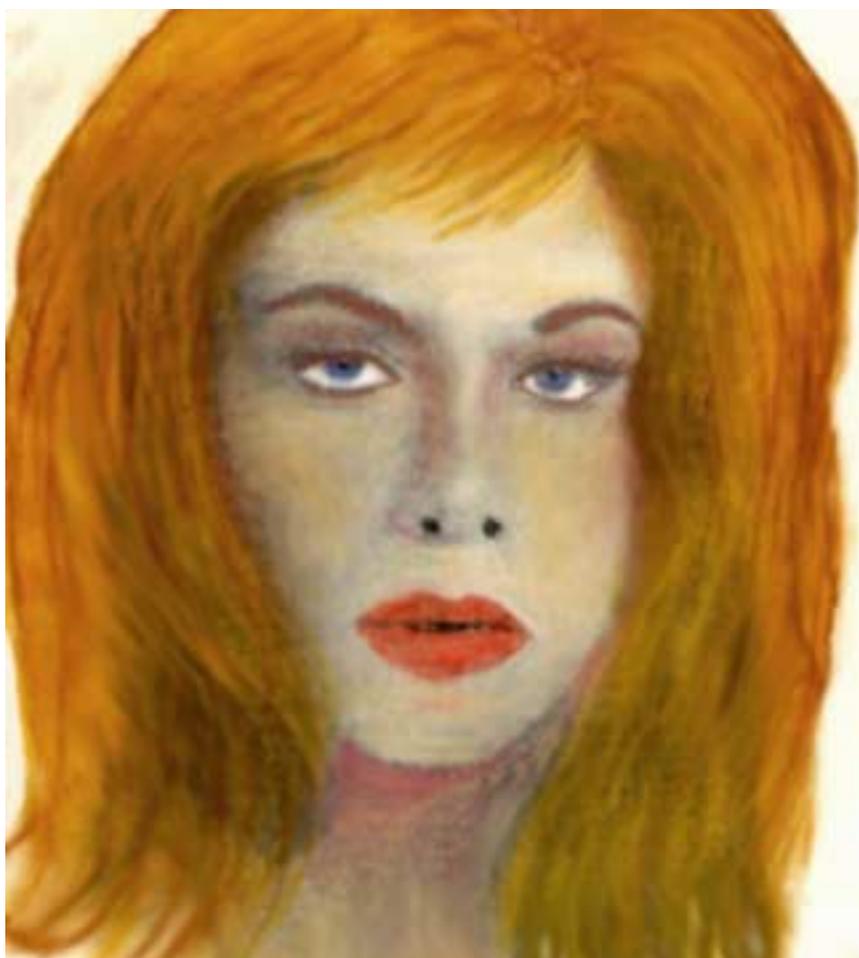




Reluctant Press

The Transformation of Debbie

Debbie Lynn



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISTY MALVEAUX

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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The Transformation of Debbie

By Debbie Lynn

Introduction

I anxiously prepared for the evening's festivities. My makeup was flawless. My breasts were bubbling forth from my tight maid's uniform. I ran my hands over my shapely stockinged legs which were encased in a pair of sweet black leather pumps with stiletto heels. I smiled into the mirror, anticipating what the evening might bring. Another sensitive soul will be placed into my care - to transform into the beautiful feminine creation he was meant to be. I could hear the crowd gathering on the floor below me. The air was filled with nervous anticipation. As I looked at my reflection in the mirror my mind wandered to my own humble beginnings.

Punishment

I grew up in the suburbs of Chicago - in a house full of girls I guess that's why I had mostly girl friends at school. The boys I did pal around with were kind of nerdish and weak. I wasn't very athletic - and was usually the last boy picked for teams in gym class. I was always wondering what the girls were doing and didn't really pay attention to what was happening on the field or on the court. Growing up with four sisters can be tough for a young guy - and I often became caught up in their many squabbles. My father was the disciplinarian in our house. He was a tall handsome man - an iron-worker - and I both loved and feared him. I was always trying to please him, and while he seemed proud of my scholastic record I could tell he was rather disappointed in my athletic accomplishments.

When I was younger I had gotten into trouble yet again for fighting with my sisters. It was a silly fight which started over musical groups and blew all out of proportion. I was grounded. For two weeks. A few days into my sentence I was left at home with Dad. Mom and the girls went to visit my grandmother for a day of shopping. I was in my room reading Tiger Beat when I heard Daddy calling me from his room. "Donnie - come in here". I did so and could tell from the tone of his voice I was in trouble. I entered the room and found him in a T shirt and white nylon boxer shorts. My dad always wore that kind.

He was sitting on the bed. "What am I going to do with you?" he asked as I stood before him. I said nothing as he continued.

"Why do you keep fighting with the girls?"

"I don't know," I responded meekly. I tried to defend myself but could tell I was getting nowhere.

"Take off your shirt and pants," he ordered. I knew I was in for a spanking - it certainly wasn't the first! I stripped down to my white BVDs and waited for my punishment.

"Take off the underpants, sissy," he said, breathing hard. I looked at him with shock and knew he wasn't fooling around. I took off the underwear - what else could I do? Standing naked before him I tried to cover up modestly with my hands. I was a skinny kid - I still hadn't grown much body hair. I couldn't help but notice the other boys in the shower after gym - all hairy and hormonal. Mom always said I was a "late bloomer."

I felt vulnerable and embarrassed naked before my Dad - and not sure what would happen next. Daddy had always spanked me before through my underpants. What was going on?

He got up from the bed and walked behind me as I stood quietly. When he moved back into my sight I could tell he was holding something.

“Since you're acting like a girl I think it's time you dressed like one.” My eyes bulged out in surprise at the garment he was holding before me. It was a pair of pale pink satin panties - with ruffles around the leg openings and accents of pearls. I looked at him as he thrust the panties into my hands.

“Please don't make me wear these! I'll be good - I promise!”

“It's too late for that I think. Put them on,” he instructed. I'll never forget that fateful moment when I took my shaky arms and pulled the ultra feminine panties up my boyish legs, aware of every sensual moment as they crept closer and closer to my waist.. I was humiliated but at the same time incredibly excited at the silky feeling encasing my boyish bottom and crotch. I felt guilty - I'm a boy! I shouldn't be wearing these. As my hands roamed over the silky fabric I wondered whose panties they were. I had seen my mom's and sister's underwear in the laundry basket before but I only remembered them as rather plain cotton.

As I was pondering this I felt Daddy grab my arm and pull me down over his lap as he sat on the bed. I felt his hands spank me over and over again through the pretty pink panties. I felt so humiliated I started to cry softly which only seemed to encourage him. My Dad was from a different generation where spankings were commonplace. He pulled them down and continued my punishment. While my naked bottom was exposed and flush with his discipline the rest of my bottom was still surrounded by the pale pink silk. They felt so nice. Daddy must have sensed it as well. He stopped and made me stand. I stood before him with wet eyes, a sore bottom, and a damp bulge in front. The panties were part way down and I instinctively pulled them up and tried to hide my excitement. The panties felt so soothing as they covered up my still warm bottom.

He observed me with great interest and told me “Since your mother and sisters will be gone for the day I've decided you will spend the day as a girl. Follow me.”

He dragged me into my sister's room and he pulled a short nylon nightie from my sister Cassie's closet. The nightie was a floral pattern of pinks and purples. I shuddered as he slipped it over my head and shoulders, letting it fall to barely cover my waist.

“You will begin your female duties by cleaning the kitchen - dressed just this way.”

As I went about my duties in the kitchen he sat at the table smoking and drinking coffee, which he made me serve him. I worked very hard doing the dishes, the counters and washed the floor on my hands and knees, taking care not to get my borrowed outfit wet.

“You seem to be enjoying yourself,” he commented.

I must admit I did. The panties felt so nice - why couldn't boys underpants feel like this? As usual the girls got all the good stuff, I thought.

“I don't mind helping out,” I cheerfully replied.

“This is between you and me, son. I felt it was an important lesson for you.”

I was disappointed as he took the nightie from me. I felt a little empty as I slipped the panties down and handed them to him. He told me to change into my pajamas and I was dressed as a boy again when my mom and sisters got home. I was sure to stay clear of their entanglements for the rest of the evening. As I laid in bed that night I couldn't stop thinking about the day and what had happened.

The Laundry Basket

Several months later I was going through the laundry basket looking for some sweat pants. As I felt my way through the clean laundry my hand froze as I felt the pink panties I had been forced to wear at my last spanking. I held them in my hand and felt strange feelings of excitement and nervousness. I wadded up the panties and stuffed them down the front of my pants. I nervously made my way to my bedroom. As soon as I got into the room and closed the door I pulled out and examined the pretty panties. I closed my eyes and held them up to my face, caressing my cheeks with their silkiness. I dropped my pants and boring boys underpants and was left only in my Aerosmith T shirt.

I couldn't wait to feel the panties once again surrounding me, possessing me. I posed before my dresser mirror. I was surprised at how good my boy butt looked - all smooth and round in the reflection. I ran my hands over my butt, enjoying the moment. I realized my young cock was hardening in the silky prison containing it. I started to dance before the mirror, humming my favorite song.

"Hey bozo - mom says you have to..." Cassie stopped in mid sentence as she discovered me posing in a pair of girl's panties.

Why hadn't I locked my door? Doesn't anybody respect a guy's privacy? Cassie was as surprised as I was. I tried to cover myself and pushed her out of the room, locking the door. I panicked! I quickly got dressed - not taking the time to change out of the troublesome panties and left my room in search of Cassie and to do some damage control.

I found Cassie alone in her room. Cassie was fifteen now. She was very popular and pretty. She was a pain but I really loved her very much. Cassie's room was very prissy - she shared it with our younger sister and it was decorated with lavender walls and white shag carpeting. The twin beds were covered with old dolls and tons of stuffed animals. I sat next to her on the bed and looked at her nervously.

"Are you going to tell?" I asked.

"I don't know," she responded. "What were you doing in there anyway?"

"I was just playing," I replied.

"More like playing with yourself, I'd say," she responded with a laugh.

I was blushing all shades of pink over our conversation. Never in a million years did I think I would be in this predicament - and at Cassie's mercy! She got up and locked her bedroom door.

"Where are the panties, you little freak?"

I gasped and admitted I was still wearing them. She laughed and told me to show her. I had no choice but to obey her. I took off my pants and let her see me in this embarrassing predicament. She giggled as she inspected me.

“You know Donnie you don't look like much of a boy in front - and your butt looks so cute in those panties.”

“Please Cassie - don't be mean!” was all I could add.

