

KYLIE GABLE

All 10 books of Kylie's forced feminization autobiography in one volume.



WELCOME TO COLLEGE

Omniibus



Welcome to College
By Kylie Gable

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All characters are above the legal age.

For Mitch and Joanne without whom this book would not have possible and for the real Amanda who guided me through an amazing 4 year ride whether I knew I wanted it or not.

Prologue

Welcome to the College is a book that is over a decade in the making. The story is fiction and the characters are composites, but the story is very much based on my actual experiences in college being forcibly feminized by a fellow student and her friends. It was a very bizarre way to go through school and while I had experiences that some people could only dream of, I missed out on some of the normal parts of college life.

I have no regrets about what happened to me. Though I do worry that some people will find the girls in the story unsympathetic as they proceed to dominate and feminize a seemingly innocent freshman, in reality, a game was played. When I discovered the joy in my feminization, I pretended to still hate it because I was worried my new found enjoyment could end things. The girls meanwhile pretended not to know that I didn't hate things as much as I let on, though surely they must have known.

Things have been changed to make a better story and to obscure some details that could lead to humiliation for me or for other people involved. However, this narrative is definitely based on the actual events I experienced a decade ago as a college student.

I hope that you enjoy this novelization. The process of reliving and remembering some of my past misadventures has been very rewarding for me.

Kylie

Welcome to College

Growing up in the late 1990s, I was among the last generation to really enjoy old fashioned summer camp. In earlier days, every kid in Illinois went to one of these camps in the Midwest for a few weeks of lightly supervised fun. By the time I started going to Camp Mahican, it had lost the faux Indian motif and was now called Camp North Star.

My last two years in camp were where my problems began. My friend Barry and I were the two oldest boys in camp. The oldest age you could be a regular attendee was 16. After that, you either got hired on as a counselor or you just stopped attending. When I was 15, a new girl arrived. This in itself was rather odd. Teens who grew up loving camp sometimes stayed on into their teens, but what kind of 15 year old girl voluntarily leaves civilization behind for cabins and communal living.

Amanda was a very attractive girl with piercing green eyes and luxuriously shiny blonde hair, but she wasn't just any girl. She was that kind of charismatic leader that everybody just sort of clings too. In her you could see a future civil rights leader or third world dictator. She immediately became the leader of the girls' camp.

Kids with a lot of free time inevitably make their own fun, and we accomplished this by conducting raids on the girls' camp. This was how it had always been since at least the 1960s. If we could swipe their underwear, we even had a place out by the docks where we could hang it high in the trees to further embarrass the girls. However, under Amanda's leadership it became known that if you went near the girls' camp, you better have superior numbers or you'd be leaving there with permanent marker and makeup all over you. Boys who were unfortunate enough to get caught alone would be made examples of and the girls even began to conduct raids on us. By the end of summer, about two-thirds of the boys in camp were sporting painted fingers and toes. The girls carefully guarded the only remover and we had no way to get to a store to buy some ourselves.

Barry and I took it upon ourselves to capture one of the girls and ransom her off for the nail polish remover. Julie was one of the most popular girls in camp. A boy she had a crush on lured her and we easily kidnapped her. We let the girls know that we'd do mean things including a possible hair cut if they didn't pay our ransom demands. We told Amanda to come alone and she did. She gave us the bottle of nail polish remover and we released Julie to her. Then they ran back to their camp and we began to figure out how to remove nail polish from about 20 boys with one bottle of remover. Unfortunately, we had been tricked. Before bringing us the bottle, Amanda had emptied the remover and refilled the bottle with water.

We didn't get the remover until the day before camp ended when one of the counselors thought sending all the boys home with painted nails might not go over to well with parents. He drove to the local drug store and bought every bottle they had. Camp was over, but the battle was now joined.

I kept in touch with Barry that year through AOL and we made our plans on how to get revenge on Amanda the following year when we returned for our final year of camp ready to reestablish the boys as the rightful rulers of Camp North Star. Our first night, we waited until everybody was asleep and Barry, six other campers, and myself crept into the girls' cabin. We knocked over some empty soda cans that had been left by the front door, but the cabin was empty. As we made our way to Amanda's things to find her underwear, we heard a commotion at the door and turned around to see about a dozen girls armed with sticks and eyeing us menacingly.

"Hello ladies," I said feigning confidence and looking past the girls to the only visible means of escape.

"Hi Kyle," smiled Amanda, "If you wanted to borrow some clothes, you just had to ask."

"Oh shoot," trembled Barry.

"Do whatever you want with the others, but make sure that Barry doesn't get away, girls," ordered Amanda, "I'll take care of Kyle myself."

The boys in the cabin rushed past the girls, getting smacked with sticks as they ran by. I saw poor Barry in the corner. Two girls were holding his arms and another was giving him a pink belly.

Amanda smiled and slowly walked towards me. She was unarmed, but I didn't like the look on her face. I faked right and moved left and then bolted past her. I was finally out of that cabin and despite my guilt over leaving Barry behind, I was ready to sprint back to our cabin. Amanda, however, was right behind me and threw herself at me in a textbook flying tackle. I hit the ground hard and landed with her on top of me. I lay on the ground wrestling with her. I'm not a big guy. Back then I was only about 5'4" and weighed maybe 120 pounds soaking wet. She wasn't any bigger than I was, but she didn't have a really hard time pinning me face down on the ground and twisting my arms behind me. One of the other girl campers came by and between the two of them, they got me tied up with jump rope and dragged me back to the cabin.

"You boys are way too predictable." said Amanda, "We not only knew what you'd do, but that you couldn't resist doing it the first night. Well, you're not the only one that was planning for this year."

She held up a garment bag and unzipped it to reveal a short black dress and an equally sexy red one. The girls took their time dressing and making over Barry and I. It was nearly 3 AM, when they finally finished curling Barry's hair and declared us ready. They then had us pose for pictures and using a bit of coercion, they were able to get us to cooperate until the last picture.

"OK, kiss him," said Amanda to Barry.

"Oh, Hell no," replied Barry looking rather worried.

"Now, come on. You two are friends right? Nothing wrong with kissing a friend," she laughed.

"You two aren't leaving here until you do, so you might as well get it over with," said another girl, "and we want to see it right on the lips."

We felt so embarrassed, but we finally broke down and gave the girls the kiss that they wanted as a whole lot of cameras snapped away.

"Once more with tongue, you two," chided Amanda.

With tears falling down our cheeks, we opened our mouths and kissed each other in a way that neither of us had yet been able to kiss a girl. Words could not describe the shame we felt over what we had done.

"OK girls, time for you to get going, but first we wanted to make sure that your clothes don't fall off," laughed Amanda. Lana took a bottle of crazy glue and used it to stick the zipper on Barry's black dress and my blue dress so they wouldn't unzip. She then put more glue in the sole of our heels before finally putting a dollop in my right hand and one in Barry's left hand.

"Hold hands," ordered Amanda.

"This has gone on far enough," I replied.

"Not yet, it hasn't. Do it or regret it, bitches," she said.

Barry and I reluctantly complied.

Our non-stuck hand was twisted behind our back and a piece of clothes line was used to tie our other free hand to our sides. That rope was then hidden by the wide leather belts the girls had outfitted us with. It looked like we were just casually holding hands. Amanda opened the door and we walked back to our cabins where our co-conspirators were waiting up. We were beyond embarrassed as we were forced to sit there in our dresses and makeup, while one of the other boys got a counselor. We spent the early morning hours with the counselors using nail polish remover and warm water to get ourselves unstuck.

At first, the counselors were going to punish the girls, but when they found out that we had broke into their cabin in the middle of the night to steal Amanda's panties, they decided that what happened to us was poetic justice. One of the female camp counselors actually sided with the girls so much, that when she made the end of camp slide show, she made sure that the picture of Barry and I kissing was included in the section on Summer love.

I decided against coming back as a camp counselor. It had a lot to do with the embarrassment I had suffered at Amanda's hands. After our ill-fated raid, the boys cabin became the source of constant raiding, while no boy dared attempt anything on the girls. Amanda became a counselor and was pretty good at it from what I heard.

The rest of my high school career was a blur. My sister Debbie and I got along well enough and I enjoyed my last two years except for that one fateful day in September of 2001 when the World Trade Center and Pentagon were attacked. When we graduated the following Spring, I understand Barry joined the Marines and was

something of a hero in Afghanistan. Meanwhile, I went to DuPont College, a thriving liberal arts bastion for 3,500 students in some of the most exciting soybean country in all of Illinois.

I entered college expecting the very best. I was a very intelligent young man, or so I thought, even if my grades in high school sometimes left a bit to be desired. My dad had raised me to believe that as a male, I would inherit the world and it was my job to take advantage of all I was given. The first step to the rest of my life would be a business degree from small, but prestigious DuPont College.

I was living in Merwick Hall, which had a reputation as a bit of a mess. It was one of the only two co-educational dormitories on campus and the only one that didn't separate the sexes in different wings. As a result, the upperclassmen in the dorm tended to be the partiers and usually the partiers with no better place to go than the dorm.

By my first week, I had made a few enemies. Stephanie and Sheri lived in the room next to mine and they were cute girls, but they did not appreciate my loud music at all. Brett, my roommate just tried to stay out of it. He was friendly enough, but definitely more interested in studying than the drama of dorm life. I also had a habit of debating and arguing with the other students in my dorm in the dorm lounge. One particular night, changed my life.

"Do you have any idea how insulting that is?" asked Stephanie angrily.

"Look, I didn't say you couldn't be a doctor. I just said that nursing would be a good thing to have to fall back on because there aren't a lot of lady doctors," I replied.

"Lady doctors? Who even says that?" said Sherri rather loudly.

"You really don't think much of women do you?" asked Stephanie.

"I love women. I just think somebody needs to clean, cook, and take care of the babies. I won't do that and most guys won't either," I answered.

"You're a pig," responded Sherri.

"Is that you, Kylie?" said a female voice from the hallway.

"Amanda?!" I said as the woman came into view. She had filled out in the last few years and seemed to be a couple inches taller than me, all in her legs. She had a sort of sexy confidence that intimidated me. She sat down on the couch next to me and a chill went down my spine.

"You two know each other?" asked Stephanie.

"Oh yes, we went to camp together. In fact, Kylie was the hit of the slide show, "Isn't that right?"

I closed my eyes and nodded. Oh my God, Amanda was a freshman at DuPont too.

"Wow, the cat's got your tongue all of a sudden, Kyle...I'm sorry, I mean Kylie," laughed Sherri.

"So, were you lecturing on how superior men are to women, Kylie?" asked Amanda with a sly grin on her face.

"He sure was," responded Sherri when she saw that I wasn't going to say anything myself.

"OK then, here's the deal Kylie," smiled Amanda, "We're going to wrestle right here, right now on the floor here. When I win, and you know I'll win, I'm going to give you a full makeover. Or you can just let the three of us give you one right now."

I knew it was senseless to wrestle Amanda. I hadn't grown all that much since she beat me last time. If I refused, she might just tackle me anyway and I'd lose all face. At least I could laugh off makeup and say I was being a good sport.

"Just makeup?" I stuttered.

"Just makeup," she smiled, "Now, let's make you beautiful."

Stephanie and Sherri nearly fell off their chairs laughing at the way I backed down. I tried to play it off as just being silly, but it was clear from Amanda's attitude and my own trepidation that something else was going on. When Sherri finished coloring in my lips a bright red and declared me finished, I got up to remove the makeup, but Amanda quickly got up and blocked my way.

"No silly, we didn't go through all of this effort making you look pretty so that you could just take it off as soon as we were done. We need to immortalize this," said Amanda.

"Come on Amanda," I said, "I did what I wanted"

"And now I want you to do this," she said, "Or we wrestle right now."

I should have known better than to cave in, but somehow I thought I was saving face. In reality, Sheri and Stephanie could clearly see who the alpha dog was and it wasn't me. After posing me for several pictures, Amanda informed me that I should be back at the lounge tomorrow morning at 8. We'd go for breakfast together and she didn't want me to remove any makeup before then.

"Actually, sleeping in a bed won't work really well for you. You don't want to sleep on your makeup. Why don't you sleep on this couch sitting up?" suggested Amanda in a way that told me it wasn't just a suggestion.

The girls eventually left me and one by one people would enter the door and snicker as they saw my overly made up face. I was too intimidated by Amanda to take it off. I caught a couple hours of sleep sitting up and then I took a shower being careful not to muss my makeup. I knew breakfast would be very embarrassing for me.

Throughout the night, people would go in and out of the front door that was located next to the lounge I was sitting in. Most of the time, they didn't notice, but every now and then I would hear giggling that let me know I'd been spotted. I think most people probably assumed I had passed out drunk and that was why I was sitting there with makeup on my face. I'd startle them by talking back to them if they said anything about me.

Makeup can mean a lot of things, but in this case Amanda and her two accomplices had given me bright red lips, smoky eyes, thick eye lashes and blushing cheeks. In other words, there wasn't any doubt that I had been made over.

Eight O'clock finally came around and there was Amanda. She wasn't joined by Sherri and Stephanie, but by three girls who I had yet to meet, but who would have a rather important impact on my college days.

Deanna Bailey was an attractive freshman from some tiny downstate town where the highlight of high school nightlife was the Dairy Queen. She was probably the prettiest freshman in the school, but she didn't seem to put too much stock in that. She pitched on

the softball team and that gave her an amazing ass. She had long red hair that almost reached down to her behind and she loved sports.

Karen Alvarez was a petite Mexican girl who was the first one in her family to go to college. She was very studious, but had a fun side as well, if you got to know her. She had some curves to her with a perfect pair of C Cup breasts.

Wendy Kozack was a Polish girl from the South Side of Chicago. Her mother worked as a cleaning lady to put both her and her older sister through college. Her hair was brown and she had sapphire blue eyes. I later learned that she did her own hair and also cut hair for some of the girls in the dorm. She and I were the exact same size.

Amanda made her way over towards the couch where I was sitting, half asleep. She sat down on the couch next to me and looked closely at my eyes, "So, did you sleep well last night?"

"No," I replied curtly.

"That's too bad, but lose the attitude," she warned me as she began to touch up my makeup, much to the amusement of her friends.

"Why are you doing this?" I asked.

"Because, it's fun," she laughed flicking my nose with a makeup brush.

"You have some crazy idea of fun," I replied.

"Aw, you know what else is fun?" she asked.

"What?" I answered.

"Nail polish. Spread your fingers out on the table," she responded laughing, which sent her friends into hysterics.

"No way," I told her standing up to increase my authority.

"Now," she said firmly.

I sat down and she happily painted my fingers to match my bright red lips with the sheer delight of a small child eating a piece of fruit.

"Do we really have to go to breakfast?" I pleaded.

"Blow," was all she said as she screwed the cap on the nail polish.

I tentatively began blowing on my fingers, oblivious as Wendy walked up to me and doused me with her perfume. Finally, my nails were dry and we walked towards the front door. A senior girl was working the front desk and she laughed as she saw me exiting the lounge.

"Oh this is going to be fun," laughed Deanna.

"Don't get ahead of us," warned Amanda, "we're going to have a nice leisurely stroll over to breakfast."

Every now and then the girls would see someone they knew and I'd have to stand there while they made small talk. Eventually, whoever they were talking to would notice me and react, but several of their friends admitted that at first they thought I was just a coed with really overdone makeup, maybe from last night.

We made our way to the cafeteria. Very few people ate breakfast because of the early hour, which was kind of a shame because it was the hardest meal for the cafeteria to screw up. I took some scrambled eggs and bacon, but I really didn't have much of an appetite.

We sat at a long table eating. Amanda entertained her friends by telling them about how thoroughly she defeated me at Camp North Star. She promised she'd show them the pictures later. Eventually, the topic drifted to small talk and I started to relax a little. Wendy reached for the salt for her eggs and discovered that the shaker was empty.

"Damn, these eggs are so bland," said Wendy.

"We can get salt," smiled Amanda, "Kylie, why don't you go down to that table over there and ask those nice girls if we can borrow their salt."

Amanda pointed at a table that was three tables over from ours. Six girls from the Kappa Gamma Alpha Sorority sat at the table and I knew that this would not end well for me. KGAs were the popular girl sorority and I didn't want them to see me like that.

"Amanda, I can't have them see me like this," I said.

"Move it princess. Her eggs are getting cold," replied Amanda.

I reluctantly got up from my seat and moved towards the table full of popular girls. I stuck my hands in my pockets in the hope that I could at least hide my finger nails and I shuffled my feet as I slowly

made my way over to the girls. They were caught up in their own conversation as I approached.

"H-hello, I was wondering if we could, well if we could borrow your salt." I said meekly.

"Yeah, sure," said a blonde girl who had her backed turned towards me. As she turned around with the salt shaker, her eyes suddenly lit up.

"Oh my God," check this out, "said the black-haired girl sitting across from her."

"What are you supposed to be?" asked the blonde.

"Nothing. We just wanted the salt," I said.

The girls looked behind me when I said "we" and saw the four girls at my table in hysterics.

"So are you a boy or a girl?" asked another blonde girl at the table who was enjoying my embarrassment.

"I'm a guy," I said, maybe a bit too snidely.

"Don't take a tone with me, missy," laughed the blonde.

"So tell me," asked the black-haired girl, "what year are you in?"

"I'm a freshman," I replied.

"Well, if you're looking to pledge a sorority, we'll be sure to put in a good word for you," said the first blonde and the whole table laughed at my discomfort.

Mercifully, she then went to hand me the salt, but as I went to take it, she spotted my red fingers and grabbed my wrist, showing my hand to her table mates, who were still laughing.

"Oh, you smell nice too," said the black-haired girl, "but when you paint your nails, you really need to use a top coat."

"Thanks," I said. I took the salt and made it back to my own table as both tables continued to laugh at my bizarre appearance and embarrassment.

15 minutes later, breakfast was mercifully over. I was sure that I would forever be known as the guy who wore makeup. We returned back to the dorm and I hastily said goodbye to the girls.

"What's your hurry?" asked Wendy.

"Well, breakfast is over," I said.

"Come with us," said Amanda.

"No girls, really," I said.

"Aw, did you think that was a request?" replied Amanda.

I made eye contact with her and a sly smile crossed her lips. I was two years older than I was at camp when she tackled me and pinned me down. Besides, she wouldn't do that to me now, would she? We stared each other down like two old gunfighters, but she was bursting with confidence while I was starting to hesitate and tremble. I hesitated for too long because Deanna grabbed my right hand, while Karen grabbed my left. They just held my hands, they didn't twist my arm behind me or appear forceful in any way, but the message was pretty clear. I broke eye contact with Amanda and the girls began to walk me towards the hallway.

"Good, it's settled." said Wendy.

"That's great! This will give Kylie and I a chance to catch up on old times," laughed Amanda.

I had first given in to Amanda to save face, but I had no idea why I was continuing to let her dominate me. This was going to have to come to a head and I was just being silly to let a girl scare me so much.

We made our way up the stairs to Amanda's room and a few more people spotted me and had a good laugh about the makeup. I couldn't even put my hands up to cover my face and if the girls saw somebody trying to get a good look at my face, they'd stop walking so that I would have to stand there and be observed. Then they'd raise our hands to show off my painted nails.

We entered Amanda's room and her roommate Donna looked up from her desk where she was studying. Donna was a petite brunette with a great smile. Her and Amanda weren't close, but they got along well enough.

"Oh pretty," said Donna as we entered.

Still holding onto my hands, Deanna and Karen led me over to Amanda's bed where we sat down. Amanda pulled up her desk chair and Wendy sat across from us on Donna's bed.

"You know, Kylie here and I go way back. We went to Camp North Star together for two years," said Amanda.

"Oh wow," smiled Karen, "and now you're in college together. So tell me, Kylie, what was Amanda like at camp?"

"Uhm, she was great," I said, not knowing how to answer.

"Aw, you're sweet Kylie," said Amanda, "We had a lot of fun together."

"Yeah, sure Amanda. Camp was the best," I replied hoping to change the subject.

"Do you remember that one late night in my cabin?" she asked.

"Oh," said Karen suggestively causing everybody to laugh.

"Get your mind out of the gutter," replied Amanda looking through a shoebox of old photos, "I helped get Kylie in touch with his feminine side."

I dreaded what Amanda was looking for and sure enough, her hand soon emerged from the box with a half dozen pictures of myself and Barry. I was tempted to make a run for it, but Karen and Deanna were leaning back on their hands, leaving me little leverage to pull my arms away from them. They also had subtly placed their legs over mine, so getting up wasn't going to be easy. The girls passed around the photos and laughed as Amanda moved towards her closet. Even Donna had a good laugh when she saw a picture of me tied to a chair in the cabin having my makeup done.

"Wow," you were so pretty, "said Karen.

"Yeah, he was cute, but I bet we could do better," corrected Deanna.

I looked over and Amanda was holding out dresses to Wendy who was shaking her head no, until she suddenly starting smiling broadly and nodding her head yes. I decided it was time to make my move. I might not have wanted trouble, but I did not like where this was going. I tried to explode up from the bed with as much force as my legs could muster, but the girls were kind of ready for it. I succeeded in standing, but they still had control of my arms and they still had their legs intertwined with mine. I attempted to pull away, but Wendy was up almost immediately and she began to pull forward on my shoulders. The result was that I sort of tripped over Karen and Deanna in slow motion. I wound up face down on the floor with the two girls twisting my arms up behind me. I thrashed for all I was worth, but I was in an awful position. Amanda quickly went to her dresser and grabbed a pair of pantyhose that she tossed to Wendy.

Deanna and Karen held my hands tightly together while Wendy wrapped the pantyhose around my wrists. Amanda grabbed a

bathrobe sash and began to tie my ankles together before using another scarf to tie my ankles to my wrists in a very effective hogtie.

"I'm not going to get any studying done in here," laughed Donna as she left the room taking her books with her.

I flopped around like a fish out of water, but I was tied securely. I looked up terrified at the girls who had restrained me. They were back to sitting down on their respective beds. Amanda looked down on me with an air of superiority, but also clearly amused.

"Seems like old times, huh Kylie?" said Amanda.

"Let me go you crazy bitch," I retorted angrily.

"Look," said Amanda, "you know we're going to put you in a dress. Why not let us do it now when you already have your makeup and nails done? It'll never be easier for you than right now."

"I don't want to wear a dress," I said.

"I know," she smiled, "That's what makes it so fun."

"Come on, don't ruin our fun," said Deanna, "It won't be so bad. You know you're going to look amazing."

They tried to convince me for another 5 or so minutes before Amanda declared that it was the only way they were going to let me go. They ignored me for another 15 minutes as they exchanged stories and made small talk. All the time I was just wanting my ordeal to end. I finally just gave up figuring that the sooner I did what they wanted, the sooner I could return to my room.

"OK, give it to me and I'll put it on," I said causing a wave of cheering from the girls.

"I have your word of honor that you will cooperate?" asked Amanda.

"Yes, yes, I will do what you want," I said dejectedly.

Amanda bent forward and removed my bonds. She then helped me to my feet. I expected her to hand me the dress she wanted me to wear, but instead she handed me a pair of purple panties and told me to go into her closet, take off my clothes, and put on the panties. I reluctantly complied.

As I emerged from the closet, Amanda immediately had me stick my arms out and she slid a bra up my arms and fastened it behind me. The girls were smirking at the sight of me in a bra and panties.

"Sit on my chair," said Amanda motioning.

I sat down and saw Deanna and Karen approaching on me with shaving cream and razors. Wendy went to the closet and removed all my clothes. She took them with her out the door. I wanted to chase after her, but I wasn't about to go chasing down the hallway in a bra and panties. The girls lathered up my legs and then moved onto my arms and chest. I wasn't a very hairy guy, but I didn't like seeing my body hair disappearing. Before they were done, Wendy returned carrying three shoe boxes and a long black wig, which she promptly fitted on my head.

"You are so lucky that we are the same size," said Wendy handing me a pair of sheer suntan pantyhose. She coached me how to roll off the hose and I managed to get them on without a run.

"Wow! Are you sure you've never worn pantyhose before," laughed Amanda. "We should commemorate this moment."

I rolled my eyes when I saw Amanda grab her camera. I looked sullen as she went to snap a picture, but then she stopped and looked at me thoughtfully for a second."

"Face that wall and put your leg on my chair," she said giving me direction as I complied, "Now put your hands around your leg like you're adjusting your pantyhose and look at me over your shoulder with a big smile."

After she was happy with that picture she had me get in push up position and then stretch up my torso so it was resting on my hands. She finished by having me lay on my back and lift my legs in the air with one sticking straight up, and another one bent at a 45 degree angle. Wendy came over and put a pair of black pumps on my feet.

"I really like the pinup shots," said Wendy.

The girls had me pose for more pictures as I dressed in outfit after outfit. I ran my fingers through my hair, fondled my imaginary breasts, and blew kisses, all the while the camera kept clicking away. The modeling session lasted about 2 hours. After I had tried on every one of Amanda's outfits, Deanna and Wendy went and brought a few of theirs for me to model as well.

I finally wound up in a purple dress that belonged to Amanda. It was the first dress I had modeled. The dress was form fitting and

actually made it appear that I had some curves. It was also quite short and though I kept trying to pull the hem down, it barely came to my mid-thighs exposing my shaved and pantyhose covered legs.

"Well," smiled Amanda, "You did a great job modeling for us. We're done with you, so why don't you go back to your room and get some rest?"

"OK, just give me back -", I said before being cut off by Amanda who shook her head no.

"Sorry, wear what you have on for now. Don't take it off yet. I'm going to come by your room in about 2 hours and I better see you exactly like you look now," warned Amanda.

After the girls finished teasing me about how sexy I looked, I stumbled my way back to my room. I had no keys, so I knocked on the door. At first, Brett thought I was a woman and was surprised when I walked past him and into the room. When he figured out my identity, I could tell he wanted to ask about a million questions, but I preempted him and just told him, "don't ask."

For two hours, I sat and I waited. The worst part of the excruciating delay was that there was a mirror on my door, so every time I thought that Amanda may have shown up, I would find myself looking at my own reflection in the mirror. I didn't look like myself, which helped, but it was still disconcerting to see myself in the mirror.

Amanda finally arrived carrying a plastic shopping bag with her. She asked Brett if he minded stepping out and he obliged. Amanda pulled his chair over in front of my bed warning me to cross pull my legs up under me or cross my ankles.

"I bet you're dying to get out of that dress and get cleaned up," began Amanda sympathetically handing me my wallet and keys.

"I am," I said.

"I won't take too much of your time," she said, "but there are some things you should know."

"Like what?" I asked.

"We decided we're going to dress you like a girl," she responded.

"I kind of figured," I said, "motioning to my dress"

"No, I mean that we decided to start dressing you like a girl going forward," she said.

"You decided? What about me? I don't want to wear dresses," I replied.

"We know. That's actually one of the things that makes it so fun," she smiled.

"And I get no say in this?" I asked beginning to panic.

"I'm afraid not. We'll take it slow with you and we won't rush things, but we've made up our mind," she said matter of factly.

"And if I refuse?" I asked.

"Really? We have so many pictures of you; it'll be a lot more embarrassing for you if you refuse. Believe me," she said.

"I can't believe you're going to try to make me dress like a girl," I said.

"Not just dress Kylie. I'm not going to be happy until you're looking, talking, acting, and even thinking like a girl. The sooner you realize that, the less problems you'll have," she warned me.

"Now what happens?"

Amanda reached into her shopping bag and pulled out a Victoria's Secret bag with about a dozen pairs of panties in it. My mouth was agape in shock as she handed them to me.

"These are for you," she said, "I need to take your boxers."

"I wear briefs," I said.

"No, mostly you'll be wearing bikinis and boy shorts," she smiled.

I watched as Amanda went over to the dresser by my bed and began taking out my underwear.

"Bras will come later, but for now you wear panties everyday. Do you understand?" she asked me in a serious tone that let me know she expected an answer.

"Yes," I said dejectedly.

"Good, we'll be checking," she smiled, "When you take off the dress and your pretty underwear and shoes, make sure you take care of them. Hang the dress in your closet and put the other things in your dresser."

Amanda smiled at me and gave a low wolf whistle. She turned and walked out the door. I looked at the bag of sexy Victoria's Secret panties and I saw a credit card receipt. As I looked closer, I realized that it was my credit card that had purchased my lingerie. I

tossed the bag into my underwear drawer and sat down on my bed and put my head in my hands. I made up my mind to transfer right then and there.

The First Semester

I sat on my bed wearing Amanda's purple dress and looking at the panties that she expected me to wear everyday from now on. Up until this point, underwear for me had consisted of tighty whiteys. The only pair of white panties in the bag had red lips all over them.

I went to the bathroom and washed off the makeup. I followed Amanda's instructions and was gentle with the clothing. Though I wanted nothing more than to leave everything in a heap on the floor until it could be burned safely, I folded the underwear and I hung up the dress. When Brett returned he looked relieved to see that I was out of the dress and looking like the male roommate that he had known.

The following morning, I faced a dilemma. Should I attempt to retain my dignity and put my foot down on the frilly underwear they expected me to wear or should I go along with Amanda's plans and avoid trouble. I stepped out of my shower and grabbed the first pair of panties I saw. The panties were red, though they said pink on the butt cheeks. Although I didn't know it at the time, they were bikini cut. I slid my normal clothes on over them and headed to the television lounge that our dorm had. It had a 52 inch flat screen television, pool tables, and was a general hang out area. The football pre-game show was starting and I sat down for a long afternoon of watching NFL games.

There were 4 other guys in the back room when I arrived and one by one the room began to fill up. By game time there were 8 guys and 4 girls waiting for the Bears to play the Lions. I was sitting on a comfortable arm chair that had seen better days, when I felt a hand reach into my jeans and pull out the top of my panties. I looked down to see Amanda crouching on the floor next to me.

"Good girl," whispered Amanda after confirming that I was indeed wearing panties.

"I'm not a girl," I shot back.

"No, not yet, but you're making progress," laughed Amanda, "Are they comfy?"

"No," I said tersely.

"You'll get used to them," she told me as I stared at her crossly.

"So, is that all you wanted?" I asked, hoping she'd take the hint and leave.

"No, I need you to come with me," she said.

"I'm not going anywhere with you," I said.

"You better lose that attitude Princess. You don't want me pulling down your pants and showing everybody your panties, do you?" she taunted.

I looked in her eyes for any sign that she was bluffing, but I didn't see any nor had she shown the slightest hesitation about embarrassing me in public. Reluctantly, I got up and followed her back to the room where I had been dressed up yesterday. Deanna, Karen, and Wendy were already there waiting for me.

"Hey again Kylie," smiled Deanna, "We ran a nice hot bath for you."

"That's really OK," I stammered, "I just took a shower."

Wendy smirked as she handed me a pink ladies razor, a can of shaving cream, and some lotion saying, "I imagine you know what's coming next."

Amanda smiled, "Go shave your legs, chest, and arms including your underarms Kylie and then put on the lotion over the places you shaved and come out in just your panties, got that?"

"I don't want to shave my body," I pleaded, "You just did it yesterday."

"Hair grows back. You need to get used to doing this," said Wendy.

"You're going to be so pretty," gushed Karen.

I trudged to the bathroom, where I saw a tub filled with bubbles. Stripping, and entering the warm scented water, I found it anything but relaxing. I lathered up my right leg with the shaving cream and resting it on the ledge on the inside of the tub, I began to shave myself. I have never been very hairy and it took me forever to grow hair on my body, so there wasn't much to remove other than my forearms, which the girls omitted last time because the dress had long sleeves. Tears began to roll down my cheeks as I finished my leg. Looking at it, I couldn't see it as anything, but a girl's leg. I

didn't want to feel feminine, but the facts of my present situation were getting harder and harder to ignore.

After I finished shaving and drying myself off, I returned to the dorm room feeling more naked than ever in just my panties. I think it was the lack of body hair that made me feel so exposed. The girls had me stand in the center of the room and went over every inch of my body touching up any hairs that I had missed along the way.

"Not bad for a first time, but I'll expect you to get the areas you missed next time," said Amanda sniffing my neck to let me know that the bubble bath and feminine scented lotion were very noticeable.

"From now on, we'll be checking for any stubble as well as that you're wearing your panties, so whether you have to shave every day or every other day, we don't want to find a single hair, got it?" asked Wendy.

"I got it, but won't people notice? I asked.

"Yeah, about that," said Amanda, "We're not going to try and expose you, but there are going to be some changes and some people may notice. Actually, the body hair is probably the least of your concerns, but like Wendy said, we will be checking."

"This is so unfair," I complained.

"Yeah, that's life," said Karen grabbing a tape measure.

For the next 15 minutes, Karen used the tape measure to take a whole bunch of measurements of me. It was so emasculating for her to announce my breast size to the other girls, but she didn't stop there. The girls declared me 36-28-32, and then began discussing their plans to change that. They decided I'd be a size 8, but that they'd need padding or something to give me more hips.

"You're free to get dressed and leave. If you want to go watch the football game, go right ahead," said Amanda, "You'll have to get your own razors and shaving cream, but the lotion is yours to keep."

I put on my clothes and after dropping off the lotion in my room, I returned to watch the end of the game. The week flew by. After the first day, I got used to the panties enough that they weren't really distracting in class. The distracting part was the girls constantly checking to make sure I was wearing them and that I was continuing to keep myself smooth. Other than one more fashion show on Friday night, the girls mostly left me alone for the week. It never

became second nature to put on the panties in the morning when I woke up, but it was becoming a routine despite a few odd looks from Brett.

When I returned from my last class on Friday, I was relieved to have finished my second week of classes as a college freshman. I was keeping up with my reading and I understood the lectures, so I at least had that aspect under control. I laid down on my bed, put on some music, and kicked off my shoes. Dinner was still a couple of hours away and then I'd probably head over to one of the fraternity parties. College parties were much more interesting than high school parties had been. I soon dozed off to sleep.

I was awoken by my phone ringing. I quickly sprung to my feet and answered the phone only to hear the voice I had come to fear on the other end of the line.

"Hi Kylie, how are you?" asked Amanda.

"I'm fine," I said cautiously.

