Three Pieces of Candy

Three works of adult erotic forced feminization and sissy humiliation fiction

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A Real Man

Emily.

"Maybe you need a real man to open that?" cooed Emily as I struggled to open the twist off cap of my beer bottle.

Blushing at her derogatory tone I hissed back "It's not my fault, it's these stupid nails you made me wear!" Frankly I was mightily pissed at Emily, the girl I had fantasized so vividly about for ages until, two days ago when she invited me to the party.

"Let's see who can help a pathetic little sissy open the big bad bottle of beer shall we?" although an amazingly pretty girl, Emily had a hitherto unseen mean streak and was delighting in my suffering beside her, dressed in way too frilly party attire comprising of a frilly satin blouse in a pale pink color, straining around my unnaturally large bust, a petticoat fluffed pink skirt complete with a large pink bow around my waist and tied at the back, white microfiber tights, and pink Mary Jane's atop a moderate looking, though difficult to master, three inch heel.

Blushing a darker pink than the blush Emily had over applied to my freshly denuded face, I struggled against the one-inch nail extensions, the same obligatory frosted pink as my seemingly enlarged lips. It was my unfamiliarity with the dainty looking unmanageable talons and multiple rings adorning my pretty fingers that made it nigh on impossible for me to perform the simplest of tasks and get a good grip on the reluctant bottle top. The myriads of silver, white and pink bangles jangling merrily on my wrists didn't help as I struggled in vain, not really paying Emily any attention until she unexpectedly barked at me.

"Sissy!" Sissy!" Since when had I become Sissy? Resigning myself to having to find a bottle opener, I gave Emily my full attention and was startled to see her standing by a hulking great giant of a man.

Winston.

"Sissy" seeing they now had my undivided attention, she continued "Sissy, this is Winston, he has kindly volunteered to open your troublesome beer bottle for you."

Stunned into silence by the sheer size of the man now towering over me, even atop my patent leather three-inch heels, I dumbly held the beer bottle to him. In a single fluid motion Winston reached out a massive black hand, more than covering the whole beer bottle, save the top, which he effortlessly twisted free before taking a long drink from it before handing it back down to me.

"Here, let me" smiled Emily, taking the bottle she poured it into a glass, plopped a long curly pink straw and flowery cocktail umbrella into it and handed it back to me. "Here you go Sissy, just the way you like it. Now remember, only two beers, you know how silly you get when you drink!"

Still gaping foolishly up at the spectacle of the man giant Winston I paid her no heed as I unthinkingly slipped the childish crazy straw between my painted lips and sucked some deliciously cold beer.

"See Winston, I told you she was crazy for you!" whispered the evil architect behind the conspiracy that now had me standing in a room full of strangers dressed head to foot in the type of attire fully fitting the wretched name Emily insisted on calling me. For it was the promise of possible intimacy, if not actual sexual congress with the gorgeous Ms. Dempsey that had persuaded me to don the ridiculously feminine attire I now sported to the evening's (alleged) costume party.

"Sissy, shut your mouth, you're staring at Winston like a bitch in heat!" Turning back to Winston she added "Not that that isn't an accurate description, you should hear how she's been gabbing on about that 'gorgeous specimen of black manhood' whenever you're close or continuously seeking you out in the crowd!"

"Emily!" I gasped at her blatant lies "that's not...:

"I know, I know, I promised I wouldn't tell anyone Sissy," she talked over me, ignoring my feeble denials, "but come on Sissy, it's no big secret! After all, if not for Winston, who else did you get all gussied up like a proper little black cock worshipping sissy for?"

Beer shot up and out of my nose, incapacitating me to shoot down the horrendous lies she was using to throw me under a very large, black and undoubtedly masculine bus!

For here was I, a one hundred percent heterosexual male, sure not the biggest or most confident of the gender, but none the less, someone who's desire to get into Emily's pretty pink panties had, alas, succeeded in ways I could never have envisioned or hoped for. For now, here I was, being referred to by the terribly derogatory name 'sissy' by the woman who, up until about thirty minutes ago was to be the forever love of my life, but who is now trying to suggest I have been heartily lusting after a six foot ten, three-hundred-pound negro named Winston! All I could do was stand there dumbfounded, feeling pathetically inadequate dressed as I am in a very tight-fitting pair of Ms. Emily Dempsey's pretty pink panties!

Thoroughly enjoying herself, Emily continued to play the role of concerned friend as she slapped me heartily on my back, pushing me into Winston's chest as she commented, "There, there Sissy, there's no reason to get so excited, as you can see Winston's still here, you lucky little boi..."

Tripping atop the unfamiliar heels, I stumble and foolishly, instinctively, make more effort to save my beer than my balance, and so bump into the wall that is Winston, my silicone falsies buffering some of the force of my hitting an immovable black silk shirt clad barrier.

Up Close.

"Easy there little lady" comes a voice as dark and rich as molten dark chocolate, and impossibly thick arms effortlessly catch me and return me to my state of precarious

balance. Looking up through the hideous thickly mascaraed false lashes Emily had me don, my baby blues peeking out through way too much eye shadow, liner and mascara, I stammer a diminutive "Thank you… Winston" before Emily starts back in.

"Go on then Sissy, kiss him, kiss those 'big thick lips' you were gushing about to me mere minutes ago!"

"Emily" I hiss, sounding a good deal more feminine than I would want, even to my jangling earring attenuated ears.

"What?" she laughs, "don't go criticizing your best friend for trying to get you what you're too much of a little girly boi to go get by yourself!" All I can do is stand there blushing in shame at her lies, furiously self-conscious of my pretty little pink party dress costume.

"But I… I mean you…" I stammer pathetically.

Turning to Winston, who unnoticed by me in my confusion, still has a protective hand on my shoulder, Emily continues, "You wouldn't believe what she was saying about you earlier Winston. Telling me how her little 'clitty' was getting all hard just thinking about being forced into your servitude! I mean I've known sissy for years, even before she 'came out' and declared she was a little girl trapped in an inadequate little boy's body, but in all this time I have never, and I mean never, heard her so infatuated with one man, and his…" here she acted all coy, and cast a furtive glance down towards Winston's dark purple pants clad crotch, which, as I stupidly and inadvertently followed the direction of Emily's gaze, noticed appeared to be in proportion with the rest of the man; BIG! "… and his 'equipment', if you know what I mean!"

I caught myself blushing furiously as Winston noticed the direction of my gaze and smiled knowingly, as his paw slipped from my shoulder to my waist, pulling me closer to him.

Smiling at how well her evil plan is progressing, Emily continued, "Oh yes, little Sissy has been going on in great length, if you'll pardon the pun!" she steals me a wantonly wicked, but none too subtle glance here, noting how Winston has his great hand upon my pink bow encircled waist and seems bent on pulling me as close to him as possible. "Yes, <u>great</u> length on how she just dreams about being forcibly made to serve a great hulking man like you, someone to bend her own pathetically inadequate will to theirs, someone to subjugate her, humiliate her like every little sissy boi dreams of, a REAL man to force her to become the little sissy cock slave she's always longed to be. So, tell me Winston, are you that man, will you take our pathetic little sissy boi here and make her yours, enslave her to your big black beautiful cock?"

"Emily!" I was speechless, aghast, floored by the lies she was telling this man. It was his words that fully drove home the fact of how much trouble I was truly in.

"Yes Miss, I am that man" He rumbled.

I Am That Man.

What" I looked up at him in amazement and so was totally unprepared for him pulling me fully into his hulking body as he lowered his mouth over mine. As his hot tongue forced its way between my amazement opened pink lips and on into the defenseless confines of my mouth, I realized how truly powerless I was against this mountain of a man, for he had to bend a good ways down to reach me, even elevated as I was atop the heels Emily had tricked me into wearing, before effortlessly lifting me off my heels with just the one tree trunk proportioned powerful arm..

As I struggled in vain, kicking my feet and beating my prettily manicured fists against his great chest, my bracelets making more noise than my voice was through his thick lips sealing my own, Emily bent in close and whispered in my ear "Have fun little sissy, I will leave you some condoms, to go with the lubricant and spare pair of panties already in your purse, but I believe your new boyfriend prefers riding his bitches bare back - if you know what I mean?! And I am afraid there's no money, credit cards or keys in your purse, so be good to Winston, he's the only ride you have... both home and in bed tonight! I'm off now, my work here is done, but I have so much more to do back at your flat! Have fun, I'll see you later to hear all the gory details!"

Out of the corner of my eye I saw her slip, none to subtly, a packet of condoms into my little ‘Hello Kitty’ clutch purse, wink knowingly at the two of us as Winston, pausing briefly to nod his thanks to Emily, did his best to devour me whole, his hands now taking deliberate liberties with my daintily presented body as I felt the hem of dress being worked up over my panty clad ass before his rough hands slipped under the elastic below my right buttock.

Breaking off his oral rape of my mouth for a moment Winston sighed "Damn it girl, you sure know how to get yo’ man hot!"

Taking this opportunity to explain Emily's perfidy, I gasped "Listen Winston, Emily's a liar I..."

"Shut it bitch, go get us some drinks, I'll have a cold beer, get yourself something girly and alcoholic." He snapped, cutting me off.

"But listen ..." I tried again.

"No" he barked "you listen to me you stupid cunt." My face paled at the violence of his words "I know exactly what kind a little sissy tease you are, you play me all doe eyes from across the room but when a brother chooses to act, you back off with all your hoity-toity attitude, well listen here, and listen good sissy, you made your bed and you’re damn well gonna lie in it. Lie in it, fuck in it and any damn thing else I chose in it, is that clear?

But I had to make him see to it was Emily who had set me up, this wasn't me at all, I hadn’t been making eyes at him at all, I didn't even notice him, well OK that wasn't true, it was hard not to notice him, he was so damn big! "But you have to..."

"Don't you listen bitch, I don't have to do a damn thing; you do! Now get your faggot cracker ass over to the bar and get us our drinks. I'll say this only one time more; I'll have a cold one, but you get yourself something suitably faggy and alcoholic, make it a Sex on the Beach or

something similarly girly, something befitting a cock sucking little sissy, 'cause, get me right here, that's exactly what you are. Now you got that, or do I need make myself any clearer?"

Trip to the Bar.

The undisguised violence smoldering behind his brown eyes persuaded me that now was not the time to broker further argument, so like a good little sissy I lowered my gaze to the floor in surrender and sashayed over to the bar and ordered him a Budweiser and a Sex on the Beach for myself, having no clue as to what it contained, never having been a drinker. I received several amused glances, dressed ultra-feminine as I was, yet still obviously male my demeanor and voice.

Teetering atop the unfamiliar heels I turned to find Winston had moved and was now occupying a good two thirds of a two-seater love chair. Oh great, I thought, as I headed over, realizing I would be expected to squeeze into the vacant third beside him.

"And another thing" he began as I handed him his beer, not even bothering to thank me, "I think you should talk more befitting your new position in life, so start lisping."

"Lisping, oh come on..." I never got to finish the sentence as his big hand shot up and grabbed me by the throat. Even sitting he was still capable of lifting me off my feet.

"Yes lisping. You got a problem with that, sweet cakes? And another thing, you better quit your questioning my every command, you got that too?“ Not even pausing to let me answer as I stood there dumbly before him clutching my tall bright pink drink, complete with a large white orchid and slice of orange in a highball glass, he pressed on "The next time you question me, no matter where we be, I'm gonna haul you down over my lap, pull up your pretty little skirt and give your pantied ass one hell of a whupping. Is that clear?

Pausing only long enough to take a bracing sip of my cocktail, enjoying its peach flavored sweetness, I obediently answer "Yes... Sir." such is the assault upon my senses, I unwittingly added the respectful acknowledgment of his higher status over my submissive self.

He grins knowingly at my unconscious submission to his dominance, "That's better, but try it again with the lisp this time, and I prefer Master as my title, but good girl for adding the Sir, now try it again and then get your pretty ass down here besides me."

Once more my cheeks burn their recently all too familiar bright shade of pink, nicely complimenting my pink lipstick and matching eye shadow (Emily, while still feigning interest in me as a male, had gone to great lengths to convince me that all pink cosmetics would better serve to hide my true gender, now I realized it was just yet another ruse to make me appear as big a sissy as possible)

Biting back my natural impulse to answer him back, I passively responded "Yesss Masster, but I have to pay for our drinksss, Emily didn't leave me any money."

"Well, that's your problem Sissy, not mine. Go see the bar man and see what you can do to work off the debt, tell him I'll vouch for you. And make sure you lisp, and in future always

refer to yourself in the third party as Sissy. It don't matter if you're talking to me or anyone else, you're always to call yourself 'Sissy'. You got that bitch?"

Fearing exactly what such a confession to the barman will entail, I once again lisp out my concession "Yes, Master, I... Sissy understands."

The Girls.

Once more I sway my way over to the bar, already blushing about what I have to say. I try to position myself at a quieter corner of the bar, but just as the barman notices me, three teenage girls crowd into the space I've secured. "You got my money?"

"Burning a most vivid shade of crimson I lisp my answer as instructed "No, I'm afraid Sissy doesn't have any money, but... Master Winston says to tell you he can vouch for this Sissy."

"Christ, what a pathetic freak" laughs one of the girls beside me who, despite my best efforts had no trouble overhearing my declaration. Her friends agree and epithets such as 'fag', 'freak' and 'pussy' rain upon me as the barman considers his options.

"Tell you what" he finally opines, as I struggle to stop the girls pulling up the hem of my dress to reveal my true gender. "Come back here after ten and you can... *settle up* with me then..."

His emphasis of the word 'settle' leaves little doubt that this will not be a cash transaction. Having no option other than to agree quickly to prevent the three bitches further disparaging me at the bar, I quickly answer "Thank you Sir, Sissy will be back to pay you at 10:00."

Batting off the hands plucking at the hem and neckline of my frilly dress, and ignoring their outrageous taunts, I quickly return to Winston, temporarily grateful for his protection.

He smiles, having witnessed the whole spectacle he inflicted upon me. Then he pats the seat next to his broad thigh and says, "Sit your pretty little ass down here Sissy and I'll tell you how it's going to be from here on."

Grimacing at how quickly my life has spiraled out of control, I turn and sit down next to him, but due to his size and weight, the too small seat and the fact I struggle to keep my fruity cocktail from spilling all over us, I cannot help but slide right up against him, innocently giving the impression to anyone watching, and following the debacle at the bar there are quite a few watching with amusement at the display I unintentionally provided, that I am seeking such intimate contact.

I struggle to ease some of my weight from him in a futile attempt to provide a semblance of my not being totally besotted with him, but this causes my legs to unconsciously splay open, providing all and sundry an uninhibited view up my dress. The tight restriction of Emily's too small panties and tights serve to pin my manhood completely out of sight, completing the appearance of femininity to those enjoying the spectacle I am providing them.

Conscious of the spectators, I force my knees together but am unable to do the same with my ankles, resulting in my leaning heavily on Winston, in a very knock-kneed manner and unintentionally feminine manner.

My Future.

Placing one enormous arm around my shoulder, his palm resting upon where my left breast resides under the large silicone falsie he is now gently squeezing, “OK, your new number one rule is this; give me your hand…”

Fearing the worst, I gingerly hold out my right hand to him. He takes it, surprisingly gently, but then steers it down to his left thigh where he forces it down upon some sort of thick tube strapped to his thigh. It is only when I notice the heat this tube-like thing is generating, does it dawn on me that it is not a tube at all, but his enormous penis. I balk and try to pull away.

“Oh no you don’t Bitch, that there’s your new best friend, your new reason for living, the main reason you get up every day. From now on you is a total bitch slave to my beautiful black cock. Let me hear you say it bitch. Tell me, what is the single most important thing in your whole wide sissy world and tell me properly.”

While issuing this shocking edict, he has been forcing my hand up and down the considerable length of his monstrous trouser snake. Even with the hideous acrylic nail extensions, painted the obligatory vivid pink, my hand can barely encompass its girth as it must be a good eight inches long flaccid. Oh my God, what has Emily got me in to?

Pushing back such concerns for the moment, I dutifully swallow my pride and recite, complete with compulsory lisp and syntax “Thank you Master, the most important thing in this sissy’s whole wide world is your big black cock.”

“Good, but louder, and don’t forget to lisp. I won’t tell you again bitch.”

I repeat “Thank you Master, the most important thing in this sissy’s whole wide world is your big black cock.”

“Louder!”

“Thank you Master, the most important thing in this sissy’s whole wide world is your big black cock.”

“Again!”

“Thank you Master, the most important thing in this sissy’s whole wide world is your big black cock.”

By now most of the people in our immediate area are staring at me open mouthed or just plain openly laughing at my seemingly willing subjugation and servitude to this giant of a man as I publicly, and now without his assistance, stroke his cock through his pants.

“Good girl, now use both hands.”

“What? Oh, yes at once. Sorry master.” I put down my intoxicating cocktail and manage to turn forty-five degrees to accommodate this last instruction, my turning to afford my left-hand access to his thick tool causes my short skirt to slip yet further up my white clad thigh, and me to slide yet closer to my aggressor.

With both hands now employed running up and down his growing length, I am powerless to prevent my leaning fully up and against him, my angled body molding against his, while my upturned face presses into his chest and neck. 'My God’ I think, ‘it must look like I am totally feasting on him!’

With my face turned directly towards him, I am powerless to prevent Winston stooping to press his thick tongue between my painted lips, resuming his thorough tongue exploration of my vulnerable mouth.

I have to sit there, pressed up so close against him, feeling the heat radiating from our proximity, while my delicate hands massage the growing monster in his pants, and we swap spit like the most amorous of teenage lovers.

A growl from him makes it clear I am to become more actively involved orally, and so press my tongue back into his mouth, whereupon he begins to simulate oral sex by moving his mouth up and down upon my fully extended tongue!

while this terrible humiliation occupies my body, I do my best to mentally filter out the ribald heckling from the three girls at the bar, now backs turned to the bar to better enjoy the spectacle I am unwillingly providing, as I endure our oral relations while continuing to massage his manhood with both my pink taloned hands.

Interview.

Ignoring my obvious discomfort as his disgusting penis stirs further below my reluctant ministrations, he breaks our lip lock and continues “So before we get started on the ‘new you' Sissy, tell me about the old you, and make damned certain you follow the rules we’ve established so far. Now answer me these questions, and don’t even think ‘bout lying to me you hear?”

“Yes Master”

“So, you ever been with a man before Sissy?”

Blushing still deeper red, I answer in the negative, lisping “No Master, sissy has never been with a man.”

“Oh, I see, just unrealized fantasies, well that’s cool.” A single hand, palm held outwards, silenced my objections. “When you’re not out trawling for black cock, what do you do Sissy?”

I stammer “I’m a, I mean Sissy is a programmer, a computer programmer…”

“I know what a fucking programmer is” he growls “Which company do you work for?”

“Sissy is self-employed Master”

“Oh, so you work from home then?”

“Yes Master, Sissy has a small office in her… in Sissy’s condo…” Did I just refer to myself as a ‘her?!

“Perfect, I see young Emily chose well…”

With a sickening lurch in the pit of my stomach I realized how badly I had been set up, that Emily, and quite likely Winston too, had planned my demise well in advance, that I was merely a pawn, albeit an unknowing one, in their schemes.

Ignoring my increased discomfort, Winston pressed on with this list of questions, “Do you have any family in the area?”

“No Master.”

“Have you ever been with a black man or woman before?”

“No Master.”

“Oh, so you’re a racist then?”

“No! I… “

“What was the biggest cock you’ve ever sucked?”

“But I never… “

“Do you like anal?”

“No!”

“We’ll see about that. How big is your clitty?” seeing my look of incomprehension he added “Your cockette, that pathetic thing you have between your legs?”

Exploration.

When I hesitated to answer, partly through shame of my tiny size I will admit, he blew up, grabbed my wrist and before I could voice an objection had hauled me bodily on to his lap. Thankfully sitting in it and not across it prior to a public spanking as he had previously threatened, and I had feared.

My relief was short lived though, as he unceremoniously physically lifted me, thrust his hand up under my bottom and proceeded to tear down my tights and panties. Then he set me back down upon his lap, moved my thighs apart and, using his feet inside mine, hooked and held my legs spread wide, revealing my freshly denuded crotch (thanks again Emily!) to the flabbergasted cries of the onlooking party goers around us.

My mouth was formed in a perfect 'O' as my cheeks flared a brilliant red as he commenced to free my shamed cock and balls from their previous position pinned tightly beneath me.

"Oh my, I can see why you feel you're more female than male sissy, this tiny thing is truly pathetic!" My ready loaded objections that this had gone far enough were lost at the sting of this wretched comment as, taking my 'manhood' between one thick finger and thumb, he pulled painfully upon it "I think we could even consider gender reassignment surgery sissy, you've got so little to lose, poor lass.