“Those panties are sooo pretty - where did you get them?”

“I found them in the laundry basket, Cassie.”

“Well I don't recognize them - but I do have something to show you!” She rifled through her dresser and produced a training bra she had outgrown. It was pretty and lacy and was of a color that almost matched the panties I was wearing. “Put it on, freakozoid!”

“Cassie- please! This is so embarrassing!”

“Stop complaining and do as I say - I would say I'm in charge now don't you think? I don't think you want Mom and Dad knowing that your dancing around in girls underwear do you?”

I put on the bra. it was such a weird sensation - the tightness on my chest - the silk and lace moving over my nipples. I was so confused. Despite my predicament I liked the way the lingerie felt on my skin, and the power she had over me.

“From now on this will be our little secret,” Cassie said. “But don't forget you owe me. and I'll be watching you. I can tell you enjoy this - just look at your panties”.

I was very excited and the outline of my shaft was visible through the silky fabric. “You look so sweet in them - with such a small package you are just made to wear panties!”

I couldn't take any more. I ripped off the bra and threw it at her. I pulled my jeans on over the panties, unlocked the door and ran down the hall to my room, listening to her laughter all the way. When I back in my room I stripped down and went to remove the panties. I realized that I had leaked in them - I was just too excited by all of this activity. Not knowing what to do with the soiled panties I went down to the basement. I folded up the panties and standing on a stool I hid them in a secluded place under the floor joists above me.

When I slept that night I dreamed that I had woken up to find I was a girl. I stretched and then went to scratch my chest. I found I my flat chest was replaced with two pert full breasts. As I massaged my erect nipples I ran one hand down my stomach to my crotch to find my male equipment was gone! I awoke with a shudder and was relieved to find my maleness was indeed intact. Weeks went by before I returned to my secret hiding place to retrieve the pretty panties. I would wear them for a few blissful hours and return them for safekeeping. I didn't understand why but I felt incredible while wearing them, I loved to pose in front of a mirror in them admiring they way I looked in them. I often wondered whose underwear they were and if they were missed. It didn't really matter - they were mine now!

She Made Me Do It

That damn Cassie! She broke one of my mom's favorite lamps - an ugly old thing that used to belong to one of our relatives - and told my mother right in front of me that I had broken it. With a knowing smile she stood there while I accepted the responsibility. I just took my lumps and planned to confront Cassie about the incident at an appropriate time.

A few weeks later the entire family went to visit relatives for the weekend. Cassie remained at home since she had plans with her boyfriend Mike and I had to complete a science project which I had kept putting off. A few hours after they all left I heard loud music from Cassie's room and decided it was time to confront her about the lamp incident. I confronted her in her bedroom. She was wearing a pale yellow sports bra which barely contained her pert young breasts, and a pair of floral ruffled panties which had tones of yellow, pink and green.

“That sucked Cassie! - How could you blame me for breaking that ugly old lamp?”

She laughed at me. “Do you have a problem with that, panty boy?”

“No,” I sheepishly replied knowing I was powerless to stop her.

“Take off you clothes - now!” she ordered. I resigned myself to do as she wished. I stood naked before her trying to cover myself. “Well I see you're still not much of a man,” she laughed. “You should see how big Mike is!”

Actually I had seen her boyfriend Mike naked in the shower at school. He was a football player and was very handsome. I had been in the shower for a few minutes when his class came in to clean up. I soaped up and turned around to see Mike showering, washing his dark wavy hair. He had a strong physique. Big arms, a firm young chest, and a trail of dark hair that run from his chest all the way down to his crotch where he was a mass of dense hair. Cassie was right - Mike was a hunk of a guy. He caught me looking at him once. With a big grin he just groped himself and turned away to talk to one of his buddies.

Cassie's voice brought me back to reality. “I've decided it's time for my secret sister to come out and play - it's time for dress up!”

I swallowed hard - I was nervous and excited and didn't know what to say or do. Cassie started digging in her dresser drawers pulling out feminine underthings, making selections for my humiliation. “I think you should fit into this!” as she held up a pretty pink training bra she had outgrown, a pair of flowered satin high cut panties which matched the bra, and an item I'd never seen before which was white lace with straps. She held stockings in her hand a a white lacy slip.

“I will teach you how a young lady dresses, sweet sister,” she cooed. I stood there motionless - frozen at what was happening to me. She moved behind me and as I smelled her perfume I felt her secure the brassiere behind me. The straps felt so funny on my shoulders. And I loved the way the smooth fabric rubbed against my nipples. The next item to dress me in was called a garter belt. I looked down to see how odd I

looked with this contraption with the straps hanging down. Thankfully the next item to try on were the panties. I put first one foot, then the other into the leg openings and Cassie pulled them up. I was relieved to finally have my maleness covered up. Cassie took care to make sure the straps passed through under the panties and that they were in the appropriate positions - to hold up my stockings! I was weak from excitement when she took my hand and led me to her dressing room table.

“Sit down, sissy,” she ordered, pushing me down on to her chair before the dressing table. She sat a few feet away on the edge of her bed and demonstrated the way a lady puts on her stockings. I watched her with fascination, and she tossed me a pair of stockings to see if I had learned what she had shown me. The first feeling of nylon on my bare skin was electrifying. I took the stockings and accordion style rolled them up each leg. Cassie showed me how to clasp them and they were in place. I stood before Cassie's dressing table mirror and examined how I looked. Cassie didn't give me much chance to admire myself - she wasn't through.

“Here - put on this slip.” She helped to drop the full white slip over my body. It fell over me surrounding me with it's silkiness. She led me by the hand to her closet and she pulled out some of the dresses she had outgrown. I had no choice in the matter but I was secretly delighted when she pulled out a short cotton floral print dress I had always liked her in. It had lace on the chest, with a ruffled collar and short puffy sleeves. The flowers were all purple and pink with a cream colored background. I shivered as she helped me into it and zipped up the back. I looked down and tried to pull the dress down a little to cover up the lace peeking out from my slip underneath. Cassie was rifling through the shoes at the bottom of her closet.

“There they are! The perfect shoes for my secret sister”. I looked with surprise at the white patent leather high heeled shoes she had selected for me. They had a strap around the ankle and open toes and I wondered how on earth I could walk in those heels! She had me lift one foot and then the other as she strapped the shoes to my wobbly legs. I was so tall! and shaky as I tried to walk a few steps in the heels.

“Take smaller steps - and keep your legs closer together,” she barked at me. I practiced walking back and forth - taking slow deliberate steps, placing one foot in front of the other. Cassie was pleased with my walk and my “wiggle” as she put it was very feminine. As I walked by the mirror I couldn't help but notice how pretty my legs were, and how feminine I appeared. I started to freak out, realizing what we were doing was wrong.

“Are we done now?” I asked.

“Honey we're barely getting started. Sit at the table.” She sat next to me and I was shocked when she held my chin in her hand and began applying makeup. I was fascinated at her talent and in not time at all she had completed her work. “Just wait here,” she instructed and ran out of the room.

In her absence I looked into the mirror, amazed at the transformation. I barely recognized myself. Cassie burst back into the room with one of Mom's wigs. It was blonde and shoulder length. She brushed my hair back and put the wig on my head. With a few strokes of her hairbrush she announce I was ready. I looked up to see a face I did not recognize. Cassie had done a wonderful job on my makeup. I looked like a different

person. I felt special and glamorous As Cassie giggled I primped and posed before the mirror until I tripped on the heels and fell onto her bed.

“Be careful stupid! Act like a lady.” We spent hours together laughing and talking as she prepared for her date with Mike.

Party Time

I lost all track of time until I heard the doorbell ringing. I froze!

“Who's here?” I asked Cassie frantically. As she peeked out her bedroom window she saw Mike's red Mustang GT in the driveway.

“It's Mike, silly!” she answered me.

“I can't let Mike see me like this!”

“Sure you can - we'll say you're our cousin Cindy from Minneapolis, here for a visit. Just relax - he'll never recognize you. It'll be fun!” She ran downstairs and opened the door before I could stop her. Mike came in and they kissed as soon as the door was closed. I watched them from the top of the stairs. Mike was all over her and she laughed as she pried his hands from around her waist.

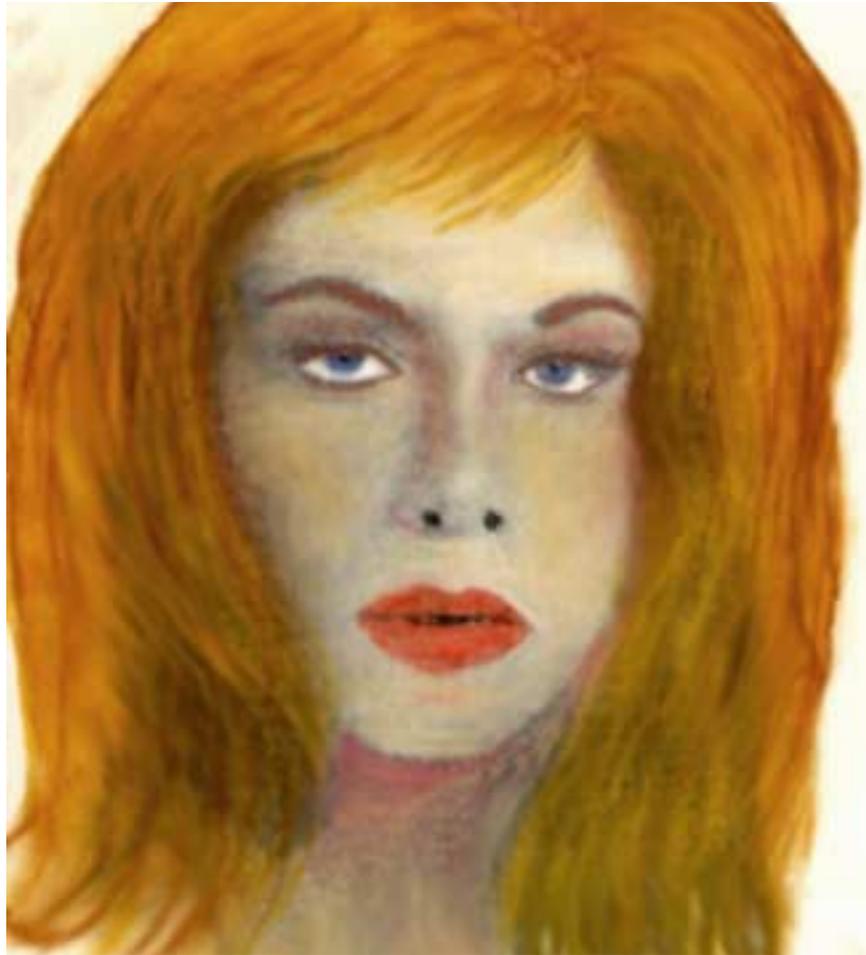
“Easy Big Boy - we've got all night, remember. The folks are away. It's just us and my cousin Cindy here tonight.”

