

* * *THE MAKING OF SABRINA TURNER By Leigh De Santa Fe* *

AI Art by Redryder

* *

Turner looked around the van and wondered what "special project" they had in mind for these men. They had been selected from prison camps with obvious care but to Turner's eye the only thing they had in common was their prisoner of war status. On second glance, he noticed that they were all young, (some hardly shaved) handsome and slightly built. In all other ways they seemed a random collection of prisoners chosen across rank, across all branches of the services. But Turner knew they had been selected with care. At the camp he had been taken from the guards had laughed uproariously as he and Private Ford, his cellmate, had boarded the van. Turner had wondered then what they knew about his destination.



The van soon left the rolling hills near the camp and began climbing up steep mountain roads. When it stopped Turner heard the sounds of metal gates opening. He could see through a crack in the canvas that they were on the grounds of a large walled estate. Fifteen minutes later the van stopped in front of an enormous castle. It was an awesome example of gothic splendor built in the 13th century with fairy tale turrets rising into the sky.

Presently the flap was pulled back and three soldiers trained machine guns on the prisoners as they departed the van. That wasn't odd. The fact that they were all women was. A fourth woman, who seemed to be in charge, conferred with the driver of the van. She was in her mid--30s, a

sullen beauty with glossy brunette hair pulled back in a bun. Unlike the guards who wore standard olive drab the brunette was dressed in a black evening gown, attire that seemed more menacing than absurd. She kept a close watch on the prisoners as they filed noisily past her into the entry hall.

One soldier made a fresh remark with a guard and was promptly kicked in the ear by the woman in black. After that it was silent. When they were assembled in the marbled entry hall the brutal brunette addressed them. She motioned to a guard who gave the command, "Kneel." Once the twenty soldiers were at her feet she began to speak.

"You are about to embark on an interesting journey. You have been selected for a special experiment and if you are obedient you may find it to your liking. Those who are not will find it quite unpleasant. Look around you, gentlemen and say good--bye to your friends. You will not be seeing them in this form ever again," she said cryptically and then turned on her heel and strode off.

Before they were permitted to stand again a strange thing happened. At the top of the long stairway that wended its way into the entry hall there appeared a woman in a red strapless evening gown. Holding the railing with both hands she leaned out over them creating suspense about her dresses' ability to contain her pendulous breasts. With tousled blonde hair falling into her face and her blank expression she looked as though she had been roused from a debauched affair and was not quite aware of where she was. She stood up and slowly, lasciviously brought her hands up from her waist to her bosom, cupping her breasts as if she had just discovered them, as if touching them brought her a new ecstasy. She had succeeded in captivating her silent audience below her when two guards appeared by her side and took her by the arm and led her away.



Then the prisoners were led down a dark hallway and deposited one by one in their cells. Their cells as it turned out were actually rooms of the castle that had been refurbished for their new inhabitants. Or rather unfurbished. Turner's room was large with high ceilings and its supreme feature was a built-in full length mirror. There was a wardrobe and a bed. He stood at the threshold examining the room when he felt the sharp jab of a gun barrel in his back. He fell forward into the room and the door slammed shut behind him.

He lay for a moment and breathed a sigh of relief to be alone after many months without solitude. Then he got up and opened a door next to the mirror. It was a large pink tiled bathroom with an

ornate tub and expensive fixtures. There was also a dressing table with mirror. This seemed an odd addition to a prison cell.

He then checked the drawers of the dressing table which were empty and the wardrobe. It was empty as well. He drew a bath.

Just as he was sitting down in the lukewarm water he heard footsteps. He pulled back the shower curtain in time to see a female guard taking his dirty uniform away. She smiled at him slyly and said, "Your new clothes will arrive shortly." Then she was gone. Turned frowned and sank back in the tub. The water was already cool and the room was getting colder as night fell. There were no towels and as he emerged from the bath tub he was decidedly cold.

The marble floors under his feet were ice cold and he sat on the bed to contemplate how he could warm himself. The bed had been stripped when his clothes were taken and there were no drapes to wrap his naked body in. Absently he rechecked the wardrobe to see if any new clothes had been left for him.

He was surprised to see a satin dressing gown with fur trim at the collar and hem hanging from the wooden pole. He took the gown off the hanger and put it on. It didn't seem to matter that it was an extremely feminine garment. It was the only clothing between his skin and the freezing room.



He stood for a moment and looked at himself in the mirror. He was tired, hungry and cold and the ridiculous image in the mirror was less absorbing to him than the intricate scrollwork that framed it. His mind was thus engaged when the door opened and the brunette in black walked in, flanked by two guards.

Dressed warmly in overcoats, their breath was visible as they burst out laughing at Turner's pathetic attempts to warm himself.

"We have good news for you. Your new clothes have arrived. I hope you will find them to your liking," the brunette said with a slight grin. "Sophia and Lola will assist you with them in the

morning. For now you must make do with your dressing gown which I must say looks charming on you," she laughed. Then they were gone.

Turner had barely heard them so dazed was he from hunger and lack of sleep. He lay back on the bed and collapsed into a fitful slumber. He dreamt he was standing on a long wooden table in a large dining hall. The blonde woman in red sat at his feet and stared blankly up at him holding her breasts. He wore the fur-trimmed dressing gown.

He awoke to find a guard methodically drawing a razor down his leg. His mind couldn't form a question over so absurd a scene so he just stared in disbelief at her. She smiled at him and continued her job.

"They are quite lovely," a voice above him said. He turned to see a guard standing over him. She was indicating his legs which were now smooth and hairless. For a military woman she was remarkably feminine with straight auburn hair that curled under as it reached her shoulders and thick bangs that covered her eyebrows. In another context Turner might have described her as "luscious" or "delicious" and indeed her smooth apple cheeks and cherry lips invited comparisons to desserts. Her manner, however, could not be described as sweet and yet it wasn't entirely devoid of feeling either. She seemed more like a strict tutor than a cruel captor.

"I am Sophia and I'll be assisting in your lessons. I'm sure you'll do very well here. Your psychological profile indicates a readiness for . . . change. Now we have much distance to cover in the next few months so listen, observe and learn and you will be treated fairly," she said humorously. Turner had no idea what was going on and before he could ask, his instructor said, "Please follow me." She turned and walked into the bathroom.

As she walked away from him, her heels clicking briskly on the marble floor he realized how lovely she was. Her drab uniform seemed purposely cut to reveal a sensuous feminine form. He wanted to reach out and touch her. Without remembering he was following an order he got up and walked to the bathroom with an eagerness borne of six months of sexual deprivation.

She was there waiting for him, a razor in one hand and a riding crop in the other. "Sit down," she said pushing a straight back chair toward him with her foot. And then very matter of factly, "Put your hands around your back. Now we can begin your lesson," she said as her companion clicked a pair of handcuffs around his wrists.

Turner looked up expectantly at the lovely face. "Stop smiling like an idiot," she said, hitting his face with the back of her hand.

"That's better. Don't smile so much. It disfigures you, makes you ridiculous. Learn to be beautifully sad. At this moment you disgust me. The Head Mistress has told me you disgust her as well. But, like me, she would like me to raise you up above your puny insignificance. Look at yourself, you are a pathetic picture," she fumed, rapping him across the groin with her crop, then opening the dressing gown to reveal his penis.

"You have been shorn like a lamb. Your tiny cock seems shrunken without its mat of fur."
He looked in horror at his genitals. They had been shaved as smooth as his legs and his cock did seem shriveled and naked. Tears welled in his eyes. She laughed and flopped his penis around with her crop as though it were a dead fish on the beach.



"Yes, the Head Mistress is not at all happy with you now but we will change all that. I am here to see that you regain the power you have lost . . . if you want to. If not . . ." her voice trailed off into menacing silence. Then suddenly her face was very close and Turner could smell her cologne. "Now listen you worm, from now on I will be the teacher, you the student. You won't speak, or

even breathe without my permission. You are part of a special project and if you fail then I fail and I don't fail," she shouted at him. The short bursts of breath hit his face punctuated with spittle. Then, unexpectedly, she kissed him slowly on the lips. When at last their lips parted she smiled at him. "I give rewards for obedience."

"Now you were brought here for one reason: to give pleasure. That is all you are good for. To give pleasure." Turned watched her lips move. They seemed more delicious than anything he had ever seen. He had no idea what she was talking about.

