at Amber.

"Tights," she said.

Amber put her hand into her own pocket and pulled out the tights.

She passed them quickly to Wendy.

Wendy crouched onto the floor and put her hands up Geoff's overcoat. By this point, he'd realised that the usual insides to his pockets were gone.

Wendy grabbed his right hand beneath the jacket whilst Amber quickly reacted, holding onto his left hand. Wendy tied a tight knot around his wrist with the tights, then passed them to Amber.

"We need a big knot," she said, "Tying his arms together and to his body."

Amber wrapped the tights around Geoff's wrist and then around his body, before tying a knot around his wrist.

"That should be tight enough," she said.

Geoff stood up straight with his arms bound to his body beneath the jacket, but it looked just like he had his hands in his pockets. Amber clapped her hands.

"Brilliant!" She said gleefully. "I guess I can have another go at the wig now, without getting pushed!"

She picked up the red wig as Wendy pushed Geoff back onto the bed, ensuring that he sat up straight. Amber pulled it onto his head and used clips to secure it to his short, fair hair.

"Good girl," she said as Geoff sat there, submissively allowing her to put the wig on. "You're learning."

As she continued to clip the wig on, Wendy returned downstairs. She cleared up all of the things they'd left on the floor and sorted Geoff out with a small, overnight bag.

Walking back upstairs, Wendy clutched the small bag she'd packed for Geoff. She laughed to herself at how easy and successful their mission had been, already. She walked back into Geoff's room.

Geoff looked up at Wendy fearfully. His eyes looked wider than before, partially due to the make up and partly because of his fear.

The red wig was now perfectly secured to his head. Although the overcoat was old-fashioned and manly, it had a strange stylishness to it when paired with the pink dress. It almost looked like a fashion statement. The silver shoes didn't look too small, though Geoff's feet were already in pain.

"I think we're almost ready to go," Wendy said, holding up the overnight bag. "I've packed you some essential make-up, toiletries including a razor, two pairs of underwear and another dress."

Geoff gulped. He didn't know where he was going. They'd mentioned the sorority but they couldn't really be taking him there, could they?

Surely he'd need to do an interview of some kind, to get accepted into that household. Wasn't this kidnapping? Were they kidnapping him?

Wendy and Amber got Geoff onto his feet again in the bedroom. He felt dizzy and faint as he focused again on balancing in the shoes.

Wendy spoke to him slowly.

"Jennifer, you need to listen to us and follow the rules at all times. Do you understand?"

Geoff said nothing as he stared into the mirror again. He was horrified by his reflection. He looked no less girly than Wendy and Amber, though he was significantly paler, even with the make-up.

"Do I make myself clear?" Wendy said again.

Geoff jumped and nodded. "Yes," he said, "Yes, I understand."

Amber put her hand under his left arm and Wendy did the same to his right, holding the black overnight bag over her shoulder.

"Come on then," she said, "Let's go."

They walked slowly down the stairs, then Amber picked up the two large bags. They were less heavy than they'd been, but still very bulky.

"Are you OK with them?" Wendy asked.

"I am," said Amber, "But you'll have to lead Jennifer."

Amber carried the two bags whilst Wendy kept a hold of Geoff, walking him out of the house.

"Just keep smiling," she told him.

The cool spring air hit them as they left the house. It was late in the afternoon and the wind was blowing. The street Geoff lived on was full of students and his heart was racing with the anxiety of seeing one he knew.

Grinning and acting amazingly casual, Wendy quickened her pace as she led Geoff through the street.

"What a lovely day," she said, "I bet you're so excited, Jenny!"

She nudged him as she spoke.

"Yes," said Geoff, too scared to say anything else.

"You're really going to love your new place," she told him.

Struggling with her bags, Amber called to somebody she knew, across the street. There were a group of guys walking together. One of them had been on a date with Amber recently.

“Hey, Amber!” He said, smiling at her across the street. “Need a hand?”

“Yes, please! We're going back to the sorority!” Amber said.

“Sure thing,” the guy said, saying goodbye to his friends and joining the three girls. Geoff froze. He knew he had to act like a girl now. It was better than getting found out. The guy who Amber had called over was one of the main football players in the school and he was, like the girls, extremely popular.

“Wendy, isn't it,” he said, smiling at Wendy.

“Yes,” said Wendy, smiling broadly back at him.

“Thought so,” he said, “I'm Ollie.”

“I know,” said Wendy, “And this is our new friend, Jennifer.”

“Hey,” said Ollie, smiling at Geoff. He looked him up and down, allowing his eyes to focus for a second on the false breasts. He was none the wiser.

Geoff felt strange being looked at in the male gaze like that. He was ashamed to admit to himself that it had caused a flutter of excitement. He tried to tell himself that it was just the nerves, confusing him, yet he still kept up his act of being one of the girls.

Amber and Ollie walked behind Wendy and Geoff towards the sorority. As they walked through campus, many more people saw them. Nobody seemed to notice that anything was amiss.

Approaching the sorority house, Amber and Wendy greeted a couple more girls and guys, introducing them all to Jenny.

Geoff smiled and said very little to everyone they met. More than anything, he really didn't want to get found out, not now. He was burning red and grateful for the make-up. When he did speak, his voice shook.

"H-hi," he said, "I'm n-new."

"Aww, don't worry, babes," said one of the girls they met on their travels. "You'll settle in soon enough."

Wendy patted his back reassuringly and smiled at her friends. When they were out of earshot, she whispered to Geoff,

"Good girl. You're doing great."

When they arrived at the sorority house, Ollie made his excuses.

"I'd better get back to the boys," he said to Amber. "But hey, let's go out again, yeah?"

"Text me," said Amber, smiling flirtily. Ollie nodded. "Sure thing."

He said goodbye to Wendy, then looked at Jennifer.

"I'm sorry," he said, "What was your name again?"

Geoff felt like crying.

"Jennifer," he said, in a voice that was too high.

"Ah, I see," he said. "Later, Jennifer."

When Wendy unlocked the door, Amber put the bags just inside the doorway. Wendy held onto Geoff's overnight bag and led him inside.

"Welcome," she said.

Geoff followed Wendy into the house. Wendy and Amber were both beaming proudly.

"Your room is upstairs, first door on the left," Wendy said, walking up the stairs. Geoff continued to follow her.

She unlocked the bedroom door with a small key and walked inside.

Geoff gasped when he saw the room. It was like something from a little girl's fairy tale.

The walls were pale pink and the large, double bed had pink sheets.

"The bed matches your dress! How cute!" Amber exclaimed.

There was an abundance of make-up on the large dressing table, all of which looked brand new.

"You've been spoiled, really," Wendy said.

There was another door, leading to the bathroom which Geoff could see had a pink rug on the floor. There was another pink rug on the floor of the bedroom itself, on top of which was a pile of women's magazines.

To the side of the room was a closet, that had been deliberately left ajar. In there, Geoff could see many dresses of all different colours, shapes and sizes.

When he'd had time to take it all in, he turned to look at Wendy. He opened his mouth to speak, but she interrupted him.

"Welcome to your new home, Jennifer."

She pushed him further inside as she and Amber walked out. She closed the door and locked it with the small key.

TO BE CONTINUED

Vanessa and Erin

It was only natural for Vanessa and Erin to be partnered. They had become fast friends since they wound up in a sociology class together in September. It was because Vanessa was pledging Phi Delta Mu that Erin joined the sorority in the first place.

Both were trendy and popular girls who were very fashionable and had the type of looks that drew plenty of male attention. In short, they could have pledged any sorority on campus, but they joined Delta Mu. They were pretty girls who looked even more beautiful together.

Erin was a statuesque blonde with deep blue eyes, who looked like she should be driving in a convertible on a California highway.

Vanessa was shorter with a dark Italian/ Tunisian tan she inherited from her mom, which was also where she also got her pert D-cup breasts. She was stunning and, like Erin, she knew it.

“Do you still have to catch a sissy?” asked Vanessa. “What about that professor?”

“He was strictly Karla and Cindy’s,” replied Erin. “I just helped with his makeover.”

“How did you like it?” asked Vanessa.

“Truthfully, it was great. I loved the power of sissifying him knowing that he didn’t want to be girly at all,” said Erin. “It kind of took me by surprise.”

“That’s what I thought,” replied Vanessa. “I want to humiliate a guy that way so bad.”

“How do you want to do it?” asked Erin.

“If we got a wimpy enough guy, we could just overpower him and blackmail him, like they did with Roger,” suggested Vanessa.

“Yeah, but we could probably just seduce them into it a lot easier.”

As Vanessa led Tyler up the stairs to her room in the sorority house, he could barely believe it. The girls were not usually allowed to have guys in their rooms, but people seemed happy to see him and all wanted to be introduced to Vanessa’s new boyfriend. If he had stopped and listened to the wing of rooms off the main parlor on the first floor, he might have been more cautious about following Vanessa upstairs, but instead he bounded up the stairs with his date.

Tyler was inside Vanessa Stewart’s room. He had dreamed of this moment for so long but, honestly, it was just a normal room. It was decorated in pink and black and was much more feminine than any dorm room he had seen. No sooner did they enter the room, than Vanessa began touching up her makeup. Tyler sat on the bed and stared at her with rapt attention.

Vanessa smiled and looked back at Tyler, “Do you like?”

“Uh—well it’s interesting,” admitted Tyler. “I don’t have any sisters or anything.”

Vanessa was thrilled with the attention that she was getting from Tyler. She’d caught him staring and he couldn’t help but blush when she asked if he was interested in her makeup.

“Makeup can do some pretty amazing things to your appearance. You should try some,” suggested Vanessa.

“No,” Tyler shook his head, “I’d look gay.”

“No, you wouldn’t,” replied Vanessa. “Actors and anchormen and a lot of celebrities wear a little makeup. It’s not like I’m talking about false eye lashes or anything.”

"I don't think so," said Tyler.

"Come on," said Vanessa. "I promise I won't make you look stupid."

"Can't we skip it?" begged Tyler.

"Just try a little blush," she'd giggled, waving a large, bushy brush in Tyler's direction.

"Don't be silly." He laughed nervously, but he didn't put up much of a fight. Maybe he was genuinely curious, or maybe it was the way

she leaned over him in her little lacy top with her perfume smelling so sweet. Soon, he had more makeup on his face than she did.

Vanessa used a lot more product on Tyler than he ever imagined. What surprised him was that the combination of being in close proximity to Vanessa and the feeling of the soft brushes was beginning to excite him. He tried to hide his growing erection. He knew it would be a disaster if she knew how excited he was getting as she finished his makeup.

"We're going to have a lot of fun, you and me," promised Vanessa.

"I...I...I...can't do that," he stuttered as Vanessa began hunting through her underwear drawer, looking for things he knew would be for him.

"Oh, please. I will be fun, and such a turn on for me," she purred.

"It's all I can do not to jump your bones right now. Please."

It's not like Tyler could argue the point. She was so far out of his league, and he never thought she even liked him. Just being with her like this took so much planning and persistence.

"Well I...I... guess so, but please just don't tell anyone," Tyler reluctantly agreed. When he saw the delicate panties that she pulled out, he immediately regretted it.

"Oh, it will be our little secret, my sexy girl," she said, pulling out a pair of soft sheer stockings.

It was so embarrassing, Tyler could barely think straight.

Vanessa began laughing as Tyler's cock stiffened. She knew it was an involuntary reaction to her pulling a sexy pair of pink panties up his bare legs. A matching Basque and stockings were added, much to Tyler's horror.

"You look better in my underwear than I do," cooed Vanessa, kissing Tyler warmly on the lips.

Vanessa took a pair of pink high heels from her closet. "What size shoes do you wear?"

"I wear a size eight," said Tyler.

"Perfect, these will be tight on you, but they're open toe and you can manage them until we get something more permanent," assured Tyler.

"More permanent?" asked Tyler.

"Don't worry about it," said Vanessa, rubbing his cock through his panties.

As he stood there in his girlfriend's underwear and heels, she pointed, to Tyler's shame, at his little hard cock tenting the sheer panties.

"Well, my little girly girl, I don't want you playing with this while I'm away. Now, what can we do to make sure there's no cheating while I'm out?" She giggled. "I've got to run out for a second and see my friend, Erin," explained Vanessa.

"I didn't know about that," complained Tyler.

"Well, you can come with me if you want," teased Vanessa.

“No, that’s all right,” said Tyler.

“Sorry, but I don’t want you wasting that when I’m not around,”

said Vanessa. “I’m going to be right back, I promise.”

She led Tyler by the hand over to her vanity and pushed him back into the chair where she had done his makeup just a few minutes ago. Without any balance, he couldn’t stop Vanessa from pushing him into the chair, “Hey!”

His weak protests fell on deaf ears as Vanessa reached back into her underwear drawer and pulled out some pantyhose and busied herself securing him to the chair. She began by tying his wrists behind the back of the chair. He could feel her knotting the stockings and began to worry he really was trapped.

“Stop! Let me go, you’re taking this way too far,” demanded Tyler.

“Just relax, babe. This is going to blow your mind,” assured Vanessa.

“No! Stop it! Let me go!” barked Tyler.

Vanessa just ignored Tyler’s outbursts as she went about securing his arms and his legs. As she wrapped the last pair of

pantyhose around his ankles and attached them to the crossbar connecting the legs of the chair, she took a moment to smile and appreciate her own handiwork.

“You know, I should have done something about that hair,” said Vanessa.

“Please,” begged Tyler softer now. “Just let me go. I’m not this kinky.”

“Maybe that was true once, but now you’re my girl,” said Vanessa.
“We really need to do something with your hair, though.”

“Let me out of here!” bellowed Tyler, screaming as loud as he possibly could.

“We’re going to have to do something about that yelling,” said Vanessa sadly. She grabbed another pair of her panties and shoved them into Tyler’s mouth, using tape to secure them in place.

Vanessa walked across the hall and knocked on Erin’s door. Erin called out for her to come in, but Vanessa was shocked to see a guy sitting on her best friend’s bed.

“Wait! Why is he in here?” asked Vanessa.

“Why do you think?” replied Erin. “I’m not that hard up.”

“I’d hope not.”

“Hey, what are you talking about?” asked the guy on the bed.

“Be quiet, Chris,” ordered Erin.

“You never said you were going to find the guy. I already found somebody,” said Vanessa. “He’s tied up in my room right now.”

“Ah, that explains the yelling,” said Erin. “You never told me either.”

“Well, training two sissies sounds like way too much work,”

replied Vanessa. “What do you suppose we should do?”

“Let’s have a little competition,” suggested Erin.

“That actually sounds fun,” agreed Vanessa.

As both girls reached an agreement, Chris again spoke up from his bed. “I don’t understand what’s going on.”

“What’s going on,” said Erin “is I’m about to make you my bitch.”

“What? What does that mean?” asked Chris.

"I've always wanted to take a girl like you and turn him into a total sexy little slut. You're going to be totally obedient to me, and you're going to wear whatever I want you too. That means dresses, makeup, heels, nails, and whatever else I decide," said Erin.

"I don't want to do that," said Chris, still not fathoming just what a precarious situation he was in.

"Duh," said Vanessa. "That's the best part for girls like us."

"Yeah, it kind of turns us on knowing that you don't want to do any of this, and that we can make you anyway," admitted Erin. "Now strip for us."

"I'm not going to str--," began Chris, but Erin stepped forward and pulled his shirt over his head. Chris had no idea what the girls had planned for him or he might have put up a bigger fight. Even as he protested, the girls had him stripped and wearing a red and black baby doll that belonged to Erin, as well as thigh high stockings and sexy black high heels on his feet. They padded the cups of the baby doll, and Erin began to sort out the makeup on her vanity. Chris knew full well what was next.

Still, when Erin moved in on Chris's face, she found him more defiant than ever. He refused to hold his head still to let her do his makeup. "Sit still, sissy! We're going to make you pretty, silly,"

laughed Erin as she flicked a soft brush at his nose.