”Cindy - you never mentioned her,” Mike said.

“Didn't I? Oh, well. Cindy!” she yelled up the stairs. My heart sank at the sound of her calling me by this girls name. “Come on down honey and meet Mike.”

I ran into the bathroom and checked the mirror. I really didn't look like myself. I swallowed hard and walked to the top of the stairs.

“There you are Cindy - come on downstairs.” I walked as slowly as I could not wanting to trip in the heels. I was painfully aware of each step and the sound of my patent



leather heels clicking on the oak stairs, one by one. I made it to the bottom, very pleased with myself. I looked up with a smile right into Mike's face.

"Hi there!" Mike said and he grabbed my hand. I nodded to him and tried to speak very softly.

"Hello Mike - it's very nice to meet you," I managed to get it out.

"Wow Cassie - are all your cousins this cute?"

Cassie laughed and I felt my cheeks burning with embarrassment. Cassie explained I was from Minneapolis and would be spending the night with her. She grabbed Mike and they went into the kitchen. I retired to my room. As I sat there thinking about my predicament Cassie burst in.

"This is great. He totally bought it," she exclaimed. "Just relax and stay this way."

"But Cassie this isn't right. What if Mike recognizes me?"

"Well," she said, "I guess you'd better be convincing Sissy."

She left the room obviously delighted with herself. I tried to relax in my room listening to music. I had to admit I liked the way I looked and felt. Somehow free, I thought as I danced around my room. I wondered what Cassie and Mike were doing and I crept down the stairs and walking as quietly as I could in my stocking clad feet I stopped outside the kitchen door and peeked in. They were drinking. They must have gotten into my parents liquor cabinet. There was a half empty bottle of whiskey on the table and they were laughing.

Cassie heard me and called out. "Cindy is that you?"

Oh God, I thought, *she's smashed*. I entered the room. Mike was sitting back slouched in his chair. He had a silly grin on his face and was rubbing the large bulge in his tight threadbare jeans.

"Hey Cindy - come have a drink," Mike said.

"Yes Cindy - join us," Cassie added and winked at me. She must be looped. She never winked at me. They poured me a drink and as we drank together I tried to stay as quiet as I could. I wasn't used to drinking like this - while the drinks were sweet they packed a powerful punch. I kept noticing Mike giving me funny looks.. I choked down the cocktail and Mike quickly made us all another round. Cassie began to drink it and set it down.

"I can't drink anymore - I've got to lay down."

Mike and I both laughed at the way she slurred the words and looked. Cassie left the table and staggered down the hall and up the stairs. Mike followed her and returned a few minutes later.

Cindy's Torment

"Your cousin is passed out, Cindy, I guess it's just you and me."

I gulped as he poured us another drink. "Mike I don't think I should have any more," I meekly offered.

"Come on - don't be a party pooper," Mike said as he placed the drink before me. He sat back in his chair and looked me up and down. "Do you have a boyfriend Cindy?"

"Um no, I don't Mike."

Do you like to kiss, Cindy?"

I was shocked and intrigued. I had to think like a girl - a real girl!

"Sure, Mike," I smiled as I answered. Mike smiled back at me and I saw that ever present bulge in Mike's jeans - but I swear I thought I saw it move. Mike noticed me looking at him that way.

"You turn me on Cindy. Do I do anything for you?"

I gulped and instinctively responded. "You're really hot Mike but I don't think Cassie would like our conversation."

"Cassie is out until morning. I know - I've seen her like this before." Mike took the initiative and suddenly moved his chair very close to my own. As I fidgeted in my outfit he positioned himself so his legs were wide open and surrounding my own legs which were crossed at the ankles in a very ladylike position. We looked into each others eyes and I just felt weak. He was so handsome! He leaned in close to me, closed his eyes and set out my pretty lipsticked lips. I closed my eyes and raised my face to his. The first touch of our lips was electric. He kissed me lightly at first and then more aggressively. I was only thinking about one thing - letting Mike possess me. He slipped his tongue into my mouth.

"You like that?"

"Oh yes, Mike!". As he continued kissing me I felt his hands on my chest and work down to my legs. As his hands tried to touch between my legs I came back to reality. I squeezed my legs together trapping his hand.

"No, Mike - I'm not that kind of girl!"

He pulled his hand from my legs. "Oh you're a virgin, huh?"

I nodded to him. He just smiled at me and leaned back in his chair, teasing me with his hard cock trying to spring forth from his pants. "He stood up and walked behind me to the sink. I heard him fumbling around. ...I was a little tipsy myself from the cocktails.

"Cindy," he said softly. As I turned to him I saw he was standing next to me with his erect cock sticking out of his jeans. It was about seven inches long and curved upward in a stiff arch His thick hair peeked out from inside his BVDs.. "C'mon Cindy - Cassie's out cold and I'm horny as hell. I've seen you looking at it."

I looked up with panic into his face with the sly grin.

"It'll be our secret," he said as he moved closer. The head of his cock touched the end of my lip. As I looked up into his eyes I opened my mouth to taste it. He was wet at the tip. As I licked the head of it he sighed. I knew it was wrong to do this but I couldn't help myself. Maybe it was the liquor, or maybe it was being dressed from head to toe in girls clothes, maybe it was my destiny to open my mouth and take his hard shaft into my mouth. As Mike began to breathe heavier I moved up and down on it. It tasted pretty good, I thought. Not quite what I expected. I tried using my tongue to apply pressure to different areas of the shaft and found I could make him pulse like crazy. I felt like I was in control.

"Oh my god - suck it, please suck it," was all he could manage to mutter in between his grunts and heavy breathing. I felt my own cock harden in the pretty panties I was wearing, the silky material surrounding me. With a grunt I felt Mike tense up and he started spurting into my mouth. I swallowed three times, and as I reluctantly let his softening member slip from between my lips I relished the taste of his love in my mouth. He leaned back against the kitchen counter as I checked my wig to make sure it was on securely. I tried to get myself together realizing that I had just blown my sister's boyfriend, the football star. Mike pulled himself together and zipped up his jeans.

"Gee, Uh thanks, Donnie - ...I mean *Cindy!*" he quickly corrected himself. As I looked at him with shock and fear he smiled that wicked smile of his and patted me on the face.

"How did you know?"

"Cassie told me when I got a couple of drinks in her. I couldn't believe it when she told me. I thought you looked a little familiar though. Do you like dressing like this?"

"I don't know Mike - it's just for fun."

"You won't say anything about this will you Mike?"

"No way man - there's no way I'd admit I let a little fairy like you suck my dick."

A little fairy. I guess that's what I was.

"Well, I've got to go man. It's been fun You almost suck as good as your sister. Maybe she can give you some pointers," he said as I shrunk into my chair from embarrassment. "Tell Cassie to call me in the morning. I'm sure she doesn't remember telling me your secret, Cindy, so just let her think nothing happened and I didn't figure out your little game."

With that he rubbed his crotch as I watched . He laughed when I looked up into his eyes and left the room. I heard his Mustang leave the drive and peel off down the street. Cassie and Mike are perfect for each other, I thought - they're so alike - as I relived the evening in my mind. As I passed Cassie's room she was out cold. I went to my room and changed out of my outfit. I washed away all of the makeup - all of the traces of femininity. But I couldn't change the reality. Mike was right. I was a fairy cock-sucker.

The Confession

I awoke the next day and as the many days that followed I tried to put the whole incident out of my mind. I saw Mike a few times in the hall at school - he always winked at me or spoke softly to me when no one was around. He would taunt me - "Hi sissy", he would say, or he would grope himself in front of me and laugh when he saw my eyes instinctively lower to watch him - hoping for a glimpse of his maleness through his pants.

Later that year Mike and my sister graduated from junior college. They both moved on to a senior college and to tell the truth I was relieved when Mike was gone. He was a constant reminder to me of my weakness. Things at home had changed a little. Mom and Dad were getting along less and less. I noticed my dad was spending more and more time alone in his room, and Mom slept on the couch every night. I wondered what was going on but didn't dare ask. I awoke one night to go to the bathroom and caught a figure in a long robe ducking into a doorway. When I checked it out my father told me out of view that I should return to bed and stay there.

One day Mom and the girls went to a bridal shower out of town. My Dad and I were alone in the house. I was watching TV when he came in to the room. "I have something to talk to you about, son," he said. I followed him to his room and nervously sat on the edge of the bed. He sat next to me. He was wearing a long robe, and was obviously upset about something, I just hoped I hadn't been called in for another spanking. As he groped for words I was shocked to notice lace peaking out from under his robe. I looked further at his legs and realized he was wearing nylons!

"Donnie I have something to share with you. I hope that you will still respect me."

He opened his robe to reveal himself in ladies lingerie! With shock and wonderment I looked over his attire. He was wearing a matching bra and slip of the most delicate peach color. The bra was very pretty- satin and lace and I could see he had realistic looking breasts. They appeared to be sealed sacks of silicone or something, which were shaped like a woman's breast. The slip was very pretty - several inches of cream colored lace lay just above his knee. It occurred to me that his body was completely shaved. His long legs were actually very shapely.

"What? Why are you dressed this way?" I asked. I didn't mean to overreact to my father...especially since I liked to do the same thing, but what does one say in this situation?

"I like to do this, Donnie. I've been dressing this way for some time now. I feel more comfortable as a woman. Can you accept this?"

"Well..." I slowly responded. "It is kind of a shock but I'll try."

As he hugged me tightly I felt his pretend breasts pressing into me. I was confused but secretly felt so much better about myself. If Daddy was okay with this any pang of guilt I felt over my own adventures was certainly minimized. I realized how different my Dad was acting. It's as if he were a different person. I had always seen him as

strong and masculine, but I was now in the presence of a sensitive, needy person. His mannerisms were different. He walked and moved differently, like a lady.. As I sat down on the edge of the bed he got me a drink of water to compose myself he began to confess to me. He'd always been attracted to lingerie and after marrying and being surrounded by female things he couldn't resist indulging. I was fascinated by his confessions realizing how much alike we were.

“For many years I've lived a lie, trying to do the right thing. To be a man - but I don't feel like a man inside. I may work in a manly profession but all I can think about is dressing like this. I love the way it feels - the way it moves. I dress completely - dresses, a wig, makeup and heels. I feel wonderful when I'm Jane. You must think I'm crazy.”