"The Head Mistress has been given one assignment: to provide attractive companions for our leaders whose tastes favor girls with . . . added attractions," she said, caressing his penis with her crop. "These companions must be beautiful, attentive to the needs of their suitors and above all interested in giving pleasure. Do you understand?, Mr. Turner. Answer me. Do you understand? Turner stared up at her like a child and nodded.

"Good. Now the Head Mistress has been very generous in providing you with some new clothes. I think now is the time to try them on. Are you cold?"

Before he could speak she had left the room. She returned shortly with a uniform in her hands. "This will be your uniform for now," she said dropping an olive drab bundle in his lap. "You will find it warm and comfortable. Please put it on." Lola unlocked the cuffs and helped him stand. "Arms up. Put your arms up," she shouted when he hesitated. Then she pulled the uniform down over his head, putting his arms through the sleeves with difficulty. It was threadbare wool and very uncomfortable despite what she had said. The fabric chafed against his newly shaved skin as she pulled it down around his waist. It was not a warm garment at all but light with a very coarse nap. It seemed too open at the bottom. He looked down at his legs and was confused. There were no pant legs, just a loose tube of fabric. He turned to her and said, "What is this? It's a . . ." Sophia looked at him blankly. She knew what he was thinking but feigned ignorance for a moment.

Then she said, "Look at yourself Mr. Turner," pointing at the mirror. Turner slowly brought his head around and stared into the mirror.

He was wearing a woman's uniform. A dress. It was military issue with padded shoulders but it was a dress, nonetheless. Sophia laughed at his confusion. The laughter struck him like a blow as the words he couldn't comprehend before became clear. He felt tears welling up in his tired eyes.



Soon the image in the mirror was obscured by a veil of tears. Then it disappeared altogether as he began to weep openly. Sophia watched him for a moment and then put her arms around him. "You don't like it? It is plain, that's true. But it's very becoming. I think you look very striking, don't you agree Lola?"

She brought his chin up with her hand and kissed him for the second time that day. Despite his weariness and bewilderment his body responded promptly to the affection that he had lacked for so long. When her hand found his groin it furthered his excitement. But as his cock grew hard she began rubbing the rough fabric against his sensitively aroused flesh. She seemed oblivious to this as she kissed him more passionately and continued to flay his penis with the abrasive skirt. He grasped her hand weakly but she threw it off and resumed her tortuous lovemaking. Finally he cried out.

She stopped. "What's the matter, don't you like me," she asked coyly. His penis throbbed with pain. Each spasm of its contractions touched the tight skirt like a lit match. Sophia waited a moment and then grabbed his shrinking cock again and gave it a few more painful twists. When he had doubled over with pain she pushed him into the chair.

"I don't understand men who can't make love even for a few minutes. Especially one so deprived as you," she said turning to check her lipstick in the mirror. Lola burst out laughing and departed. Turner stayed in the chair for an hour, the slightest movement causing his chafed cock unbearable pain. The thought of taking the garment off was unthinkable until the pain subsided.

He stared at the mirror which faced him. The dress had large shoulders and was loose in front where a woman's bosom would normally fill out the contours. The sleeves were short exposing his arms to the cold. He decided that he would be better off without it if he could only raise the skirt over his wounded cock. Finally the cold tile on his feet drove him back into the bedroom where he could at least lie quietly on the bed.

He lay on the bed for another half hour before he noticed the room was again becoming colder. Slowly he walked to the wardrobe to retrieve the dressing gown. It was gone. It had been replaced by a full-length satin slip. His fingers gratefully felt the smooth, soft fabric and he began to remove the scratchy tunic that caused him so much pain.

Slowly he drew the dress over his head. After five minutes he had rid himself of its rough bondage. He took the slip off the hanger and pulled it on. It provided no warmth but his body luxuriated in its silky smoothness.

The slip was black and fell to just below Turner's knees. Looking into the mirror his eyes followed the two thin black straps over his white shoulders to the lacy black filigree across his chest. It seemed like a strange dream. With a sigh borne of exhaustion he fell back on the bed and stared blankly up at the ceiling.



He thought of his wife. He imagined her watching him silently from a corner of the room and for a moment he felt her presence so strongly that he had to force himself to look over and prove that she wasn't actually there witnessing his degradation. Then the cold overtook him and he gingerly bent over and picked up the military dress and drew it over his shoulders like a blanket. He slept. The cold woke him in the middle of the night and he found the uniform had fallen on the floor. Without much thought he pulled it over his head and found it tolerable over the smooth black satin. He drifted back into tortured sleep and the next thing he felt was Sophia's crop on his buttocks.

"Get up, get up . . . Miss Turner."

Turner opened his eyes and saw Sophia and Lola staring at him. Sophia whispered something to Lola and they laughed for a moment before she prodded him in the groin with her crop.

"I said get up!"

Turner swung his legs over the edge of the bed exposing the lacy hem of his slip. Lola pointed this out to Sophia who smiled and said, "Who told you to put this on? I didn't tell you to put this on. This is a woman's slip. Are you trying to tell us something, Miss Turner." Sophia turned to her friend. "Lola, I think we have another star pupil on our hands. Such a precocious little tart." And then to Turner she said.

"Strip, Miss Turner. Strip." Sophia said striking him with her crop. Turner rolled off the bed and tried to remove the uniform which was impossible on his knees. "Lola, help her up. She's too weak." Lola pulled him up on his feet and rudely jerked the uniform up over his head. The slip rode up, exposing his shaved penis and the straps fell off his shoulders.

"Remove everything, bitch!" she yelled. He pulled the slip off and put it on the bed.

"Now put your uniform back on, dear," she said, her voice regaining its strange serenity. Turner's upper lip began to tremble as he bent down to pick up the garment that had tormented his penis the day before. Once again he pulled the coarse garment over his head. Sophia smiled.

"Now we can begin our day. Come."

Turner followed Sophia out of the cell and down the dimly lit corridors of the castle. After a few twists and turns the corridor opened up into a large open room, the prisoner's dining room. The dining hall was enormous with long wooden tables in rows. It was filling up from all corners of the castle with prisoners each accompanied by two female guards. Most of them wore the same drab frock that Turner wore. But a few had sweaters and pants.

Turner examined these men carefully. He assumed they had collaborated to be awarded with warm, masculine clothes. But as he drew closer he observed that beneath the tight sweaters they were wearing brassieres and their pants were tight with special padding in the buttocks that added womanly curves to their hips. Instead of the bare feet that prevailed among most of the prisoners these special few wore shiny black high heels. If they had collaborated they were rewarded in a strange way.

The prisoners sat far apart from each other so that eye contact was difficult, conversation impossible. The food, a thin porridge, was placed before them and they ate hungrily. It was the

first food they had seen in three days. Sophia and Lola sat across from him cheerfully remarking on the abundance of young "lovelies."

Far across the room he recognized his old cellmate, Ford. He was one of the "lucky" ones wearing a sweater in the cold drafty room. There was something odd about his face Turner thought. It seemed strangely white. Moments later Ford was marched out of the dining hall. As he approached Turner's table Turner saw that Ford's face was powdered, his cheeks rouged and his lips painted bright red. Underneath the sweater he was indeed wearing a bra whose cups provided a buxom profile as he walked past Turner on unsteady heels. From his ears hung two garish rhinestone earrings which contrasted starkly to Ford's close cropped hair. At the last moment Turner averted his eyes because he could see tear drops colored black with mascara hanging tenuously beneath Ford's eyes. It reminded Turner of a circus clown parodying a woman. He watched him until he disappeared down one of the hallways.



After the meal Turner was led back into the room where Sophia ordered him to disrobe and face the mirror. After an hour of shivering silence Sophia said, "Miss Turner, it is time for your bath." Lola drew another lukewarm bath which quickly turned from tepid to cold as he was forced to sit in the water for an hour and a half. When Sophia gave the signal at last Lola had to help Turner up he was shivering so badly.

He was then shaved again. This time without the anesthetic of sleep. But Lola was fast and skillful

with the razor and mercifully he was covered with hot towels prior to shaving. Not, he realized later, because of any concern for his comfort but simply to get a more thorough shave. As before his whole body was debilitated, from chin to toe. His groin still smarting from the painful chafing he'd received from Sophia's "lovemaking" he watched anxiously as Lola quickly denuded his genitals of stubble.