“No wonder you're so frustrated, this thing's tiny! Don’t you agree sissy, wouldn’t it be better for a cock hungry little cock gobbler like you to have a useful pussy down there in your pretty panties, three holes to serve your men friends, as opposed to your current inadequate one in your panties and you cock gobbling mouth? Tell me how much better it would be for you than this..." he was temporarily at a loss for words “...better than this pathetic excuse for a cock. Go on, tell me how you’d prefer to lose this pathetic thing.”

I was helpless. I could only sit there, leaning back, badly off balance with my legs trapped and splayed wide, into the chest of this monster, Unable to prevent my showing all and sundry my pathetically small genitalia as I was all too aware of his monstrous manhood doing its level best to physically lift me from his lap.

“And say it nice and loud so these other nice folks can hear!” he added.

Wishing the earth would just swallow me whole, I submissively responded as instructed, sobbing back my shame, “Thank you Master. Yes... sissy wishes she could lose her pathetic little cock...”

Call it by its proper title babe” he drawled, “call it your pathetic little peepee. Got it?”

“Yes Master” I submissively responded, “Sissy really wishes she had a nice pussy in her pretty panties, instead of her pathetic little peepee, so as to best serve all her men friends.”

“Good, good gurl” he chuckled as he continued to publicly stroke my seemingly unreluctantly growing member.

Sissy’s Future.

Locking my feet beneath his huge calves, ensuring I remained so publicly on display, Winston moved his hands up under my blouse, pulling it free from the waist of my skirt, and proceeded a most public exploration of my artificially bolstered chest while I was powerless to do anything about these ever-increasing liberties other than to groan in humiliation.

“We’ll have to see about getting these plastic titties replaced with some nice real ones” he cooed before locking his lips over my unprotected neck and sucking hard enough to draw the blood to the surface in a vivid hickey. Releasing his bite to select another spot on my pale skin that could only be accessed from someone standing over and behind me. He continued describing my descent into sissy hell as he quietly cooed “Yes. I like some big ol’ silicone jugs on my bitches, with them big ol’ pointy nipples that’ll take your eye out if yo’ not careful. How you like that Sugar, how you like some big ol’ titties that make *all* the men stare at you with hunger?”

I could think of few things more unpleasant, but could physically sense the challenge he'd left hanging, just daring me to answer in the negative. Fighting back a sob that I knew would only anger him, I lisped my answer "Yes please Master, Sissy would love some big titties to make all the men stare at her…"

"Good gurl" he cooed, before defiling yet another spot on the back of my neckline. "Maybe we get you a nice ol' fat ass to go with it, I love my bitches to pack a little junk in the trunk, gives me something to spank 'em with! And while we're at it, we can get them hips o' yours filled out a bit too, I know a great Doctor down in Tijuana who'll does good, but real cheap work. And while he's at it, we can get your lips padded out a little better for all the cock sucking you gonna be doin'! The doc's cheap, fast and always available since he lost his license to work Stateside. Oh yes, I see us spending a few weeks with the good Doctor Wu, get you all tricked out just the way I like 'em. Perhaps I'll make you give him a call tomorrow to get the whole process started."

I inwardly groaned at the wretched future he was outlining, as one giant black hand continued an uninhibited and very public exploration of my chest, my red bra clearly visible to any onlookers not too disgusted by the display we were providing, his other began an equally indiscreet and unwelcome manipulation of my groin under my short skirt which was stretched around my splayed hips so as to provide little to no cover, and definitely provided no defense against his continued public exploration of my most private and now, humiliating crotch.

Though this time his ministrations were gentle as he massaged my bared genitalia, all the while alternately sucking loudly upon my pale neck or asking vile questions, or the worst, muttered visions of my future under his 'protection.'

His comment, "Once Emily has finished with your apartment, not even you will recognize it" scared me silly. How much planning had gone into my once seemingly innocent party date with Miss Emily? Sure, I'd though it a really mean trick to convince me to dress up like a little girl so we could head out to a fictitious fancy costume party, but now I was coming to realize that the party lie was just the tip of the iceberg.

Redecorating.

As Winston told me how, even as we sat there and he slowly stroked my poor naked 'peepee' so that, despite my best attempt to stop it, it inevitably responded to his ministrations and inevitably stirred as he used just one finger and a thumb to stroke me to what I had laughingly, and apparently wrongly, considered a typically sized and manly erection. As I groaned, from frustration at my helplessness, not lust as he chose to interpret my noises, Winston told me how Emily was even now arranging for the disposal of every male piece of male clothing I owned to some thrift shop I'd never have heard of, and how, after redecorating my rooms in the frilliest, prettiest, pinks, yellows and powder blues available, my closet drawers were being restocked with an a dizzying combination of garish sissy frills and white trash hooker attire procured in exchange for all my male clothes from

the same thrift store, how Emily had made an agreement whereby this and several other local thrift stores had been collecting such clothes for month precisely for just this day.

All the while, as he continued his most unwanted ministration upon my publicly exposed crotch that, despite the horrors being promised me and my being made to provide such a public and unbelievably humiliating display, Winston continued to tell me how my driving license, passport, plus the rental agreement for my apartment were even now being reissued to me under my new identity; that of Sissy Bleaujob!

And despite this and all these other unbidden and unwanted horrors, my own body sought to betray me with its damnable response to his gentle massaging my peepee. For no matter how I fought to remain unaroused, trying to conjure up the most unappealing mental imagery of filthy old men, car accidents and anything else more likely to cause revulsion than arousal, the all too rare external ministrations to my previously most private of places, appeared to indicate my excitement at the nightmarish future he was telling me awaited me.

Hypnosis and Hormones.

And he went on to describe the hideous regimen of female hormones and other drugs that would become my daily routine, of the aggressive hypnosis, physical therapy and brutally enforced conditioning they would use to ensure my complete compliance and subjugation. Worse, he told me how impossible to ignore or resist mental commands and mannerisms would be irrevocably installed, deep within my subconscious, ensuring I would unwittingly act, move, and behave,

He told me how certain trigger words or phrases would illicit pre-programmed responses in a manner that could only be described as typical for the wanton cock obsessed sissy they were to transform me into, and very far from anything I would even consider doing now. How anyone uttering a seemingly innocuous phrase would suddenly be irresistibly sexy to me, how I would be entirely obsessed with an undeniable need to have their semen inside me somehow, or how just the sight of a certain item of clothing would leave me unable to resist showing the wearer my breasts, no matter whom, where or when!

I couldn't help crying as he told me how when anyone asked me a perfectly innocent sounding questions, perhaps something concerning the weather, I would immediately transform into a sex obsessed slut, desperate to fuck them no matter their age, race, relationship to me or where we were.

"Just imagine sissy, how surprised your own father will be as you tear his clothes off, desperate to ride the cock responsible for bringing you into this world, purely because he inquired if it was still raining!"

All Is Lost.

As I groaned in utter helplessness in his lap, all too aware at how stiff my little penis had become in his ebony hands, he used one large finger to tease the sensitive underside of my glans, ignoring the titters and shocked objections of the other party goers as they drank in the pathetic spectacle I was being forced to provide them, he went on to tell me of the painful surgeries I had ahead, surgeries that would mold me in to this perverts vision of the perfect sexual slave.

But as much as I loathed, hated and feared this version of my future he was spelling out to me, to me and any others within earshot, I could only squirm helplessly upon his oversized lap as I recognized the sensations of a powerful orgasm building within my pantied loins.

“See Sissy, we knew this is what, deep down, you always sought, the lifestyle that you secretly, probably unconsciously longed for. Oh, you might deny it now, but you’ll see, this is what you really need in your meaningless life, a strong man to take command of your pathetic life, to make you his, to make you become what you’ve secretly always really wanted, to be a subservient little sissy bitch eager to serve a superior man’s Big Black Cock”

And with that, despite the many looks of scorn and derision I was receiving spread wide upon his lap for all to see and ridicule, I came. Burning with the dreadful humiliation of another man masturbating me to orgasm as I sat, legs splayed wide open upon, his lap, dressed made-up like a total sissy, I behaved exactly like the whore I was being forced to become.

I knew there could be no recovering from this terribly public disgrace, yet I came, hard, REALLY hard, my little peepee, dwarfed between his big brown finger and thumb, squirting weak seminal fluid into his hand, into my pink panties and tights, and even spraying onto the floor, forever sealing my fate as his bitch.

Perhaps he was right after all.

THE END.

Pieces of Candy - Prison Bitch.

Sent Down.

Jon's face fell and all color left his cheeks as the judge slammed his gavel down on the imposing oak desk with a sense of finality, effectively terminating his life as a free man. As he was led away in handcuffs, tears forming in his eyes, he looked back at the court room, seeing his wife, Darlene, glaring at him with a curious mixture of anger and sorrow.
Sorrow at the knowledge that he would be gone from her life for the next two years, anger at his pathetic last-minute attempts to divert blame from him and onto her as it became clear his lawyers were not going to be able to beat the multiple charges of Jon embezzling several millions from the company they'd formed together.
The sadly pathetic looking male dragged along behind the burly court bailiff was a long way from the once cocky and confident male who'd become changed over the years since they'd met.
Darlene thought back to the blind date organized by well-intentioned couple of mutual friends. She'd initially been put off by Jon's brash nature, but as the dinner progressed, she'd come to recognize it as the natural confidence of the brilliant nerd inventor she'd grown to love.
Of course, that was before he'd morphed into the money and self-obsessed individual traipsing so pitifully behind the bailiff. Still, despite his attempts to all blame onto her slender shoulders, he was still the man she'd loved these past five years.
She smiled inwardly as she recollected how they'd been the ultimate power couple of the valley, what with Jon's slight frame, dashing good looks and startling blue eyes and Darlene with her super model figure and dazzling auburn hair and green eyes. They'd lived a rich and fun lifestyle, until that damned accountant had figured out Jon was skimming millions from the pension fund to pay for their lavish lifestyle.
Thankfully, he'd had been smart enough to conceal the trail of most of the stolen money and transferred ownership of his assts, including the mansion, ski chalet, yacht and other assets into her name, but he'd still been stupid enough to get caught.
For her part, though she'd never been 'directly' involved with his extortion, she'd known it was going on – how could she not? But she'd been careful enough enough to ensure her fingerprints were never present on any of the multitude of incriminating evidence they'd used to convict her husband, as well as being able to just about plausibly deny any knowledge of his wrongdoing.
Oh well, she ruefully smiled to herself, at least she'd do alright, but she couldn't help but worry how her attractive, some might say 'pretty,' husband would fare in the upstate men's penitentiary he was due to spend the next two years of his pampered life. And that assuming he managed to keep his mouth shut and stayed out of trouble.

Rocco.

Jon's first night in Hellhole Penitentiary was everything he'd feared it would be. He'd been bunked with another new initiate in the holding cells for new inmates awaiting release into the prison's general population, or 'genpop' as the guards referred to it. All night long they'd heard the taunts of the established cons, shouting obscenities at what horrors the 'fresh meat' would surely face once they were released among them the next morning.

Jon awoke from a few hours of nightmare fueled, and not even remotely restful sleep to find an enormous black man peering in at him from outside the bars of his cell. "Oh, you'll do nicely sweet cheeks!" purred the frightening man, easily six foot ten and weighing in at what had to be close to three hundred pounds of seemingly solid muscle. The imposing negro turned to the guard stood beside and slightly behind him and said, "You'll take care of it, OK Carter?"

"Yes Sir," answered the prison guard in a deferential tone, "first thing this morning."

"Good." said the towering inmate, returning his attention to Jon, "I'll be seeing you later then sugar!"

Before Jon could utter a word, the pair moved off, leaving the slim white man trying to cover himself with the thin prison blankets, as if they would somehow provide him any protection.

After a disgusting breakfast, during which Hellhole's newest guests were constantly barracked and abused by the established inmates, they were relocated into their new cells among the prison population.

Sure enough, Jon's worse fears were realized when he learned his roommate for the next two years was the same powerfully built black man who'd appraised him earlier. He was pleased to find that the man who introduced himself as Rocco, was the only other occupant of what appeared to be larger than average cell at the end of the block, all other cells being populated by at least four men.

"Well, hello there sugar, come on in. Welcome to your new abode" he smiled, though the warmth never quite reached his eyes, eyes that retained the predatory glint Jon had noticed at their first meeting. "Put your stuff over there by the door" he directed in a voice like distant thunder.

Jon did as he was bid and dropped his few prison issued possessions on the small table just inside the door. Turning to survey the room, he suddenly noticed the lack of standard issue prison bunk beds, seeing only a single king-sized iron bed against the far wall.

"Um, where… where do I sleep, where is my bed?" he sheepishly inquired.

"Oh sugar, you won't be needing a bed, you'll be sharing mine!"

Jon's jaw dropped open at this news, "Um no… sorry, and I mean you no disrespect, but see I'm… I'm not like that, I…"

The powerful man cut him off short by holding up one massive black hand. "Sugar, what you 'were', on the outside, don't have no bearing on what you is here, on 'the inside'!"

Raising an eyebrow at Jon's attempt at interrupting him, he pressed on over his spluttering complaint, "See, you mine now, you Rocco's bitch."

Jon's face once again drained of all color as the full horror of the man's words struck home.

“See, my last bitch done got herself all fucked up trying to leave me, so that side of the bed be needing a warm body to fill it, fill it and be filled by old Rocco's dick!” he grabbed his crotch, seeming to take a hold of some sort of large tube concealed midway down his thigh.
With mounting horror, Jon realized that he wasn’t grabbing ‘a something’, it was his cock, even flaccid, it ended somewhere midway down one of the brute’s powerful thighs! “No… I mean… no… I can’t, I mean I…’
Once again, Rocco cut him off mid-stutter, taking a firm hold of one of the white boi’s thin wrists and pulling and spinning him around into his lap as he sat down upon the large bed, its springs squealing in protest.
A powerful ebony arm encircled the startled young man, as he sat there, perched upon Rocco's massive thighs. “See bitch, we gonna get you properly established as Rocco's cracker bitch. Now give your Master some tongue!”
Rocco had no problem holding Jon in place as he forced his head up and then worked one large black digit between Jon's tightly closed lips. With frightening ease, he was able to force Jon's mouth open before replacing his finger with a thick tobacco flavored tongue. Jon could only squirm in silent protest as Rocco used his tongue to carry out an indecently thorough exploration of his helpless victim’s mouth. Meanwhile large hands carried out an equally thorough and unwelcome exploration of Jon's thin body as he squeaked and squirmed in helpless protest.

Leroy.

“Why ain't’ that a pretty sight!” came a voice from the doorway.
Rocco removed his tongue from the depths of Jon's mouth, though kept him securely pinned in his lap, the unmistakable sensations of the beginning of a massive erection threatening to lift the weak boi clean out of his lap!
Seeing who it was in the door, Rocco smiled and stood, dumping Jon on the floor at the foot of the bed. “Leroy Braun! How you doing man?” he inquired before taking the almost equally massive man in a bear hug.
“Good, all good brother. How about you, this your new bitch then?”
“Yeah, Leroy, meet… Say, what is your name bitch?” he asked of Jon, who still sat in an undignified heap upon the floor.
“I’m… I’m Jon!” he weekly faltered.
“Hmm… Jon, OK, your Jonelle from now on. Leroy, meet my bitch, Jonelle!”
The new arrival, bent to take a hold of one of Jonelle’s wrists, pulling him to his feet. “It’s nice to meet you, Miss Jonelle!”
Jon didn’t know how to respond to such a greeting, something Rocco was quick to advise him about.
“You curtsey when you meet one of my friends bitch!”
“What? Ow!” squealed Jon as Rocco slapped him across his ass, hard.
“You heard me bitch, you curtsey when you greet one of my friends. Or do I need correct your behavior some more?”

“No!” he yelped, quickly doing his best to remember and do an impression of a feminine curtsey.
“And be sure to pay your respects by calling any man inside this place as Mister, got it bitch?”
“Yes… sir’ answered Jon pitifully, before turning once more to Leroy, taking hold of the imaginary hem of a skirt, and dipping one knee while reciting “It’s nice to meet you Mister Leroy”
“Good, good gurl” smiled Rocco. “And you’re to refer to me as daddy from now on, and always refer to yourself as Jonelle, no more ‘me’ or ‘I’, always answer, ‘yes daddy’, ‘Jonelle understands’, or ‘Jonelle would like…’ etc., etc. Got it bitch?”
Face burning in shame, Jon nevertheless demurely replied “Yes… daddy, Jonelle understands.”
“Good, good gurl” repeated Rocco. “See, it doesn’t have to be that hard, it’s only going to be as tough as you make it gurl. Now me, personally, I hope you fight me every inch of the way, because I love breaking a sissy in, seeing the fight get beaten out of them until all they want to do is serve me, serve me and by great big beautiful black cock!”
Jonelle couldn’t help but let out a girlish sob of despair at these words as he realized what his life was about to become.
Ignoring him, Rocco asked Leroy “Say, is your bitch Tabitha available to help Jonelle here get settled in?”
“Sure thing, I’ll send her right over.”
“See” smiled Rocco with no humor, “I take good care of my bitch. Now Tabitha is going to be your new best friend, after my dick that is!”

Tabitha.

At that point, a beautiful coffee skinned woman entered the cell. “You wanted to see me Mister Rocco?”
“Why yes Tabitha, I want you to meet my new bitch, Jonelle. Jonelle, say hello to Tabitha.”
Tabitha's response was not a warm one as she appraised the diminutive young man currently performing an almost ridiculous parody of a curtsey as he greeted her.
Rocco pressed on, ignoring the pretty mullata’s cool reception. “I was hoping you could show Miss Jonelle here the ropes, get her acquainted with her new role and help her fit in better?”
Her eyes turned even cooler at the prospect, though a cruel smile did cross her lips as she responded, “Sure thing Mister Rocco, Tabitha will be happy to help Miss Jonelle to fit in… Um, does she need to… to enjoy it?”
While the last comment puzzled Jon, it apparently made perfect sense to Rocco, “Oh no, as long as she learns her new place in life, I think you having fun along the way will be just fine!” he laughed.
This time her smile was real “Thank you Mister Rocco!” looking at Jon cowering on the floor, she barked “Get up bitch, you and me got work to do!”

Meet the New You.

Three hours later, it was a very different looking Jon who re-entered the cell ahead of a smiling Tabitha. His prison issue blue denims and orange shirt had been replaced by a tiny pair of Daisy Duke denim cut offs that barely served to conceal his butt cheeks. The standard issue shirt had also been similarly modified so that it only had two buttons, about the same level as his obviously rouged nipples, with the bottom tied off below a dazzling lime green push-up brassiere.

Every trace of body hair, and there wasn't a lot there to start with, had been removed, and his long legs tapered down into a pair of pink lace trimmed socks that peeked out from the top of a pair of pale pink platform Converse high-top sneakers. The combination serving to draw any red-blooded male attention to his long, long legs.

With his eyebrows redefined into a more feminine style through judicious, if not sympathetic application of tweezers, Tabitha's application of too much eyeshadow and mascara slathered atop enormous false eyelashes served to make his blue eyes stunning! Blusher served to reinforce his perpetual blush, while she had captured three bumble bees from the prison's gardens and sadistically used their stingers on his lips, giving him a terribly painful version of the 'trout pout' appearance of some wretched surgically modified teen. This was further accentuated by an excess of glittering pink lip-gloss atop a similar shade of lipstick that gave the clearly terrified boy a truly stunningly beautiful appearance.

But it is Jon's hair that really completes his wanton slut look, for Tabitha has outdone herself with both bleach and curlers, for Jon [OK, let's address the elephant in the cell, for there is no way you can call the vision stood before Rocco a 'male', for Jon has been indisputably transformed into someone worthy of the name Jonelle! So it is Jonelle's hair that seals the deal! For Tabitha has transformed it into a shimmering blonde curly coiffure, with bangs turned down almost over his eyes and two pigtails secured with big prison orange bows that bounce with his every step.

"Wow!" breathes Rocco, "Tabitha my love, you gone and out done yourself!"

Tabitha smiles with pride at the completely feminized male stood between them.

"And did you, you know…?"

"Oh yes!" she smiles sweetly, before turning to Jonelle and instructing him "drop them shorts and show your new daddy what you got down there bitch!"

Face burning crimson beneath his blusher, Jonelle nevertheless obediently unzips his too tight short shorts, and, unknowingly wiggling his ass in a most feminine manner to work them down over his hips, to reveal a matching lime green thong panty."

"And the rest stupid!" barks Tabitha.

Fighting back a sob, Jonelle moves her panties aside to reveal a stainless-steel chastity cage tightly encasing his once proud, but now completely denuded male equipment.

"I'm impressed" laughs Rocco, I didn't think he'd fit in one that small.

"Well, we did have to use some ice to get his thingy to shrink a fair bit!" laughs Tabitha.

Jonelle's face continues to glow red hot as Rocco moves over and takes his steel-clad pecker in his hand and, staring him right in the eyes, remarks, "See Jonelle, like the rest of you, your pathetic little dicklet belongs to me now, and if you ever want to regain use of it, you gotta do exactly what I say. You got that bitch?"