"You've done pretty well this week, you know. I think you're becoming quite the lady," giggled Amanda.

"Did you want anything?" I asked.

"Open the drawer underneath your panty drawer," she commanded.

I turned to open the second drawer in my dresser and found it full of pantyhose. They were mostly nude, but there were black ones, a white pair, and even a pair of thigh highs complete with garter belt. In all, I counted 9 pairs. In a panic I asked Amanda, "What are they for?"

"They're pantyhose, silly," she laughed, "Now that you're used to the panties, you're going to be wearing them everyday under your boy clothes. I bet you'll like how they feel on your silky smooth legs."

"How did you get them in my drawer," I asked.

"Don't you remember how last week we had your keys for a couple of hours?" she asked, "We can go in there at any time, so you had better be doing what you're supposed to."

"That's..." I said before I was cut off.

"Don't tell me that it's not fair. I know it's not fair," she said, "Now, you can do whatever you feel like tonight, but you need to meet us in the front lounge tomorrow morning at 9 O'clock. Also, it'll

be a lot less embarrassing for you if you have \$250 in cash with you."

"I'll be there," I said sullenly.

"Good, now go put on your pantyhose. Those first ones are our treat, but if you get a run, you will be the one who has to replace them. Also, you are not to throw out any pairs you ruin, do you understand?" she asked.

"Yeah sure, but why?" I answered her question with a question.

"Because I said so," she responded, "Don't worry you're pretty little head about it, princess. Now go put on your pantyhose. I'll see you in the morning."

I did as I was told and I slid a pair of sheer nude pantyhose up my legs. It was a task I would come to repeat many times, but on this particular day the silky slippery nylon covering my hairless legs felt electric. I put my pants, socks, and shoes on over the hose and lay down on the bed again. It wasn't long before my hand found its way down my pants and I began to pleasure myself. I thought of myself tied and vulnerable before Amanda and her friends and all that they had done to me and I just let it all out in a wave of lust and pent up frustration. It was only after I was finally satisfied that I wondered why I was thinking about Amanda when I masturbated. I tried to take my mind off of her.

The party was OK, but I really didn't want to drink too much being unsure of what tomorrow would bring and deciding that the last thing I needed was a hangover. I also knew I wouldn't be picking up any girls, not that I usually had much success at parties, but I had no idea how I'd explain my underwear if I did. I made a rather early night of it, which meant I beat Brett back and could at least take off my pantyhose without him seeing it.

I showed up at the assigned spot at 9 O'clock after making a quick stop at the ATM for the requested money. After about 10 minutes, I was joined by Amanda and Wendy. I was informed that Deanna and Karen would meet us for lunch. Wendy drove us to West Town Mall in her red 1998 Hyundai Tiburon. I was not thrilled to be at the mall, but at least it was the one on the far end of the town where townies frequented more often than DuPont students.

"What are we getting?" I asked.

"You need about everything sissy," said Wendy, "You need to build up a whole wardrobe."

"Hold on, now," I said, "That sounds really expensive."

"You're not going to have to get everything at once," reassured Amanda, "besides, we'll help you with some of the pricier things."

"Where should we start?" asked Wendy.

"Let's see if Monica is working at Charlotte Russe. I'm sure she'd love some business and they always have such nice things."

We walked down one wing of the mall and finally came to a large store with a pink archway. An attractive blonde girl who must have stood 2 or 3 inches taller than me smiled and called to us as we entered. The mall had just opened and there weren't any customers in the store yet. It was pretty obvious that the blonde was their friend, Monica.

"Hey girls!" called Monica from the front counter.

"Monica! We were hoping you'd be working today," said a giddy Amanda, "who ran over to greet her friend."

"Oh really?" asked Monica, "What can I help you with?"

"Well, our friend here needs about everything," said Amanda.

"Your friend? I'm confused," said Monica.

"Kylie here is getting in touch with her feminine side," replied Wendy holding up her digital camera so that Monica could see some of the pictures of the fashion show I had done for the girls.

"We think he's about a size 8," said Amanda.

"Well then," smiled Monica, "I'm glad to help."

"Great," said Wendy, "The more feminine, the better."

"Come on over this way...Kylie," smiled Monica, "I think we'll start with a bra fitting."

I made my way over to the fitting area, where Monica approached me with a tape measure and began to measure. I was mortified, but I stood still and didn't complain. She decided I would be a 36 and the girls asked her to bring over some pretty bras. As I was putting my shirt back on, Wendy warned me that if I didn't behave they would make me wear a dress out of the store.

With Monica's discount, we were really able to stock up. I left the store with four 36A bras and one 36C bra as well as a half dozen dresses, a couple of skirts, a pair of stretchy black slacks, 3 tops,

and a pair of girl's jeans. I was down nearly \$200 of my \$250 already.

"Why did I have to buy so many dresses," I asked as I left the store.

"You need to build up your whole wardrobe," replied Amanda.

"But, it's not like I wear dresses everyday," I responded.

"Not yet anyway," laughed Wendy.

"But nobody on campus wears dresses that much, even the girliest girls," I moaned.

"You will," smiled Amanda.

Shopping was a real chore. We attracted quite a crowd of gawkers at Wet Seal as the girls made me try on skimpy outfit after skimpy outfit. Several girls approached the girls to ask them what was going on and Amanda unapologetically told the truth. A pair of high school girls even posed with me and had Wendy take a picture of them with their arms around my shoulders while I was wearing a wine colored club dress with a big slit up the left leg. We met Deanna and Karen for lunch and told them all about my adventures. They wanted to see what I bought, but Amanda told them, they'd just have me do a fashion show and show them when we got home.

Following our lunch, we went back to shopping. We went to Bebe's, Forever 21, Payless, and a lot of the trendier stores for college students before winding up at Target. Wendy, Amanda, and Deanna began to pick out makeup for me and even a book on applying makeup, while Karen went off on her own and returned to us carrying a pink Betty Boop sleep shirt. The girls were overjoyed and immediately added it to my shopping cart.

The mall was both expensive and exhausting. When I had spent my \$250, the girls kicked in another \$68 to the kitty. Lost in thought, I stared out the window wondering how I let myself get bullied into spending so much money on women's' clothing. Amanda turned around and addressed me.

"So, I've got a few new rules for you," she said.

"Rules? You're not the boss of me," I replied.

"Actually, I kind of am," she said, "First, you got your own heels today. You need to practice walking in them. I'll be checking next weekend and I want to see progress. The same goes for makeup.

We'll help you and you can get any of us to tutor you on makeup application, but we also expect you to read the book you got and to practice on you own. Finally, you will sleep in your new sleep shirt and panties from now on. We have a key and we will check. If we catch you disobeying, we will get you something much sexier to sleep in. Do you have all that?"

"Yeah, sure I said, but I'm not doing it," I responded.

"Dumb sissy just doesn't know when to keep his mouth shut," responded Wendy.

"I'm very disappointed Kylie," warned Amanda.

"And another thing, my name isn't Kylie. My name is Kyle!" I barked.

"We'll just see about that," said Wendy.

"I'm afraid you're not giving us a lot of choice Kylie. You're going to be getting an attitude adjustment tonight," said Amanda.

I sat for the rest of the ride sullenly in the backseat. Wendy and Amanda began to ignore me and carried on a private conversation in the front seats, while I glared out the back windows. Nobody was going to make me into a girl against my will. If I had to hurt one of them to make my point clear that was what was going to happen.

As the car pulled next to Deanna and Karen's car in the dorm parking lot, I decided to just push out the back seat and storm off to my own room. It was about 3 O'clock and I figured I'd be safe once I got out of the car. Unfortunately, Wendy's car had child safety locks and I couldn't get out until she let me out. By the time she opened the door, I had Deanna and Karen standing on the passenger's side and Amanda standing on the driver's side. They were not going to just let me storm off. I decided that I would have better odds with just Amanda than with Karen and Deanna, who I knew from when she grabbed my arm earlier was quite strong.

As the door locks were released, I tried to use the door itself to knock Amanda off balance and bolt to freedom, but the door moved too slowly. As I took one step out of the car, Deanna raced over and cut off my retreat. I tried to shove Deanna out of the way, but she locked my hands in hers. Amanda kicked me in the back of the right knee and I collapsed on the ground with Deanna still holding onto my

hands. Amanda sat on my back preventing me from getting up, and Karen held down my ankles, while Wendy removed her belt. She doubled it up and began using it to smack my ass. At first it wasn't too bad, but as more blows landed, I began to kick my feet and thrash around on the ground sobbing uncontrollably.

"OK, she's had enough," said Amanda.

"I'll say," Said Karen, "She's crying like a little baby."

"Give me your belt," requested Amanda of Wendy, "We don't want baby girl here to be running off."

Amanda took the belt and used it to strap my wrists behind me. I couldn't believe they were going to parade me into the dorm like some kind of criminal. Amanda and Deanna helped me to my feet and then Deanna put her arm around my shoulder while the other 3 girls carried in my purchases. With the four of us together, you would have to look carefully to notice something was amiss. This time they dragged me to Wendy and Karen's room, which was just down the hallway from my own. I was sat in a chair in the middle of the room. Amanda slapped me hard in the face and I started to well up again.

"If you act like a bitch, we'll treat you like a bitch," warned Amanda, "If you act like a lady, we'll treat you like a lady."

Wendy was already going through my bags to find clothes for me to wear. I was stripped down to my panties and pantyhose and then the girls untied my wrists so that Wendy could put the C cup bra on me. It was quickly stuffed with socks. Wendy then placed the new black strappy sandals with a 3 inch heel that I got at Payless on my feet. Karen went to work on my hair, while Wendy fixed my makeup. I was sullen, but I cooperated. As an afterthought I was sprayed with perfume.

Wendy reached into her desk drawer and pulled out a huge length of clothesline. I know she had purchased it just for me. She began cutting it into smaller pieces with a scissors and before long was tying me to the chair. My hands were tied behind the back of the chair and then rope was attached around my arms to keep them there. I was tied at my knees and ankles, which were then tied to a chair leg. All the ropes were then carefully cinched assuring that I

would go nowhere. Karen then stuffed a clean pair of panties in my mouth and tied them in place with a scarf.

I never could understand how the girls were all able to restrain me so easily, but I learned that shortly after the girls decided to feminize me, Amanda and Karen had discovered a web page on something called the lark method, which made it very simple to restrain someone as long as their bonds were tightly cinched. The girls even practiced on each other to make sure they could tie me in a way that was very difficult to get out of.

"You know, we're going to do this to you whether you like it or not, and I already told you that we actually kind of enjoy it when you resist," said Amanda, "so why do you bring this sort of thing on yourself?"

Even without the gag, there would have been no sense in arguing, so I just sat there stoically. My eyes, however, made it very obvious that I wasn't enjoying myself.

"Just remember, you brought this on yourself," taunted Amanda. For good measure, Deanna pressed play on her CD player and *Just a Girl* by No Doubt came on. I wasn't a fan of that particular band, but it was innocuous enough.

"We'll be home late, don't wait up," exclaimed Karen, which sent a wave of giggling through all the girls.

As the girls left, I began to really test my bonds in earnest, but had absolutely no luck. I sighed in frustration and took a deep breath. As the first song on the CD ended, it went back and repeated. The girls expected me to listen to this one song over and over for who knows how long. This was simply torture. The music made it more difficult to think and nearly impossible to sleep. Sitting there alone with my thoughts, I tried to come up with a way out of the situation. Brett had already suggested that I talk to somebody from the college, but I didn't think that would go very well. I figured that if the girls were let off with a warning, they'd be so mad that I would be exposed. They'd then claim it was an accident. If they got expelled or arrested, there would be so many news cameras covering such a bizarre and salacious story that I'd be exposed for sure.

At 2 in the morning, Karen and Deanna returned to the room. They put a blanket over me and turned off the music. I was

blindfolded so that I wouldn't see them change and that was how I slept. When I finally woke up, I had some nasty rope burns and a real strong desire to pee. I was allowed to change and go back to my own room about 9 O'clock.

The next week was more difficult. The pantyhose under my jeans kept me constantly aware. Whenever I'd move my legs, I'd feel the friction between my jeans and the hosiery and though it felt pleasant, it made concentration nearly impossible. Amanda and her cohorts were constantly checking that I was wearing the pantyhose and along the way I managed to run two pair, which I saved according to the girls' instructions. I was also practicing my heels and makeup diligently. I had certainly not resigned myself to obeying their orders, but I had to pick my spots if I was going to rebel and stop this humiliation.

Every week, something new got added to my daily ritual. I was soon keeping my toes painted and switching colors every 3 days. When the weather got colder I was required to start wearing an unpadded A cup bra under my shirt, which meant I was now consigned to baggy sweaters and sweatshirts for class.

At the same time all of this was going on I was still living a semi-normal college life. I had a couple of friends in Bill and Dwayne. Bill was a bit overweight, but not fat. He was well liked because he always had a great sense of humor and could cheer you up no matter how messed up your situation might be. Dwayne was even skinner than me and kind of a musical prodigy. He had long blonde hair that the girls were wild about. Both of these guys knew that something was going on with me, but I made it pretty clear that I really didn't want to discuss it and they respected my choice.

During classes I wore male outer clothes, but evenings and especially weekends would see me in dresses, heels, and makeup. Amanda kept her word and didn't flat out expose me, but I know people noticed things. There were too many times I had to walk back to my dorm in a dress or I was practicing my makeup when my roommate came back with a classmate. There were just too many lame excuses for it to remain a complete secret for too long. It was Halloween of that year that would make me a constant source of gossip.

As the dorm's Halloween party approached, Bill had his heart set on us being the Three Stooges. I had agreed to be Moe and he was so excited that we even started looking in mid-October at the second hand shops for old suits that we could use for our costumes. Unfortunately, the girls also had something in mind for me.

We were driving to the mall, which had become an all too common occurrence for us. It was about a week before Halloween when Amanda hit me with it.

"We have a great Halloween costume idea for you Kylie," Amanda cooed.

"I'm already going as one of the Three Stooges," I replied.

"Bor-ring," teased Karen.

"Yeah Kylie, you can do a lot better," smiled Deanna.

"I'm sorry girls, but I can't," I responded.

"You can Kylie, and you will," said Wendy.

There were a few very awkward moments of silence while the girls waited to see what my reaction would be before Amanda smiled and said, "Well, I'm glad that's settled."

I was scared as we walked in the mall and up to the large temporary Halloween shop that took over one of the biggest stores in the mall to sell Halloween costumes and decorations. However, we kept going. The girls instead led me into Frederick's of Hollywood.

The girls immediately headed over to the corsets. Deanna grabbed a pink one and held it up to me. This wasn't going to go well.

"Hi ladies, can I help you?" asked a very attractive woman of about 25 in a ridiculously sexy black dress.

"He needs to get a corset," said Amanda.

"Really?" laughed the woman.

"It's for Halloween," I stammered.

"Well, he doesn't have much up top. I think maybe a halter corset might help and we sell breast enhancers that should help too. Why don't you go back to the dressing room area and I'll be right back there," said the woman.

"You're the expert," replied Amanda.

The woman grabbed a tape measure and a few corsets before joining us. She asked me to remove my shirt and I suddenly was

stuck like a deer in the headlights. Amanda looked at me crossly and I reluctantly did as I was asked.

"Oh, and your bra too sir," snickered the woman. I complied and the girls all laughed at my discomfort.

"We're looking for a costume like Nicole Kidman in *Moulin Rouge*," said Amanda.

"OK, that helps. We've had a few people in looking for pieces like that. You know we have gloves, stockings, and even the hat she'll need," said the woman as she placed a fuchsia colored corset on me.

As she tightened the back of the corset, I could barely breathe. The corset contracted my waist and pulled what little fat I had up to my chest. It gave me a much more hour glass figure, but at the cost of being able to use my lungs.

"I can't breathe," I said.

"Take shallow breaths," cautioned the saleswoman.

Amanda placed a pair of the breast enhancers in the cups of my corset. The girls were thrilled with the feminine shape I was taking.

"That's pretty close, but it's still too low cut," said the saleswoman reaching for a red corset with straps, "I think this next one will be perfect."

"Wow!" said Deanna, "The halter style makes a big difference."

"It does," said Amanda placing the enhancers in this corset, "That's perfect."

"I think I have the perfect skirt to match it," said the woman enthusiastically.

We left the store with the corset as well as a black chiffon wrap skirt in the same blue and that only reached my mid-thighs and reminded me more of a tutu than a skirt. The outfit was completed with long black gloves, and fishnets. At other stores in the mall we picked up a blue and black choker, a red wig, and a top hat.

I gave my apologies to Bill and Dwayne after dropping out on the Three Stooges idea. Bill was clearly disappointed. He wanted to know what my new costume was, but I just didn't have the heart to tell him. I left him with the enigmatic, "you'll see". I knew that I was

going to be the talk of this Halloween, but at least Bill and Dwayne seemed OK with me backing out of the group costume.

Halloween was on a Thursday night, which also happened to be one of the days when all my classes were in the morning. My last class ended at lunch time, so by 3 PM, I was already sitting in a scented bubble bath in Wendy and Karen's room, waiting for Wendy to get back from class. I drifted off to sleep after a few minutes and was awoken with a startle by a knock on the door.

"Have you shaved yet, sissy?" asked Wendy through the bathroom door.

"Yes, I'm smooth," I replied having shaved and painted my toes bright red already.

"Good. Put on your panties and your fishnets and then come out here," was her response.

I arose from the tub and dried myself off. I had never worn fishnets before and they felt strange on my legs. I was very familiar with panties, although the blue satin ones I had for the costume felt very different than any I had ever wore. They felt great, but I saw no reason why I should have to buy new panties for a costume when nobody would be seeing them.

I slipped into the black strappy heels and Karen adjusted the straps for me. As she was tightening the straps, she slipped a small silver heart shaped lock into each strap. I looked down questioningly at what she was doing.

"We wouldn't want your shoes coming off, would we Cinderella?" she laughed.

"OK, let's get the corset on him, Karen," said Wendy, "I'm going to need your help tightening it."

I braced myself, but again wasn't ready for the feeling of the corset reducing my waist so much and crushing the breath out of me. If anything, they tightened it more than the saleswoman did. Karen produced another two of those heart locks and secured my corset, ensuring it wouldn't come off either.

I sat down for a very long afternoon at Wendy's makeup mirror. There were a few things I had never worn before like false eye lashes, but even lipstick, something I wore practically every day, was done with a brush and lip liner. It had never taken anywhere near

as long to do my makeup and Karen applied the wig with equal care. When I was finally dressed and made up, Karen sprayed me with some *Estee Lauder* perfume. She then took me to the full length mirror and I couldn't believe what I saw. I know I had always looked very convincing when dressed as a woman, but I was beyond convincing. I was fucking hot.

Amanda and Deanna who had a late English class that afternoon came in together at 6 O'clock. Both of their jaws just dropped when they saw the finished product. I blushed at the adulation, both flattered and embarrassed at the same time.

"My God Wendy, you are a genius," laughed Amanda.

"I can't believe it. She looks perfect," agreed Deanna.

"We need to capture a moment like this for all time, sissy," said Amanda grabbing her camera.

Sure enough, for the next two hours I posed for pictures. At first the posing was limited to the dorm room, but that soon changed. I wasn't going to budge, but the girls reminded of just what would happen to me if I disobeyed. Reluctantly, I followed Amanda out the door for more pictures with the other girls in tow."

"Relax Kylie," whispered Deanna reassuringly, "A lot of guys dress up for Halloween."

"Yeah," said Amanda, "Lots of guys always go to Halloween in drag."

"Sure they do," offered Wendy, "and they shave off all their body hair, wear a corset, and master walking in 3 inch heels. Lots of guys do that."

I immediately deflated, which I think somehow delighted Wendy. Deanna was always nice and optimistic; Karen had a wicked sense of humor, but usually didn't go out of her way to put me down; Amanda was definitely in charge, but Wendy seemed to be the one who most delighted in dominating me.

As we approached the dance, I began to have second thoughts, but I didn't have many choices. I couldn't outrun them if I had been wearing gym shoes. In my heels, I was trapped. I hadn't noticed that the girls were dressed entirely in black. They each added a pair of cat ears and called it a costume. Meanwhile, I had the elaborate Can-Can Girl outfit.

"Please don't make me do this," I begged one last time, "I'll be a laughing stock."

"Nonsense, you look great," said Deanna grabbing my elbow and escorting me forward despite my resistance and nervous shaking.

Walking into the dance was an experience that I never had before. Every eye in the place seemed to be on me and it wasn't because they thought I was a guy. Amanda and her friends beamed like proud parents as they saw me take my first high heeled steps into the room. I was thankful for the red wig, which was a pretty close approximation to Nicole Kidman's hair in the movie and did a lot to change my appearance from my usual dark black wig. I hadn't eaten since lunch, but between my nerves and the tight corset, I didn't have much of an appetite. I did head over to the drink table however, to get a soda. DuPont College was a dry campus, a fact flaunted by most every student there, but it meant there was no alcohol at official campus functions.

Sure enough, it wasn't too long before a guy came over to talk to me. His name was Jon and he was a sophomore. He was actually a football player in high school and was a pretty big guy, but he was also a pot smoker.

"Hey, I'm Jon," he said.

"H-hey Jon, I'm Kylie," I said in my best feminine voice. To this point I hadn't really practiced a voice and I know I sounded like a Monty Python character.

"Kylie, eh? I haven't seen you around before. I love your costume," he said.

"No, no I'm uhm, friends with some of the girls here," I said.

Suddenly, Jon's eyes grew big. Between the girl's snickering behind him, my nervousness, and my horrible falsetto voice, he had realized that I was not quite what I appeared to be.

"Dude, that's amazing, but man it's disturbing too," said Jon as he walked back to his friends.

Before long, word spread around the party that I was a guy. I had a lot of people throughout the night coming over to check on me and make sure that I was indeed a guy. Amanda told me not to volunteer the information, but if asked I should answer honestly. The

reactions varied greatly from cute girls who wanted their pictures taken with me to guys who felt a little betrayed by their attraction to me. I was both surprised and relieved to find that even the guys most disturbed by my gender switch had no intention of doing me harm.

About an hour into the party, Bill and Dwayne approached me and Bill immediately began doing his Three Stooges shtick.

"Oh, it's a pretty lady," said Bill in his best Curley voice.

"Hey you, I saw her first," said Dwayne as Moe. They then pretended to fake fight.

"So, this is why you couldn't be a stooge?" asked Bill.

"It's a long story," I said reluctantly.

"Hey, if you're gay or something, we don't care," said Bill.

"Really?" I asked.

"No, we're your friends said Dwayne. Would you care if we were gay? Not that you could tell from all the dates we're getting," added Dwayne.

"I guess not," I said.

"Doesn't he look amazing?" said Amanda, "His costume was my idea."

"I never would have known he wasn't what he appeared to be," said Bill

The girls, Dwayne and Bill, and I spent a lot of time talking that night. I was thankful for Amanda deflecting any potential awkwardness with my friends, but I was even happier that my friends were open minded enough not to care. We hung out together in the front lounge where my feminization had all started until 2 AM and Dwayne entertained us with his piano playing before he was told to stop because it was too late at night. All in all, it was a pretty good night.

The rest of the semester went OK. Before Christmas my ears were pierced and I started wearing rather feminine earrings. I definitely was looking very androgynous, but I had friends and as long as I kept the girls happy, they didn't punish me too bad. My grades were about what I had hoped for and I ended the semester with a 3.0 GPA. I went home for Christmas looking forward to getting out of bras and pantyhose for awhile and more determined

than ever to put an end to things once and for all, when I got back to school. I should have known that things rarely turn out the way I plan.

The Second Semester

Last night's Christmas party was still fresh in my head. I wore a sexy santa outfit and had to gush over every present that I got. "Oh that's such a pretty top!" "I love Victoria's Secret! How did you know?" It had been such a feminine night, but there was one thing I couldn't deny about my captors, they were fun. After the humiliating present exchange, when it became a drinking party, I felt at ease. Unfortunately, that was yesterday. Today, my dad was coming to take me home for Christmas break and Amanda and Deanna were in my room trying to replace some of the clothes I took home with girl's clothes.

"You're home for almost a month, Kylie. I don't want you going home and trying to act all macho and forgetting your place," warned Amanda.

Deanna tried to stuff a couple of bras in my suitcase. I was going to push her away from the large blue duffel bag, but right before I could reach her, Amanda came up behind me and grabbed me under my arms, using my own weight against me she threw me over onto my bed with her laughing on top of me. I flailed hopelessly trying to get her off me.

Just then, Howard Gable entered the room. He didn't knock. He rarely knocked. Howard Gable was not only my father; he was also the successful manager of a very important bank on Michigan Avenue. Millions of dollars were under his control and he would stop at nothing to get what he wanted. As he entered the dorm room, his eyes instantly focused on Deanna stuffing the bras in my bag and Amanda and I wrestling on the bed.

"Hello Kyle! Nice of you to get a date for me too," he joked.

"You're too funny, Mr. Gable," laughed Amanda.

"Why is youth wasted on the young? And why are two such enchanting creatures keeping company with my spendthrift son?" asked Mr. Gable.

"You've got an amazing son there, Mr. Gable," said Deanna.

"I do?" asked Mr. Gable, "Surely you don't mean Kyle."

"One and the same," said Amanda. She gave me a brief, but not passionless kiss on the cheek reminding me to, "have a great Christmas, Kyle."

Deanna followed suit before turning to my father and saying, "Well, I see where Kyle gets his good looks."

When both girls had left, my dad looked at my beaming with pride saying, "Quite a change from high school, my boy."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean the girls Kyle. I saw the one stuffing her bra in your bag. I was a bit mad when I saw some big Victoria's Secret charges on your credit card, but now I consider it money well spent," laughed my dad.

"Neither one is my girlfriend, dad," I said.

"I know how you kids are today. No reason to settle for one girl. Just like that Pokemon you used to play only if you catch them right, they'll land upon their knees. You know, no girl ever got pregnant giving a blow job, son," He said.

Oh God, now my dad was discussing blow jobs with me. I did not want to have this conversation. I would have even preferred the one where he told me as long as he was paying my tuition, I was going to be a business major. It was nice having him proud of me for a change, but if he knew what was really going on, he would have blown a gasket.

We drove home in strained conversation. We made small talk about business and the bank and he told me the same old stories about his college days and all the girls he bedded before settling on my mother. He loved to talk about how he finally gave up and told her she won and out of all the girls at the University of Illinois, he would be giving his heart to her. It was his idea of romance.

Mom was in the kitchen when we got home. She was excited to see me and I spent a few minutes telling her about my classes before dad reminded her of the roast she was cooking and she disappeared back into the kitchen where she spent a great deal of her time.

"Debbie, get down here and set the table," bellowed my dad, "Your brother's home from college."

As Debbie came down the stairs and gave me a curt greeting, I realized just how much alike we could look when I was dressed up. Debbie was a year older than me and had a similar build and the same brunette hair, but she lived at home and attended community college because my dad didn't trust her away from home. It worked out OK for her though because she could save money and with me leaving my car at home, she even had her own car when I was away at DuPont.

Debbie had pulled straight As at community college again, as she had every semester since she started there. She was a smart girl and the class work wasn't that challenging. She was kind of jealous when my parents made a big deal out of my 3.0 GPA at DuPont.

Dad and I sat discussing what was going on in the old neighborhood while Debbie and my mother brought the food out to the table and poured us each a beer. It was quite an honor that I was being allowed to have a beer with supper. I had to admit it felt good to be home.

"Is there any chance you won't be using your car tonight, Kyle? I'd like to go to a study group and I hate to ask any of the other girls to come so far out of the way to pick me up," asked Debbie.

"Really Debbie? It's his first night home. I'm sure he's going something better to do than sit at home while you're out with your friends," said my dad authoritatively.

"Yeah, sorry Debbie," I said. The truth was, I had no plans, but my dad kind of put me on the spot.

I went upstairs to my room and I made a fateful decision to take off my panties and put on a pair of briefs. I had plenty of underwear at home and I was going to be sure to bring some back to school. If I was careful I could get away with wearing them a lot when the girls were too busy to check up on me. The girls had given me a lot of feminine tasks to do when I was home, but they had no way of knowing. As a result, I prepared to embark on a 1 month vacation from female authority and from female clothing.

After finishing the dishes, Debbie made her way upstairs and came in to sit on my bed. When we were young she used to come in here a lot when dad was yelling. My dad was never abusive, but he

does have a tendency to raise his voice when he was excited and Debbie was kind of a sensitive child.

"Are you sure there's no way I can borrow that car tonight?" asked Debbie.

"I wish I could help you, but I'm going to want to visit some of my old friends. It's my first night back and all," I replied.

"I understand baby brother. It's just sometimes I need to get out of this place," she said.

"Tell you what," I said, "Go ahead and take my car. I'll take dad's Lexus."

"Thanks Kyle. That helps a lot," she said.

"Just don't forget, you own me," I reminded her.

I got back to campus on a Sunday in early January. At the last moment, I decided that with Amanda and her friends trying to make me into a girl, I would be much better off with a way to get off campus. Our house was about 2 hours door to door from DuPont, which was the perfect distance to be able to see your parents when you wanted to, but still be far enough away that they weren't cramping your style.

I was one of the first students to arrive back on campus, getting there shortly after 1 O'clock in the afternoon. I began to unpack, finding a hiding space under my bed for my briefs. About 90 minutes later, there was a very loud pounding on the door of my dorm room.

"Who the Hell do you think you are," said Amanda angrily as she plowed past me and into the room.

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

"You were supposed to maintain your grooming, but you did nothing," she said furious, "You didn't wear your lingerie, you didn't keep your toes painted, your hair smells like Pert, and even your face needs a shave. I hate to think how hairy your chest probably is now."

"You had a lot of fun with my first semester, Amanda, but I'm done being your bitch. I don't know how you spied on me over

break, but I'm a guy for fuck's sake and I don't respond well to orders from bitches like you," I said forcefully.

"Wow! You're writing some awfully big checks with that mouth of yours," she said.

"And you're really brave for someone whose friends aren't here yet," she responded.

"I don't need help to take care of a wimp like you, you like princess," taunted Amanda.

We sized each other up momentarily and then I dove for her legs in order to tackle her and take her to the ground, where my brute strength would give me an advantage. Inside she stepped back and helped to guide me to the ground by pushing down on my shoulders. She dove at me, landing with all her weight on her elbow, which landed sharply on my back. My whole body shuddered with a spasm.

She followed her elbow up by punching me twice in my left kidney. I got up to my hands and knees and threw a punch at Amanda that landed in her stomach. We had never thrown punches before, but I felt like I was fighting for my own masculinity. Unfortunately, the punch, which definitely hurt had the major effect of getting her angry. She reached around my neck and put me in a headlock before I could get to my feet. She got on my back and wrapped her legs around me pinning my arms to my side. I fell with a big thud and we rolled a bit on the floor. I couldn't shake her off me and I was feeling myself starting to black out.

"Ok, stop. I give," I moaned.

"Oh no, you started this bitch. I'm not stopping that easy," said Amanda.

"Please, I'm going to pass out," I begged.

"OK, what's your name," asked Amanda, "easing off the pressure on my head."

"Kylie," I struggled to respond.

"And who is a pretty, pretty princess?" she asked.

"I am," I said totally defeated.

"Then say it," she ordered, "the whole thing>"

"I'm Kylie and I'm a pretty, pretty princess," I replied.

"Don't forget it Kylie. Stay right on your back," warned Kylie as she went into my drawer where I kept my discarded pantyhose and pulled out two pairs that I had previously run.

"Place your arms behind your back and slide them into the legs," said Amanda holding my pantyhose behind me.

I obeyed, and Amanda fed my arms into the legs of the pantyhose. She slid the waistband over my shoulders and then had me get it. She had me hug myself and pulled the legs around me before knotting them behind me. My arms were basically held in a pantyhose straight jacket. She then took a scissors and cut a big hole in the crotch, which she used then pulled until she could stick my head through it and bring it down over my shoulders. I was stuck hugging myself.

Amanda then pulled down my pants and tied the other pair of pantyhose in a tight slip knot, which she slipped around my balls. I winced as she pulled the loop over my balls taught. She then buttoned my jeans back up, but left the fly open and pulled the pantyhose through it. Peeking out of the door to make sure the hallway was clear; Amanda gave a tug on my ball leash and smiled, "Come along puppy bitch."

Amanda pulled me along and to my relief, the halls were empty. We got up to her room and she opened the door. She pulled me into the room and tied my leash around the leg of her bed. She warned me to lie on my stomach in case Donna came back early or somebody else came in who didn't want to see my exposed junk.

Before long, the other girls came back. They all greeted each other warmly with hugs and even said hello to me in a friendly manner despite my obvious discomfort.

"Kylie didn't do anything she was supposed to over break. She's fallen back into some bad habits that she needs to get trained out of her," said Amanda.

"Well, at least that will be fun," said Wendy.

"I've been thinking," Amanda said, "We talked about making Kylie look, talk, think, and act. So far, we've got him kind of looking like a girl, but that's about it."

"I think we've done a great job, so far," said Deanna.

"Oh no doubt, but if we really want Kylie to look like a girl we have a lot of work to do," Said Wendy.

"Don't I get any say in this?" I asked.

"What do you think?" laughed Karen.

"Roll over," barked Wendy as she walked up to me. She gave me a very close looking over before making a face at the sight of my penis sticking out of my jeans.

"Well?" asked Amanda expectantly.

"Her hair is long enough that we can probably do something with it. I think I'm going to do her eyebrows tonight. That'll help a lot," said Wendy.

"Her shape is wrong," said Deanna, "We need to find something better to do for breasts."

"I priced breast forms over break, the good ones are like \$250," replied Wendy.

"I think that I know where we can get the money," laughed Amanda.

"Can we do something about her voice?" asked Deanna.

"Oh absolutely," said Amanda.

"Good, cause I was thinking," replied Deanna, "a bunch of us are taking Freshman Humanities this semester. Because classes are so small, we'd never be able to have Kylie go to class in feminine mode. However, the humanities classes have lectures 2 days a week where there are like 225 students from 6 classes. She could blend into a class like that."