After it was over the thought of putting on the rough uniform produced a wave of despair. When Sophia ordered him to put it on he thought of balking. His strength had returned somewhat since his meal and for a moment he believed he could overpower them. But that passed when he stood up and realized he was close to fainting.

He bent over slowly to pick up the uniform when Sophia said, "Wait. Lola, bring Miss Turner her lingerie. We saw how much he admired Miss Ford's bosom. And the uniform must be very coarse on his delicate skin." Lola left and returned with a black brassiere and a pair of black silk panties. Turner watched dully as Lola put his arms through the straps of the brassiere. He looked up at Sophia and managed to ask weakly, "Why?"

She looked as though she understood his bewilderment and when she bent over him he thought she was going to whisper an explanation to him. But she was merely stooping to fill the cups of the brassiere with gelatin--filled bags and when she spoke it was another caustic aside. "This is a training bras for little girls. You will wear this under your uniform from now on. With the padding, of course. If I find you are not wearing your brassiere and panties all clothes will be removed permanently."

They left and Turner sat in the chair and wept. Through his tears he glimpsed his shaved body in black lingerie in the large mirror. He turned away in disgust. Finally as the cold became unbearable he drew the uniform over his head and went to lie down.



* * *

Six months passed without a break in his dreary routine. He was fed in his room now and never allowed out to the dining hall and the company of his fellow prisoners. Except for the twice weekly ritual of shaving which he had begun to look forward to as a relief from the boredom he was alone. Little was said at these meetings. Lola would shave him as Sophia smoked cigarettes

and admired herself in the mirror. No new clothes were brought to him nor anything at all to occupy his mind. The mirror became a source of fascination to him. He sat in bed for hours at a time in his bra and panties and watched himself. Drifting.

One day as he stared at his reflection he noticed with horror that the cups of his brassiere were filling out not with the gelatin bags but with his own swollen chest. He rushed to the mirror, tearing the halter off and examined his chest. No longer hard and flat, it was soft and with two pink buds clearly protruding.



He felt them with his hands. They almost filled his palms. He looked at his profile and as his eyes traced the contour of his body he noticed that his buttocks were somehow different too. Wider and softer, as if they were padded, his thighs were no longer the lean, masculine sinews he had six months ago. He grew frightened and angry as he stood before the strange body in the mirror. As he stood examining himself with growing rage the door swung open and Sophia walked in.

"Miss Turner, you are not wearing your bra . . ." she paused to examine his recent development. Then she smiled and said, "and now you really need it. Put it one."

Turner bent over and picked up the bra. "I think we've done you a great honor, Miss. Once you were a speck of dust in olive drab but now you are quite special. What other soldier can boast a pair of lovely, young breasts. I find your nipples much too small but that will change. In six short months you have gone from nothing to a promising girlhood. In even less time you will blossom into alluring womanhood. Now the panties. Oh, we are going to have to get you new panties, you are bursting out of those. I hope you appreciate the silk and satin. It is not easy to procure. Your wife would envy you . . . if she recognized you." Turner rushed at her but she was ready for him

and stepped aside, kicking him as he passed. He fell down hard on the marble but before him the door stood open and he leapt up and ran down the hall. The corridor was long and empty but at the far end he noticed a door opening into darkness. He went in, closed the door and listened to his heart beating in his ears. Cautiously following a dim light he found himself at the end of yet another corridor. It seemed to be lit by a series of large windows along one side of the wall. Pale illumination passed through the windows creating rectangles of light on the opposite wall. And within these rectangles figures seemed to dance. As his eyes grew accustomed to the half light he proceeded down the hall to the first window and was astonished to find a half--dressed woman staring at him through the window.

Quickly darting back into the shadows he pressed his body flat against the cold stone walls. Then, very slowly, he peeked around the corner. The woman was still there. But she didn't seem to see him. Wearing only a bra and half--slip she turned this way and that as if she were looking at her profile. Then it dawned on him. It was not a window at all but a one--way mirror and it wasn't a woman but another male prisoner in transition to womanhood.

He grew sick and slumped to the floor. Then he thought of his captors and he got up and continued to make his way down the hall of mirrors.

Each "window" seemed to offer a more disheartening tableau of humiliation. In one a nubile young "lady" sat at her vanity applying lipstick with painstaking care. In another a sweet young thing stalked the mirror wearing only a pair of high heel shoes and a pair of earrings. This vamp's face was delicately made up and his tousled hair was tied up with a black bow. Turner watched as the tall beauty walked toward the mirror with rouged lips parted in pouty insouciance then turned on his heels and walked away throwing backward glances of sexual allure that seemed aimed directly at Turner in the shadowy hallway. Further down the hall, a third picture window offered a comely blonde trying on bra after bra. Hooking and unhooking them with an unseemly precision, he stopped occasionally to put his hands on his hips and strike girlish poses which inevitably led to his hands sliding up to cup his newly formed breasts and fingering his nipples through the lacy fabric.

Each of these "maidens" seemed unabashed in their enjoyment of their reborn bodies, their delicious new curves and wardrobes of silk and lace. By the time he reached the fourth window he thought nothing could shock him. He was wrong.

In the fourth window a young prisoner sat in straight--backed chair facing the mirror. He was naked except for a pair of calf length high heeled boots. Hennaed hair fell past his shoulders in thick, pleasing curls but unlike the other prisoners his face was not made up. Even so his features exuded a feminine petulance. And like the others his chest displayed a lush bosom. In fact his entire body had the soft and pliant affect that captivity had wrought on all the prisoners. The only visible sign of his former gender lolled between his legs, a startling afterthought. The once handsome young man stared blankly past the mirror now, arms folded as though he were waiting for something to happen.

Something did. The door to the cell opened and in walked two female guards and an imposing young officer. The hennaed beauty turned crimson as he vainly tried to cover his breasts and groin. The three newcomers laughed. Then one of the female guards took the chair from the hapless creature and gave it to the officer who sat comfortably as though he had just arrived at the theater. Then he spoke to the guards briefly and they left, leaving behind a small suitcase they

had brought.

The officer studied his captive. Both had been officers at one time, wearing different tunics, fighting on opposite sides but equals on the battlefield. Here the stakes were considerably altered. One was now an officer and a . . . lady. In place of combat boots were heels, in place of hardened muscles, an uncomfortable voluptuousness that only added to his air of innocence. With his cheeks flushed and his heaving bosom he might have been a startled nymph had he not also possessed the embarrassing third leg which seemed to shrink away to nothing between his soft thighs.

The officer spoke. And the "lady" responded. She walked to his side still tremulously covering her breasts and privates. From inside his coat he produced a flask which he offered to the "lady." This presented her with an indelicate problem: which erogenous zone should she expose. She opted to display her breasts as she grasped the flask and took a generous swallow. The officer then took the flask, put it back in his coat and spoke again. This time the young lady responded by turning slowly around, reluctantly modeling her new physique. He offered her another drink. She took the flask and emptied it. Then the officer opened the suitcase and removed a black lace brassiere which he handed to the hennaed beauty. She turned her back to him to put the halter on but he said something to her and hesitantly she turned to face him. Slowly her hand left her groin and simultaneously a deep blush blossomed across her chest and spread up into her cheeks. She stood exposed before the officer. He waved his hand and she put hers through the straps, fastening it with a nonchalance that almost contradicted her embarrassment.

Turner glanced down the corridor to make sure it was empty then he turned back to the fascinating spectacle. The officer had retrieved a bottle of amber liquid from the suitcase. He poured a tumbler full into a small glass and again offered it to the young lady. Again she downed it. He poured himself a drink and began to talk to the lady. His manner was decidedly less imperious than before and Turner surmised that he was praising his guest's charms because for the first time a sheepish smile crossed her face. She still stood with her hand over her crotch but a growing casualness was evident in the way she shifted back and forth on her feet. Finally she approached him and apparently asked for another drink. He obliged and as she handed the glass back to him her free hand swung coyly away from her groin. He poured one last glass of the liquid, took a sip and then handed the rest to her. A lewd grin appeared on her face as she took the glass and drank it down.

Then she abruptly walked towards the mirror and for a moment Turner had the sensation she could see him watching her. She stretched, putting her hands behind her head and pulling her hair up off the nape of her neck in a gesture that seemed intended to ignite the officer. Her hands moved to her hips, then up to her chest where they played over her soft breasts.