“Yes daddy” answers the clearly terrified boy, still stood with his lime green panties and Daisy Duke jean shorts around his frilly socks and hairless ankles.
“You see, long experience has taught me that you can get a man to do just about anything if he wants something bad enough, and I ain’t seen nothing that persuades a man like his need to cum! Now right now, you probably thinking there’s no way I’m gonna chug on that big old meaty cock of daddies, but you wait, in a week or two, you’ll be so het up, you’ll be begging me let you at it!”
Jonelle meekly stood there, but inside, he was determined to prove the thug wrong. There was no way he was ever going to let the bastard come near him with that monster, let alone beg him to abuse him with it!
“See, we got ways of breaking you white boys. Why, even Tabitha here, she wasn’t always like this, were you bitch?”
The pretty mullata shook her head in agreement, before remarking “No Mister Rocco, Tabitha was once a proud male too, that was until daddy Leroy took me under his wing and made me the woman I am today.”
“And how long did it take you to come begging Leroy for his big old trouser snake?”
Her face reddened as she replied “Four weeks…”
“See, only four weeks before this once proudly heterosexual man was dressing like a fairy and just about begging to feast on Leroy's cock! So how long do you reckon you’ll last Jonelle, how long before you come crawling after me on all fours crying ‘please, please daddy, let sissy Jonelle take your big, black, beautiful cock up my tiny cracker shit pipe?’!”
Face burning at his crude words, Jon only looked at the ground, wishing it would swallow him whole, for he knew that since he’d first hooked up with Darlene, they had enjoyed an amazing, and incredibly frequent sex life. Even these few days of his being incarcerated had gotten to him, leaving him feeling frustrated and desperately seeking an opportunity to pleasure himself to relieve the ever-growing strain. How would weeks of him not even being able to even touch his cock effect his will? Nevertheless, he resolved that there was no way he was going to go begging this brute to fuck him up the ass, that was… well, it was queer, and Jon was anything but queer.

Play Time.

Seeing Jon's spine straighten in apparent resolve, Rocco smiled and instructed “Say Tabitha, I don’t think Jonelle here believes me. Why don’t you two gurls play a little on my bed here while I sit and read?”
So, none too gently, Jonelle was led over to Rocco's full-size bed by the dusky beauty, forced to assume a silly shuffle due to his shorts still around his ankles. This only made it even easier for Tabitha to spin him around before pushing him sprawling backward onto the bed.
In a second, she followed him down and easily pinned the slight boi beneath her, forcing his hands up over his head with her left hand. Then she slid in real close, her body pressing down on his as she mouthed “You have no idea the trouble you in bitch!” before kissing him fully on the mouth.

Her pierced tongue quickly wormed its way between his sore and bee sting enlarged lips, seemingly to entwine with his own. His sexual frustration peaked so that when she released his hands, he kept them raised, affording her unencumbered access to his body.
He gasped as he felt her place a warm hand upon his caged cock, while her other hand gently squeezed his right nipple as her tongue continued its dance within his pliant mouth. He felt a growing sensation of discomfort as his penis tested the physical limits of his cold steel chastity, quickly expanding to the maximum dimensions permitted by the unforgiving tube and ring around his balls. As Tabitha continued to oh so gently massage his aching balls, the pain grew exponentially. Causing him to grunt into her mouth, which in turn formed a vindictive smile upon hers.
Pulling her tongue from his gaping mouth, she moved her head to his now exposed chest, having expertly undone the two buttons securing his shirt, (or was it really a blouse?) and pushed his vivid green bra up over his hairless chest. Still maintaining a laser like intensity as she kept her eyes locked on his as her hand almost lovingly teased his now aching balls, she proceeded to suck upon each of his nipples in turn, inevitably causing his tightly sheathed cock further duress as it refused to give up its struggle to expand beyond the stainless-steel contraption's limits.
As Tabitha squirmed ever more intimately into him, her hands pulling his helpless crotch into hers as she moved so sensuously against him, he couldn't help but moan in equal parts pain and frustration.
"Oh, you like that, don't you baby?" she cooed hotly as she breathed warmly into his ear as she effortlessly spun him around so that she was now spooning him. Her hands gently squeezed his hairless chest as he felt her own steel-clad groin pressing between his buttocks, seemingly seeking entrance to his most secret of places. Her hands dropped back to his crotch, softly massaging and squeezing his badly aching balls and tickling what little parts of his manhood were not completely encased in steel.
"Just think baby, it won't be long before daddy takes his big, black, beautiful cock and takes your cherry. Just imagine feeling his stiff cock working its way between your tight little white buttocks, forcing its way fully inside of you, stretching that tight little butt hole of yours, stretching and stretching it until it works its way fully inside your most private of places. Imagine the sensations of daddy's giant black cock invading the one place you always thought of as inviolate. Then imagine feeling its full girth pushing onwards, deeper and deeper inside of you, before beginning the most amazing, slow, powerful, rhythmic thrusting deep inside your tight, white ass. Do you think you'll be able to handle it bitch; will you be able to accept all of daddy's cock before your useless little clitty squirts in excitement as this real man's dick stimulates your faggot prostrate and you cum as only a little sissy bitch can?"
As Jon panted through the combination of fear, discomfort and arousal, she once again lithely repositioned them so that her face was at his crotch, her breath hot and moist upon his throbbing and constrained cock as she took his cage into the moist confines of her lipsticked mouth.
This time there could be no mistaking Jon's moans for anything other than pain as he helplessly thrust his useless genitals towards her seeking release.

“OK,” interrupted Rocco's deep voice, “that’s enough of that shit, I think you got him sufficiently worked up there Tabitha. What do you say Jonelle, are you ready for release from that cruel metal cage?”
Despite his fugue, Jon knew it couldn’t be that simple, but nodded expectantly anyway.
Rocco smiled unkindly, “Good, good little bitch. Well, all you gotta do is beg daddy to let you ride his big old cock!”
Breaking his reverie, Jon spat “Never!” as he struggled to extricate himself from Tabitha's grasp atop the bed.

Warden and Doc.

The next morning, Jon was called before the warden to explain his non-prison issue clothing. He broke down and told the older man all about how Rocco had forced him to dress and act, begging the warden to please, please, not put him back in gen pop with Rocco.
Jon was puzzled by the warden’s apparent disinterest in his complaints, that was until he heard the door behind him open. His face fell when he turned to see Rocco smiling malevolently down at him.
“Haven’t you worked it out yet bitch, don’t you realize that I own this prison?” he hissed, taking hold of one of Jon's beribboned pigtails and pulling him up physically, lifting him from the plain wooden chair until the terrified boi’s face was level to his. “The warden here, and every last one of the cock sucking guards are all on my payroll.”
Jon cast a worried glance in the warden’s direction, only to see his amused look confirming his worst fears that Rocco was indeed telling the truth.
Seeing the dawning of realization upon his sissy’s face, Rocco persists “Your attitude is really starting to annoy me Jonelle. I tried making it easy for you, but I see you want to make a fight of it. OK, I can do that. Truth be told, I much prefer it when my bitches put up a fight, it’s so much more rewarding when I inevitably break them to know they gave their everything in a futile attempt to try and resist me.”
He turned to the warden. “Doug, could you please ask Brian to join us?”
Rather than being affronted by his lack of formality, the warden merely smiled and reached for the phone as he answered, “Certainly sir, I’ll get him up here now.”
Jon could only sit there, too stunned to say anything as they waited. After a couple of minutes, a man in a white lab coat knocked before entering the warden’s office. He nodded politely to Rocco and the warden, looking at Jon with something akin to sympathy as he acknowledged the two other men, “Doug, Mr. Pelman. How can I be of assistance?
Apparently, Mr. Pelman was Rocco as he answered “Hi Doc. I was hoping you could help me by prescribing my new bitch here” he nodded in the direction of a furiously flushed Jon, “a course of those experimental hormones you mentioned last month?”
“Of course, Mr. Pelman, I’ll be. Happy too, though you will recall the potential side effects I told you of?” Seeing Rocco ignore his question as he continued just staring malevolently into Jon's clearly terrified eyes, he pressed on, “Do you want me to administer them now?”
“That would be great, thank you doctor.”

With that, the prison doctor went bustling from the office to return a few minutes later carrying a white plastic case which he opened to reveal four large syringes with truly terrifyingly large hypodermic needles. Jon was then made to sit on the cold desk while the doctor made a great show of administering the injections to him; two in his bottom, a second one was split between each nipple, and the last, by far the most painful, was administered directly into Jonelle's hairless sac.
"There, you should start to see effects in the next day or so. Now I must repeat that these are strictly experimental, this is the first time they've been tried on a human." Jon's head jerked up at this tidbit. The doctor continued, "Yes, they were developed to help cow's produce more milk, but the researchers found them too powerful. Apparently, they they made the udders too large for the cow to walk, and other parts too small, plus they acted as something akin to a bovine aphrodisiac. Made the cows sex mad!" Three of the four men present, or all the men if you considered Jon's much reduced status in life, thought this quite funny. Jon less so.
"Thanks Doc" smiled Rocco as he grabbed one of Jonelle's thin wrists. "Come on bitch, we got another stop."
By this time Jon was openly sobbing as he struggled to keep up with the powerful negro dragging him behind him.

Adolf.

Their next stop was another bland cell in the neighboring D block. The only occupant was a powerfully built skinhead whose muscular body was pretty much covered all over in hatefully racist and misogynistic tattoos. Despite the thugs obviously white supremacists' leanings, he still stood almost fearfully as Rocco and the crying boi entered his cell.
"Mr. Pelman, what can I assist you with today?" he stammered, such was the obvious fear with which he viewed Rocco.
"Hello Adolf," sneered Rocco. "My bitch here needs some of your artwork, specifically some permanent make-up added, you know how I like it. I was hoping you and your cracker assholes could assist me in this matter?"
Adolf, if that was his real name, looked at Jon with hungry eyes. "Well…" he began, but Rocco cut him off.
"Course, I'll be happy to lend her to you. Not now, but maybe later, if I like what you do to her…"
Adolf's smile was not a friendly one as he looked Jon over. "Of course, we'll be happy to help. Leave her with us and we'll bring her back in a couple of hours."
Rocco's voice hardened perceptibly, "Good. And I don't mind you boys having a little fun with her, but no sex and shit. She's mine and I want to be the one to break her in. Salad tossing and kissing's OK, but no oral or anal. Got it?"
Jon couldn't help himself and sobbed loudly upon hearing Rocco's declaration, but both men ignored him as if weren't present, and Adolf gave Rocco his affirmation.
Turning once more to Jon, Rocco snarled "You do exactly what this nice white boy tells you, you got that bitch?"
Jon managed a sniffled confirmation before Rocco turned and left the cell.

“You sit tight on the bed here” barked Adolf as he moved to the door and let out a piecing whistle. Then he turned back to face the clearly terrified boi. “Right cunt, let’s be getting you outta them clothes!”

Five hours later Jon was dropped off back at Rocco's cell, a blubbering hysterical mess. His bee swollen lips were now outlined in a dark red caricature of cupid bow lips and, even through the dark pink lip liner he’d been made to wear, you could discern the word ‘CUM’ on his upper lip, and ‘IN!’ on his lower lip!

Meanwhile, his eyes were thickly outlined in black, including an exaggerated tick at the outer corners, while a startlingly vivid blue adorned his eyelids which were swollen almost closed from the ink guns application.

His cheeks were a real work of sissy art! Heavy application of pink ink outlining a one-and-a-half-inch tall area of un-inked cheek in the shape of a love heart, the dusky pink fading as it moved from the untattooed inner heart, but with several white colored stars and dots further drawing the eye to his unnaturally feminine cheeks he now would be forced to endure the rest of his life.

Below the hear on his left cheek was a large beauty spot which, on closer examination showed itself to be the silhouette of a flaccid cock and balls ejaculating towards the left-hand corner of his mouth.

But it was when you viewed him from behind that the real abuse he’d been forced to endure became apparent. For, clearly visible below his tiny shorts, each buttock was adorned with a four-letter word in three-inch-high block letters, with ‘ANAL’ adorning his left butt cheek and ‘SLUT’ the right one.

The small of his back was now embellished with countless butterflies, fairies, flowers and hearts that surrounded flowery script proclaiming him the ‘PROPERTY OF ROCCO’ in many bright and contrasting colors.

Rocco was delighted and had Jon parade naked around the cell to let him thoroughly enjoy the humiliation his latest bitch was now permanently marked with.

While he walked around the larger than average cell, taking the small feminine steps Tabitha had so thoroughly schooled him in, Jonelle was made to recount how he’d had to get down on his knees, behind Adolf and tongue his smelly asshole, all the while reaching up between the white supremacists powerful thighs to stroke the brute’s erection until he’d demanded Jon crawl round to lie before him so the thug could ejaculate all over his now permanently ruined face.

“I’m not sure I follow your description Jonelle,” laughed Rocco, “so why don’t you get down on your pretty little knees and show me!” fighting back sobs of desperation at the injustice of his new life, he nevertheless, obediently lowered himself to his knees as Rocco turned, dropped his pants to better present his muscular buttocks to his new sissy slave.

Taking one last deep breath for fresh air, Jon then pressed a hand to each of his new master’s buttocks to open them widest so as to present an easier target as he reluctantly forced his tongue up Rocco's sphincter muscle to begin rimming his ass.

Darlene’s Smalls.

That night, as Jon lay spooned by Rocco, dressed only in an obviously well-worn little baby doll nightie, its once shiny turquoise nylon worn dull through use so that the white lace trim hung off it in places, Rocco had Jonelle describe in great details the sort of outfits Darlene used to wear for him.
Thinking back on far happier times, Jonelle was eager to describe the beautiful and sexy outfits his wife always had on hand to titillate her man.
Seeing his bait had been so eagerly gobbled up by his prey, Rocco struck, “Tomorrow, I want you to write to Darlene and tell her she is to send you several pairs of her sexiest panties to help you remember her by. Tell her it’s preferable that she’s worn them, no need to wash them, as you want her scent upon them. You got that bitch?”
Jon had no say in the matter, and so next morning, with a lot of guidance from Rocco, he wrote the letter beseeching his wife to send him multiple pairs of her panties, preferably pairs she had not washed after wearing, so as to better remind him of her “Swett smelling pussy”.
As a further tweak, Rocco had him include a request for Darlene to also send him a chastity cage, sized smaller than the one he was already being forced to squeeze his tackle into, so that he would ensure he always remained faithful to ‘the love of his life! As Rocco dictated and Jon sobbed, he nevertheless begged his wife to send one, while retaining both keys, so that he ‘could save all his seed for her forthcoming conjugal visit’!
Sure enough, before the long-awaited weekend of her visit, a package containing seven pairs of Darlene's panties arrived. Rocco had Jonelle model each of them for him before selecting what he considered the sexiest, a pair of white satin French cut panties with flouncy matt black lace trim. Then he made Jonell suck and masturbate him until he was just about ready to cum. Then he had Jonelle stand before him, still wearing only Darlene's panties, to make the sickened sissy hold open the front of his panties and masturbate Rocco off until he ejaculated a considerable load directly into the gusset of the panties he was forced to hold open in front, soaking Jonelle's little steel encased cock and balls in the sticky and glutinous mass of warm Alpha semen.
“There, that should serve as a reminder of what you’ve lost as well as a reminder of your new station in life. Now pull your panties fully home… that’s it… How’d you like the sensation of daddy’s semen basting your little cockette bitch?”
Jon was smart enough to lie and answer in the positive, “It feels good daddy, thank you.”
“Good. Good gurl. Well pull your shorts back up and sashay your sexy little ass down to Leroy's cell. Tell him you want to collect his swimmers…”
Jon had no idea what this entailed but was confident he wasn’t going to like it. Still, he knew better than to anger daddy, so worked his too tight shorts over his unmistakably hormone enlarged and feminine looking ass and hips, and dutifully waddled down to Leroy's cell.
When he got there, he was not surprised to find Tabitha noisily riding Leroy's big black cock in their typically noisy fashion. Seeing the scared white boi standing uncomfortably outside their cell, Tabitha called, “What you want bitch? Can’t you see I'm busy taking care of my man?”

“Sorry Mistress Tabitha, but Daddy said I had to see Master Leroy about collecting his swimmers…”
Both Tabitha and Leroy smiled evilly at this news. “Well, in that case you’d better come on in!” laughed Leroy.
Jon entered as commanded and stood nervously ay the foot of their bed as Tabitha climbed off Leroy's big black cock. “Here you go bitch” she laughed, “your timing is impeccable as I think my man was just about to bust a nut anyway!” she proffered Leroy's erection in a manner that made it all too clear what was required of him, so he dutifully dropped to his knees and crawled between Leroy's powerful thighs. Trying not to think where his cock had just been, Jonelle dutifully took his man meat between his bee sting swollen lips and commenced deep throating the thug.
As Leroy's orgasm approached, Tabitha worked the distracted boi’s shorts down over his hips, marveling at how the doctor’s experimental hormones had already made noticeable changes to the sissy’s physique, and then had Jon stand up before the towering negro with his wife’s once pristine, but now semen-soaked panties held open. Tabitha then reached around the trembling boi, all the while smiling maliciously at the new conscript’s obvious discomfort and proceeded to masturbate his big black cock until he also ejaculated directly into Darlene's panties, once more thoroughly soaking Jon's small, steel encased tests in another man’s vile seed. Jon could only let out an involuntary sob of horror as his already sticky testes were drenched in another load of foul semen as Tabitha made a great show working his panties fully home, almost lifting the diminutive white boi physically off the floor as she pulled the side of his thong panties as high up over his hips as she could manage.
Accompanied by an all too happy Tabitha, Jon was made to visit four other more cells to receive similar treatment until he could hear himself squelching as he whore strutted his way back to Rocco's cell, the combined semen of semen of six different men now thoroughly soaking crotch of his once pretty white satin panties, obviously drenched denim shorts, and some of the excess cum running down his denuded legs.

Conjugal Visit.

Several weeks later Jon’s long-awaited reunion with his wife arrived. Of course, the powerful drugs Rocco made him take every day had wrought terrible changes on his once obviously masculine frame. He now had unmistakable breasts that jiggled and bounced in a most shameless manner whenever Rocco made him go braless, which was just about every day. His hips and ass had also changed dramatically, while the near constantly enforced wearing of heavily boned tight corsets had whittled his waist significantly. His skin was also noticeably smoother and totally devoid of hair, save a tiny blonde ‘landing strip’ immediately above his now cock that was considerably shrunken due to the constant forced chastity he had to endure.
On the morning of his long-awaited reunion, Rocco made him put on the smaller chastity cage Darlene had sent him. It took over five-minutes of submerging his hairless cock and balls in a glass of iced water before he was able to finally squeeze his little testicles through

the small chrome loop and compress his flaccid penis into the half-inch of depth the miniscule chastity provided before it ended in a completely flat perforated front piece. He was greatly alarmed at how his once proud male equipment was so reduced in size from the combination of hormones and being so compressed in the cock cage Rocco demanded he always wear., that it barely registered as a small bump in the front of the panties he wore.

As he unknowingly wiggled his way towards the conjugal visitation rooms, oblivious to the covetous and predatory looks he was subjected to by his fellow inmates, Jon felt terribly ashamed of having to meet his wife while dressed in such sluttily feminine attire.

For an obviously too tight pair of cut-off denim shorts, with the waist band of his hot pink thong panties visible at each side above his expanded hips, perfectly framed his now shapely ass, with his tanned cheeks clearly visible below the too short, frayed rear of the tiny shorts, the vile proclamation that he was an ANAL SLUT so clearly visible beneath the frayed hem of his too tight shorts.

His prison issued orange shirt had been modified so that it was tied off below two undeniably feminine breasts, their volume further accentuated by the black lace trimmed satin tiger skin push up bra Rocco selected for him, while a small fake diamond sparkled from his belly piercing below.

His always perfectly shaved legs, tanned from Rocco's enforced tanning sessions every exercise period looked amazingly shapely atop the four-inch white stiletto pumps he wore, the heel and one-inch platform in standard stripper clear acrylic. They clicked and clattered as he carefully wiggled his way across the open cut pattern steel flooring, all too aware of the felons on the floor below looking up to enjoy the show he was forced to provide.

Three pairs of cheap earrings adorned his multiple pierced ears, while similar trashy jewelry ornamented his neck, wrists both ankles, his belly button and his tongue, while his face bore the now traditional over applied makeup, serving to perfectly compliment his teased out blonde coiffeur. His hair was a shimmering mass stacked upon his head in a most pretty arrangement with multiple clips and bows further accentuating his unmistakably feminine coiffure.

He tried his best to hurry, but couldn’t due to the very real danger of catching a heel in the grated flooring, or of one of his now C-cup breasts spilling from the next to useless bustier cups upon which they sat, barely concealed behind the inadequate prison shirt tied off immediately below.