"No way," I said, but the rest of the girls went silent and looked on Deanna with appreciate.

"That is awesome!" shouted Amanda.

Karen hugged Deanna and they all agreed that I would be trying to pass in the Humanities lectures this year. Classes started on Wednesday, but the lectures were on Tuesday and Thursday. They set a week from Tuesday as my goal date for starting to attend the lectures.

At the time, I didn't realize it, but when you're being forcibly feminized, public appearances have a profound effect on you. They take you from opposition to your feminization and make you an accomplice. I had no desire to talk like a woman or move like one,

but if I would be going to class, I sure didn't want anybody to think I was a guy. Of course, my first choice would be to stop the girls from taking me out in public, but looking up at them literally helplessly from the floor, I didn't like my chances of stopping them.

The girls continued talking awhile longer before Amanda and Deanna hauled me up from the floor and walked me over to Amanda's desk chair. Wendy proceeded to tie my feet to the chair legs and fastened my leash to the chair very tightly so that the slightest movement would cause my serious discomfort. She then proceeded to pluck my eyebrows into a feminine arch. She didn't totally thin and arch my brows, but they looked much more feminine when done.

When they finally released me, Brett was already back. I went into the bathroom and shaved all over. I painted my toe nails and I slept in the Betty Boop Nightshirt. Dejectedly, I made my way over to the bed and began a long sleepless night wondering what was to come and how I could survive going to class as a girl.

The next day, I met the girls in their bedroom. Amanda had me sit down at her computer and load up AOL. As I did, there was only one screen name at the sign on screen. The name was *KissableKylie18*. I signed on and the girls had me check out my AOL profile, which contained about a dozen pictures of me. There I was posing for the camera on that first day. There I was in my Halloween costume. The profile however, said my name was Kylie and I was an 18 year old who liked shopping, partying, and cute boys. It was explained to me that I would be required to log onto AOL chat rooms for 5 hours a week and save the chat logs. When I was in those chat rooms, I would practice flirting with guys who wanted to chat with me. It was embarrassing to think that guys would find my pictures attractive, let alone that I was going to have to flirt with them.

I was told to click on a link in my favorite places. It took me to a web page that was full of pictures of me looking feminine and seductive. *Man, I Feel Like a Woman* played in the background, but as I looked closer, I was clearly identified underneath a picture of Barry and I kissing as Kyle Gable.

"I put your online presence together for you over break," beamed Karen proudly.

"I'll be ruined," I replied.

"Don't be silly," smiled Karen, "We haven't made it available in any search engines yet. The only way people can find it is they know the exact URL to type in and the odds of that are almost infinitely small."

"But, we can make it go live by clicking one box," said Wendy.

"Just so we're clear, this is our ace in the hole. I enjoy kicking your ass, and I may do it from time to time to remind you of your place, but I'm done fighting you. If you get out of line again, all we have to do is spend 3 minutes on the computer, and you're a celebrity," said Amanda, "Do you understand?"

"I understand," I nodded.

"Good, because payback is a bitch, Kylie," laughed Amanda, "and now so are you."

By now I was pretty familiar with the way to West Town Mall, so I knew exactly where we were driving. My wardrobe had grown so quickly with Christmas presents and such that I shuddered to think what I needed to purchase. The girls all seemed excited as they laughed and joked in the car. I decided that something big was up.

After parking the car, we entered through a big department store, but we didn't go very far. Instead, Amanda motioned to a seat and told me to sit down.

"Don't embarrass me, Kylie," she said sternly, "Just behave and it'll be a lot better for you."

A young Nordic-looking woman in her mid-20s approached us saying, "Can I help you?"

"Yes, Joanie," said Amanda quickly reading her name tag, "Our friend here needs a whole new look. We want something easy for daytime, but bold for nights."

"Oh, I bet he'd be just darling with those features," laughed Joanie nervously.

"Joanie, we're serious," said Amanda pausing, "And we promise you, we're going to buy a lot of the makeup you use when you're done."

The woman thought about it carefully. She actually grabbed me by the chin and looked at me closely. Then she looked Amanda in the eyes and nodded.

"Sure, why not. It's kind of quiet today. If he's OK with it so am I," she said, "He actually has really delicate features. I can do a lot with him."

I felt Deanna's arms on my shoulders. I'm pretty sure, that she was told to make sure that I stayed seated, but truth be told, I didn't want to cause a bigger scene and I was paralyzed with fear as I felt the cold foundation on my face.

The makeup artist would try something on my face, decide that she didn't quite like it and wipe it off. The girls were very impressed as she added colors, shadows, and blended it in. She then had me look in the mirror. I was surprised. I didn't really look that different than I usually did. The makeup was very subtle, but at the same time made me look like a feminine version of myself. I looked a lot like Debbie actually. A few people looked over and saw me in the chair getting my makeup done and snickered.

"Alright, now let's do nighttime," said the woman, "I'm glad you talked me into this. This is a lot of fun."

The nighttime look was much more dramatic and drew a lot of attention. It was much more obvious I was wearing makeup.

"Do you do your eyebrows?" asked the makeup artist.

"Yeah, I just did them," I replied.

"You did a great job, they really flatter your face," she said as she shaded them in.

Wendy beamed with pride.

When she pronounced me done, a shiver went down my spine. I was a getting a lot more attention from passersby and the makeup reminded me a bit of the day that I went to breakfast with full makeup and was a laughing stop. True to her word, Amanda purchased a lot of the makeup that was used on me. She gave me the bag and told me it was a belated Christmas gift. I thanked the woman and she told me I had the perfect features for makeup.

As we stepped a bit away from the counter, Deanna excitedly asked "where to next."

"Please, I look ridiculous. Don't me go into the mall," I begged, "I'm not questioning you, but..."

"But what Princess? You can tell us," said Amanda.

"I don't look like a man. I don't look like a woman. I look like a freak," I said as tears began to stream down my cheeks.

"It really sucks to be wearing something feminine and still have everybody know you're a man, doesn't it?" asked Amanda comforting me.

"Yes, I wish I was wearing a wig and a dress right now," I said honestly.

"Well, I want you to remember this," said Amanda raising my chin so I'd look her right in the eyes, "Having people think you're a woman isn't humiliating, but having people think you're a man dressed like a woman can be."

"Yes, I know," I said.

"Good, so you better learn how to pass, or it'll be much worse," warned Wendy.

I sniffled and nodded me head.

"We won't make you shop, but when we get back you're going to put on that dress and wig you wanted and then you're making a call for us," said Amanda.

Karen and Deanna both rubbed my shoulders in sympathy. The girls were proud that I was begging for mercy rather than being defiant. They hoped it was a sign that I was broken.

When we arrived home, I stopped by my room to slip into some of my girl's clothes and head up over to Wendy and Karen's room where the girl's were gathered. I looked a little overdressed in my little black dress and heels, when all the girls were wearing jeans and gym shoes, but they liked that. Amanda motioned for me to sit down.

"You brought your car back to school with you," stated Amanda.

"Yes," I said totally flummoxed that she knew this piece of information.

"Well, it's going to come in hand. We need you to call your father and tell him that you don't know what your sister did to the car, but it wasn't handling right when you drove it to school and you need \$400 for repairs, got it?" she said.

"But it runs fine," I said.

"And yet, you're going to tell him you need \$400 for repairs, got it?" said Wendy.

"I got it," I said.

It was really awkward talking to my dad as I sat there in full makeup and dressed like a little bitch. However, he was more than happy to blame Debbie for being a "woman driver" and agree to send me the money.

"Good, there are advantages to being daddy's little angel," laughed Amanda, "When the \$400 gets here you're going to cash the check and give the money to Deanna."

"This is a robbery?" I asked.

"Of course not," said Deanna giving me a hurt look, "I'm using my credit card for you so your dad doesn't see Beast Form Store on your credit card statment."

"Breast forms?" I asked.

"All part of passing. You're going to have an exquisite pair of 36Cs," laughed Amanda.

Next, Deanna loaded up a web page designed to teach transsexuals to learn to speak like a woman. I remembered what Amanda had said earlier and actually put my heard into getting a passable female voice. I had trouble modulating it, but I wasn't bad. I still usually had a ridiculous falsetto or masculine breathy voice, but every now and then I got a bit of a Jessica Rabbit thing going. I went with that.

By the time the breast forms arrived a week later, I was able to maintain my voice and Wendy had given me what amounted to a feminine hairstyle. It could be combed to look like a really bad masculine haircut, but it also could be styled to be a very stylish short feminine style. I still mostly wore the black wig.

The day the breast forms arrived, I saw a note in my mailbox that I got a package. I gave the girl at the front desk my receipt and she handed me a box that was wrapped in plain brown paper. The way she looked at me, it was clear that she assumed it was some kind of porn or sex toy. I had been instructed to let the girls know when they came and that's exactly what I did. I took my C cup bra

and met the girls in Deanna's room. The girls had me put on the bra and insert the large fake breasts.

"Wow! That looks greats," said Amanda excitedly.

"If daddy could only see what he bought you," said Karen, causing me to blush and the girls to break into hysterics.

Deanna gave me one of her blouses to put on. It was weird buttoning it up because when it came to my boobs, they jutted out so far. I finished buttoning it and the girls were clearly impressed.

"He's never going to be able to hide those," laughed Wendy.

"Hide them?" said Karen, "When you've got it, flaunt it."

"I think it's time to give our little princess a trial run," said Amanda.

"That's a great idea," smiled Deanna.

"Kylie, get yourself all femmed up. We're going to the library tonight. I want you in a dress and heels. You figure out what accessories will help convince people that you are in fact a female," you know how embarrassing it will be if they figure out you're a guy," warned Amanda.

Sure enough, they had turned me into an accomplice. Brett saw me begin my transformation, but was nice enough to leave the room before he saw most of it. I had practiced my makeup enough that I could do it fairly well. I took a bath and shaved myself extra close. My hair smelled like ginger and flowers. However, I'd be in the wig tonight. I wore a striped white blouse that showed off my new assets and a very short black skirt.

When the girls arrived, I got big smiles and nods of appreciation. Then, we all walked to the library together. We went to the area called The Pit, where the comfortable couches meant the ratio was usually about 45% sleepers, 35% socializers, and 20% studiers.

"OK Kylie," said Amanda, "All you have to do, to be able to leave here tonight is get two guys to give you their phone number. Should be a piece of cake"

I froze. Flirting with guys over AOL was one thing, but talking to guys face to face was not something I felt comfortable doing. I am 100% straight and here I would be trying to seduce a guy to give me his phone number. Even worse, he might realize I was a guy. I

chose a rack that was visible to a large number of people in the pit area and began to pretend to search for a book. Sure enough, a guy eventually made his way over to me. He was about 6 feet tall with sandy brown hair. He wore a leather bomber jacket and smelled just a bit of cologne.

"Finding anything good," he asked.

"No, I said," trying to sound exasperated, "It's hard to find anything in here."

"Well, maybe I can help," he said sounding confidently. The girls were smiling and laughing at a nearby table, thrilled that a guy had taken the bait already.

"Well, I at least found a cute guy," I joked. He was a bit startled at my aggressiveness.

"Your night is looking up already," he smiled.

"It sure is," I said running my fingers down the lapel of his jacket.

"Would you like to get out of here and get a cup of coffee?" He asked.

"Oh, I can't," I said, trying to pout seductively, "I have this killer paper due tomorrow."

"Well, can I get your number?" He asked.

"Oh yeah, I said, but give me yours too." I replied.

We exchanged our phone numbers. This was almost too easy. He looked like the kind of guy that could get girls I couldn't even dream of, but he was willing to give me his phone number after 2 minutes of chatting with me. I felt a mixture of pride and deep shame at that interaction. I had passed my first big test and passed in front of a guy up close. He didn't just believe I was a girl, but he actually wanted to go out with me. Getting the second phone number was a little more time consuming, but bending over to check out books on the bottom shelf led me to Jake, a guy who refused to look at me in the eyes and instead focused on my fake boobs. When we left the library, I had my two prized numbers and the girls agreed that I did a very good job, but still needed to work on my mannerisms.

In the early part of our college education, the classes that we took were mostly for general education requirements. As a result,

some combination of the girls always seemed to be in class with me. This tended to result in me having to do some really embarrassing feminine assignments. When I did a sketch in French class, I was dressed from head to toe as a woman to play a female part. In speech class, I nominated Coco Chanel as the most important figure of the 20th century for her contribution of the little black dress to the fashion lexicon. My professor gave me an A, but was so troubled by my presentation that he stared at me transfixed the whole time.

In one of her classes, Amanda read how much the average college aged male masturbates and she was astounded. She informed me that I would no longer be allowed to masturbate except when she told me to, under her strict supervision, and I would have to earn it. Even though I was kind of on the honor system, I was terrified enough of her busting me, that I complied 99% of the time.

However, the biggest thing that happened was freshman humanities. It was the end of the second week of class, when I made my first feminine appearance in the class. Even Amanda and Karen, who weren't in the class, accompanied Deanna and I so they could see how I did in class as a girl. My outfit wasn't outrageous. I wore a pair of black leggings with an oversized pink t-shirt and a pair of brown boots. The girls tried to get me to dress about 10-20% sexier than the other girls in the class. Yeah, I wore skirts and heels more often than anybody else in that class, but at the same time, I wasn't showing up suspiciously in a dress and spiked heels everyday.

Walking into class for the first time, I felt very self-conscious. Even little things like how to carry my books with my big boobs sticking out were complicated. Amanda noticed this and snickered. I sat at one of the chairs next to Deanna and slid out the desk top. I could feel my knees nervously shaking against each other. Every fifteen minutes, I was required to look in my compact and check my makeup, which drew dirty looks from the professor who was lecturing.

From time to time, guys would sit next to me and start making small talk. With Deanna there, I wasn't given any choice, but to flirt right back. One of the guys who flirted with me was actually in my section of the class and saw me two times a week as a guy. Being

there in feminine clothes, talking to boys, and watching some of the actual girls get jealous of me, it was hard to believe how my college experience was turning out.

When I returned from class on Friday afternoon, there was a Victoria's Secret gift bag waiting for me on the bed with a note attached to it. The note informed me that if I wanted sexual release that I should bring the bag along with appropriate makeup, wig, and my sexiest shoes to Karen and Wendy's room that night at 9 O'clock. Make sure your fingers and toes are painted bright red.

I arrived at the girls' room and Wendy let me in. I immediately noticed Sherri and Stephanie sitting in the room. They had been there on the night of my first makeover and unfortunately, thought of me as a total misogynist. The girls were clearly drinking and when they saw me shaking, they gave me a screwdriver as well to calm my nerves. I went into the bathroom and began to transform myself.

My practice with makeup had made me pretty competent with the brushes and powders in my bag. I know the girls wanted a slutty look and I didn't disappoint, going for deep rosy cheeks, bright red lips, smoky eyes, and heavy mascara coated eye lashes. I reached into the bag and pulled out a black lace babydoll, with matching panties and a pair of black thigh high stockings with a garter belt. I finished getting dressed, strapped on my heels, and placed the wig on my head brushing it back to keep it untangled and shiny looking.

As I emerged from the bathroom, I was met with a chorus of cat calls and wolf whistles.

"Give us a twirl, Kylie," shouted Amanda

I turned around, trying to do it in as sexy a way possible though I desperately wanted to take off running down the halls.

"Oh my God," yelled Sherri laughing loudly.

"You're doing good, Kylie," smiled Amanda handing me a copy of *Playgirl*, "Now take this and go lay down on your back by that wall.

I took the magazine and lay down in the spot where Amanda told me.

"OK Kylie, open up to the centerfold," said Amanda, "Also, put your feet up in the air. You can rest them on the wall."

I did as she said. The other girls started shouting as I put my legs on the wall and I felt so ashamed to be looking through the

magazine to find the centerfold.

"What hand do you usually use to masturbate?" asked Amanda.

"My left one," I stuttered nervously.

"OK, hold the magazine with your left hand and pleasure yourself with your right. You need to explain to us why that model is hot, while you do it," said Amanda.

I was so horny, but it felt odd using my right hand and looking at a guy's picture while I did it made it even more difficult. The girls laughed hysterically, as I began.

"I'm not hearing any talking," chided Wendy.

"Oh God, this model is so hot because he has such big muscles. He really looks like he's very strong and he's got piercing blue eyes," I said.

"Oh piercing," laughed Sherri.

The whole act was so degrading and emasculating. Unfortunately, I had obeyed Amanda and hadn't masturbated for days and while the girls laughing was humiliating me, it was also somehow exciting me.

"He has sexy blonde hair. I'd love to rub my fingers through it," I said breathlessly, "Oh and he has such a great chest."

"So do you," laughed Amanda, pointing out the big breast forms in my baby doll, "Play with your boobs. Rub those puppies"

"His penis is big," I said as I rubbed myself under the forms. This sent the girls reeling in laughter.

"Oh I bet you'd love that, sissy," laughed Karen.

"Oh God!" I exclaimed.

"Oh my Kylie, it looks like you're about to blow," teased Amanda, "OK, shoot yourself right into your face. Come on now."

With only a few more strokes, I felt my warm cum spray into my face as a bunch of camera flashes went off. I had never done this before and while it felt so good to finally cum, I was immediately grossed out by the spooge on my face and humiliated that 6 girls had just seen me do this and had evidence of it on their cameras as well.

"Good job, Kylie," said Amanda with mock sincerity, "Now, let's get you cleaned up. Take your index finger and wipe a bit of the cum

off your face. Then suck it off you finger and say, 'mmm, I love boy juice'. Keep doing that until you're all clean."

"This is going too far," I warned Amanda.

"Really? After what you just did and knowing that we could have that picture on you in the act all over this dorm in 5 minutes, cleaning yourself up is too much?" asked Amanda.

I dipped my finger into one of the puddles on my face and scooped out some of my own cum. I looked at it on my red painted finger and felt a bit nauseated before opening up my lips to accept the salty sweet goo from my finger.

"Mmm, I love boy juice," I said to laughter from the girls.

"I'm sure you'll get plenty of it," teased Karen.

When I was done, the girls let me go, but wouldn't let me change my clothes. I had to deposit my male clothing in the bag and wear the baby doll back to my room and into bed. I arrived back to my room to find Brett and his girlfriend already in my room. He was used to strange crossdressing behavior from me, but she started giggling nervously. I slipped off my heels and climbed into bed. They left the room so I could sleep in peace, but I heard loud laughter echoing down the hall as they left. I started to cry.

The masturbation sessions became my main form of sexual release after a girl I was making out with at a fraternity party, felt my bra and turned ashen before storming off calling me a pervert. Sometimes it was just Amanda who supervised me and sometimes it was a regular party for the girls to watch me do some degrading act.

Honorary chastity worked pretty well, but as I was about to head home for summer, Amanda decided more permanent solutions were necessary. After cumming with my eyes closed describing a romantic evening with Justin Timberlake, I was suddenly pounced on by all four girls, who fitted me with a chastity belt. The belt was called a shemale belt and had the effect of not only keeping me from unsupervised masturbation, but also gave me a very flat shape in front. There was no way I could go the entire summer without an erection.

Leaving at the end of the year, the girls agreed to store some of my clothes, but I took a lot of them home with me. The girls assured me I'd need them. As I left to drive home, the girls all hugged me

and kissed me and told me how fun I'd made the year for them. Still, Amanda insisted I go home in my yellow sundress and wedge heels.

"Amanda, I really need to go change. I can't wear this home." I said.

"Why not, I think you look great in it, the halter really shows off your boobies," she smiled.

"No," I said, "my sister will be home."

"So?" asked Amanda.

"So, she'll see me," I said.

"I think she'll think you look cute," she replied.

"I don't think you understand," I said.

"Dude, Debbie has known for months. She's even seen your little website. How do you think we knew everything you did over break? In fact, you might want to stay on her good side over summer because a bad report from her about you will not be a good thing for you," said Heather.

The girls giggled at my dumbfounded expression. I tried not to let them see me sweat as I walked out to my car. I could feel my skirt blowing in the May breeze. Oh man, Debbie had a lot of reasons to want payback on me. What was I going to do?

The Third Semester

Driving home was more difficult than I would have thought. I'd driven in a dress and even wearing heels several times when I was at school, but the news that Debbie was in on it had me very pre-occupied. From time to time, I'd glance down and catch sight of my pantyhose encased pink toes peeking out the toe of my wedges. I'd see the yellow skirt covering my legs and I'd reflect on just how I got here. Even worse, I'd occasionally catch truck drivers or even guys in regular cars checking me out.

The drive seemed to last a lot less than the two hours it actually took, but it still gave me time to reflect on what had happened and what summer would bring. Fortunately, my sister wasn't quite like Amanda. She needed to borrow my car and she was definitely someone I could intimidate if I threw my weight around.

As I pulled into our driveway, I immediately got scared. Sure, our house had huge trees and a high fence giving us privacy, but that didn't mean I wasn't still scared of being seen taking my suitcases in the house while wearing a sundress. I parked the car, grabbed several of my suitcases and headed inside. I knew that I still had hours until mom or dad would be home.

"Well, you do clean up nice," shouted Debbie as she saw me carrying on my luggage.

"Yeah Debbie," we need to talk.

"Yes we do, Kylie," smiled Debbie.

"How did Amanda ever get you to agree to this?" I asked.

"Sit down," said Debbie, "motioning to an overstuffed living room chair."

I crossed my legs and folded my hands in my lap. Debbie smirked at my feminine posture

"I first met Amanda, when we were moving you in. I got so sick of the way you were getting treated when dad wouldn't even let me go away to school, that I had to go clear my head. That's when I ran into Amanda. We got to talking about things and imagine my surprise when I found out that you two already knew each other. We've been in touch ever since," said Debbie.

"Why are you doing this?" I asked.

"I'm not going to deny there's some payback here brother. Because I'm a girl, I've gotten the short end of the stick. I didn't get a car or to go away to school and it's always been made clear to me that I was a second class citizen in this house," said Debbie.

"I know," I nodded my head, "I guess I haven't been the best brother."

"Don't worry," smiled Debbie, "You'll be making it up to me this summer."

"Am I really going to have to...well, you know about the chastity belt?" I asked.

"No way. I have no interest in seeing that little thing of yours. You're my brother. Let's not even think of going there. I am going to make sure you dress up nice and girlish this summer and you will basically be my maid. You're also going to get permission for me to go away to school and you're going to get dad to buy me a car," she said.

"Alright," I nodded resigned, "I don't know what I can do about the stuff with dad, but I expected the other stuff."

"I'm sure you will be very persuasive with your dad, Kylie," called a voice from the stairs. I turned around already knowing that it belonged to Robyn.

Robyn Boros was one of Debbie's best friends. She was cute with long brown hair and big blue eyes that sparkled as she talked. She had an amazing pair of legs and a great sense of humor. She was also my former girlfriend. She was a year older than me in school, which along with her relationship with Debbie was why I didn't ask her out until junior year. From that moment until I graduated we were inseparable. She even decided not to go away to school so that we could still be together during my senior year of high school. We were good together and I wasn't a bad boyfriend.

Unfortunately, even good things come to an end. Last summer, it occurred to me that a long distance girlfriend would be a real liability at college and I thought it was more honorable to just break up with her. She didn't agree and it was a pretty ugly breakup.

"What is she doing here?" I asked Debbie angrily

"Yeah, you might want to treat the keeper of your key much nicer, Kylie," laughed Debbie

"Oh my God," I said turning pale.

"This is going to be the best summer ever," said Robyn grabbing my skirt and trying to look underneath at my panties.

"Now sister," said Debbie, "We are supposed to take some pictures of you to send back to your school friends. I think we're start with some of my old dance costumes, then Robyn's cheerleading uniform, and we'll end with mom's wedding dress. You're going to be a regular supermodel by the time this summer is over."

There was no way that experience wasn't going to be embarrassing. Doing cheers or wearing a wedding dress in front of your sister and your ex-girlfriend is just naturally humiliating, but it struck me as much worse to be wearing the very clothing that I had admired Robyn in.

Outside of the many photo shoots and the chores, there was the constant dressing. My dad was a workaholic so hiding things from him wasn't hard to do at all. His presence in the house was dominating, but it just wasn't very frequent until about 7PM at night. My mom didn't need to work, nor did she when Debbie and I were younger, but when we got to high school and our hours out of the home increased, she got very bored around the house. A few years back, she had begun selling high priced real estate and though my dad wasn't fond of the idea of my mom working, he grew to like the secondary income and all the gossip she acquired in her job. She often found out things that helped my dad ingratiate himself to his clients at the bank. That left us with the run of the house most of the day.

Debbie was true to her word. She never really went out of her way to embarrass me, but she was still very demanding. I had to arrive all dressed up in her bedroom at 8 O'clock with her breakfast and newspaper. I would stand at attention while she ate and then while she got cleaned and dressed, I'd busy myself cleaning up after her. I kept the entire house spotless and did all the cooking and laundry too. Debbie got a lot of credit from our parents for how nice the house looked. It helped me when I pitched the idea of Debbie

going away to college with dad. Every time I did something that Debbie felt was feminine, I would earn a girly point. When I had earned 100 girly points, I was allowed to request that Robyn remove my chastity belt.

By making me earn girly points, Robyn and Debbie were able to claim that I was choosing to do things. They weren't making me. As I would get close to 100, I'd start taking ridiculous chances, like waiting until my mom or dad were almost home from work before getting changed into male mode. It was 4 O'Clock in the afternoon and I had been doing laundry all day. I was wearing a white sundress with little lilacs all over it and had hung some sheets and lingerie out to dry on a line in the backyard. We had a lot of privacy in the backyard. However, when Mr. Michaels arrived home from playing golf at 4 in the afternoon, he was in perfect position to view into our yard from the walkway leading to the car, though the sheets I was hanging certainly obstructed his view a bit. Michaels was in his late 50s and looked to be at least 65. He had white hair and though he wasn't fat, he certainly had a bit of a belly.

"Oh, hi Debbie," called Mr. Michaels.

"Hi," I replied trying to imitate my sister's voice.

"You're always so well put together. I wish I could get my daughters to wear a dress every now and then," said Mr. Michaels

"Thanks, I just wanted to feel feminine today," I lied.

"Well, you sure must be turning all the heads at school," joked Mr. Michaels.

"I don't know. I'm awfully busy studying," I replied

"Well you've got a really nice rack. Don't tell me that those boys aren't noticing," laughed Mr. Michaels.

"Uhm, thanks Mr. Michaels," I said more than a bit creeped out.

"Just let me know if you ever want to try an older man," he joked with just a bit too much hope in his voice.

"Great," I thought. My neighbor is a major pervert.

Robyn never failed to make my release as humiliating as possible. We did everything from reliving our prom night with me in her old dress and accessories to using her feet to get me off at a restaurant. When I came, she made me swallow it and generally used the summer to make me miserable as revenge for the way we

had broken up. She especially loved to take me to the mall all dressed up and make me flirt with guys who didn't realize I wasn't all I appeared to be.

She almost got me caught by my parents one day. She decided to quickly reward me by hogtying me and making me hump my bed. She placed a mirror so I'd have to watch myself and then she laughed and heckled while she finished the remains of an iced tea as I got off humping the bed. It was extra embarrassing because I was wearing a little black dress that I always thought looked amazing when she had worn it.

"Come on, you two. I don't want to hear it!" shouted Debbie from downstairs.

"Oh, you should see your pathetic brother now," laughed Robyn, "He's such a little bitch!"

"There's things I don't want to know about!" responded Debbie, "That's why I got you involved. Besides, I want to go to the mall."

"Well, you heard her," said Robyn directed to me, "Open your mouth"

I reluctantly did as commanded and Robyn immediately filled my mouth with the panties she had been wearing. She then took a pair of my pantyhose and tied them in my mouth making a crude, but very effective gag.

"OK, we're going to go to the mall now. Why don't you finish up on your own," said Robyn patting me on the head. Just for good measure, she grabbed my panties and hose and dumped the ice from her drink into my crotch. My erection immediately faded.

Robyn laughed to herself as she headed down the stairs. I am not too proud to admit that it had been several days since I had any relief and I did in fact continue to hump my bed after she left until I did achieve an embarrassing orgasm. In fact, I actually did it twice. However, after a few hours, I began to get worried. I was tied quite well. Robyn had learned how to tie me up and I was not going to be able to get free on my own.

Around 3 O'clock, I heard the front door open and was relieved. That is until I heard my mom's voice calling upstairs to see if Debbie or I were home. Even if I had wanted to respond, I couldn't have. For the next two hours, I lay in stunned silence.

When Debbie finally returned home and came up stairs, I managed to get her attentions. She was actually very apologetic. It seems they got distracted at the mall and Robyn never even mentioned that I was tied up. She felt a little better when I explained that I hadn't wet myself and it was just the ice that had made the bed sheets damp. That wasn't even the worst thing Robyn did to me.

It was in early August, when things reached their zenith. I had earned my 100th girly point by going with Debbie for pedicures and I was starting to get desperate for any relief at all, but I also dreaded what Robyn would come up with for me. On Friday, afternoon Debbie informed me that I'd be going out with Robyn that night and laid out an outfit for me that consisted of a black and white graphic print mini-dress, black strappy heels that showed of my new pedicure, and black plastic jewelry. I was worried about what was ahead of me, but no more than usual when Debbie drove me to the mall. I was supposed to meet Robyn in the food court and she'd give me a ride home after I finally had my reward.

When I arrived at the food court, I wasn't ready for what I saw. Sitting around a table with Robyn were 3 of her best friends from high school. In our time together, we had naturally gotten to know all of each other's friends. These girls weren't particularly mean or anything, but the way they giggled as they spotted me across the food court let me know that I was in trouble.

"Oh, hey Kylie," called Robyn.

"What are they doing here?" I asked motioning to her friends.

"Well, I'm sure you'll agree," said Robyn, "while I was embarrassed by our break up in front of all my friends, your humiliation has been mostly private. I thought it was only fair that some of my friends got to enjoy your little comeuppance."

I wasn't happy, but there was absolutely nothing I could do about it. Robyn was my ride home and besides, I really wanted to get out of the restrictive chastity belt for at least a little while. I sat there and with my cheeks burning red with shame answered every question about what I was wearing under my dress and how I liked being a girl and how long I spent getting ready.

Finally, the girls began to say their goodbyes. As soon as they left our table I let Robyn know that I was mortified that they all saw

me dressed up.

"Don't worry about that," laughed Robyn, "They're going to be seeing a lot more."

"What do you mean?" I asked, suddenly concerned.

"Well, I hope you didn't think that was your whole ordeal," said Robyn, "Because the guys are going to be here soon."

"Guys?" I asked.

"We're going to double date to the movies," smiled Robyn

"Oh no," I said shaking my head.

"Oh yes," she laughed, "And you're going to do it enthusiastically. I don't have to tell you what will happen if you don't. This is a big mall and we have a lot of pictures to post."

A few moments later the guys arrived. They were classmates of Robyn and Debbie at school. I was paired off with Rick who wasn't a bad looking guy, I guess. He had a full head of hair, slightly spiked by a generous application of styling gel. He had deep brown eyes and a sly smile. He had on a stylish black short-sleeved shirt and kahkis. He was just about 6 feet tall and I felt small next to him as he greeted me with a hug that made me feel exceedingly uncomfortable. He put his arm around me following his friend's lead with Robyn and the four of us made our way into the theatre. I felt like a condemned man being lead to the electric chair.

Before the coming attractions were over, Rick had already put his arm around me. I felt something hit me in the back of the head and when I did, I saw Roby's three friends sitting a couple rows behind us. As I turned around, they stopped tossing popcorn and let out big smiles at me and waved. Robyn announced that we were going to the concession stand to get sodas. Rick gave me a \$20 bill and the two of us made our way past Robyn's smiling friends.

"You know, he's going to know you're a boy," said Robyn as we made our way up the aisle.

"What? How would he know?" I asked.

"If you're all frigid and don't put on a good show for my friends, I'm going to tell him," she laughed, "I don't want him to think he's the reason you're not affectionate."

"What do you want from me?" I asked a bit too loud.

"A lot of kissing and some real quality making out," she warned me.

When we arrived back to our seats, the guys stood up to let us climb in. I handed Rick his soda and reluctantly leaned against his shoulder.

"I'm glad you were in town Kylie," said Rick, "You look a lot like your cousin."

"I get that all the time," I told him.

"You're actually prettier than she is. I've never seen her in a dress like this one," whispered Rick.

"Thank you," I replied.

"You don't mind if I kiss you, do you?" He asked.

"I thought you'd never ask," I replied.

His lips were moist on my own and I kissed him the same way that I had kissed Robyn many times before. It was closed mouth, but it was squarely on the lips and it was romantic and it gave me a queasy feeling. My heart began to race in my chest as my body wasn't sure if it should fight this guy or run away. I wasn't so lucky. There would be no running away for me. The girls behind us began to laugh loudly at our actions.

"Don't mind them, Kylie. I think I go to school with them," said Rick sensing my reluctance.

"It's OK, really," I replied.

"None of them hold a candle to you," he said as he moved in for another kiss.

For the next two hours we continued to thrill our audience with our romantic exploits. I took out a tissue and helped him to wipe off my lipstick when the lights came back on, but then he gave me another big kiss goodnight as Robyn and I left for her car. I was allowed to get some relief on the way home. At that point, I didn't know why I was so horny, but I happily followed instructions and relieved myself right in the front seat. Before dropping me off at home, she declared that my debt to her was paid. She had put me through the ringer for nearly three months, but she swore to me, that we were now even. For the rest of the summer, she continued to be the one to unlock me from the chastity belt, but she usually just let me do my thing without making it overly embarrassing for me.

Keeping my dressing secret from my parents wasn't easy, but with Debbie's help I succeeded. She bailed me out a few times that Summer and despite her power over me and her friend's growing desire to punish and humiliate me, Debbie and I got along great. I even succeeded in getting our father to allow her a car and a chance to go away for college for her last two years.