The officer said something and she returned to his side, not at all the shy, little waif but with a decidedly wanton swagger, she seemed to be challenging him, dangling a baited hook between her legs.

The officer accepted the challenge by smiling and reaching out to stroke her inner thigh with the back of his hand. He then moved freely up to fondle the all but vestigial organ of the young warrior turned wench. She ignored him and looked into the mirror, as though studying her beauty in a new light. But finally her eyes began to flicker and then closed as the officer's determined manipulation brought an unsurprising result.

Turner felt himself responding in kind though he fought it. Turning to listen for his pursuers all he could hear was his own heavy panting echoing in the darkened corridor. He turned back to the scene.

The young "girl" was now fully erect and massaging her breasts in ecstatic communion with her delicious new body. The officer meanwhile had discontinued his own massage and had walked to the door, opening it for a pair of guards. One of them carried a camera and proceeded to take pictures of the maiden. The other carried a satin robe with ermine collar. She waited until one or two pictures had been taken then threw the robe over the naked shoulders of the captive. Too drunk to respond quickly to this turn of events she slowly became aware of the presence of others and her hands left her breasts and loosely fastened the robe around her waist. The officer came up behind her and whispered something into her ear. She laughed and gave him a simmering sidelong glance. Then smiling broadly she walked to her vanity and picked up a brush and a lipstick. Taking these to the large mirror she stood a few inches from Turner and ran the brush through her abundant hair with the greatest possible drama and then pinned it up. She applied the lipstick, a vivid deep red, in a similarly overwrought manner, taking care to examine her look closely and finding it pleasing, smiled coquettishly. Her smile startled Turner who felt it was directed at his own hidden self behind the mirror. Before any more secret communications were delivered she turned to join the officer who now slipped his arm around her waist as though it had been his intention all along merely to escort his lovely captive to a candlelit dinner within the castle walls.

The two guards watched them exit and then turned and strode over to the mirror. In moments the mirror had slid away and they were staring down at Turner's weeping frame.

"You been a bad girl, Miss Turner. Haven't you?"

Turner stared at his feet.

"I said you've been a bad girl, Miss Turner. I want to hear you say it. Now!" the guard grabbed Turner beneath the jaw and lifted his chin so that they stared at each other eye to eye.

"I . . . I've been a bad . . . girl." he said between sobs.

"That's better and usually we punish bad girls, Miss Turner but we're not going to punish you. In fact you're going to have a special treat. We're going to let you dance. We're going to let you dance for all your . . . girlfriends. Come."

Turner followed the guards back to the dining hall. As he walked between the long wooden tables he became aware of eyes staring at him. For a brief moment he thought they were guards. Then he realized they weren't wearing uniforms but were dressed in a broad, almost absurd assortment of feminine clothes, evening gowns, skirts and blouses, lacy nightgowns, dirndls. And all of them were undergoing the disturbing transformation from soldiers into soft, harmless women

He was so overcome with shame that he seemed oblivious to the cold gun barrel prodding him forward. Waves of nausea coursed through him as his scantily clad figure became the object of every eye. He found his arms instinctively folded over a new source of immodesty, his handsome bust, enshrined revealingly in black lace.

"Miss Turner," Sophia shouted, "Now that you have commanded the attention of your girlfriends perhaps you would like to perform. I'm sure they would all love to see how gracefully you've grown into your brassiere. Or maybe you would like to dance for them. Get up on the table so everyone can see your extraordinary figure. Go on. Get up," she said gaily. Turner advanced along the table slowly, his head against his chest. "Much too sad, Miss. Please kick your heels up. High. Higher. That's it."

Turner thrust his legs into the air as if they were controlled by a puppet master. His arms fell to his sides. He became aware of a strange new sensation. As his feet bounced off the table, his petite new breasts rose and fell independently of his chest. Occasionally he would see the sad faces of his fellow prisoners turning away from the humiliating spectacle which they shared in. One face did not look away but instead smiled bravely at him. It was Ford and his expression was one of support not betrayal. From the beginning it was obvious that Ford had been a gifted student of femininity. Now his blonde hair, grown out past his shoulders, had been styled, his face was expertly made up and the tight black sweater covered a more developed feminine form than Turner displayed. A string of white pearls around his neck seemed completely in keeping with his demure demeanor and outwardly he resembled the perfect example of feminine composure. A pang of jealousy arose in Turner as he observed the serenity with which Ford bore his glamorous burden. He seemed to accept his painful transformation with such aplomb that it was not painful at all.



"That's enough dancing for one day. Please return to your room now," Sophia finally said. Turner stepped off the table, his eyes so fixated on Ford that the guards had to prod him with their guns to move him back to his room.

After his momentary escape Turner sat for hours and wondered about what was happening. His mind went back to Sophia's words that first week. "Special project . . ." " . . . who like girls with special additions." He glanced down at his penis curled limply under his sheer black panties. It dawned on him at last that were to be courtesans, prostitutes with penises, concubines with cocks.

Now in the days following his adventure in the darkened corridor behind the mirrors he was bewildered and confused by the new emotions and paradoxes his changing body had thrust upon him.

Months later...

He couldn't look at himself in the mirror anymore. It was too painful to see his body bursting out of the lingerie like it belonged in it. He touched his cheek and realized he had not been shaved for two weeks and still his skin was smooth and soft.

His hair which had not been cut since his arrival now fell limply past his shoulders and in those unavoidable glimpses of himself in the mirror he saw not the firm, hard body he had arrived with but a soft, female body with a soft, feminine face framed by long, unkempt brunette hair. Once glimpsed the image stood fixed in his mind, an unforgettable vision of such fascinating power that he couldn't rid himself of it no matter what he did. It revolved in his mind like a statue of Venus. And despite his efforts he found himself secretly examining it from every possible perspective without ever actually looking at himself in the mirror.



Lying in bed with his eyes shut, his hands would unconsciously seek his breasts and cup them with a strange forbidden pleasure that he found more and more difficult to resist. Sophia and her taunts were forgotten in these reveries. They had withdrawn before the larger spectacle of his transformation, the seduction of his own body.

Finally he could stand it no longer. He must look into the mirror. For now it was not simply his reflection, it was a glimpse into his future. As frightening or despairing as it might be, the unfamiliar body in the mirror was now his destiny.

He approached it quietly as if it were a sleeping nymph, not to be disturbed by his coarse curiosity. With his back to the mirror he unhooked his brassiere and swung quietly around like a ballerina. When at last he stood before the mirror he moved slowly in a semi-circle before it, studying his new contours as if he were going to draw or sculpt them. His hands moved gracefully from his breasts to his hips in a delicate arc. He felt a strange love for his new form. A love he had never even considered when his chest was flat and hard, his hips narrow and lean.



Now without shame, or remorse but only with an abiding interest he turned and turned in an endless series of poses, some gross, some coquettish, some of raw female sexuality, some of unconvincing male posturing. He stood before the mirror and pushed his penis back between his legs and imagined. With his rounded bosom and the triangle of wiry fur at his groin he resembled a tousled virgin. Deep inside an innocence was reborn and mingled with mischievous lust. As he toyed with his new image he found his sex rising in interest. Merely by putting his hands behind his head and sweeping the hair up off the nape of his neck he commanded the attention of every sexual impulse in his body. Each pose, however subtly distinct from the one before it, renewed him with fierce excitement. The mirror became his lover from whom he coyly hid his charms or to whom he boldly invited with lewd displays of unabashed sexual vulgarity. In this way he seduced himself and at last collapsed on the bed his knees weak with lust. His energy thus spent he fell into a deep untroubled sleep.



He dreamed of his wife. They lay in bed together, embracing in sleep. And then he was hovering over the bed watching himself and his wife. As he became aware that his wife's hand lay over his own soft breast, that it wasn't his former body lying there beneath him but his current feminine form that his wife so lovingly caressed, he was filled with an overwhelming happiness.



Then he was at home, standing before the bathroom mirror and looking at his face, studying it. His hair was long but unlike its current state of dishevelment it was styled in a comely pageboy. Then he noticed Sophia and his wife behind him, watching him with loving eyes, smiling at his prettiness. This vision, like the first, filled him with undiluted bliss and he fell into deep sleep.