Chris was alarmed at the extensions that Vanessa was gluing onto his nails. Once the bright red polish was applied, he couldn't tell where his own fingernails ended and the acrylic began. Even worse was when his nails were done and she began applying a very liberal amount of adhesive to his close cropped hair

"Calm down, it's nothing to worry your pretty little head about,"

Erin assured him. "Vanessa is just using spirit gum. It's easy to take off, but we wouldn't want the wig slipping off, would we?"

"Of course not," agreed Vanessa.

"Oh, someone is in a hurry to look pretty," teased Erin as she finished using black eyeliner to give Chris the winged look.

"That wig really does change his appearance," giggled Vanessa, admiring the long, full, bright copper red hairpiece she'd placed on his head.

"Definitely an improvement," agreed Erin.

Chris sighed and rolled his eyes, but had no choice but to let the girls finish their work. It felt like every feminine item made him more docile and easy to manage. Vanessa decided that Tyler was definitely prettier, but she was amazed at how compliant Chris was.

They hadn't even had to tie him up to get him to cooperate.

"Pucker up, Chris." Erin smiled as she completed her masterpiece by applying fire engine red lipstick to his lips.

The girls stood back and declared their project done. Erin quickly took a couple of pictures for insurance purposes.

"I know he's been cooperative, but if we're going to take him to my room, I'm going to tie him first," said Vanessa.

"That's probably a good idea," agreed Erin. "Okay, Chrissie.

Stand up, turn around, and put your hands behind your back."

"Do we have to do this?" pleaded Chris.

"We already told you, we love this," said Vanessa as she bound his hands behind his back with the sash of one of Erin's dressing gowns. She then made a leash out of a stocking and attached it to Chris's balls.

"Let's go meet your sister," said Erin. "I want to meet her too."

“My sister?” asked Chris.

“Considering what I want to have these two do to each other, maybe sister isn’t the best term,” said Vanessa, pulling on Chris’s leash.

Tyler grunted into his gag, frantically thrashing, trying to free himself. Vanessa decided that he probably had been trying to free himself since she left, but had made absolutely zero progress. She had laughed when the sorority did a bondage workshop in preparation for just such an event, but she was now glad she attended.

“If you won’t scream, I’ll take out your gag,” promised Vanessa.

Tyler nodded his head up and down cooperatively, and Vanessa undid the tape from his face and let him spit the panties into her hand.

“What’s going on?” asked Chris. “What are you doing to us?”

“Our sorority is in need of money, and you girls are going to be participating in our big fundraiser,” explained Erin. “Thank you.”

“I’m not a girl,” spat Tyler.

“Believe me, that’s the least of your humiliations,” assured Erin.

“The problem is, we could take both of you for this particular project, but training two sissies seems like a lot of work,” explained Vanessa.

“I’m not going to be trained like some dog,” said Tyler, raising his voice.

“I think the word you were looking for is bitch,” said Erin.

“You promised not to raise your voice,” said Vanessa ominously.

“The gag can go back.”

“Anyway, we decided to have a little competition between you two sissies to help us decide,” said Erin. “Doesn’t that sound like fun?”

“You girls are crazy,” said Chris.

“And yet, you’re the ones tied up in the sexy lingerie,” said Vanessa.

“There is no way I’m going to cooperate with you two,” said Tyler, again thrashing against his bonds.

“That’s your choice,” replied Erin. “Just remember, if you don’t cooperate, you’ll be sure to lose the competition, and then it only gets worse for you.”

“If we win, you’ll let us go?” asked Chris.

“We told you, we only wanted one of you,” said Vanessa.

“Your choice,” said Erin. “Should I get a few pictures of your sissy?”

“Please, I haven’t done that yet,” replied Vanessa.

Soon Erin had snapped five or six pictures of Tyler for blackmail purposes. He cursed her out as she did it, but soon she had plenty of insurance to keep him compliant.

“I don’t know if I trust him enough to untie him,” said Vanessa.

“Chris might win by default.”

“I have an idea,” said Erin, untying Tyler’s right ankle and grabbing the pantyhose that had been used to immobilize it. She made a slipknot and placed it snugly around Tyler’s balls. “Now, if he doesn’t cooperate, he will regret it.”

“I wo--,” began Tyler, but a sharp pull on the stocking got him back in line.

“He’s not very bright, is he?” asked Vanessa rhetorically.

“No, not at all, but we’ll fix that,” replied Erin.

“Or we’ll fix him,” joked Vanessa.

Soon, both sissies were untied, other than for the leash on Tyler’s balls. The pantyhose were long enough to give him plenty of slack, but Erin maintained a tight controlling grip on it. She had been forced to rack Tyler three times already since he had been untied.

“Okay, let’s start with a simple make out contest,” suggested Erin.

“Oh, God, no,” moaned Chris.

“Hold on a second,” said Vanessa. “We need to do something first.”

“Oh?” asked Erin. “What are we forgetting?”

“We can’t call them Tyler and Chris,” said Vanessa.

“Yeah, you’re right,” agreed Erin. “We don’t really have to change Chris’s name, though. We can just call him Chrissie.”

“No,” said Vanessa. “I don’t want our sissies to have names too much like their boy names.”

“That makes sense. I think you’re better at naming them than I am,” admitted Erin.

“Well, Tyler kind of reminds me of a Jillian, I think,” said Vanessa.

“I like it,” agreed Erin. “There’s no mistaking Jillian for a boy.

How about her little girlfriend?”

“I’ve always liked the name Trista, and it still rhymes with Chris,” suggested Vanessa.

“Oh that is pretty,” nodded Erin. “Go ahead and introduce yourself to each other, girls.”

"Hi, Jillian, I'm Trista. It's nice to meet you," mumbled Chris.

"Aw, that was sweet," said Vanessa. "Now it's your turn, Jillian, but be sure to give Trista a kiss."

"I'm not--," began Tyler, but he stopped himself. "Hi, Trista, it's good to meet you too. I'm Jillian."

The two very tentatively embraced and kissed as Erin snapped yet another photo.

"I won't tell you what you have to do," said Vanessa, "but remember you will be judged."

"Go on then," said Mandy. "Let's see a kiss, girls."

They leaned toward each other to exchange another modest peck.

"No way," Erin complained. "I've seen deeper kissing from my grandparents. You can do way better than that."

"Yeah, that's pathetic," Vanessa scolded. "Let's see a solid lip-lock, you two wusses."

The sissies eyed each other sadly as they understood that they were not getting out of this by going through the motions. Chris put his hands on Tyler's bare shoulders, where his sexy lingerie didn't cover. Tyler got his fingers on Glen's waist, feeling warm skin through the thin material of the baby doll nightie.

With deep trepidation, they brought their mouths closer and closer, lips parting at the last second, meeting, their tongues extending to invade waiting spaces and explore. The guys were sickened by what they were being made to do. Vanessa and Erin were quite amused.

They made them withdraw just enough that their flicking tongues were visible to Erin's camera. Vanessa thought it was marvelous, because whoever they selected would already have plenty of blackmail to hold over his head. For now, these sissies were trapped

in a humiliating nightmare, only it was all too real. Chris's tongue invaded Tyler's mouth as his hands worked their way into his Basque and began rubbing his nipples.

"The kissing's great," said Erin, "but we need more touching."

"Explore each other's bodies," urged Vanessa. "Come on, get into it if you want to win it."

The reminder that things would be much worse for the loser urged both sissies onward. Tyler was the first one to reach into his partner's panties. Soon, Chris copied him, and both sissies were erect. The girls let it play out until, Chris eventually exploded. With his dick hanging out of his panties, his load had nowhere to go except to splash into the front of his baby doll. The girls let out a small cheer, but let things go until Tyler also climaxed.

"Good job, girls," gushed Vanessa. "I think this is going to be quite a competition."

"Jillian wins that round," said Erin. "Now let's move onto round two."

Vanessa quickly produced two large pink dildos and handed them to the sissies. They looked down at the sex toys with a look of disgust. They couldn't believe what they were being told to do.

"Here you go, girls," said Vanessa. "It's time to demonstrate your sucking skills."

"Hold on," ordered Erin. "First, roll those rubber dicks in your loads. I want them practically dripping."

The sissies reluctantly complied, wiping their sexy clothes onto the dildos. They did a surprisingly good job of catching their own messes, and the dampness on the heads of the dildos was unmistakable.

"Those are some very juicy cocks, girls," taunted Vanessa.

"Now, exchange your little toys with each other," ordered Erin.

“Okay, blow job competition time,” said Vanessa. “Let’s see some serious sucking.”

“I’ll be filming. Show us you know how to please a real man,”
said Erin.

At first the boys were so humiliated by the thought of having to lap each other’s cum off of a dildo that they moved tentatively, with obvious disgust, but soon their competitive natures got the better of them. Neither guy wanted to face the consequences of losing.

Desperate to even up the competition, Chris shoved the dildo into his mouth and actually deepthroated it.

“I think she’s been holding out,” said Erin. “Trista knows her way around a cock. I don’t mind, though. I love it.”

Seeing that he was now losing, Tyler began to run his tongue up and down the shaft of the dildo, trying to do the things that he had never experienced himself, but only saw actresses in pornos do.

“Keep it up, sissies,” urged Vanessa. “I think Janine is really getting the hang of it now.”

“I can’t decide,” said Erin.

“Me neither,” admitted Vanessa. “Trista is great at deepthroating, and guys love that, but Janine is really working that tongue.”

“Let’s call it a draw,” suggested Erin still videoing the entire thing on her camera.

“Okay, it’s a tie. What should we have them do next?” asked Vanessa.

“Let’s see who’s down in the lounge watching television. I think we should have our own drag race,” suggested Erin.

“Come along, sissies,” ordered Vanessa.

The sissies felt ridiculous, still covered in cum, and wearing women’s lingerie. Maneuvering the stairs in heels was yet another test, which each of the sissies holding onto a different railing.

Erin and Vanessa led their prisoners to the back of the house, where Matilda, Karla, and Amber were all lounging in the comfortable furniture of the common room watching *Netflix*.

“Wow! What do we have here?” exclaimed Matilda. “Who are these pretty girls?”

“Hi,” said Erin. “This is Trista and Janine.”

“Girls, I don’t know how to tell you, but you have some kind of stains on your pretty things,” smirked Amber.

“Would you mind doing us a favor?” asked Erin. “The sissies are having a little beauty contest, and we’d love to have you two be the judges.”

“Oh, like Ru Paul live. I like it,” said Karla.

“I’m down,” agreed Matilda.

“Wonderful,” said Vanessa. “Maybe we’ll do a look for class, for a date out with a boy, and then a date in with a boy.”

“This sounds terrific. I can’t wait to see them strutting their stuff.”

“The look for class sounds kind of boring,” said Amber. “Could we replace it with a talent contest?”

“Sure,” said Vanessa. “I like that better.”

“Trista has already shown us she has a talent we didn’t know about,” joked Erin. Chris blushed a bright red. Even Tyler couldn’t look the girls in the eye.

“Let’s go, sissies,” ordered Vanessa as everybody went back up to change. “Let’s start with date outfits.”

Vanessa led Tyler into her room, while Erin took Chris back over to hers. The sissies were quickly stripped as the girls looked through their closets for just the perfect outfits. Vanessa found a burgundy mesh overlay bodycon dress. It had cost her less than \$20, but it was the sexiest thing she owned. It always turned heads, and with Tyler’s extra height it made the mid-thigh hem even shorter. His pink heels were swapped out for a pair of black pumps, which were too tight on his feet, but he didn’t dare protest.

For Chris, Erin chose an elegant vintage black bodycon midi dress. It had a retro look, with a large white bow design on the front of the dress. It had three-quarter sleeves and was off the shoulder on the left side. When Erin zipped Chris into the dress, he looked like

the kind of femme fatale that would have walked into a private eye’s office in an old film noir movie.

Once again, the boys were led down the stairs into the common room, where they were given the task of walking across the front of the room, doing a model turn and pout and walking back. This would have ordinarily been quite humiliating for the sissies, but being unable to walk in their shoes, except in exceedingly slow mincing steps, made it so much worse.

The girls hooted and hollered at the crossdressed models as they walked in front of them. They cheered loudly at each awkward turn and pout. The sissies were led upstairs again, and this time they were dressed in lingerie. It wasn’t like these girls had a lot of sexy underwear, but they were each able to find something appropriate for the models to wear. Erin put Chris into a baby blue corset. She worked at tightening the laces until he could barely breathe, and his waist had dropped from twenty-six to twenty-two inches. The corset was sexy, with black boning and trim. A pair of sexy black thigh highs were attached to the corset’s garters, and a pair of lacey crotchless panties were pulled up around his waist. Finally, a pair of stiletto-

heeled sandals were placed on his feet. They were very tough to walk in, as they had no back for support or to keep his feet in the shoes.

Vanessa dressed Tyler in a three-piece set that included a black floral lace bra, thong, and waist cincher. The delicate bra had crisscrossed straps and a front tie closure. The waist cincher was made of the same whisper-light lace as the rest of the ensemble, but it still pulled in his stomach and gave him a feminine shape, even if it didn't have the same strength as the corset that Chris would be wearing. Finally, a black lace garter belt and thigh highs were placed on Chris, as well as a pair of strappy black sandals.

If the girls hooted and hollered at the sissies' first appearance, they cheered wildly at their return. The guys walked timidly on their heels as the audience catcalled and whistled at them. Finally, they stood in front of the girls and had to announce their talent.

"I would like to dance for you for my talent," said Tyler.

"That's wonderful, sissy," said Amber. "We can't wait."

"Alexa, play Naughty Girl by Beyoncé," instructed Vanessa.

Soon the music started and Tyler began to twerk and do his best impression of a sexy woman dancing. He wasn't good enough to be a stripper, or even your average school girl dancing in front of a mirror, but he wasn't bad either. The girls delighted in how humiliating it was to be dancing in such a girlish way and trying to be sexy the whole time. When he was done, he got a round of applause from the girls.

"I'd like to sing *Shake it Off* by Taylor Swift," declared Chris.

The karaoke track was soon playing and Chris sang along with it. Now, nobody knew that Chris was a vocal major, so they were extremely impressed when he started singing along with the music, but even they couldn't believe how he had raised his voice up into a more feminine range, and even had the inflection and voice for the most humiliating parts of the song. When he was done, the room was stone silent before cheering wildly.

“Well, sisters,” said Erin. “I think it’s clear who won the talent portion, but who do you think won the entire contest?”

“I loved them both,” said Karla. “I think that Trista definitely won the talent, and also the date night. I liked Janine better for the lingerie, but that’s still two to one by my count, in favor of Trista.”

“I liked Janine’s dancing,” explained Matilda, “but Trista wins the talent. I just don’t think she won the talent by enough to win it all when Janine rocked that first dress. I’d say Janine won.”

“All right,” nodded Vanessa. “It comes down to you Amber.”

“I’m just a freshman,” replied Amber. “Why me?”

“Decisions, decisions,” said Karla.

“They were both awesome, but if I have to pick, I’m going to have to go with Trista,” said Amber.

Once Erin and Vanessa had their sissies back in Vanessa’s room, the guys were told to sit down on the bed while the girls stood before them.

“This is really awkward,” said Vanessa. “We thought we’d have a winner by now.”

“We need a tiebreaker. It’s time to figure out who can leave and who is going to be our sissy project,” said Erin. “I think we need to solve the cock sucking tie.”

“Okay sissies,” ordered Vanessa. “Lay down on the bed facing each other’s dicks.”

“No,” said Chris. “We won’t do it.”

“Absolutely not,” refused Tyler.

Erin and Vanessa laughed mockingly at their sudden rebellion.

The sissies were unnerved by how little their refusal bothered the girls.

“Aw,” gushed Erin. “Somebody thinks they found their balls.”

“Their balls are right in our hands, where they belong,” replied Vanessa.