When at last he made it to the designated room, he drew a deep breath before opening the door and entering to find Darlene sat upon the rooms sole bed chatting amicably to Rocco!

“Here she is!” laughed Rocco as he secretly delighted in the flabbergasted expression showing on Darlene's pretty face.

Jon tried to recover some ground, but is “Hello my darling wife, how are you? You look so amazingly sexy!” was somewhat ruined by him forgetting to drop the all too familiar high-pitched girlish lisp he was forced to adopt all the time on the inside.

Rocco smiled as he continued “Jonelle here has been talking non-stop about how she can’t wait for you and me to meet, how she thinks we have so much in common that we’re just fated to hit it off. Isn’t that right Jonelle?”

Even smiling, Rocco's steely look made it abundantly clear what was expected of him, so without pause he quietly demurred to the much larger man and answered, "Yes daddy, Jonelle thinks both you and... and Miss Darlene here will be the best friends ever!"
Delighting in the look of disgust Darlene shot her once proudly male husband, Rocco continued, "And just last night, after she'd administered my evening blowjob, Jonelle kept talking about how she hoped you'd be able to advise her in the feminine arts of makeup and taking care of her man! Isn't that true Jonelle?"
As Rocco beckoned the broken boi over over and made him kneel, demurely, at his feet so that he could run his powerful dark hands through the clearly broken sissy's blonde locks, Jon nevertheless obediently answered with a matching lie, lisping "Yes, please Miss Darlene, what can this silly sissy to ensure Jonelle's man doesn't stray?"
There could be no mistaking the tone of disgust in Darlene's voice as she snarkily commented 'it doesn't look like you need much advice there... Jonelle! What the fuck is that on your cheeks?"
Jonelle felt his love heart adorned cheeks glow an all too familiar deeper shade of pink as he knelt obediently by Rocco's feet.
Jon's mood darkened still further as he watched Rocco place an illicit hand upon his wife's hip and draw the clearly disgusted wife closer to his side, while the hand not occupied with caressing his subservient sissy strayed upon the womanly form of Jon's beloved wife, Jon was hurt to see that Darlene did not rebuff Rocco's unsolicited advances, but rather seemed to accept them, if no other reason than to get back in some manner at her clearly subservient and pathetic husband.
Seeing how badly this hurt the man she'd once loved, loved before he'd so callously tried to throw her under the bus to extricate himself from the mess his greed had caused him, Darlene could not resist the thrill of command and the attention of the powerfully built man, the man who'd so obviously broken her once powerful husband. The man sat so close beside her she could feel the heat emanating from his powerful body.
Moving her gaze from the pathetic sight her feminized husband presented to snatch a quick glance at Rocco's crotch, she couldn't help but let out a gasp as she surveyed the monster clearly visible against his thick thigh through his tight pants. Hearing her reaction, Rocco knew he had her and slid his arm further round the pretty wife to casually cup her right breast, almost as if by accident.
Jon noticed though, he also noticed Darlene's body stiffen and permitted a moment of hope that she would put the bully who'd so ruined his life firmly back in his place. But, alas, it was not to be, for instead of rebuffing Rocco's advances, after the merest hesitation, Darlene tentatively reached out to confirm the monster trapped between his thigh and thin pants was indeed what she suspected it to be. Jon's hopes of an end to his torment evaporated as she timidly started to stroke Rocco's monster cock through the worn denim of his jeans, her movements growing in confidence as the giant black man did nothing to discourage her.
Instead, Rocco removed his hand from Jon's head to reach up and direct Darlene's pretty face to look at his, slowly stooping until his mouth closed over her parted red lips.

Jon then got to kneel demurely at Rocco's feet as another man made out with his wife mere inches from where he knelt, head bowed. In minutes, they were both naked on the bed before him.
“Oh wait!” cried Darlene, reaching for hitherto unseen bag at one end of the bed, “I got this for… for her!” she laughs, throwing something red at the quietly sobbing sissy beside them.
“Go on, put it on bitch!” she ordered. One look from Rocco convinced Jon he’d best comply.
It was a gorgeous wine-red satin and lace baby doll nightie. “I was going to wear it for our first time together, but seeing as I’m no lesbian, and you’re definitely not a man, that no longer seems relevant!”
“Darl…” he tried, but Rocco cut him off.
“You heard the lady Jonelle, now be a good little cock gobbling faggot and do as the lady told you.”
So, with a solitary tear leaking from the corner of one heavily made-up eye, he obediently stripped off his tiny shorts, blouse and bra and panties before slipping on the practically transparent baby doll, all the time wishing it was Darlene wearing it, not him, and it was him lying beside her on the bed and not Rocco.
As he slid filmy thong up his silken legs, Darlene told him to stop and bid him to come stand before her.
Terribly conscious of his transformed physique, he stood with his hands clutched defensively over his iron clad crotch, but Darlene slapped his hands away.
“Is this the cage I bought you?” she inquired.
“Yes, but…”
“Now I understand why you wanted it. None of that bullshit about saving yourself for me” she took hold of his diminished package and twisted viciously, almost causing Jon's knees to buckle with pain.
She let go his chastised cock, moving her hands up to his greatly enlarged bust. “Are these real?” she laughed as she squeezed his C-cup breasts.
“Um, yes, Daddy told me…”
Once more, Rocco cut him off mid-sentence, “Yes, of course they’re real! Do you think I’d accept anything less from my sissy bed companion?”
“Well no… wait! You mean he, I mean, she…” Darlene cast a disparaging look at the baby doll clad man she had once harbored very real feeling towards as he stood, visibly shaking before her, “you mean she sleeps with you?”
“Why yes, of course” answered Rocco matter-of-factly, “What’s the point of having a sissy bitch if she’s not on hand to take care of your sexual needs at all times?”

Cuckolded.

“Well,” began Darlene, before pausing a moment to consider as she continued sensually groping her husband’s breasts, not recognizing or caring that this stimulation was causing his caged cock considerable duress. “Have you actually… you know… have you…?”

Rocco cut her off, “No, I was saving deflowering her for a special occasion.” Noticing her interest, he played his final trump card. “Of course, we could make her do it now if you’d like?”
Jon gasped in horror as he looked to Darlene in the desperate hope she’d insist this was all terribly wrong but, as she finally seemed to notice how his tiny cock was straining futilely against the unforgiving confines of the obviously too small cock cage and, either unknowingly or vindictively choosing to interpret this as a sign of Jon’s enthusiasm to lose his anal cherry to Rocco's massive black cock. She reached down to grasp his swollen balls and so confirm his arousal before remarking “Well, she certainly seems up for it! Sure, I think I would like to see you fuck the bitch!”
Jon's cries of protest were silenced with just a glance from Rocco.
“Sure thing baby” cooed Rocco, “but first I really, really want to sample that gorgeous pussy of yours!”
“Hmm…” Jon's hopes leapt, only to be once more dashed, “um, do you think you can make him suck your cock to full hardness first? I think that’d be really hot to watch!”
Rocco’s smile was evilly malicious. “Sure thing babe!”
Just a look from the towering black man was enough to have the almost sobbing sissy crawling, seemingly eagerly, between his powerful thighs.
“Do you mind if I record it?” inquired Jon's once loving wife with malicious glee.
With an all too happy agreement from Jon's master, Darlene commenced to record her once heterosexual husband descend upon Rocco's amazingly thick black cock. Any request she made, was dutifully obliged by Jon, with only minimum, often unseen encouragement from Rocco.
Just as he’d been so carefully and painfully trained, Jonelle made all manner of cooing noises, as he showed off his newly learned deep throating ability, breaking the oral action to force his face between Rocco's spread buttocks to seemingly eagerly lap at his master’s asshole, before sucking noisily upon his large black balls, all the while obediently looking into the lens of Darlene's phone as she photographed and videoed him performing the most vile acts any heterosexual man could imagine seeing Darlene’s aerial, Rocco made him pull down his thong to stroke his tiny caged cock, or reach up to cup and fondle his unmistakably feminine breasts or pull on one visibly enlarged nipple. All of which served to make Jon look like an eager and willing participant in the debauchery he was subjected too, very much against his will.
Finally satisfied with the large multi-media collection she had of her once loved husband servicing his new black master, definitely enough to ensure a most profitable divorce settlement, Darlene nervously took her place upon the prison bad and prepared for her first lover since before she’d married Jon.
Rocco enjoyed twisting the knife in Jon's back a little more by having him take hold of his saliva slicked cock with one daintily manicured hand, before parting Darlene's obviously very aroused glistening pussy lips with the other, before gently guiding Rocco's rigid hard cock head forward so he could pillage his sissy slave’s until very recently faithful and loving wife’s most sacred of places.

“Hang on a second,” he ordered just as Jonelle positioned his black monster at the very gate of his once monogamous wife’s snatch, “Jonelle, give my helmet a little kiss before you guide it home in your wife’s gorgeous cunt!”
Fighting back tears, Jon nevertheless did exactly as ordered and pulled Rocco's cock back from Darlene's pussy to plant a gentle kiss upon the eye of his glans. Unseen, Darlene smiled at the pathetic slave this brute of a man had made of her once seemingly powerful husband.
Fully focused on the task at hand, Jonelle then carefully guided Rocco's black monster back between his wife’s shapely thighs, lovingly parting her swollen labia before guiding Rocco's manhood fully home. Rocco eased his length into Darlene's hot confines, delighting in her tightness and resisting the urge to slam it fully home as he tended to with his sissy. He patiently took his time to better let her adjust to a real man’s cock, as well as to revel in the sensations as her hot cunt adjusted to his girth to envelop his manhood and her husband lay sobbing on the bed besides them.
As he began a rhythmic plundering of Darlene's plentiful pleasures, Rocco grabbed a handful of Jonelle’s platinum blonde tresses and pulled him close, real close, so close his face was positioned under Rocco's huge brown balls. “Open wide bitch,” he growled, “suck on my balls while I fuck the living shit out of your smoking hot wife!”
With tears ruining his mascara, Jonelle did as ordered and tried his best to capture one of Rocco's furiously bouncing testicles in his lipsticked mouth. For close to twenty minutes, mouth full of Rocco's large sweaty testicle, the pathetic boi lay beneath the two perspiring lovers until, finally, they both orgasmed in almost perfect unison.
Once they had recovered their breath, Rocco had Jon stay put, mouth open wide, as he oh so slowly withdrew his softening phallus from Darlene's bright pink and obviously well stretched and content pussy. With a loud slurping sound, the head of Rocco's cock exited from the warm, moist interior of Darlene, slapping down on the sobbing boy’s face, but rather than release him, Rocco moved his loins so that his cock was positioned directly on Jon's lips.
“Clean me bitch” he barked, whereupon Jon docilely took his slippery erection between his bee sting swollen lips and used his tongue to cleans it of their combined juices.
Moving from above the recumbent sissy, he took hold of Darlene's hips and physically lifted her until her visibly gaping pussy was positioned directly over her husband’s still open mouth. “And now clean my woman!” the emphasis on the word ‘my’ was not lost on Jon, but without a word of protest, he set about tonguing his once loving wife’s snatch clean of his bullying Master’s semen.
“Ooh” cooed Darlene from above, “that’s it sissy, work your only useful appendage deeper, make certain you get every drop of daddy’s semen! After all, we don’t want me getting pregnant, how would I explain that to the neighbors?!”

Lost Cherry.

Upon some whispered command from Rocco, Darlene settled her full weight upon her husband, her knees pinning his arms beneath her to the bed as he worked his tongue as far up her dripping snatch as he could.

His concentration on extracting as much of Rocco's congealing jiz from his wife's pussy was disturbed as Rocco took each of his slender ankles in his big beefy hands. Before Jon could do anything about it, his dominant cell mate spread his ankles wide, positioning one over each of his broad shoulders, trapping them with arms wrapped around his knees.
With sickening alacrity, Jonelle realized what he was up to, and furiously tried to buck his wife off and so scramble free, but with Darlene's entire weight upon his shoulders and Rocco securing his legs, he was powerless to do anything as he felt the large negro slide his thong panty down over his tanned ass to position his once again erect cock at the trapped sissy's sphincter.
"Looks like daddy's going to make a real woman of you Jonelle!" laughed his wife from atop as he felt Rocco spit a large globule of saliva directly onto his defenseless butt.
"Here it comes bitch!" growled Rocco as he leant forward, using Jon's legs for leverage, and slowly forced his massive cock deep into the poor boi's exposed anus.
Jon screamed into Darlene's pussy as Rocco worked more of his dick up his virgin shitter, but that just excited his wife and served to cause more congealed semen and love juice to flow into his open mouth.
"Relax bitch" advised his assailant, "I'm gonna take your cherry no matter what you do, so try and relax and who knows, maybe you'll grow to like daddy's cock!"
Jon knew there was zero chance of that ever happening, but nevertheless, tried to relax as Rocco continued forcing more of his girth between his buttocks.
Finally, he felt the pressure of Rocco's hairy thighs against his hairless buttocks, but any hopes he'd harbored that the worst was over were quickly dispelled as Rocco slowly drew back until only the tip of his monster cock was still stretching Jon's sphincter to breaking point, then with one powerful drive hips of his muscular thighs, slammed the full length of his manhood home, deep inside Jon's virgin bottom, his large black balls bouncing off Jon's ass.
Even with his ears muffled by Darlene's silken thighs, Jon could still her laughing "So bitch, how does it feel to made a woman by a real man? Do you think you will never be able to look another man in the eye, knowing another man has made you his sissy faggot bitch? Why, I don't suppose you'll even be able to look another woman straight in the face without knowing that at least she got to choose the man who took her cherry!"
The tears welled up as the pain continued, with Rocco's powerful thrusts driving him into and up the bed so hard that Rocco had to grip Jon's thighs, holding them to his chest, to prevent the sobbing boi's head slipping from beneath Darlene.
Pound! Slam! Pound! Slam! Pound! Slam! Pound! Rocco thrust his massive dick mercilessly into Jon's ass, time and time again, demonstrating none of the controlled passion he'd shown while fucking Jon's wife mere minutes before.
Slowly, the pain eased, slightly at first, but then it eased still further, then it gradually gave way to acceptance. But then, worse of all, it changed to something worse, something far worse, as Jon realized his sex starved body was betraying him as he felt himself responding positively to the brute's unwanted raping of his bottom. With each of Rocco's animal assaults, Jon could feel his penis strain against the unforgiving confines of his chastity still further as Rocco's cock tickled his prostrate, tickled and stimulated it until it was the chastity that was causing him the most pain than Rocco's battering of his ass.

And yet, despite all the pain, Jon was appalled to recognize the unmistakable sensations of a powerful orgasm building deep inside. His loathsome chastity imprisonment had ensured it had been many weeks since he'd last been permitted any form of sexual relief, so there could be no mistaking the rumbling freight train of passion building from Rocco's cock stimulating his helpless prostrate glans.

Darlene obviously noticed the change in her once exclusive partner, so she climbed from atop Jon's now ruined face, quickly grabbing for her phone as Rocco used his grip on Jon's thighs to pull the helpless boi yet closer so as to thrust even deeper within the trapped sissy's moaning body.

Swollen lips pursed as he rhythmically blew in ever faster and shorter breaths, Jon began a low wail that slowly grew in intensity as his orgasm built from deep inside.

"I think the fag's really getting off from you raping his ass!" laughed Darlene as she moved around the intertwined lovers on the grubby prison bad.

Rocco merely smiled as he picked up the power and pace of his defilement. The sound of his thighs slapping against Jon's hormone inflated ass cheeks drowned out the lesser noise caused by his boiling black nuts hitting just below Jon's already ruined ass.

Finally, Jon's orgasm hit full force and he let out a high-pitched scream that could be mistaken for nothing but passion as his small genitals bucked and bobbed and a thin fluid squired from the holes of his tiny tea strainer chastity.

Darlene made certain to capture all of this, using her phone to record every aspect of her husband's degradation and humiliation at the hands of his large black and dominant cell mate.

As Jon's orgasm continued, way beyond anything he had experienced before, Rocco joined the party, pulling the slight boi fully onto his cock to lift him off the bed, ensuring Jon slid a few millimeters yet further onto his giant black dick. Fearing he'd be torn apart; Jon had no choice but to reach around Rocco's powerful neck to hold on and save his already much abused ass from further ruin as Rocco bounced him up and down upon his rigid rod as he commenced injecting what felt to Jon like a gallon of scalding hot man seed.

All the while Darlene circled the pair, capturing the look of unbridled lust upon Jon's oblivious face as his orgasm at last began to wane, the last of his weak and diluted semen leaking from his tiny cage, while he desperately clung to Rocco in what to all intents looked like uninhibited lust as the Alpha male continued pumping streams of searing semen into his distended bottom.

At last, Rocco was sated and, after pausing to permit Darlene to move into optimum position, withdrew his monster cock from the poor boi's visibly stretched rectum. As she zoomed in, Rocco's cock exited Jon's ruined sphincter with an audible plop. As the first globule of congealing semen oozed from her once monogamous and heterosexual husband's gaping ass, she quickly pulled the wine-red thong panty back up his ass crack to prevent any further leakage.

Tears streaming down his cheeks in a river of black mascara, Jon then had to take Rocco's now flaccid cock between his bee sting inflated lips and clean his own mess from his masters' still large cock. Once again, Rocco's stamina and powers of recovery defied belief as Jon felt his owner's cock slowly reinflating as he worked his pierced tongue to lick every trace of his defiled ass from the brute's cock.

Rocco's stamina proved legendary as he rose to the occasion four more times; three times in Jon's clearly enamored wife, and once more in the poor boi's already visibly distended ass.
As Rocco covered his wife one final time, they dismissed Jon with instructions to return to Rocco's cell where he was to stand in the far corner, facing the wall, to await his mater's return. All of this to be done with absolutely no effort to clean himself up or remove any of the damage Darlene and Rocco's vicious ravaging of his once proudly male body had wrought.
So, Jon got to endure a walk or, more correctly a pain filled shuffle of shame and humiliation, dressed only in the soiled remnants of Darlene's little baby doll nightie, the red satin darkened by spit, semen and other unmentionables, with his thong panty down around his ankles, and semen streaming down his silken thighs and his face a ruin of combined love juice, jiz, and destroyed cosmetics. Once back in the cell he shared with Rocco, Jon had to stand in the corner, his obviously violated ass facing towards the open door, while back in the room, Rocco again pillaged his once loving wife's charms, and the two of them plotted for Jon's continuing demise.

The Future.

Terribly self-conscious to be outside, to be 'free', Jonelle stood beside the barbed wire gates of Hellhole Penitentiary, the cold wind plucking at the hem of her ridiculous petticoat fluffed hemline.
The tailored Armani suit she'd, well, Jon, arrived at jail in had mysteriously been replaced with a pink satin number that served to barely conceal her now DD sized breasts, any sudden motion likely to cause the silicone engorged monsters to bounce free, providing a passerby with a humiliating show of her massive jugs topped by her permanently aroused looking inch-long, half-inch wide nipples.
Her recently permed blonde hair was tied off in two ponytails, each secured by two large dark pink ribbons, while a much larger flouncy pink bow sat atop her head. Her now slender arms were encased in white satin gloves that finished just her elbows, each ornamented with three dark pink bows on their back. A large pink bow, six-inches wide, was secured around her neck, the ten-inch tails of it disappearing down into her voluminous cleavage. The shiny satin pink dress was laced tightly around her midriff, before flaring out over her hormone fattened hips and ass. Several tiers of pink satin sat atop a multitude of white ruffled lace petticoats that served to push the hemline up and out, leaving her disgustingly tattooed 'ANAL SLUT' thighs clearly displayed. Her denuded and tanned thighs were uncovered to the top of her pure white thigh-high stockings that terminated just above her knees.
Each stocking was adorned with ribbons, the left one with a large pink bow atop her knee, the right with three equally large darker pink bows aligned vertically below that knee. She stood just under six-feet tall with her feet encased in a pair of pink Mary Jane shoes, sat upon what was now an all too familiar six-inch heel and two-inch platform sole. Two filigree silver chains were used to secure the shoes to her feet, with a, ornamental, though sturdy, silver padlock visible around both ankles.

In her left hand, forced outwards at a most effeminate angle by the multitude of pleated and heavily starched lace petticoats, she clutched a furry pink Hello Kitty purse that contained her precious few possessions. The bag was cleverly secured within her grasp by the finger and thumb of her elbow length glove being sewn together around the handle of her bag.
Her other hand was raised high, attached to a pink collar, with the words 'CUM DUMP' emblazoned in shimmering jewels fastened around her neck. A silver chain between her collar and wrist was so short as to prevent her from lowering her hand below shoulder height, so that a large bunch of pink and white helium filled balloons knotted tightly around her slender right wrist, sporting vile sissy epithets, such as 'FREE BLOW JOBS!', 'YES, I TAKE IT UP THE ASS!', 'SISSY SLUT!', 'ANAL SLUT', and 'SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL CUM DUMP!' blew around her platinum tresses.
The result was that the clearly terrified sissy was forced to stand outside the prisons visitors entrance, with both hands occupied to prevent her making any attempt at covering her perfectly displayed womanly charms as the wind plucked at the hem of her too short fetish attire.
Jon, or Jonelle Pelman as even she now considered herself, especially since Rocco had arranged all the necessary paperwork to make the name change legally binding! Jonelle had been forced to sign all the paperwork, seemingly requesting that her first name be feminized, and her last name changed to Rocco's. Not that it had mattered on the inside, for everyone there knew her simply as Rocco's Bitch!