The following morning when he went into the bathroom he found a solitary lipstick standing straight up on the dressing table. The shining brass tube stood out in the austerity of the tiled room like a bullet of gold. Turner thought of that first meeting in the dining hall when Ford had walked past him with his lips painted bright red and the blonde on the balcony with her ruby lips. Then he had fought off nausea. Now he felt like a child at Christmas. He reached out for the tube.

It was cool and smooth to the touch. For years he had watched his wife put on lipstick and had never paid any attention to the object itself, never held one in his hand. Now it seemed more precious than anything he had ever owned.

Again his mind went back to the other prisoners. Virtually all of those he'd seen on his excursion behind the mirrors wore make-- up. Yet he had been given no cosmetics. Why? Something like indignation arose in him. His cheeks flushed with anger when he thought of his deprivation. Now in the cool morning he held the brass tube in his hand like a sacred talisman. He removed the brass top. Suddenly, as if he had unleashed a strange, forbidden power, he was trembling with excitement. Then, every muscle tingling, he turned the base causing the bright red bullet to emerge from his dark cave. He brought it up to his lips and found his hand was shaking. Taking deep breaths he calmed himself. Then, with great care he spread the cool red balm over his lips. "How lovely you look, Miss Turner," Sophia's voice called out casually from behind him. He dropped the lipstick and felt his entire body burn with embarrassment. In the mirror he saw Sophia, Lola, the head mistress and another woman he didn't immediately recognize. A pretty blonde. It was Ford.

Sophia approached him and ran her fingers through his hair. "You shouldn't resist your impulses to be pretty. Miss Ford didn't and now she is the loveliest girl here. It's time your natural beauty was enhanced by a visit to the salon. Miss Ford is having her hair done so she will accompany you."

Turner looked at Ford's reflection in the mirror. Their eyes met for a brief second and then Ford glanced away. He wore a plain blue shift and his face was not made up. His straight blonde hair fell smoothly over his shoulders, still wet from his shower. Even without makeup he now resembled a woman more than a man, more than the soldier that had been his companion months ago. He couldn't take his eyes off Ford, so fascinating was his transformation from a young boy from Iowa to this enchanting blonde beauty.



Once again this daydreaming was disturbed by Sophia's cold hand on his shoulder. "Come on girls, you don't want to be late. Get into your dress, Miss Turner."

Soon they were walking down the corridor to the salon. Ford leading the way in a mincing gait. As Turner watched his hips swivel and sway he thought absently of reaching out to touch it. But these thoughts were disturbed when Sophia reached out and pinched his own derriere and it became clear that his soft round buttocks provided a tempting target of their own. His heart sank. They reached the salon: a large white room with a row of shiny stainless steel chairs with black leather seats facing a long mirror. It smelled of peroxide and shampoo.

They were seated, then strapped tightly into the chairs and left alone. This was the first opportunity Turner had had in six months to be alone with a fellow prisoner and yet for all his

loneliness and longing for conversation he sat silently, staring into the mirror and trying to avoid Ford's eyes.

It was Ford who broke the uncomfortable silence. "Is this your first time in the Salon," he said softly. "Yes," Turner said looking at Ford closely for the first time in months. The limp blonde hair once close cropped above his ears now fell in pale tendrils around his face. He tried without success to conjure a vision of Ford in the days before he had a woman's bustline. Instead the brief but indelible images he had glimpsed over the past months reappeared. The frightened and crudely made up figure that had passed his table at his first meal and much later, the demure maiden in pearls that had looked up at him sympathetically during his humiliating dance. Neither of them resembled this wan waif lost to himself in a body that pushed dramatically at the seams of the plain cotton dress.

"How many . . ." Turner began haltingly.

"Six or seven. The first time is the hardest." Ford looked down. "It's difficult to see yourself . . ."

"As a girl?" Turner finished.

"As a pretty girl," Ford corrected. ". . . and there's something else too." Ford said turning his head toward Turner for the first time.

"What?"

"The guilt over feeling good at the way you look. And you will look good. Try to prepare yourself for it, sir." The reflexive appellation, absurd in this strange context, brought a shy girlish smile to Ford's pale features. Turner returned the smile but inwardly he recoiled. Ford's surrender to his own beauty seemed quite natural and at the same time repulsive. Would he capitulate so easily? He could prepare for battle but how could he brace himself for surrender to his own body. At that moment the door opened and three women walked in. A guard and two young women in white smocks. They were quite gay and seemed to be in the middle of an animated conversation. Taking no notice of Turner and Ford they continued their conversation while picking up their combs and attending to the business of styling hair. The guard sat sullenly by the door. At some point Sophia walked in and stood over Turner's chair for a moment. She whispered something to the hairdresser who promptly wheeled the chair around so it no longer faced the mirror and resumed brushing out his hair.

Turner sat in the chair while his hair was washed, combed and cut and then meticulously rolled in large curlers. Out of the corner of his eye he could see similar things happening to Ford. But they did not speak.

The hairdressers chatted amiably though, only once addressing a comment to the two captives. After Turner's hair had been trimmed the hairdresser held his head in her hands and said, "Handsome, eh?" And her companion amended, "Lovely," and they laughed. After his hair had been dried by his hairdresser she removed the curlers and brushed the soft curls out while cooing soft soothing compliments.

Though he couldn't see himself in the mirror as the curlers were taken out and his hair fell freely once again he could feel the soft, wavy curls brushing his cheeks and coursing freely over his

shoulders. He was terribly curious to see what he looked like. But it was not to be. Not yet. Sophia arrived with two more women in smocks. Beautiful, delicate young girls with large cases of cosmetics which they proceeded to unpack.

Seeing them sizing up his face and selecting various powders and cremes, Turner knew the ordeal wasn't over. Ford meanwhile was finished and had been freed from his chair.

In place of the limp locks was a cascade of lustrous blonde hair that parted in the middle and fell in a smooth curl to Ford's shoulders. Thick bangs brushed his eyebrows and completed the delicate frame for his soft features.



As he was led back to his room Ford turned and gave Turner a hesitant smile. Then his eyes slid past Turner into the mirror behind him. For a moment Turner watched his expression as Ford examined his coiffure. Ford cocked his head to allow his hair to roll over one shoulder. Turner was shocked. It was a feminine gesture of vanity. He blushed with shame at Ford's capitulation to womanhood. And yet in the next moment he was tormented with curiosity about his own looks. A subtle shift occurred as he watched Ford leave the salon. Since their arrival at the castle Turner had viewed Ford's metamorphosis with many emotions: revulsion, dismay and occasionally lust. Now something new had been added to this turbulent mix: envy. Though he would have denied it

vehemently there was no doubting that as he watched the lovely blonde turn back to smile at him, her creamy blonde hair swirling over her shoulders, part of his complex feelings included a desire to look as good as Ford did, as pretty and as feminine.

His attention shifted to the two girls who were now waxing his already smooth legs and arms. Cheerfully they went about their task with no more regard for him than the hairdressers. As they finished the debilitation they began to discuss Turner's face. They seemed to be developing a strategy for make--up application. Then, having decided on a plan they tied Turner's hair back with a red ribbon and proceeded to apply make--up. Occasionally, they wordlessly directed him to close his eyes or move his head up and down. An hour later they were putting their things away when Sophia walked in. "Bellissima. Excellent work, girls." She kicked the chair with her foot and it swung around so that for the first time in three hours Turner faced the mirror.

Even though he had spent much of the past three hours imagining what he would look like he still wasn't prepared for the transformation he stared at in the mirror. His hair, once short and straight, now fell away from his head in billowing hennaed waves. His face belonged to someone else as well. Someone with delicately arched eyebrows and dark wine--colored lips. He searched in the mirror for something he could recognize but even his eyes seemed a different color when surrounded by soft brown shadow and mascaraed eyelashes.



They had invested his face with a glamour that was larger than life. A face which possessed a serene sadness and which fascinated Turner as though it was not his face at all but the face of a smoldering Hollywood starlet. He observed the face without moving his eyes or mouth for that would acknowledge in some concrete way that the lovely features were his own. He now understood Ford's brief moment of enchantment as he left the salon. The mirror which had been their only friend and lover for months now made its final claim on his soul. Slowly he moved his head to one side, letting his hair caress one shoulder. The lovely woman in the mirror gently mimicked him. Then her long lashes closed and when she opened them her lips had formed a lustful pout. He forgot himself and his hands pulled against their restraints as he tried to touch his hair. He longed to fill his hands with the soft permed waves, to pull them back tautly behind his

head, to sweep them up in back, to pose in a thousand different attitudes of feminine abandon. It was through the fog of this trance that Sophia's voice distantly reappeared.