Returning to college, I had a lot to look forward to. I was especially excited about having a single and avoiding those awkward moments when my roommate or his friends saw me dressed up for the girls. I knew that it'd be very different without the girls around the dorm to keep an eye on me, but they would still be checking up on me, I was sure. Deanna, Amanda, Karen, and Wendy were renting a house off campus.

The other big change wasn't so pleasant. In August, I got a call from Bill that he was going to be leaving DuPont. His GPA was just under 1.0 and his parents had no intention of paying tuition for those kind of grades. He didn't seem to broke up about it either, figuring that this way he'd be able to go to a much cheaper community college while he figured out what he wanted to do.

I arrived back at my dorm and checked in on a Sunday afternoon around 4 O'clock. I got my keys and headed to my dorm room. When I did, I was shocked. My dorm room was supposed to be undecorated. In fact, I had enjoyed spending the last few weeks of Summer acquiring some posters of hot models in swim wear and other requisite dorm room trappings.

Instead, my room looked like it belonged to the horniest girl in junior high. From the Hello Kitty Comforter and pink walls to the Disney Princess area rug, my room just screamed girl. The clothes that I stored with the girls were in my closet and drawers and my vanity was on my desk next to a Styrofoam head for my wig. The walls were covered with pictures of boy bands and hot shirtless guys. On my nightstand was a picture of Bill and me from Halloween. I would die if anybody saw this room. I would never be able to explain it in a thousand years. A few days later the RA told me he had let the girls into my room to surprise me by decorating it.

He hadn't seen my room and honestly thought he had done me a favor. These girls were getting really good at manipulating guys.

At 6 O'clock, I was summoned over to the girls' new house. It was amazing. Looking back, it was just a simple small house being shared by 4 people, but compared to our dorm rooms, I was suddenly very jealous. Karen produced some beer from the refrigerator and we all went to the living room to celebrate the start of a new school year.

"Here's to another great year," said Amanda.

"And another great year for Kylie too," chirped in Karen.

"This house is awesome," I said as we drank our toast.

"I'm glad you like it," said Deanna as Amanda got to her feet and went to her bedroom.

"What's not to like," I said. "It's big and private and no more dorm food for you guys. You even have a pool out back."

"Well, it is missing something," said Karen frowning.

"Really?" What's that I asked curiously.

"Someone to clean it," responded Amanda emerging from her bedroom.

"Now girls, hold on. That's not fair," I said. "I barely can keep my little dorm room from being a mess."

"I don't think you really have a choice, Princess," laughed Deanna.

"Are you clean shaven?" asked Wendy.

I nodded yes as Amanda handed me a small carrier bag. I knew what I'd find inside it. They motioned for me to go into their bathroom and change.

There are two types of maids in the world. There's the rugged kind of maid like Alice from the *Brady Bunch* or Mrs. Drummond from *Different Strokes*. That type of maid could keep a house full of rambunctious kids cleaned and polished. As a bonus, she could probably bake too. Then there was the sort of French Maid that showed up in *Playboy* cartoons. Her uniform was designed to drive men wild and she succeeded, so she never really had to dust or sweep a floor. One look in the bag let me know that they may have wanted me to clean like the first type of maid, but that wasn't how I'd be dressing.

The uniform consisted of a very short black dress that was well above my knees and was off the shoulders. It also included a lacy white apron, fishnet stockings, white lace gloves, a black choker, and a pair of very feminine sandals with 3 narrow 3 inch heels. Whoever invented high heels, did not invent them for doing housework and whoever created fishnet stockings certainly never meant for the wearer to be crawling on his knees cleaning a kitchen floor.

As I emerged from the bathroom, the girls all began to ooh and ah in excitement. Wendy had me spin around and when I did, Amanda tied the apron behind me in a more feminine bow. As she did, she informed me of what rules I would be expected to follow. I'd be coming over to the house everyday after my last class and cleaning and cooking dinner. After cleaning up the dinner dishes, the rest of the night would be mine unless the girls wanted me for something else. Anytime I passed a mirror, I would be required to check my hair, makeup, and clothing to be sure that I was at all times appearing as a proper French maid.

It took me awhile to figure out the cleaning aspect of the job. Cleaning was just not something I had previously done or had an interest in, but spending the summer doing Debbie's chores helped a bit. In the beginning, when I'd come over to do the cleaning, the girls would drop what they were doing and watch me mince around in my heels doing my huge list of domestic chores, but they gradually got used to seeing me in my maid's uniforms. The humiliation never quite subsided of being the maid never quite subsided for me however. I had come to college believing myself superior to all women, but the uniforms were a clear sign that I was not even close to being their equal in status.

The worst part was that Deanna had a steady boyfriend named Jim, who had a bit of an organizational problem. Somehow, cleaning up Jim's apartment also became part of my tasks. He thought I was a total freak, but that didn't stop him from accepting a cold beer from me as he watched television and cleaned up his place. Deanna had a way of being optimistic and cheerful throughout everything, so I was never able to truly figure out if she was aware just how humiliating it was for me to be dressed as a sexy maid picking up another guy's soiled boxer shorts.

Sheri had moved into the Delta Theta sorority house her sophomore year. That left Stephanie without a roommate and the university had assigned her Sheila Summers, a freshman volleyball player who grew up dangerously close to my parents' house. Sheila was a very tall and athletic girl. She stood 5 foot, 10 inches tall and she had legs that were at once long and beautiful and capable of exerting tremendous power. To call her an Amazon would be a cliché, but she looked like I imagine Wonder Woman would have looked had she gone to college. Sheila was also very intelligent with an SAT score that cleared 1250 and she was also quite easy going and likeable. She immediately fit in with the girls and with her acceptance into the group; Stephanie started hanging around a lot more too.

Sheila really put an end to physical rebellion on my part. She was strong and although she wasn't particularly mean, she had the physical power to throw me around like a rag doll. The one time, I tried her out I quickly found myself over her knees getting the spanking of a lifetime. By the end, I was blubbering like a baby and kicking my legs with each powerful smack. Trying to fight when you're wearing heels and a dress and your opponent isn't, probably isn't a great idea anyway.

When October came around, I could see the excitement growing in Stephanie. She delighted in telling me that over Summer she had spent considerable time searching all over her hometown to find me just the perfect Halloween costume. As she still lived at the dorm with Sheila, they could guarantee all the girls would be present at the Halloween party.

The night of the party, Sheila and Stephanie showed up at my room carrying my costume. It was a naughty nurse's uniform, complete with garter belt and white stockings that would be completely visible under the short skirt. As I got dressed, Sheila stood at my door with her arms folded dressed as Lara Croft, but a prison guard would probably have been more appropriate. The message was clear that if I didn't do as I was told, she'd intervene. She even tried to remain imposing, but couldn't help giggling as I stepped into the ridiculous 4 inch white pumps.

I didn't really know how to act at the party. While the previous year, people could tell I was a guy if they got close enough and heard my voice, I was much more passable now. This was something that wasn't lost on the girls. About half the people who lived in the dorm still remembered my costume from the previous year and when my identity was finally confirmed, I again had people wanting their picture taken with me.

Honestly, my feminization was not the best kept secret in the world. The girls only really let people they knew they could trust in on things, but that didn't mean other people didn't notice things. It was a sure bet that anybody who saw my dorm room would leave wondering what the deal was with me. Still, we hid it the best we could and I hoped for the best.

I was getting comfortable with a large part of my feminization, but I still was too young and too unsure of myself to be comfortable with any behavior that was in anyway gay and of course, that made it an easy target for the girls. They were forever trying to see if I could fool people anyway, so a dance in December proved to be just too big a target for them.

I had not been allowed to cum for several weeks and it seemed every time the girls got the chance they would tease me. Karen was the worst. She would delight in tying me to a chair and doing my makeup. However, the way she bounced around on my lap and brushed against me and kept her breasts in my face and her breath on my neck made it feel much more like a lap dance than a simple makeup application. By the time she was done with my lipstick, I'd be whimpering like a little baby.

Amanda warned me that I would need to be extremely cooperative at the dance or they wouldn't let me out of chastity until I came back from Christmas break, over a month away. I would never be able to make it that far. For the next week, Deanna and Karen showed me how to dance like a girl. It's harder than just dancing backwards on the slow dances. I have a decent sense of rhythm, but it took me awhile to figure out where to hold my arms and how to move them naturally. After a lot of tutoring, I finally got pretty good at it.

On the night of the dance, I was dressed in a short, but simple wine colored dress that definitely showed off my legs and expensive hosiery. It had spaghetti straps and flattered my breast forms quite well, without revealing their true nature. I wore a pair of silver heels and the girls agreed I was going to get plenty of male attention. In fact they'd make sure of it.

"OK Cinderella," said Amanda, "If a guy asks you to dance, you will agree. If one tries to kiss you, you'll kiss him back. You'll be flirtatious and really make these guys comfortable. You don't have to let them touch your breasts and of course, you need to keep their hands from finding out any embarrassing little secrets."

I knew that the way I was dressed, I'd get guys coming up to me, but what I didn't count on was as soon as we got there, the girls would begin making their rounds. They'd flirt with guys and chat them up before telling them, "Hey, my friend thinks you're really cute, but she's too shy to ask you to dance."

Sure enough, with an open invitation, the guys would come running. As guys saw me dancing, they would suddenly get an interest in asking me to dance as well. I didn't get to sit down very much that night. The most awkward for me came when a guy named Pete asked me to dance. He was just a bit taller than I was, but I remembered him from several classes because he had very light, almost platinum blonde hair that made him stand out.

"I can't believe I finally got to dance with you," he said in my ear during a slow dance.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, we were in Freshman Humanities together and I used to try and sit by you, but we never really got to talk much," he said.

"No, I guess not." I answered.

"My name's Pete," he told me.

"I'm Kylie," I said.

"I love the way you dress," he told me, "Maybe, I'm a bit old fashioned, but I like dressing up and I appreciate girls who do too. It's nice to see a girl who isn't afraid to be feminine from time to time."

This was the second guy to tell me I was more feminine than the real girls he knew. He was an excellent dancer and I calmed

down a bit as I got used to him holding me tight. I used a move that Deanna had showed me and put my head down on his shoulder. Doing this obstructed his view a bit and made it less likely he might notice anything out of place. As I looked over at our table, I saw the girls laughing at us on the dance floor and taking still more incriminating pictures of me.

We danced about a half dozen dances together doing everything from slow songs to fast ones. I was happy that the girls had taught me a number of moves. I came a long way from the white man's under bite that I used to do. The final song was Shakira's *Underneath Your Clothes*. It struck me as ironic, considering the lingerie I was now wearing underneath mine, but it was also a slow song. When the dance ended, Pete gave me a very romantic kiss. I didn't know what to do, so I let instinct take over and I kissed him back.

After exchanging numbers, we made our goodbyes. The girls were thrilled with my behavior during the dance and I was allowed to masturbate in front of them when we got back to their place. Karen gave me a teddy bear and I kissed it and acted like I was making out with it, while calling out Pete's name, as I quickly pleased myself. These sessions with the girls were always embarrassing, but they were soon to get even worse.

Our Christmas party began much the same way as last year's did. I was dressed as sexy Mrs. Claus and I passed out the presents to everybody. Then when I opened my gifts, I gushed over the girlish clothing and accessories I received. I acted so completely enthusiastic no matter how humiliating a present might be. I finally opened Sheila's gift to me. It was in a small box about half the size of a shoe box. I opened it up expecting to find perfume or jewelry or some kind of small accessory, but what my hand pulled out freaked me out. It was a 10 inch extremely realistic flesh colored dildo with a suction cup on one end behind the balls. I immediately dropped it to the ground. It was like I had pulled a poisonous snake out of the box.

"Merry Christmas, Kylie!" cheered Sheila, "I got this as a gag gift at the sorority Christmas party. I hate regifting, but it just seemed so perfect for our sissy."

"Thank you, Sheila," I said with tears beginning to form, "It's just such a shock. Even a fake cock, it's just so degrading."

"And you're going to become so good at it," laughed Karen.

"Say, pick it up Kylie and put it in your mouth as far as it will go," ordered Amanda.

Reluctantly, I complied and a couple of pictures were immediately taken. Amanda approached me with a black permanent marker. She took it and marked where my lips touched on the dildo.

"Now, we have a base line so we can measure your progress," smiled Amanda.

Amanda then surprised me by taking off my chastity belt. My penis immediately spring to life.

"What are you holding?" asked Amanda.

"My dildo," I answered reluctantly.

"No, that's Pete," she said, "Now tell me what you have there?"

"It's Pete," I said tears shivering in pure humiliation.

"And you love him very much, don't you, Kylie?" asked Amanda.

"Yes, I love Pete," I responded.

"Good, now why don't you show him," said Amanda, "Now, give Pete a nice soft slow kiss right on the tip."

I complied as Amanda took my other hand and put it under my dress and into my panties. It was implied that I was to stroke myself at the same time. The other girls got comfortable and began to watch the show unfolding. I gently kissed the tip.

"Now run the tip of your tongue from the base to the tip," commanded Amanda.

"I can't," I said teary eyed.

"Do it Kylie--a nice slow lick," repeated Amanda.

I did this several times. The girls were enjoying my obvious discomfort. I could tell that Sheila and Wendy seemed particularly excited by my subservient dildo licking.

"Now suck those balls, bitch" said Amanda to a chorus of laughter.

I complied, but I was becoming a mess as each command just seemed to intensify my humiliation.

"Now suck on the cock nice and softy," said Amanda, "Do it like you mean it, like you want to make it cum. Let it slide in and out of that mouth of yours all warm and wet."

"Oh princess, your lipstick is getting all messed up," laughed Karen.

"That's right, coat the cock with your lipstick, Kylie. Feel the head slipping over your wet lips. Feel the vein with your tongue," ordered Amanda.

I looked at my red nails and the matching lipstick smeared on the phallus and it somehow made it even more humiliating.

"Make sure when you cum, you catch every bit in this," said Amanda noticing I was close and handing me a juice glass.

I came in big waves. Somehow the humiliation made the orgasm even more intense. Amanda grabbed the juice glass from me and emptied the contents onto the dildo, which I then had to lick off in front of the jeering girls. I was exhausted both physically and emotionally when it was finally over.

"We're going to let you stay over, sissy," said Amanda.

"Ordinarily, we'd have you kiss us all goodnight," joked Karen, "but tonight we'll let you skip that."

I stretched out on the couch still in my sexy Santa outfit. Amanda tucked me in and placed the dildo into my mouth.

"Just suck on this for awhile," she said brushing the hair from my face and giving me a kiss on the forehead.

I lay there crying myself to sleep while I sucked on the fake cock like a baby with a pacifier. The girls turned off the lights and made their way up to their bedrooms excitedly. I moaned and whimpered thinking I couldn't possibly sink any lower. In the morning, I said my quick goodbyes before I headed home for Christmas break.

The Fourth Semester

I lay back in the chair and waited for Renee to get back to work on my new hairstyle. It had grown considerably since I had begun my feminization over a year ago. In that time, the girls had refused to let me get a hair cut and I'd been taking biotin to promote my hair and nail growth. It was now well past my shoulders and there was a lot that could be done with it.

Just a couple of days ago, I had been home for Christmas break, where my family definitely noticed my increasingly feminine appearance. I tried to minimize the changes, but by now I was beginning to have far more trouble passing for a man than for a woman. Debbie delighted in teasing me about my further transformation, but we were mostly cool. She had required me to follow Amanda's instructions, but she didn't overdo it. She still had me waiting on her, but as she put it, "you've got a lot of time to make up for."

Debbie spent a lot of time covering for me. Dad wasn't happy with my increasingly androgynous looks, but when Debbie explained that's what the girls were into, my dad would still sigh and shake his head, but he didn't voice his objections too loudly except to tell me to enjoy it when I was young. Bankers don't look like I did.

My father and I weren't the only two people drawn into conflict over my looks. It seems that Wendy and Amanda actually had a fight over my hair that Christmas. Wendy really wanted me to bleach my hair and get a razor cut bob hairstyle. She loved that I wouldn't have been able to hide that hairstyle anywhere. Even under a hat, it'd be hard not to notice how long my hair was on the sides compared to the back. With bangs, she said I'd never be "mistaken for a boy" again.

Amanda's idea wasn't much better. She was thinking of a style like Jennifer Anniston wore, but with my own brunette color. She was more concerned with my hair looking cute when I was in female mode than it being impossible to cover up when I was in male mode. Deanna and Sheila sided with Amanda, though Karen really

liked Wendy's idea. In the end Amanda got her way. After all, the girls reasoned, I was her sissy.

Renee worked with another woman in a private home that they had converted into a beauty salon. They styled a lot of the girls on campus including Amanda, Sheila, and Stephanie. The setup actually worked pretty well as her studio was upstairs and that gave me privacy during my hair styling. The girls actually brought straps with in case they needed to secure me to the chair. Renee, I found out, would have been fine with it, but it wasn't necessary. I knew better than to resist the hair styling that was coming. In truth, with me looking more like a girl, I was actually kind of curious what I would look like with the feminine hairstyle in place. I figured I'd just have to wear a pony tail or wear a baseball hat when I was in guy mode.

"Hi Renee," said Amanda as she brought me into the shop a half hour ago. We were accompanied by Sheila, Karen, and Deanna. At this time, I hadn't learned about the fight yet.

"Hey girls," smiled a somewhat older, but still very attractive blonde woman in her early 30s. Her brown eyes just seemed to sparkle and she lit up when she spoke, instantly making people feel at home.

"This is our new girl, Kylie," said Amanda. I stepped forward and she took my hand.

"My, you are a pretty thing," smiled Renee, "She's already a beauty. This is going to be fun."

I blushed as she looked me over and gave her professional opinion.

"You're going to be a good girl for me, aren't you Kylie?" she asked.

"Yes, I will, Renee," I responded.

She led us upstairs and sat me in a chair to shampoo my hair. It felt good to feel the warm water and her skilled hands massage my scalp.

"Now, what exactly did you have in mind?" asked Renee

"Well, my friend wanted a bob, but I was thinking of something more glamorous. It seems like a shame to cut off all that hair. I was thinking maybe something Jennifer Anniston," suggested Amanda.

"But, with bang," added Deanna.

"I do like bangs," said Amanda.

"Jennifer Anniston with bangs...Hmm, let me make a suggestion. Bangs are going to be big this year. If you want something very feminine we could give her rounded volume on top and then we could roll forward some curls throughout."

"You're the artist," smiled Amanda, "I'm not sure that I can picture it, but it sounds like you definitely have something in mind."

Renee went to a pile of hair style magazines and flipped through one until she found a dog-eared page that she passed to all of the girls. They reacted with big jaw dropping smiles, but then refused to let me see.

I don't want to say that I looked like a movie star, but I was shocked in August when the girls called me to turn on the Cable because Sarah-Michelle Gellar had the same style as I did at the Teen Choice Awards. By the following year, one of the sorority girls who had embarrassed me in the cafeteria way back when was sporting an identical style to mine.

I thanked Renee for my doing my hair. When I looked at myself in the mirror, I didn't see any masculinity left. I don't really know how I felt about it. I was a guy. I knew that inside. I was not attracted to men and if I had my way, tomorrow I would go back wearing male clothing. However, at that particular moment, I was intrigued. I knew I made a good looking woman and I was actually pleased with myself for being so pretty. I saw the looks on the girls faces and reveled in their approval.

"Oh my God, Kylie," said Deanna, "You're beautiful"

"You're going to be turning a lot of heads," said Karen.

"Thank you," I said before realizing what I was doing. Amanda noticed that I was indeed being sincere and that probably made her as happy as my appearance did.

The next part of my story is a bit difficult to explain. College students of both genders are a horny lot. The dildo had become my frequent companion when I was given relief from my chastity belt

and it wasn't long before the girls figured out how to take advantage of it too. Amanda rarely was without a boyfriend, when she wanted one. The thing is, they distracted her from her studies and her friends, and she didn't always want one. That didn't mean she didn't want regular sexual satisfaction.

One Sunday night, Amanda promised to release me from my chastity belt. I knew that this would require something big from me, but I was very surprised to find that on Sunday evening, she led me into her bedroom instead of the living room. I stripped down to the sexy lingerie that I had worn under my dress and she quickly and securely tied my hands behind my back and then made me kneel down while she secured them to my ankles.

"I'm not complaining about you tying me up, Amanda. I know better than that, but how am I going to masturbate. I can't really even hump the floor with me knees spread..." I began before being cut off by the sight of Amanda turning around, a pink strapon extending from a harness around her waist as she stepped out of her sweat pants.

"We're going to do things a bit differently tonight, Kylie," explained Amanda, "If you do a good job, you'll be rewarded. If you don't...well, you really want to do a good job, understand?"

"I understand," I said and I began doing everything I could to please her.

It occurred to me that this act, which would be too degrading for so many guys, was going to be about the most exciting experience I ever had with a woman. I soon learned that there was a very big difference between the simulated blowjobs I had been giving and sucking a double ended dildo. Amanda had no nerve endings in her faux penis. Her only enjoyment would come from my rocking motion working the phallus in and out. I was actually glad that the girls had been making me practice my deep throating technique as that really seemed to get Amanda going.

I completely forgot I was tied up. Looking up at this amazing woman and feeling her power, I felt rather silly to have once considered myself her equal, let alone her superior and although it wasn't exactly sex, as I saw her moaning and writhing to my

movements, I felt like I had a purpose and that purpose was pleasing her.

For her part, Amanda reveled in her power over me. Once I figured out how to please her, she began to buck wildly. She soon grabbed me by the hair and fucked my face.

"Come on suck it! You know you want it slut! Take my cock you little bitch!" She cried.

I should have been demeaned and emasculated by her words, but to the contrary each humiliating word took me deeper into ecstasy. Only the chastity belt stopped me from cumming right there when Amanda came with a world shattering orgasm. I wasn't a virgin, but that was actually the first time I had seen a real female orgasm. This may explain some of Robyn's resentment of me the previous summer.

"You've got a real talent there, Kylie," said Amanda in a way that made me blush deep crimson.

"Thank you, Amanda," I replied meekly.

"I did promise you a reward," reminded Amanda as she unlocked my chastity belt.

I started to turn around, but Amanda stopped me.

"I've got it, just this once," said Amanda as she reached down and began stroking my member. I was so horny and excited at that moment that I was hardly ashamed at how quickly or how intensely I came. Amanda smirked and said that I must have "enjoyed the experience too."

I didn't even mind too much when Amanda began feeding me my own cum. I licked it from her fingers like a little baby in his mother's arms. Amanda had rocked my world.

This was a scene that was frequently repeated with Amanda and eventually the other girls in the house with the exception of Deanna, but it was never as intense as it was that night. I had once fantasized that I would get a chance to fuck Amanda and I would give her such a powerful orgasm that she would be incapable of seeing me as anything, but a man. Tonight, I had given her a powerful orgasm and ensured that she would never be able to see me as a man again.

As the weather got hotter, things changed in my daily routine. Camisoles replaced bras under the lighter shirts of spring and there was always a question of at what temperature was I allowed to not wear pantyhose under my pants. This year the girls also had a pool to distract us.

During hotter months, my maid uniform was often discarded for a bathing suit, which I always had to wear with a pair of matching heels like they do in beauty pageants. I could not pass at all in a string bikini, but the girls eventually found a 2 piece swimsuit with a red and yellow flame pattern and a light blue swimsuit with red cherries on it that did the trick.

One morning, as I was cleaning up the house and doing the laundry, the girls were outside lying in the unseasonable 90 degree heat of a May Saturday. When I would have a break in my cleaning I would bring fresh towels and cold drinks out to the girls. I must have looked downright miserable because Deanna told me to take a break. She had me lay on my back on a lounge chair while she applied suntan lotion to me. When she was done, she loosely tied me to the chair with some clothesline that she had with her for some odd reason. These girls never seemed to run out of the stuff.

I didn't mind, and in the heat I soon drifted off to a deep and restful slumber. About an hour later, Deanna reemerged joined by Sheila and asked me to turn over. I did as she asked and after she finished putting lotion on my back and tying me to the chair, I asked her, "Why are you tying me to the chair?"

"Oh, I know you're not resisting, silly. I just didn't want you to roll over and ruin your tan lines," said Deanna.

"Oh shoot, tan lines?" I said.

"Oh they're going to be epic," laughed Sheila.

A few moments later I awoke from another short nap, to feel the two girls placing something on the small of my back. I didn't realize this until I woke up, but the girls were placing small plastic pieces from a child's color form set on my back. It was as if they were giving me a suntan tramp stamp. They managed to use my tan to form a silhouette of Tinker Bell with the letters P-R-I-N-C-E-S arched above and K-Y-L-I-E arched below the fairy. I was forced to go over that tan again and again until summer finally came.

The girls had decided that they would stay in town for the summer and they had no intention of doing so without their made. I received a phone call from my dad one day in May telling me to go ahead and find myself an apartment. I was shocked at first as I had planned to go home like I had the previous year, but he told me that Debbie had explained to him how much I wanted to stay with my buddies and have some fun while I made money for school. Some fathers might not have been so receptive to the idea that their son would rather spend 3 months getting shit faced, then coming home for family time. My dad looked at it as a right of passage. "Well played, Debbie," I thought to myself.

As summer approached, my relationship with Karen began to change. One time, while she was doing my makeup while I was tied to the chair, Karen discovered that if she bounced around on my lap, she could give me a serious case of blue balls. When she figured this out, makeup sessions became more lap dances than anything. She even got a copy of the keys to my chastity belt from Amanda. With my hands tied behind my back and nothing around me I could even hump, the chastity belt really wasn't needed. She would enjoy my discomfort and prolong it as long as possible.

One time, I think she got herself even hornier than she got me because after my makeup, she dropped to her knees in front of me. She actually took my penis in her mouth and gave me my first blow job ever. Until that point, I had come far closer to giving one than I had to receiving one. I was not dressed the way I would have envisioned myself for the occasion and with my hands and ankles restrained, she controlled all the action, but it was still Heaven. She used all the same tricks that they had taught me, licking the length of my shaft and sucking just the tip in her mouth. It was over all too quickly, but I will never forget a moment of it. I thanked her profusely for doing it, but she just smiled and gave me an open mouth kiss, forcing all my cum back into my own mouth. I didn't care. I had tasted it before, but I'd never been sucked off before.

Karen and I actually began to date. At first we hid it from the others, but she would frequently sneak me into her bed when everybody else had fallen asleep. She would take off my chastity belt so she could tease me and had access to my erection, but she'd

then tie my hands to her headboard so that I was incapable of getting myself off on my own. We'd lay in bed and talk for hours.

"I think I'm starting to like you, Kylie," whispered Karen as she rubbed my chest through the cups of my teddy.

"I like you too, Karen. I like being with you, but I don't understand this situation at all," I said honestly.

"I think I like having a boyfriend who is subservient to me. It makes things a lot easier. Plus, I love looking at you all feminized and thinking, 'I did that'. I love the feeling of power we have over you," she responded.

"Can you build a relationship on that?" I asked.

"Probably not," she shook her head, "But you can build great sex on it."

"So you just want to use me for sex?" I asked.

"Yeah, kind of," she responded candidly.

"Wow! I've never been used for sex before," I smiled.

"Do you mind?" she asked.

"I don't know," I said, "In a way it's flattering."

We actually did give the full bang honest to goodness boyfriend and girlfriend relationship a real try. We went out on dates with us both dressed, always with me more so, but I didn't resent that when I was with Karen.

In the bedroom we had conventional sex, but most of the time we did it with her in a superior position to me. Sometimes, I'd be tied up for the experience and our sex was frequently either oral or exploring each other's bodies with our hands. I learned a lot about pleasing women from the experience. Robyn and I were too new at things to even know what we wanted, yet alone tell each other. However, Karen was a much more mature young woman. She wouldn't lay around waiting for me to figure out what to do to cause her pleasure.

We came out to the girls and they were all supportive, but Amanda did warn us that we were playing with fire and that whatever happened, she wasn't about to give up a perfectly trained maid or a best friend, so if things ever ended; we needed to be mature about it.

As intense as the relationship was, it was over in less than a month. Trying to do two relationships with the same person is just

not really feasible. I had one relationship with Karen where we were two young lovers sharing everything as equals in the greatest sense of the word and another relationship where she was my mistress and I was her sissy. I started expecting to be equals with her in all things and she expected to dominate me in all things. It just couldn't work. We severed our romantic relationship though we did it amicably. She even continued to take advantage of my tongue when she was particularly horny or without a boyfriend.

Of course, my recent romantic breakthroughs with women in no way meant that I was done flirting with guys. Now that Amanda had me to the point where I could dance with a guy and chat him up for half an hour, there was no way she was going to let me stop flirting. If there was a dance, a party, or a chance to go clubbing on the calendar, I would usually be there in a dress and heels. Of course, as my public appearances as Kylie increased, so to did my comfort level.

There was a fundraiser that Deanna's softball was having at one of the few dance clubs in town. They closed it down on Tuesday night and turned it over to the students. It was a \$20 cover charge and a cash bar. With a couple hundred students there, I have no doubt that the softball team made out quite well. While not a real romantic occasion, this proved to be my first date with a guy. Sheila's date had a friend who was a bit of a wallflower and Deanna volunteered me to this unsuspecting guy as a great date for his buddy.

The week before the dance, Sheila brought over a couple of pictures of me to show the friend, whose name was Steve. After Steve gave me a quick phone call, we agreed to go to the dance together. Mercifully, all the girls and their dates would be going to the dance and returning together, which meant that I wouldn't have too much alone time with Steve.

Not surprisingly, the girls looked at the dance as a great opportunity to get me another outfit. Karen called Monica and found out she'd be working at *Charlotte Russe* that Thursday afternoon and would be more than happy to wait on me. She had become my go to personal shopper and she got a lot of sales from me. She was

thrilled to see the transformation I had undergone since freshman year.

Since I easily passed as a girl, shopping and trying on things wasn't nearly as humiliating as it had once been. After trying on close to a dozen dresses, the girls decided that a strapless royal blue belted tunic was perfect for me. I wasn't thrilled about going strapless, but the girls liked how my bikini tan lines showed and it wasn't really low cut. The bigger issue was the barely to mid-thigh length. With a waist cincher and a bit of padding, I would be all curves at the dance. I completed the outfit with a very expensive pair of black *Givenchy* pantyhose that cost \$16 and a pair of royal blue 3" pumps.

Getting ready for the dance that night, Wendy did a very skillful job on my makeup and hair, but when I went to get changed and pull on the expensive hose, I immediately put my toe through them. I was warned that I'd be punished for my carelessness. I expected a spanking was coming, but it never did. I changed my hose and went downstairs with the girls to wait for the dates. This wasn't a formal or anything. We were all in skirts and dresses, but we didn't have gowns or anything. We'd be carpooling instead of taking a limo and I pleaded to make sure that there'd be at least one other couple with me. Sheila promised me that she'd take care of it.

We drove to the dance with her date and mine. Steve was a tall boy, at least a few inches over 6 feet tall, but he was also very lanky. I would have been surprised if he weighed more than 160 pounds soaking wet. He was a little goofy looking with an overly angular nose and rather large lips, but he wasn't ugly. He was just extremely awkward around women. It made us a good match because I was obviously pretty self-conscious around guys myself.

I was lucky in that I was able to get an incredibly effective fake id. Shortly after her 21st birthday, Debbie had gotten a replacement driver's license and sent Amanda her real one. Since I looked so much like Debbie, when I was dressed up, I had no trouble getting one of the green wristbands indicating I was over 21 and could drink.

Steve and I danced together a lot that night and he was actually not a bad dancer despite his size. Exhausted, we joined everybody back at the table and when we sat down, he immediately

began to put his arm around me. He sniffed my hair, which probably smelled as floral as any girl there. He held my hand and he stared at me intensely. Finally, Sheila suggested that the guys go and get us some drinks.

"You two make a seriously cute couple," said Deanna.

"Oh definitely," responded Amanda, "I think they'll be seeing a lot of each other."

"Hey, the deal was one dance," I said.

"Well...that's the problem," said Sheila.

"What is?" I asked.

"Well, we set you two up to give you more confidence around guys, but more importantly to give Steve more confidence around girls. One date and no calling back or anything, isn't exactly going to boost his confidence," replied Sheila.

"Hmm," said Wendy, "If only there was something else you could do to raise his confidence."

"If only," responded Karen.

"Hey, hold on there," I said, "He's a guy. I'm a guy. There are some lines that even you will never get me to cross. I'm not giving him a blow job or anything if that's what you're thinking."

"We never mentioned that," said Amanda.

"Funny that you did, though," said Wendy.

"Maybe, there's another way you can show him that you care," said Sheila, "Oh well, I'm sure you'll think of something."

When the guys returned to the table, I took the wine cooler that Steve handed me. It was pretty obvious that he had received a bit of a pep talk as well because he was more aggressive in his affections towards me. His one hand returned to my shoulder, while the other hand began to massage my knee and thigh. I was beginning to feel very uncomfortable. I was both nervous his hands might discover that I wasn't all I appeared to be and also feeling really awkward and embarrassed that this guy was trying to get me excited. The girls loved my discomfort and Karen even snapped a couple of pictures of us.

It was beginning to get late and people were making their way to other tables to mingle and say their goodnights. As I looked around the table, only Deanna and her date, Sheila and her date,

Amanda, and Karen were at our table. Steve and I were at the back of the table with a wall behind us. I tried to be very subtle as I reached my left hand over to unzip Steve's fly. I took his penis in my hand rather awkwardly and slid it out of his boxers and his pants. No matter how subtle I was being, there was no way anybody at the table could have missed the look on his face. The white table cloth could only hide so much.

"What are you doing?" whispered Steve.

"I just wanted to give you something to remember me by," I teased, "You don't mind do you?"

"No...no, this is amazing," he replied.

I had never done anything like this before, but I'd done it enough times to myself. It was an odd sensation to feel like I was masturbating, yet I couldn't feel it. Steve grew quickly in my hand. The public nature of being masturbated in front of all these people couldn't have hurt. I was taken by surprise when he started twitching and suddenly exploded in my hand. If I had been more prepared, I would have made sure it went on the table cloth or something.