Freedom?

Jonelle's day of long-awaited freedom had not started well, as she was awoken by her alarm fully two hours before reverie was sounded, slipping silently from her place besides a quietly slumbering Leroy to pad over to the pink lace trimmed dresser she applied her usual copious quantity of cosmetics.
She yearned to be able to wear something to restrain her D sized breasts, but knew to do so risked upsetting Daddy Leroy, so resignedly slipped an inadequately sized crop top over her shoulders, trying her best to pull it down below her oversized fake breasts.
Giving up on her attempts at concealing her jugs as a bad job, she pulled her hot pink lycra shorts fully up into place, the top failing to conceal waistband of her skimpy panties pulled up over her now womanly thighs. The shorts stretched themselves around her tiny peter-clit and equally miniature balls, victims of the formidable hormones she was continually force-fed. The effect was to all intents and purposes to give her the super-feminine 'camel toe' look Rocco and Leroy so liked, and she so detested, as it appeared she possessed a lusciously pouting pussy.
After applying the required excess of cheaply sourced cosmetics, Jonelle sprayed her top with the required mixture of water and Chanelle Coco perfume Leroy so liked. The result was her top, emblazoned with the legend 'YES DADDY' turned semi-transparent and clung to her massive jugs in a thoroughly lascivious manner, her artificially enlarged nipples standing proudly erect through the thin material, in a deliciously scented cloud of femininity.

After brushing out her shoulder length blonde coiffure until it crackled with static, she tied it back in a ponytail with a fluffy gold scrunchie before moving back to the bed to fellate her master to wakefulness.
Finally climbing from between his powerful thighs and from beneath the muggy heat of the bedding, she licked her collagen bloated lips as she swallowed the last of Leroy's considerable load.
Finally, she was able to prepare for her big day. For today she would finally be set free from this hell hole. It had taken her three attempts to secure her freedom, the previous two attempts sabotaged by Rocco framing her for some misdemeanor or another before each parole hearing.
Her original sentence should have been completed more than fifteen months ago, but her bastard of a Master had contrived to frame her resulting in her sentence being twice extended.
Even after her Master, the infamous drug lord Rocco, had been freed over nine months ago, her hopes of a better life were ruined when he cruelly handed her over, like some prized possession, to his faithful lieutenant Leroy.

Turf War.

This act had caused a bitter 'turf war' with Tabitha over who would be Leroy's nighttime companion, one that Jonelle had zero wish in winning, but a war it was, nevertheless. A war that had culminated with Tabitha bullying poor Jonelle into pulling a train for the guards, an event that left her sore and cum covered, while doing nothing to improve her standing among the other inmates.
At that point Leroy had been forced to step in between them to find a solution. But rather than just decide which of his bitches he would keep, he decided to settle the matter in time honored prison tradition. Plus, his solution provided him with a way he would make a whole lot of money; they would fight, fight for the right to be his prison bitch!
Utilizing Rocco's remaining control over the governor, he arranged for the fight to be staged in the prisons main dining area. And, in a brazen violation of department of corrections rules, a friend of Leroy's was contracted to bring in lights and cameras to record the whole sordid affair!
But this was no battle taking place in a ring or octogen as Jonelle had foolishly anticipated, this was the prison dining hall, the tables, still redolent in the filth of several hundred man having just finished eating what passed for lunch, having been pushed back to make a roughly oval arena.
Jonelle felt all too conscious, dressed in her usual stripper attire of too tight cut off denim shorts, the waist band of her tiny white trimmed pink thong panties visible over her hormone engorged hips and ass. A thin blouse was tied off below her all too plentiful bosom, reflexively strutting in atop her now familiar six-inch heels.
Tabitha, on the other hand, came dressed appropriately, wearing a figure-hugging catsuit of black latex that clung to her every curve – of which there were a plentiful abundance!
Of course, the fight went exactly as everyone expected, with Jonelle being no match for Tabitha who, having grown up on the streets and having served many years as a prison

bitch, was all too familiar with fighting and her strength and street smarts soon enabled her to overpower Jonelle.
But Tabitha had no interest in ending the fight quickly, and within the first minute had ripped Jonelle's skimpy top and push up bra from her body, delighting in forcing her opponent to the filthy floor, working her giant tits into the grime there.
Spotting multiple trays of food waste by the kitchen, Tabitha took a handful of her hair and dragged the topless wimp by it, causing Jonelle to scream in pain as she shuffled after Tabitha, bent at her waist with her glorious tits bouncing furiously as she struggled to keep up with her assailant.
Tabitha dragged her once around the room, ensuring everyone got a good look at the humiliated inmate, all the while screaming terrible insults and epithets at her, before forcing Jonelle to her knees before a table laden with several large tubs of food waste. Here, by threatening to rip her ever erect nipples from her body, Tabitha 'persuaded' Jonelle to scoop up large handfuls of the foul discarded food and rub it all over her colossal tits then into her blonde hair and even all over her face. She then took ahold of Jones hair again and forced the poor bitch's face into one of the tubs until she was up to her ears in the disgusting mess scraped from the aluminum food trays, they al late from. While Jonelle struggled to hold her breath, Tabitha scooped up two big handfuls of what looked like refried beans, before forcing them down the back of her opponents too tight shorts, slowly working work the gelatinous mess into her ass and groin.
Bored by her opponent's submission, Tabitha ripped Jonelle's shorts down her long legs, leaving her wearing nothing but her towering heels, skimpy panties, and a nasty looking mess of congealed lunch. Tabitha then took a firm grip of the waist band Jonelle's panties above each hip and proceeded to give the poor boi an atomic wedgie, pulling the waist and of her panties up and higher and up still further, causing the food blinded sissy to hop and leap around in a futile attempt to lessen the painful tension on her crotch, providing everyone a wonderful view of her muck encrusted bouncing DD breasts.
Tabitha kept yanking, kept pulling the stretched waistband higher and ever tighter, until the ridiculously stretched elastic was so overextended that she was able to work the guitar string taut elastic over Jonelle's shoulders. The elastic settled into the small of her shoulders, effectively trapping it there leaving her in terrible discomfort but with no means of lessening it, the material of the thong panties pulled incredibly hard up into her ass, while simultaneously crushing her chastised previously identifiably male genitalia.
Tabitha then sat upon one of the benches before bending Jonelle over her knees, using the impossibly stretched thong for leverage. By trapping one of Jonelle's coltish legs between her own, Tabitha was able to force Jonelle's thighs wide apart, she then commenced a brutal beating of the poor boi's exposed privates, alternately slapping or even punching the hysterically sobbing victims perfectly presented balls.
She then managed to work the taut gusset of Jonelle's panties aside, fully exposing her little balls, red from Tabitha's recent abuse, and so perfectly presented by her small metal cock cage's hoop ring serving to push the tiny, hairless tests out. With a truly malicious look to the practically salivating crowd of impossibly horny inmates, Tabitha reached down to take her rivals little sac in her powerful hand to commence squeezing. Slowly she increased the

pressure until the muscles in her lithe arms were clearly defined as she slowly, inexorably crushed Jonelle's testicles in her formidable grip.
Thankfully, Jonelle passed out before each of her little testicles were irreversibly burst and forever wrecked.
Uncaring, Tabitha then delighted in parading her now practically naked and unconscious opponent around the throng of lusty male prisoners baying from the sidelines of the dining area. With the clearly defeated and near naked eunuch held rigid and powerless by Tabitha pinning her arms painfully behind her back, serving to prevent her from bending at her waist to lessen the wicked pressure upon her once more wedgie jammed groin, while at the same time forcing her massive chest out still further, so much the better to let the horny mob grope, grab fondle, kiss, bite, chew and generally molest her defenseless breasts in any manner they desired.
The hysterical laughter that ensued when one enterprising inmate discovered that Jonelle 's oversized titties actually produced milk when squeezed was matched only by the spectacle of several men suckling upon the groaning sissy's oversized mammary glands, spitting mouthfuls of her own milk back in the completely frazzled and badly injured sissy's face.
Seeing these adult men sucking so viciously upon poor Jonelle's defenseless breasts, prompted the evil bitch Tabitha to then came up with the 'fun idea' of seeing who could leave the most vivid hickey on poor Jonelle's body. With the promise of a free blowjob from the feeble Jonelle as the prize. Within minutes, her tits, neck, cheeks, ass, stomach and ever her thighs were covered in a mass of vivid purple love bites, each the result of some sex starved convict sucking so very hard upon her exposed and tanned skin.
But while one evil brute was forcing his tongue deep down Jonelle's throat, Tabitha was distracted by her brazenly seeking Leroy's visible approval, she failed to recognize Jonelle's return to consciousness and inadvertently lessened her grip on her arms. The food slicked and welt covered sissy realized this was likely her one opportunity and, in a flash, had pulled her right hand free from Tabitha's grip, spinning in place so quickly that her voluminous tits achieved a near horizontal attitude, and socked the surprised Puerto Rican gurl right on the chin with a vicious haymaker.
Tabitha folded like a deck of cards, her knees buckling beneath her as she slid to the floor unconscious.
She had done it, she had won! With a satisfied smile upon her muck strewn face, Jonelle stood teetering atop her heels, before she slid to the floor in pained exhaustion, oblivious to the bukkake party that ensued over the two fully feminized beauties passed out on the refuse spattered floor.

Eunuch.

When she gingerly walked back into the cell she shared with Leroy from the infirmary four weeks later, there was a delicious swing to her hips which had been induced by the full castration that had been deemed necessary to save her life.
All tits and swaying ass, she was understandably despondent about this latest assault upon her once unquestionable masculinity, Jonelle was slightly mollified by the news that Tabitha had been kicked from Leroy's cell and their wing. She had been exiled, in reality

handed down, to one of Leroy's lesser lieutenants who sought to cash in on his good luck and so pimped Tabitha out to any lowlife scum able to produce the required rate of one carton of cigarettes for a night of unbridled, if one-sided, passion.
From that night on, Jonelle was Leroy's sole bedtime companion, a fact that was confirmed to the rest of the wing by her noisy shrieks and groans as he sampled her ever tight and unwilling holes every night.
Leroy was delighted with her having to suffer full castration, loving the way her tight shorts now took on a far more feminine profile now that her pesky balls were gone. The lack of testosterone producing testes, also served to further soften Jonelle's skin and features, while her voice also became a good deal more feminine, sultrier even, in its feminine qualities.
The continued administration of large quantities of estrogen and other feminine chemicals served to drive up her breast, hip and ass proportions until there was nothing even remotely male about the poor boi.

Trickery.

But today she would be free of all this terror and abuse, Jonelle would be able to resume her old life as Jon, as a man for today was the end of her sentence, she... sorry, he, was to once more become a free man and so would finally be able to enjoy some of the money he'd so carefully hidden away.!
Jon had gone out of the way to make certain no one knew where the nearly three million dollars he'd stolen was concealed. He thanked his lucky stars that he'd had the foresight to conceal it so that his cheating bitch of a wife didn't even know of its existence, let alone where it was hidden. He was confident that he'd hidden it so that even that cunt Darlene would never find it in a million years!!
The release process did not start well, for after faking sadness at having to leave Leroy's side, administering what she swore would be the last ever blowjob she administered, Jonelle had fair skipped down to admin, where after signing a myriad of paperwork, she'd been left alone besides a closed locker to change out of her prison uniform of too tight denim shorts and half shirt tied off below her plentiful bosom. It was only when she opened the locker that things took a turn for the worse. For she was dismayed to find a note from Tabitha wishing her 'nothing but misery and pain in her new life'.
This wish was quickly granted when Jonelle saw the abhorration that had replaced the finely tailored Armani suit she... no, she must back to thinking of herself, I mean himself, as a 'he'. The Armani suit 'he' had arrived in at the prison those few years back was gone, replaced by a hideous pink lycra number.
Her complaints about the loss of her expensive suit fell on deaf ears, especially when it was pointed out to her that she had already signed the receipt stating all her possessions were in order and exactly as she expected to find them!
Seeing she had no choice, Jonelle struggled into the tiny pink fetish outfit, grumbling when she saw how little support or concealment the pink corset top provided her full breasts. Even after she struggled to zip the front of the restricting garment as far up as the obviously

sabotaged zipper would permit, she was dismayed at the cleavage the flimsy garment displayed and appalled by the almost total lack of restraint it provided to her D cup breasts! As she unknowingly wriggled her oversized ass to work the way too short, heavily petticoated miniskirt up over her expanded hips. Her fears over the tops lack of confinement were proven true as one mammoth breast after the other spilled free multiple times as she pulled on the beribboned thigh highs and unthinkingly locked the unfortunately all too familiar towering heeled pink Mary Janes on to feet.

She tried to leave the appalling twelve helium filled balloons advertising her apparent free sexual services and low morals in the locker room, but one of the old guards, Fuller she thought it was, demanded she take them with her, even 'helping' ensure they didn't blow away by 'thoughtfully' knotting them tightly around her wrist. Then he made her give him a blow job 'for old time's sake', (so much for her promise to never again give anyone head!), delighting in ejaculating all over her heavily made-up face!

Then, before she had a chance to remove his vile seed, he 'helped' her into her elbow length gloves, buttoning them securely past her elbows. She was dismayed to find some sort of garish handbag seemingly affixed to her right hand through the pink glove.

It was supposed to be her happy day, not one requiring she don this ridiculous outfit, only to kneel before this nearly sixty-year-old pervert, pull out his smelly old cock to give him one of her expert BJ's, all the while struggling to keep the gaily colored balloons tied around her left wrist out of the way!

Free At Last…

For close to 45 minutes, Jonelle had to stand there, freezing her prettily lace ruffled panty clad ass off, enduring the scathing comments from the visitors and more than one aggressive come-on from a passing stranger. As the wind and petticoats forced the hem of her little skirt high enough to provide everyone a free look at her brightly colored panties, the frustrated sissy unable to do anything to keep the errant hem down due to the purse secured between thumb and forefinger of one hand, and the apparently custom-made balloons flapping annoyingly around her platinum coiffured head with her right hand held aloft by the surprisingly strong chain affixed to the hideous pink pet collar locked around her hairless neck.

Finally, at last, a long sleek limousine pulled up in front of her. One shiny black rear door opening for him to finally extricate herself from the bitterly cold wind.

Her relief was cut short when, after struggling to get the wretched balloons inside the darkened interior, providing the few amused bystanders present with an uninhibited view of her panty clad ass, she recognized her cheating bitch of a wife sat cuddling up to Rocco, the man who'd singlehandedly converted Jon, happily heterosexual Alpha male (his definition), into Jonelle, simpering sissy cum slut (everyone's definition) and so destroyed his life.

"Hello cunt" laughed Rocco as he enjoyed watching his fully feminine ex-cellmate struggle to climb into the limousine's smallish door while holding twenty fully inflated, lewdly labelled helium balloons, oblivious to the fact the that in doing so, she'd permitted her

plentiful bosom to spill once again free from the inadequate confines of her lace trimmed balcony.
Grabbing a hold of Jonelle's dainty wrist, he pulled her into his lap as the filigree chain caught her off balance, before he produced a wicked looking switchblade to slice the nylon ribbons securing the balloons to her wrist, before pushing them out the door to sail free.
Leaving a visibly flustered sissy sat opposite trying to take in the spectacle of the woman he'd once loved and the man he loathed with his every fiber, snuggling close in evident intimacy.
"Hello Jon…" smirked Darlene, "I see you're still a total fag for my man's cock!" Jonelle managed to extricate herself from Rocco's lap and sit as she struggled to stuff her plentiful bosom back into the inadequate confines of her top. "Still the exhibitionist slut I see!" smirked Darlene.
Jonelle's come back was cut short by Rocco's deep baritone remarking, "We thought we'd best collect you up so you can get right to work."
This comment took the wind out of Jonelle's sails somewhat. "Work?" she inquired.
"Yes," responded Darlene with a thoroughly feral smile, "you see, while you were fucking your way through the entire staff and inmates of Hellhole, Rocco and I got married!"
This was news to Jonelle, "But you can't… we're still married!"
"Don't be silly" laughed Darlene, you signed the divorce papers over a year ago. Don't you remember? You did it at the same time you signed all your earthly possessions over to me!"
The color briefly flushed from Jonelle's pretty face, not that you could tell through all the makeup and the remains of the contents of old man Fuller's nut sac. "No, I…"
"Yes, silly," continued Darlene, "why you even signed over that smelly old garage next door to the bakery over to me!"
Now there could be no missing Jonelle's lack of color.
"Yes, and you'll never guess what we found there, tucked away under the floorboards?"
Jonelle's breath was coming in short, troubled gasps now.
"Can you believe that we found over three million dollars neatly wrapped in greaseproof paper there. What a find hey subby?!"
Jonelle had nothing to say to that as she realized her dreams of a fresh start were crumbling before her heavily lashed eyes.
"The good news" continued Darlene, obviously all too aware of what this news had done to her ex-husband and his prospects of life after jail, "is that we have been able to put a lot of it away for others!"
Jonelle's ears pricked up at this news, perhaps she wasn't completely screwed after all.
"Yes," laughed Darlene as she lifted a heavy bundle from the previously unseen car seat between them, "take little Jenny here. Why without that nice find, we wouldn't be able to afford to satisfy the parole office that we will be solely responsible for employing you as little Jenny's nurse maid!"
"Ah… what?" inquired the clearly bemused sissy.
"Yes, see in order to secure your continued freedom from the department of corrections, thus ensuring you remain at liberty, as opposed to returning to Hellhole for five or more years, you are contractually and legally obliged to serve as little Jenny's nurse maid and nanny for the next five to ten years!"

“But… you can’t… it’s not fair!” sniveled Jonelle, prompting gales of laughter from both his ex’s.
“See, but we can, and we did!” laughed Darlene, “Now why don’t you be a good little suckling sissy and see about feeding little Jenny here!”
With that, she thrust the tiny bundle of baby at Jonelle, positioning the screaming kid over Jonelle’s once again exposed left breast. Before Jonelle knew what was happening nature took over and the little bundle of warm coffee colored skin unalterably latched right onto Jonelle’s unprotected nipple, taking the full inch of her protuberance entirely into her tiny mouth and proceeding to suck hard upon the erect nipple.
Jonelle’s nipples had always been incredibly sensitive, and having the small child’s gums locked so powerfully around her bud was disturbing in how good it felt. Any concerns that her artificially installed and plumped tits would not be suitable for breast feeding were soon allayed as the infant gurgled happily. Jonelle was far from happy as she sat there sobbing in shame as she cradled the child to her oversized breasts, much to the amusement of her ex-wife and cellmate.

New Employment.

And so, the once proud and arrogant man submissively settled into his new lowly role as Jenny’s sissy nursemaid, on call for feeding the child twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week.
With the kid’s constant feeding demands, Jonelle’s already massive milk jugs had to go into over production and as a result swelled yet further, increasing to a staggering DD-cup, necessitating Darlene to take her on a most humiliating shopping expedition for giant sized nursing bras.
In fact, it seemed to Jonelle that his once loving wife went out of her way to engineer degrading situations requiring Jonelle to have to unclip her brassiere, pull out a giant breast to let another man’s child suck upon his similarly enlarged nipple. Darlene managed event so that Jonelle was forced to suckle the infant at restaurants, on a crowded train, sporting events, and even during a meeting with her parole officer that was staged to take place back at Hellhole!
Any downtime in between was spent serving at the amusement of Rocco and Darlene. As Darlene didn’t enjoy anal sex and Rocco had developed a penchant for it inside, Jonelle was forced to resume her role as his sissy bitch.
And while Darlene might not enjoy being on the receiving end of anal, she certainly enjoyed administering regular ass reamings to her wimpy ex, with a never-ending selection of ever larger diameter or ribbed and studded vile strap-on dildos on hand to ensure his much-abused sphincter was never in danger of assuming anything close to what might be considered a normal diameter.
In fact, Darlene seemed quite bitter at her ex-husband, partly at his blatant attempt to divert blame for his corporate greed and theft away from him onto her, but mainly the way he tried to conceal the millions of dollars of ill-gotten gains from her. Then there was all the time she felt she’d wasted serving a subservient role to someone she now knew to be naturally submissive themselves and, even worse in her eyes, a lousy lover compared to

her new husband Rocco. She hated Jon for being revealed as very far from the Alpha male she'd once mistakenly thought him to be.
For his part, Rocco just enjoyed showing off his control and power over the once respectable Jon, having the giant titted fairy accompany them on any event that Darlene told him Jon once enjoyed participating in. At multiple galas, fetes and meetings, Rocco would introduce Jon by his old, masculine, name, before informing the obviously shocked individual how he'd met Jon in prison, made him his sissy bitch, before forcing him to divorce Darlene and marrying her himself. Rocco took great delight in making Jonelle corroborate his story, even having him provide humiliating details himself and then retiring to a not too private corner to breastfeed little Jenny.
At one such event, as Jonelle stood demurely behind Rocco and Darlene, dressed in a terrible undeniably sissy outfit, complete with a giant, nearly two-foot-wide light blue bow atop her head and six-inch tick ribbons connecting his wrists to his pink dog collared neck, meaning Jonelle could not lower his arms below chest height, requiring him to bend over to reach food or drink, providing everyone a wonderful view of his frilly panty clad ass, with the word 'FAGGOT' embroidered in large letters across his undeniably shapely rump as the multi-tiered petticoats pushed the hem of her pale blue skirt up and out.