"You've been such a lovely, complacent girl today the head mistress has decided to reward you for your cooperation. Lola, bring me Miss Turner's reward."

Lola approached with a bundle of neatly folded clothes.

"Since you have been so submissive we have decided to return your old uniform to you, cleaned of course. Put it on."

Lola unfastened his bonds and he stood weakly after his many hours in the chair.

"Lola, help Miss Turner undress. I hope you will find it more comfortable to be back in your familiar uniform."

As Lola pulled the drab dress up over his head he wondered what this game was all about. Sophia motioned for him to remove his brassiere and panties as well. Then she directed him to put on his the G.I. uniform. As he pulled on his underwear he immediately realized that this was no reward but a more subtle form of humiliation designed to point out how much he had changed. The pants were now impossibly tight, his pliant feminine buttocks filling the seat like giant teardrops. His shirt could not be buttoned across his buxom chest. Even his feet seemed too dainty for the polished stiffness of his combat boots.

Turner stood up after tying his shoes and looked at himself once again in the mirror. With his breasts peeking slyly through his shirt and his pants impossibly tight he looked like a starlet in GI drag at a USO show. He pictured himself both as the ripe starlet and as the audience for this bawdy parody of life in uniform.

"It doesn't fit too well, does it? Perhaps we can take it in or rather let it out," Sophia remarked, running her hand over his bursting buttocks. "For now Lola will escort you back to your room." As they walked back to the cell they came upon the entry hall where he had stood many months before. His uniform had fit then.



When they had arrived in the main hallway Lola told him to wait. After five minutes or so he could hear a commotion outside. Another van was arriving. Soon the large wooden doors opened and new prisoners began slowly to file in under the watchful eyes of guards.

Turner now became the glamorous center of attention as the new arrivals noticed the shapely beauty in fatigues. He remembered the blonde in red at the top of the stairs. His predecessor it was now clear was another ravishing testimony to their skill at turning hardened soldiers into winsome girls. It was a cunning stunt. And now he was the stunning cunt that greeted the new guinea pigs with the blank stare of a bored model. But he wasn't bored. He was numb. Some of the braver men let loose with wolf whistles and one said, "Hey, I didn't know this camp was co-ed." The Head Mistress clapped her hands and the men directed part of their attention to her standard cryptic speech which Turner understood only too well now.

Then Lola began to lead Turner back to his cell while the prisoners walked behind him en masse to the dining room. The whistles resumed along with lewd offers which the guards made no effort to silence.

When they reached Turner's room Lola told Turner to wait by the door while the prisoners filed past, so near that he could feel the warmth of their breath. All of them stared at him as though he were a gigantic candy bar. They couldn't take their eyes off the curves protruding through the open shirt. He felt himself turn redder than his rouged cheeks while the last tangible part of his manhood shrank beneath his tight pants.

When they all passed Lola pushed Turner into the room and locked the door. He walked to the mirror and stared at himself. Then he lay on the bed and stared up at the ceiling. Only then did he notice the pink gauzy canopy over the bed. He jumped up and found other changes in the room. The marble floor now had thick Persian rugs and the dresser drawers in the bathroom were open and overflowing with lingerie.

He ran to the wardrobe and threw open the doors. It was full of dresses, evening gowns, robes, blouses and skirts. On the floor were a half dozen pairs of new shoes, shiny black with pointed toes and wickedly high heels.

Turner felt weak with excitement. It had been so long since he had the simple pleasure of looking at something besides the mirror and the four walls of his room. For a few moments he fought the feeling that it was Christmas morning and he was surrounded by presents. Then he kicked off his clunky male shoes with unrestrained glee and rushed to the bathroom leaving a trail of male clothes along the way.

By the time he stood before the dresser he wore only his jockey shorts which now looked quite ridiculous stretched over his plump buttocks. He pawed through the drawers until his fingers settled on a lacy black brassiere which he hastily put his arms through. Then he pulled the cups down over his breasts and hooked the eyes behind his back just as he had been forced to do for months. But now there was no hesitation in his fingers and his skill at fastening the bra surprised him.

Soon the jockey shorts lay on the floor and Turner wore instead a pair of black panties and a silk half slip. His heart raced as he pushed through the hangers in the wardrobe searching for the right garment. He felt like a blind man who could suddenly see. But it wasn't just sight. It was the wonderful feel of the fabrics, the pull and stretch of nylon and the weight of his breasts captive in lace, the comfort of clothes that fit his altered frame, the pure sensuousness of sensations that had been denied for so long.

Suddenly out of the corner of his eye he thought he detected movement across the room but it was only the mirror's reflection of his silk slip trembling against the back of his shapely legs. He stepped back from the wardrobe and swooned as he examined for the first time the devastating effect of all the elements of femininity together at last. The potent combination of hennaed hair,

red lips and black lace seduced him and he walked to the mirror transfixed by his own beauty. He made a stunning woman and each step he took toward the entrancing image brought her closer not only in distance but also nearer to the surface of his being. His skin tingled as he put his hands on the swiveling hips. His lips now pouted freely, his eyelashes batted wickedly as he gazed at his breasts heaving beneath black lace. He thought for a moment of the "girls" he had watched from behind the mirror, then thought about being watched himself by hidden observers but curiously these musings had no effect on the lewd posturing that was now transporting him into a world of indelicate female sensuality. Just the way his hair fell over his shoulders was enough to dissolve any thoughts of peeping toms.



In fact, the very idea of someone watching behind the mirror began to excite him. Just as he had once suspected the "girl" in the tableau vivant could see him cowering in the dark, he now created his own audience behind the mirror and looked past his reflection to their lustful gaze. Gathering his abundant curls up in one hand, he pulled his hair up off the nape of his neck, the other hand he placed demurely over his crotch and was almost startled to feel the contours of his rapidly inflating member beneath his half slip. This interesting discovery quickly melted into his consciousness and became part of the display for the conjured audience behind the mirror as both hands began to inch the silky slip down past his thighs. As it fell noiselessly to the floor he assumed a look of astonished innocence at the unveiling of his beckoning member. A look which quickly turned into a lascivious smile as his painted fingers curled round his cock and proffered it to the spectral viewer.

The door swung open with a bang and there in the doorway stood a young male officer. Turner instinctively covered his genitals. In the mirror he watched the officer close the door and then walk across the room toward him. He spoke. "Turn around."

Turner bent over to pick up the slip but the officer stopped him. "No, don't put that on. Just turn around."

The cockiness was gone, the brazenness evaporated and he turned meekly, still covering his nakedness.

"Do you like being a woman?" the officer said casually.

"I'm not a wo. . ."

"Oh, but you are," the officer interrupted. He reached out and touched Turner's lovely styled tresses.

The pretty prisoner began to weep softly as the officer's fingers moved down his shoulders to the top of the brassiere, pulling his forefinger along the inside of the cup then moving further down to the nipple which he squeezed tenderly. "Yes, you're a woman now. And very lovely too." he whispered as both hands now continued their violation of his heaving bosom. Turner trembled violently as the officer's attentions fell still further, gently but firmly peeling Turner's hands off the genitals they hid.

"You really are very beautiful you know," the officer remarked as he held Turner's testicles in his hand like bird's eggs and then rolling them softly between thumb and forefinger. "Very beautiful." Turner felt his chin being elevated by the officer's free hand till he was forced to look at him eye

to eye. Tears smudged his makeup and his hair fell forward into his face in a tousled tangle. He was never more achingly beautiful.

"You are a pretty girl, aren't you?" the officer asked again.

"Yes, yes, yes . . ." Turner whimpered quietly.

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, I am a . . . pretty girl."

Turner's knees gave way and he slid to the floor sobbing as tears clouded his eyes. A moment later when he recovered his composure the officer had departed and in his place Sophia stood.

"What have you done with your uniform?" Sophia said from the door way. She walked slowly across the room to Turner's side. "Didn't it fit you anymore?" she said, caressing his ripe buttocks with her riding crop. "Well, that doesn't matter. We have a new uniform for you now. Lola, show Miss Turner her new uniform."