I pulled my hand out and quickly wiped it off on my napkin. My long red nails seemed to get the worst of it. The girls noticed what was on my hand and giggled to themselves as they saw me wiping it off and saw the look of disgust on my face.

When the guys dropped us off, Steve and I had a rather passionate kiss goodnight on the girls' front porch. He asked me if he could call me, but I told him that I had a boyfriend and just agreed to go with him to the dance as a favor to Sheila and because I thought he looked cute in his picture. I even told him, I was jealous of the next girl he asked out because she was going to be one lucky girl. He thanked me for an "amazing night".

I thought that night was the end of things, but the next day, I got into a disagreement over laundry with Karen and I found out she had taken the napkin that I had wiped my hand in. She used it to gag me and while I couldn't really taste Steve in it, knowing what was on the napkin had the desired affect. I also soon found a picture of Steve and I kissing framed on my nightstand a week later.

One May morning, I walked into the girls' house and Wendy was holding court. Wendy was talking about a girl named Gina who

was a friend of hers and a few of the other girls in the house. She worked at a local pizza place where she evidently dated a real jerk of a coworker. I was busy cleaning and only partially listening to the conversation going on, but it felt like Wendy was trying to convince the other girls of just what a jerk this guy was. The girls were clearly convinced. I was just glad it wasn't me they were talking about.

On Friday, I was told to bring my nail kit and come on over Friday night at 6:30 p.m. and to dress sexy. I chose a deep green dress that like all my sexiest outfits showed off a lot of leg. The dress had a very satiny feel to it and I accentuated the heels with a pair of black pumps. I looked very sexy, but not in a slutty way.

When I arrived at the house, Wendy was dressed as sexy as I was in a tight black skirt and pink blouse. She was happy to see me and showed me in. She told me to go upstairs and make myself at home, adding that everybody was upstairs. I climbed the familiar stairs and immediately noticed that while Wendy looked like she was dressed for a date; all the girls upstairs looked like they were dressed for an athletic competition of some sort.

Amanda, Deanna, Karen, and Sheila were upstairs dressed in t-shirts with shorts or sweats. Sheila was even stretching her calves as I entered the room. Amongst them was a girl wearing jeans and a blue Cubs t-shirt. She was introduced to me as Gina. She had Auburn hair and big brown eyes and her eyes seemed to light up as I entered.

"This is our Kylie," said Amanda.

"Oh wow!" said Gina, "You can't tell that she's not a real girl."

"I think she's more girlish than any of us are," laughed Karen.

"Is that embarrassing for you Kylie?" asked Gina.

"Yes," I replied honestly, "to be seen by all of you as some kind of girly boy, as some kind of bitch, I can't even begin to describe how humiliating it is."

"If you could go back in time and stop it from happening, would you?" she asked.

"Yes," I said after pausing a moment to consider. That moment was noticed by Amanda.

"If we can pull this off, I think this will work great," laughed Gina.

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

"Don't worry about it," said Amanda, "You belong to me now and that's all that matters."

We all heard the doorbell ring and the girls shared a sly conspiratorial laugh amongst themselves.

"It won't be long now," said Amanda.

"Here, everybody take some clothesline," said Karen as she reached into a plastic bag and pulled out small bundles of rope.

It was another 10 or so minutes when the girls told me they'd call me when they needed me and began to creep down the stairs. I heard the sound of struggled and then I heard Sheila's voice.

"I've got him," said Sheila, "I'll hold his wrists still. One of you tie them together."

There was a lot of commotion and then the girls cheered. Wendy said to drag him over to the chair. I figured out that it wasn't a break in, but instead whoever rung the bell, just came face to face with a half dozen angry and determined young women. I knew how badly, that turned out for me.

When I was called down, I found that some blonde boy was tied very securely to a dining room chair. His hands were behind his back and his ankles were attached to the chair legs. He had been both blindfolded and gagged, which meant I couldn't see his face. However, the girls were shaving his body hair, while he sat slumped looking like a condemned man.

"Our guest needs a pedicure, Kylie. Please see to it," said Wendy.

I really had no clue what was happening, but I assumed that this was the jerk from the pizza place. He seemed to be getting the feminization treatment liked I had gotten. I felt a bit guilty helping the girls to do this to another guy, but it was also kind of nice to not be the butt of everything. I grabbed my red nail polish and went to work on his toes. When my part was done I got up and Amanda pulled me aside.

"We need something else from you tonight and I don't think you'll like it," said Amanda.

"And why should I?" I asked.

"Really? We're going there?" asked Amanda giving me a harsh glare.

"What do you need? I guess I'm onboard," I replied.

"Obviously, we're trapping this guy. Wendy decided she needed her own sissy and we're helping her. It'll be nice for you. You'll have only half the housework to do. If we really want to trap him though, we need some very incriminating pictures," said Amanda.

"What do you want me to wear?" I asked.

"Male clothes actually. We still have some of your old stuff locked away in the basement," responded Amanda.

"Sure, I guess," I responded.

"Your face won't be in any of the pictures. Why don't you go get changed, while we finish Nicole," smiled Amanda.

"Nicole? Cute name," I responded.

Karen and I went downstairs and picked out an outfit for me. She wanted something that looked like something a guy would wear to pick up another guy. My wardrobe was far too boring for that. In fact, I had very little that looked appropriate for a date with a woman. She settled on a pair of jeans and a slightly shiny dress shirt.

An hour later, Wendy called me upstairs. Nicole's wrists were still tied behind her, but she was standing up and wearing a pink ribbed dress that I recognized as belonging to Karen. With a pair of matching heels, suntan hose, and a well padded bra his body looked fantastic. His face was nearly as feminine as mine was despite not having his eye brows plucked. He wore a glamorous honey blonde wig that made him look like some kind of movie starlet.

Nicole was looking at the ground, unwilling to make eye contact with anybody as the girls hustled us over to the couch. It wasn't long before my pants were down and they were filling Nicole kneeling before me. They didn't make us actually do anything, but I can't imagine Nicole's friends would be any more understanding than mine and a picture of me in a dress fondling another guy's penis would be beyond inexplicable. There would be no alibi for pictures like this.

They ended with a few shots of us kissing. At least from the angle they were shooting, I could tell that my face wouldn't be visible. As I held him in my arms, I could feel him shaking. He was building his own prison cell with these pictures and he knew it. I knew he faced a long road ahead and it would be more difficult than anything he had ever done and at the same time much easier than he would ever believe. I couldn't help, but be slightly attracted to Nicole and had to remind myself of her true gender.

"Do you want me to look at the camera or look at him," asked Nicole.

"Oh my God!" I exclaimed, my mouth wide in shock.

Nicole nodded her head slightly as if to confirm what I already knew. Nicole had been my friend Dwayne. They had decided to trap my old friend and they even had me help. If Bill could see us now, he'd never believe it. Dwayne may have become even more feminine than I was.

The Fifth Semester

Nicole and I grabbed our lipsticks and compacts and jostled for position in the mirror. I touched up my lips with a deep red matching my newly extended red nails, while Nicole was going with pink, which looked great with her fair coloring. It was moments before 9 a.m. and it was a Tuesday morning in June. We had already been up for 2 hours and we were about to have an inspection.

The girls had keys to our apartment, so there would be no reason for either of us to let them in. Instead, we hurried to the center of our living room, right in front of the large *Breakfast at Tiffany's* print that dominated the center of the pink room. As Nicole gave herself a quick touchup to her perfume and rushed over, I couldn't help but notice how much more gracefully she was moving in her heels. She was wearing a pink printed dress with a black and white design running through it. Her feet were encased in a pair of tan pumps with narrow 3" heels. She had on pearl earrings and a small strand of pearls around her neck. Her blonde wig was matched to her hair color, while her own hair grew out, but the wig framed her face beautifully.

I stood next to her wearing a gathered dress that had a purple floral pattern on the top and a black lacey skirt at the bottom. My dark hose poked out from under the skirt before ending in a pair of back strappy sandals with stiletto heels.

As we heard feet on the stairs, Nicole absent mindedly scratched her arm with her perfect pink nails that I had painted for her last night and we both trembled as we stood at attention and waited for the door to open.

As Amanda, Sheila, Wendy, and Karen entered our apartment, we knew that we were on. We each took a deep breath and smiled.

"Hello ladies," said Amanda.

"Hello mistress," we responded curtsying deeply before returning to attention.

"You both look very nice, today," smiled Amanda.

"Thank you ma'am," I responded pleased that I had passed the first test. Nicole did likewise.

"They smell nice too," said Karen noticing our perfume

Sheila and Wendy got in very close and began examining us carefully. She looked for the usual things like stubble, but also for smaller transgressions like lipstick on our teeth, sloppy makeup, hair out of place, or pretty much any imperfection.

"Watch the posture," chided Sheila.

"Yes ma'am," I responded standing up straight and stuck out my 36Cs.

"I'd say you both passed this inspection," smiled Wendy, "That's 4 days in a row. You should be proud of yourselves, girls. You may have a seat."

Both Nicole and I walked over to the couch and sat down carefully crossing our legs and demurely placing our hands in our laps.

"I want to thank you for being such a great big sister to Nicole," said Wendy, "She's really made remarkable progress for less than 2 months of work."

"Thank you," I replied, "She really has been working hard to make you all proud."

"I have," smiled Nicole.

"Well, we'd like to do something for you. You're both going to be allowed to get some relief on Sunday night," smiled Amanda.

"Both of us?" asked Nicole in shock.

"Sure," smiled Karen, "That's not a problem is it?"

"No, of course not," I replied. Nicole agreed it was fine, but sounded less confident. If they released us both from chastity at the same time, that wasn't going to be good.

"We'll be over at 8 O'clock. We don't need anything fancy, just get some beer and wine coolers and some chips too," said Wendy.

"Actually, I'd like some kind of fruit or vegetable tray. I need to get serious about training for volleyball again," said Sheila.

"I'm sure we'll have a lot of fun," smiled Amanda.

The meaning of her taunt wasn't lost on either Nicole or me. We got up and showed the girls to the door. We'd be over at their place only a few short hours from now in our French Maid outfits to clean and they reminded us of this. Neither Nicole nor I would be able to concentrate on much until we found out what they had in

mind for Sunday. I grabbed my pink Tinker Bell diary and began to write just what I thought of this new development. The girls had given us each diaries to write our true feelings and I was going to let them have it.

When I signed the lease to the apartment, Amanda went with me. It was one of those big rental companies that owned hundreds of units around campus and they didn't pay much attention when my form was signed Kylie and my gender was listed as female. I could pay the rent right up front thanks to the generous check from my father. I was actually happy to find that Nicole would be rooming with me. I hoped with half the rent paid, I'd actually have spending money for a change.

As we got in the car Amanda let me in on her plans for the summer and she didn't give me any choice in any of it.

"So once we get you moved in on the weekend, there will be no boy clothes period until classes start in the fall. If you have any at home, you better bring them over to our place for storage because if we find any, you'll regret it. Do you understand?" asked Amanda.

"Yes," I replied, "I understand. I guess I expected it."

"Good," she responded, "You should have. Look, this is all new for Nicole. The only way she's going to get through it is with your help."

"I know. You guys are making her learn everything so fast," I said.

"It's sissy boot camp, for both of you, really," said Amanda, "It won't be easy, but at the end of summer, you'll both be where we want you."

"Broken?" I asked.

"Maybe a little," smiled Amanda, "but it may be easier to become a girl, if she's not going back and forth between boy and girl like you had to."

"Maybe," I said.

"And just so you know, it's group punishment," she warned, "If one of you gets busted, you both get punished, so you better make

sure Nicole shaves, dresses, cleans, and all the things that go into your day."

"Yes," I sighed in resignation.

That weekend, the girls helped us move in. After we had brought in all the boxes and assorted furniture, we were all rather hot and sweaty. The girls sat in the living room drinking cold beers, while Nicole and I were told to take a shower (1 shower for the two of us) and then change into something more comfortable. In our dresses, we handed over the male clothing we had used for moving and the girls left us without a single male article of clothing in the house between us except for one brown leather belt that they had overlooked because it was holding a box together.

"At least the girls left us some beer," said Nicole.

"That is a surprise," I said as I took a bottle opener and opened us each a cold one.

"This is going to be a very embarrassing summer," sighed Nicole.

"Yeah, I'm afraid you probably don't know the half of it," I replied, "We have a lot of work to do too."

"Work?" asked Nicole.

"Painting and decorating," I replied

"The girls said we could make the place as feminine as we wanted. It was up to us," said Nicole.

"No, they said we could make the place as feminine as we wanted," I responded.

"That's the same thing," said Nicole.

"No, they want us to make it feminine," I said.

"I'm not going to help them," replied Nicole shaking her head.

"If we don't do this, the girls will decide how to make our apartment as girly as possible. It will look like somebody threw up pink and you'll be staring at Justin Timberlake's crotch every time you try and go to sleep," I warned.

"Are you serious?" asked Nicole.

"I'll show you some pictures of my dorm room," I said, "I was thinking, a soft pink almost a rose for the living room and maybe purple for the bedrooms."

"Can we at least get feminine art that isn't creepy to look at like half naked dudes would be?" he asked.

"I'm way ahead of you," I responded.

We eventually did get design tips from the girls. They wanted both of us to have both headboards and footboards. They didn't say why, but it was pretty clear it was for ease of restraint. They also had us turn a largish hall closet into a cell for bad sissies. Once locked in there, about all you could do was sleep, read women's magazines, or stare at yourself in the full length mirror.

We painted the living room pink and the kitchen a bright yellow. Our bedrooms were painted about halfway between lilac and lavender with white accents. We used feminine accessories everywhere we could from the big vase full of fresh flowers in the middle of our coffee table to the pink pillows on our couch. A care package from Debbie and Robyn provided each of us with some necessary stuffed animals, jewelry boxes, and even a few old dolls, which I displayed proudly on top of my book shelf.

The girls approved of the job we had done and while Nicole was less than thrilled with it, she grudgingly admitted that she preferred it to the alternative.

Nicole's training was much more intensified than mine was. She had a treadmill that she set up at the end of a hallway in the apartment and Wendy made her walk on it wearing her heels. In the beginning, Wendy would tie her hands behind her and leave her walking while she left. I was under instructions to turn it off when the hour was up and untie her.

Now, it might be confusing that I refer to Nicole as she and her, but that is something that was made very clear to me early on. Any reference to each other using any male term was cause for a quick spanking. It reinforced our new status to be living with somebody who always called us by our feminine name.

The girls had very effective ways to keep tabs on us. In addition to surprise visits, facilitated by having made copies of our apartment keys, the girls had spies in our building. Sheila and Gina rented the apartment below us and were always good to pop up and conduct an inspection or give us some humiliating take to further feminize us. Gina was thrilled to have the power to make an ex-

boyfriend who had done her wrong squirm and Sheila really enjoyed the feeling of power she got by emasculating us.

One day, Sheila stopped by our apartment carrying 3 small plastic devices. She placed one in each of our bedrooms and one each in the living room and bathroom. Once she did, we never knew when there was any privacy. With the monitors turned on, the girls could hear us from their apartment if their monitor was on and since we never knew when that was, we spent our days mincing around and acting overly feminine. With even the bathroom bugged, Sheila found one of the most embarrassing punishments for us, which was to make us take our morning shower together in the morning after we both had the bad timing of failing the same inspection.

"Come on in Nicole. The water is nice and hot," I said.

"Oh, that's very sweet of you Kylie," She replied, "Turn around and I'll lather up your back."

"That feels great, Nicole. Let me return the favor," I responded.

"Oh yes, do you mind lathering up my breasts for me?" she asked.

"I thought you'd never ask," I replied.

When we did stuff like that, we imagined Sheila and Gina on the other end of the baby monitor laughing their heads off, but we had no idea if they were listening or not. We just didn't dare take the chance.

As Sunday approached, we were both getting very nervous, but we didn't dare say anything about it. The girls had put a lot of pressure on us to inform on each other and that limited our ability to trust each other. We also may have been mincing around the apartment in heels and pantyhose, but inside we were still guys and had a hard time confiding in another guy about our fear.

Deanna came over on Thursday night to chew the fat with us. She was in a great mood and she had a couple of catalogues with her. One advantage to being kept by so many women is that there was no shortage of attractive girls. We just knew we didn't have much of a chance with them in our situation. Deanna sat down in the middle of the couch and had us sit on each side of her.

"You both look great today, you know," said Deanna enthusiastically.

"Thank you Deanna," we replied.

"You guys are still...guys right? I mean underneath all that makeup and those clothes, you still appreciate a cute girl, don't you?" she asked.

"Well, I sure do. You guys haven't given us a lot of choice about dressing this way, but that doesn't mean I'm gay or anything," I responded.

"Yeah, cute girls still rock my world," said Nicole.

"Excellent, I really need your help," said Deanna, "My boyfriend is coming down to visit and I want to give him a night that he'll never forget. Do either of you have a favorite perfume?"

"My girlfriend in high school always wore *Obsession*," I said, "I love that smell."

"*Calvin Klein* is nice. I like that too she said. How about you, Nicole? What rocks your world?" she smiled.

"Probably for the same reason, I love *Estee Lauder's Beautiful*. It reminds me of somebody," added Nicole.

"You two have good taste," laughed Deanna, "I should have come to you long ago. Now, let's talk lingerie. Find me an outfit that will turn my boyfriend to jelly."

Deanna handed Nicole the *Frederick's of Hollywood* catalogue and gave me *Victoria's Secret*. It was fun to look for something sexy for somebody else for a change. Deanna had an amazing body and would look so sexy in about anything.

I flipped through the pages and tried to imagine the outfits on Deanna, she had a very lean and toned athlete's body and she had definite curves, but not nearly as big as the models in the magazine. Finally, I saw the perfect outfit.

"This one, Deanna" I smiled and pointed to a red chemise with black trim. It was paired with a black lace garter belt and thigh highs.

"Oh yes, this looks perfect," said Deanna, "With the stockings?"

"Definitely, and a nice pair of fuck me pumps too," I added.

"I think I've got your taste," smiled Deanna.

"What about this, Deanna?" asked Nicole.

The outfit that Nicole picked was a black ruffled baby doll with pink trim and a big pink ruffled ribbon in the center. The outfit was

pictured with a black lace bikini panty and a black and pink garter belt. The thigh highs had bows on the front that matched the one on the baby doll.

"I think that's really sexy. You need some great shoes with that, but it would look awesome on you," said Nicole.

"Again, you two have great taste," she said as she marked his selection just as she had selected mine.

We continued to discuss romance and what songs we liked and other aspects of dating. We liked some of the same songs like *Honey* by Mariah Carey and *All for You* by Sister Hazel. After what was a rather enjoyable conversation, Deanna had Nicole and I paint her fingers and toes before we did each other. It was a pretty good night.

When Sunday came, the girls arrived in the apartment carrying a video camera and a couple of very large bags. Inside the bags were presents for Nicole and I to congratulate us on Nicole's progress. We had a full house of 8 girls to watch us get release and we were thankful we bought a second case of beer for them.

"Go ahead and open up your presents girls," smiled Amanda.

I tore through the wrapping paper being sure to thank the girls and gush over my excitement, but I was dumbfounded when I opened the present to find the very outfit that Nicole had picked out, along with a pair of very sexy pair of black 5 inch heels, and a bottle of *Estee Lauder Beautiful*. I didn't even have to look to know that Nicole was given the outfit I picked out and *Calvin Klein's Obsession*. I looked over at Deanna and she had this shit eating grin. She got us good.

I went to my bedroom with Amanda, while Nicole followed Wendy into her room. Amanda went to work helping me put on the lingerie and watched and gave advice as I made my makeup look more dramatic. As I was applying bright red lipstick to my lips, Amanda's tone suddenly got much darker.

"We're going to ask you to do a lot tonight, but it won't be much more than you already did at the dance. Do not embarrass me, Kylie. Do you understand?" demanded Amanda.

"What am I going to have to do?" I asked.

"See that's where you get in trouble," warned Amanda as she unlocked my chastity belt, "It doesn't matter what we want you to do. You're going to do it and the only real question is will it be the easy way or the hard way."

"Please," I begged.

"Please what Kylie?" she goaded,

"Please no more," I pleaded "I want to be normal."

"But you are normal, look at you," she demanded.

I look down at myself and tears begin to streak down my cheeks because I'm sick of seeing stupid outfits.

"Yeah look at me. I'm a freak! No girl is going to want to be with a freak," I stated with my voice trembling.

Amanda stepped forward and dabs at my tears with a tissue. She puts her arms around me from behind and said, "You'd be surprised."

"I can't," I said.

"You can and you will," she said. Her voice is warm and comforting rather than harsh.

"But...", I began to stammer.

"You know how guys like to see two girls together?" she asked.

"Yeah, sure," I said.

"Well, we want to see two guys together. That doesn't make you gay, just our sissies," said Amanda, "Now, let's go"

Amanda took me by the hand and walked me out to the living room. In the background, a mix of the very songs that Nicole and I said were our favorite romantic songs was playing on my compact disk player. Wendy and Nicole were already there. The girls had us kneel in the center of the living room facing each other in front of the audience of cat calling girls.

"Oh my God," yelled Sheila, "They're so fucking hot."

"90% of the guys on campus wouldn't know they're guys," said Deanna.

"And 99% wouldn't care," added Karen.

"Alright girls, hold hands and start with a little kissing," instructed Amanda.

Wendy grabbed my hands and planted a kiss on my cheek, I reciprocated, but we were soon cut off by Wendy.

"Not like that. We want some real kissing. On the lips," said Wendy.

I took the lead and focused on the smell of Nicole's perfume. She looked amazing and if I could somehow forget she used to be my buddy Dwayne, I could get past this. I kissed her firmly on her bright pink lips our lipsticks sliding together in an intimate dance. This satisfied the girls who cheered and laughed.

"Let's see some tongue action," yelled Sheila.

"You heard her," added Amanda.

Reluctantly, I opened my mouth and Nicole did the same. Our tongues entered each other's mouth and Nicole began to tear up. I was not going to give them the satisfaction of seeing me cry and I just pretended that Nicole was any other pretty blonde girl. I whispered reassurance in Nicole's ear and she pulled herself together. We kissed deeply for a few more minutes as Gina zoomed her camera tightly into both our faces.

"OK, now put your hands in your panties," commanded Wendy.

We let go of each other and with a sigh of relief reached into our panties.

"No, each other's panties," laughed Karen.

"Right," smiled Wendy, "Reach into each other's panties and pull out your little clitties."

We complied. I could feel Nicole's hand trembling and it actually brought me to attention rather quickly.

"Now, since you girls are so close, you should be able to cum at exactly the same time, right?" asked Wendy.

"If you don't cum together, you will be punished," warned Amanda, "Now, keep kissing, and with one hand massage your clitties and maybe use the other one on each other's breasts."

I reached into the bra cup of Nicole's chemise and under her form. I started to massage her nipple and roll it through my fingers. It was starting to get uncomfortable kneeling in that position and it was hard to maintain my balance. I wasn't thrilled about Gina recording this either, but I concerned myself with one problem at a time.

"I want to hear more moaning," said Karen.

"I'd like to hear some pillow talk," said Deanna.

"Well, you heard them," commanded Amanda, "Let's see some romance, girls."

Nicole shot Amanda a look of daggers before letting a soft moan escape her lips. I gave her a firm kiss. Our lipsticks were all over each other and our makeup was beginning to muss.

"Oh baby, you are so hot. Keep rubbing my breasts," I said.

"Oh fuck! Take me you little slut," said Nicole to cheers and laughter from our audience.

"Don't forget to play with each other's ass," called Karen.

There was something about the humiliation of it all that coupled with Nicole's ministrations had brought me to the edge of cumming. I remembered that we were warned we'd be punished if we didn't cum together and I tried to calm myself down. Unfortunately, it was hard to do while putting on a good show for the girls. I intensified my stroking on Nicole's penis and our proximity to shooting our loads was noticed by the girls.

"OK, before you two cum, drop your panties to your knees," warned Amanda.

We did as we were told, giving the girl an unobstructed view of our penises. Neither one of us was particularly big so when Gina zoomed in on our painted fingers stroking each other so there was little doubt on the size. I began to cry too in response to the humiliation I was feeling.

"OK you sluts, when you cum, shoot each other's thighs," laughed Wendy.

We came exactly as ordered, splattering each other with our man juice. We both immediately felt ashamed of what we had done, but our ordeal wasn't over.

"Don't you dare let that hit the floor," chided Amanda, "69 position now! Lick that up."

We quickly dropped and began to lick our cum off each other's thighs with a mix of revulsion, humiliation, and fear. After, licking it from each other, it became apparent that some of the cum had hit our stocking tops, so we sucked on each other's thigh highs, trying to get the remains of the cum out of our stocking. When the girls were finally satisfied that we had sucked each other mostly dry, Amanda spoke.

"Great show girls! Unfortunately, Kylie came first, so you'll have to be punished," said Amanda, "Deanna and Sheila, do you want to do the honors?"

The girls led us to my bedroom and had us hug each other. They then took some of our ruined pantyhose and used them to tie us together in the hugging position. They had us climb into bed and then tied our ankles together.

"Now, we're going to take the party down to my apartment," said Sheila as she turned on the baby monitor, "I doubt it'll last more than three hours, but I want you two to make pillow talk for that long, just in case."

"Pillow talk?" asked Nicole.

"Yes, make it really sweet and romantic like when you were in the living room," said Deanna cheerfully, "Maybe make some pet names for each other."

Deanna tucked us in, while Sheila turned out the lights. We heard the girls giggling and talking about our humiliating and demeaning spectacle as they left, taking the beer with them. Neither of us could see the clock to tell when three hours passed. It was going to be a long night. Nicole began to tell me what a great lover I was and I returned the compliment. Downstairs, the girls were probably laughing their heads off at the two sissies they had tamed and emasculated.

Just like freshman year, I was in a humanities class. The girls were excited that I was going to be back to attending lectures as Kylie. The problem was that this time around, I had another class that ended only an hour before the humanities lectures started. An hour wasn't enough time to make it back to my apartment and change clothes. There was no chance that the girls were going to let me miss out on dressing up for class, so it was decided that I would just have to change and do my hair and makeup on campus.

Most of the bathrooms on campus were your typical men's and women's rooms with multiple stalls. However, there were two single occupancy unisex bathrooms on the way between my previous class

and humanities. One of them opened on a small study lounge that had a tree growing in the middle of it. The study lounge was seldom used, so if I was careful I could avoid being seen.

Twice a week, at 11:50 a.m. I would duck into the bathroom as a male college student and exit as a female. With my ability to pass, much better than it had been in my previous humanities class, the girls decided I shouldn't hesitate to wear heels or skirts to class. After all, if anybody said anything, I could always tell them I had a corporate internship and had to dress nicely.

Now, that we were further along in our educations, it was harder for the girls to all be in class with me because we were starting to finish our general education requirements and moving on to specialized classes. However, Deanna and Amanda were in the class with me. They delighted in my discomfort at appearing to be a girl in front of all the students in the class.

On the first day of class, I was wearing a red sweater with a black and red tartan plaid skirt, black tights, and medium black heels. As usual, I was the most dressed up person in class, with the possible exception of one or two of the instructors. Deanna and Amanda arrived after me and sat on either side of me. A tall blonde boy sat in front of me and immediately turned around.

"Hey Kylie," said the blonde boy who I immediately recognized as Pete.

There is something about having your first dildo named after a boy that etches him in your memory.

"Hi Pete," I responded and the girls immediately perked up.

"I can't believe I lucked into another class with you. You're a hard girl to track down," said Pete.

"You've been trying to track her down?" asked Deanna smiling broadly.

"Since Christmas," responded Pete, "The number you gave me, didn't work and you never called me."

"I'm sorry Pete, I was going through some stuff," I responded.

"If you don't want me to bother you, that's cool. I just thought we had a connection," he replied.

I felt Amanda's nails digging into my arm. She was trying to send me a message and I wasn't stupid enough to ignore it.

"Why don't you give him the number for your land line, Kylie?" I chimed in Amanda.

From that moment on, it was decided that we would always answer our landline as Kylie and Nicole. We could use the cell phones for when we needed to communicate to people as guys, but when the landline rang, we knew we could safely answer as Kylie or Nicole.

I liked Pete. He was genuinely smitten with me, but he was never pushy or aggressive. However, I really had no interest in dating men, no matter how hard he tried. Deanna and Amanda agreed that he was a sweet guy and rather good looking too in an awkward way. They also didn't want to waste an opportunity to embarrass me further, but they didn't want Pete to get hurt.

We had lunch together a few times and went to a fraternity party as a group, but I finally had to give Pete the talk that I liked him as a friend and he wasn't thrilled, but he learned to accept the friend zone. In fact, things got a lot better for Pete by Spring, when he began going out with Amanda. They stayed together through graduation and if she hadn't terrified me so, I probably would have teased her about going for my leftovers.

While summer had been an experiment in living 24/7 as a girl, I was now attending classes as a guy. However, I was given very limited time to be or feel male. I still had the requirements to wear girl's underwear at all times and class was about my only chance to be in male clothes. I ate as a girl, slept as a girl, studied as a girl, and even partied as a girl. One day, however, I was very fortunate to be in my male clothes.

I was returning from class at just before noon on a Friday. I turned the corner onto our block and saw the familiar sight of my dad's car. Now, Howard Gable was a workaholic who hated to disrupt his routine. Of all the father's in the world, he was probably the least likely one to surprise his son by driving a couple of hours on a Friday morning so that he could take him out to lunch, but that November day, that's just what he did.

With a huge knot in my stomach, I opened the door and entered my apartment. There sitting on an easy chair was my father. Sitting across from him on the couch was Nicole. She was

wearing a white and pink striped dress with pink pumps, nude hose, and full makeup.

"D-dad," I said, "What are you doing here?"

"I thought I'd take you out to lunch," he said, "but you have some explaining to do."

"Dad, it's not what you think, really," I said.

"I don't have a problem with you living with a girl, Kyle. I actually think it makes sense to do that instead of rushing into marriage or something, but I would hope you're not some kind of deviant," he said.

"Deviant, dad?" I asked in shock.

"Well I don't know what else to call it. I thought you had a male roommate. You don't go and live with a girl before giving your parents a chance to meet her," he said.

"Meet her?" I asked.

"Your father and I have had a great talk this morning, Kyle," said Nicole.

"Look, you don't have to worry about my approval. I just would like to know if I'm paying your rent, who you're living with," explained my dad.

"You know, you're right. I really blew it dad," I said seemingly contrite.

"Well, just let me know what's going on in your life. Now, I can change my reservation for 2 to 3. Let's get a good meal. You two are probably sick to death of macaroni and cheese, and pizza."

We went to one of the nicest restaurants in town. My dad had good taste. We ate very well, but my dad was disappointed to see that he finished 15 minutes before the rest of us and that I had ordered my filet with the lady's cut.

"You're never going to gain any weight eating like that Kyle," said my dad.

"No, but I am healthy. I probably just have to hit the weights," I said.

"Well, I happen to like my men lean and sexy," responded Nicole as she grasped my hand.

"Oh there it is," said my dad.

"There what is?" I asked.

"Some affection between you two," laughed my dad.

"I think surprise visits put everybody on edge," I said.

"Sorry if I made you uncomfortable, Nicole," said my dad, "My son is lucky to be dating a girl like you. You're a definite step up from his usually date."

When we got our bill, Nicole went to the bathroom and my dad confided in me while placing his platinum card on the table for the waitress to take.

"You did good son. She's a looker and a blonde too. They do have more fun you know," said my dad.

"Thanks, I like Nicole a lot," I replied.

"It's not just looks either," he said, "She's a really charming girl and she likes you I can tell. Just tell me you use protection?"

"Dad, I can guarantee that there is zero chance that I'll ever get Nicole pregnant," I replied.

"Just see that you don't," he said giving me a puzzled look.

Nicole returned from the bathroom and my dad immediately sprang from his chair, looking at me and implying I should be doing the same. My dad stepped forward and kissed Nicole on the cheek.

"Take good care of my son, Nicole. He's the only one I've got," said my dad.

I couldn't help getting a little choked up. I didn't want to disappoint him. I knew I owed Nicole a big one now. Later that evening, Wendy was still unhappy with how Nicole walked in heels and tied her to the treadmill again. Maybe, I thought, I could let her out a little early. Just for tonight. It was getting near 9 p.m. and I was pretty sure that the girls wouldn't be back. I would get a phone call telling me to release her, so it wouldn't cause any real harm.

I hit the stop button on the treadmill and Nicole looked at me in shock. I then helped her off the platform and turned her around so that I could untie her wrists. As she rubbed the circulation back in she thanked me, but it was clear she was a little confused why I did it.

"I owed you a big one from this afternoon," I said, "What she doesn't know won't hurt her."

We sat down and watched some movie or another for the next hour or so on the television. We were like any other two guys

watching a movie on a Friday night except for the dresses and heels we were sporting.

"What the fuck?" said Wendy as she opened the door to find Nicole untied and relaxing on the couch, "Who said you could let her go?"

Wendy was accompanied by Gina and Sheila and she looked angry. They were mostly shocked at my rare act of defiance.

"Get up, you two," said Sheila, "We have just the thing for disobedient sissies."

Sheila raced downstairs and returned with her sorority paddle. I had been spanked by all the girls, but nobody could deliver a spanking like Sheila. She had a lot of upper body strength for a girl. They made us face each other and drop our panties and hose. Wendy held our skirts up as we held hands with each other and prayed that Sheila would mercifully stop. When she did our behinds were red and we were a blubbering mess of tears.

"You know, I have just the punishment for you, Kylie," said Wendy as if the spanking wasn't enough, "I brought a 4 inch butt plug to help Nicole walk more femininely and I also got a 6 inch one for when she outgrew it. You're going to be getting the 6 inch one instead."

Nicole was already hopping around and shifting her weight as she attempted to get comfortable with a plastic phallus invading her ass. I felt Gina working something cold into my rear, which I immediately assumed was some kind of lubricant. I fought the plug at first, but Sheila grabbed my arm so I couldn't move. It felt so strange to have something penetrating my ass. It felt like the worst case of constipation ever. As I shifted and got used to it, the plug became a little more comfortable, but not a whole lot.