“Sissies, before you refuse us anything, think about all the humiliating video and pictures that we have of you. Do you really want us spreading them around?” asked Erin. “We could ruin you.”

“We will too,” said Vanessa.

“So what’s it going to be?” asked Erin.

Both sissies looked at each other, and then began to shift their positions so that they were now staring at each other’s panties.

“I thought so,” clapped Erin.

“Okay, simple enough. Whoever gets the other one off first wins,” said Vanessa.

“Just to make sure the video is interesting, I want you each getting a facial. On the bright side, you don’t have to swallow,”

teased Erin.

Soon both boys were sucking for all they were worth. They didn’t know what the girls had in mind for the loser, but they knew it was going to be bad, and it wouldn’t last just one night. Frantically, they sucked away. As he had done with the dildo, Chris deepthroated Tyler’s cock. Desperate, Tyler finally began to apply a little strategy.

He played with his partner’s balls and ran his tongue up and down the sensitive underside of his cock. He could feel tiny splashes of precum

coating the back of his throat and pulled off just in time to get a face full of cum from Chris's exploding cock.

"No!" cried Chris as he shot his load.

"Don't stop now," ordered Erin as she continued filming. "Finish him off."

Chris was rewarded less than a minute later than a face full of spunk himself. The sissies were nearly in tears from their humiliation.

"I'm sorry, Trista," said Tyler. "I really am."

"Oh, poor Janine," said Erin. "By winning the competition, you actually lose."

"I don't understand," said Tyler.

"You see, we need the best sissy we can possibly find, and that's obviously you," explained Vanessa.

"You didn't think we were going to pick the worst one did you?"

asked Erin. When she explained it that way, it sounded so dumb.

Tyler felt very gullible for thinking if he won, he would gain his freedom.

"No!" he screamed, but the girls were on him before he could do anything. Still drenched from the last competition, he was securely restrained before he could even climb up off the bed.

"Ew, I'm so going to have to change my sheets tonight. I should probably just burn them," said Vanessa as Tyler flopped around like a fish.

"So am I free to go now?" asked Chris.

"Not quite," said Vanessa.

“Why not?” asked Chris. “I did everything you wanted, and I lost the competition.”

“You did,” said Erin, “and that’s the problem.”

“What do you mean?” asked Chris.

“You lost, and we can’t reward you for that,” said Vanessa.

“You’ll be free to go, but you’ll be wearing what you have on,” said Erin firmly. “Including what you’re wearing on your face.”

“No!” shouted Chris.

“I’m afraid so,” said Vanessa grabbing his left wrist. As he tried to pull away, Erin grabbed his right arm. He was trapped. Erin bent him over the bed, leaving his face buried deeply in Tyler’s ass. Erin bound his wrists tightly in place. Vanessa pulled down his panties and used them to wipe the cum off of Tyler’s face before shoving them back in his mouth, where Erin tied them back in place with a stocking.

Erin then led him to the stairs and spanked him once sharply on his behind. “Get going, sissy. If you stick around, you’ll be staying here quite awhile.”

Matilda, Amber, and Karla stood at the bottom of the stairs and cheered as Chris struggled down the stairs. Amber opened the door, smiling at the humiliated sissy. “Thanks for coming, Trista. I hope you’ll consider pledging us in the fall.”

Erin walked back to Vanessa’s room, where Vanessa was in the process of tying a rope to Tyler’s balls. “Good idea,” she said.

“I just thought it would be easier to take her to her new home if she wasn’t trying to run away from us. I don’t think it’s sunk in yet,”

said Vanessa.

“It will soon enough,” said Erin helping Vanessa drag Tyler from her bed.

“It won’t be all bad, Janine,” assured Vanessa. “You have a very talented mouth, so I’m pretty sure what you’re going to be doing.”

They pulled him along, down to a wing on the first floor of the house. It looked like the rest of the house, but as the trio passed, he saw rooms with name tags on the doors reading names like Jasmine and Brandy. He thought he heard muffled screams, and wondered if there would soon be a Janine on one of the doors as well. Vanessa took a key and opened up one of the rooms. It was painted in very girly pink and white, and Tyler shuddered as he took it all in.

“Welcome to your new home, Pledge Janine,” clapped Vanessa as Erin pushed him through the doorway.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Great Sorority Sissy Hunt: The Training Sessions

The echoing of his heels on the hardwood floor still alarmed Roger as he paced back and forth in the girly pink prison that was his new room. The sound of his own heels was just one of those things Roger would never get used to, like his new name, Teagan, which was what his sorority jailers called him now.

He had been the first one they had taken, but he had seen other guys being turned into girls, just like he was. Cindy and Karla never let him out of his locked bedroom without one or both of them accompanying him, but he had seen the others being taken to the bathroom, punished, or practicing their walk down the long hallway.

Sometimes he’d hear them calling for help, but the girls would shut them up soon enough, and the rooms were soundproofed enough that nobody outside the house would ever hear them. Roger guessed that there were maybe seven or eight other sissies. If they were ever going to get out of here, they’d have to work together.

Pacing helped Roger scheme, but the girls thought he was trying to get the hang of walking in his new heels. Since he had come to the sorority house to deliver a lecture on sexuality, three or was it four days ago, his life had been flipped upside down. In his mind, he went through the outfits that he had worn and decided that it had in fact been four days since they had ensnared him.

As he walked around his tiny feminized bedroom he caught his reflection in the full length mirror on the back of his closet. His appearance had definitely changed since the girls had begun their twisted program. His smooth nylon covered leg slid gracefully out the slit on the right thigh of the burgundy strappy satin cowl midi dress that the girls had made him choose for himself when he got dressed that morning.

The dress itself would have been sexy on the right woman, but as far as Roger was concerned, he certainly wasn't the right woman.

The problem was that all of his outfits were sexy, and if the girls didn't like his choice, they'd pick something much worse out.

"Good morning, sunshine," called out Karla as she opened the door. It was Karla and Cindy who had trapped him, but they were far from his only jailers. If he tried to rush past Karla, he'd have the entire sorority house after him. As his heels were currently locked onto his feet, there was no way he'd even get past her anyway.

"Good morning, Mistress Karla," replied Roger almost reflexively.

In the short time he'd been here he'd learned that attitude had consequences and behavior had even more serious repercussions, so he put on a broad smile and greeted his mistress.

"You're making terrific progress, Teagan," Karla said as she stepped into the room, watching the way that her sissy maneuvered around on his high-heeled sandals.

Karla was a beautiful girl. So was Cindy. In fact, most of the girls in the sorority were beautiful. If anything, that only made them more

dangerous. Karla's silky brown hair, expressive eyes, and beaming smile concealed a girl capable of quite wicked behavior as Roger had discovered. "Thank you, Mistress," replied Roger, trying to stay on her good side.

"I'm going to need you on your best behavior today, Teagan," said Karla. "I know you can do this."

"Why today, Mistress?" he replied.

"All in good time, sissy," answered Karla, pulling a pink cord from her pocket. "Now, I need you to put your hands behind your back and face away from me."

"Is that really necessary?" protested Roger.

"Are you questioning me?" snapped Karla.

"No, Mistress."

"Then do what I fucking tell you to, Sissy Teagan. Cross your wrists behind your back. Now."

Roger didn't reply. Instead, he meekly did what she said. He was so cowed now. If she felt the need to restrain him, it couldn't be good. He knew that. Moments later, he felt Karla expertly snake the cord around his wrists and then cinch it tightly. It wasn't cutting off his

circulation or anything, but he was sure that his momentary defiance had encouraged her to make the bonds tighter.

"Remember, Teagan, best behavior," demanded Karla as she led him out into the hallway.

About eight feet ahead of him, he saw two students he recognized as Amber Hyatt and Wendy Duncan, leading what he presumed was another sissy down the hallway. The sissy had either bright red hair or a wig. If it was a wig, it was a good one - the luxurious flowing curls

could only be described as undeniably feminine. He wore an azure blue blouse with a wide black belt and a black leather miniskirt. He had on dark hose and was struggling in a pair of black boots with a three-inch heel.

Like himself, Roger could see that the sissy they were escorting had his hands bound behind his back. He wasn't really struggling against his escorts, and they were holding him tightly as much to keep him from falling as running away. He could see that they were being led to the big sorority meeting room. He hoped that this would give him some answers.

It would take a long time for Geoff Bowman to get used to answering to the name Jennifer, but every time he forgot, there was Wendy and Amber to remind him. Up until two days ago he had been living a relatively bliss-filled life. Yeah, his social calendar was completely empty, but he had video games and *Netflix* to occupy him when he wasn't studying.

He was shy around women, so aggressive women like Wendy and Amber were completely foreign to him. He had first met Wendy when she was dating his roommate. He could tell she was trouble, but what he hadn't suspected was for her to show up at his apartment, not to see her ex, but to see him. They didn't need to trick him; they didn't even need to tie him up at first. It was simply a battle of wills and he didn't have a chance.

He was getting used to sitting modestly in the short skirts and dresses they insisted he wear, and even to his padded and stuffed

bra, but he didn't know how he'd ever get used to the heels. The boots he had on were the worst yet as he stumbled down the hall.

He had believed that there might be other sissies, but as he entered the meeting room, he could see some of them. At least, he assumed they were sissies by the way their hands were also bound behind them. Some of them were trying to fight the girls handling them, while others seemed to meekly accept their fates. A few were fidgeting. At

first, Geoff didn't think anything of it, but then he realized that they could very well have been plugged.

The sissies were all led to the front of the room, where nine pillows were arranged on the floor in two rows. Amber and Wendy helped him down to his knees where he was placed kneeling on one of the pillows.

It beat the heels at least.

"Stare at the floor until you are addressed, Jennifer," said Wendy.

"Yes, Mistress Wendy," replied Geoff.

"And make sure you are on your absolute best behavior," reminded Amber.

"We'd hate to have to humiliate you in front of our sisters by punishing you in public," agreed Wendy.

"Do you understand?" asked Amber.

"Yes, Mistresses," said Geoff. "I'll make you proud."

A very attractive Japanese sissy was placed on the floor next to him. Even though he was supposed to keep his eyes on the floor, he couldn't help comparing himself to the sissy kneeling next to him. He seemed to be one of the sissies that were fighting things, but the girls escorting him were not being gentle. The brunette who pushed him down to his knees caught Geoff watching. He immediately averted his gaze and she didn't feel the need to correct him.

That was one intimidating girl.

The Japanese sissy was wearing a bright red dress that looked like an oversized long sleeved t-shirt, belted with a wide black belt.

He had black fishnets on his legs and a pair of shiny red pumps on

his feet. He had a shiny black wig on his head giving him long straight hair with bangs and Geoff could see him peering under his wig sheepishly embarrassed by his appearance and the way he was allowing two girls to bind and manhandle him.

“Don’t feel embarrassed,” said Geoff. “They got me too.”

“This is kidnapping,” said the Japanese sissy. “We need to stand up to them.”

“Unfortunately, that’s easier said than done,” replied Geoff. “I’m Jenny, by the way.”

“They’re calling me Narumi, but my name is Henry.”

“That’s a very pretty name,” said Geoff.

“I hate it,” replied Henry, growing agitated. “I’m not a girl.”

“None of us are,” said Geoff. The pillows were starting to fill up as, one by one, bound sissies were escorted by the sorority sissies and placed on the pillows.

“Have you tried escaping?” asked Henry.

“I’ve thought about it, but-” began Geoff. A sharp cuff to the back of his head almost knocked him off his knees. He turned to see that it was the brunette girl who had escorted Narumi.

“Are you bitches actually talking right now?” asked the imposing girl.

“We were just talking,” said Henry.

“I’ll go back to the room and get the penis gag for you if I hear so much as a whisper, and I promise that I can find one for your little girlfriend too,” said the woman. “Am I understood?”

“Yes,” said Geoff.

“Yes, Mistress Kristi,” said Henry through gritted teeth. He absolutely hated that damn penis gag. It kept him silent and it was so humiliating to have in his mouth. Even worse, he had recently learned it could be filled with liquid, which would then slowly drip down a sissy’s throat. He had moved into the sorority house still fighting every step of the way, but Kristi and Danielle had been merciless in how they had beaten the resistance out of him.

Kristi was the bad cop and Danielle was the good cop, but don’t let that name fool you, the only way to keep her happy and content was to capitulate and surrender. He made up his mind that he would go along with the program until he saw his chance. When he did, he was going to make these crazy bitches regret ever messing with him.

With the room finally full, a redheaded girl stepped to the front of the room and introduced herself as Cindy Cooke. With her red hair and piercing green eyes she was just as stunning as any of the other girls in the house, but she identified herself as the sorority’s president. The room was buzzing with excitement, and when Cindy began to speak, she had to pause for a round of spontaneous applause.

“Well, we did it,” said Cindy, beaming with pride as the applause died down.

“We sure did!” cried out a girl in the audience.

“Our sissy wing is full, and we not only met our goal, but we actually beat it by two sissies,” said Cindy. “I want to thank Karla for the best fund raising idea ever.”

Another thundering round of applause interrupted the meeting.

Karla proudly acknowledged her sisters’ adulation before Cindy continued.

“Where are our manners, sisters?” asked Cindy rhetorically.

“Right now, I think we have some very confused sissies, and the least we can do is fill them in on their new lives, at least for the foreseeable

future.”

“Their future is female!” called out a voice in the audience.

“Keep practicing those heels, girls,” mocked another sister.

“I’m sorry, they’re being a little mean, sissies,” said Cindy, “but they’re basically right. I hope nobody had big spring break plans, because the next week is going to be boot camp for all of you.”

“High-heeled boots,” called another girl, causing the whole room to start laughing.

“Alright, everybody, calm down,” said a very pretty brunette girl wearing a pair of retro cat eye glasses. “Not all of these sissies are here because they committed some big wrong against womankind.

We have sissies who are here because some of us knew we could boss them around easily. Others are here because they have great legs that were crying out for a skirt, or soft and delicate features that make them perfect for our plans.”

“Sandra is right,” said Cindy. “These guys, who are now looking very hot, I must say, are going to be helping us a great deal. I think it’s only fair that they know what they’re in for, though at this point I think some of them can guess.”

“Yeah, how long are you going to keep us like this?” called out Henry.

“This is kidnapping! Let us go!” demanded Roger.

“When we are done, you will have a chance to ask questions,”

said Kristi, “but you will not be able to ask those questions if you have a penis gag strapped into your mouth. Your choice.”

“You wouldn’t dare,” said Roger. Soon a blonde girl had rushed forward and put the bound sissy in a headlock.

“Thanks, Matilda. I knew I made the right decision bringing this thing,” said Karla. She pinched Roger’s nose shut until he involuntarily opened his mouth to breathe and she could shove the large black rubber phallus between his moist *Flamenco Red* lips. He shook his head back and forth, but soon Matilda had the gag’s straps attached and he was silenced.

“I have another one if that’s necessary, Narumi,” said Karla addressing Henry.

“No, Mistress Karla. I’m fine,” muttered the frightened student.

“It’s a shame Teagan didn’t behave. We would have given her a clean gag. I don’t think she wants to know where that one was,” said Karla laughing wickedly.

The look on Roger’s face was exactly what Teagan was looking for—a mix of revulsion and fear.

“If we may continue,” said Sandra. “You sissies have a difficult road ahead of you, and there’s no reason to sugarcoat it. Your pants-wearing days are over. For the next week, we will be training you to

look, act, and even think like a young woman. We aren’t sadists, but we know that, for our needs, we need you to really work at it. If that means punishing you, we won’t hesitate to do it.”

“You don’t have to become experts overnight, but by the end of the week you will have made a lot of progress. Heels will no longer be a challenge, and you’ll even be able to apply your own makeup,”

interjected Cindy.

“The reason for this all is that we need to renovate this place if we are to survive as a sorority, and even with a sissy contractor, that will cost money. You all are our fundraiser. Of course, pretty clothes and makeup aren’t free, not to mention the changes we made to your rooms, so you’ll have to make that money back for us too,”

explained Sandra.