Lola put the new "uniform" on the bed. Turner stood up and watched as Lola carefully placed several items on the bed: a short black satin dress with puffed sleeves and elastic neckline, a push-up brassiere, garter belt and stockings, full length evening gloves and a bundle of white tulle petticoats.

"You've been invited to a party but you haven't much time, Sabrina. Get dressed now!"

At first Turner didn't know who Sophia was addressing but he soon realized that he was Sabrina. He removed the lacy black bra and put his arms through the straps of the push-up. It lived up to its name by creating voluptuous cleavage out of the raw material his feminized chest provided. The dress was low cut enough to display every bit of his generous bosom. This was the first time he'd worn a dress that was designed to maximize his feminine assets and he felt a deep shame at his forced immodesty that was mingled and mitigated by a strange notion of pride arising from his obvious, there was no other word, beauty. He wore no panties or corselette so the petticoats rustled noisily against his bare skin. So stiff were they that his black skirt stood straight out from his torso leaving him with the distinct feeling that he was exhibiting more than his feminine charms.

"Now the shoes," Sophia said. Lola had brought a special pair with extremely high heels. Turner had to sit on the bed while Lola slid them on his feet.

She then fastened a black ribbon choker around his neck. This necklace seemed the capstone of his exotic servitude. But there was more. His long hennaed tresses were swept up and fastened with a pin. Two dainty curls were allowed to dangle over his bare shoulders. And then Sophia affixed a small white hat to his upswept hair.

"Stand up, dear," Sophia said. Turner stood up unsteadily and immediately fell back on the bed. Lola then helped him gain his footing and he took a few tentative steps. He was halfway across the room when he glimpsed himself in the mirror. He was caught totally off guard. Turning to face himself squarely in the mirror he was the picture of sexy obsession. As he stared at this lovely creation he lost himself yet again in admiration of the delicate beauty he radiated. He forgot his awkwardness in the heels and walked up to the mirror as though he'd been raised in them. He forgot about Sophia and Lola and he turned to model his scanty "uniform" in the mirror.



This daydream was broken by Sophia's hand on his shoulder. She was almost solicitous as she said, "Come, Sabrina, the party is in progress." He turned away from the mirror and followed Sophia through the empty corridors past an unfamiliar door which led down a spiral staircase lit by torches. Sophia noted with great satisfaction that Turner's girlish form cast seductive shadows of monstrous femininity on the cold stone walls. At the bottom of the stairway another door opened on to a short hallway with a rough hewn oak door at the at the far end. When Sophia reached the end of the hall she turned to look at Turner and said, "When you walk through this door you will never again be the same."

Then she looked at him with a critical eye as though he were a creation of hers that was ready at last for unveiling. As Turner stood before her she tried to remember what this vision of femininity had looked like as a man. There was no trace of him here. The soft brown hair, the roundness of his hips, and the shadow of cleavage emerging from the tight bodice of his black satin dress were all part of his body but they resembled little the hard muscle, and close cropped hair that had arrived so many months before.

But more than that, Sophia thought, it was an impatience in Turner's eyes that most transformed him. They revealed an eagerness to pass through that door to something mysterious and shockingly different, something full of pleasures that promised a great deal and delivered nothing but whose sweet promises beguiled one again and again.

Sophia swung open the door and the hallway was flooded with blinding light. She pushed Turner across the threshold and he walked more by instinct than vision onto a stage. He could vaguely discern faces looking at him from a darkened amphitheater. Suddenly a gloved hand appeared around his waist pulling him gently but insistently toward the center of the stage. He turned to look at the owner of the hand. It belonged to a handsome blonde woman in a strapless gold lame gown. She smiled at Turner lewdly. Then under her breath she said, "Smile, darling. This is your moment."

Before he could register what she meant he was startled by a raucous, jovial voice from a microphone. The words were garbled but he did hear the words "Miss Sabrina Turner." When he registered surprise a faint ripple of laughter emerged from the darkness.

The voice was still speaking when his blonde companion reached down and pulled up his fluffy white petticoats with a gesture of exaggerated delicacy. This exposure of the last remnant of Turner's manhood drew applause from the audience.

Then another gloved hand appeared to lead him away. This time from a woman in a purple sequined gown with black hair piled high on her head. She escorted Turner to a line up of "girls" in outrageously feminine garb of one sort or another.

Turner looked at them. They had been friends or at least fellow soldiers once, now they were unrecognizable as the men who had departed from that van months ago. They were now a chorus line of gorgeous girls with long, beautiful hair, shapely figures in sumptuous female clothes. Turned watched as the next arrival slipped through the door in a state of what appeared to be "girlish" innocence but what was actually utter bewilderment. She was a petite brunette in harem garb. Her gauzy skirt was transparent in the bright lights revealing a pair of slender legs and more.

While she stood for her brief moment in the lights, photographs of a soldier in khaki fatigues were projected on a huge screen behind her. Then a succession of pictures of a naked man followed by slides of the same man wearing a brassiere and panties, then a photograph of the man, his hair grown down past his shoulders, cupping his naked breasts in his hands, a look of amazement on his face. The last picture showed a "woman" sitting on a bed. Naked except for a lacy black bra which has been pushed up on one side so that her hand can massage the nipple, her white powdered face in profile against the dark paneling is straining upward in a passionate arc of sexual ecstasy. Her other hand is unceremoniously rubbing a stiff cock. Her own, of course. While this picture remained on the screen the blonde escorted the confused harem girl, her ringlets already becoming limp under the hot lights, to center stage. Then with a leering smile to the audience she lifted the gauzy skirts exposing the gorgeous legs and the flaccid pink member to the cheering crowd. The harem girl in her effort to turn away in embarrassment revealed the same torrid profile displayed on the screen behind her.

After the audience reaction had subsided the unseen announcer made a few comments and introduced the "girl" by her new female name "Samantha Field," the voice said and then the queen in purple emerged to escort the ravaged harem girl to her place in the line beside Turner. One by one they were brought out, glorious debutantes in drag. A torch singer, a milk maid, a redhead in a purple peignoir, a flamenco dancer with oily spit curls, a Southern belle, a Lana Turner look--a--like in a tight sweater and more. Each one thrust into the bewildering limelight, each one contrasted with her "developing" self on the screen and each one exposed at the end of her stay on stage by the gloved hand of the blonde in gold lame.

The "girls" were unfailingly taken aback when they found themselves facing an audience in their feminine garments. They stood with their knees knocking, their hands often covering their heaving bosoms if too indelicately revealed or their crotches if that seemed too immodest and sometimes both as they tried to protect themselves from the unseen eyes which violated them. They were in an actor's nightmare, cast suddenly in roles without lines, roles which they felt ill-equipped to play despite their voluptuous bodies, tantalizing dress and exquisite coiffures. But despite their awkwardness nothing about them appeared to be male. They did not seem like men in humiliating female clothes but more like girls who had been forced to grow up in a day, in an hour, in a minute, forced into a passionate sensuousness that had nothing to do with their souls but which their bodies radiated nonetheless. Then as the illusion of girlhood and innocence was established by their trembling presence the cruel blonde imperiously uncovered their male genitalia, shaved and rouged but still unmistakably masculine. And that incongruence of feminine beauty and male sex seemed to drive the poor creatures into the greatest despair. The admission of their maleness after having so wantonly displayed their ripe bosoms, rounded bottoms and gorgeous legs seemed now to be the tawdriest kind of revelation. When this ritual had been observed and the woman in purple sequins emerged at their side they walked like zombies to the line up and revived only slightly when the spotlights left them to focus on the next beauty.

Then something odd happened. A ravishing creature in a red peasant blouse and billowing skirts stepped into the light. Her long blonde hair fell sinuously over bare shoulders and her bosom emerged lustily, nipples erect beneath the silky chemise.

As the mistress of ceremonies approached her she brushed by and walked to center stage by herself. Then with defiant thrusts of her hips she began to hike her dress up. As the skirt began to rise above her knees the crowd began to murmur, then clapping broke out until the voice on the microphone was drowned out completely.