"Get used to them girls and we'll get you some bigger ones," laughed Wendy.

"It's nice of you to put a condom on the plug, Wendy," said Sheila, "Now they can't say their first time wasn't safe."

"Those had better stay in until morning ladies. Then I'll remove them. By the end of the year, you'll be wearing them a lot longer," warned Wendy.

The girls turned and left and Nicole and I tried to get comfortable. This was yet another indignity we would be suffering.

"I'm sorry Kylie," said Nicole.

I told Nicole not to worry and began to write in my Tinkerbelle diary.

The Sixth Semester

I stared across the barroom. Nicole was looking amazing in a little black dress, floral patterned hose, black pumps, and a simple strand of pearls around her neck. She held a glass of white wine in her hand and was talking with a trio of guys. As one of them made a joke, she laughed and touched his friend's chest to catch her balance. She looked like she was so enthralled by the friends' witty word play, but I knew her real goal. She wanted their phone numbers and she was going to do anything to get them. I had a 5 to 4 lead, but if she got all three at once, I'd never be able to catch up.

My slinky navy blue dress hugged every inch of my curves. Maybe God didn't give them to me, but Amanda did and at this point, that was close enough for me. If I lost yet another challenge to Nicole, Amanda would unleash her wrath on me. I had barely won half the challenges over the past month despite having a lot more experience. She didn't say it, but I could tell she thought I wasn't putting in the effort into these contests that Nicole was.

Leaning on the bar, I looked into my compact and touched up my bright red lipstick. In the mirror, I saw a guy walk into the bar wearing a green t-shirt. I knew that I had to make my move if I was to have any chance.

"Oh," I said giggling with girlish glee, "I love your shirt."

"Really?" he asked unable to believe that a girl appreciated his Female Body Inspector t-shirt.

"You bet," I smiled, "I think I'm overdue for an inspection."

"Let me buy you a drink, and we'll discuss it," he said oblivious to the glass full of screwdriver that I held in my hand.

I joined him over at the bar and saw Nicole eyeing me. I pushed my hair back out of my face and turned my body into his. After some small talk, I moved my hand to the top of his leg and could see that he was going to be easy.

"I love your hair," he told me.

"You are such a player," I laughed trying to build up his ego.

"I'm glad I came here tonight," he told me.

"Unfortunately, I have to get back to my friends in a moment," I said motioning to Amanda and her friends at a nearby table drinking and enjoying the show.

"Really?" He asked sounding disappointed.

"Yeah," I replied trying to sound reluctant. "One of my friends just broke up with her boyfriend. I need to be there for her."

"I get it," he said, "Can I have your phone number?"

"You weren't getting out of this bar without it," I smile.

I took out my cell phone in its Wonder Woman case and we exchanged numbers. After a moist kiss on the lips goodnight, I made my way over to the girls to let them know I was leading 6 to 4. Five minutes later, Nicole came over to inform us that she was now leading 7 to 6. In my shame, I avoided making eye contact with Amanda.

Ever since the incident with the butt plugs, the girls had been making us compete more and more. We pushed each other in karaoke singing, fashion modeling, getting numbers, and even our blow job technique on our dildos. Despite our forced intimacy of being each other's sexual relief, these competitions and the group punishments made it harder for us to trust each other. This was one of the effects the girls had been hoping for. The other one was that our competitive streaks and fear of punishment would get us to make ourselves even more feminine. It worked in spades.

One amazing thing that happened was that Nicole and I became friends with two girls who lived in our building. Kim was a Korean girl who was studying to be a nurse. She wasn't beautiful, but she was cute and she was just a lot of fun to be around. Her roommate Alyssa on the other hand was a beautiful brunette studying to be a teacher. She had the type of body that would have fit in perfectly well with the Victoria's Secret models, but she had no clue just how hot she was. That only made her more attractive.

They would often come over and we'd entertain them. It was weird to have two female friends who thought we were female too. They used to talk about fashion and boys and all those girlish things. We were sort of clueless, but we learned a lot talking to them. Beyond that, they were friends who accepted us and a lot of our conversations would have been normal for a group of guys to

have. It wasn't all girl talk. Of course, there were awkward moments too like when we would go shopping together or one of them would want to borrow an outfit she saw one of us wear.

Though I had a big head start on Nicole, she became increasingly feminine in our very girlish environment. Wendy was finally able to make her get that blonde bob that she had originally wanted for me. Nicole actually did require being strapped to the beautician's chair. She was near tears when she realized just how difficult her hairstyle would be to hide. There was no getting around the fact that in male clothing, we both looked more out of place than we did in female clothing. It had gotten to the point, that if I had a choice between going somewhere dressed as a male or female, I'd rather go dressed female to avoid attention. Of course, I didn't always have a choice.

Both Nicole and I began to acquire more feminine hobbies and lifestyles. It was hard to believe I was such a sports fan when I began college. After losing a competition at a dance club with Nicole for who could get kissed the most in one night, I found myself enrolled in ballroom dance class. It was something that Amanda and Deanna had both wanted to do and they decided it would be a good experience for a sissy. While they were always dressed in jeans and t-shirts, I was not so lucky. Even worse, in a class that had 11 women and 4 men including the instructor, the girls always danced together. As I didn't come with a spouse and my two friends were together, I inevitably wound up dancing with the instructor.

Jeff was a competitive ballroom dancer at one time and he was surprisingly straight. No longer the young stud, he had once been, he was now teaching dance to college students and the occasional community member in classes like the one we were taking. Jeff favored very shiny shirts, that exposed just a hint of chest hair and he smelled very strongly of *Polo* cologne.

As we spun around the dance floor doing the foxtrot, Jeff smiled and giggled a bit to himself.

"What's so funny?" I asked.

"You," he said.

"Why me?" I responded.

"Oh, it's nothing. It's just you always look so polished and put together for class. I love that dress," he smiled referring to the emerald green dress that flared along with my hip movements.

"Thanks," I said, "I figure if I'm going to be serious about this, I should dress the way that I'm going to dress for a real dance and not in jeans and gym shoes."

Of course this was a lie, but I wasn't going to tell him that when the girls noticed just how horny our instructor got, they decided that I would be the one to catch his eye every class to keep him away from themselves and the other female students. It worked way too easily. Every evening we had class, I showed up in a sexy dress, perfect makeup, and a pair of sexy heels. He couldn't resist going for me instead of the other girls who were dressed in sweats or jeans.

"You're a really good dancer," he said as he twirled me, "I like how you let me lead, but still respond very easily."

"Thanks," I said, "I really want to get the hang of it."

"I don't usually do this," he said, "But I think you're good enough to really compete. To take the next step though, would require private lessons and a lot of hard work. I could make you a deal on private lessons and see about you getting entered into some dance contests."

"Wow," I said, "I'll really have to think about that."

I had my dance teacher hitting on me and he even wanted some private lessons. I wasn't going to let either of those things happen, but he actually was a pretty good dance teacher.

That Valentines Day, Wendy and Amanda were both without boyfriends. That made things especially dangerous. It was decided that for Valentines Day, the two of us would buy special outfits, we'd have a romantic evening at home, and then we'd sleep together all for the entertainment of those girls without dates who could listen in on the baby monitor in Sheila's apartment.

The morning was normal enough other than running into the girls in class or on my way to class smiling and winking as they giggled and asked me about my big night. I didn't have much choice, but to take their teasing because I knew I was in for a very embarrassing night.

As soon as I got home from class, I took a warm scented bubble bath and shaved to make sure that I was smooth all over. I was shocked when I exited the bathroom to see Amanda sitting on my couch.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

"Just visiting. I thought that I'd help you get ready. By the way, that's not how you wear a towel. You know better than that," she said ominously.

I immediately pulled the towel that I had wrapped around my waist up, so that it was covering my chest as well. I gave a quick apology.

"Let's get you dressed. Don't worry about being naked in front of me," she advised. "You know it's nothing I haven't seen before and let's face it, it's really not very impressive anyway."

"This is the dress I picked out for tonight," I said as I led Amanda into my bedroom.

"Oh, I love this one. Red is very appropriate and I love how the slit exposes your leg. I definitely approve," she said.

"Thank you," I said feeling quite humiliated at this point.

"You're going to be such a little slut for me tonight," she laughed.

"I'm not gay," I complained.

"You're not gay, but your boyfriend is. Right sissy?" she taunted.

"No, it's not like that," I said.

"The way it is, is how I tell you it is. Isn't that right sissy?" she asked as she zipped me up.

"Yes Amanda," I replied as I hung my head dejectedly.

"Glad we cleared that up. Now what movie are you two watching tonight?" she asked.

"We're going to watch *The Notebook*," I replied.

"Excellent. I want to see that," she said, "Now, every time the characters kiss on screen, I want you two to kiss in exactly the same way on the couch. In fact, why don't you two get comfortable and change into your lingerie before you watch."

"Yes Amanda," I responded embarrassed at the thought.

"You're both going to be out of chastity tonight, so I want at least 3 orgasms tonight from each of you and you're not allowed to touch your own clittie. Do you understand?" she asked.

"I do Amanda. I'll do what you ask," I responded.

"Good, I'm glad that's settled. Now, you finish your makeup, while I go and get Gina's video camera. Then we can place the candles around the room and spread the rose petals around your bed," she stated.

"Video camera?" I asked in a panic.

"Of course, silly. How else are we going to keep tabs on you? You're video taping this date and we better see passion from both of you," she warned.

When Amanda left the room, I broke down and began to cry. I wasn't going to give her the satisfaction of seeing my tears, but this was not how I intended to spend Valentines Day. I wanted to be out with a cute college girl, not wearing lingerie in the embrace of another feminized male.

Later that evening, with the camera watching everything, Nicole and I had a candle lit dinner. Nicole wasn't a bad cook and with Wendy's help had made a passable beef bourguignon. We had a fairly decent merlot with it. However, I wasn't focused on either as I clasped Nicole's hand across the table, stared into her eyes and expressed how happy she had made me since we moved in together. We were beaten and we both knew it.

An hour late we were on the couch. Our sexy dresses were exchanged for a red chemise for me and a red baby doll for Nicole. We snuggled together on the couch with a blanket for warmth. On the television, the ultimate in chick flicks played. I wanted to groan, but instead I looked lovingly at my partner in this twisted charade.

On the screen, young Noah expressed his love. *So it's not gonna be easy. It's going to be really hard; we're gonna have to work at this everyday, but I want to do that because I want you. I want all of you, forever, everyday. You and me...everyday.*

"You know, I want you Nicole. I want you everyday," I said with mock sincerity.

"Forever and ever Kylie," she responded.

I moved in close for a kiss even though the characters on the screen weren't kissing. Before long I had grasped her manhood in my fingers and began to stroke up and down. This wasn't what either of us wanted, but it had been so long since we had been released from our chastity that Nicole immediately responded. This was totally calculated on my part. I was told we needed three orgasms that night and if we waited until we were in bed together, we'd never make it.

Before long, she had cum all over her thigh and as she had been taught, used her finger to scoop it up and feed herself her own seed. When she was finished she returned the favor to me and I likewise became aroused very quickly. I focused on the smell of Nicole's perfume and looking at her, there was very little to indicate her masculinity. Her soft hand with its long pink nails rubbed up and down on my member. I wanted to avoid any problems with Amanda. She still owed me for the towel incident earlier in the day so I began to moan in the most feminine way I could.

"Oh fuck! Nicole...Oh God! Make me cum. Oh, make me cum you sexy bitch!" I cried out.

Before long, I shot my load over my stomach and used my finger to lap it up. Some of my cum had landed into the chemise and I tried to suck that out as well. We watched the rest of the movie and retired to the love nest that Amanda and I had transformed my bedroom into. I put the CD full of love songs she had given me into the player and we reluctantly gave each other two more hand jobs before we could finally get to sleep, entangled in each other's arms.

A week later, we were back on the couch blushing as we all watched the one hour video that Karen had made by editing the hours of Valentines Day footage we had filmed. The girls loved it and applauded at the end as they made the two of us kiss each other deeply in front of them.

By now, things had changed for me from when this all began during freshman year. Being dressed in women's clothing had become sort of commonplace and I was actually finding having the women in charge of me to be quite erotic. Some of what they had me do excited me and other things would be humiliating only to become erotic later. In fact, chastity prevented me from orgasms,

but the rush of endorphins was still amazing. I had some long sleepless nights where I wondered if I admitted this to the girls if they would have let me go. Would this have killed their fun? And if it did get them to stop it, was that what I really wanted?

At the same time, there was no way that the girls couldn't have seen what was going on. Karen knew how turned on I got when she sat on my lap and applied my makeup and the other girls had to recognize the signs of my arousal. In retrospect, I think we all played a game where I pretended to hate what they were doing and they pretended not to notice that I didn't always hate it.

That isn't to say that I loved making out with Nicole. Whenever I did get aroused by her, I felt humiliated and ashamed. I felt that my very penis had betrayed me and I wondered if I was suppressing my own latent homosexuality. Things with Nicole were very humiliating and in spring of that year, they took a huge step further down the road of degradation the girls had set out before us.

"We're having a race party Friday night, and you two are invited. Be there at 7 p.m. sharp," smiled Deanna.

"What's a race party? Like white people or something?" asked Nicole.

"No, like as in races. The Kentucky Derby is this weekend, you goof," laughed Deanna.

"Are we guests or servants," I asked.

"Oh you're definitely guests. You're practically the guests of honor," she laughed.

We were definitely in trouble.

On the day of the party, Nicole and I arrived and we were a bit relieved to see that it wasn't going to be a really big affair. I wore the purple dress that I had somehow inherited from Amanda since she put me in it as freshman. Nicole wore a black top and a short green skirt that looked cute with a pair of little black boots she had with 3 inch heels.

"Hey girls!" Said Deanna.

"Hi Deanna, it's not a really big party is it?" I asked.

"No and it's all girls except for my boyfriend Jim and Karen's boyfriend Kurt," replied Deanna, "I think it'll be about 14 or 15 people."

"I'm sure it'll be fun," said Nicole trying to be polite.

"It will be and you two don't have to worry about passing. All the girls know your little secret or will soon enough, anyway," she said, "And you don't have to worry about the guys either."

The party started out like any other. Music was playing and Jim played the bartender. The drinks on the menu were mint juleps for the girls and bourbon for the boys. A few of the brave girls had an occasional shot.

"So what can I get you two," asked Jim.

"I guess we'll try the mint julep," I said.

"You know, I heard Dee say that you didn't have to worry about passing tonight. Want to drink like men again? I can make you a couple of bourbons. I'll put a lot of ice in it so you won't get too drunk. Come on, you know you want to drink like a guy again," tempted Jim.

"Sure, if the girls won't hassle us, that sounds great," said Nicole.

We had a good time sitting there and chatting with the girls although I took an instant dislike for Kurt. Karen's notoriously bad taste in guys seemed to never fail. He looked me over in my dress and snickered to himself, but I noticed his wry condescending smile.

"So, you and Karen used to date?" asked Kurt.

"Yes, for a couple of months," I responded, "She's a great girl."

"She says the same about you," he responded.

"So, how did you two meet?" I asked trying to change the subject.

"She saw me playing pool in a bar and introduced herself," said Kurt dismissively, "Did you dress like that when you were dating?"

"Yes," I said feeling ashamed. "I'm going to see if Amanda needs anything."

"Oh, that's right, she kind of owns you," laughed Kurt.

Kurt was not much bigger than I was and kind of a moron. His red hair was about the only distinguishing feature on his small frame. I knew that if they chose, the girls could have put him into a dress and pig tails before he knew what hit him. Instead, he got to stand there feeling superior to me simply because the girls hadn't done to him, what they did to me. I moved to the kitchen, where

Amanda was pouring chips onto a plate with a metal bowl in the middle filled with onion dip.

"Hey Amanda," I said, "Great party. Do you need any help?"

"Well thank you Kylie. I'm so glad you made it," she responded.

I took another drink of my bourbon. I could already feel that my nose was numb. I was definitely buzzing. This wasn't lost on Amanda.

"Are you drunk already, Kylie?" she asked.

"No, but I am buzzing," I replied.

"Perfect," she smiled, "There is something you can do for me."

"Sure, just name it," I answered.

"Well, you know this was a race party, right?" she asked.

"Yes, that's what we were told," I replied.

"Well, you and Nicole are going to be the entertainment. You're going to have a little race for us," she smiled.

"A race--like in heels?" I asked, trying to guess what was in store for us.

"Something like that," she responded, "You two need to go into my bedroom and put on the outfits in there and I do mean everything. What time is it?"

"It's 6:42," I replied.

"Perfect," she said.

"Ladies and gentlemen, post time is at 7:30 p.m. Please give all bets to Sheila or Wendy by then. Place your bets," she told the crowd.

I approached Nicole and told her we had to get dressed in the bedroom. She wasn't happy to suddenly go from party guest to party entertainment in the blink of an eye. On top of that, we were going to be seen doing whatever the girls had in mind by Stephanie, Gina, Monica from Charlotte Ruse, and two other girls that we didn't even know named Nikki and Erin.

As we entered the room and saw a post-it notes on two piles identifying one for Nicole and one for me, we weren't the least bit surprised by the trashy lingerie, but we were shocked by the jar of lube and the butt plugs we saw on the bed. The plugs had horse's

tails on the end, so that the person who wore the plug in their ass would appear to be have a horse's tail.

"I don't know about this, Kylie," said Nicole.

"What choice do we have," I said resigned to our fate.

"But, we're going to be the horses," said Nicole.

"Not just any old horses," I said holding up the pink crotchless panties that were part of my ensemble.

We hurriedly dressed ourselves in the provided teddies. Mine was pink and Nicole's was purple. Our outfits also included spiked heels, crotchless panties, and I had white fishnets, while Nicole wore black fishnets. We did our makeup and inserted the humiliating plugs just in time for a knock on the door at 7:30.

"Are you two ladies decent?" asked Sheila through the door.

"Yes, we're ready," I responded.

A recoding of trumpet music was played and then Amanda and Wendy entered the room. They each were carrying a riding crop and I think our hearts both skipped a beat when we saw that. They also had rope, which they used to tie our hands behind us very securely before releasing us from our chastity. The girls led us into the living room to cheers from the assembled audience.

"Jockeys assemble," called Karen.

"I can't believe you used to date that faggot," laughed Kurt.

"Hey asshole," said Sheila, "Watch your mouth."

The girls had us kneel in the middle of the living room and then tightly tied our ankles. They helped us each to lay on our left side and scooted us until we were face to face with each other's crotch. Next, they tied our waists together. They unsnapped our teddies and our members sprang free. They each took a pair of pantyhose and tied them behind our necks, leaving us plenty of slack, but forcing our faces to stay dangerously close to each other's penis.

"I know this is a big step for you," reassured Amanda, "But you can do it. I know you can. It won't that bad once you get used to it. I really don't want to use the riding crop on you much if I can help it. It's going to sting like Hell."

"Here are the rules jockeys," called Karen, "Whichever sissy gets the other one to cum first wins."

The crowd cheered its approval at the thought of that. I felt Wendy grab my penis and guide it towards Nicole's mouth.

"The winning sissy will let us know when she has the load in her mouth. She'll spit it in the juice glass I am holding and then wait while the other sissy sucks her off. The losing sissy will then swallow both loads," said Karen with glee.

"Oh God, that's gross," said Jim laughing.

"Oh they're used to it," laughed Stephanie.

"Yeah, but not each other's," joked Karen.

"How is the winner going to call out with a mouth full of jism?" asked Sheila.

"I'm sure they'll think of something...moan I guess," laughed Karen.

Amanda steered Nicole's member into my mouth, I could feel the head pressing against my mouth and could see my lipstick already leaving a mark.

"Open up now, Kylie," warned Amanda.

I kept my mouth closed and shook my head before I felt 3 very sharp stings in quick succession on the soft flesh of my right thigh. The pain was intense and I cried out in shock.

"Open up sissy. There's a lot more where that came from," threatened Amanda.

Seeing little choice, I opened my mouth and felt an actual human penis in my mouth for the first time in my life. The pantyhose behind my head were tightened and I could see that it would be tough dislodging the penis on my own. I soon felt my dick enter Nicole's mouth and so help me, it was warm and wet and it felt good. Neither one of us wanted to be bitten so we were really careful not to accidentally scrape our teeth on each other.

"Wow, they took them like pros," laughed Monica.

"I bet that's just the first of many," responded Kurt.

"Come on Kylie. I've got \$20 on you," cheered Deanna.

Karen fired a cap gun and then announced, "and they're off."

The cheering began in earnest as we just lay there with each other's dick in our mouths. Before long, we felt the riding crops again and started to tentatively suck.

"Come on Nicole," yelled Stephanie, "Suck that cock!"

"Do you really want to have to swallow both loads, girls?" reminded Sheila.

Suddenly, I felt Nicole beginning to suck much harder now. He was clearly motivated by Sheila's taunt. Hell, I didn't want to swallow both loads either and Amanda was starting to hit even harder with that damn riding crop. I too began to try much harder. Rather than just sucking harder, I used everything the girls had taught me about giving blow jobs to the dildo. I began to run my tongue up and down his shaft. I maneuvered Nicole's cock far enough into my throat that I was able to lick her balls. I played with the head of her cock and I was getting a major reaction in my mouth. I could feel the first drops of Nicole's precum on my tongue, but at the same time I could feel my own dick begin to spasm. I couldn't take much more before I shot my load into her waiting mouth. I tried to think unsexy thoughts.

"They're both really going at it," cheered Monica.

"It's going to be a photo finish," called Karen.

"They're so close," said Sheila.

"Suck those cocks, cock suckers," laughed Kurt.

"Come on. You're almost done," reassured Amanda.

I could feel Nicole twitch and I pulled my mouth back so it wouldn't shoot straight down my throat and I could catch it in my mouth. Sure enough, Nicole soon shot her load. I couldn't contain it all in my mouth. Some shot down the back of my throat and a small dribble went down my cheek and mixed with my tears. I moaned for all I was worth and Sheila brought the juice box to my mouth as several in the crowd cheered me on. She loosened the pantyhose and I spit the cum into the glass just as Nicole was getting me off. Sheila tightened the pantyhose around my neck, leaving Nicole's penis in my mouth.

"Bottoms up," said Sheila as she poured my slimy load down the back of Nicole's mouth.

"Congratulations girls," said Wendy, "You're now both officially cock suckers."

"What's it like?" asked Sheila, "I don't think I'd ever do that for a guy."

Soon, we were forgotten and the girls continued their party with us left like a piece of furniture in the middle of the living room. I tested my bonds, but Amanda had gotten way too good at tying me up for there to be any chance at escape. After about fifteen minutes like that, I could feel Nicole beginning to get hard again, I began to moan for help.

"Oh somebody wants something," said Karen.

"I know what she wants," said Amanda, "You know those tails of yours vibrate too. We both agreed using them in the race was cheating, but I don't see any harm now."

Amanda and Wendy each pulled out a small plastic device that looked like a garage door opener and instantly I felt the plug in my ass begin to buzz away. The vibration wasn't that intense, but it was steady and in a couple of minutes Nicole came in my mouth. This time, I had no choice, but to swallow it. For the next couple of hours, the two of us lay there shooting our loads in each other's mouth.

Deanna looked on intently at the scene unfolding before her, trying to figure out when we were each having an orgasm by the look on the other one's face. I could hear Deanna whispering to Jim how wet seeing us like this was making her. When we would cum, we would feel so embarrassed and so sorry for the other sissy, but nothing could stop us from getting aroused.

"Slurp slurp, girls," taunted Karen.

We were so drained, but the vibration against our prostates, the feeling of each other's warm wet mouths, and even the humiliation of the situation kept us rock hard. One by one, people started to leave. Deanna to Jim up to her room and Stephanie headed home. Soon it was just Wendy, Amanda, and Sheila alone with us. By now we had held each other's dick in our mouth for over 4 hours and our jaws were beginning to ache. Mercifully, the batteries had already run down causing the vibrating to stop.

The girls knelt down next to us and began untying us. After being stuck in that awkward position for a few hours we were aching. The girls helped us to our feet and locked us back into our chastity.

"I'm proud of you sissies," said Amanda, "You two were the hit of the party."

"Can I get a drink of water," I pleaded.

"Hmm, maybe in the morning," said Wendy.

"Let's get these tails off of you and get you to bed. You can sleep here if you want," said Sheila.

"Sure, that would be fine," I replied weakly.

The girls led us off to the guest room. Of course there was only one bed, but we were drained and it would be comfortable enough. We both cried a bit. Despite wearing dresses for over 2 years, sucking off another guy was a major change in my self image. I was once told that things I did didn't make me gay, they made me a sissy. However, I couldn't help feeling that I was somehow less than a man.

My dreams that night were intense that night and as you might imagine, they were filled with images of penises. I can't pretend that it was a very restful night and judging by the way that Nicole tossed and turned, it probably wasn't for her either.

In the morning, a cheery Deanna greeted us with a cry of "wake up cock suckers, it's almost noon and I made pancakes."

Nicole and I made our way to the kitchen, walking past Amanda's open bedroom, where we were again referred to as cock suckers. By now, I should have known that it would blow up in my face, but I couldn't let this keep going unchecked.

"How dare you call us cock suckers?" I demanded.

"Well, it is what you are now," she responded with a calm that matched my temper.

"You made us do it," I answered furiously.

"So, you are a cock sucker. It doesn't matter why. Would you say a penniless girl who had to suck cocks to survive wasn't a cock sucker because she was poor? I don't think so," she replied.

"I'm not a cock sucker," I screamed.

"Looked me in the eyes and tell me you're not and I'll never call you that again," she offered.

I steeled myself and looked her in the eye. I began to speak, but I found I was incapable of making even the slightest articulate sound. The silent tension was palpable, but unable to communicate I had no choice, but to silently hang my head in shame.

"That's what I thought...COCK SUCKER," she said as a big smile spread across Amanda's face.

The Seventh Semester

After the girls had made Nicole and I suck each other off, it became one of our main sources of sexual relief. The races continued although rarely with a crowd over 7 or 8, but they also just had us suck each other without the competitive aspect. Over the next 6 months, I probably gave Nicole 15 blow jobs and had received the same number from her. Even worse, Amanda was able to keep me in chastity long enough that I would practically be begging to suck cock just to get some relief for myself.

It was early in June, when Nicole and I were competing in yet another twisted game. This time it was a scavenger hunt. I had to find a white dress in the mall that cost between \$39 and \$49. I would have to go into a dressing room and take a picture of myself in a mirror wearing it before I could move on to finding a pair of silver strappy sandals.

"Hey, nice legs," said a female voice behind me.

I turned around to look, feeling self conscious about the pink miniskirt that I was wearing with pink open toed pumps that had a 3 inch heel and a blue and white striped top with a large black cat head embroidered over my stomach.

"Th-thank you," I responded cautiously.

"I'm Erin. I'm a friend of Amanda's. I was there for that Kentucky Derby party, but I imagine you had other things to look at," she giggled.

"Hi Erin, I'm Kyle," I responded sheepishly.

"Oh believe me; I know that," she laughed, "You won me \$25. I've also seen a lot of your pictures and videos."

"Oh God," I responded blushing with shame.

"Don't be embarrassed," she said, "I think it's extremely hot. I like guys and I like girls. You're like the best of both,"

"Look," I said, "I don't have a choice. I'm not really thrilled about the dresses and the feminization stuff."

"Again," she said, "I find that kind of hot. All trapped in your little panties and skirts making love to another guy and beneath all that you're totally straight."

"You're weird," I said.

"And you're not, princess?" she asked.

"OK, I'll give you that," I said looking down at my own outfit.

"I would like to get to know you better. I'm going to ask Amanda if I can ask you out. Would you like that?" she asked.

I hadn't dated another girl since Karen. It was just too hard to meet girls with my situation. I looked at my inquisitor for the first time. She was a very attractive girl with a striking face. She was about my height and she had though my boobs were bigger, hers were all real. She had the kind of body that could turn heads and a very full head of luxurious long brown hair. I didn't really remember her cheering me on at the party, but I did like the fact that she liked me and there were no embarrassing secrets that she would discover by walking in on me painting my toes or catching me making out with Nicole. She knew everything already.

"Yeah, I would, but you want to ask Amanda?" I responded.

"Don't you think we better? Let's face it, she owns you. If she doesn't want you dating me, she'll just tie you up and never let it happen," she reminded me.

"Yeah, that does make sense. OK, if she says it's OK, I'm in. It'll be nice to feel like a man again," I said.

"Uhm, that's not going to happen," she said smiling, "I like guys and girls, but I'm more attracted to you when you're looking like you are now. Besides, if I pitch to Amanda, that we'll be dating and you'll still be in skirts, she's a lot more likely to go for it. Is this going to be a problem?"

"No, I guess not," I replied, "I never thought of myself as a lesbian before, that's all."

"I'm worth it," she promised me.

Amanda was a little apprehensive about the arrangement, but Erin could be very convincing. She gave in with the understanding that we would basically be a lesbian couple unless, she had Amanda's permission. Erin also promised Amanda that she would

respect her control of me and if I was tied up some weekend, either figuratively or literally, she would respect Amanda's authority.

Our first date was to an off campus bar to see a band that Erin wanted to see. I was expecting a night of Indigo Girls and K.D. Lang covers, but the band actually played 70s style soul music and R&B. I always loved that stuff and Otis Redding never failed to put me in a good mood. People accepted us as a lesbian couple, but there were straights, gays, and even another crossdressed individual in the club that night. It was a good vibe. Erin was always well dressed and she wore a cute outfit for our date, but I was clearly the more feminine one in my little black dress.

Now, I had never really had sex on a first date before, but it wasn't for lack of trying. So, when Erin asked me back to her place after the club, I foolishly got my hopes up. We had a nightcap and began to make out. It felt so good to have a woman in my arms again.

"It feels wonderful to be with you Kylie," said Erin.

"Mmm, I haven't been this happy in a long time," I replied.

"I wish we could make love right here and now," she said.

"Let's just do it and not talk about it," I answered reaching to unbutton her blouse.

"Aren't you forgetting something, Kylie?" she asked.

"I'm sorry, I thought you wanted...", I said thinking that I had made an unwanted advance.

"I mean your chastity belt Kylie. I can't exactly do much for you with that thing on," she replied.

"I thought you had the key," I said.

"Why would I have the key? Amanda has it," she responded.

"Then I guess it's going to be a quiet night, after all," I replied.

"Well," she smiled seductively, "I heard you have a very talented mouth, Kylie"

I dropped to my knees and I worshipped her pussy as I had Amanda and her friends many times. This was different though. This was a woman who I hoped would not only reciprocate, but share my affections as well. I was certainly not in love with Erin, but I was definitely attracted to her. I had seen many girls I was attracted to, but I hadn't seen one who I thought I might have a

chance with in some time. I brought her to two intense orgasms. My face was soaked and she looked smiling at me as I got to my feet.

"I wasn't lying Kylie," she said, "Next time, we're going to get that chastity off and I'm going to return the favor."

"Thank you," I responded smiling broadly.

Erin was true to her word. I half expected that she was playing me, but in the end her word was good and before long I found myself in a lesbian relationship for lack of a better word. I did get to penetrate her from time to time, but when we went out, it was pretty obvious that people thought we were two women. Amanda was still largely in charge of my chastity belt and if she didn't feel I had earned a release from chastity, I would use my mouth to please Erin. Even when I was in chastity, Erin still enjoyed sticking a finger or several up my ass. It wasn't unpleasant really, but the inability to find any relief from my chastity was.

Nicole and I were invited to another party that August as the summer was winding down. We were assured that we would not be the entertainment, but that we would be treated as any two other girls at the party. I wore a black and white polka dot dress that showed a lot of leg and with a halter top that appeared I was displaying my breasts, while still covering up the fact that I was wearing forms. Around my waist, I wore a wide red belt, which matched my open toed heels. I had bright red nails and lipstick to match and nude hose. I looked good and I knew it.

As Deanna opened the door to let me in the party, I could see that there were about 20 people there. Over half of them had no clue to my actual gender. I escorted Erin to the party, but anybody watching us would just assume we were friends. I noticed that Karen was having cross words with a guy that I knew as her ex-boyfriend Doug. At least I thought they were broken up.

A few guys approached Erin and I thinking that we were both unescorted. Erin loved to see guys fall for me and then watch me inform them that I was with her. I could tell she was enjoying herself and that it would be a good night once I got her home. She went off to refill our drinks and when she returned I could see that her facial expression had changed a bit.

"I just talked to Amanda," she said.

"What's up?" I said suddenly worried.

"Doug is stalking Karen," replied Erin, "He crashed the party tonight and won't leave. He's been calling her and coming by."

"She always had bad taste in guys," I responded.

"Present company included?" she asked.

"Of course not, but Kurt was bad news and Doug is even worse. She caught him red handed cheating on her and his response was to stalk her. That just figures," I said.

"Well, Amanda wants you to flirt with Doug tonight," she said.

"I want to spend the night with you," I said.

"I know, but if I get to watch you and him flirting all night, I'm going to be so wet by the time you take me home. I'll make it worth your while," she said.

Reluctantly, I made my way over to Doug. He was excited to see me. He never knew my secret, but he had seen me a few times around Karen and assumed that I was one of her friends.

"Hi," I said sitting on the arm rest of the overstuffed loveseat that he was sitting on.

"Hi, you aren't afraid to be seen with me?" he asked.

"How so?" I asked.

"Well, you're one of Karen's friends, right? She wants me dead, I think," he responded.

"Maybe Karen needs to lighten up a little," I responded.

We then made small talk, or perhaps it would be better to say we tried to make small talk. I could see right away that Doug wasn't one of our great thinkers. By now, I was sitting in his lap and Karen was snapping pictures of people at the party. As she aimed her camera at Doug, he grabbed me and kissed me hard right on the lips. This guy was dumb. I was shocked, but at the same time, I guess the girls had gotten what they wanted. I could see Erin looking over at us, excited by what she was seeing. I wanted to get up right there and run, but I knew it made no sense to even try to do so. I looked over at Amanda and she was making motions indicating, she wanted me to make out with this asshole.

