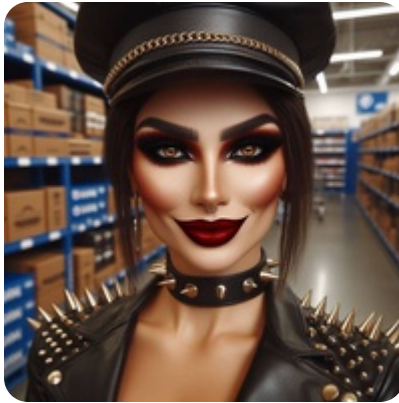


The Seduction of Brenda

AdoringMistressEcho

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Your local transwoman smut author and ai artist

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I didn't think anything strange of my new neighbor when she first moved in. I only saw her from a distance, out the front window as she directed a moving crew into the house. It wasn't until I ran across her at the store that I realized Barbara was, in fact, not a middle aged, slightly eccentric woman. Barbara was a crossdresser.



To her credit, she was exceptionally skilled. She had a wiggle to her hips and a softness in her voice that very clearly indicated femininity, and her makeup was exceptional. I had found her stunningly attractive until I realized her sex. Still, she was friendly and witty. She invited me over for drinks; I politely declined. "Alright, not tonight. But I'll get you eventually. Just you wait and see," she told me.

Barbara turned out to be an excellent neighbor, though it dawned on me soon enough that our chance encounters were anything but random. She'd have her lawn boy cut my grass now and then,

necessitating me giving her a quick thank-you. She ‘accidentally’ lost things over my backyard fence frequently. Once she even asked to borrow a cup of sugar. She found any excuse to talk to me; clearly Barbara was interested in me. I wasn’t sure how to let her down easy.

Luckily, I never had to.

Eventually, I accepted her offer of drinks one evening. That’s when she struck.



How she tricked me into wearing the headphones and the hypnotic glasses isn’t important. What is important was what they did to me; pleasure, soft and warm, like I had never felt, enveloped me. I was in a stupor, too high on the sensation to do much of anything. Barbara guided me gently to her makeup vanity and whispered in my ear as she began putting basic makeup on me.

She told me that this kind of pleasure was special. Only she could give it to me. There was no obligation and no strings attached; all I had to do was ask her anytime I wanted to feel like this.

The makeup, she explained, was also special. The headphones were even now writing new associations into my brain; when I wore makeup, I would feel good. The more I wore, the better I would feel.

And... that was actually it. She let me go home after that. The encounter was beyond strange, and I wasn't sure what had just happened. I felt taken advantage of, to be sure, but nothing she had done was all that nefarious, right? Weird, but not criminal.

Oh, if only I knew.

I didn't know it, but Barbara owned me from that day onward. My girlfriend noticed a change in me, asked me if I was doing alright. I lied and said that I was fine.

In reality, I couldn't stop thinking about how good it had felt to be at Barbara's mercy.



I couldn't keep my mind off of the way it had felt to wear makeup and let Barbara put those hypnotic headphones on me. Nothing compared. My hobbies bored me, my work couldn't hold my interest. Even sex with my girlfriend was suddenly uninteresting. Everything paled next to the feeling of being Barbara's doll.

I debated with myself. I tried to reason it out. I knew I couldn't go back to Barbara's house and ask her for that pleasure again.

But I did.

I loathed her for it. She knew, and she didn't mind. She would invite me in with the same smug smile every time, sit me in front of the makeup vanity, and let me doll myself up in a pleasurable stupor.

My life began to spiral. I spent more and more time with Barbara, letting her incrementally brainwash me. I knew it was happening, but

it felt incredible. I couldn't stop. I would fully intend to go home after work and find myself sheepishly knocking on her door again and again and again. I started missing work. My girlfriend was furious and our relationship was on the rocks - and then she discovered that my bizarre behavior included spending nights at Barbara's house, and she dumped me.

I struggled not to give in and totally surrender to Barbara. She never asked me to; she knew I'd end up worshipping her as a goddess soon enough.



It was when she renamed me that I finally had to accept that I was probably fucked. She started calling me Brenda, and I didn't stop her. Over the next six months, she slowly twisted me into a fulltime drag queen like herself. I wore a collar etched with my new name, I wore slutty low cut silk blouses, and I kept regular salon appointments.

And, worst of all, I started to like it.

Maybe it was the hypnotic audio. Maybe I had some latent sissy tendencies. Maybe I wasn't ever really a man. It hardly mattered. The end result was the same. I came to first tolerate Barbara's treatment of me as a drag queen and then enjoy it. Her tendency to eye-fuck me as I swayed around the house no longer satisfied me; I told her to put her hands on my ass, not her eyes. She did that - and much more. The first time Barbara made love to me as Brenda, it shattered any remaining hope I had of returning to manhood. It was incredible. She had reprogrammed me into her faggy sissy fuck buddy, and I loved every hip-bucking, breathily gasped moment.



What could I do except fall further into her trap? I was well on my way to becoming her evil bitch bestie anyway, so I gave in. I embraced it. I let Barbara brainwash me hard and deep and often, wiping away

my boring old life and replacing me with the vibrant, sexual, bitchy Brenda.

My ex girlfriend stopped by a few weeks ago to check on me. She had heard from the neighbors that I had really gone off the deep end, and she wanted to be sure I was alright, even though we weren't an item anymore. She recoiled when she realized that the drag queen at the door was me. She looked baffled and horrified; how had I gone from the man she remembered to this flamboyant fag? She guessed, correctly, that I had become Barbara's lover. I certainly didn't deny it.

It was sweet of her to check in on me. I had no choice but to repay her kindness. As I slipped the headphones onto her and watched her eyes cross in pleasure, I knew we'd be together again very soon - and that she would find herself approving of Barbara much more in the coming months.



Look how well my ex responded to her brainwashing! She doesn't give me lip anymore about my deeply unhealthy relationship with Barbara; in fact, she's asked to be included in our marathon lovemaking sessions. I might just be a big titted sissy MILF with no self agency, but my girlfriend and my ex don't seem to mind.



Barbara and I weren't sure what would happen when the hypnosis was used on a woman. Luckily, she had so utterly destroyed my morals that I didn't mind popping the headphones on my ex just to find out.



Once I showed the neighbors the pleasure of hypnosis, their marriage spiralled quickly into ruin. It took the husband fully embracing his sissyhood and brainwashing the wife for them to get back on track. They seem much happier together these days.