“Obviously, we’re counting on your feminization to help us out in a big way, and we will try to make your stay here, your training, and your transformation, as pleasant as possible. We’ll take any questions you may have now,” said Cindy. “If you have any questions, please state your name and who the Mistresses training you are.”

“Hi, I’m Brandon...I mean, Brandy Crane. Mistress Terri and Mistress Sandra are the ones who...recruited me,” said a guy at the end of the front row. Geoff was impressed with his face. He wasn’t as small as some of the other sissies, but he was striking. He had a stylish short black hair style that Geoff decided had to be his real hair. He had on a light green ruffled baby doll dress that was as girly as anything any of the sissies were wearing. On his feet was a pair of tan open toed sling backs with a three-inch heel. His pink toenails matched his fingers and were visible in the shoes.

“Hi Brandy, how can we help you?” replied Cindy in a friendly manner.

“Well, as you know,” continued Brandon. “I’m President of the Alpha Kappa Sigma fraternity. I was wondering how long this was going to last.”

“Wow!” said Sandra. “This is a bit awkward.”

“I’m afraid there is no end date. You’re going to be trained to be a very attractive young woman, and then you are going to be put to work. This isn’t just a one time thing,” explained Cindy.

A murmur came from the sissies who were kneeling on the floor.

For some of them, it was the first time they had heard that it was going to be a permanent thing. For others, it was only just setting in.

Henry yelled through his gag, but couldn’t produce more than a low hum with the rubber penis strapped between his lips.

“I’m Jennifer Bowman,” said Geoff. “My mistresses are Amber and Wendy. I know you said you’d put us to work, but what kind of jobs are we supposed to do?”

“That depends on where we think you’ll be the most useful,” said Cindy.

“We need you to make a certain amount of money for this to be successful,” said Sandra.

“I understand, but what exactly do you foresee us doing?”

continued Geoff.

“Well, Jenny, you’re very attractive and you might be quite useful as an escort or courtesan, but some of your fellow sissies are not going to be nearly as hot. They may be cleaning up our house or other fraternity and sorority houses. We won’t give you anything that we don’t think you can handle,” explained Cindy.

Geoff couldn’t believe it. He didn’t want to be a courtesan or an escort. That seemed to imply letting guys fuck him for money. He was certainly no whore. There was nothing he could say without starting an argument, though, and probably getting one of those penis gags shoved in his mouth, so he remained silent.

Geoff looked over to his right and saw a sissy who had been quiet this whole time. He had a long blonde wig on that blocked Geoff’s view of the sissy’s face, but it looked like there were tears rolling down his cheeks. He was taller than most of the other sissies, and it seemed like his height was in all in his legs. He was dressed in a periwinkle textured knit mini bodycon dress with a high neckline, and cami straps.

His arms were the perfect size for a sleeveless dress like the one he was wearing. Like the other sissies, he was wearing pantyhose or stockings, and on his feet was a pair of black stilettos with heels that were nearly five-inches high. There were two half-inch wide rhinestone bands that ran across the tops of his feet and revealed his

bright red painted toes. A three-inch wide band of rhinestones went across the ankles and appeared to be locked in back with tiny padlocks.

His extra height didn't make him look like a guy. With his willowy figure, he looked more like a model. If this was a beauty competition, he would have been one of the favorites.

"Hey," whispered Geoff, nudging his fellow sissy with his right shoulder. "It's okay. We'll get out of this. I'm not some kind of prostitute."

"Vanessa already told me I have a very talented mouth," groaned the blonde sissy.

"I'm so sorry," said Geoff. "What's your name?"

"My sissy name is Janine, but I'll never think of myself as a girl.

My name is actually Tyler."

"Hi, Tyler, I'm Geoff and they call me Jennifer or Jenny."

"We have prepared a small brochure with your rights and responsibilities in it for you. You'll get them this afternoon. We also have come up with certain sissy rules for you to follow. There will be a list of them hanging in your rooms when you get back," said Sandra. "If you have further questions, I would suggest your Mistresses can probably help you with most problems."

Tyler looked over at Vanessa and Erin; they were almost opposites. Erin was a tall California blonde type, while Erin was darker and shorter. Both of them were among the most beautiful girls that Tyler had ever seen. He'd had a crush on Vanessa for a long time before she finally agreed to go out with him, and this was the end result. He still couldn't bring himself to think of her as anything less than beautiful. He watched as they got to their feet and applauded for their officers before doing a couple of sorority chants.

It was perky, enthusiastic, and incredibly terrifying to the sissies bound on the floor in front of them.

It took both Vanessa and Erin to help Tyler to his feet. With his hands tied behind his back, getting back up on the skyscraper heels would be nearly impossible without assistance.

“Thank you, Mistresses.”

“You’re welcome, sissy. You will have shoes like these mastered in no time,” promised Vanessa.

“Actually, I noticed that I have the highest heels of any of the sissies,” said Tyler. “Is it possible I could wear something easier on my feet?”

“I’m sorry, Janine, but you have the most fashionable Mistresses in the sorority, and we intend to have the most fashionable sissy,”

said Erin.

“I know you’re suffering but, if it’s any consolation, you look fabulous,” said Vanessa as they joined the mass of girls escorting their sissies out of the meeting room.

“Are we going back to my room?” asked Tyler. As they were ascending the stairs, he knew that they couldn’t be going back to the sissy wing, but he knew better than to ask “where are you taking me?” Playing the game was all part of staying out of trouble with his Mistresses.

“We have a surprise for you, sissy,” said Vanessa.

“Your hair is long enough that we don’t really need a wig for you,” explained Erin. “However, we really like that blonde look for you.”

“It is very pretty,” agreed Tyler reluctantly.

“I’m glad you think so,” said Vanessa. “We’re going to dye your hair today.”

Tyler didn't say anything, but the tears began to well up in his eyes again. Gone was his cheerful demeanor, and the worst part was he could tell that Vanessa smiled when she saw the change in his countenance. She was enjoying his misery.

The girls led Tyler to the big bathroom at the end of the second floor. The rooms in the sorority had their own bathrooms, but they were cramped and they wanted more space for the dye job. The area where they would be doing his hair was away from the showers and the toilets, though, so he wouldn't threaten any girl's privacy in the unlikely event that one of them wanted to use the bathroom.

As Tyler could hear his shiny rhinestone-covered stilettos begin to echo off the cold tile of the bathroom door, a tall black haired woman greeted them. She looked a bit older than the sorority girls and had a very stylish short black hair style. There was a tattoo of a rose on her left arm and she looked a bit edgy in her black leather pants and crop top.

"This is Irene," said Erin. "A lot of girls in the house can do hair, but going blonde can be a very tricky process. We don't want you with blue or orange hair or anything."

"You're very lucky," added Vanessa. "She doesn't usually make house calls."

"Hi, Janine. You're very pretty. I'm sure I can make you look stunning," said Irene, motioning to a chair set in front of one of the sinks.

"Thank you, Miss Irene," said Tyler.

"Well, Janine, you have a choice," said Vanessa. "You can voluntarily sit and let Irene do her magic, or we can tie you to the chair."

"I'll sit," said Tyler.

"Excellent choice, Janine. Give me your hands," said Erin, who quickly untied the feminized student and then led him over to the

chair he was to sit in.

“To start with, I can see Janine has cool tones,” said Irene. “Her coloring is a little darker than yours, Erin, but your shade would look really good on her. I think we should go with a sandy or beige blonde.”

“That’s up to you,” said Vanessa. “You’re the expert.”

“Then let’s go with a beige blonde. I think it’ll look great with her hazel eyes,” suggested Irene. “She’s going to turn a lot of heads.”

“Could you make sure that the carpet matches the drapes?”

asked Erin.

“That’s different,” said Janine with a booming laugh. “I can do that.”

Janine closed her eyes. She could hear the heels approaching in the hallway, but didn’t want to deal with any more Mistresses or any more orders.

The heels had gotten so much easier for Corky. Unlike the other sissies, he and Dale had been stuck with these crazy sorority girls since they made the mistake of signing each other up for a yoga class at the start of the semester. As a result, things that still vexed and bothered other sissies were old hat for them. With his hands still bound behind him, and Destiny leading him by his elbow, he had no choice but to stop when she did.

“Hey, are you Irene?” asked Destiny, sticking her head in the bathroom.

“That’s me,” said a dark haired woman who was busying herself with another sissy’s hair. He had him call him Janine, Corky thought.

It looked like she was dying his hair, and he looked miserable.

"We talked on the phone. We had wanted to get eyebrow threadings for two sissies. I'm Destiny."

"Oh, right, Destiny. I can do that today," said Irene. "There's a lot of you who called me about some of those sorts of grooming things. I can do it today. Threading is quick. We're giving Janine here a full dye job to beige blonde and then extensions too."

"Oh, pretty," said Destiny. "Don't you think so, Cori?"

"I'm sure she'll look amazing," gushed Corky with fake enthusiasm. His own curly brown hair had been done in a woman's style for over a week. It was humiliating, but he'd die if he had to go blonde.

One of the sorority girls elbowed Janine in the side and he quickly replied, "Thank you, Cori. I can't wait to see how it turns out."

"I should be ready by about four," said Irene. "Can you do me a favor and spread the word around that I'm here today and can help with any grooming needs? A full hairstyle obviously takes time and we can get some help at the beauty school, but I'd like to knock as much of the small stuff out as possible."

"I sure will," said Destiny. "We'll be in room 203 if you need me or Monty."

"Hey, Cori, that's a very pretty outfit," said Erin.

"Thank you, Mistress," said Erin, blushing at the praise he was receiving for the black bodysuit and black and red plaid skirt he was wearing. The adorable red calf high boots were a nice touch, and together the ensemble made him look like a very stylish coed.

Destiny tugged gently on Cori's elbow and the two of them continued down the hallway. The one thing that Destiny and Matilda had insisted on for Corky and Dale was that they were to focus on feminine movement. Every gesture needed to be girlish, and it was humiliating to learn a whole new way of moving just to keep the girls happy. They were the two best in the house when it came to walking

in heels, but it went beyond heels. Things like tossing their hair and the way they held their hands were decidedly feminine. Corky worried about how he would lose the feminine gestures when he no longer needed the girlish mannerisms.

Destiny knocked on the door and the familiar voice of her friend called out to her, "Come on in."

Stepping through the door, he saw that Monty had changed Dale's outfit. He was now wearing a very girly ruffled aquamarine sleeveless satin minidress that barely came to mid-thigh. It was the perfect mix of girly and slutty that Monty loved so much. Maybe the fact that she was more of a jeans and t-shirt girl gave her a special enthusiasm for dressing guys in such clothes.

"Hey, girlfriend," said Corky, addressing Dale the way they had been trained. They were only to refer to each other as Delilah and Cori now.

"That outfit is just so fetch," replied Dale.

Cori came forward and the two sissies kissed. While Corky's hands were still bound behind him, Matilda had released Dale from the rope that had restrained him.

Destiny explained to Matilda that the woman who did the eyebrow threadings was there and would be able to take Cori and Delilah later.

"Excellent," said Matilda. "Maybe this would be a good time to have the sissies practice kissing."

"We can go a lot further than that," said Destiny.

"Maybe later," agreed Matilda, "but they won't get further if they can't give a good kiss."

"Tomorrow is such a big day for them," said Destiny. "We probably shouldn't push them too hard tonight."

"Why is tomorrow so big?" asked Dale trembling.

"You really want to know?" asked Matilda with an evil smirk.

"There's been a lot of discussion since even before we recruited you,"

"I wouldn't exactly call it recruiting," said Dale, which drew a hard glare from Destiny.

"Anyway," continued Matilda, "Today was kind of the calm before the storm. All the sissies got to find out what was going on, and having a beautician here means hair and eyebrows for a lot of you.

You will find the eyebrows really change the appearance of your face."

Both girls couldn't help giggling when they heard Corky moan at the revelation.

"Tomorrow is the day that will probably break some of you," said Matilda.

"It's not that bad, we got a party bus," retorted Destiny.

"Come on, Big D. You know it's going to be a challenge with all that's ahead of them," said Matilda, as much for the sissies' benefit as for her partner's.

"What's tomorrow?" asked Corky nervously.

"Well, we really need to see just how awesome you girls can look. Who is a hottie and who is a nottie? Tomorrow, it's a trip to the beauty school, for starters."

"I thought she was here today?" asked Delilah.

"She can only do so much here. Besides, we have plans for full makeovers and nails for everybody," explained Destiny.

"Then you get to experience shape wear. *Spanx* is going to be your new best friend," said Matilda.

"Of course, we need to do lingerie shopping too," agreed Destiny.

"How are you going to make money, if you're spending all of this on making us over?" asked Dale."

"Don't worry your pretty little head over it, Delilah. We know you'll pay us back," said Destiny.

"Let's not get ahead of ourselves," suggested Matilda. "I think it's time for some kissing practice."

Even before Corky's shiny red lips touched his, a shiver went through Dale's body. Was it fear? Excitement? Or something else altogether?

"Excuse me, Mistress Destiny and Mistress Matilda, but I was installing the wall dildos in all of the sissy's rooms and I didn't know what size you wanted," said Ricardo, sticking his head into the room.

Seeing the two sissies exchanging a juicy opened mouth kiss startled him and he stammered out a quick apology. "I'm so sorry, I should have knocked."

"Yes, always knock, whether the door is open or not. That is considered good etiquette," said Matilda coldly

"Hold up a second," said Destiny grinning. "Look at you, girlfriend."

Ricardo blushed at the attention and curtsied as he thanked her.

"Give us a twirl, Catalina," instructed Destiny.

Catalina rotated on his yellow heels. He wore a bright yellow tube top, not as a shirt, but as a miniskirt. On his torso was a matching yellow crop top. The golden brown skin of his amazing abs was on full display.

"Seniorita Sexy!" cried out Destiny enjoying seeing him blush.

"You do look great," said Matilda. "Seven inches will be fine."

"Thank you, Mistress," said Ricardo as he turned on his heel and left the two other sissies to their makeout session.

It was weird for Ricardo to think of himself dressed this way. To him, the lovely and vibrant Catalina was almost another person. He was in a bizarre situation, though. It had been an out of state Mistress who had begun his training. Mistress Lindsey had completely overwhelmed her in their short time together, and though she hadn't left that long ago, he couldn't stop thinking about being with her and serving her. Unlike the other sissies, Ricardo had no real Mistress, though both Cindy and Karla had taken over his training from Lindsey and kept him on his toes.

He was a talented contractor, but he certainly wasn't used to dressing like this for work. He had added the bars to the windows, the punishment chairs, and the video surveillance that the sissies were blissfully unaware of. He may be a little older than the other girls, and he might be a bit rougher looking, but nobody could deny that he had given his all for the sorority.

He went down to the sissy wing. He had been the one to install the security doors, so it was simple enough to enter. He installed dildos on the wall of Delilah and Cori's room. They were the only sissies without their own room, and he had seen them on the video constantly fighting over who was responsible for the predicament they were in. He wished they'd just learn to appreciate it, like he did.

The trick with the dildo was the height. It was important for a sissy on all fours to be able to use the dildo with either end, though you didn't want it so low that a sissy couldn't practice her oral skills while kneeling.

Next, he moved onto Jasmine's room. Ricardo wanted to talk to him sometime, as they were both out of place compared to the

young sissies at the sorority. Jasmine was a large man, at around 250 pounds, in a sea of sissies weighing between 120 and 140.

"Hi, Jasmine," said Ricardo, knocking on the open door of his room. "I'm just installing a dildo for you. My name is Catalina and I'm basically the handywoman here."

"Hi, Ricardo," replied Jason looking a bit glum. He really didn't look bad with his blonde hair with pink frosted pigtails. He was wearing a pink and white tie dye t-shirt with a black heart in the middle that said Barbie in a girlish script. He had on a pair of tight black bike shorts with black and white checkered stripes. Like all the sissies, he was wearing heels, and his toes had been clearly painted.