I turned slightly and brought my arms around him. I kissed him back on his lips. This time, we opened our mouths and allowed our

tongues to dance together. I didn't like where this was leading. I felt his hands move down to my ass and we began to make out in earnest, when his hands got too close to the truth, I reminded him that we were in public. As this was going on, I encouraged him to keep drinking. I figured that getting him to pass out would be a good idea and Erin and Amanda supported the idea by constantly refilling our drinks. By the time we had been making out for 45 minutes or so, he was clearly wasted and I was buzzing myself. Fortunately, I was sipping while he was pounding.

I got up and went to refresh our drinks and was intercepted by Amanda, Karen, and Erin. I could tell by the look on their faces that I wasn't going to like this.

"We need you to do something baby, and you're not going to like it," said Erin speaking first.

"What?" I asked, already imagining what they wanted.

"You need to give Doug a blow job," said Erin.

"Oh come on, no. No way," I replied adamantly.

"This is nothing you haven't done before," said Karen.

"Absolutely not. No fucking way. That's going too far," I said.

"I promise I'll make it up you," purred Erin.

"No, this is something you can't make up," I replied.

"Look, none of us planned this, but if you don't do what we want, we are going to turn this party into a video watching party and you know there are a lot of people here who don't know your little secret," warned Amanda.

"I can't," I repeated.

"You can and you will," she said ominously.

I could feel my eyes beginning to water up. Erin put her arm on me in a comforting way, but one that wouldn't look like anything more than two girlfriends to a casual observer.

"What do I have to do?" I asked.

"Wait 5 minutes then you need to take him into my room. When you get there, put him on front edge of the bed, you get on your knees in front of him and do the deed," said Karen.

I nodded and Erin and I went to the bathroom, where she told me how wet this was all making her and how she would ravage me when we got home. She also helped me wipe away a few tears and

fix my makeup. She pointed me towards the door and patted me on the behind, saying "This is really turning me on, you know."

I grabbed a couple more beers and made my way over to Doug. He saw me walking back to him and he smiled at my approach.

"I think I like watching you walk back almost as much as I like watching you walk away," he laughed. His speech was clearly slurred.

"Oh behave baby," I cooed handing him the beer and resting my head against his chest.

"What were you talking to Karen about?" he asked, "Did she try and tell you I was an asshole."

"Oh she knows I make up my own mind," I said without a hint of irony, "I just wanted to see if I could borrow her bedroom."

"Her bedroom? What for?" he asked.

"Oh Karen never said you were that naive," I replied softly.

"Naive?" he responded.

"Yeah, you act like a pretty girl never wanted to give you a blow job before," I whispered seductively though my heart was beating a million beats a minute and I had a nauseas feeling in my stomach.

"Oh Wow," he said excitedly.

"Yeah Dougie, you just got lucky," I said taking him by the hand and leading him into Karen's bedroom.

I looked over at Erin who was leaning against a table, clearly enjoying watching me walk to Karen's bedroom like a condemned man. I could have yelled out, "Dead manhood walking," but I don't think she would have even noticed, she was so turned on.

I had had a lot of practice with cock sucking between the lessons the girls had given me with the dildo and the many times they had made Nicole and me suck each other off. However, I had no experience in seducing a guy into bed in the first place. I led him over to the bed and had him sit just where I was told to place him. I shimmied a little dancing to the music from the other room as I teasingly got to my knees in front of him. I tried to just forget what I was doing and think of it as a part I was playing, but I couldn't.

I hated this! I wasn't gay. If I was gay, I certainly wouldn't pick an asshole like this drunken prick in front of me to be gay with and I

certainly wouldn't be doing all the work without any reward in return. But damn it, hearing about this would turn Erin on so much and she would be a wild woman tonight and there was something hot about the fact that this loser thought of me as an attractive woman and there was a part of me who liked being forced to serve these women and that part was finding this latest humiliation--this total surrender of my own man hood--exciting.

My emotions were all conflicted. I resented being placed in this situation and I was equal parts scared I would vomit and scared I would become aroused. I resigned myself to do what I had to and end the situation as soon as possible. I would never see this boy after tonight because there was no way that Karen would take him back. This could all be one bad dream that I could put behind me.

I reached forward and unzipped his zipper and undid the button on his jeans and then slowly pulled them down his legs to the floor. Pulling down the red briefs he was wearing was more difficult, but soon I was face to face with his dick. It was a lot bigger than either mine or Nicole's and looked a lot more like the dildo that I had practiced on. I fondled his balls as I ran my tongue under his shaft. He got hard from my efforts very quickly.

I began to suck in earnest now and drunk and lethargic as he was, Doug began to moan. He grabbed me by the hair on the back of my head and forced my face down onto his cock. I was no longer in control of the situation as I bobbed up and down.

"Suck my cock, Kylie, you little whore. Take it all," he cried out.

I could feel drops of pre-cum hitting the back of my throat and I really wanted this ordeal over with, but still he was driving my head up and down as I sucked like some wanton slut in heat.

"I'm fucking your mouth, Kylie. Take it! You know you want it, slut," he moaned.

He shot his load and I tried to catch it all in my mouth, but some dribbled out of my mouth and down to my cheek. I licked my lips for his benefit, but any desire I had at that moment was replaced with shame. Thoughts of Erin were 1,000 miles away."

"God, you've got a talented mouth. Damn, I don't think I've ever had a blow job like that. That was amazing," he said.

"Why don't you go first? I'll be along," I said unable to even get to my feet.

"Good idea, no reason for everybody to know our business," he said.

As soon as he left, I heard a slow clapping from the closet. Out stepped Karen holding a video camera and grinning from ear to ear.

"You were amazing," she laughed.

"You recorded that?" I asked in disbelief.

"Oh come on, we even told you where to have him sit. Of course I recorded it. Check out the money shot," she told me showing me the camera's viewing screen.

She not only had me sucking him off, but a close up on my face when he came in my mouth. I tried to grab the camera from her, but she stopped me cold with one look.

"Don't even think it, bitch. If anything happened to this copy, do you really think he'd say no to another blow job from you? I don't think so. We can keep doing it until we get just the footage we want. This is a lot easier on your throat and maybe your ass too," she warned me.

"What are you going to do with that?" I asked.

"Relax, it's just something to keep Doug in line," she said, "You were a big help to me, thanks."

"What do I do now?" I asked puzzled.

"Well, fix your makeup and wash the cum off your face," she laughed, "Then you can rejoin the party."

"I need a drink," I said.

"Oh that's right," she replied, "No drinks for you tonight. Erin said she wants you to savor it."

"Oh come on," I answered.

"Take it up with her, but she's so horny right now, you better make sure you're the one she leaves with," smiled Karen.

When we got home, Erin was beside herself with questions. She told me that Karen had promised to give her a copy of the video. We repeated that bedroom scene twice. First with her wearing a strap on and me showing her what I had done to Doug and a second time with her taking my part. She was like an animal in bed that night. By the time I was relocked in my chastity I was

beyond satisfied. As we lay in bed cuddling, I wondered what that night said about me, but beyond that I wondered what it said about our relationship that this beautiful creature in my arms was getting off on me sucking off another guy.

I was so worn out from my emotional ordeal with Doug and a night of intense pleasure with Erin that I slept into the afternoon. I heard Erin's muffled voice coming from the living room and assumed that she was talking to Nicole, but 20 minutes later, I distinctly heard her hang up our phone before entering my bedroom.

"That was Amanda, she wants you over at their place within the hour and dressed sexy," said Erin going through the outfits in my closet before selecting the sexy green dress the girls used to make me wear to dance class. I showered and changed, doing my makeup as quickly as I could. Even Erin was amazed at how could I had gotten with my collection of brushes and powders.

As I entered the girls' house, I was shocked by what I saw. Sitting in a folding chair the center of the room was Doug, but the amazing thing was that he was gagged with a scarf and bound hand and foot to the chair. His hands were tied behind him and his ankles were tied together and to the chair itself. For further security, a large coil of clothesline held his arms to his sides. Amanda led me to the chair next to him and tied me in a similar way. At least I wasn't gagged.

"We've tied you both up for your own protection. We'll be letting you go once you realize the situation you are in," said Amanda, "You both know a bit of what happened last night. We'll fill you in on the rest."

Karen turned on the television and hit play on the DVD remote. I expected to see the video of us from last night, but instead the video was one of me taken during my sophomore year. The video was directed by the girls, but they were off camera and as the camera was on a tripod, it definitely could be mistaken for a selfie. In the video, I entered as a guy and proceeded to dress from head to toe as a woman. Finishing the process by applying my makeup and

blowing kisses at the camera while *Man I Feel Like a Woman* played on the other audio channel.

Karen, "Well Doug, does she feel like a woman?" laughed Karen.

Karen then showed us the other video. I knew that they had used it to trap Doug, but it was also footage of me giving another guy a blow job and while they already had footage of me doing similar stuff to Nicole, this seemed much worse--Maybe because there was no restraints or obvious coercion being used on me.

Doug thrashed around violently in his chair; clearly trying to escape a situation that he knew gave all the power to his ex. I could remember what that felt like from the summer after my freshman year.

"Well lovers, if you don't want this video to make it's rounds around campus, to your parents, and your employer too Doug, Karen has some conditions," said Amanda.

"First Doug, there will be no retaliation on Kylie for her part in all of this. She was forced to do it and you would be surprised what people will do with the proper encouragement and motivation," said Karen.

Doug nodded his head reluctantly resigned to his fate.

"Secondly, we're through. I don't want you calling me or coming around. We may have use for you and that will be an exception, but no dropping by for any reason without an invite," said Karen watching as Doug agreed.

"Don't look so down, Doug," said Amanda, "Karen didn't forget about you."

"That's right," responded Karen, "I know how lonely you'd be without a girlfriend and I know that with the way you treat women, it could be a long time until you find another one. That's why I've decided that Kylie will be your girlfriend."

"What? No, you can't do this?" I cried.

"I'm afraid we can Kylie," said Amanda.

"What about Erin?" I said.

"Really? You think she'd have a problem with this?" laughed Karen, "She's probably masturbating right now just thinking about it."

"I'm not gay," I said.

"No, but your boyfriend is," laughed Karen.

"So here's the deal," said Amanda, "Gay or not, you two are going to be the most absolutely loving couple on campus. You will at all times do your best to convince us that you're totally in love. You will call each other at least once a day, plus frequent texts, and at least 2 dates a week."

Doug reacted violently to this pronouncement, but his gag made his noises totally incoherent. Karen slowly sauntered over to him and slapped him hard across the face. This quieted him down.

"Now listen asshole. Maybe, you might actually learn something about how to treat a girlfriend and you are going to be a one woman man too, do you got it?" said Karen sternly.

"We're going to untie Kylie and when she feels that you aren't going to do anything stupid, she can untie you. We're going to go watch some television. Let us know when you're ready to start convincing us of your undying love," said Amanda as Karen began to undo the knots holding me.

The two girls left and I ungagged Doug. He was pissed, but he at least had the common sense to know that I wasn't responsible for his predicament. Considering what he was preparing to do, it wasn't hard to convince him that the girls hadn't given me much choice either. When the girls returned, we were sitting on the couch together holding hands and he was kissing me on my neck. Karen got a big smile when she saw the two of us together. I imagine Doug must have felt as miserable as I did.

"What the fuck are we going to do?" asked Doug.

"What they want us to do. What other choice do we have?" I responded.

"So you're willing to just give in?" he asked puzzled.

"You're going to find out, they always get their way," I replied.

They had found a way to humiliate us both. Even though Doug wasn't going to be feminized, he felt like less of a man for dating me and having his ex-girlfriend see us constantly making out may have been a thrill for Karen, but Doug wanted nothing to do with it. For me, being the girl in the relationship just made me feel even more emasculated. There was nothing male left in me it seemed.

Dating Doug wasn't easy. He just wasn't very bright. I'd be dressed to the nines in a sexy dress and heels staring at a table across from him and we could think of absolutely nothing to talk to each other about. We would hold hands and he'd do things like hold my chair for me, but there wasn't much of a love connection.

At first, there was no real sexual contact between us, but after 2 or 3 weeks, the girls decided it was cruel to make a boy go that long without an orgasm. I wondered where that compassion had been when it was Nicole and me going weeks without sexual release. Eventually, I was down on my knees pleasing him with my mouth again, though it was clear that at least my ass would be off limits to him if not to Erin who grew to really enjoy sticking a couple of fingers up my ass during sex.

For 3 months, we did it all. We picnicked, danced, saw romantic comedies together. I baked for him and he sent me flowers. We never failed to show public displays of affection when the girls were around and when he was in my apartment, we were sure to sound romantic in case somebody was listening in. Erin took great delight in getting me ready for each and every date and wanted every detail when I returned home. Most weekends saw me out one day with Doug and then out another day with Erin. It was running me ragged. At least I was able to go out on dates with a woman, Doug had only me.

Then one crisp November afternoon, Amanda approached me with a deal that I just couldn't refuse.

"How would you like to be allowed to stop dating Doug?" she asked.

"I'd never stop going out with Doug. I feel like I've found that person I've been looking for all my life," I responded in case she was testing me.

"Good job," she smiled, "but seriously, his fraternity has their fall formal coming up in a couple of weeks and he's going to ask you."

"Well Amanda," I replied, "you know I can't say no. Of course I'll go."

"Of course you will sissy, but I want to make sure you do your best. I want you to treat this like the prom you never had. He had some brothers who needed dates, so a lot of us will be there and we even found a date for Nicole. I just want you to know you have extra incentive to do a good job. Wendy wanted Nicole to get some experience with a boyfriend and who was I to refuse?" she smiled.

When Doug asked me, I reacted like I had just been named Miss America. I could actually sense a little melancholy in him when he told me. I couldn't decide if he was sad that he had to take another dude to his big dance or if he was actually sad that this would be our last date. He was a good looking guy and he'd find a real girl soon enough, but I think he liked the blow jobs from me and the lack of any actual responsibilities that come with having a girlfriend.

Deanna and Erin worked on outfitting me with relish. I hated that Erin also had a date to the dance, especially because I knew the effect that seeing me in Doug's arms would have on her. If this was a movie, this is where they'd play some perky song and we'd do a montage of me trying on dresses, but that isn't too far removed from what happened. Finally, I emerged from the dressing room in a silver halter dress that was a couple of inches above my knees.

"Oh yeah!" Exclaimed Deanna, "Erin, I think we have a winner."

"That does look great on her. Spin around, babe," instructed Erin.

"That's the one. We'll get some matching shoes for her and some great sparkly earrings," decided Deanna.

"I think we'll get Monica to put her hair in a high updo," suggested Erin.

The day of the dance was a blur. Nicole, myself, and Erin got ready at our apartment while the others get ready at their house. I didn't go to my own senior prom in high school, so I imagine this was as close to that feeling as you could get. The limousine stopped at the girls' place and picked up Wendy, Deanna, and Amanda before coming to the apartment to get us. Sheila was sure to get a lot of pictures of Nicole and I making our way to the limo.

The limo made its way to Doug's frat house, which was buzzing with activity. I think the girls got a kick out of the fact that none of the

brothers in the limo realized that Nicole and I were not what we appeared to be. Almost as soon as Doug entered the car, he was on me, kissing me deeply for the benefit of the girls watching.

There was a photographer there and Amanda was sure that she got a picture of the two of us together as well as one of me individually. Later, he snapped a picture of Doug and I dancing with my head on his shoulder. All three pictures, wound up framed in my apartment within 2 weeks. When we were at our table or among his fraternity brothers, we had to maintain our act, but on the dance floor we could actually talk privately, so I didn't mind me when he led me out to the dance floor.

"You actually look amazing, Kylie," he said holding me tightly, "I don't just mean for a guy either. There aren't many girls here who look as good as you."

"Thanks," I said genuinely flattered.

"It's been a really crazy three months, you know?" he asked.

"I know. Sorry, that I was used to blackmail you into it," I replied.

"It's OK. It hasn't all been bad," he answered.

"Like when I'd drop to my knees for you?" I asked.

"Yeah, that for sure," he said honestly, "but just being with you has been nice."

"Thanks Doug. I can honestly say, you're the best boyfriend I ever had," I responded.

"After this is over, you know we could still go out from time to time," he said.

This hit me like a freight train. I was right. He wasn't completely thrilled about breaking up or at least he wanted to keep me until he landed something better. There was no way I'd give him anymore dates than I had to, but I at least felt obligated to let him down easy.

"That's really sweet, Doug. I've got a girlfriend though and I don't think she'd understand," I said softly.

"Yeah, I guess you're right. It was just a thought. I'm thrilled to actually get to date women again," he said.

"I know you are," I smiled and gave him a kiss on the cheek. I debated telling him what Amanda had told me about Nicole taking

over my girlfriend responsibilities, but thought better of it.

Later that night, I sucked him off one last time when we got back to the fraternity house. Nicole was doing the same to her date just across the hall. Wendy had a lot of fun with Nicole and Doug. Doug would never pass as a woman, but that didn't stop Wendy from having some fun at his expense. I'd see him coming by the apartment dressed very flamboyantly in a woman's blouse and slacks, trying to pass them off as men's clothing. Nicole told me that Doug learned to be quite good at giving blowjobs himself. I can't say I'm really surprised that Wendy went there.

The Eighth Semester

Christmas was fun. Erin went home with me for the holidays and really hit it off with my sister and my parents. She was gracious and charming and my dad was proud that I seemingly had a serious relationship with a girl that I cared enough to take home. I told him that Nicole and I were still friends when he asked about her. He might not have known about our extra-curricular activities, but do parents really have a right to know their children's sex life when they are adults?

After we arrived back at college, however, things were difficult. I think Nicole noticed it before even I did, but there was a lot of stress going on with unsettled futures. The girls were trying to find their first jobs or get accepted into grad school and their stress soon became our stress. I was going to go to film school and while it was a crushing blow to my dad, it was made easier by the appearance of Erin on the scene. Besides, my sister was already hard at work on an MBA so there'd be somebody to carry on the family business, even if it wasn't a son.

Nicole was an education major so she was constantly sending out résumés to land her first teaching job. It made me wonder if any of my old teachers had skeletons like his in their past. Erin was going to graduate school for sociology. I didn't even know what you do with a degree like that except teach other people how to become sociology students.

All the girls had various stresses, but the worst was Amanda. She was going to law school and with her heart set on The University of Michigan; she knew that she'd need to get at least a 170 on her LSAT to be assured of a spot. She was constantly studying and that made her cranky and she saved times by leaving me responsible for everything from making her meals to taking in her dry cleaning. There were a few times when she even left me hogtied on the floor while she studied, just so that she could occasionally take a break and stare at my helpless form laid out in front of her. She also became hyper critical of my appearance.

One night, while I was serving Amanda a late dinner after law review class, I actually got her to back down.

"Kylie? When was the last time you painted your toe nails?" asked Amanda.

"I did them last night," I replied looking down at my crimson nails peaking through my open toed shoes and under my pantyhose.

"Well, they look sloppy," she said, "Fix them tonight. I'll be checking in the morning."

"When was the last time you painted yours," I replied irritated.

"Excuse me, did you say something?" she asked intimidating me.

"No, nothing," I responded glumly.

"That's good," she nodded sarcastically, "because I thought you might have been trying to compare us. You know, you're much more feminine than I am. You're much more of a girly girl than any girl I know. You know that right?"

"Yes ma'am," I replied automatically.

"And why do you paint your toes, Kylie?" she asked.

"Because I want to," I responded looking down at my feet.

"And what do you want to, Kylie?" she again questioned me.

"Because I want to be a pretty pretty princess," I responded.

"You know, you don't seem very enthusiastic about it," she said.

"Look, I just don't need the haughty attitude when I've been cooking for you," I said crossly.

"And I've never cooked for you?" she responded.

"Yeah, you made me eat fettuccini algaudo and beef strokingoff. That is so gross," I answered.

"You do need your protein, you know?" she said.

"Whatever," I answered, "Look, I know about my status and yours, but a little kindness every once in awhile would go along way."

The next day, Amanda brought over lasagna, garlic bread, and a bottle of red wine. She would never admit that she was wrong, yet alone that she felt bad about it, but this was the definition of a peace offering and I gladly took it.

By the time that April came around, Erin and I had been together for over 9 months. It had been an amazing time for me and it made all the embarrassing and degrading stuff much more bearable to share it with her.

That month she had made a new friend named Nora who was a little older than us. She had graduated from DuPont 3 years earlier and was working full time as an executive assistant. Erin was sure to let me know that she wasn't a secretary and that she had a lot of important responsibilities. While I had never met this woman, it was clear that Erin was really impressed with her.

One Wednesday night, we were watching television and she asked me if I would like to go out on a double date with Monica and a friend on Friday night.

"You can wear that green dress that I love," she said.

"Wait a second. Nora knows about me?" I asked.

"Well, it's not like we could keep that very well hidden with you in dresses all the time now, you know. Besides, Nora is cool with it. She thinks it's kind of exotic and artistic," she replied.

"I don't know about this, but sure we can go out with her on Friday night. I'll wear whatever you want," I said.

"That's my baby," responded Erin giving me a passionate kiss on the lips.

When Friday came around Erin fussed over me in a way I had never seen her before. She wanted my hair and makeup just so and even though I had shaved in the morning, she wanted me to touch up that afternoon. Everything had to be just so. She also looked amazing in a red and white striped dress that hugged her every curve.

We went to a dance club that had a bit more of an alternative vibe than most of the college bars. As Erin explained it, "I just don't want to get hassled because I'm dancing with a woman."

Nora was sitting at a table when we arrived. I was a bit taken aback when she greeted Erin by kissing her squarely on the lips, but I figured I was just being insecure. She was an attractive woman with short but stylish brown hair. Her dress wasn't very figure hugging, but she seemed to have a great body and she stood an inch or two taller than my 5 foot, 8 inches.

I shook hands with her companion whose name was Tom. He was wearing a jean jacket and a pair of tight blue jeans with a pair of black boots. He had the look of a male model trying hard not to look like he was trying. He had a couple of days of beard growth and very carefully messy jet black hair.

"That's a lovely dress Kylie," said Nora making conversation.

"Thanks," I replied, "I was a little nervous about wearing it."

"Oh don't be silly," she smiled, "I think it's perfect for tonight."

"I told you she was cool," assured Erin.

"Yeah, you look great Kylie. I mean really great," said Tom.

During a lull in the conversation, Tom went to fight through the monstrous crowd at the bar to refresh our drinks.

"So what do you think of your date, Kylie," asked Nora.

"I'm crazy about her. Erin and I have been together for awhile now..." I said before Nora cut me off laughing.

"Erin's my date, you silly sissy. Tom is yours," said Nora pulling Erin closer and giving her a kiss.

"Wait! What? This isn't funny Erin." I exclaimed, "You can't be serious."

Erin blushed and nodded looking briefly at me and then back at Nora before telling, "I'm afraid so."

"But why?" I asked as confused as I was outraged.

"Listen girlfriend, Erin likes girls and she's a submissive. You were a nice substitute, but she's ready for the real thing," said Nora.

"You're a submissive?" I asked Erin.

"Well, so are you. You just won't admit it," said Erin.

"You know, fuck you both. You two bitches deserve each other," I said getting to my feet.

"Sit down bitch boy," said Nora.

"Why the fuck should I?" I demanded.

"I have your parents' address," said Erin.

"I don't care," I said.

"Really?" asked Nora calling my bluff.

"What do you want from me?" I asked.

"You'll find out. For now, just have a drink with us," said Erin.

Tom soon returned and handed me a Long Island Iced Tea. I gladly took it. I expected Erin to be feeling as awkward as I was with

all the conflict, but she actually looked to be enjoying watching her new lover put me in my place.

"As you know," said Nora, "Erin really enjoys watching you be emasculated and degraded, so I set up this evening as my gift to her."

Erin beamed with pride as she looked over at Nora.

"So tonight, we're going to go back to my place and Tom has this friend named Donald who I understand is quite well endowed. She said you've never gone down on two guys at once before," taunted Nora.

"Oh God, no never," I shuddered.

"Well, there's a first for everything," smiled Nora.

"If you do a good job, nobody will penetrate your ass. You can just use your mouth and your hands," said Erin.

"Like that makes it all better," I said.

After drinking a few more drinks and staring longingly at Nora and Erin dancing together on the dance floor, Nora announced that it was time to leave. Tom drove himself back, while Nora drove my car, with me in the back seat.

"Hey Erin, reach into my purse and give Kylie her new bracelets," said Nora.

Erin dug into Nora's small black purse and pulled out a substantial pair of silver handcuffs. She tossed them on my lap saying, "put these on."

"What?" I said, "I already cooperated."

"This is just to make sure you don't do anything stupid. Besides, Erin gets off on it," laughed Nora.

I snapped the cuff on my left wrist and was going to cuff my right wrist when Erin interrupted me.

"Behind your back, baby," smiled Erin.

I tightened the cuffs as Nora chided me, that they better not be too loose. She also warned me that she would kick my ass bad if I tried to pull anything. As my car stopped in the parking lot behind her apartment, I weighed my options, but ultimately decided that going along was my best option.

Before exiting the car, Erin gave Nora a kiss on the lips. I watched seething with feelings of jealousy and betrayal. I expected

Erin to help me out of the car, but instead she headed straight into Nora's bungalow. She clearly had been there several times before as she looked very comfortable unlocking the door and turning on the lights.

"Swing your legs around," said Nora motioning for me to exit my car.

"I've gotten out of a car in a skirt before," I said as I moved my legs to the side and began to stand.

"Just to make sure you don't get any stupid ideas, precious," said Nora slapping another pair of handcuffs, this time on my ankles.

"You're not worried your neighbors will be alarmed?" I asked.

"They already think I'm nuts," she said while leading me to her door with my arm.

I immediately noticed they had set a video camera up on a tripod and aimed it in the direction of the couch. Nora helped me over to the couch while Erin put on some make out music.

"This is going to be so hot," said Erin excitedly.

About 20 minutes later, we heard a couple of car doors open and close outside and Erin became visibly giddy.

"Tom is back with Donald," called Erin looking out the window.

"I promised Erin that if you did a good job with your mouth and your hands, we wouldn't use your ass. Don't disappoint us or I'll change my mind," said Nora unlocking my cuffs.

Tom entered the house with a well-groomed black man in his early 20s. He wore a green polo shirt and tight jeans. These two guys would have looked right at home in a Gap ad. They could have had any girl they wanted, why me?

"Wow! You weren't kidding. There's no way that's a guy," said Donald.

"Give Donald a sexy twirl," said Erin.

Reluctantly I got to my feet and slowly twirled around as Nora put on the video camera and took a position with Erin on the love seat across from the couch.

"Give Donald a kiss and tell him what you want to do," said Nora.

I walked over to Donald and placed my arms around his neck, kissing him deeply. As we broke off the kiss I looked up at him and

with my most coquettish voice said, "Donald, I want to suck your cock."

While the camera filmed away, I sucked off Donald while I gave Tom a hand job with my right hand. Donald was soon on the edge and began fucking my face to finish the job. Meanwhile, Tom was spurting come all over my face and shoulder. Nora yelled for Donald to pull out and shoot my face, which he did. I was disgusted, but I cleaned him off and then we switched positions and I sucked Tom off while rubbing Donald.

"Oh yes! Oh!!" called out Erin. In the past when I'd had perform a sexual act on Nicole or Doug at least I knew it was turning Erin on and she'd be a madwoman in bed for me. Now, it was Nora who was getting to experience this and not me. I kept trying to look past the guys' dicks to see what Erin and Nora were doing, but it was just making me more and more jealous and humiliated.

Finally, both guys were spent and Erin let them get cleaned up and showed them to the door.

"I was going to have you stay on the couch, but maybe that's not such a good idea," said Nora looking at my cum soaked dress, "Lay on your stomach on the floor and put your hands behind your back."

I complied and as expected she cuffed my hands behind me and my ankles together. Erin got a blanket which she put over my shoulders and then gave me a kiss on the cheek saying, "you were great tonight Kylie."

I didn't sleep much. It wasn't even the uncomfortable position as much as hearing Erin and Nora in the bedroom and imagining what they were doing. I finally dozed off, but I have no idea when it finally happened. I awoke to the sound of Nora in the kitchen fixing breakfast for herself and Erin.

When she was finished making a couple of omelets, she approached me.

"Wake up sleepyhead," she smiled tauntingly.

"Go fuck yourself," I said.

"I've got Erin to do that," she laughed, "She was such an animal last night after seeing you perform. Thanks."

"You deserve her," I said.

"Well, so do you and you will be giving us many repeat performances," she laughed.

"Not a chance," I replied.

"That Amanda of yours would probably not want to ruin you by showing all that blackmail she has. I, on the other hand, would have no problem getting this video you made tonight to your parents and anybody else that amused me. You better remember that and be ready to suck cock when I call you. In fact, next time be prepared to take it up your ass too. I know you have a butt plug. Start wearing it because next time you're going to be taking it both ends at once," she laughed.

I fought back tears trying to stand up to her, but I didn't succeed. I could feel them rolling down my cheeks and I knew that Nora saw them too.

"Now, you told me to fuck myself so I am kicking you out now. We were going to drive you back home, but you've got a walk of shame ahead of you," she gloated.

"What? No, you can't," I said having no clue where we were.

"You're about 4 miles from home. Of course I'm not telling you in which direction," she laughed uncuffing me and then unceremoniously pushing me out the door.

I made my way about 5 blocks before I found a major street and realized I was heading in the opposite direction from home. I cursed my rotten sense of direction and doubled back. It was about 9 a.m. and with the 4-inch heels that I was wearing, I figured I could walk about 2 miles an hour. With a little over 5 miles to go, I wouldn't be home until almost noon. My cum-splattered face, hair, and dress would be seen by a lot of people. A guy mowing his lawn saw me and told me that I should be ashamed of myself and that there were "decent" people in his neighborhood.

At about the 3 mile mark, I heard a car horn behind me. I was used to this, but this driver was persistent. I turned around to see Erin driving my car.

"Hey Kylie, hop in," she called looking great. She had already showered and changed into fresh clothes.

"I'd rather walk," I replied.

"Don't be ridiculous. I know your feet have to be sore and you look ridiculous. I'll have you home in 5 minutes," she assured me.

"Fine," I said getting in the car.

"You're mad about last night, aren't you?" she said.

"Gee, you think?" I said.

"Look, we may have gone too far, and I'm sorry, but you know you turn me on when you're my girl, baby," she cooed.

"I'm not your girl. I'm not your anything," I replied.

"Yes you are," she smiled.

"No, I'm not," I said angrily, "I'm not gay."

"I never said you were. I think that's part of why it's so hot," she replied.

"I never thought you could be that mean," I said.

"Look, Kylie you and I are alike -- maybe too much alike. We both like strong women telling us what to do," she said.

"I don't," I responded defensively.

"Yes, you do," she said, "You just need to learn that. Maybe this is the end for us. I love you Kylie and you turn me on like nobody ever has and I'm sorry for what happened yesterday, but Nora and I are a thing now. I was hoping you and I could still be a thing, too."

"I thought you loved me," I said.

"I just said I did," she responded.

"Funny way of showing it," I said.

"Don't get that way. I care about you and you know it," she said trying to soothe me.

"Listen you sick and twisted bitch," I screamed in her face, "What you did was fucking wrong! You made me have sex with two guys so that you and your girlfriend could get turned on. You helped her restrain me for fuck's sake."

"You knew what I wanted Kylie. You knew what I liked. You don't have a right to give me a guilt trip over it now. I've been very patient and put up with a lot of shit that most girls wouldn't with you," she responded.

"I'm getting the Hell out of here. What you did tonight is unforgivable," I said as I slammed the door shut.

"So that's it, you don't even want to talk it out?" she asked.

"That's it bitch," I replied.

"You have my number, Kylie. If this is goodbye, thank you for a great year. If you don't want it to be goodbye, it doesn't have to be. I love you baby, whether you think I do or not," she replied.

With tears rolling down my cheeks, I sat in silence for the next minute or so until we pulled into my apartment building's parking lot. I turned my back to Erin and made my way inside. I walked past Nicole painting her nails and laid down on my bed and had a good cry.

With Erin out of my life, the end of senior year seemed to crawl along. Amanda got into her dream law school and most of the girls were able to find a job or graduate school that they wanted. Everybody seemed to be in a great mood except for me. Nicole and Wendy's relationship had changed a great deal and now included some sexual activity between them. Nicole actually seemed to be happy with things now that he had finally been allowed to break up with Doug.

We performed for the girls as they demanded and there was a part of me that would be hoping that Erin would show up to watch the humiliation that I knew drove her wild. For a change, Nicole was the one who was more sexually satisfied. I wasn't jealous though. I was actually excited.

About a month before graduation I got a call from my dad that he wouldn't be coming to my graduation. He told me he was proud of me, but just couldn't get away from work. Truth is DuPont had really boring graduations. We were too small to get the A List speakers, yet small enough to call every graduate up by name to receive their diploma. My dad offered to send my mom, but I told her to save her the boredom and that he could take us all out when I got home. He liked that idea and suggested I bring Erin with. I told him about the breakup, but definitely not the reasons why.

When Deanna heard that neither Nicole nor I would have our parents there for graduated, she was saddened. Her parents were going to be proud of her as the first one in her family to graduate.

She decided that since we had spent so much of our college years as Kylie and Nicole, that's who should graduate from college. When it was time for our graduation pictures, we arrived dressed as Kylie and Nicole. I wore a dark suit with a pink camisole and single strand of pearls, while Nicole wore a soft blue sundress. The photographer had no clue anything was amiss other than a typo on Nicole's first name.

We attended all of the graduation festivities as Kylie and Nicole and it was actually fun. Well, it would have been, but I was in a miserable mood. Nicole was clearly enjoying herself and tried to do everything she could think of to cheer me up, but I was in a funk since that night with Erin. Unfortunately, as this cloud of depression hung over me and I continued to let myself go, it was noticed. I still tried to keep up on my maid duties at the girls' house, but my own room went to Hell and I didn't care if I wore clean clothes and my grooming suffered. After I slept through my morning classes less than a week before my finals, I was awoken to Amanda's voice.