Turner was able to hear the words "Miss Paulina Ford" through the din just as Ford reached the climactic moment of truth. The crowd became silent as the gypsy girl revealed a shaved pudenda but no cock. She dipped slightly in a graceful curtsey, spreading her legs in the process and a big healthy cock flopped out from beneath her white legs. For a moment he stood there, his smooth white legs rising to a distinctly manly torso. Then the audience grew frenzied as Ford reached down and grabbed his limp cock, brandishing it like a weapon while he sashayed back and forth on stage. The defiant blonde beauty with the stunning bust striding before her captors, displaying with a mad passion the last proud vestige of her manhood; it was an image that burned across Turner's eyes.



Meanwhile the slide show of transformation, which had provided a backdrop of humiliation for the other "girls" whose three dimensional presence was often less compelling than the candid pictures of their feminine metamorphosis, now had a very different effect as they flashed behind Paulina's brazen performance. It was as though they had been chosen to enhance her achievement rather than to provide a cruel counterpoint. Even her earliest photos reveal a precocity, a femininity that seemed to blossom almost from the moment of her arrival, as though she had been waiting to shed her male skin and emerge as a blonde beauty.

In one picture, taken very early on, she stands before the mirror, hands on hips in a distinctly unmasculine pose of sexual invitation. Her hair, though short, seems feminine rather than manly. She wears a bra and half slip. In the ensuing photos it seemed obvious that her captors sensed her gifted nature and had bestowed many of the accouterments of femininity that Turner had only recently been privy to. From the beginning "Paulina" had access to a wide array of bras, dresses, heels and even hats and make--up which she had evidently enjoyed playing with and mastering. Most photos show her primping and playing with her femme toys before the mirror but a few disclose the presence of others. In one picture the beautiful Paulina sits contentedly in a chair while a pair of female hands brushes out her longish blonde hair. In another she stands before the mirror wearing only brassiere and heels. Her hair is piled high and her makeup is exquisitely applied. She is turned away from the mirror as though she were looking back at someone, perhaps for approval, for her face is a combination of girlish expectation and saucy pride in her bosomy profile. Her cock is erect.

If the Paulina's own audacious performance hadn't been in progress in the foreground these last photos would have brought gasps from the audience. Like the other slide shows the final photos conclude with a masturbatory reverie but unlike the others it is clear that Paulina is not pursuing a solitary pleasure but rather performing for an audience. Lying back on acres of pink satin, her long blonde hair arrayed dramatically over a pillow, fulsome breasts bulging beneath a black lace peignoir, smooth white legs opened wide, and shiny black heels digging into the bedding, she might appear to be the very picture of feminine sexual ecstasy were it not for a delicate but hard penis trapped in her loving grasp. Her smile suggests an exhibition and her eyes betray the

presence of an audience who she plays to with evident pleasure. And though she might appear to be an odalisque pleasurably resigned to the humiliating rigors of concubinage, her face also suggests its own tyranny, as though she knew that her fingers tweaking a nipple through lace or a prolonged caress of her cock might be producing slavery of another sort in the unseen viewer or viewers.

But all this was academic to her present audience who had no time to register the erotic subtleties the photos revealed. Now their attentions were focused on Paulina's dance. A dance quite different from Turner's in the dining hall, a dance full of suggestive insouciance and lewd posturing, a dance which suggested a joyful reconciliation of male and female and through that wedding the discovery of power. Rumbblings in the now quiet audience suggested her captors were uncomfortable with what was plainly becoming a rebellious affirmation of her dual sexuality. At an unseen signal from the audience the two mistresses of ceremonies approached Ford tentatively, obviously unprepared for such defiance. Then suddenly they grasped her firmly by the arms and led her off stage. She immediately went limp, forcing them to carry her like a damsel in a faint and giving even her unscripted departure the appearance of melodramatic performance. The show resumed. A baffled soldier in antebellum drag was brought out and exposed for the pleasure of the audience. But the laughter wasn't so confident.

After the last "girl" made her humiliating debut they were led off stage to an anteroom where they were crowded up against each other, heel to heel, bosom to bosom. It was the first time the van load of soldiers had faced each other as girls. There was no room to run away, hardly any room to look away. Suddenly it was very quiet and it distressed Turner when his petticoats rustled noisily against the gauzy skirts of the harem girl beside him. The antebellum belle had the worst of it. Everywhere her wide hoops turned she created unavoidable confrontations with her feminized compatriots who tried in vain to ignore her and themselves.

But it was impossible. Impossible not to see the loveliness, the softness, the femininity. Impossible not to acknowledge the changes that had taken place in their bodies. Impossible not to stare at the cleavage of the "girl" standing next to you, knowing that her bosom mirrored yours, that her lips were your lips, her hips, your hips. And impossible not to feel the horrible sense of defeat at the spectacular success of the transformation.

A strange thing happened then. As their eyes inevitably met, a curious electricity flowed one to another. Communication beyond speech passed between them all at once and tears began to well up in their mascaraed eyes, painted lips began to tremble and breasts to heave. They fell into each others arms seeking comfort and hoping to comfort. Tears fell freely and sounds of broken sobs filled the silent room.

Sabrina held the harem girl close and they rocked back and forth to the rhythm of their muffled whimpering. The entire room full of crinoline and lace, tulle and satin, velvet and leather now seemed to sway and moan in a dance of loss. In a way it was the ultimate surrender to femininity. They cried together and consoled each other like losers at a beauty pageant. Like girls.

Finally a door was opened at the far end of the room and the "girls" filed out into an enormous ballroom, their debutante reception. They now faced, for the first time, the audience who presumably they were destined to serve and service: the officers whose "special desires" were the driving force behind the diabolical scheme which was about to come to fruition.

The "girls" were lined up to be examined by the officers who emerged from the darkness to select their favorite "dolls." Sabrina watched them anxiously, afraid of what might happen when one of these sleek, young officers made advances. Running away was out of the question. There were guards posted everywhere.

One by one the "girls" were paired off by officers who introduced themselves and then gently led them by the arm over to tables laden with food and liquor. Suddenly the young officer who had manhandled him earlier that afternoon appeared by his side. Turner stared at the floor in shame but he could feel the officer slipping his arm around Turner's slender waist.

He led Turner off to the buffet table. When they reached the table, Turner looked up at his tormentor for the first time. He was astonished to see how nervous the officer was. It was immediately apparent to him that the officer was now at his mercy. Entranced by Sabrina's beauty he had become a foolish overwrought bundle of nerves.

As soon as this realization had sunk in, another strange thing happened. A sensation of confidence and power radiated throughout Turner's transformed body, a feeling he hadn't felt in the many months he'd been captive. But there was something new about this power. This strength would be lost if it was expressed in any conventional manly way. It was absurd to consider overpowering his tormentor in 4 inch heels. Especially since he wielded considerably more power simply by allowing his tongue to moisten his upper lip with a furtive sensuousness.

As he batted his eyelashes once or twice experimentally he could see the officer grow weak with mad lust. Then with a graceful motion of gloved hand to chin it all clicked in. The finishing touch to the months of physical changes, the carefully styled hair, the make--up, the heels, the petticoats. It was the part of his feminine costume that he had tried on only in his daydreams. The unseen part that had excited him when he put the lipstick to his lips for the first time or when he first glimpsed his hidden beauty in a sidelong glance.

Suddenly a feeling of complete freedom came over him. He felt as though he could have slapped the officer across the face with his gloved hand and walked to any exit without fear of reprisal. He knew that was impossible but at least his heart was now free. And that was an important first step.

The officer was now taking his cues from the slightest motions of Turner's body which had undergone a subtle metamorphosis. As smoothly as he pulled an errant sleeve up over a bare shoulder he had become Sabrina Turner, discovering along the way that the slightest feminine gestures----toying with a curl or smoothing his petticoats----caused an enormous seismic reaction in the officer who had earlier demeaned him. He seemed to lose control in direct proportion to Sabrina's ascendancy over Turner's own body.

As a result of her little manipulations the officer hungrily grasped under her petticoats for some tangible demonstration of her concern. Improvising like mad she grabbed his eager hand and shook her head. "Not here, darling," she said in voice that would have startled Turner an hour earlier. Now its soft and soothing contours were the natural expression of his total grasp of femininity.

The officer withdrew. Then with a knowing smile he grabbed her hand and made for the exit. Sabrina Turner now wondered what he had unleashed as the officer pulled her as fast as her heels would carry her toward some strange new adventure. * **The End** **/Â© 1996 Leigh de Santa Fe & Michelle Johnson/*

Bonus pics

Before/After