"Wow, they let you off easy," said Ricardo. "They didn't even make you wear a dress."

"No, I guess I got off lucky," said Jason.

"You don't sound like you feel lucky," replied Ricardo.

"I wish I could wear some of those cute clothes," said Jason.

"You like this too," said Ricardo flashing a smile. "I thought I was the only one."

"I'm as surprised as anyone," replied Jason. "I've never met one woman like Heather and Becky, let alone two of them."

"Well, two you have," said Becky, entering the room with Heather at her side. "Hello, Catalina."

"Hello, Mistress Becky, Mistress Heather," said Catalina warmly.

"Where's the curtsy?" asked Heather and Ricardo quickly tried to perform the feminine gesture. "That's pathetic; you need to work on it."

"Yes, Mistress Heather."

"What brings you into Jasmine's room, Catalina?" asked Becky.

"I'm mounting dildos on the walls in all of the rooms," replied Ricardo.

"Those look awfully small," said Heather.

"They're seven inches," replied Ricardo.

"Do you have anything bigger?" asked Becky.

"Yes ma'am, I can do a nine-inch dildo," said Ricardo.

"That'll do for now, but I'd still like bigger," said Heather.

Ricardo wasn't sure, but he thought that he heard Jason whisper, "so would I."

"I'll work on finding something bigger," said Ricardo. "I'll be back to do the nine-inch one later."

"You may leave, Ricardo," said Heather.

After Ricardo left, Heather closed the door.

"Okay, what's wrong?" asked Becky. "You've been down all day."

"Are you starting to have second thoughts?" asked Heather. "I can do amazing things for your motivation."

"It's nothing like that," replied Jason. "I just...All the other girls are wearing these cute little outfits. I don't fit in here. I outweigh them all by one-hundred pounds."

"If you want to lose weight, I promise the sissy diet plan works,"
said Heather.

Jason blushed as he thought about what could be in the sissy diet plan. He didn't know if she meant it that way, but it sure made him think it.

"Even if you don't, you're beautiful, and you have tits that any of them would die for," said Becky, giving Jason's breasts a squeeze through his t-shirt.

"You know," said Heather. "All you need is some good *Spanx*.

You're soft, and we can squeeze that into the perfect feminine form."

"We can do a whole lot more than just that corset we put you in,"

said Becky. "Real women have curves."

"And we know just what men will pay to appreciate them," added Heather.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Great Sorority Sissy Hunt: The Preparation Begins One thing about his current situation that Roger liked was that the girls had provided the sissies with very comfortable beds.

Compared to the old twin bed in his apartment, the queen in his new bedroom was like sleeping on a fluffy pink cloud.

Despite being clad in a lilac colored babydoll, he was very soundly sleeping when he felt a hand pushing his shoulder to nudge him awake.

"What the Hell?" asked Roger before clearing his eyes to see Cindy and Karla standing over him.

"Rise and shine, Teagan," cooed Cindy.

"It's dress up time, bitch," added Karla.

"What time is it?" demanded Roger. "The sun isn't even up yet."

"But you are," said Cindy. "So let's get you pretty."

With a flourish, Karla ripped the comforter and sheets off Roger and tossed them on the floor. "Go take a shower and make sure that you shave closely."

"We don't want to see a single stray hair," added Cindy. "When you're done, come back here. We'll have your outfit laid out for you."

Karla tossed Roger his bathrobe. It still felt strange for him to be putting on a feminine bathrobe and walking to the shower down a hallway where anybody could see him. He needn't have felt weird.

Throughout the entire wing, sissies were being awakened by their Mistresses. It wasn't even six o'clock yet as they all wiped the sleep out of their eyes and trudged down to the bathroom. Some of the sissies were more resistant, but they all made their way.

He couldn't help but notice that, despite a lack of makeup and dresses, the sissies were undeniably feminine. Their hairless legs were visible under their bathrobes, and most sported feminine hair now. Their toenails were a rainbow hue of colors, and they were all carrying feminine bath products. They had gone through so many changes in such a short period of time.

Unbeknownst to the sissies, as they showered and then returned to their rooms to change into the outfits that their Mistresses had laid out for them, they were being observed.

Catalina had set up a concealed surveillance system that allowed the sorority members to keep close tabs on their projects.

The girls could observe the boys as they were showering naked, but other than a bit of idle curiosity and supervision of their shaving, that wasn't a real big priority. It was when the sissies returned to their rooms that they provided the most information to their Mistresses.

Did Janine groan when she saw what she was expected to wear? Did Jenny caress her skin with the sexy underwear that had been laid out? Did this seem traumatic or possibly even surprisingly erotic?

“I knew it!” exclaimed Kristi. “For all his complaints, look at how he checks himself out in the mirror. Narumi loves how she looks.”

“Did you see how she pulled up her stockings? That is one hooked sissy,” agreed Danielle.

“A lot of guys fetishize Asian women,” added Sandra. “I don’t like exploiting it, but there are a lot of ways she could bring in quite a bit of cash for us.”

“She definitely loves it,” agreed Amber. “I still don’t understand how we’re deciding what each sissy will do. Our Jennifer is very reluctant, but she might be the hottest sissy we have. Does that make her escort material or not?”

“Hot is good,” said Kristi.

“It sure is, and it’s something that we have to take into account,”

agreed Cindy. “It’s only one thing, though. Some of these sissies might find being a courtesan too much. That doesn’t mean we can’t still dress them up in a skimpy outfit and rent them out to a sorority house as a French maid.”

“I better hurry down to inspection,” said Karla. “I only popped in for a minute. They’re all looking great.”

Inspection was a blast for the Mistresses, but for the sissies not so much. All eight sissies were lined up in two rows of four. They were expected to stand at attention while a group of Mistresses inspected them for things like lipstick on their teeth, clumpy mascara, and crooked stockings. Since most of the sissies couldn’t put on their own makeup with any skill yet, the Mistresses had plenty to complain about.

“What is your problem?” barked Erin. Teagan stood before her in her vintage crimson velvet off the shoulder dress. “Suck in that stomach and stick out your chest. You should be proud of your assets, girl.”

“Yes ma’am,” said Teagan nervously.

“When we are out shopping today, I am going to buy you a corset so tight that it’ll cut you in two if I don’t see some effort,”

demanded Erin.

“Did you do your makeup with a spatula this morning, little girl,”

spat Heather at a very frightened Janine. “That is not Phi Delta Mu quality, that’s for damn sure.”

“I’m sorry, Mistress Heather. I will try harder,” declared Janine, his feet already hurting from the four-inch heels that had been laid out for him this morning, along with a black and white plaid miniskirt and a tight black sweater.

Jasmine held her breath and tried to suck in her gut. Corseted or not, she dwarfed the other sissies, and that made her self-conscious, even without the Mistresses giving them a dressing down for their skill at dressing up.

Delilah, whose feet were killing her, leaned on Cori, which was something her roommate did not care for. Cori pushed her, and Delilah stumbled, nearly falling flat on her face. The two sissies wore identical swing dresses, but with Cori’s in pink and Delilah’s in violet.

They wore identical black sandals and their makeup was actually passable if not on point.

“What the Hell is wrong with you two?” asked Becky. “The only reason you screw ups are even here is because you both screwed over each other in the first place.”

“I’m sorry,” said Cori, “but he started it by-”

“What are you? Eight?” asked Beth. “You know, it was suggested that we move you two away from each other, but I don’t think that’s appropriate.”

“Please do,” begged Delilah.

“No, I think we’re going to do something different,” said Beth as she reached into her pocket and pulled out a pair of ever-present handcuffs. She then secured the two sissies wrists to each other.

“What did you do that for?!” complained Cori as he tried to pull himself away, but found the steel handcuffs secure.

“You two are going to hold hands until you are told otherwise by myself or one of the other Mistresses. If you are caught not holding hands you will be giving each other a big passionate kiss. I will break you of this annoying bickering even if it kills you.”

The inspection was tough, but it was designed to be. Most everybody got at least a bit of abuse, but some certainly got more than others. These were beginning sissies, and they all had at least a couple of things that could use a bit of work to get them up to speed.

After inspection and a light breakfast, the sissies and their Mistresses went out to the sorority parking lot and loaded onto the bus that they had chartered for the day.

The bus was comfortable enough for everybody except Delilah and Cori, who were still handcuffed together and holding hands.

They didn’t dare let go, no matter how clammy they may have felt.

For the sissies, it had the feeling of enlisting or being transferred to prison, but for Erin it felt like the greatest field trip she’d ever been on. She looked out the window of the bus and watched the world roll by, knowing that soon the sissies would be changed in ways that could forever change them.

Irene was waiting to greet the sorority members and their charges as they got off the bus. They separated, with each sissy being walked by their Mistresses.

Catalina was escorted by Karla and Cindy.

“Hey everybody,” said Irene warmly. “The school is always looking for volunteers, and they’re even thrilled to have students working through the special challenges that these particular clients bring, but they don’t know that it’s forced, and I’m sure they wouldn’t approve if they did, so make sure to keep up appearances.”

“I can promise you none of the sissies will look like anything but enthusiastic customers. Isn’t that right, Teagan and Narumi?”

“Yeah, I’ll behave,” said Teagan.

“You won’t have a problem with me,” promised Narumi.

“See that we don’t,” demanded Kristi.

Becky and Heather were the two most dominant Mistresses.

They both had an interest in BDSM before this whole crazy scheme was even hatched but, in a dark alley, Kristi and Matilda were the two you wouldn’t want to run into. Teagan and Narumi seemed suitably cowed.

As Irene ushered everybody inside, future beauticians and cosmetologists chattered excitedly in the hallway. A tall woman stepped forward and gave Wendy a hug.

“Oh my gosh, Wendy Duncan! It’s been so long,” said the statuesque redhead.

“Gigi? Wow! I didn’t know you were here,” said Teri.

“Yeah, hair and makeup have always been my thing. I didn’t want to go to a regular college,” replied Gigi.

“That’s great. In a year you’ll be doing what you want to. How many from our old high school can say that?” asked Wendy. “This is my sister, Amber, and this is our sissy, Jennifer.”

“Nice to meet you, Amber,” said Gigi. “It sounds like you have a great sorority.”

“Thanks,” said Amber. “What you do today will help us keep it going.”

“We’ll do our best,” said Gigi. “Hi, Jennifer, I’m going to take good care of you.”

“Hello, Miss Gigi,” said Jenny nervously.

“I feel like I’m really lucky to work on Jennifer,” said Gigi. “She’s obviously one of the prettiest sissies here.”

“No doubt,” agreed Wendy. “Would you expect any less from me?”

“What God didn’t give her in penis size, he made up for in pretty,” added Amber.

“Pretty is good,” said Gigi. “I think I can help a bit with that too.”

“Hi, I’m Denise. How am I helping you today?” asked a very attractive young woman with blonde hair and old fashioned glasses.

“This is Brandy,” said Teri. “She can definitely use some work.

She’s new to this whole girl thing.”

“Of course,” said Denise. “She has wonderfully feminine features. Is that her actual hair?”

Sandra elbowed Brandy who finally spoke up, “Yes, it’s my real hair.”

“Oh my,” said Denise. “You know, I dated a DuPont boy a few years ago. His name was Brandon and I just realized how much you remind me of him.”

“You don’t say?” smirked Sandra.

“Well, I understand Brandy wants to look prettier so guys will like her,” said Denise.

“Yes, that’s correct,” said Brandy almost reflexively.

“I think the short hairstyle is adorable, and really shows off her girlish features, but it won’t really attract boys. I can help with that.

The same with the makeup - that’s great for everyday, but we want lips that will say ‘cocksucker’ to every guy around.”

Both Teri and Sandra laughed at Denise’s crude comment, but Brandy got very nervous. Did he know this girl? He couldn’t remember.

“I think that’s just perfect,” agreed Teri.

As Denise led the trio into the back room, the other girls were all divided up and assigned to the various students at the beauty school, including a pair of beauticians named Ingrid and Leah who were given the awkward task of working on Cori and Delilah, who were still handcuffed together.

Brandy lay squirming, while Sandra and Teri enjoyed this amusing plot twist. They had no idea that Brandy’s beautician would have a grudge against him, but it held so many possibilities. Waxing could hurt like Hell, and she didn’t seem to care too much about his feelings. As Denise applied the hot wax to his leg, it actually felt good, but when she placed the strips over the wax, it really scared Brandy.

“I wonder if you remember me, Brandy?” asked Denise.

“I honestly don’t. I’m sorry, I’ve been trying.”

“Gigi was always a nickname, of course,” said the beautician in training. “In high school you would have known me as Gina Marshall.”

“Oh shit!” exclaimed Brandy, just before the first strip of wax was pulled up from his leg, causing him to cry out in pain. The young

women all laughed at his discomfort.

“Wow! It sounds like you two had quite a history,” said Sandra.

“You could say that,” said Gigi. “When he broke up with his girlfriend we dated for two weeks, and then when they made up, he tried ghosting me.”

“In high school?” asked Sandra.

“Yeah, how do you ghost somebody who sits next to you in English lit?” asked Gigi rhetorically as she ripped off another strip, causing Brandy to yelp in pain.

“I don’t think she likes her waxing,” said Teri.

“But it will make her so silky smooth,” replied Denise.

“Well, you’re the expert,” said Sandra as another strip was yanked from Brandy’s leg.

“Yowww!” screamed the terrified sissy.

“So what would you like us to do with these two?” asked Ingrid, who was a tall, Nordic looking blonde who must have stood at least six-feet-one inches tall.

“Well,” said Destiny. “Since they are now a matched pair, we were thinking of emphasizing this by giving them a similar look.”

“That sounds fun,” said Leah, who was a tall, African-American girl who looked like a young Beyoncé. “I could see them both with a brown curly hair style. It would really make them stand out with the other sissies.”

“Yeah, definitely go for it,” said Matilda. “Give them the works.”

“Hasn’t this gone on far enough?” asked Delilah petulantly.

“No, I don’t think so,” joked Ingrid, causing the other girls to laugh.

“Give them the works,” suggested Destiny. “Have some fun.”

“Alright,” cheered Leah.

As soon as Brandy was stripped of all of her body hair, she was brought out to the main part of the beauty school, wearing only her bra, panties, and robe. She felt very self-conscious as Gina, Teri, and Sandra escorted her. Many of the other sissies looked over at her skin, still red in places from the wax strips, and decided that they had gotten off easy.

“What would you like to do next, Gina?” asked Teri. “I mean if it was totally up to you?”

“I’d love to do some nail art, maybe with extensions. I think Brandy is the type of girl who could put them to good use,” replied Gina.

“That sounds perfect,” agreed Sandra.

“Can’t I just get my makeup done like the others?” pleaded Brandy.

“Not our princess,” said Teri. “She’s special.”

Brandy was led over to a chair and Gina began to work on his fingernails. By the time she was done, Brandy was sporting long, glamour length red nails with a ladybug design on each thumb. Teri and Sandra applauded her work.

“You know, if you need any touch ups or you want to take things any further with her, I’m happy to help. I’ll even come to the sorority house,” said Gina.

“That would be great,” said Sandra. “I’m sure we can use the help down the road.”

When Ingrid and Leah were finished with Cori and Delilah, they looked much better. The hair and makeup were on point, and while

they didn't look like twins, they definitely sported a similar look.

"You are miracle workers!" exclaimed Destiny.

"Yeah, they look awesome," agreed Matilda.

"What do you think, sissies?" asked Destiny.

"I love my new look," said Cori robotically.

"I feel like a princess," lied Delilah.

The sissies stood up with their matching curly brown hair, long red finger nails, matching toes, and full faces full of makeup. They thanked Ingrid and Leah, and then went with Destiny and Matilda into the lobby of the beauty school, which was rapidly filling up with sissies who had completed their beauty procedures.