“No, Jane.”

He smiled.

“I still love you no matter how you dress. I've learned so much from you. You have no idea. I think we should keep this between us. What about Mom?”

“Oh, she knows,” Jane replied. “She's not crazy about it but she's accepted it.”

I now realized why Mom had been sleeping on the couch. As he hugged me I wondered what Jane would think if she knew right now underneath my jeans I was wearing a pair of lime green satin panties I had snuck out of Cassies's room.

Jane's Evolution

Jane began to dress more frequently around me when possible. When home alone or one on of our fishing trips - we took four or five a year. As time progressed Jane had built up quite a nice wardrobe and had perfected her makeup techniques. My understanding of her need to express herself improved our relationship. I was learning how to take advantage of the situation. I occasionally bought her jewelry or a pretty scarf - a feminine gift meant so much to her. In return she bought me a used car and paid for the insurance.

She explained to me that she joined a club for crossdressers and transsexuals and she enlisted my help in sneaking a small suitcase out of the house before the meeting so Mom wouldn't know what Daddy was up to.

He would lower her suitcase by a rope outside her bedroom window and lower it me waiting outside. He told me that at these meetings ten or fifteen guys would all dress up together for a night of socializing. Jane found it fulfilling and met some nice friends there. In fact several times these guys stopped by the house to visit him, They would talk in his workshop or in the garage. I always knew their secret. It was wicked of me but I tried to unnerve them by dressing provocatively when they were around - tight jeans, shirts, shorts. I got a kick out of it. I was nineteen now. My hair bleached by the sun, was worn rather long and I caught more than a few of these guys watching me in-

tently when they were around. Some must have preferred 'real' women because they didn't seem to respond at all.

Casey

Arrangements were made for my Dad and I and his friend Casey to go on a short fishing trip together to northern Wisconsin. We were to share a cabin together on Lake Oneida.

Casey professed to be an avid fisherman. He was one of the younger of my Dad's friends. He was in his early 30s with short black hair and green eyes. He was a small guy - about 5'-6" with a nice trim build. He obviously enjoyed life and was a cool guy to be around. I was looking forward to the trip as we drove north. The landscape became more green and lush along the way. We were three guys all in flannel and jeans off for an adventure.

As I sat in the back seat I fell asleep and dreamed. I was sitting before a dressing table all made up. My hair was pulled up in gentle curls, decorated with pink ribbons and my makeup was incredible. I was dressed as a pink ballerina with tights, a tutu, and very real perky breasts. As I stared at my reflection in the mirror before me I saw a pair of legs walking up behind me. It was a man - a naked man- and as he got closer I could see his thick cock bobbing before me, getting closer and closer. I awoke with a start and found we had arrived at the cabin. As I tried to shake off the dream I was aware how hard I was in my jeans.

We were pleased to see that the cabin was totally private and self-contained. It had one bedroom with twin beds, a large combined living/dining room with a pull out couch, and a small kitchen along the back wall. It was paneled in pine and decorated with a north woods motif. It was heated by a stove in the middle of the large room. We settled in.

Dad and Casey took the bedroom and I was selected to sleep on the couch. The lake was very inviting and we fished until dusk. While we all got along very well in the boat unfortunately the fishing wasn't too great. We returned to the cabin, made dinner and relaxed with some beers. My Dad and Casey seemed to be enjoying some kind of running joke - there was much whispering and abbreviated laughter. I just mellowed out and as we all said our good nights I crawled naked under the covers of the pull out.

The stove was really cranking out the heat and I was very warm. I awoke several times to hear laughter and commotion coming from the bedroom. I got out of bed nude and crept outside the door to listen.

"Jane, how do I look in this skirt! Is it too short?" I heard Casey say.

"No, Brenda - I think it looks sweet on you. You've got got great legs."

I continued to listen at their girlish chatter, stroking myself while I listened. I heard "Brenda" announce that she was off to the bathroom. I got back to bed as quickly as I could, but couldn't entirely cover up before she entered the room. I was laying there on

my back pretending to be asleep as my cock laid semi-hard on my belly. I heard Casey close the bedroom door and move about. I was too terrified to open my eyes, not wanting to be discovered peeking on them in their feminine games. I laid there aware of every sound. I felt some silky material against my arm and then a feeling I will never forget. I felt my cock being slowly licked. Casey had not been able to resist the impulse and by the moonlight streaming into the room I opened my eyes just a crack to see the beautiful creature take my now erect cock into her mouth. Just a few slurps and licks and I was ready to shoot. It was next to impossible to pretend I was asleep as I pumped spurt after spurt into Brenda's greedy mouth.

As quickly as it had began it was over. She let me slip from her lips and I rolled over still pretending to be asleep. I laid there incredibly excited and felt a kiss - a probing kiss between the mounds of my butt. It was a new sensation and I felt myself harden again and I couldn't help but groan. Brenda quietly crept away to the bathroom. I regained my composure and fell back to sleep.

I woke in the morning to find both my Dad and Casey sitting at the table in their fishing clothes sipping coffee. As I sat up in bed rubbing my eyes they both laughed at my boyish "morning wood". I covered up and quickly dressed.

After a quick breakfast we were off in the boat for a day of fishing. We returned to the cabin in the early afternoon. As Daddy retired to the bedroom for a nap Casey and I played cards and got to know each other better. He was a draftsman and lived alone in the city. He and Jane had only been friends a few months and he told me how much he was enjoying our trip and spending time with both of us. He genuinely seemed to like me. We hit it off very well and I kept trying to imagine him as Brenda - how he would look all dressed up in the light of day.

After a short while he told me he was going to take a shower. He left the door open a few inches and I could see glimpses of his body as he stripped down and stepped into the shower. After he pulled the curtain and turned on the shower I crept in. I don't know why but I leaned over and picked up his dirty underwear. They were men's briefs - very thin blue cotton. I held them up to my nose and breathed in his scent. They smelled of cock - cock and sweat. I breathed in the aroma, realized what I was doing and quickly dropped them. I went back out into the kitchen and tried to think of something else.

What was I doing sniffing another guy's underwear? I didn't have much time to think about it. Casey stopped the shower and stepped from the tub to dry himself. Grabbing his clothes and hanging up his towel he casually walked naked into the room. "Forgot my clean clothes, buddy," he said as he casually walked by. I couldn't help but notice his tight smooth body. His butt was round and firm and his cock and balls bobbed before him as he went into the bedroom to get dressed. I couldn't keep my eyes off of him - he was such a hot looking guy. I wanted to stop him - to draw him close - to feel his mouth on me and his hands on my shoulders pushing me down to my knees before his thick pulsing cock. I turned around and did the dishes - trying to think of something else. I was so nervous I broke a plate.

After a short while Daddy woke up and came out of the bedroom. He asked if I was up for another round of fishing. I wasn't. Casey had laid down, and Daddy fixed himself a sandwich, a thermos, and went off to fish alone. He told me he wouldn't be back until after dark. After he left I took my own shower. It felt great, and I let the hot water soothe my body and tried to clear my head of all confusion about what happened last night and what I was feeling about Casey. I was in there quite a while, and when I got out I dried off with a towel and wrapped it around me. I wasn't prepared for the sight waiting for me outside the door.

Casey - or should I say Brenda - was sitting at the table with her legs crossed. Her hair, her makeup was incredible. I couldn't believe this was my fishing buddy. Brenda was wearing a long strawberry blonde wig, with dangle earrings. Her makeup was beautiful - Her eyes were beautifully expressed with eye shadow and her lips were a luscious deep pink color. She was dressed in a little black velvet dress with a high neckline. Her legs were encased in black stockings and she wore tall black patent leather heels with exposed toes. I could see her toenails were painted to match her nails, a dark pink color. I stopped in my tracks when I saw her. She was magnificent. So this was the luscious creature who had expertly milked me to orgasm last night.

“Hi handsome! How was your shower?”

“Umm, it was good, thanks,” I said, trying to be nonchalant.

“It's just you and me for dinner tonight, Don. I hope you don't mind me being this way. Jane told me you know about us and you're okay with it, right?”

”Sure. I've seen Jane all dressed up but she never looked as good as you.”

She blushed and told me to call her Brenda. She said she was impressed I was so adult about all of this. I dropped my towel to the couch and proceeded to dress naked before her. I could see her smile as she watched me standing naked before me. I walked over to the table that way. She had poured us each a glass of wine. As she handed me my glass her hand lingered on mine. I smiled as I saw her anxiously admiring my body. I couldn't tell what she was more interested in - my cock or my butt. I slowly ended her torment by putting on a loose pair of boxers and a T shirt.

“You don't have to dress for me, Don,” she offered.

I smiled and joined her at the table dressed just that way. We sat and talk, shared a bottle of wine and a small dinner just that way. She did go into the bedroom to change her outfit several times. As she modeled before me I rubbed myself through my boxers. I don't know what turned me on more - her body or her clothes. It must have been the wine but the conversation turned to dressing up.

“I'm so glad you're cool with this,” Brenda said.

“Oh I'm very cool with it, Brenda. You don't know how much. I've been around Jane for years. I find it fascinating, very sensual and erotic.”

“Really,” she responded and continued, “You have no idea how wonderful this all feels - to wear silky things and feel pretty”.

Perhaps it was the wine, or because Brenda was so pretty and open, but as she sat fascinated I finally admitted to her and really to myself my own true desires. I told her about Cassie dressing me up and even about my embarrassing incident with Mike. She wanted every detail. She took me by the hand and led me to the bedroom. I was nervous but had gone this far and I knew I must go on. We sat next to each other closely on the edge of the bed. We leaned closer and as I looked into Brenda's beautiful eyes our mouths met. I could taste her lipstick on me.

As we kissed, she forced her tongue into my mouth and pulled me close. She was definitely the aggressor. As her hand slipped inside the opening of my boxers I was feeling her leg. It was so smooth. It was electrifying. I gushed "I love your outfit. Your dress, your legs, your makeup - you're beautiful!"

"Well I think we should do something about *your* outfit don't you think?" she replied. "I want you to do as I say Don and soon you will know more pleasure than you have ever known."

"I'm all yours, Brenda," I nervously replied. She squeezed my cock, smiled at me and ordered me to stand before her. She told me to strip naked which I did. As I did so my cock sprang to attention.

"Now now, we should do something with this, don't you think?", she said as she ran her hand over me. "I think these tight panties should do the trick."