Reunion.

It was as he was providing such a humiliating show that she remade the acquaintance of Jeff Summerville
Jeff had been unfortunate to have served as the chief financial officer at Jon's old company when the scandal broke. Not surprisingly, Jeff still bore Jon a lot of animosity for the hours of questioning by the authorities he'd been forced to endure, as well as the subsequent suspicions as to his complicity in Jon's crimes, all of which meant a substantial demotion for Jeff. Even his marriage failed because of Jon, his wife apparently been more interested in Jeff's money and social standing than him.
Even Rocco and Darlene were surprised by the unbridled loathing Jeff openly displayed as he was reintroduced to his old boss. "Hello cunt!" he practically spat at the clearly terrified boi, "I am so fucking happy to see you obviously get as fucked up the ass as your employees did when you stole our pensions!"
As Jeff continued laying into Jonelle, Darlene got that evil twinkle in her eye that Rocco so loved – as long as it wasn't directed at him. "Hon," she cooed, "why don't you take Jonelle over to meet the Parkinson's, I hear they might be looking for a nurse maid soon!"
As Rocco led Jonelle off, her tits and ass swaying atop her skyscraper heels, Darlene made to pacify Jeff.
A short time later, she led the obviously calmer man back to her husband, who was sat with the Parkinson family, including the patriarch of the family, old man Parkinson himself. They all sat at a table in the corner, with the old man smiling beatifically. "Where's Jonelle" she inquired.
Rocco's only answer was to point down at the table by old man Parkinson. Her puzzled look was soon answered as the old man puled up the edge of the tablecloth to reveal Jonelle hard at work on the old crocks rock solid cock below! "That's it you fucking faggot," he

moaned, loud enough for nearby tables to hear, “take my dick all the way down your whore throat!”
Darlene laughed, before taking her hulking husband by the arm to steer him somewhere a little quieter, “Guess what?” she asked. Seeing his puzzled frown, she continued, “I just found our gurl a boyfriend!”
Looking back at the table where Jeff Summerville, with a wicked smile playing across his fat face, was holding up the tablecloth so that Jonelle was clearly on display to the rest of the room.
Rocco smiled appreciatively, “Good thinking babe!” he laughed, “I think young Mr. Summerville will prove the perfect man to get Jonelle’s life in order.”
“Especially since I told him that, as Jonelle’s man, nothing, short of physically damaging the poor slut, is off the table!” she laughed.

Wedding Belle.

One year later, almost to the date, Jonelle stood beside the obese Jeff Somerville at a makeshift wedding altar in the south gardens of what had once been his house. Her wedding ‘dress’ comprised of an incredibly waist whittling white corset, her enormous breasts, now EE cup in size, thanks to her burgeoning wet nurse business and Jeff’s insistence she endure yet further augmentation, ‘propped’ upon what was in reality just a shelf. What might laughingly be referred to as her skirt, came down to to just below her buttocks in the back, doing nothing to conceal her ‘ANAL and ‘slut’ tattoos atop her shapely thighs, but the skirt was gathered up in front so as to provide an uninhibited view of her miniature cock and balls, still tightly restrained by the smallest chastity cage available. White thigh-highs clad her golden tanned legs until they disappeared into a pair of ballet boots that served to have her balance atop her toes and the seven-inch high heels that jeff so loved to see her suffer in.
Even during the short walk down the garden to where the minister waited besides an evilly grinning jeff, her dress was unable to constrain her mighty bosom, both breasts working their way free from her top so that she was forced to stand before the obviously aroused minister, official duties forgotten for the time being, as he stared hungrily at her mammoth jugs with nipples well over one-inch in length and nearly three quarters that wide.
Ignoring his most obviously not pious erection visibly tenting his pants, he pressed on with Jonelle and Jeff recited their vows, vows that included such gems for Jonelle as ‘I do solemnly swear to worship the very ground you walk upon, to hold every word you speak as absolute gospel’ and ‘that I will do everything within my pathetic powers to obey you immediately’! and the worst of them al, ‘that as your fie you are free to give, rent or sell my sexual services to anyone and everyone you deem in need of this pathetic cum rags sexual services’!
And for Jeff, causal commitments to ‘keep you fed and fucked, partially clothed and forever sexually sated, whether you want it or not!’
Finally, a heavy stainless steel ‘wedding collar’ was cold welded around Jonelle’s slender neck. The half-inch thick solid collar sported three loudly jangling tags proclaiming her to be ‘JEFF’S SISSY SLUT’, an ‘ANAL WHORE’ and a final one declaring she was available to

provide ‘FREE BLOWJOBS’ to anyone inquiring. The collar was further enhanced by the presence of several loudly ringing bells that made certain it was unlikely to go unnoticed!
As the minister proclaimed ‘I now pronounce you husband and wife’ it was done! The once proud and unquestionably male Jon was officially another man’s wife! Of course, there no simple kiss between the newlyweds, instead, Jonelle dropped dutifully to her knees, unzipped Jeff’s pants to fish his flaccid and stubby little cock from the confines of his tuxedo pants to fellate him in front of the gathered guests.
Once she’d completed his first official duty as a wife, someone thoughtfully provided her a cushion upon which to kneel as the male guests, catering staff and even the Randy minister all lined up to receive similar treatments from the x-cons most talented mouth.
By the end of the evening the bride was indeed, if not dressed, then entirely covered in white!

THE END.

Pieces of Candy - Hypno Bitch

Randy.

Randy enjoyed something close to superstar status on the Nowhere college campus, one of the country's most prestigious medical schools. At only 21 years of age, he already had the respect of the academic staff and most of his peers with only one year until he was all but guaranteed to graduate Magna cum Laude a whole year ahead of schedule.

In short, life was great for Randy. He was aware of the envious looks he got as he entered the crowded club, a beautiful girl on his arm and seemingly recognized by many of the club staff.

But, as with so many things in life, all was not as it appears. "I see you looking at her!" hissed Sue, the beautiful blonde arm candy attached to his right arm.

"Who? I mean I wasn't..."

His denial was cut short, "Don't lie! I saw you checking out Miss Big Tits over there!"

Randy really had no idea who she was talking about, but knowing how Sue's tiresome jealousy could ruin an evening decided to placate his girlfriend. "OK, I might have glanced in her direction baby, I mean you have to admit, she does have some spectacular..."

Sue cut him off as she spat "See, I knew it, you're obsessed with chicks with giant tits just like every other man!"

No, no I'm not" he pleased "I like my women just like you babe!"

"Oh, you mean blonde and dumb?!"

'Where the fuck had this come from?' he wondered, for Sue was anything but dumb. If he was the cream of the medical school's current crop, then she was destined to be the same for the chemical engineering department! With a drop-dead figure, brains to match his and a body to die for, she was the perfect woman, if only not for her damned jealousy.

Turning from her, Randy muttered quietly under his breath in frustration, 'Dammit Sue, you're becoming a real pain in the ass! You're smoking hot, but so fucking jealous, I'm going to be sorry to see you go, but this jealous streak of yours is killing me so I'm going to have to ditch your pretty ass.'

Had he been paying more attention, instead of desperately trying not to look at anything remotely feminine, he might have noticed the sudden lull in noise as the entered the club's foyer, and he might also have caught sight of the furious look Sue gave him as she somehow heard his utterance.

Hypno Session #1.

That night, following a fine night out, though one where Sue had appeared both somewhat distant, while at the same time strangely attentive, in ways Randy was unfamiliar with. She'd plied him with drinks all night long until his speech was slurred, and he was unsteady upon his feet. When they got back to the small apartment they shared, she'd made him a hot cocoa and put him to bed.

As he slipped into a deep alcohol deadened slumber, Sue got to work. She slipped out the front door and hailed a ride over to the lab space she used for her research. There she gathered a selection of chemicals she'd been developing, then moved onto the lab of her friend Helen in behavioral research labs. Knowing the combination her friend's desk, she was easily able to retrieve a selection of mini disks along with a player and headphones.

Once back in their apartment, she slipped the earphones over Randy's head before administering a series of injections into the sleeping boy's rump. As Randy slept and the unknown chemical cocktail began wreaking yet unknown changes upon his physique, an endless loop of deeply hypnotic commands forever changed his psyche.

"*You feel sleepy Randy, you are so very, very tired... Go on, sleep...*" the deepest slumber overcame him and he descended into a dreamless state as Sue's gentle voice continued, "*You feel so pretty, you love the feel of the softest silks, nylons and satin against your skin... if only there wasn't all this ugly body hair between you and these sensuous fabrics... wouldn't it be so nice to remove all that ugly hair, to feel those shiny, gaily colored materials brushing up against your cockette, for it's not really big enough to be called a cock is it Randy, definitely more of a cockette. Not like Tom, he's got a real man's cock, doesn't he? Wouldn't it be nice to brush up against Tom's cock, to feel its size, to enjoy the heat of it in your hand?*"

On and on the tape droned seductively in Randy's ears as Sue, knowing full well the hypnotic messages being played, decided to provide a little more assistance to her reprogramming of her boyfriend's mind and slipped out of her panties, using them to stroke Randy's growing erection.

"Doesn't it feel good, the sensations of polyester panties upon your skin? Don't you think it would be nice to always wear panties, to throw out all those boring cotton boxer shorts and replace them with pretty, sexy and silky panties, to feel your little cockette held nice and snug within a pretty pair of lady's floral panties?

"Imagine the wonderful feeling of silky-smooth panties being worked up your hairless legs, the sight of your ass cheeks held snugly in a pair of prettily lace trimmed bikini panties. And just think how Tom would like that sight? You do, don't you Randy, you love the idea of Tom checking out your pantied ass, for you will do anything to please Tom, won't you Randy? Because Tom's approval means everything to you Randy, deep down you want mothing more than to please Tom. Because Tom is such a powerful man, a funny man, and perhaps a loving man, you just love the idea of snuggling up close to him, just the two of you, snuggled so close you can smell his man musk, his aftershave, so close you can feel his erection pressing into your perfectly tanned bottom."

Gently she stroked his now fully erect cock with her still warm silken panties. Smiling at his look of contentment as her messages wrecked his masculinity, just as the chemical cocktail she'd injected did the same to his body.

"*Imagine how happy you'll be lying there snuggling with Tom, feeling his masculine body spooning up against yours, his arousal at you evident from his erection. But it won't be easy, you'll need to change, won't you Randy? For two men lying together will be gay and while we're not certain about you, we know for sure that Tom's not gay. Tom is too much of a 'man's man' to be gay, he's such a macho guy.*

"So, it will have to be you that changes, but it will be worth it, won't it Randy, worth it for the chance of lying there in bed with Tom, wearing nothing but your pretty panties as you snuggle so close. But you don't mind, do you Randy, you'll change to become the woman in the relationship? You'll be Tom's gurl, his pretty little tart, the one he always seeks when he's feeling horny and needs to drain those great big, beautiful balls of his.

"Nothing will make you happier than taking care of your man's needs, being constantly available in case he needs your special services. As his girlfriend, you will delight in making sure his big, heavy balls don't get too full. Just picture yourself, lying there, fondling his ball sac and stroking his cock, his great big erect cock, knowing that you are the reason it's so big, stiff and erect. But it's a gurlfriends job to make sure her man, her big, beautiful Alpha man is happy that his balls are regularly drained, but to realize this honor, for you know it is a great honor Tom's affording you, letting you be the one responsible for taking his seed, but to do this, you have to become as gurly as he desires.

" But you have an ace up your sleeve Randy, for you have Sue to help you. You know she used to be Tom's girlfriend, so she knows exactly what he likes in his woman, so ask Sue. Ask her and do as she tells you, for you know Sue only has your best interests at heart, she wants to see you succeed as Tom's little cock puppet, the one always available to take his load, no matters the place or the time. Do as Sue tells you if you want to realize your dream of becoming Tom's sissy bitch."

Randy's face bore a beatific smile as she continued to slide her silken panties up and down his modest erection and reminisced on Tom's cock, for in truth, it was the main reason she'd left him, for Tom's cock was big, of even epic, proportions, measuring a whopping nine inches in length when fully erect. But it was its girth, with a circumference of nearly six and a half inches at its thickest that had forced Sue to call of their relationship, for while she lusted after a big cock, Tom's was too big, even for her.

She smiled maliciously as she considered the future she was sentencing poor Randy to... but that was his own damn fault for cheating on her and having the temerity to even consider dumping her. She'd show him, she'd make Randy pay. Realizing where he was up to in her looping mental reprograming, she smiled at the knowledge of the changes Randy was going to quietly others accept about him!

"*You want to make Tom happy don't you Randy? You want him to seek out your company, you want to be the one he goes to bed with every night? For nothing will make you happier than being known as Tom's gurl, his woman, Tom's bitch, Tom's very own piece of ass.*

“*But the girls Tom likes all have pretty names, names like Britney, Jennifer or Ashleigh. You’ll need a pretty name too won't you Randy, if you’re to make Tom think you’re the prettiest gurl, the one he wants to fuck every night, you’ll need a prettier name too… how about Candy, that sounds pretty, doesn’t it? Don’t you think you’ll make a good Candy, be Tom's arm Candy, be something he can suck upon? Yes, I think you’ll be perfect as Tom's Candy, doesn’t that sound good, Tom and Candy, what a perfect pair you’ll make, you dressed in sexy little revealing dresses and lingerie, hanging off the arm of your big handsome man, your Tom*.

“*But Tom doesn’t want a man, oh no, men like Tom only want to be seen with the sexiest girls, the ones who wear slutty little outfits that show too much skin, with hemlines too high and necklines too low. Girls who flash their pretty thong panties or show glimpses of their breasts, big, beautiful breasts, show them off to all the men!*

“*And you want all the men to notice you, don’t you Candy, you want them to see your pretty panties and your lovely titties as they bob up and down, bouncing in your pretty push-up bras, or even better, swing bounce and wobble when you decide to go braless! Gurls like you Candy, you need to always show the maximum skin to attract their men, always flash your boobs at them as you bend over, knowing full well the front of your pretty little top is falling open to let them see your titties, while at the same time the too short hem of your skimpy little dress is riding up to show off your sexy little tanned ass and panties*.

“Imagine how hot you’ll feel wearing high heels, all the better to show off your long denuded legs in those oh so sexy silk stockings. The feeling of a silky thong panty between your tanned ass cheeks, the glorious sensations of your growing breasts bouncing free, your nipples, ever erect, showing your man how excited you are just to be in his company.

“You’ll laugh at his dumbest jokes, always agreeing with him, never offering a contrary opinion, as you do anything possible to stay within touching reach of your big, glorious Tom. You will always ask his opinion about everything, never offering an opinion unless you consult your man first. You will have to remain constantly by his side, always close enough to laugh at his jokes, even when you’re the butt of them.

“And specially make certain you’re close enough to take very opportunity to touch his big, beautiful cock, take any and every chance to stroke him, to feel his wonderful manhood through his pants, maybe even sliding one hot little hand inside his pants to touch the beautiful monster he keeps stored away there.

“Or, if you are feeling especially naughty, and we all know a horny young sissy like you always feels naughty around her man, you could slip surreptitiously under the table to get really close to his great big, fabulous cock! Imagine kissing it Candy, just imagine leaving little lipstick traces all over his glorious-looking glans before you take it all the way inside your hot little mouth. Imagine how great it will taste Candy, imagine your man’s cock in your mouth! Can you even conceive the wonderful taste as you run your tongue under your boyfriend’s super sensitive glans – I think you should get your tongue pierced as I’ve heard men really, really love the feeling of a gurl’s pierced tongue lapping at their cock and balls,

and you do want to do everything in your power to be as slutty as possible for Tom, for your man, don't you Candy?"

Unconsciously Randy moaned in agreement as the combination of hypnotic command enforcing drugs and hormone cocktail, both testosterone destroying and very powerful estrogen replacement, worked their magic on the defenseless boy's mind and body.

Sue stepped up her ministrations of his cock, stroking her silken panties up and over his cock head as her recorded voice pressed home, "*Just think how wonderful it will be to feel your man, your Tom, shoot his amazing man juice into your little whore mouth Candy, to feel his blessed seed slide down your throat as you try and take his prodigious erection all the way down your gullet, working your mouth down his cock until your lipsticked lips are nestled fully home in his luxurious pubic hair! Won't you feel so proud, so fulfilled knowing it is you, Candy, who has made her man feel so good that he just had to ejaculate for you, just for you!*"

This last graphic served to push poor Randy over the edge and his own, much smaller erection spasmed before ejaculating into Sue's carefully positioned panties. With his lips open in apparent lust, the helpless boy thrust his hips as if trying to gain greater access to the shiny promise of her panties.

As the recording started the first of too many to count replays, Sue slipped Randy's PJ bottoms off over his hips, replacing them with her semen soiled panties, careful to ensure his congealing load was positioned precisely over his shrunken penis and balls.

Then, after setting her alarm to ensure she awoke in time to remove the still quietly murmuring headphones from her victim's head, Sue snuggled up close, spooning Randy and whispered, "Good night sweet Candy, what an adventure we're about to set out on!" And with dreams of Randy trying to accommodate Tom's giant cock filling her mind, she was soon fast asleep.

Next Morning.

The next morning, a Saturday, Randy awoke feeling incredibly refreshed. As he stretched, he was surprised to find he was wearing a peach-colored pair of Sue's panties. He made to immediately remove them, but then paused as he noticed how pretty they looked, with the dark brown lace edging the shiny peach colored satin.

He resolved to keep wearing them a while longer, quite enjoying the smooth sensations of the satin against his skin. It was only when he went to pee, sitting down for some reason, rather than standing as was more usual, that he noticed the telltale evidence of his semen encrusting the panties cotton gusset.

"Yeuch!" he remarked, quickly removing them, but as repulsed as he was repulsed at finding his own seminal fluid in the women's panties he had apparently donned at some point during the night, he once more reveled in the sensations of their silky softness

against his skin. From nowhere, the thought ‘it would be one hundred times better if I didn’t have all this ugly body hair’ popped into his mind.

The next stage seemed only logical as he stood soaping himself in the shower and, as if it was the most commonsensical thing in the world, he took up Sue's lady razor and, after lathering himself with her sweetly scented soap, proceeded to shave his legs. Humming softly to himself, Randy saw nothing out of the usual with any of this as he worked up from his feet, paying particular attention to his groin and ass – no easy feat for the uninitiated! Then continuing up, painstakingly shaving every inch of his slight frame until all trace of his sparse body hair had been totally removed.

After a little more than an hour, he climbed from the shower and stood inspecting his handiwork. He’d inevitably nicked himself in a few places, but judicious use of small pieces of toilet paper soon stemmed the slight bleeding and he was able to enjoy the spectacle of himself completely devoid of bodily hair.

“Much better” he mused. Toweling himself dry before guiltily reaching for Sue's scented lotion and applying the vanilla fragranced cream all over his denuded body.

Reentering the bedroom with the oversized towel wrapped around him from his chest on down in a decidedly feminine manner, he sat at Sue's dresser, and unthinkingly took unfamiliar pains to brush out his shoulder length light brown hair using Sue's larger hairbrush until it crackled with static. Then, on a whim, he reached for one of Sue's scrunchies and tied it off in a ponytail, a most unusual style for him to wear.

He smiled contentedly at his reflection, enjoying the sight of his cute hairdo and hairless body. Staring closer, he suddenly took umbrage with his previously unnoticed, but now unacceptably bushy eyebrows and, after scouring the draws of Sue's dresser, found the tweezers he sought and proceeded to pluck his eyebrows, still humming some mindless pop tune contentedly to himself.

Finally satisfied with the thinner eyebrows and how they now appeared higher above his pretty blue eyes, he stood and moved to his underwear drawer, picking up a pair of his usual cotton boxers, he paused as he stooped to step into them, recalling how pretty Sue's panties had looked and how amazing they had felt.