As Brandy joined them, he looked defeated, even as he put on his best fake smile for a picture with Denise. She was beaming, both with pride over the job she had done and satisfaction over having finally gotten revenge on Brandon Crane.

"I trust everybody had a wonderful time," said Irene.

By now the sissies knew to just say they did and not get into a confrontation. It was just another indignity of many they would face this afternoon.

"Okay ladies," said Cindy. "Our next stop is to get you all some help on your figures."

Good Foundations was only about a twenty minute drive from the beauty school. The store sold *Spanx* and other common brands of shapewear, but they also had very elaborate and extensive corsets, padding, and attentive and knowledgeable staff. Even though the store was geared towards women, they had a small but significant crossdresser clientele as well.

“Again ladies, best behavior,” said Sandra almost cheerily.

Once again, the sorority had arranged everything so that there were six assistants to help out only nine sissies. The sissy who would need the most help was Jasmine, and Beth and Heather proudly presented her to the manager, Adriana Prescott. At thirty-one, Miss Prescott wasn't much older than the other sales associates, but she carried herself with professionalism and a sort of dominant aloofness that Beth in particular immediately took to.

“So, this is Jasmine,” said Miss Prescott. “Please give me a twirl.”

Sluggishly, Jasmine did as she was told by the corsetiere, carefully turning in her black pumps and causing the jade green dancer's dress she was wearing to flair out and reveal her hairless legs and nude pantyhose.

“I understand that ,he is being transformed against her will?”

asked Miss Prescott.

“Well...she's kind of our project,” said Heather.

“No, ma'am,” said Jasmine. “I want this as much as they do for me. I feel really self-conscious around all these petite sissies, though, and if there's anything you can do to make me feel less like an ugly blob and more like a girl I'd be grateful.”

“You will never look like a girl,” replied Miss Prescott. “That is for these other sissies, as you call them. I can help you to look like a very attractive woman though.”

“Yes, that would be wonderful,” said Jasmine.

“There are four things that we can work on to make a man's shape more like a woman's - breasts, hips, waist, and derriere. I see

that you are already wearing some shapewear under your dress, but if you want a corset to really work efficiently, you'll want one just for

you. Hips we can do with padding, and the same with the derriere,” explained Miss Prescott.

“That’s exactly what we’re looking for,” said Heather.

“Let’s get Jasmine measured and we can complete the process,” said Miss Prescott.

Jasmine was taken to the back of the shop, where there was some privacy. She was attached to a lacing bar and Miss Prescott began to take measurements.

“I know I’m fat,” joked Jasmine.

“No, you are Rubenesque,” assured Miss Prescott. “I am sure you know that one wonderful thing about corsetry is that it will permanently alter your shape through training. I believe, in time, I can take eight inches off your waist and add much of that to your breasts. With hip padding, your measurements could be 38-32-38.

With a bit of a fitness regiment, maybe even something like 36-28-36. That would give you a very respectable figure for a woman and, if we continue to work on it, you will be a voluptuous beauty.”

Heather and Beth could both see that tears were welling up in Jasmine’s eyes.

“If you can really do all that, you are a miracle worker,” said Jasmine.

“I don’t know that I do miracles, but this will help,” said Miss Prescott, lacing Jasmine into a corset that was at once feminine and restrictive. The delicate lace camouflaged the severe shape changing nature of the corset.

Once enhancers were added to the cups of the corset, Jasmine had what appeared to be very large breasts and a much smaller waist.

“We’re going to have to dress you to show off your cleavage now,” said Heather.

“We definitely want some v-necks and some low cut outfits,” agreed Beth.

With padded panties giving her a well-rounded ass, Jasmine looked like a different woman when she put her old dress on. A smile spread across her face from ear to ear as she thanked Miss Prescott.

With all of the girls in their new shapewear, the bus next headed to *Shine Photography Studios*. This was a surprise for the sissies who stared at the small studio from the bus in wonder.

“I have to admit that we stole this idea from another sorority,” said Sandra. “However, as you know, we’re spending a lot of money on transforming you. This is going to be your first chance to pay us back. We’re going to have you create a sexy calendar that we can sell.”

“Oh, God!” gasped Jennifer. It was a total reflex, and though he earned several hard stares from the Mistresses on the bus, it was allowed to pass as just an involuntary reaction.

The girls had taken a great deal of care in picking the photographer they would use. Shine had the advantage of being female owned, doing considerable boudoir photography, and being discreet.

“I can’t stress how important this calendar is,” said Cindy. “It’s important to us and it will be important to you.”

“Remember,” said Erin, “we’re still trying to figure out exactly how each of you can be the most useful for us. About the easiest job you’re going to get is going to be cam girl talking with guys over the internet and selling sexy pictures of yourself.”

“Oh, God,” moaned Henry.

“Oh, yes,” said Danielle. “There are going to be plenty of guys beating their meat to sexy pictures of their Narumi.”

“You better get used to it,” agreed Kristi.”

“You better all get used to it,” said Sandra. “It’s not that bad, you won’t have to see them, but you’re all becoming desirable young women. Guys will notice.”

“And do more than notice,” continued Matilda.

The sissies were lead off the bus and into the photo studio by their Mistresses. There were three photographers working there.

Angela was the owner of the salon. She was an attractive blonde woman, somewhere in her thirties. She was hands on, and was carrying a camera as she greeted everybody. She introduced her assistants as Rian, a black man in his late-twenties with a runner’s body, and Kayleigh, who wasn’t much older than the college students. She was short and perky, with curly black hair and large breasts. Some of the Mistresses noticed their sissies checking her out.

As some of the sorority sisters returned from the bus carrying garment bags, the sissies were shocked to find that some of the outfits had been pre-arranged.

“Catalina, come here,” beckoned Cindy. “We think we have an idea for you. You’ll be working with Angela.”

“Yes, Mistress Cindy,” replied Catalina, demurely stepping forward.

“I think he’ll be perfect,” said Angela, eying Catalina the way a jeweler observes a diamond.

“I don’t understand,” replied Catalina. “What will I be perfect for?”

“You have a wonderful golden coloring and you have the kind of abs that people spend the whole life trying to get. I think in a bikini you’ll look amazing.”

“I don’t know if I can pass in a bikini,” confessed Catalina.

“Let me worry about that. Retouching can do amazing things,”
said Angela.

Karla handed Catalina a black bikini and matching heels and she walked behind a screen to change. When she emerged, she looked like an invitation to fun on a beach.

“Wow! Lindsey sure can pick them,” said Karla. “You are breathtaking, Catalina.”

“You really are,” agreed Cindy. “I’m going to go keep an eye on Teagan. I can’t wait to see these pictures, Angela.”

“I think they’ll be great. Catalina has a terrific look,” said the photographer.

“So, which one is Janine?” asked Rian

“Here she is,” said Erin, nudging her forward. She still wasn’t comfortable enough in heels to really stand her ground and stumbled forward towards the photographer.

“Yeah, that’s me,” said Janine as Vanessa and Erin stepped up behind him.

“So, this is our Easter bunny. I think she’ll work fine,” said Rian.

“What does that mean?” demanded Teagan. It wasn’t clear if it was the casual way Rian had used the female pronoun with her, or the anticipation that Easter Bunny would be a particularly humiliating photo, but Teagan had instantly soured and Vanessa and Erin noticed immediately.

“I just meant that Vanessa and Erin had suggested using you for April, and we have a costume for you that...” began Rian before coming to a pause as he tried to find the words.

“You’re going to be a Playboy Bunny - very sexy,” said Vanessa.

“I hope that’s not a problem.”

Teagan turned and glowered at her Mistress. She was about to say something she would have regretted when Erin intercepted.

“No, there won’t be any problem at all,” said Erin. “I’m going to take Teagan to change.”

Once they were safely behind the privacy screen Erin tossed the costume to her charge.

“I’m not putting this on,” said Teagan dropping it on the floor.

“I will fucking strip you myself right here and forcibly put it on you! I have no doubt I could do it. Your manhood is toast, the only question is, do you want to keep what little self-respect you have left or not?”

“You wouldn’t dare,” spat Janine.

“Really? Look at yourself and ask yourself if, after all that we’ve already done to you, dressing you as a Playboy bunny is really just a step too far?”

Slowly and deliberately, Teagan picked up the costume and looked it over. It was sexy, humiliating, and degrading all at once. He kicked off his heels and began to change.

“I thought so,” said Erin. “I’ll be right outside. Don’t keep me waiting too long.”

When Janine stepped out, the costume was everything that Erin had hoped it would be. She wore a sexy black one piece with a fluffy white tail, big floppy ears, and sexy shoes and gloves. Of all the outfits that the sissies would be wearing, she really had the one most appropriate for a pinup calendar.

“Come along, sweet cheeks,” said Erin. “Let’s get these photos done.”

As Janine returned to the photographer, Vanessa spotted him approaching. She covered her mouth, but could barely contain her excitement at seeing the sissified slave in her humiliating bunny costume. As soon as Janine was in earshot, she called out, “Here comes Princess Cottontail hopping down the bunny trail.”

Janine stopped dead in her tracks before a shove from Erin propelled her forward. Rian was a total professional, but they posed Janine in a ridiculously sexy manner, crouching down on her shiny black pumps, while looking over her shoulder at the camera.

As soon as Henry learned that he was supposed to pose for photos, he began protesting. Both Danielle and Kristi were about done with all of Henry’s bitching and complaining and they let him have it.

“I won’t do it,” said Henry. “You can’t make me.”

“You might want to look at yourself in a mirror before you start making judgments about what we can and can’t do,” said Danielle calmly.

“Is there a problem?” asked Kayleigh cheerfully.

“None at all,” replied Kristi. “We just need a moment.”

“Take all the time you need,” said Kayleigh. “I can move on to one of the other girls I’m shooting.”

“Run along,” said Narumi dismissively. “I’m not posing today.”

“That’s a shame,” said Kayleigh. “I know there’s a humiliation thing going on here, but you probably have the easiest outfit to pull off.”

“It really isn’t bad,” said Danielle. “The dark purple skirt is ankle length, and there’s a light purple floral blouse to wear with it,” said Danielle.

“I don’t care,” said Narumi. “I don’t want you to have pictures of me like that.”

“I’m getting tired of this,” said Kristi slapping Narumi hard in her left cheek. Her head spun around at the force of the surprise blow.

“Don’t even kid yourself. You’re doing this. The only real question is whether you will be wearing the pretty, but sedate outfit that Danielle picked out for you, or the corset I’d like you in for the boudoir photos that I wanted to do of you.”

Narumi finally relented choking back tears. She didn’t even complain when Kayleigh explained to her that she wanted to take the pictures at the park across the street.

The calendar was coming together and nobody was happier about it than Sandra, who had agreed to this insane scheme because it seemed like one of the few ways the sorority could get the money

It was needed, but she also enjoyed putting these sissies into their places. Some of them were such arrogant jerks, and now her sisters were turning them into female sex objects. The humiliation had to be extreme.

With the calendar photos finished, the bus finally returned back to the sorority house, just after four. The sissies were exhausted. It had been a difficult day of being painted, poked, prodded, and now photographed, but things were only getting started. The sissies were

quickly divided up, with Teagan, Jasmine, Janice, and Catalina given the job of cleaning the house from top to bottom, while Cori, Delilah, Narumi, and Jennifer were tasked with preparing dinner in the kitchen.

Meanwhile, the girls who hadn’t been through such a difficult day were allowed to rest up before dinner.

After the sorority sisters were fed in the dining room, the sissies were allowed to eat the leftovers in the kitchen. It wasn’t anything fancy,

but the chicken and rice were the first that the sissies had eaten since breakfast, and they were starving.

Cindy, Karla, and Sandra stepped into the kitchen as the sissies were just finishing up.

“Don’t let us interrupt, ladies,” said Cindy. “We just wanted to tell you about tonight.”

The sissies immediately dropped their forks and looked up at the sorority president in nervous anticipation.

“Wow! You get their attention,” said Karla.

“We’re having a party tonight,” said Cindy. “You will be the guests of honor.”

“Who will be at this party?” asked Jasmine.

“Well, look at you,” said Karla. “All excited and everything. In answer to your question, yes there will be a whole lot of boys here.”

“This party is going to serve two functions,” continued Sandra.

“This is a chance for you to mingle with potential buyers and clients to give them a chance to see what you’re all about.”

“It’s also your final test,” said Cindy. “It’s one you had better not fail.”

“What is the test, Miss Cindy?” asked Jennifer though she feared that she knew the answer.

“Every sissy at the party is expected to seduce at least one of the male guests and suck him off,” explained Sandra. “For most of you, this won’t be even a small challenge.”

“We’re all going to have so much fun tonight, ladies,” teased Karla.

“After you finish up here, you need to get ready for the party,”

said Cindy. "Guys will start arriving at nine."

After Cindy's announcement, nobody could eat. Regardless of how enthused they were about contact with actual men, they were fearful of how guys would react to seeing them all dolled up and, even worse, the sissies were expected to flirt with them.

Jennifer slipped away to her room, only to find out that the girls had already laid out an outfit for her.

As Jennifer saw the outfit that that Amber and Wendy had laid out, she couldn't help but blush. The dress they had picked was a vintage piece, made of a soft stretchy red material, covered with black chantelle lace. The dress wasn't terribly short, though it did have a slit in the back. However, when belted, it was designed to hug her figure and highlight her curves. She was suddenly very grateful for the shapewear that the girls had purchased for her earlier.

In addition to her corset and black lace panties with the padded behind, Jennifer attached a black and red lace garter belt and a pair of sheer black stockings. She chose a pair of black pumps with very narrow four-inch heels. They would be a challenge for any woman, it would be very difficult for somebody as new to heels as Jennifer was to walk in them.

Jennifer was just finishing getting ready when Wendy and Amber walked into her room.

"Wow! Don't you look great!" gushed Wendy.

"Yeah, you could totally hang with us and our girlfriends," agreed Amber.

"Thank you, Mistresses," replied Jennifer. "It's a lovely dress."

"You wear it very well," said Wendy. "You know you are the hottest of all the sissies, right?"

"I guess I'm the right size for this," said Jennifer modestly.

“It’s more than that,” said Amber. “You’re going to get a lot of attention tonight.”

“That’s actually what we wanted to talk to you about,” interjected Wendy. “Have you been using your dildo at all?”

“Not really, Mistress.”

“Well, you need to start,” said Wendy. “You know you have to give a blow job tonight, and we don’t want you unprepared. Why don’t you go kneel over in front of the dildo and show us what you’ve got.”

As Jennifer took her place in front of the dildo and dropped to her knees, Amber and Wendy sat down on her bed. “Now, start by cupping the balls,” said Amber, “and run your tongue over the bottom of the dick.”

Jennifer did as she was told. She had never had something like this in her mouth before and she felt real shame.

“Guys like it when you moan,” said Wendy. “Moan, but be sure you use your girly voice.”

“Mmmm,” moaned Jennifer. The girls giggled, not because it was awkward, but because it was so good. Wendy decided that if Marilyn Monroe had been a porn star, she would have sounded like Jennifer.

“Now, just put the tip in your mouth and play with that,” said Amber. Jennifer complied, humiliated to have a cock in her mouth, and to see her own scarlet lipstick on the head of the rubber penis.

She could feel herself get flush, but she also felt her cock stir.

“You are going to be one Hell of a cocksucker,” said Amber. “I hope you get a good one for your first tonight.”

“Let’s fix your lipstick, cocksucker, and go find you a real one,” said Wendy.

Wendy nodded her head. She couldn't even speak. She was lost in her thoughts.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Great Sorority Sissy Hunt: The Final Selection Brandy saw the dress laid out on her bed. She had never seen it before and she could scarcely believe it now. The dress was a black sequined long-sleeve dress that sparkled in the glow of the overhead lights, but what really stood out was its length. She had shirts that were longer than this supposed dress. When she held it up to herself, he realized that she'd be tugging futilely at the hem all night long.