They were tight sheer white nylon panties, which certainly brought my raging manhood under control. I breathed heavily as she helped me into a matching bra, and stuffed some nylons into the bra cups to fill out my breasts. She gave me sheer white thigh high stockings - the kind with elastic tops, and smiled as she watched me pull them up into place. She rifled through her things and found a blouse and skirt for me to wear. The blouse was ivory silk and the skirt a short plaid. She chose a pair of tan heels for me and took me to the kitchen table to apply her makeup. Between kisses and occasional giggles she applied makeup to my face and combed out my hair in a girlish fashion. She was almost as excited as I was when she finished and led me to the mirror.

I couldn't believe my eyes - I was *pretty!* My makeup was subtle but effective. My eyes were shaded in dark mauve, with frosty rose lipstick. My lashes were thick and curly, and she placed some pearl earrings on my ears. I was so pleased I almost cried. Brenda was very pleased at my reaction. We held each other and kissed, It was incredibly erotic.

I'll never forget the taste of lipstick on lipstick. We laughed and played, drinking wine, modeling and posing. She even made me walk outside like that! I saw someone drive by - a young guy who got a good look and whistled at me. I ran back into the cabin and we had a good laugh. I sat back on the couch, dizzy from the wine and the fulfillment of my dreams. I was totally dressed - and I was pretty. I felt so alive, so sensual.

Brenda stripped off the dress to reveal herself in a tight black corset, with sheer black panties. I licked my lips and she climbed on top of me, straddling my waist. I looked up at her as she smiled and pulled my face to her throbbing panties. I was overwhelmed with desire and ran my mouth over them, massaging her hardness

through the thin fabric. She lowered them and the monster sprang free. It landed square on my chin. She took her cock and teased me with it, rubbing it all over my face as my hungry mouth and tongue tried to retrieve it. She laughed and taunted me.

“Does sissy girl want to suck cock? You're so pretty all dressed up. I know you want it.” She pushed it into my mouth. I gagged, and she laughed.

“You got me really hot, telling me about blowing your sister's boyfriend. I will teach you how to properly service a man. I feel it will be a lesson which will be very valuable to you in the future.”

She instructed me in the art of cock sucking. I listened as she ordered me to kiss it, to lick her balls, and to suck her hard cock slowly all the way to the base. As she instructed I used muscles in my throat I never knew I had. I milked it and coaxed her hot cum from her as I held her smooth ass cheeks behind her, pulling her farther and farther into my mouth.

“Oh honey, you are such a natural cock sucker. Your mouth was meant to be wrapped around a man's hard cock. Now swallow my cum you little bitch!”

Her words only made me more crazy to please her. I swallowed her present greedily all the while looking up into her beautiful eyes. She collapsed on the couch and pulled me on top of her. As we kissed tenderly I felt her tongue inside my mouth searching for remnants of her sticky deposit. I nestled my head between her pretend boobies. We lay like that for a while as she composed herself.

“Come with me,” she said. I followed her to the bedroom. She pushed me back on the bed and as I watched she stripped and removed all of her makeup and femininity. She was Casey now. Casey jumped on the bed and climbed naked on top of me. I felt very vulnerable as he roughly kissed me and groped my breasts.

“I am so impressed with your true feminine nature. I find it fascinating that both father and son have such a strong feminine presence. But while I am unsure about Jane's true sexual identity I am sure about yours. You have proven to me your need to be dominated - and your love for cock. You love it don't you?”

“Yes, Casey I do love it. I want to please you.”

“I know you do, kitten. I will now make love to you as a man.”

He took control and I surrendered myself to him. As he kissed me he unbuttoned my blouse. His kisses worked down to my chest and he spent a great deal of time kissing and nibbling on my chest. My nipples were incredibly aroused and feelings of electricity shot through me as he pinched and bit them lightly. His hands had raised my pretty plaid skirt and was working it's way slowly up my legs. He rubbed and caressed and drove me wild.

“Lets get rid of those panties baby,” he said, and he grabbed them and slowly pulled them down my legs. I could feel his hand working up closer and closer between my legs. He smiled as he grabbed my hard cock. “You know your cock is really rather small for a guy your size. In fact your balls are rather small as well. Maybe you were meant to be a girl”

I didn't have time to respond - he kissed me deeply and I just let him have his way with me. I could feel myself shrinking as he made fun of my size.

“With a tight pair of panties this cute little thing will barely seem obvious. Turn over, Sweetheart - on your tummy.”

I rolled over and felt him raise my skirt up to expose my bare butt. He caressed my smooth cheeks with his strong hands and ran his fingers along the crack. He then proceeded to kiss both of my cheeks and then I once again felt that indescribable pleasure as I felt him pull my cheeks apart and to kiss my tight twitching hole. His tongue invaded me and I cooed as I felt him inside me. He began licking and probing my hole with his mouth. He forced two fingers into my mouth and I instinctively sucked on them. He laughed and pulled them from my mouth.

“Ah, there is your sweet pussy”. I gasped as he slipped in one finger and then the other, grimacing as he pushed them in deeply. He smiled as he watched my response intently.

“You have a hot pussy don't you baby. Have you ever had a cock in there?”

“No, Casey. I never have but I will if you want me to.”

He just laughed. “No Baby - you will have to wait for that. But I can tell by your response that you need it badly. A regular boy wouldn't react that way.”

As I buried my head in the pillow his words only made me realize how different I was from all of the other boys at school. I was laying before a naked man, all dressed and made up as a schoolgirl, with him obscenely fingering me and dominating me. And I had to admit I liked it - I wanted more. He slapped me hard on my bottom. I let out a shriek and he laughed and told me that playtime was over. He sat on the bed and had me sit upon his lap. With his hands resting on my legs he pulled my mouth to him and kissed me deeply.

“You're such a sweet thing. I could just devour you. But I won't.. The time is getting late and I don't think you want your father finding us like this.”

Casey got dressed in manly attire and I reluctantly removed the feminine outfit and dressed in a manly way as well. When my Dad returned we were both at the table playing cards.

After a nice dinner we all went to bed. I had to admit I was jealous of the conversations from the bedroom and I laid in the dark wondering about what happened. Was I really a sissy boy whose place it was to service men? I had to admit that I hadn't thought about girls for a while - not real girls.

The thought of Casey's cock in my mouth was all I could think about.

The next morning we packed up and prepared to leave the cabin. As my Dad went off to settle up with the resort keeper Casey and I removed our remaining gear from the cabin. As I went to leave the cabin he pulled me behind the door and pushed me up against the wall. He rubbed up against me and kissed me hard on the lips. He forced me to my knees and unzipping his pants he forced his erect cock into my mouth. I was surprised but accepted his hardness with no objection.

As I quietly sucked him he said “From now on you are my toy to use as I wish. I have slipped several things into your suitcase. An outfit to wear so you will think of me, and a vibrator. I want you to prepare yourself for a real man.”

His words excited me and him as well. He pumped his throbbing cock into me and I greedily swallowed every drop he gave me. He pulled me up, kissed me, and we went about our packing as my Dad walked back in. I wiped the stickiness from my face, marveling at Casey's power. He was able to completely control me. I was powerless to resist him. As we drove back to the reality of the real world I thought about what he said to me, I knew I would do as he instructed.

My new Reality

A few weeks had passed. I hadn't spoken to Casey. The situation at home was pretty much status quo. Jane emerging at night in the privacy of her room or dressing around me when we were home alone. I watched her applying makeup, all the while secretly learning from her, as had done since I was little, a boy observing his father changing a tire, building a shed, being a guy. Jane told me she had always been drawn to dressing up and assured me that she was attracted to women, as that somehow mattered to me - if she only knew what her pal Casey was teaching me.

I had been practicing with the vibrator in secret and dressing up in the outfit he had given me in secret. It was a matching bra and panties set in the palest ice pink, with a tight white leather skirt and a turquoise silk blouse which felt wonderful. It made me so excited to wear it knowing that another man had given it to me. I would dress up in secret and pose in my mirror, slowly stripping down to my pretty undies. I would take the vibrator and explore, feeling the warm humming between my legs, imagining it was Casey and he was holding me, kissing my neck as his hardness poked at me. Every time I played with the vibrator I felt ashamed afterwards, and hid it away, assuring myself that this was the last time...until the next time.

I went to a local department store looking for a birthday present for my mom, and somehow ended up in the lingerie department, overwhelmed by all the silky attire. It didn't help that I had smoked a joint Cassie had given me and was pretty toasted at the time. I was running my finger over a sheer baby blue nightie with maribou trim around the plunging neckline, luxuriating in its silkiness, imagining how it must feel - my mind drifting.

“May I help you, sir?” a matronly sales clerk inquired, startling me back to reality.

“I, umm, am shopping for a birthday present - for my girlfriend”, I responded, remembering that I was indeed shopping for a birthday present and was carrying a bag of wrapping paper and a card for my mom already. I felt pretty satisfied with my quick recovery but I could tell she wasn't buying it.

“I see...and what size would she be?”

“Well, I guess she's about my size.”

She smiled a wicked smile and took me by the arm. “Well I'll be glad to help you, young man. What would you like to buy her?” As she assisted me we selected a white lace teddy and a matching robe. My hands were trembling as I paid her and left the store.

It occurred to me that she didn't even offer me a gift box - I laughed out loud in the car and put my hand in the shopping bag while the other remained on the steering wheel. I couldn't wait to get home. When I got home I made an appearance to the family and for some odd reason I took a nice long bath - which I never do - I've always been a shower kind of guy. Afterwards I powdered myself and returned to my room in my bathrobe, anxious to try on my new outfit. As I slipped on the teddy and pulled it up over me I could feel my excitement growing. It was thong styled, a new sensation for me. The robe was lovely and I felt so alive and sexy in it.

As I admired my round butt in the mirror I thought “If I were a guy I'd like to fuck that”. *If I were a guy!* I laughed out loud and fell back on the bed - reaching under the mattress I pulled out my vibrating friend and I once again pleased myself.

Hello Sissy

“Hello sissy, are you being a good girl?” My heart skipped a beat as I realized it was Casey on the phone. I pretended I was talking to one of my friends and took the phone to my room for privacy. I told him about my new outfit. He made me put it on while I was talking to him. We were both pretty excited as he made me describe it in excruciating detail. He told me how sweet I was and that I had the potential to be a very pretty young lady. He told me that he wanted to help me, to guide me, and I agreed.