Moving over to her dresser he guiltily looked over his shoulder as he pulled open her top drawer, gasping in girlish delight at the sight of so many pretty frillies. Hands visibly shaking with nervous excitement, Randy reached in and pulled out a pair of powder pink panties edged in beautiful frothy ivory lace.

He was physically shaking with barely suppressed eagerness as he pulled them slowly up his legs, relishing in the unimaginable sensations of the cool satin fabric against his freshly bared legs, unintentionally wriggling his butt in a most girlish manner as he pulled them up over his already slightly enlarged butt.

But as he pulled them fully up into place, tightly securing his growing erection between his hairless thighs, it all proved too much, and he was powerless to prevent a powerful orgasm

racking his thin body. He had to physically hold onto the edge of Sue's dresser as he came, with wave after wave of powerful pleasure emanating from his untouched loins.

When at last, almost a full minute later, his orgasm waned, Randy just stood there panting with post orgasmic pleasure. “Wow!” he said, thinking that if he’d known this much pleasure was to be had from merely wearing girl’s clothes, what other delights did they secretly enjoy and why hadn’t he tried it earlier?!

He removed the soiled panties, amazed at the quantity of jism he’d deposited in them, throwing them into the corner where the other soiled pair he’d slept in now resided. After cleaning his clean-shaven groin with a washcloth, he once more set about exploring the delights of Sue's underwear drawer.

This time he selected a pair of shiny white string sided bikini panties adorned with pink polka dots. Consciously working to not let himself get too excited by the amazing sensations they generated, Randy got them fully home, quite enjoying how, with his penis tucked back, he offered a quite feminine profile.

As he stood before the full-length bedroom mirror, enjoying the sight of himself clad only in panties, his gaze fell on the matching brassiere residing in the drawer before him.

“Dare I?” he questioned before immediately reaching for the pretty undergarment. After struggling with the alien rear clasp, he worked out it was best to secure it while positioned in front, then spin it back around so that the cups were in front.

Dissatisfied with the deflated appearance of the empty bra cups, he selected four more pairs of Sue's panties to bunch up and stuff behind the lace frilly cups, providing minimal padding but an undeniably more feminine profile. He stood assuming different and strictly feminine poses before the mirror.

As he pulled the panties as far up his ass crack as was comfortable, a truly alien thought slipped, unbidden, into his confused mind; “I wonder if Tom would like me in panties and bra like this?”

‘*What the fuck*?’ where had that thought come from?! But, just as fast as his horror arose, it got suppressed through Sue's hidden programming even faster, and he couldn’t help but wonder as to Tom’s preference for women’s lingerie.

Happy with his feminized appearance and lingerie, Randy felt the urge to continue this voyage of exploration even further and cast a covetous glance towards Sue's wardrobe, stuffed with all manner of feminine delicacies as it was. But no, he couldn’t do that, could he? No, he was not ready for that level of… of ‘fun’ yet.

Pink Handed.

Sue chose that moment to make her carefully timed reentry!

“What the fuck?!” she shouted causing Randy to spin around, his face the very picture of shock as he desperately tried to cover his chest and groin in the typically feminine coverup pose.

“Is that a bra and panty set you’re wearing?” she indignantly asked the cowering man “Are you wearing my underwear?”.

“No… I mean…” was all he could manage as he stood there, hand so obviously caught in the panty drawer.

“Yes, it is!” she screamed, “and look, here’s two more pairs of my panties, and… Yeuch!” she held up the obviously soiled garments at arm’s length, “and look, you’ve… you… you’ve spooged all over them! What are you, are you a fucking panty sniffing pervert?!”

Not permitting Randy time to consider defending herself, she grabbed his phone from the nightstand and began recording the cowering man stood dressed so pathetically before her.

“Go on, you fucking faggot, tell me it wasn’t you who spooged all over my panties!”

“Sue…” attempted Randy, but what could he say?

“Shut the fuck up pervert, you fucking fairy, I told you to tell me it wasn’t you who put on my panties and came all over them like some sort of sissy faggot?”

“But…”

“DO IT BITCH!” she shouted, soliciting a noticeable flinch from the man stood before her dressed only in her pretty frillies, still desperately trying to conceal this fact with both hands.

“OK…” spluttered Randy.

“And… ?” prompted Sue, surreptitiously holding his recording phone down low, though still pointed at the red faced panty wearing boy before her.

“It was me… I mean, I did it… I wore your panties and… I made a mess of them…” he tailed off pathetically.

“I’ll say you made a mess of them, here…” she stooped to pick up the freshly soiled white lace trimmed pink panties, “look at them they’re dripping in cum. Are you sure you and some other faggot didn’t get together and rub your little weaners together until you both came in them?”

“No… it was just me. I didn’t mean too; I mean I found them so sexy… I just couldn’t help myself…”

“Oh… so you like getting all dressed up?” she let the feigned anger drain from her face, adopting a reconciliatory tine instead. “Well, I must say you do look quite pretty in them…”

Thinking he saw a way out of this nightmare, Randy quickly responded, “Yes. Thank you.”

Sue paused to appraise the clearly terrified boy before her, tilting her head in study. “You know, you could do your hair a lot prettier. Here, let me help you.”

And before Randy could comprehend what was happening, she had him sat at her dresser as she removed the scrunchie from his hair. She then brushed it slowly and languorously, pulling it up from off his shoulders to pull and massage his scalp. Randy soon felt himself relax with relief at Sue's response to finding him dressed in her undies.

As he sat there, eyes partially lidded in relaxation, Sue smiled wickedly as she used four clips to pull his hair off his face, save that in front which she brushed down over his eyes quietly cutting it level with his eyebrows. Then she brushed and brushed some more until she worked his shimmering hair back into two pigtails that she secured with two large red ribbons tied off in large bows.

“There” she commented, breaking Randy's revile, “that looks much better.”

Randy was flabbergasted at the transformation, but as Sue's deep hypnotic condition kicked in, found himself quietly thrilled by what she’d done.

Pressing her advantage, Sue said, “I do like how you’ve trimmed your eyebrows; they look so pretty. But you know what would make them really pop?”

“Um… no…” was all he could muster in way of response.

Rather than answer, the pretty blonde reached over him, making sure to distract him by letting her considerable bust brush against his shoulder. While Randy was transfixed by the deep cleavage she was, most unusually for Sue, displaying, she quickly lined his eyes with a kohl pencil, then applied a light coast of mascara to both top and lower leashes. The result was, as she’d know it would be, quite startling, for Randy's. pale blue eyes really stood out with their black lining. A fact the poor boi was not slow in appreciating.

“What do you think Candy?” she asked, quietly slipping his sissy name into conversation for the first time, if he noticed, Randy gave no sign of having done so.

“I… I like it!” he smiled.

“Do you think a little eye shadow would look good baby?” she inquired, purposefully seeking to test her commands regarding his independent decision-making ability.

“Um, I don’t know… what do you think?”

Sue couldn’t help but smile but was careful to make it appear she was smiling ‘with’ him and not at him.

“Why not?” he laughed.

She then carefully applied a combination of dusky drown and gold eyeshadow to the pliable boi. Nothing too obvious, just enough to make it apparent the man was wearing make-up, but nothing too dramatic. As she’d hoped, Randy was obviously delighted with her efforts.

“Now then” she said as she had him stand, “what do you think a fox like you would prefer to wear for Tom…” she carefully watched Randy for a reaction at her use of her ex-boyfriends name, but was delighted to see that the only effect was to make the feminized

vision before her pose in obvious contemplation of how best he should dress to catch the eye of his fascination.

“What do you think, she pressed, “dress or shorts?”

Randy did not disappoint, and after taking a second to look down at his long hairless legs, and trying to make her decide for him, he eventually replied, “I think shorts… what do you think?”

Sensing some trepidation at his choice, Sue quickly confirmed his choice, “Excellent decision Candy, with legs like yours, it would be a crime to conceal them. You have such lovely long legs, most women would kill for a pair of pins like yours Candy, so let’s show them off to their best advantage!”

As she turned to retrieve the perfect pair of shorts, she almost missed Randy’s blush of satisfaction at her affirmation and smiled at how well this was all going.

“Here you go baby.” She handed Randy an almost indecently brief pair of white denim cut off shorts. They were so aggressively trimmed that the font pocket hung down lower than the frayed bottom. “But before you put them on, I think we need find you some more suitable panties, and perhaps take care of you to ensure you don’t… you know, make a mess of them…”

Randy blushed visibly as she motioned towards the multiple pairs of her panties he’d already messed up.

“Here” she smiled wickedly as she dropped to her knees before him, “I can help take care of this for you…”

Sue provided a running commentary of what she was doing, of how best to administer ‘your man’ a memorable blowjob. Maybe it was this commentary, or most likely her overnight reprogramming of his brain, but Randy was unable to fully get it up, his erection never achieving better than ‘damp noodle status,’ a fact Sue used to twist the knife a little deeper as she stroked his cock.

“What’s the matter baby, normally my lips wrapped around your big hard tool get you all hard. Relax, just picture a solid, hard cock… can you see it, can you picture an erection of huge proportions, a cock so big you’d have to dislocate your jaw to fit it in your mouth…” she paused to see if he’d noticed her change to referring to him in the first-person, but Randy had his eyes screwed tightly shut, so she pressed on, “imagine his big purple glans in your mouth, filling it totally, so full you can barely move your tongue to lick the super sensitive underside of his cock head.

At this point she slipped a saliva lubricated finger through his tightly clenched rosebud, easing it deeper inside his sphincter muscle, slowly moving it in and out in time with her oral ministrations of his still flaccid cock.

“Just imagine your man slowly feeding yet more of his magnificent cock between your prettily painted lips, easing his massive tool to the back of your mouth, then on down your throat until his balls are resting on your chin and your gullet is entirely filled with a real

man's cock. Imagine how proud you'll be at being able to take his whole massive dick all the way down your throat…"

At this point, Randy exploded, his cock twitching furiously as he jettisoned a scalding hot stream of cum into her waiting hand as she continued describing him deepthroating another man as she worked her finger on his prostrate. Sue milked his softening cock, carefully collecting every drop of his semen in her palm, then she stood, taking hold of his one of his pigtails to force his head back and open his lipsticked mouth. Then, as she fed him his own seed, letting it fall from her hand into his willing mouth, his eyes still tightly closed as he pictured himself with another man's cock in his mouth, she remarked "Tom is going to love face fucking you Candy. You just wait until you see his monster cock, you won't believe how big it is or how much cum he'll feed you, you're going to love it gurl!"

Hypno Session #2.

The rest of that day, Sue made sure to make a fuss of Randy, telling him how much she loved his now hairless body, how it made the two of them like twins and how sexy she found the idea of him being more feminine. She carefully fanned the flames of his unwilling growing femininity. She told him how she'd always secretly fantasized about having an androgynous partner to explore the themes of lesbian love with. How she'd love to snuggle up close to her partner while they both wore super sexy baby doll nighties, playing around and doing one another's makeup and maybe even make sweet love to one another with small strap-on dildos!

All the while she sensually stroked Randy's penis with the panties she'd worn that day, cooing in his ear how much she'd love it if he continued to explore this more feminine side of his nature.

She sucked long and hard upon each of his nipples (was it her imagination or were they larger, more prominent, than last night?) and continually referred to him as Candy, all without a single word of protest from the pliant young man.

After they'd made love, with Sue assuming the more dominant position atop her soon to be ex-boyfriend, she made them both a nightcap. Carefully lacing Randy's cup with the same powerful cocktail of pharmaceuticals as the previous night.

Once the drugs had their inevitable result and Randy lay quietly snoring beside her, she retrieved the case containing the hypodermic needles and carefully injected the sleeping boy in the chest, once in each breast, then a final one, much larger, directly into his scrotum – that should be interesting to see she thought as she pushed the plunger fully home, releasing several CC's of the most powerful hormones and hypnotic control enforcing opiates to ensure her hypnotic commands really became deep seated in his assaulted psyche.

Then, after replacing the audio disk with volume two in the compact player, she positioned the headphones over her victims' sleeping ears and hit 'Play.' This version included last

night's instructions, but was extended to include more, even worse brain damaging directions.

After repetition of last night's commands, the recording continued in the same relaxed but commanding tone. "*You will do everything Sue tells you, no matter what it is, or how badly you disagree, you will always do exactly as she tells you, for Sue knows best and only has your bests interests at heart. You know she is only seeking to get you to do what is best for you, best for Candy, for you love Sue, love her like a favorite aunt who always spoils her little niece something rotten. You love aunty Sue so will always obey aunty Sue, obey her absolutely and in every matter.*

"You will always defer to Sue when it comes to making any and every decision. It doesn't matter if it is something you are more knowledgeable about or seems the blatantly obvious choice to you, you will always ask Sue's opinions as to how you should proceed, then you will always do as aunty Sue suggested. For a suggestion from Sue is really an order, an order you are totally incapable of disobeying.

"When someone asks you what you think, you are to ask Sue's opinion. if someone says something innocuous, like 'is it hot out?' you will immediately turn to Sue and say, I don't know, what do you think aunty sue, is it hot out?' If Sue is not available, ask the person if it okay if you get back to them as you want to be certain so need to ask aunty Sue.

"The only exception to this rule is Tom, Tom's opinion is also very important. In fact, Tom's opinion, like that of aunty Sue's, is your opinion. Again, you will never offer your own opinion or ask any questions other than 'what do you think Tom?', or 'is this OK Tom? But aunty Sue's opinion carries more weight than Tom's, if it comes to a choice, you will always go with aunty Sue's answer over Tom's or anyone else.'

"Like Sue, you love Tom, though deep down you <u>really</u> love Tom, you love him as only a woman can love her man, and you so dearly want to become his woman, to be close to him, very close, intimately close to him. You will constantly feel compelled to be touching him somehow, laying a hand upon his broad shoulders as you stare longingly at him, you love it when you get the opportunity to place a hand upon his thick thighs, though deep down, you know it is his groin, his penis, that you really, <u>really</u>, want to get your hands on.

"You will always seek out his company and no matter what he says to you, you will always laugh like it is the funniest thing you've ever heard, or agree with him as if he is dispensing great wisdom, no matter how dumb he is. And if he says something nasty like' fuck off faggot', you will laugh merrily and say something like 'Oh Tom, you're so funny, I love it!' And if he tries to push you away, you won't be upset, because you know he secretly wants you, he just needs to be alone with you, you just have to try harder to win him over, to get him to yourself. And when you are alone with him, and you will take every opportunity to get him to yourself, then you can really make your feelings about him even more obvious. Try to get your hands on that beautiful cock of his. Promise to suck him off, or offer to let him fuck your ass, tell him how you will do anything, ANYTHING, to be his very own sissy slut!

"Because you know Candy, you know that deep down Tom secretly lusts after you, and you know that his jibes and barbs are just his way of playing hard to get and to hide from his

friends the fact that he is besotted with you, but you know this, just like you know that one day he will be yours."

Again, as the recording moved to the relevant part, Sue stepped out of her panties began stroking Randy's cock with them, though this time, her goal was just to 'edge' him, to keep teasing him while never permitting him the pleasure of release.

Sue's melodious voice droned on in the unconscious boy's ears. "*You love Sue, but you lust after Tom. In fact, you are beginning to find it difficult to get an erection with Sue, she doesn't 'do it for you' anymore. In fact, the more you think about it, women are just not attractive to you anymore, they just don't turn you on anymore, even when they flirt with you, they no longer excite you, they bore you. Your only interest in women is their clothing, makeup and how they make themselves attractive to their men, how they entice lovers into their beds.*

"Even if some slut comes up to you and tears off your clothing and rubs herself all over you, your only thoughts will be 'would Tom like it if I did this for him?' No woman can excite you like the thought of Tom does, only Tom gets you hard. And, from now on whenever you get an erection, your mind will always switch to thoughts of Tom. You'll picture his hard body, laid out naked, his big cock growing erect in your hand, for only you can do it for Tom, for your man.

"As women no longer excite or interest you Candy, for you're no longer a man, you are only interested in women for their experience in seducing man, in their tricks and tips on how to get their man. As you're no longer interested in women, you won't need your penis anymore, it is just an inconvenient reminder of what you once were and ruins the look of your panties or bikini, plus Tom won't want a sex partner with a penis, even one as small as yours. So, it is only natural that aunty Sue will take care of it for you, your darling aunty Sue will arrange for your little peter-clit to be firmly locked away, locked away so that it can no longer embarrass you.

"Be sure to thank aunty Sue for being such a good friend to you. You should thank her, thank her as the lovely woman you are becoming, for while you no longer have a penis, you still have a tongue, and you know how aunty Sue loves it when you use your tongue on her. You should thank her by going down on her whenever she asks, for keeping aunty Sue happy is one of your greatest objectives Candy, you will do anything to make sure you always keep Tom and aunty Sue happy.

"In fact, to make it even better for Tom and maybe aunty Sue Tom, you should see about getting your tongue pierced! Just imagine how hot it will be when you rub your pierced tongue all over the underside of Tom's massive cock or, as a really special treat for your man, tongue his ass, it will drive him mad with desire for you when his very own little sissy slut runs her pierced tongue up and down his cock and over his big, beautiful balls or his asshole! His balls will be so full of cum, cum he's saving just for you, for his bitch, for Tom's bitch!

"And why you're at it, you should see about getting your ears pierced too, that way you can wear some sexy hoop and chandelier earrings, you know, something trashy looking, just

like Tom likes. You should even get your nipples pierced, but maybe you should wait a while until you have some real titties to show off your pierced nipples all the better to Tom!

"You need to work hard at being what Tom wants, he doesn't want a man, he wants a pretty sissy. Someone willing to endure the taunts and ridicule of everyone else just so they can be the super-hot, amazingly sexy and oh-so very slutty sissy bitch her man desires! You need to become Candy, sexy Candy for Tom, your Tom. You will have to dress in the sluttiest outfit money can buy, wear the sort of hooker makeup you know deep down Tom really likes. Because only you know that, deep down, Tom wants a woman who looks like a stripper, a total whore, someone willing to explore his dirtiest fantasies with him.

"And just like no women can do it for you anymore, you know that only you can give Tom what he wants, what he needs. So, even when he refuses to acknowledge you, rejects your continued advances, tells you to fuck off, calls you horrible names and laughs at you, humiliates you in front of others, you won't care because you know he doesn't really mean it, you know you have just to try harder, go the extra mile to win him over.

"*You must keep your eyes on the prize Candy, concentrate on what it will be like when you finally get your Tom all too yourself, just the two of you snuggled up in bed together, him nuzzling your neck as his big hands cup your little breasts, pulling upon your sensitive little gurl nipples. Imagine him pulling you into him, feeling his amazing erection between your sexy ass cheeks, imagine removing your sexy thong panties and climbing atop Tom's big erection, guiding his solid mile of man meat into your tightly stretched boi-pussy, imagine how it will feel as it distends your little faggot bottom to absolutely stretching point. Think how good it will feel as the massive size of his man meat stimulates your prostrate as you bounce up and down on its length, for that's what a gurl does for her man, she does all the heavy lifting, so you'll want to climb atop Tom's massive pole of penis and slide your tight little sissy faggot bottom up and down his cock as fast as you can, bounce on his staff until he shoots oodles and oodles of yummy man cum deep inside your intestines!*

Picture his shaft stretching your tight little gay bottom until he hits your special spot, taps your whore ass just right, making you cum like you've never cum before, better than you ever could with Sue or any woman, just picture how your tiny cockette will squirt as Tom fills your insides with gallon sand gallons of his delicious man seed."

Sue was careful to stop her ministrations whenever she sensed Randy came close to achieving an orgasm, using the time it took him to cool down, for his erection to subside, to collect some of the precum oozing from the slit of his glans to coat his lips with natures lip gloss, dipping a sticky finger between his lips, encouraging him to suck longingly on it as she slid it in and out between his willing lips as he so desperately sought his own release.

During one pause, she took her vibrator from her bedside drawer and, after coating it with lube, began easing it into the helpless boi's defenseless bottom as she resumed her stroking his undeniably physically reduced cock.

"*But you must win Tom over Candy. You must become the slut that he wants, you'll have to take care his sexual needs, for keeping Tom's great big, wonderful cock happy is your single most important goal in life, you'll do anything, anything to keep Tom's cock happy, even*

letting him fuck your tight little boi-pussy whenever and wherever he wants. For a good little sissy faggot, like you're about to become Candy, never, NEVER denies her man anything he desires!

"But he's too big for you now, so you'll need prepare yourself for him, for Tom is no mere man, he's an Adonis, a true Alpha male, and he is hung like one too. So, in addition to making yourself as sexy and slutty as possible for him, you will need prepare yourself for him, make sure your pretty little boi-puss is ready for his wonderful cock. In the morning, ask aunty Sue about her collection of butt plugs. If you ask her really nicely, perhaps she'll help prepare you for Tom's stunning cock.