Next to the dress was a pair of sheer black pantyhose. Hose was to be expected, as this dress was far too short for stockings, but these pantyhose had rhinestones sparkling throughout. There were a black pushup bra and a waist cincher as well, purchased that afternoon, and a black lace g-string. Finally, on the bed was a pair of peep-toe, ankle strap, thin heeled sandals. They would be a real challenge to walk in.

Brandy busied herself getting ready. She thought she had completely dressed herself when Teri and Sandra entered the room to add some finishing touches.

"You look great," said Teri. "Do you remember everything you've learned?"

"Yes, Mistress. I think I know what I'm doing," said Brandy.

"I brought you some earrings for that dress," said Teri, clipping a pair of shiny black chandelier earrings onto her ears. She didn't even notice Sandra picking up the bottle of perfume until she was spraying the back of her neck. "I didn't douse you," she told the sissy, "but that was a bit too faint. A half-hour from now, nobody would even be able to smell it."

"The guys are starting to arrive," said Teri, handing Brandy a small black sequin clutch purse. "It's time for you to go meet your public."

Brandy felt all eyes on her as she entered the party. She knew she was one of the better-looking sissies, but she still wasn't really ready for guys to be undressing her with their eyes.

She smiled at the admiring glances, just as he had been trained to do. She told herself that it was no big deal. It wasn't like she even knew these people.

"Well don't you look sexy?" asked a familiar voice from his left.

He turned to see the Vice-President of the Alpha Kappa Sigma fraternity, Bryce Jones. Next to him was the treasurer, Brock Fowler, and the recording secretary, Chet Tripp.

"I'll say," said Brock. "Get a load of you. You have legs to die for."

"I thought I saw you leaving that party in a dress, but nobody would believe me," said Chet.

"H-hi guys," stammered Brandy. Her heart was beating a million miles an hour. She had never wanted to be seen like this by her fraternity brothers.

"I can't get over this," said Bryce. "You're as hot as any girl on this campus."

She seized her chance. "You have to get me out of here,"

pleaded Brandy. "Can you imagine the scandal if word got out that Alpha Kappa's President was dressing like this and flirting with guys?"

"We're trying to get you out," said Brock.

"Yeah, except you're not President anymore," said Bryce. "You disappeared. Then, when we find out what really happened to you, we had to call for a special vote."

“But I haven’t been gone that long,” complained Brandy.

“No, but look at you,” replied Bryce. “There are some things you just can’t come back from.”

“Who is the new President?” asked Brandy? As soon as the words left his mouth, he knew.

“Bryce is the new President,” said Chet proudly, “and I’m the new Vice-President.”

“You assholes,” spat Brandy. “Whatever happened to always having each other’s back.”

“We have your back,” joked Brock, “but have you seen your ass?”

“Look, when I’m back, we can take it to the fraternity council,”

said Brandy. “I’m willing to live by their decision. This could have happened to any of us.”

“See, that’s the problem,” said Bryce. “We’re not looking to have you back as a member of the fraternity. However, we do need a maid, not to mention some occasional release, and we thought you might be a good fit.”

“Fuck you!” barked Brandy in a voice loud enough for everybody to turn around and look at them.

“Wow! I can’t believe she’s copping an attitude with us now,” said Chet.

“After what you guys did to me?” asked Brandy. “I ought to punch you in the face right now.”

“I might calm down if I were you, Brandy.” Bryce stepped closer, forcing her to back off. “We’re not going to be the only bidders for your services,” he said.

Brandy blanched. "What does that mean?"

"Just that you're probably going to cost the house about ten grand," said Bryce. "Do you see those two guys over there?"

"Yeah, that's Lance and Topher, from the Theta Sigs," replied Brandy.

"That's right," agreed Bryce. "Do you know how much they would love to have a sex slave who used to be our fraternity president?"

"You'd be sucking more cock than a \$5 whore," said Brock.

"Fuck off. I'm not gay," protested Brandy.

"What does that have to do with anything?" asked Bryce. "If they pay \$10,000 for you, they'll make sure that you do what they tell you to do, one way or another."

Brandy just stood there, slack-jawed, thinking of the horrible fate that would away him at the Theta Sig house.

"So, if I were you, I might try and be a bit more charming and gracious," said Bryce. "I think being our French maid might be humiliating, but we wouldn't use you in the rough way that they'd use you."

Use you. Such a horrible phrase. "You're right of course," said Brandy as she moved closer to Bryce. She carefully picked a piece of lint from his tie. "I'm very grateful to you all."

Terri and Sandra watched their sissy with her former fraternity brothers and felt a surge of pride in how things were progressing.

They were sure they could rent her out to the fraternity for five figures this year, earning them a huge profit, even after everything that they had spent on her transformation.

Jasmine walked proudly into the room. With her figure looking curvy rather than fat, she made quite an attractive woman. With further

corset training, she would begin to appear even more curvaceous and womanly. Beth and Heather smiled at her. They had worked hard with her, but her confidence would be more of an impediment than any perceived weight issue.

In her pink ruched stretch knit off the shoulder dress, she didn't have every eye on her, but she did have several guys look her up and down in appreciation. One such guy was Aaron Anson, a junior whose father was quite a successful businessman and who was one of DuPont's top business students himself.

"Hi, I'm Aaron," he said, introducing himself warmly.

"I'm Jase—I'm Jasmine,"

"You're so beautiful," said Aaron. "I'm surprised that I was able to get a chance to talk to you."

Jasmine blushed. "So, what brings you here?" she asked after an awkward pause. "Are you one of those guys, um, looking to buy one of us?"

"I don't think they're selling girls, only renting them." His smile was disarming. "And I'm not looking for anything like that. Honestly, I have a lot of obligations with my dad's business, and even at the

university that requires me to have a date. I'm strictly looking for a platonic escort."

"I don't understand why," said Jasmine. "You're a good looking guy. Surely you can find a date."

"I'm just not interested in dating right now. It's more work than I want to put forth. I'm just looking for somebody to go to dinners and stuff with me," said Aaron. "I think you'd be perfect."

She smiling, realizing she might get off easy here. "I honestly never thought about being an escort," said Jasmine.

“Would you be interested?” asked Aaron.

“Definitely,” said Jasmine. “It sounds like a far easier way to make money, compared to others, and you seem like a decent guy.”

“It’s definitely not full-time work,” said Aaron. “Four, maybe five, times a semester. Just for special events. That’s about it.”

“It still sounds perfect,” said Jasmine.

Across the room, Teagan looked as attractive as any other sissy in the room, with the possible exception of Jennifer. The problem was, the closer you got, the more you noticed things. Her fake boobs were visible where they spilled out of her gold dress, and the dark stockings she was wearing did not go with the open-toed gold shoes she had on. Getting closer still, you could see that her eye makeup was smudged, her mascara was clumped, and she had lipstick on her teeth.

Karla was furious. None of this had ever been a problem when she had helped her get ready and do her makeup.

Cindy and Karla watched the sissy as guys approached, only to quickly leave to go flirt with the other sissies.

“She’s good at deflection,” I’ll give her that,” pouted Cindy. “She gets rid of them quick.”

“If we find out she’s breaking the rules, then we need to punish her and punish her good,” said Karla.

“That’s just it,” replied Cindy. “I don’t think she is.”

Karla and Cindy crept up closer.

A guy that Cindy recognized as the president of Alpha Theta Nu was chatting Teagan up. He was actually rather feminine-looking himself, and his eyebrows were on point. Immediately, they noticed that Teagan’s voice had dropped about two octaves.

“He’s being very subtle,” whispered Cindy, “but he’s finding ways to turn off these guys,”

Karla snarled. “I’ll kill the little bitch.”

As soon as the fraternity president left, the girls walked in, pretending they weren’t onto her game. “How’s it going, Teagan?”

asked Cindy guardedly.

“Not good,” replied Teagan. “I don’t know what it is. But none of these guys seem terribly interested in me. I hope all your work hasn’t been in vain.”

“Keep at it,” said Karla. “Don’t forget, you’re responsible for finding a guy to give a blow job to at this party.” It was her turn to lower her voice an octave, letting the sissy know they were onto her.

“And if you don’t you, are going to deeply regret it.”

“She’s right,” repeated Cindy.

Teagan looked from one girl to the other and nodded. “I understand,” she said.

For Delilah and Cori, things had started to look up - a little, at least. They were no longer handcuffed together, though they were told that it was important that they stay together during the party.

They knew what was expected of them, but didn’t want the other to hear them accept a guy’s offer to go off together. The two sissies stood close together, dressed in their matching open-back sequin mini-dresses - Cori’s in silver and Delilah’s in a wine color. Each wore black sandals with four-inch heels.

It wasn’t guys who first approached the well-matched pair, though, but a group of girls.

“My, oh my, Miss Mauve is wearing silver,” said the tall blonde girl. She was accompanied by an equally willowy brunette. “This won’t do, will it Katie?”

“Not in the least,” replied the raven-haired girl. “Mauve is so much her color, Jenna.”

“Hello, girls. I haven’t seen you since yoga class,” said Cori.

“You’ve gone through a lot of changes since then, I can see,” teased Jenna.

“What brings you here?” asked Delilah.

“We’re both part of Gamma Omicron, and we heard there might be some maids available tonight,” said Katie.

“We’re really looking for more than maids though,” said Jenna.

“Yeah, pets is really more like it,” said Katie, before both girls busted out laughing.

“What do you mean by pets?” asked Cori nervously.

“We need some sissies to clean our house, wash all our laundry, and entertain us in whatever way we see fit,” said Katie.

The matter-of-fact way she said it sent a shiver up Cori’s spine.

“You know, we have a fully stocked dungeon in the basement of our house,” said Jenna. “It’s not big, but it’s quite fun to use on pledges.”

“Or pets,” added Katie.

“We think we can hire both of your services for the year for about \$15,000 total. You better hope we do, because I don’t think you’re going to like some of the other Greek options, from what I’ve heard.”

“We’re not maids,” complained Delilah.

“Your choice, but there are many worse things to be,” replied Jenna.

“Hi guys, this is Narumi,” said Danielle. “She’s still a bit reluctant, but that will change soon enough.”

Kristi dragged her sissy into a group of three guys. Narumi looked great in a sapphire blue bodycon minidress, but she was clearly fighting her handlers.

“We have big plans for her,” said Kristi.

“She looks amazing,” said John, a gangly red-haired frat boy.

“Are you really sure she’s a guy?” asked Lance, a blonde surfer-looking guy. He looked skeptical, but a little curious at the same time.

Kristi laughed. “Not much of one.”

“I wouldn’t think so,” said Matt, an attractive black-haired boy and backup quarterback on the school’s football team.

“She has a very talented mouth,” said Danielle, “and you’d be doing us both a huge favor if you let her use it on you.”

“Hmm, now you’re talking,” said Lance.

Kristi was quick to jump into action. “Would you like to go first?”

she asked.

“For sure,” agreed Lance.

“Go show Lance your room,” ordered Danielle, and the mismatched couple immediately began their trek to the sissy wing.

The doors to the rooms on that wing were unlocked in order to allow the sissies - and their guests - easy access.

“This is it,” said Narumi, pointing out her room to her guest as she stopped at the doorway. It looked like all the other rooms on the wing, remarkable only for the BTS laminated sign on her door where the other sissies had left her words of encouragement, as they all were required to do for each other.

Lance grabbed Narumi and kissed her hard on the lips. It took Narumi by surprise. She would have stumbled if his strong arms hadn’t grabbed her.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to startle you,” said Lance. “You’re really not into this, are you?”

The hallway was one of the few safe places to talk, not that either of them knew that. While the girls had audio and visual of the rooms, they only could see a video of the hallway.

“Of course I don’t want this,” whispered Narumi. “I don’t want any of this.”

“You’re kidding me,” said Lance. “Looking like that, and you don’t want to do this?”

“Of course not,” protested Narumi. “I’m straight, and I sure as Hell don’t want to be in heels, never mind . . . um, you know, sucking things.”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t know that was for real,” said Lance. “I’m not going to force anything on you.”

“Shh!” Narumi pleaded with him to keep his voice down. “I appreciate that, I really do, but we are supposed to suck off a guy tonight, and I don’t want to be flirting with guys all night, or having to go out there and grab one of those guys you were with.” She shrugged. “It may as well be with you as with anybody.”

If Lance was offended, he didn’t show it. Instead, he said, “What if I made you a deal? We just make out a little, and then you can tell them you blew me off.”

“Yeah, I guess I could do that,” agreed Narumi. “It might work.”

Narumi opened the door for Lance and the two walked in. Lance was amazed as he looked around. He took in the pink furnishings, the wall dildo, the bondage chair with the dildo stuck to it and all the touches that would be more appropriate in an adolescent girl’s room than in a college guy’s place.

“They really put you in your place,” said Lance.

“Yeah, you don’t know the half of it,” replied Narumi.

“Let’s not think about that right now,” said Lance. He pushed her through the door and sat Narumi down on the bed, where he kissed her on the lips.

Narumi didn’t pull back this time. She relaxed and let it happen, just like any other kiss, although it felt weird to have the lipstick on her lips for a change. She surrendered to the experience and soon found herself letting go. Maybe she would have rather been with a woman, but she appreciated the gentle way Lance had treated her.

She felt safe with him. If she had to give a blow job tonight, she wanted it to be Lance.

She dropped to her knees and pulled down Lance’s pants. A wry smile crossed Lance’s face as he felt Narumi’s moist red lips wrap themselves around his cock. Only a few short days ago, Narumi’s homophobia would have caused her to run screaming from the bed, as if she had been bitten by a poisonous snake.

Surprising how much things had changed in such a short period of time.

Narumi’s tongue was running up and down the shaft of Lance’s cock. She was intent on focusing on the job she had been trained to do because if she had made eye contact with Lance, even just for a moment, she thought she might cry. Instead, she dutifully did her best to orally satisfy him, hoping to finish her task as quickly as possible.

"Oh wow, it feels so good!" cried Lance. "You're such a dirty girl."

Narumi could only moan, surprised by how much the words of praise encouraged her, as she played with Lance's shaft with her tongue, teasing the sensitive nerves on the underside of his cock as she ran up and down the length.

"Oh, yes," grunted Lance. "I can't hold it any longer. I'm going to cum!"

Narumi purred in satisfaction, knowing that she had almost gotten Lance off, but then it hit her. She had just sucked a cock! This wasn't rubber. This wasn't some kinky sex toy. This was real.

She was now officially a cock sucker, and she had the mouthful of cum to prove it.

"Oh, God!" cried out Lance, and just like that he was done. "Oh, Narumi, that was amazing," he said gazing into her now watering eyes.

Narumi was trying hard not to gag as the slimy liquid dripped down her throat. What had she done? It wasn't the worst thing in the world, but she felt so strange, like she had crossed a line that she never thought she would.

If only Lance hadn't made it clear how much he enjoyed it.

Catalina's classic sky blue sateen and spandex dress with dark blue rose print hugged her every curve. It was short enough to show off her shapely legs, and its halter top made her appear to have perfect B cup breasts.

She looked around the room longingly but, nobody really seemed to be paying much attention to her. She thought she caught a steady stream of admiring glances from the men in attendance, but they all seemed to turn away the moment she noticed.

Cindy approached, smiling as she saw the sissy handyman.

“You look amazing!”

“Thanks. To tell you the truth, I wasn’t too sure,” admitted Catalina.
“Nobody will come near me, not even with a ten-foot pole.”

“There’s an obvious reason for that,” said Cindy. She paused before explaining. “Nobody has been told about you.”

“What do you mean by that?” asked Catalina.

“Remember, we’re trying to make money off all you sissies. We informed certain people who we thought would be a good fit that they might want to meet a particular sissy.” Cindy smiled. “Nobody was told about you.”

“Why not?” asked Catalina.