We made arrangements to meet on the following Saturday, and he told me to wear my new outfit under my boy clothes when we met. I counted the days and on Saturday I was a nervous wreck, not knowing what he had planned for me. I made up a phony excuse about spending the night with a friend and met Casey at a coffee shop about an hour away from home. I sat there for a while waiting for him - he was late - and I was thinking maybe this wasn't such a good idea and I should just forget about the whole thing when he showed up. When I saw him and his cocky smile I was intrigued. Before he sat down he grabbed himself, making sure I could see it, delighting in the effect he was having on me. He sat down across from me in the booth and we ordered coffee. His left foot was resting straight out on my crotch, pushing against me, and he told me to slowly unbutton my shirt until the lace of the teddy was exposed for his amusement. He told me that we'd leave my car here for a few hours, and ride together for an “interesting evening”.

When I asked for more information he just said “Relax, pussy. You're in good hands. Have you been practicing with that fake cock I gave you?”

I admitted that I had. He smiled and told me that he felt I was ready for the next step. We left together and I sat beside him in his big old Buick - the kind with a bench seat. He made me sit close to him in the car and hold and play with his warm cock most of the way as we drove. He even coaxed me to lick the head of it a little as he drove. I heard a truck beside us honk his horn loudly as he witnessed Casey getting a blow job on the road. By the time we reached our destination we were both pretty excited. The home was a massive brick home on a large lot. It was wooded and very secluded. There were cars everywhere - it looked like a party was going on. We got out together and walked up to the large double doors and he told me to ring the bell.

The massive doors opened to reveal an exotic creature in a French maids outfit.

Nicole

“Good evening, Monsieur Casey. Good evening, Monsieur,” she smiled at me and curtsied.

“For heavens sake Nicole, this is no *Monsieur*, this is the sweet young pledge I spoke about.”

“Aah yes,” she smirked. “Follow me please.”

We entered the foyer. It was a beautiful home with a marble foyer and a graceful arching staircase leading upstairs. I could see a few men about - and noticed they were talking and gesturing in my direction. I felt rather nervous.

“Donnie, I want you to go with Nicole and do as she says,” Casey instructed. “Do not be afraid. I will see you soon and all will be made clear to you. This will be an evening you will never forget - you will see.”

“Follow me my dear,” Nicole instructed. She was exquisite. A muscular black creature with flawless makeup, a wig of cascading black curls, exuding femininity. Her nails



were long and dark and she looked ravishing in her tight maids outfit. Her legs were encased in black fishnet stocking and she wore black velvet pumps with a small bow on each. The heels clicked on the marble floor as we made our way to the staircase and she climbed the staircase slowly, making sure her I was watch her climbing above me. I trodded along behind her enjoying the view. I could see she had on white ruffled panties, which poked out from underneath her black silk maids uniform. I admired the chandelier as we climbed to the second floor. What was waiting for me I wondered? I was nervous. Any thoughts I had of fleeing seemed unimportant as I watched this graceful creature climbing the stairs. All I could think about was how wonderful that outfit must feel.

On the second floor Nicole led me to an upstairs bedroom. We entered and she closed the door behind us. It was an opulent room - decorated all in pink - a pink shag rug, French provincial furnishings, a beautiful dressing table, and mirrors - on every wall I noticed. There was a large dressing room and bath attached similarly decorated. Nicole led me into the bathroom and began to draw a bath. There were ivory colored candles lit around the tub and their fragrance filled the room.

“Monsieur will strip now so that we may begin our beauty ritual.”

“What will happen to me, Nicole?” I nervously asked.

“You will soon see”, she replied and helped me to undress. As I took off my shirt she smiled when she saw the white teddy underneath that Casey had made me wear. Nicole passed her hand over the pretty teddy and smiled. As we looked into each others eyes her fingers found my right nipple and she squeezed it between her fingers. I flinched and she drew me closely and proceeded to kiss me. Just one kiss - one incredible erotic kiss. She pulled away from me smiling as I looked at her with a dazed look on my face. She dropped to her knees and removed my shoes and looking up at me unbuttoned my pants and lowered the zipper. She pulled down my pants and helped me remove them. I stood before in only my white teddy. She stood and faced me and lowered the straps from my shoulders. She slid the teddy off of me and I stood naked before her.

“Monsieur is enjoying this, no?” she quipped as she grabbed my maleness in her hand. “All this fuss about such a small matter”, she said as I felt myself shrinking in her presence. “Ah, that's better - so much more feminine this way. Your manly hair will be removed ma cheri,” as she rubbed my hairy crotch.

“I don't know, Nicole, this is such a big step”, I nervously replied.

“Monsieur, I have my duties to perform . You will do as I say, no?”

”All right Nicole, I'll do as you tell me.”

“Excellent”, was her reply, and she turned around to produce a bottle of hair remover and proceeded to coat my body with it. The pink gel felt good at first, but began to sting as it did it's work. My skin was itchy and as I scratched my arm clumps of hair became loose, leaving my skin smooth and pink.

“Nicole, this stuff is burning me!”

“Patience ma cheri, beauty has its price”, she replied. After what seemed an eternity she escorted me first to a walk in shower, where the spray washed what was left of my masculinity down the drain. She then escorted me to the sink, where she shaved my face smooth and shaved off my sideburns.

Any remaining spots of hair on my body were quickly removed, and I blushed as he thoroughly shaved my entire pubic area. I was completely hairless from the head down. How like a young boy - or girl - I looked, I thought. The tub was waiting, and I settled in after the torment of my hair removal. How wonderful the bath felt. I luxuriated in the warm bubbles and enjoyed a glass of red wine Nicole brought me. The wine only made me more relaxed - was something in it? I wondered. As I enjoyed the wine and the candles I relaxed and accepted whatever delights may be in store for me.. Nicole made herself busy puttering in the dressing area and kept popping in to check on me. I wasn't going anywhere.

“It is time for you to step out, mademoiselle,” she said. I reluctantly stood and stepped out of the tub onto the plush rug. As Nicole dried me gently with a fluffy rose colored towel I began to examine her handiwork. I was smooth as could be! I glanced into the mirror and realized with my smooth slender build I looked like a boy...or should I say girl - of eighteen. My maleness had shrunk from the beauty bath and I looked quite sexless.

Nicole applied a light coat of baby oil to my pink skin which felt wonderful. She took a large purple shaker of fragrant talc and applied it to my entire body. As her carefully manicured hands softly rubbed the floral scented talc into my soft skin I was overwhelmed by femininity. I was so smooth! I didn't feel like a boy anymore. Nicole was delighted with my reactions.

“Mademoiselle feels very pretty, doesn't she?”

“Oh yes Nicole - thank you so much for helping me to feel so sensual.” She leaned closely and kissed me on the cheek. “It has been my pleasure to prepare you, ma cheri, but my work is finished.” She turned and I watched her gracefully leave the room while I stood there naked and vulnerable. I was wondering what was to be my fate. I began to shiver from nervousness and my nakedness. My nipples became erect and I felt so alive!

The Ladies in Waiting

The door suddenly opened and with much commotion three ladies entered, all talking at once. I tried to cover myself and they laughed at my modesty.

“Oh please honey, don't be shy. My name is Victoria and these are my friends Josephine and Stephanie.”

“Isn't she a sweet young thing!” Josephine gushed, “so smooth and feminine.”

“Well she does show promise but there's much work to be done!”, added Stephanie. She bent over and took my penis in her polished hand. “Look girls - isn't she tiny? It's a good thing she's a girl now because she could never please a real woman with this little toy!”

Victoria immediately came to my defense. “Stephanie! How rude of you! Pay no attention to her my dear - she's just jealous of your pretty young skin. It takes her gallons of makeup to make her look remotely feminine! Josephine, dear, please see if you can find something pretty for our little pledge to throw on.”

Josephine returned from the armoire with a pale green silk kimono. It was decorated with silk lotus blossoms in a pale ivory. It was the most feminine thing I had ever seen. As Josephine helped me into it I relished the feeling of silk on my freshly smooth body. It felt wonderful!

All the ladies were dressed in evening wear. Victoria with her curly red hair was in a smart blue suit - a tight skirt with a matching blazer. Her shapely legs were encased in a pair of gold high heels. Stephanie was garishly dressed in a black sequined top and black slacks and pumps. Josephine was attired in a a frilly floral dress with a high collar. She reminded me of a Mom going to a PTA dinner or something. The dress fell below her knees and she was wearing a pair of plain white heels. I tied the sash around the silk kimono and began to feel more at ease.

“Sit here, my dear,” Victoria instructed as I sat before the dressing table. “I will prepare your makeup, Stephanie is an expert at nails, and Josephine will assist you with your dressing.”

As the ladies began their work I felt incredibly pampered and the center of attention. Stephanie placed cotton balls between my toes and gave me a pedicure and after much discussion as to color painted my toenails a pretty shade of rosy pink. I watched in fascination as she applied long artificial nails to my slender fingers. “These aren't permanent, are they?” I asked nervously. They just laughed and continued their work, applying the same lovely shade of polish to my new nails.

Victoria's makeup was flawless and I was so glad that she was the one who was making up my face. She applied a light cover of makeup matching my skin tone, and applied a lighter shade under my eyes. “To bring them out, my dear” she advised. I tried to sit still as she carefully trimmed my eyelashes - to provide me with a “feminine arch”. A light coat of brown eyebrow pencil was applied for accent. She applied pretty light purple eye shadow to my lids and dark brown eyeliner. I had to sit very still while she did so. She then applied false eyelashes with a thin coating of glue supplied with them. My cheeks were highlighted with pink blush which was gently blended into my makeup. I was then dusted with face powder with a frilly powder puff. Victoria outlined my lips with a lipstick liner and filled them in with dark amethyst lipstick . An application of lip gloss made my lips look wet and inviting. My hair was combed back in preparation for a wig. Josephine entered the room balancing four wig stands bearing wigs in different styles and colors. “Which one do you like, honey?”, she asked softly. I was so excited!

“They're all so pretty - can I try them all?”

The ladies chuckled at my enthusiasm and we tried them all, one by one. The first was a wig of long relatively straight raven colored hair. I tried it on but I felt it just wasn't me. The second wig was a short curly ash blonde wig. It was pretty but it seemed like an older style. The third was a strawberry blonde wig. I liked the color but not the style. It had no bangs and looked rather sluttish, I thought. As I tried on the fourth wig I knew I had found the perfect one. It was a wig of soft reddish brown. It fell in gentle waves to my shoulders and framed my face beautifully. The ladies offered their approval.

“Oh honey,” Josephine said, “you look so pretty.”

“Yes my dear, I believe this is the real you,” Victoria added. Stephanie said “I liked the strawberry blonde one.”

You would - I thought, as I looked her over in her tacky outfit and garish makeup.

“Girls this is her decision - after all it is her debut,” Victoria asserted. As I looked into the mirror I was delighted at my reflection. Donnie was gone, what was left was very pretty and feminine.