"But that's not all, you will need to prepare yourself, you want to make certain that you're always nice and clean 'back there' for Tom doesn't want to smell poop when he's ploughing your tight little butt hole, ho no. So, every morning, after you've pooped first thing, you will need to use the enema kit in the cupboard under the sink to make sure you're really, <u>really</u> clean back there. Be sure to fill the enema bottle to the brim with the scented water/lube combination by the sink. A couple of full bottles should do it. Once you've used and emptied two full bottles to clean out your insides, ask aunty Sue to coat one of the butt plugs in lube and to help you slide it fully home up your boi-puss where it will stay all day until you come home and let aunty Sue inspect it.

"Another thing is that from now on you must change your language, the words you use. There's to be no more referring to yourself as Randy, it is very important that everyone recognize you for what you are, you know, a cock hungry little sissy tramp. So, first thing tomorrow, you need start changing all your ID's to your new name, Candy Runt. You will need to go to the post office and change your driver's license, then to the dean's office to re-register for classes under your new name. And don't worry, ask aunty Sue if she will help make sure you are dressed and made up appropriately for your new picture ID's.

"*Because she loves you, aunty Sue has even gone so far as to leave a list of new words you're to use in place of those ugly old boy words. You'll find it on the refrigerator and it's very important you take the time to learn all these new words, memorize them and use them. For if aunty Sue hears her air brained little sissy using the old, ugly male words or terms, she will be very upset, and you don't want to upset aunty Sue, because you love her, and her approval is one of the most important things in the world to you Candy."*

Sue resumed her stroking of Randy's throbbing cock, taking him to the very edge of orgasm time and time again, always close, so very close but never permitting the poor boi, furiously thrusting his hips to meet her strokes beneath her, to achieve the relief his loins now so obviously ached for.

For two whole loops of the thirty-minute behavior adjusting recordings, Sue continued teasing poor Randy, tormenting him as she destroyed his masculinity. Constantly edging him as the powerful drugs wrought further irreparable damage to his already no longer truly masculine physique. For as she looked down upon his hairless frame, her earlier suspicions about the drugs already changing his physique were confirmed, for there was an undeniable swelling of his chest and nipples, and maybe also around his ass and hips.

Satisfied that she'd primed the perspiration covered boi panting on their bed, she prepared for the next stage of his humiliation.

Smiling cruelly to herself, she retrieved the cardboard package from her purse and unpacked the assorted parts. After surveying what she had to work with, she retreated to the kitchen, returning a few minutes later with a washcloth and two small bags of ice. These she used upon Randy's genitalia, the ice serving to cause his already diminutive cock and balls to shrink to even smaller proportions.

Satisfied, she easily worked his cold shrunken hairless sac through the stainless-steel hoop, then smiled to herself at how easily his ice contracted penis slipped into the small confines of the inflexible tube of the chastity cage. So small was his cold shrunken penis that it barely reached the end of the one-inch-long tube! With a sound of permanence, she clicked the solid brass padlock shut, moving the only pair of keys to the uncharted depths of her voluminous purse.

Then she worked some sweet-smelling lotion into Randy's caged balls, delighting in how, despite their recent ice bath, his cock and balls began swelling under her touch, causing poor Randy to moan in frustration as his entrapped genitalia came up against the solid unrelenting barrier of the chastity cage, how he ached for release that was coming no time soon!

Caged.

The next morning, not long after Sue had removed the headphones Randy awoke, feeling concerned by the unusually vivid and, frankly, disturbing dreams he'd experienced, disconcertingly because they all seemed to involve Sue's old boyfriend Tom! Involve him in a decidedly not heterosexual manner. He was further alarmed to realize that while recalling his dream visions of Tom he couldn't help but become aroused, an act that caused him unexpected pain, pain that was quite obviously caused by the small metal cage now constraining his genitalia, tucked away as they were in yet another pair of Sue's panties.

On any other day, Randy would have been startled by the casual way he meekly accepted the lack of access to his cock, without even stopping to think where the keys might be, or the potential consequences of him being so firmly locked away, potentially permanently.

Instead, resigning himself to the fact that he would always be required to sit to pee, he meekly did so, instinctively wondering how Tom would view his now hairless cock so fully restrained. But then again, Tom was a man, and men didn't want to see other men's junk.

After taking care of his morning ablutions, Randy unquestioningly filled the large red rubber bottle he found under the sink with a combination of the scented enema, conveniently already mixed with a soluble lubricant, that Sue had so thoughtfully provided. Topping off the rubber bottle with two full pints of warm soapy water, he affixed the provided tubing to the bottle top, then intuitively inserted the probe up his anus before releasing the valve to

let the nicely scented warm fluid fill his insides. He gasped in surprise at the unfamiliar sensations of a large volume of fluid filling his lower bowels.

Once the entire bottles contents had relocated to his bowels, he waited a full minute, straining from the uncomfortable cramps besetting him, before pulling the probe free and noisily emptying the now foul-smelling liquid into the toilet pan.

He dutifully repeated the whole process before stepping into the shower, once more using Sue's razor to remove even the slightest trace of body hair.

Once he toweled himself dry, using the sweet-smelling talc and lotion Sue had thoughtfully left out for him, he returned to the bedroom they shared.

Sue sat perched upon their bed, smiling at the spectacle of her once proudly male boyfriend, now entering, wrapped in a pale pink towel cinched around his chest. When he removed the towel to stand docilely before her, she stifled a gasp at the unmistakable evidence of two unquestionably feminine mounds protruding noticeably from his chest, each topped with a quite prominent puffy nipple. Randy had tits!

“My, my. Aren’t you looking quite gorgeous today, Miss Candy!”

Randy couldn’t help but smile in response, his cheeks noticeably reddening at her compliment as he unconsciously bobbed a small curtsey at his one-time girlfriend. “Thank you aunty…”

He produced the smallest of the butt plugs he’d found in the bathroom. “Can you please help me with… with this… please?”

Laughing inwardly at the plaintive note in her once dominant boyfriend’s voice, Sue smiled kindly, “Why,” smiled his once loving girlfriend, “I’d be happy too baby. Why don’t you jog on back to the bathroom and fetch the jar of Vaseline from the drawer?”

As Randy made to do just that, she added, “Now hurry back baby, we’ve got a busy day ahead of us!”

This last part had the desired effect of sending the naked boi jogging back to the bathroom, his ass and chest jiggling slightly from the influence of her fast-acting and super-powerful hormones.

As he returned, even Randy noticed the way his chest was bouncing, and again blushed delightfully as he used one arm to quieten the motion of his budding breasts, passing the Vaseline to Sue with his other hand.

“OK Candy, bend over” she remarked, watching closely to see if he gave any reaction to the use of his feminine name.

But all he did was to obediently bend from the hips, presenting his totally hairless derriere to her. Smiling evilly, Sue applied a generous coast of the lubricant to the chrome plated butt plug before gently screwing it home fully up Randy's ass. Heading off any complaint, she quickly commented, “You really do have a sexy little bottom Candy, I think Tom is going to really appreciate the efforts you’re making.”

Despite himself, Randy smiled at her compliment.

“But,” she continued, “you do look a little pale, maybe you and I should grab some pool time this morning, work on getting you a little more tanned? You’d like that, wouldn’t you Candy?”

Despite the prospective terror of lying out by the apartments usually busy pool, he eagerly agreed.

“Great! Let’s go find you something to wear.”

Tanning.

One hour later, the clearly terrified boi was laid out on a lounger, wearing nothing more than one of Sue's smaller bikinis. The little leopard print bikini Sue provided him did very little to conceal his true gender, especially with the steel cage so obviously discernible in front she had modified by removing the opaque liner material, making it impossible for the obviously flustered boi to conceal the outlines of his little cock cage beneath.

Still, he did as he was told and sat out there for two full hours, rolling over at regular intervals to ensure an ‘allover tan’ and taking it in turns with Sue to slather one another in lotion, an act that caused him immense discomfort from his tightly restrictive cage.

When at last Sue relented and permitted him to return to their apartment, he was strangely pleased by the obvious and feminine tan lines the bikini had left upon his now tanned body, for there was no denying the female nature of the pale skin left beneath the bikini top and thong bottoms.

Hypno Session #3.

Still, Randy was obviously flustered by the contrary messages his mind was receiving, so Sue kindly offered to make him a relaxing herbal tea, which he gladly drank, oblivious to the large dose of hypnotic command enforcing opioid it contained,

In a matter of minutes, the delightfully tanned boi lay snoring gently on the sofa. Sue quickly retrieved the headphones and audio player, installing disk number three. As she hit the play button, her melodious voice once more overrode any remaining natural reticence Randy might have been able to muster. And, in addition to volumes one and two, this recording added the third and final installment of Randy's demise.

“You are Candy now, and anyone who calls you Randy must be corrected, for you only want to be known as Candy, or Tom's bitch – doesn’t that have a wonderful ring to it Candy, ‘Tom's bitch’! Just think, everyone will recognize you as Tom's little cock sucking faggot bitch! You might have once viewed such a title as being offensive, but that’s what you are, that’s what you aspire to be. For what greater honor can you imagine than being the person responsible for taking care of Tom's glorious cock, for being the sole repository for his

sweet tasting seed. You live to one day become Tom's little cum bucket, his lover, his confidant, his sissy bitch, and who knows, maybe one day his wife…

"But how best can you achieve this, Candy? Well, it is going to take a lot of hard work on your part. You are going to have to take hormones that will soften your skin, make your voice a little softer, but most importantly they will change your body. They will soften those nasty masculine muscles, replacing them with soft and silky feminine curves. You'll grow breasts, big, wonderful, bouncing breasts, breasts you can use to entice Tom, for what man doesn't like breasts, or tits as you'll always refer to them. Of course, girls have breasts, but sissies have tits. And your ass too, your ass will grow, you'll soon have some 'junk in the trunk' all the better to ride Tom's giant, hard cock with.

"But hormones can only do so much, you will need to find doctors to take you to the next stage, to become the large titted whore you know Tom longs for you to become. Find a doctor to give you implants and big, pokey nipples to attract every man's attention. And, if you are to really feast on his massive dick, you know you're going to have to get lips of appropriate scale, so tell your doctor to inject your lips with collagen until they're the right size to swallow Tom's monster.

"For you will do anything and everything to become the sissy slut Tom needs you to be. You'll never want to wear shoes with less than a four-inch heel, wear dresses or skirts with a hemline lower than your thumbs reach down your thighs. Stockings instead of pantyhose unless you're wearing short shorts of course. Your panties – assuming you're wearing them you slut! – must be the sexiest thongs. If you're wearing a bra, and I think you need go braless as often as possible, all the better to show off your lovely tits, they must be push up, balconette or something similarly slutty to really show off the titties you're going to make it your number one a priority to get.

"And you'll need do something about your waist as it's far too wide and ugly now. See about going on a regimen of strict corset training, you should make something like a twenty-one inch your goal! Get aunty Sue to help you, I am sure she won't mind tying the laces of your corset as tight as is possible, all the better to reduce your waist as your hips and ass grow so you can have the ultimate hourglass figure you know your man Tom desires.

"Regardless, all your pretty panties, bras, suspender belts, corsets, etc., need to be garishly colored, either loud, vibrant, trashy patters, animal prints, all in really bright colors, and always starkly contrasting with the rest of your outfit. If you're wearing a red top, your bar and panties need to be bright green, if your dress is leopard skin, then you need wear startlingly bright orange lingerie or similar. You get the idea Candy, always bright and contrasting, and always as trashy as possible

"Tops need be either very thin and/or very short, preferably both, and must always, ALWAYS, show off the maximum cleavage possible. So low cut is the order of the day. And plenty of side or under boob showing. Once you've got the tits, you need show them off at every opportunity!

Randy moaned in his sleep, obviously unhappy with the totally slutty mode of dress he was being directed to exclusively pursue. Still, Sue's calming voice quietened those concerns, quietened them, then rode roughshod over them.

“Always make sure any t-shirts you wear are cut off to show the belly button piercing you will get, plus they must always bear some sort of demeaning message, something making it abundantly clear what sort of gurl you are. Get them, always at least one size too small, with slogans like ‘Slut’, ‘Barbie’, ‘I love anal’, ‘Cum Dump’ or ‘Sissy Slut’ clearly spelt out on front. Again, as your tits grow and get augmented, find shirts that show lots of side boob too. You know, cut away at the side of that just about everything except your nipples can be clearly seen from both sides. And cut them short enough so that when you stand still, the undersides of your tits can be clearly seen, that way, when you reach up t get something for Tom, you know he’ll get an eyeful for your big old fake tits!

“Dresses and skirts also need to be very tight fitting and as mentioned earlier, very short. If you do wear pants or shorts, make certain they are as tight as possible, all the better to show off your sexy sissy ass and little cage. Ideally, they’ll be made of very stretchy material, gaily colored, never black or white or dull, boring colors, and I think rear zippers work best to really show off your sexy ass Candy. And avoid anything with pockets as they‘ll not be useful due to how tight your pants and shorts will be. Besides, that will ensure you’ll need to carry a purse or bag!

“Shoes must always have towering heels, open toed, and the usual slutty colors of white, black, red, silver or gold, with lots of clear acrylic soles, heels and straps, typical stripper wear. Boots are OK, as long as they’re thigh high or anklet, and again, very high heeled. You can never wear flats or anything even close to being considered conservative.

“And as for your personal appearance, well, a sissy slut like you needs to go very heavy on the make-up if you’re to attract and win your man. Trowel on the foundation, go heavy on the blush, lipstick, lip liner and gloss. You want to make your pretty eyes really stand out Candy, so always go for the biggest false lashes you can find, and smother them with lots of glutinous mascara, not just black, experiment with other colors too. And eyeshadow should be as bright as possible, lots of startlingly bright blues, vibrant greens, and dazzling pinks, either thick creams or at least heavy on the glitter.

“You should see about getting all your facial hair, including your eyebrows permanently removed through electrolysis, for what man wants to lean in to kiss his sexy gurlfriend, only to find unsightly stubble on her chin?! No one, that’s right. So, get every hair on your face and body permanently removed by laser, you can get your eyebrows tattooed back on when you get your eyes permanently lined in thick black ink.

“And don’t you think Tom would like to see some sort of dedication to him forever marking your sexy slut body? You should see about getting a tramp stamp proclaiming how you are Tom's, maybe something like ‘Tom's Sissy Bitch’ in big letters in the small of your back will help convince him that you’re serious about winning his heart. But make certain it looks suitably girly, you know, lots of pretty fairies, butterflies, flowers and love hearts, something that no man would ever consider, for you’re not a man anymore, are you Candy? In fact,

you'll feel most insulted if someone confuses you for a man, or a woman come to that, for while you might have all the attributes of a woman; long hair, make-up, tits, a big ass and always dress in the sexiest clothes possible, you're not a woman, you're a sissy, a sissy slut.

"Now when you wake up, you will ask your aunty Sue how soon you can see your man Tom, then the two of you can see about getting you ready for your new life as Tom's sissy bitch. OK, when I count down to 1, you will wake up, feeling fully refreshed, but incredibly horny and eager to go find your man. 10, 9, 8,..."

Party.

As Sue's countdown reached one, Randy, or Candy as he now exclusively thought of himself now, awoke, yawning languorously.

"What are we doing tonight aunty?" he asked, "Can we... might it be possible to go spend time with... with Tom?

"Why would we want to do that Candy?" inquired Sue innocently.

"I... ah, I just really like Tom and want to spend more time with him."

"Oh, OK. I seem to recall that there's a party at the Lambda Phi sorority tonight, I'm sure Tom will be there. Shall we go?

"Um, I don't know," answered the completely undermined boi, "what do you think... it might be fun..."

"OK. Let's do it!" answered Sue. "What are you going to wear? It's just a barbecue, so pretty casual."

Sue had to fight back a laugh at the look in Candy's eyes as the sissy desperately tried to make a decision on its own, obviously wanting to dress as sexy as possible for Tom's sake, but unable to reach a decision unaided. Thankfully, his 'aunty Sue' was there to *help* him!

"I think you should wear those really sexy gold short shorts I got you, you know, the one's that look so incredibly sexy when they're stretched so tightly over your sexy little tush!

"And how about that cut off Tee with the 'Fairy Faggot' graphic? That will look so hot when combined with those gold short-shorts... Especially if we go get your bellybutton pierced! "

She could see Tom struggling with the idea of getting his belly pierced, he was... he was a.... what was it he was supposed to be?

Sue pressed on regardless, playing to the subliminal programming she'd so carefully instilled in the poor boi's subconscious. "Do you want to do anything else while we're visiting the tattoo and piecing parlor?"

Thanks to her merciless reprogramming of his fragile mind, there was plenty more Candy wanted to do during what turned out to be a very expensive five-hour visit!

One year later...

Candy's feet were killing her. She'd been standing atop her four-inch heels her throughout her entire eight-hour shift at the Slut-Look cosmetics counter in the Nowhere mall. She was dead on her feet, completely dreading the start of her six-hour shift as a waitress at the 'Meat and Breast' restaurant that was due to start in only ninety minutes.

Technically, when working at the sleazy restaurant, she didn't have to wear her towering heels, just as she was technically permitted, actually expected, to wear a bra! But even after Sue had released her from most of her terrible mind control, some of them remained impossibly embedded in the drop-dead gorgeous sissy's feeble mind!

Always wearing heels and letting her double D tits swing unfettered were just two such examples. Though she absolutely hated the way her mammoth jugs constantly bounced and jiggled, she was unable to resist herself from leaving them unencumbered, even going as far as always wearing the tightest, most clinging or low-cut tops she owned. In short, she was powerless to do anything to prevent herself turning up at work dressed like a total tart! Still, she reasoned, the tips she received from the single male diners *almost* made the humiliation worthwhile.

Sue had relented and permitted the long-ago subverted Randy to recover some small degree of self-control. Though she had waited until immediately after the ceremony of Candy's marriage to Tom to do so. But Candy's life was already in complete tatters by that time.

She'd been kicked out of medical school for missing too many classes as a result of her single-minded pursuit of Tom. Though, at a suggestion from her ever-indulgent and incredibly supportive aunty Sue, she'd enrolled at the local beauty school which in turn led to her job with Slut-Look.

She'd eventually hounded Tom into 'dating' her exclusively - at least she believed it to be an exclusive relationship!

Though that's not an accurate description of the way he treated her, for while her constantly badgering him, always smiling dumbly as he and his friends made the cruelest and most disparaging comments about the feminized and cock crazed faggot always trying to cop a feel of Tom's legendary 'equipment,' had led to him taking her into a bedroom during a party, his violently and noisily face fucking her had left her unable to speak for a week, and when she'd exited the bedroom, unable to speak due to his pounding of her vocal chords, and with her makeup and blouse ruined through her tears and snot, and his semen, she'd received a raucous round of applause that, rather than humiliating her as intended, had caused her to beam in pride. From that point on, she pursued Tom mercilessly, eventually driving off any 'real females' possibly interested in her hunk, and that had driven a now 'belligerent' Tom into her arms, ass and throat.

After that, Tom actively sought out her company, but only to empty his balls. She considered herself immensely lucky if he took her out, and was ecstatically happy the first few times he stayed with her after stretched her poor poi-pussy to breaking point as he'd

ejaculated deep in her bowels. After coitus, she would snuggle up to him contentedly, purring with happiness with her coiffured head on her man's chest as he slept.

When he'd roughly taken her anal virginity in the back of his friend's borrowed van, his massive phallus almost tearing her poor distended sphincter muscle asunder, he'd kicker her out at the side of the unfamiliar road, too embarrassed to be seen with the besotted faggot. She'd been forced to limp home. A combination of his semen and her blood running down her long legs.

Once she'd made it home, she'd been forced to stay in bed the entire weekend recovering, alternating between tears and a strong sense of contentment and happiness that she'd finally gotten her man!

After that, she'd unwittingly adopted the strange bow-legged whore's gait that she still walked with to this day.

Over time, Tom had indeed become besotted with the incredibly dedicated sissy who willingly put up with whatever terrible abuse he felt like dishing out. Dump her naked in the worst part of town to walk home alone – no problem. Rent her ass out to a frat party – no problem. Tell her to get a terribly derogative tattoo spelling out ANAL SLUT on her thong bikini tanned ass cheeks - no problem!

In short, her unflagging dedication to him and her worship of his cock, no matter the pain its girth caused her poor jaw and bottom, eventually won Tom over. and although he still wasn't terribly happy about being seen with a sissy faggot, he found himself seeking her company more and more until he realized he could not imagine life without his bosom cum dump of a sissy faggot!

Once they married, he elected to pursue his interest in sculpture, in reality an excuse to boff the pretty models he was able to afford with Candy's slender earnings. This meant Candy had to work a minimum of two jobs to earn the money to support them both.

Candy snapped out of her reminiscence and hurried on her way to 'Meat and Breast' doing her best to ignore the way her massive tits bounced and wobbled as she jogged along in her curious bow-legged manner. For a hu-cow titted sissy anal whore's work is never done.

THE END.

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