“Aw, don’t sound so disappointed,” replied Cindy.

“Well, what do the other sissies have that I don’t?” asked Catalina.

“It’s what you have that they don’t - namely, a job,” said Cindy.

“You’re way too valuable to us. Just on labor alone you save us so much over a regular contractor.”

Catalina allowed herself a smile. “That’s actually flattering that you want to keep me around,” she said.

“It should be,” said Cindy. “You make a great sissy, and I guarantee we could get top dollar for you.”

“Thank you,” said Catalina, “but then what am I supposed to be doing tonight?”

“Supposed to?” asked Cindy rhetorically. “You don’t have to do anything. You can go back to your room if you want, but I think you

like this way more than the other sissies...well, except for maybe Jasmine."

"Well, suppose I do." She shrugged and nodded at the same time. "I know I don't fight it like some of them do. Actually," she admitted, "if Lindsey was still here . . . well, I wouldn't fight it at all."

"So get out there then!" Cindy reached out to tweak nipple.

"There are a lot of really hot guys here looking for a girl with a little something extra. Go find one you like." She ran her hand down the sissy's dress and then slipped it around to cup her ass. "You can be the one on the prowl, if you want, but just stay clear of any of the guys that we are pointing out - the ones that we're targeting for the other sissies. It's important. We need their money."

"Sure," said Catalina. "I can do that."

"Then go get 'em, girl," said Cindy.

As soon as Jennifer entered the room, every eye was on her.

Her mind was completely conflicted. She hadn't even had a girlfriend yet, and wasn't used to being desired by anybody, male or female.

She was as surprised as anyone to discover that, with makeup and a dress, she was stunning.

It was quite a dress too. Ankle length and sequined, with a halter top and a slit that revealed her shapely left leg all the way up to the top of her thigh.

Jennifer was naturally shy, and she had little idea how to handle a group of a dozen horny guys surrounding her. She smiled and tried to be friendly, but she couldn't exactly carry on that many conversations at once. She felt somebody squeeze her ass and turned around quickly, excited and nervous at the same time, but couldn't see who it was.

Finally, Amber and Wendy decided to rescue their feminized protégé. They descended on the throng before Amber dismissed them. "Okay, losers. Beat it. We need to talk to our sissy for a moment."

That was enough to disperse most of the crowd, and a hard glare from Wendy quickly dispatched the horny remainders.

"Thank you," said Jennifer. "I wasn't ready for all that."

"You're hot," said Amber. "Get used to it."

"I know, I look like a girl," replied Jennifer.

"No, you look like a hot girl," said Wendy. "That's a big difference. Look around, how many of the other sissies are drawing as many guys as you?"

Jennifer finally looked around the room and appreciated just how popular she had been. "I'm not ready for this," said Jennifer. "I've never even had a girlfriend."

"We understand," said Wendy. "The thing is, you're hot enough that we can make money off of you without you really having to go out with guys or anything like that."

"Really?" asked Jennifer. "That would be wonderful."

"We'll fill you in later. We need to make some phone calls. In the meantime, you still need to blow one of the guys at this party. Let's pick you out a nice boy who will make you feel comfortable," said Amber.

"What about that tall one?" said Wendy. "He's kind of cute."

Wendy laughed. "That's our sissy."

"Fix your lipstick," instructed Vanessa.

“I’m sorry,” replied Janine, pulling out her compact and a tube of soft pink bubble gum lipstick that perfectly matched the short figure-hugging pink minidress that she had chosen for tonight’s party.

“I guess some things mess up even the most carefully applied lip color,” smirked Erin.

Janine stammered and blushed. She was shaking too hard to even begin to retouch her lipstick.

“Relax,” said Vanessa. “We know what you did, and we’re going to look forward to watching the video.”

“Video?” asked Janine, her eyes wide. “How do you have video?”

“If you did it in your room, it’s on video,” said Vanessa. “Surely, you must have known that.”

“Oh, God. No, no, no,” said Janine.

“Relax,” said Erin. “You were a good girl. You did what you were instructed to do. We’re not going to tease you about all night.”

“We are going to want to hear every last juicy detail though,” continued Vanessa.

“Why do you need me to tell you any of this if you can just watch it,” asked Janine.

“Watching it is going to be a very different kind of fun from hearing you tell us every single naughty and humiliating thought that was going through your head,” said Erin.

“So, yes, you will need to tell us every single last detail, and we can’t wait,” said Vanessa.

“That cute guy in the black sweater is coming over this way,”

said Erin. "I think it would be good if you had a couple of blow jobs under your belt. So you could compare them, you know?"

"Go get them, girlfriend!" Vanessa laughed as she shoved Janine forward, sending her stumbling into the arms of the cute guy.

"I can't believe it!" exclaimed Sandra, sweeping into the meeting room. "I just got off the phone with Brandy's old fraternity, and we've got a bidding war going on. One year of her services is going to go north of \$25,000 before this is over."

"She's so worth it!" cheered Teri.

"You mean torturing her is so worth it," said Sandra, before looking around and feeling rude for interrupting the meeting. "I'm sorry."

"Don't be silly," said Erin. "This is great news!"

"It really is," agreed Cindy. "We'll be rolling in the dough, and a lot of it is going to be cash upfront. This place will be a palace by the fall pledge drive."

"That's wonderful," said Sandra. "So, if Catalina is staying as our handyman - handysissy? - and Brandy is going to the highest bidder, what about the other sissies?"

"Cori and Delilah will remain a package deal," said Destiny.

"Yeah, they really made a big impression at yoga class, and the Gamma Omicrons are offering \$12,500 to have the pair as maids and entertainment for the year," added Matilda.

Destiny frowned. "They're a package deal, but hardly a two-for-one discount. We need to get that up to \$15,000 or no go," said Destiny.

"Would they stay at their house, or would we be responsible for room and board?" asked Sandra.

“Oh, they definitely want them living at their house. They don’t just want the place spotless, they want this to be very humiliating too,” explained Destiny.

“Okay, so that clears us of expenses. See if they’ll come up to \$13,000 and take it,” said Cindy. “Nice work you two.”

“What about our beauty queen, Jennifer?” asked Sandra. “How much is she bringing in?”

“A lot of guys would love to date her,” said Amber. “I think we’d make a lot more money keeping her here and renting her out by the night or even the weekend.”

“Truthfully?” said Wendy. “I’m not sure if she’s tough enough to be rented out. She blew a guy at the party, but it hit her hard.”

Kristi shrugged. “She’ll get used to it.”

“Actually, we had a different idea,” offered Amber. “She is, far and away, the hottest sissy we have.”

“Without a doubt,” agreed Karla.

“We think she could make as much, if not more, just staying here and making videos and doing camera sessions. She could be the hottest thing in shemale porn, if we market her right,” said Wendy,

“and she never has to worry about meeting her admirers face to face.”

“I don’t know,” said Sandra. “That’s not really what we talked about.

“Talking to people in the know?” Wendy let the sentence hang, drawing the attention of her sorority sisters. “We may be able to make six figures from her.” She paused again. “In the first year alone.”

“Okay,” said Cindy, eyes wide, “it looks like we have a porn star.”

“How about Jasmine?” asked Sandra.

“We don’t have any firm offers for her, aside from a sort of time-share agreement, a few high profile dates a year, but she did really good with her mingling.” Her eyes lit up with pride. “And she sucked off at least a half dozen guys who were all very happy with her skills,” said Becky. “It was touch and go at first, but I really think she loves the dick now.”

“Oh, she totally loves the dick. I scolded her for the cumstains on her dress, and she said she liked them there,” interjected Heather.

“That sissy would pay us to get to go on dates, I think, and she can definitely make some cash as an escort and a courtesan.”

“It sounds like you have him perfectly under your control,” said Cindy.

“You know, I had my doubts when you picked him,” said Vanessa. “You’ve made a lot of progress.”

“I agree,” said Sandra. “Well done.”

“How about our brat?” asked Cindy.

“You must mean Narumi,” said Danielle.

“One and the same,” replied Cindy.

“She did pretty good at the party,” said Kristi. “I think she got a lot more confidence after her first, and she got some definite interest.

She sucked off three guys, and they all gave positive reviews.”

“That’s surprising, but encouraging,” said Sandra.

“Well her looks have never been a probably, and apparently her mouth isn’t either,” said Kristi. “There were some tears at first, a heart-to-heart, but I’m confident she’ll be a moneymaker for us.”

"I am sure she will be," agreed Cindy.

"That's excellent work, girls."

"Things are definitely looking up," said Teri. "It sounds like all of our sissies are exceeding expectations."

"Not all of them, unfortunately," said Cindy. "We've had a bit of trouble with Teagan."

"Really? Wasn't Teagan supposed to be the one to show how it was done?" said Amber.

"Oh, we did a wonderful job trapping her, but molding her into something useful turned out to be another matter," said Karla.

"She's right, though I refuse to believe we can't get use out of having a TA under our lock and key."

"That I have no doubt about," said Cindy. "She needs to learn her place before we can really exploit her, though."

"I think that Becky and I work really well together," said Heather.

"I bet we could humble her in no time."

"We could use her for tutoring, writing papers, that sort of thing, until she's ready for more appropriate work for an empty-headed bimbo," said Sandra. "I bet we could turn her over at the semester."

"I like that. TA-turned-bimbo kind of sells itself. I think that's our best bet," agreed Cindy.

"That just leaves Janine, and we have good news on that front,"

said Vanessa. "We actually had an easy time finding her a job. We got a call about her," said Erin.

"Really? Who called?" asked Danielle.

“Remember the photography studio we took them all to?”

Evidently, Rian, the male photographer there, really liked her as a model. He’s had his eye on her for some potentially lucrative fetish photography. They’d also like her to answer phones and be a general girl Friday” explained Erin.

“She’s excited,” added Vanessa. “She had her first taste of cock at the party and she’d really prefer to avoid any further. I talked to her, and it turns out she’s kind of warmed to the whole bondage thing. She could do well.”

“What would that pay?” asked Sandra.

“Well, they’d only give her \$15 an hour for the studio stuff, but half of what they make on any photographs of her. The way that Angela explained it to me over the phone, she should be able to make \$30,000 for a year with the modeling thrown in.”

Sandra considered it. “Provided they pay for her work attire, fetish attire, and any makeup or hairstyling over the usual, that’s acceptable.”

“Girls, I think we’ve done it,” said Cindy.

“Even only penciling in \$5,000 for Teagan next year, we will have more than enough to have the most ass-kicking sorority house on campus,” said Sandra.

“That’s amazing!” said Destiny. “I can’t believe it. We’ve been known as the sad girls with the old run-down house for so long.”

“It’s about time,” agreed Matilda.

“So who is going to tell Teagan the good news?” joked Cindy.

“Oh, let me. I’m looking forward to, ahem, teaching her a lesson,” said Karla.

The girls all shared a laugh at that.

“You got it,” replied Cindy, wiping a tear away with the tip of her pinky. “I had a lot more fun working with Catalina anyway.”

“Do you want to do it now?” asked Heather. “Becky and I will come with.”

“That sounds perfect,” agreed Karla.

Teagan lay sprawled out on his bed, feeling entirely too proud of himself. The door was locked, so there was no escape, but he had been such a disaster at the party that he had outsmarted the system.

He was sure that he had punched his ticket back to comfortable shoes and pants. Sure, it cost him a blowjob, and he wasn't thrilled about that memory, but he'd made sure it was the worst one that the guy would have in his life. Hardly anything to brag about.

In fact, he had deliberately done everything wrong for the party, and the girls were none the wiser. He was surprised none of the other sissies had thought of it, but that's why he was the TA and they were just T&A.

He laughed at his own little joke.

“Why the Hell aren't you wearing your heels?” asked Karla as she barged through the door.

“Thanks for knocking,” said Teagan sarcastically.

“I'll knock you on your ass if you don't do what I tell you,” said Karla.

For the first time, Teagan noticed that Heather and Becky were accompanying Karla. “Oh, hi, girls.” He let a bit of smugness show.

“If I had known I was having company, I would have gotten beer or something.”

“You’re very funny,” said Becky. “Now, I believe Karla asked you why you weren’t wearing your heels. You need to answer her.”

Teagan rolled her eyes. “Hasn’t this charade gone on far enough? Nobody wants me, and you won’t be making a penny off of me, so can I please go now.”

With a hiss of rage, Heather grabbed Teagan from the bed with the steeled determination and exaggerated strength of a woman possessed. She threw the reluctant sissy to the ground, sending him sprawled on top of his discarded heels. “Put those fucking shoes on now!” she demanded.

“Okay, relax.” Teagan was too winded to be properly scared. He slid his stockinged feet into the sandals and fastened the ankle straps.

No sooner had he finished the task, and then Heather reached down and grabbed him by the ear, dragging him over to the wall dildo. “Tie her hands,” she snapped.

Becky reached into one of the dresser drawers and pulled out a pair of pantyhose. She very quickly and efficiently bound Teagan’s arms high up her back with the hosiery, leaving her very effectively restrained.

“Suck,” demanded Heather.

As Teagan began to reluctantly suck on the dildo that had been mounted into the wall, Karla began to speak. “Yeah, you’re right. You are a major screw up, and nobody bid on you. You probably think that means you beat the system, but we’re not giving up on you.”

Karla stopped sucking until Becky slapped the back of his head, forcing the rubber into his throat. “Not a chance,” she said. “In fact, we’re your new tutors.”

Tears began to well in Teagan’s eyes.

“I think you’re going to find Heather and Becky are quite effective when it comes to educating sissies. I don’t mind admitting that, in some places, Cindy and I may have been too lenient with you,” said Karla. “I don’t think you’ll have to worry about that with your new teachers.”

“We have a wonderful little dungeon set up in the basement for students who need a little . . . extra encouragement,” said Heather.

“You’re going to become very familiar with it.”

“When we do take bids on you at the end of the semester, you are going to bring in more money than any of the other sissies,” said Becky. “We will make sure of it.”

Teagan screamed into the dildo, but the worst part was that he knew he’d done this to himself. His manipulative scheming had brought him to this.

“Congratulations, Teagan. Cindy and I couldn’t break you, but I’m sure that Becky and Heather will have no such problems,” said Karla. She was delighted to see tears rolling down the reluctant sissy’s cheeks as he chocked back sobs and worked on sucking the wall dildo.

“You won the battle,” added Becky, “but that’s just going to make your surrender to the war that much sweeter.”

“We’ll be back soon,” said Heather, “and we better find you in exactly the same place.”

“Do not disappoint us,” added Becky.

KYLIE GABLE



BOOK
1

COLLEGE CHANGES A GUY

REWRITING MY OWN PERSONAL HISTORY

The first series that I ever wrote was called Welcome to College. It told of my feminization in college at the hands of a handful of girls. It's always been special to me, but it's so full of typos and spelling errors.

I have wanted to get it edited since last year, but as I went through it, I realized that I have improved as a writer and there are some facts I changed for dramatic purposes or for anonymity that I wanted to fix. The result is College Changes a Guy. Get to know my story like you never have before.

ON SALE FEB. 7th

"I think you're all going to get along famously," said Karla as they left the room.

Teagan could only cry.

THE END

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**PAMELA
HARLOW**

**FEMINIZED
AND ENSLAVED
FOR ONLINE
DATING
COLLECTION**



HIGH TECH HUMILIATION

A new dating app is having problems. It's getting a lot of buzz, but only men are signing up for the site. Ava is a programmer whose short on funds. When the site offers a bounty for women, she takes them up on the offer, but regrets that there's only one of her. Fortunately, she comes up with a wicked idea to get a supply of women and the online dating world will never be the same--neither will be many of the men who sign up for the app.

This book collects the six parts of the Feminized and Enslaved for Online Dating storyline by Pamela Harlow and Kylie Gable. It's a must for any fans of either of these authors.

ON SALE MARCH 11th

CANDY APPLE CUSTOM EROTICA

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Love,

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