“Come my dear, there is much to do!” Victoria instructed. “We still need to dress you.” I was led to the bedroom and found lingerie laid out on the bed. Josephine had picked it out for me - it was all in feminine hues of pale gold. Stephanie helped me out of my robe and I yet again stood naked before them. I couldn't help myself - all of this feminine attention, my face transformed into that of a young girl - I felt myself hardening. I felt a firm hand squeezing my maleness. It was Victoria.

“We'll have none of that young lady!” she instructed. “I know this is all very exciting to you but you must remember you are a girl now, and girls don't get erections!”

Stephanie laughed out loud, and I noticed her smirking face. Josephine was rifling through a large closet and Stephanie began to dress me. She wrapped me in a corset. It was ivory and gold silk, with lace and a small gold rose between my breasts. It felt so smooth and silky. Stephanie ordered me to take a deep breath as she tightly pulled on the laces in back. I felt my stomach compressed and my breasts seemed to blossom from the tight silk cocoon. She knelt before me and rolled first one, then the other sheer stockings up my legs. She attached the first side and then as she attached the second for a quick instant I felt her hot mouth lick up my smooth balls and take my hard little cock into her mouth. I looked nervously and realized the other ladies were busy and weren't paying attention. I looked down into Stephanie's face - she winked at me while her lipsticked lips slid quickly up and down my cock and quickly removed her mouth when Victoria spun around.

“What's taking you so long Stephanie? Finish up that stocking and get her into panties, for heaven's sake! You'd better get that erection under feminine control! The men are waiting!”

The men are waiting? What did that mean?

Josephine piped up. “Honey, I've selected a pretty gold panty girdle for you to wear. It's padded in the behind and is very tight. It will take care of our ‘problem’ and give you a more girlish figure. I don't think we really need a gaffe for you anyway.” I slid the garment up my legs and tugged it over me. It constricted my maleness, giving me a flat

appearance in front. I admired myself in it in the mirror and noticed the padded behind did add some more curves to my bottom.

“She needs bigger boobs,” Stephanie interjected. “I think you're right my dear. Josephine, please get us some breast forms from the dressing table.” She returned and I held them in my hand with fascination. They were very soft and realistic. Victoria slipped in several sizes until she found the size that filled out the cups of my corset naturally. I couldn't help myself - as I looked into the mirror I ran my hands over my girlish breasts, over my tight stomach and to the smoothness down the front of my panties. I felt like a real girl - and looked it as well! The ladies smiled on in appreciation and amusement. Josephine reached into the closet and pulled out a pretty pair of ivory pumps with open toes and ankle straps. She had me sit at the dressing table as - Cinderella like - she slipped me into the heels and strapped them. I noticed that my toenail polish was clearly visible, reminded me yet again of my femininity. Victoria took me by the hand and had me stand and walk with her, instructing me how to walk and carry myself in a more feminine manner. They were surprised at how well I walked in the heels - it all seemed very natural to me. I walked with them slowly and sweetly to the closet, anticipating what was next. There was quite a selection of clothing before me. Dresses, blouses, skirts, all in different sizes and colors. Some appeared rather risqué - and I felt like a kid in a candy shop!

Victoria offered her opinion. “I feel for our young lady's debut something formal is appropriate. Something elegant, but exuding femininity. And we certainly want to show off those pretty legs!” The other ladies agreed although I imagined Stephanie would have liked me to wear a red vinyl minidress toward the end of the closet. I had to admit I wanted to try it on, but Victoria was in charge. She pushed through the selections and pulled out a beautiful dress - it took my breath away! “This is lovely, don't you think, my dear?”

It was indeed that. “Oh yes, please! May I try it on?” I pleaded unnecessarily. They laughed softly at my reaction. Josephine helped me into an ivory lace satin slip with lace. The dress was very ornate. It was ivory colored satin and lace and as I was incredibly excited as they had me step into it and they slipped it up my delicate frame. It rose above my knee and as Josephine slowly raised the back zipper I felt it tighten to conform to my new girlish figure. The skirt portion was tight satin I noticed that the lace of my slip was just barely visible, peeking beneath. The bodice was satin and lace and surrounded my breasts with loveliness. The dress had two straps of ivory satin which rose from my breasts to my neck where they connected to a wider band of ivory satin which wrapped around my neck and buttoned securely in back. I felt incredibly feminine.

Josephine turned to apply some clip on earrings - they were gold with dangling white pearls. A matching bracelet was added to my wrist. Victoria removed a diamond ring from her finger and placed it upon mine. “This is just on loan, my dear. It will help to bring you luck.”

They led me to a full length mirror and we stood before it admiring their handiwork. I was delighted with how pretty I looked. My hair and makeup appeared very natural. My dress fit beautifully and my legs looked very pretty. The ladies nodded their approval, commenting on what a natural girl I was. I was brought back to reality by in-

creased noise from downstairs - the music was rather loud and it sounded like a party was going on.

“Come my dear, our work here is finished. It is time for your debut,” Victoria said and led me to the door leading to the hallway beyond. She knocked three times and the door opened.

It was Nicole again, who had been waiting for me. “So pretty! You will make some gentleman very happy, I think, Mademoiselle!” she gushed. “Please follow me”. I was too nervous to think. I just acted and obeyed. There was no turning back.

As the ladies stood at the top of the stairs watching with approval I descended the staircase following Nicole. I walked very carefully. I have been known to do some klutzy things at times and I certainly didn't want to fall down the stairs! I remembered to walk femininely as the ladies had instructed, making sure there was a wiggle to my walk and pushing my shoulders back and my chest out. From the bottom of a staircase she led me by the arm down a short hallway to a massive oak door. I was incredibly nervous. We stopped before it and I gasped with anticipation as she knocked slowly three times. The noise on the other side of the door stopped and it was silent. The door slowly opened and I was relieved to find Casey behind it.

My Debut

As the door opened fully I saw that it was a large family room. It was very masculine - with wood paneling and it was decorated in leather and rich earth tones. There were several pool tables and card games going on at heavy octagonal tables. There was a large bar across the side wall and many men were at the bar or milling around. They were all ages and types. I heard a few whistles and Casey laughed as he grabbed me by the hand.

“You look great, baby! I knew you would!”

”Casey, what's going to happen here?” I asked, looking into his sparkling eyes.

“You'll see, pumpkin. Come along now.”

Casey led me to the bar and the men made a path for me to get through. There must have been thirty of them. As we walked to the bar I swear I felt a man's hand on my bottom. Some of the men smirked at me, but most were very appreciative. I felt very vulnerable. Casey asked a young bartender to get me a strawberry daiquiri. I guess I had no choice in the matter. The bartender was cute - young and Hispanic. He reminded me of Ricky Martin and our eye contact was brief but intense. Casey gave me the glass and raised his voice to fill the room. “Gentleman, please join me in a

toast. This beautiful young creature is becoming a young woman tonight - and a pretty one at that. A toast to her femininity, my fiends!"

I sipped my wine and Casey winked at me. "Don't be nervous, honey. I want to introduce you to the guys." He took me around the room, parading me to the partygoers. It was a dizzying experience, and my glass was refilled several times by attentive men. I couldn't possibly remember all of their names. Some were more masculine than others, and flirted with me. Others were polite and obviously amused but seemed relatively uninterested. They were dressed in varying attire. Some looked like they just got off a construction site, while others were more formally dressed.

"Well gentlemen, we can now get underway," Casey said, bringing the crowd of men to attention. Casey took my hand and led me to a small platform that had been placed in a corner of the room. We stepped on the platform and he held my hand and addressed the men. He continued. "You know how this works, guys. I can tell you that this beautiful creature is a virgin. And I can also tell you that she has some very natural talents in pleasing a man that you will surely enjoy. As is our practice if you wish to be the man who will take her virginity you must bid for her!"

I looked at Casey with shock. How could this be, Was I to have no say in this matter. Sensing the panic in my face he squeezed my hand tightly and pulled me closely to him. He turned to the crowd with a wicked smile and wink and pulled my lips to his. As he kissed me in front of all of the men I felt any resistance to what was going on fading, and I surrendered to his probing tongue and strong arms around me. He pulled from me and I stood there dazed from the passionate kiss he loudly said "Who will open the bidding?"

"I bid Three Hundred dollars for her," shouted out a small rather plain looking man in a sweat suit. I saw the twisted look of lust in his eyes and shuddered.

"Four Hundred Dollars," came a bid from the back of the room. I could barely see who it was. It was a young guy I had met earlier in a black turtleneck and gray blazer, with sunglasses. He was cute, I thought. My heart sank as his bid was overtaken by a handsome man with salt and pepper hair standing to the side. He was dressed in a dark blue suit and looked very handsome. As he looked into my eyes I felt myself blush nervously.

The bidding continued. A few of the guys were pooling money together. Their ring-leader was dressed in flannel and jeans and had a short stubby beard. I was panicked but relieved when the final bidding was between the young man in the sunglasses and the mature nicely dressed gentleman. At Fourteen Hundred dollars the final bidder was the gentleman with the salt and pepper hair. I looked longingly at the other bidder and he removed his sunglasses and I could see the disappointment in his eyes as he turned and made his way to the bar.

"Very well then. Thank you Clint for your generous bid. It will help to offset our expenses for our next meeting. Please step forward and take your woman by the hand," Casey instructed. Clint did just that. He strutted forward and took my small hand in his. I looked into his eyes with nervousness and his assuring smile looking back at me made me feel more at ease. He put his arms around me and kissed me. It was a sweet kiss - a gentle kiss - and I instinctively became putty in his hands and accepted his

tongue. He broke our embrace and the crowd cheered as he escorted me through the admiring onlookers and through the room. I heard laughter and several muted crude comments as we left. The door closed behind us and the noise inside returned to its previous level.

My Submission

I was led by my man to a room down the hall. As we entered it I realized it was a guest bedroom of some sort. It was beautifully decorated in shades of seafoam green. The bed was large and covered with satin of the same color. There were mirrors over a good portion of several walls. Clint closed the door and pulled me closely to him.

“How I wanted you when I saw you tonight. I was taken aback by your young beauty and femininity. You looked so sweet and innocent. I just knew I must be the one to have you tonight.”

I smiled and felt very comfortable in his embrace. I kissed him back lovingly. It felt like the most natural thing in the world to kiss him, to cuddle. He slowly unbuttoned the neck of my dress and slowly lowered the zipper. The ladies dressed me, and this man was undressing me, I thought. He removed my dress and slip, and smiled as he pulled me back to his embrace. I wanted to undress him - to see what was beneath the formal suit and tie. He smiled as I removed his jacket, carefully placing it on the back of a chair in the corner, so it wouldn't be wrinkled. I removed his tie and unbuttoned his collar. I saw dark chest hair bursting forth from his shirt. I unbuttoned his shirt slowly and I could see his chest panting as I pushed it open and placed my long dark pink nails over his manly chest. He was rather hairy - a *real man*, I thought.

With my hands on his chest he pulled me back to him for a passionate embrace. I could feel his hardness pressing against me through the suit pants. I instinctively lifted my back leg and he chuckled as he continued to kiss my face, my neck and down to my breasts. He reached in and pulled out my breast forms. “You won't be needing these anymore, honey. You're feminine enough without them.”

He pushed down the top of my corset to expose my breasts and he sweetly kissed and bit at my breasts. The feelings were incredible and I put my head back and moaned in pleasure. He abruptly stopped and put his hands on my shoulders. As I looked into his eyes he forced me to my knees and placed my hands on his belt buckle. I nervously fumbled with it and managed to loosen it. My feminine fingers slowly lowered his zipper and I saw his gray silk boxers straining with the hardness within. I removed his pants and laid them neatly on the chair. He had removed his shirt and was now only in those silk boxers.

What a handsome man! He had a firm hairy chest and strong legs. I could tell by the lump in his boxers that he was very well endowed. I could see a few small wet

spots on the boxers and realized just how excited he was. It was an incredible feeling of power, and I envied real girls for this power that they could hold over a man. I licked my lips in anticipation of what was to come.

Clint pulled my head to his shorts. "C'mon, taste it baby. I know you want it. You want it don't you?"

"Yes, yes!", I replied as my mouth tried to lick him through the silky material.

"Pull them down, sissy. With your teeth."

I sighed and did as I was told. I managed to pull them down and as soon as it was free his hard uncircumcised cock sprang free and poked me in the face. He rubbed it all over my face.

What about my makeup? I thought as I felt his sticky prodding.

"Look at me, bitch!"

As I looked up into his eyes he broke out into a grin and placed his throbbing cock right in front of my mouth. "Kiss it and make love to it like the pussy you are."

I accepted my fate, realizing that at this moment in time pleasing and obeying him was the most important thing in the world. He pushed it between my lipsticked lips. I began softly sucking, and playing with his foreskin with my hungry mouth. He peeled it back and I took the head into my mouth. So delicious, I thought. His cock filled me completely and he began pumping it in and out of me. This was such a dream - to be dressed in this manner, to be beautifully made up, with a hot insistent man in my mouth. I was brought back to reality by his firm voice.

"Stand up, pussy!"

I did so, realizing I was shaking a little. He kissed me again. I wondered if he could taste his own cock on my lips. He was holding me closely and placed his cock between my legs. I closed them around it and felt him pushing back and forth, letting me know what was to come. He picked me up easily and I wrapped my arms around his thick neck. He lowered me to the bed and I lay back as he stood above me examining his prize.

"I paid a lot of money for this and I intend to enjoy it. Something tells me you're worth every penny."

He removed my panty girdle and as I laid back on the bed he crawled between my legs. I was shocked as he immediately took me into his mouth. I was overwhelmed with waves of pleasure as he licked and sucked me. I moaned as he made love to me with his mouth. He licked me from the base of my scrotum all the way to the tip of my cock.

"Mmm, it's so sweet", he mumbled as he continued. I tried but could hold back no longer. With an arched back and a girlish shriek I exploded into Clint's hot mouth.

He climbed on top of me. I could feel his entire weight upon me as he pushed his tongue into my mouth and I tasted my own cum as he kissed me. I could feel his hard cock probing between my legs. He worked his way on top of me so that he was above me - his cock rubbed up between my smooth breasts and continued their journey up

to my face. I was powerless to resist him - my arms were pinned beneath him as he climbed above my face and pushed his dripping cockhead into my mouth.

Grabbing the headboard he began rhythmically fucking my face. I sucked as well as I could but he was choking me.

“That's it, sissy, fill your mouth with a man's cock. It is your destiny. You know that you need it. Wrap your pussy lips around your man's cock.”

I looked up but all I could see was his hairy body heaving above me. I was trapped and took more of him into my mouth, realizing the truth in his words. He began to shake. “Oh yeah, take it bitch”. His cock began to fill me with his love juice. I tried to swallow it all but there was so much! I choked and some of it dribbled from the corner of my mouth. I could hear loud cheering and clapping from somewhere in the house. All I could think about was his cock in my mouth.

He lowered down and laid on top of me, holding my arms down. “You liked that didn't you, pussy?”

“Yes Clint, I did.” I was now so glad that Clint had won the bidding. He kissed and held me and then slowly began working his way down my torso. He licked and bit my nipples and I writhed beneath him. He returned to between my legs and kissed the head of my cock.

“Turn over, baby,” he said. I did, wondering what next was in store for me.

He placed a pillow under my waist, which elevated my fanny. I felt his big strong hands on my cheeks, caressing them and pulling them apart. I jumped and gasped as I felt his hot tongue plunge into my hole. He laughed and just pulled me closer to him. He continued to torment me with his tongue, invading my most private place. He kneaded my cheeks and buried his face, making low grunting noises in response to my moans of pleasure. I had never felt like this. So submissive, so excited. He continued for some time and I grabbed the satin bedspread tightly and wished it would never stop, but it did. He lifted his head.

“You are so sweet. You know as your date tonight I have the pleasure of naming you. I will call you Debbie - a sweet name for a sweet pussy.”

It took my breath away. He raised himself from my dripping bottom and slowly, sensually moved atop me. I felt his kisses on my back and all the way up to my neck. His once again hard cock moved up my legs and rested atop my quivering hole. He kissed my neck and rubbed himself along my crack as he took my face in his hands and kissed me. I was crazy with lust for this man. A vibrator was a poor substitute for a hot man with a hard cock. I felt him apply something cool and wet to my hole, his fingers probing inside me.

“Now, Debbie, is when you will become a real woman. You will know what it is like to have a real man inside you.”

I was breathing heavily as I felt the head of his cock poking at my hole. He pushed it in slowly and I cried out.

“How tight you are for me, Debbie! I'll just keep it there for a moment or two until you accept it.”

I relaxed a little, sensing this with a manly push he slid it most of the way inside. He laughed and my back arched as I tried to move away from the intruding presence. *He was so big!*

He pulled me back to him and pushed it in all the way. I was trapped beneath his weight as he lifted his chest from me and started pumping. I relaxed - what else could I do? I accepted his thrusts and after a few minutes of discomfort I felt my body reaching back to meet his thrusts.

“You see what a pussy you are, Debbie? You take a man's cock so well. Your pussy was made for fucking and I am proud to be the first.”

He pumped into me for a few minutes and then turned me over onto my back. My makeup was a mess.

“Were you crying sissy? I didn't mean to hurt you - but you know this is all for the best. Relax and take a man's cock as you know you should.”



On my back, with my legs in the air he entered me yet again, filling the emptiness I felt. He smiled as I wrapped my stocking clad legs around his back and moaned with delight.

“You look so pretty - on your back with my cock inside you, Debbie. Tell me what you're feeling.”

“Oh Clint, I feel so alive, so feminine. Having you inside me feels so natural!”

He smiled and began fucking me with vigor - alternating between long deep thrusts and short jabs, working miracles with his wonderful cock. My own cock was hard and bouncing against my tummy. I couldn't take much more of this. Without touching myself I began to spurt all over my pretty corset. This only urged Clint on all the more. With a few more powerful thrusts inside me I felt his body shudder and he held me tightly as I accepted his seed. His panting body relaxed on top of me as I heard yet again cheering and clapping. I felt so at peace with

myself having this handsome man on top of me, recovering from his orgasm. We lay in our sticky embrace and I caressed the back of his head and neck and he kissed me long and passionately.

We lay there for some time. I felt his softening cock slip from my pussy and he rose from the bed and began to dress.

“You were great, Debbie. I knew I would enjoy this.”

I laid in bed a drained mess watching him dress.

“I’ll see you downstairs, sissy.” He left the room. I reached down between my legs and felt the stickiness our lovemaking had created. As I was doing so Nicole entered the room.

A Woman Now

Nicole had me sit up in bed. She sat next to me and hugged me. “Dear Debbie. You are a woman now. Welcome to our world. Let’s clean you up , ma cheri. My, you are quite a mess!”

As she cleaned me up she commented how lucky I was to be deflowered by a strong masculine lover like Clint. She fixed up my makeup and combed out my wig. She pulled out a long pink silk robe from the closet.

“Here, put this on.” She also pulled out a pair of pink bedroom slippers with tufts of marabou trim. “Are you ready to return to the party?”

“I guess so... Nicole, may I ask a question? Several times when I was with Clint I heard cheering and clapping. Why is that?”

“Ah, dear Debbie - didn't you notice the mirrors on the walls? They are two way allowing the other party guests to witness your deflowerment.”

I gulped realizing that all those man were witness to my ultimate submission.

The Decision

As I opened the great oak door I was greeted by applause. I blushed. Casey was at the bar with Clint and they were drinking and laughing.

Casey was actually dressed as Brenda now, in a short tight blue mini dress. Many of the men I had previously met were now dressed as women.. Some were quite striking, and a few looked like men in dresses. There were couples kissing and dancing. Several girls were sitting on men's laps. I entered the room and began working my way to the bar. Men would stop me and talk to me along the way, making me blush as they commented on my skills in lovemaking. I turned to see Jane walking up to me, dressed to kill in a tight black dress.

Oh no! I thought. *My Dad was here. How much had he seen?*

As he walked over to greet me I looked into his face to detect his mood. As he got closer he broke into a grin and hugged me tightly.

“Like father, like son. Or should I say like mother, like daughter?”

I laughed nervously.

“You see, Debbie - I've known about your interests for some time. From a young boy I sensed your strong female presence. I asked Casey to confirm my suspicions. If you're happy this way then so am I. You may take your place in our society as your father has before you. Do you wish to join us?”

The room fell silent waiting for my answer. “Yes, please. I know now that this is what I've wanted all of my life.”

Clint piped up. “Debbie, this is my home. If you wish you may live here and join Nicole as my servant. If you choose this life you will be expected to live and dress as a woman full time, to entertain me and my guests as I see fit. And I will see to it that you receive hormone therapy. You have the makings of a beautiful woman. The hormones will help you to reach your full potential. Do you accept your feminine place in life, and will you become part of my household?”

Could I make any other choice?

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