"Get up and get out here now, Kylie," shouted a clearly angry Amanda.

"What do you want?" I said wiping the sleep out of my eyes.

"I want you out here now," she said.

I must have been some sight as I exited my bedroom. I was wearing a pink and white baby doll and I put on my pink high heeled slippers. This contrasted with my bed head and the less than feminine scratching I was doing as I entered the living room.

"God, you're disgusting," said Amanda.

"So, it's not like I want to be all girly or anything," I replied snidely.

"You better change that tone and you had better pull yourself together," she warned me.

"Or what? You'll fuck up my life because bitch, that ship has sailed," I said angrily.

I half expected to get slapped or at least cursed out, but instead Amanda just stared at me and began laughing.

"Ruining my life is funny to you?" I asked.

"No, though you saying I ruined your life is hysterical," she replied.

"Fuck you and all your twisted sex fiend friends. Just leave me alone!" I demanded.

"Oh you don't want to go there Kylie. I think you are in serious need of an attitude adjustment," warned Amanda without a hint of anger in her voice.

"Get the Hell out now," I demanded lunging forward and pushing her towards the door.

"OK, one attitude adjustment coming up," she said grabbing my right arm and twisting it behind my back, bending me over the couch.

"Let me go, bitch!" I demanded.

"Ah, just like old times," she laughed as she grabbed a pair of my discarded pantyhose from the couch and began to snake them around my wrist. She tied my wrists tightly high up on my back.

"You can't do this," I demanded, "I will make sure you never go to law school."

"Come along Princess," she laughed as she dragged me towards my bedroom.

She stopped at my dresser to pull out two pairs of pantyhose and then pushed me over the bed sliding down my panties. She tied each ankle tightly to a bed leg leaving my legs spread far apart.

"Let me go this instant," I demanded.

"God, you make me want to gag you," she said, "Ah there we go. Just the toy I was looking for."

I felt something wet being applied to my asshole and I had a bad feeling that I knew what she was about to do.

"No Amanda, please I'm begging you," I said. I couldn't see behind me, but I could feel the rubber dildo enter me and I knew she had to be wearing a strap on.

"Just relax and let it in," she replied, "It won't be bad at all."

I felt so emasculated and powerless as Amanda began to work her strap on into me.

"Why do you have to always torture me?" I pleaded.

"Is that what you think this is?" she asked.

"Yes, you've forced me to become a bitch," I replied.

"No Kylie, I didn't force you to do anything you didn't want to do," she assured me.

"You think I wanted to dress like this, be humiliated by you, and do all these sick and perverted sex acts?" I grunted.

"Yes, I do," she said, "You just didn't realize it."

"You sound like Erin now. You bitches are crazy," I said.

"No princess, you were forced in the beginning, but if you had hated it we would have stopped. You don't think we knew that you sometimes masturbated in your dresses when we weren't around? Heck, that's why I had to put you in chastity," she laughed.

"I...", I stammered trying to answer her.

"You spent four incredible years turned on beyond all of your comprehension, you learned that women aren't your inferiors, and even had a great girlfriend," she said, "Now you want to blame me for ruining your life."

Amanda had gotten into a steady rhythm and the pain that I had been feeling was quickly replaced by a feeling of intense pleasure. I could feel her nails digging into my shoulders and the shortness of her breath. We were both turned on.

"I missed out on things," I responded.

"Yeah, you probably didn't have a normal college experience, but tell me that you would have done things differently if you had a chance," she challenged me.

"You would have ruined me with those pictures. You had videos of me sucking cock," I replied.

"We went out of our way to protect you. We never would have ruined you and I think you knew that. You just didn't want us to know that you liked it because you thought we'd stop," she answered.

Soon speech became impossible. I exploded all over the bed and Amanda had an intense orgasm that left me with finger nail marks deeply embedded into my shoulders. Amanda collapsed resting on my back.

"You're my princess, Kylie. I'm not even in law school yet and I could prove this case every time," she said untying my hands, "Tell me I'm wrong and I'll leave you alone right now. You'll never have to wear heels or a bra ever again."

I wanted to respond with something witty and clever, but the truth is I was torn between agreeing with her and telling her she was insane and that I never wanted any of this. The more I thought

about it though, the more I knew she was right. Amanda and her friends had been pretending to force me just as much as I had been pretending to hate being forced. Now, with only weeks left it was out in the open. I liked wearing dresses and I liked the attention my appearance brought me. I didn't really like guys, but even with that there was something about a powerful woman making me do it that turned me on at least a little.

The final weeks until graduation flew by. Amanda was clearly in charge of me and that just felt right. I was happy to be her princess and I took joy in being a good maid for her and a good sissy for her and her friends. Nicole and I went out to the bars one night and let guys buy us drinks and got shit faced sharing a crazy experience that few others would ever experience and not many more would believe.

As I walked across the stage to get my diploma I smiled broadly and grabbed it from the dean with my long pink fingernails. My black pumps clicked and clacked as I walked across the wooden stage. I gave the dean a hug and then waved to the crowd. My pantyhose covered ankles peaked out from beneath my gown and I raced back to find Amanda who had already got her diploma and I gave her a big hug.

Later that afternoon, she took me from behind once again before going out with her parents for a graduation dinner at a fancy restaurant. Her future was bright. I picked up my cell phone and dialed Erin's number.

Welcome to College X: Wedding Belles

By Kylie Gable

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Welcome to College X: Wedding Belles

"Do you still have your pretty things, princess?" said the teasing woman on the other end of the phone line. It had been a long time since I heard that voice which could induce both cold sweats and blissful ecstasy from me. Amanda's voice was richly textured with a bit of a drawl belying a childhood growing up in Mississippi and Georgia before moving North.

"Amanda? Hi, it's been ages," I said, genuinely excited to hear my former tormentor's voice. Under the stern guidance of her and her friends, I had grown to love being a sissy and being their maid. It was shortly after college, when I decided as a horny young man to dress up and take advantage of some alone time. Unfortunately, my interest waned somewhere in the process of putting on my makeup. By the time the dress was on, I was ready to take it off and find something else to do. I learned quickly that it wasn't the clothing that made college so erotic, it was the out of control feeling of having to wear them and I decided that those days were regrettably past.

"I asked you a question, sissy. Do you still have your pretty things," asked Amanda in a sharper tone.

"Y-yeah, I have a lot of it," I replied, not knowing what the correct answer was.

"Good, does it still fit? You didn't blimp out or something, did you?"

"No, everything still fits. Why?" I asked, wondering why it was so important.

"Because, Deanna is getting married on the Sunday before President's Day," responded Amanda.

"To Jim, that's great!" I exclaimed, truly excited for her.

"Don't interrupt bitch boy. I can still kick your ass," she said with a firm voice that I had learned to dread.

"I'm sorry, Amanda. I'm just happy for her."

"Yes, all you sissies love your weddings. I remember, you made quite a fetching bride, actually," she teased.

"Thank you Amanda," I said, remembering the time that Robyn and my sister had dressed me in my own mother's wedding dress.

"Deanna has decided she wants you and Nicole at the wedding and as her friend, I intend to make sure, what she wants she gets. If you can't make it, we have plenty of pictures, you know," threatened Amanda.

"Of course, I'd love to be there. I can't wait."

"She wants you there as Kylie," explained Amanda. "You're going to have a couple of months to get your beauty regime back together, but you'll be spending the wedding as two of her girlfriends from college."

"Bridesmaids?" I asked, maybe a bit too enthusiastically.

"Yeah, like she'd really want you sissy freaks embarrassing her at her own wedding. However, I will be planning the bachelorette party I can assure you, you'll be a big part of the entertainment," she replied before chuckling ominously.

"I'll be there."

"You had better be. You'll be getting an invitation in the mail and you can certainly bring a guest, but if you do you know what they'll see," she warned me. "I'm looking forward to seeing my favorite slut again."

"Thanks for letting me know," I said, thankful that she couldn't see how I was blushing.

"Goodbye sissy," she replied, hanging up the phone.

As soon as she hung up, I was so excited. I laughed that she probably expected to have to bully me into coming, but I wouldn't miss it for the world. I knew that during the weekend the girls would tease and bully us mercilessly and that we would find ourselves in constant humiliation and torment. There was no place I would rather be.

Highway driving has never been something I've been particularly fond of. I have a horrible sense of direction and you can get so much more lost driving at sixty-five miles an hour without a way to turn around for miles. Still, the drive from Chicago to Shoredale was pretty remote. Fields of soybean and corn were

everywhere with only the occasional horse or cow sighting to break the five hours of monotony to the shadow of the Missouri border.

Shoredale's best hotel was conveniently the Shoredale Inn and it was a respectable enough hotel in the three-star range. It was in need of a renovation, but it was clean and well-maintained. We had a hotel block there for the wedding where I was told I'd be rooming with Nicole and that I didn't have any choice in the matter. I arrived at the room after Nicole did. I was astonished to see him dressed as Dwayne with short brown hair. My job in television had allowed me to keep my hair long, but he was on the corporate track so his hair had been dyed back to its original color and closely cropped.

"Wow! You look great," I exclaimed. Nicole and I had shared experiences that no other person in the world would ever understand. We were not great friends or anything, but that shared experience meant a lot to both of us.

"I see Amanda ordered you here. Wendy didn't give me a choice either," he said rather glumly.

"I wouldn't have missed it for the world," I said laughing at the irony.

"Me neither." He smiled. "God help me, I've got a great job, great girl, great life, but I've missed being their bitch."

"How could you not?" I asked rhetorically. "It was pretty weird and I hate the fact that when my friends tell stories about their college days, I have to keep my mouth closed about my own, but it was amazing."

"Even the gay stuff, they made us do?" he asked sheepishly.

"Well, I can't think of it as gay because, like you said, they made us do it," I replied. "I mean, I have gay friends now so that's no big deal and believe me what we did played with my head, but even the gay stuff was kind of hot thinking of the girls looking at us, laughing at us, and knowing that they were making us do it."

"Yeah, Wendy always got so excited watching me degrade myself."

A knock on the door, startled us out of our reminiscing. I immediately figured it was Amanda and I could feel my heart racing. I got to my feet and opened the door only to be wrestled to the

ground by Sheila. Karen walked right into the room, stepping over me and laughing at Sheila and me."

"What the Hell are you wearing pants for?" demanded Sheila. "Didn't Amanda say that Deanna wanted Kylie at her wedding?"

"I just got here," I explained.

"That's no excuse," she said, pinning my arms down. Three years had passed since the last time we wrestled and if anything I was further away from beating her, not closer. She turned to Karen and instructed her, "Help me strip this stupid bitch."

"Some things never change," said Karen, laughing loudly and she reached for my zipper. "I wonder if he's gone anywhere it counts?"

"I doubt that," said Sheila, strengthening her grip on me while her accomplice pulled down my pants. "I hope he brought something pretty or he's going to have to go shopping for clothes in the altogether."

"Come on girls. This is embarrassing," I complained.

"Well, that's what you get for dressing in boy clothes. We taught you better than that," said Karen, pulling down my boxer shorts.

Sheila my shirt off of me and then Karen took my shoes and socks. I lay there naked listening to the sound of Nicole's laughter as the girls climbed off of me.

"I don't know what you're laughing at, sissy. You're next," she threatened him.

"Oh come on," he pleaded.

"What's the big shocker? You didn't remember how to dress either," said Sheila twisting both his arms behind his back in a full nelson.

It took them all of about five minutes to get Nicole stripped. We now stood before both of them naked. It wasn't the first time they'd seen us without clothes on, but neither of us ever had the honor of seeing their nude bodies. They giggled as we shivered from the room's overpowered air conditioner and our own sense of shame.

"Does it bring back memories girls?" asked Karen, laughing.

"Let's see a kiss and if it's good enough, we'll let you get changed," demanded Sheila.

"Yeah, and we want tongue," snapped Karen.

Tentatively, Nicole and I leaned into each other and kissed each other gently on our lips. It felt weird. Maybe it was because we didn't appear feminine, maybe it was because it had been several years, or maybe it was just the absence of lipstick, but I think it felt odd for her too.

"What do you think, Karen?" asked Sheila.

"There's no passion. That's pathetic," chided Karen.

"You heard her," said Sheila motioning us together with her fingers. "Back to it."

We kissed a half-dozen times before Karen gave us a non-committal, "It'll do for now."

"OK ladies, I trust you brought some appropriate clothing for the weekend because if you didn't, I already told you that you're going to have to go shopping naked," warned Sheila. We both nodded that we had.

"Great, you've got thirty minutes to get dressed and made up. You remember sissy inspections. That's what this is," warned Karen.

"And we want to see sissies," shouted Sheila. "Let's go, you don't have much time."

"Now!" cried Karen.

I was so thankful that I had removed my body hair in preparation for the weekend. The girls lay back on the bed and watched the show as Nicole and I raced around. I stepped into a pair of red bikini panties and then leaned against the low dresser that the television was on to slide a pair of black pantyhose up my smoothly shaved legs. Nicole had also shaved in advance in preparation for the weekend. She grabbed a black thong and sheer black thigh highs while I was straightening my red push up bra and stuffing it with my breast forms.

"I love watching sissies in their natural habitat," announced Sheila.

"I don't know. I think I recognize that lingerie. They're wearing three year-old clothes," sighed Karen.

I slipped on a red dress that always got me attention from guys and compliments from the girls, while Nicole put on her favorite little black dress. We know we looked good in these dresses, but the girls

were right, they had seen them many times before. Neither of us had kept up with our dressing and we had no new outfits.

"Yeah, it's like looking at a fat old one hit wonder playing his greatest hits at some hotel bar," agreed Sheila.

"Makeup and hair too, ladies," commanded Karen.

We pulled ourselves together as well as we could in the thirty minutes that we were given, I finally strapped on my heels just as Sheila was yelling at me that time was running out. Nicole and I held each other's hand and stood at attention as the girls gave us a once over that would make any drill sergeant envious.

"Stick out that chest, bitch. Be proud of your assets," demanded Karen as she looked me up and down.

"Do you really think those shoes go with that dress?" asked Sheila as she inspected Nicole's pumps.

"Yes, Miss Sheila. Black pumps and a little black dress are a classic look, Miss Sheila," said Nicole in a staccato voice.

"Maybe you're right, sissy. You do not look the least bit stylish though. Both of your clothes are dated and disgraceful. You are going to hit the mall this afternoon and you are going to find some more appropriate clothing, do I make myself clear?" asked Sheila forcefully.

"Yes, Miss Sheila," we replied.

"Practice your makeup, too. I swear there are twelve year-old girls who would put you both to shame," added Karen.

"Have you noticed that they seem to be enjoying this?" asked Sheila.

"Yeah, now that you mention it," agreed Karen. "I think they missed being our little bitches because normally they'd be shaking with fear at what the evil mistresses would do next."

"If you'll round up all their male crap, I think we can get that fear back," said Sheila.

"You heard her, let's go sissies. Pile all the male clothing and toiletries on the bed closest to the bathroom," demanded Karen.

As I separated out my male things, I saw Sheila pick up the phone and dial the front desk. She was not going to make this easy at all. "Hi, I'm Sheila Simon," she announced. "I'm with the Kane wedding and we have a problem with one of the rooms in our block.

It's a special couple enjoying their weekend away together and you put them in a room with double beds. They really need a queen. Actually, they are kind of queens...Yes, that's right they're in 311. I'm sure 318 would be perfect. We'll bring down the keys and do a quick exchange."

"Oh, that'll be much cozier," said Karen before turning her attention back to us. "Come on, move it sissies. You need to fork over those room keys."

It was only a matter of minutes before we were in our new hotel room. As we moved our luggage into the room, the girls kept the masculine items and only allowed us our female toiletries and clothing. We were definitely going to need to do some shopping in town.

"Strip down to your bras and panties while we decide how we want you girls," declared Sheila. We were rapidly seeing that she had become much more dominant than she had been when we knew her back in college. "You can leave the stockings and heels on too of course."

"They used to love to be tied into sixty-nine position. I bet that would bring back some sweet memories for them," suggested Karen.

"Yeah, it would, but do we want them having that much excitement before even the bachelor party. I thought we could stick their heads between each other's legs and make them lick each other's assholes, but that might not be safe," sighed Sheila.

"Yeah, safety first," said Karen, moving over to our assorted masculine items and removing the shoelaces from our shoes. "I think I have an idea. Do what you want to their ankles and tie their arms to their sides."

As Sheila tightly secured our knees and ankles, Karen used one of the shoelaces to attach our ball sacks together and another one to attach our dicks to each other. She then wound a spider's web of shoe lace around our fingers securing our hands grabbing each other's penis. Trying to remove our hands from each other's dicks would cause the other one pain. As our arms were roped tightly to our sides, we were as helpless as ever. Even worse, we were getting erect from the feel of each other's hands and the humiliation of being tied up by the girls once again.

"That is just perfect," acknowledged Sheila as she reached into her bag of rope and produced a new black rubber gag that we had never seen before. "I think I've got a new toy that'll add the crowning touch."

It was a double sided dildo gag that forced a rubber penis into each of our mouths and strapped our mouths tightly together. It was much more like kissing than sharing a ball gag ever had been and of course there was the matter of having a penis shaped object in my mouth for the first time since graduation.

"Pleasant dreams, sissies," said Karen, turning out the light as the girls left with our male clothing and toiletries. It wasn't very late in the afternoon, but between the early Midwestern sunset and the general February gloom, the room was very dark. Lying there, I was turned on. Sheila and Karen had spent the last hour totally humiliating us. They had made us get dressed just so they could order us to strip. I couldn't help, but grow aroused and I could feel that Nicole was also very much turned on; my hands involuntarily gripping her most personal area.

We lay there in the bliss of our all-too-familiar situation before reality set in. I was lying on my right shoulder and the way that I was tied there was no way to switch that position. I really could have used another pillow under my neck and boredom was setting in a bit after twenty minutes held in that position. Nicole fell asleep and with her mouth gagged, she was breathing through her nose right into my face. Time and distance do have a tendency to romanticize what the heart wants, whether it's a person, a fetish, or a situation. When we are face to face with our desires, we are reminded of what we love about them, but also the unpleasant unrelenting realities of the mundane.

I awoke with a start as our room's door opened. It hadn't occurred to me that when Sheila switched our rooms, she kept one of the keys for herself.

"See, what did I tell you? They can't keep their hands off each other," said Karen giggling at our unchanging predicament. As the

room's overhead light was flipped on, my eyes tried to adjust.

"Oh my, they do seem to be having fun, don't they Wendy?" asked Amanda in a voice that never failed to send a shiver down my spine.

"I'll say. I bet if we weren't here, they'd spend the whole weekend in bed with each other," mocked Wendy as she plopped herself on Nicole's side of the bed. She ran her long fingernail down the back of her sissy's stockinged leg, sending shockwaves through Nicole and causing her to convulse with laughter from the tickling. As Wendy removed Nicole's right shoe and began to tickle the underside of her feet, Nicole involuntarily jerked about, which caused her to pull on the shoelaces tied to my scrotum. I winced, breathing shallowly to try and block the pain from my mind, which only drew laughter from the girls.

Soon, Amanda followed suit and began tickling me. We were in danger of wetting our panties from the barrage, but also in pain from the tugging on our balls.

"This is fun. I could do this all night," said Amanda, giggling at our distress. Luckily for us, they soon stopped and our gags were released. "Good to see you again sissy."

"Thank you Amanda," I replied. "It's great to see you, too."

"You two really disappoint me. Looking the way you do when you're dressed up and you haven't done it since college?" asked Wendy.

"It's not the same without you girls," I replied honestly.

"So you need us to hold your hand? I'm not surprised," said Amanda in mock disappointment. "Well, sissy girls, Aunt Amanda and Aunt Wendy will have you back to your old selves in no time."

"Makeup lasts a year tops, bitches. You need new makeup. There's a *Sephora* at the mall and we've got you both scheduled for makeovers tonight. You will both be buying everything the girl recommends," commanded Wendy. "She knows you need bachelorette party and wedding makeup."

"And you need outfits. You need something for the party tomorrow night. You had better have the sexiest, skankiest outfits there if you know what's good for you and my outfit is pretty hot. You'll also need something really steamy for your performance."

We're not that far from Saint Louis. You need trashy club wear or better yet, stripper wear. Finally, you need to pick up outfits for the wedding and don't forget the accessories," demanded Amanda.

"Our performance?" I asked puzzled.

"You're providing entertainment at the party, some dancing, some grinding, and a lot of making out. Make sure your act is hot, you are going to need to rehearse," warned Wendy.

"Get another outfit that you can wear to meet us all at the hotel bar tonight and don't forget manicures and pedicures," insisted Sheila.

"You have a lot to do and you can't afford to be lying around in bed all day," informed Karen as she began to cut us loose from our predicament.

Shopping was pretty uneventful. Even with our time out of dresses, we both could still pass pretty well if we put our mind to it and we were looking to spend a bit more money than we were even really comfortable with in a very short period of time. It was humiliating to ask each other if outfits cut us across our bust, or made our butts look big, or simply hung right. It was embarrassing to sit in the makeup chair while an attractive woman told us we had the perfect faces for being girls. It was terrifying to be walking through the streets of Saint Louis in a neighborhood we didn't know being eyed by some guys exiting a rough looking bar.

As we ducked into Exotica, we immediately felt out of place. There were racks of dresses that would barely come to the tops of our thighs in rubber, latex, and PVC in a wide variety of colors.

"I'll be closing in about twenty minutes," said a cute strawberry blonde in a purple metallic halter dress that had clearly come from this shop. "But, look around and if you have any questions or want to try anything on, let me know. My name is Crystal."

"Thank you," said Nicole, which for some reason stopped her in her tracks.

"Oh wow! You had me fooled there for a moment. This is so awesome. My boyfriend is a pre-op. You girls look amazing," she

rambled before stopping mid-thought and giggling. "I'm sorry, just wow!"

"We need outfits," I said. "Our mistresses want us to dance for them at a bachelorette party."

"Mistresses? I'm liking the sound of that. My boyfriend is under my control," she responded. "Well, we don't want to make your mistresses mad. Let's get some outfits."

In addition, to a couple of extremely sexy matching dance outfits for the bachelorette party, we also were talked into dresses for the bachelorette party itself. Nicole selected a black one shoulder mini dress with mesh zigzag insets that made it very sexy and gave her the appearance of curves that she didn't really have. I went with a tight red rhinestone trimmed halter dress that had an open back. Again, it concealed what needed to be hidden, while revealing a lot of everything else. If my back looked sexy, that was great, but I sure didn't want anybody getting a look at what was lacking in the front.

The hotel bar filled with insurance agents and salesmen whose companies wanted them to do business in Saint Louis, without putting the cost of a Saint Louis hotel on the company charge account. As Nicole and I walked in, every eye on the place was on us. When you're a guy trying to act like a sexy girl, there is no such thing as excess. We were dressed far sexier than the smattering of actual women in the place. I wonder how they'd feel to know that two dudes were taking all of their male attention.

Nicole wore a black and fuchsia lacy sheath dress that only came to the middle of her thighs. With stiletto heels and a generous application of makeup, some sexy black sheer stockings, and a much too expensive blonde wig, she was radiant. As good as she looked trying it on in the mall, she looked even better in the more flattering lighting of the bar. For my part, I chose a slinky lemon yellow halter dress trimmed in silver and rhinestones. It had two sexy cut outs below the bust area that displayed my flat stomach, which was a plus to me being accepted as an attractive woman.

I didn't think my hair looked as good as it used to. I was out of practice styling it and I definitely had a long albeit male style. Nicole assured me that I had nothing to worry about. My shoes weren't quite stilettos, but they were black open toed pumps to show off the new manicure. The thin four-inch heels and nude hose definitely made my legs look long and sexy.

"Oh my God! Is this them?" said an attractive brunette girl in a purple sweater and tight jeans. "I mean, I can't believe it."

"Uhm, hi," I said tentatively. It had never occurred to me that there would be people in the wedding party that we didn't know from college, but of course Deanna had a life before us and a life after us as well.

"When you said they were guys, I mean...just...I'm Marcie. I'm the maid of honor," she gasped. "This is my husband, Will."

"I think you know everybody else. It's great to see you two," greeted Deanna as she hugged me tightly and then moved on to Nicole. I tentatively shook Jim's hand. He never seemed to disapprove of us, but it was still awkward for him to see us all dressed up.

"A few in the wedding party can't get here until tomorrow and Deanna's brother is too young for the bar, but this is most of the wedding party," explained Marcie.

"Cool," said Nicole. "I do feel a bit overdressed though."

"It's not like you had a choice," snapped Wendy.

"I just can't get over you two," said Marcie shaking her head. "Deanna has shown me pictures, but nothing prepared me for this. You're beautiful."

"You're going to give them big heads and we'll have to take them down a peg, you know," replied Amanda.

"Yeah, and they'll do it too," agreed Nicole jovially.

"I hope shopping went well. I'd hate to see any sissies punished tonight," taunted Karen.

"We got everything we needed for the weekend. I'm sure you'll be happy with our choices," I replied.

"They sure have you trained," joked Will.

"It took us long enough," said Deanna winking at me.

"I mean, but don't you ever just say no?" he asked.

"I don't always go along with everything they tell me," I muttered defending myself, but immediately regretting it.

"No, you don't," agreed Amanda, "but then what happens when you have these little rebellions?"

"I regret it," I stammered meekly.

"Say it louder," she demanded. Her eyes locked with mine and despite being at a table of friends in a crowded bar, I realized that we were engaged in a battle of wills.

"When I've fought with Amanda, she's always made me regret it. Maybe if I drink enough, I'll tell you about some of the times I did. Needless to say, they were embarrassing and showed me that the place I belonged was at her feet. It's just taken me a long time to understand that," I replied loudly and clearly to a couple of strange looks from the guys celebrating landing an account at the next table over from us.

"Well, I guess that settles that," chuckled Will.

"Behave Will or I'll let them put you in a dress too," snapped Marcie pinching the soft skin under his arm.

"Hey, I think he'd fit my bridesmaid's dress if we let it out a little," offered Sheila.

"You're not getting out of my wedding party that easy," teased Deanna.

It was an amazing night. The girls had always had the ability to switch from *domme* to friend and back to *domme* on a dime and every now and then they would keep us on our toes that evening, but it was amazing to see these bratty girls turning into women.

"I have to ask," I hesitated. "Was Erin invited?"

"I'm sorry Kylie." Sighed Deanna. "We did try to get in touch with her, but we didn't have any luck. The invitation was returned. I'm sorry."

"That's alright." I nodded. Amanda brushed my arm in sympathy.

A trio of guys came over from the pool tables. Of course the girls had dates for the wedding, why wouldn't they? They'd probably all be getting married in the next few years and there I was in my yellow dress and heels. Even Nicole had a woman in his life, supposedly. With the party breaking up, Nicole and I made our way

back to our own room. I was in a very dark mood and I wasn't in much of a mood to have to share a bed with him. Had Sheila completely dismissed the idea of me finding a girl to spend the evening with because of how I was dressed or did she just not care?

Nicole and I had spent all morning trying to figure out how to dance for the pre-party that night. The girls would be expecting a lot from us and we didn't want to disappoint. We applied heavy rouge to our cheeks and did our makeup much more heavily than we ever would have normally. Our costumes were little more than matching black leotards with stilettos and black knee high stockings worn over our suntan pantyhose of course.

We primped and preened each other before heading to the party. We had given Sheila a boom box with instructions on what CD to play as we entered as well as a couple of props that we'd need. Nicole had brought a bottle of rum with for the weekend and we each took a couple of shots to steel ourselves for what was next.

"Let's do it," he said.

"OK, it's now or never," I replied. "I'm right behind you."

Together we got on the elevator. A young couple got on right after us and looked in shock. "We're dancing at a bachelorette party," explained Nicole.

"A bachelorette party? I would have thought you were dressed for a bachelor party," said the woman, confused.

"Don't judge," I said laughing.

That poor couple was more confused than ever when they left the elevator. I think that was the only time I actually ever outed myself.

Unfortunately for us, entering the private room meant going through the bar and although it was still too early for it to be full, several men on bar stools got great views of our assets as we walked by.

"Hey, what's your rush?" asked a drunken guy with a beard who looked old enough to be my grandfather. "Let my friends and I buy you dolls a couple of drinks."

"Sorry, we're on the clock," replied Nicole as we made our way towards the entrance to the back room. I made eye contact with Sheila, who smiled a Cheshire cat grin and started the CD player. Editing video in my day job had given me access to some great equipment for mixing audio and with Nicole's helps I had selected our songs very carefully.

As we entered the private room, Glamorous began to play. It had a great intro and immediately the girls got to their feet hooting and hollering in admiration as we did our best to dance in as sexy a way as possible for the girls. We started slowly, gyrating our butts and boobs as we entered to nearly a dozen cheering girls. I could see a big smile on Deanna's face and Amanda whispering something in her ear, so clearly the two most important people were impressed.

We sashayed to the front of the room, where Sheila had stashed two black umbrellas. The music switched to Rhianna and we went into the routine that we had spent the most time rehearsing that day. *Umbrella* was a sexy song and I felt sexy as the girls cheered us on. It would have been strange had I stopped and thought about it that I was feeling that way because of the reaction of girls to me trying to dance in a way that would turn on a guy. Karen and Sheila rushed up to the stage and stuck money in each of our outfits, which got the crowd laughing.

Nicole and I stopped dancing and looked at each other trying to act as longing and lust filled as two heterosexual guys could for each other, drawing a smattering of applause from some of the girls who thought our act was over. Then, as we embraced in a passionate, open mouthed kiss *Say it Right* began to play. In addition to cheering, there were also a lot of catcalls. We ground against each other juking to the beat. It ended with me standing in front of Nicole and leaning back with my arm around her in a sensuous embrace, which was only broken up by the horns at the beginning of *Hips Don't Lie* beginning on the CD.

Nicole had a tremendous ability to swivel her hips, so I let her take the lead on this song, while I try to engage the crowd, while swaying the best I could. After the first chorus we made a beeline for Deanna and took the bride-to-be up in front to dance with us. She

was a great sport and naturally all her friends went wild for the dancing bride. Deanna began plucking her friends out of the audience and by the time the song finished everybody was up and dancing with each other. It had been just under fifteen minutes, but Nicole and I were exhausted.

"Thanks, that was amazing," said Deanna, hugging our sweaty bodies. "I'm so glad you came."

"We are too." Smiled Nicole. I nodded in agreement.

"This was the best wedding gift you could have given me. I guess all those Britney and Madonna songs we made you dance to have paid off," she declared giggling.

"You two were fabulous," beamed Amanda. "You made Wendy and I so proud, but you better get changed so you can enjoy the rest of the festivities."

We went up to the room and slipped into the sexy, almost slutty, outfits that we had picked up the day before at that shop in Saint Louis.

When we entered the room, we were greeted with another round of applause from the girls. Sheila handed us each a shot of Jamison's while Marcie plopped cosmos in front of us saying, "Catch up."

There aren't many drinks that are more feminine than a cosmo, but the penis straws in our drinks were even worse. We looked at each other, shrugged our shoulders, and began to drink away.

"You two are so talented," said Marcia already clearly a bit buzzed. "You just make a party so much fun. You're like Wong Foo."

"I'll take that as a compliment," I replied. "I'm glad it went off well."

"We were so nervous," interjected Nicole, laughing.

"It went better than well. If you two wanted, you could seriously make money at this I bet," complimented Marcie.

"I've thought about it," responded Nicole with a revelation that surprised me, "but it takes a lot more than just looking like a girl."

"Yeah, it takes dancing. You can do that," suggested Deanna.

"You better finish your drinks and then go change. We have a long night ahead of us and I don't think you want to do it dressed like that," teased Deanna.

"No, you're right," I said. We pounded our drinks and went upstairs past the same guys in the bar.

"You're having some party in there," said a bookish looking guy at the bar that I guessed was in his middle forties.

"It's a bachelorette party," smiled Nicole.

"Oh, I like the sound of that. Drunken girls and weddings are a good combination for a guy looking to score," said his friend, a more rugged looking guy who had a very scratchy looking beard and a bit of gray at his temples.

"Well, I don't think they're that anyone's that drunk," I replied. "We'll be back."

"Don't keep us waiting, sweetheart," chimed in the bookish guy.

We went back to our room and put on the great outfits from Saint Louis. Along the way, we congratulated each other on a job well done and providing Deanna with a bachelorette party to remember. We drank another celebratory shot and were starting to feel the effects of alcohol as we touched up our makeup and stepped into our shoes. Giving each other the once over, I had to agree that we looked pretty terrific. Walking through the bar, we could tell that the guys at the bar thought so too.

"Let's make it a double wedding," offered the bookish looking guy. "I'll divorce my old lady the second we get back from the honeymoon."

"I'll think about it," I replied, as I hustled Nicole into the private room. Again, we were greeted with appreciative smiles from the girls, compliments at our appearance, and more alcohol.

Feeling that our big moment was over, we relaxed and let our guard down. Drinking more than we should have and blowing on the penis shaped whistles and noisemakers like the rest of the girls.

"Hey, quiet down!" said a black police officer ducking his head into the room. "We've gotten a bunch of complaints about a wild bachelorette party in here."

"Oh God," moaned Nicole. "We weren't the only entertainment." No sooner had she said that, then an equally buff white guy came in carrying yet another CD player. Any girls who were unsure about the first guy now knew exactly what was happening and the place got loud with hoots and catcalls.

They made a beeline for Deanna, taking her to a chair they moved to the center of the room and handcuffing her to it. Deanna was nervously blushing, but also smiling and laughing at the display.

"Now I understand Dee here is going to be getting married...to the only guy she's ever dated," he mocked giving her a funny look. "You're not big on trying new things are you?"

"What can I say?" she asked rhetorically, "I know what I like."

All of us in the audience were enjoying the verbal exchange between them before the music went on and the male strippers began to do what they were paid for and ripped off their clothes. The white guy, who I later learned was named Tom flexed and posed all the time sliding up and down on Deanna. He teased her by coming within an inch of her, but with her hands cuffed behind her, she couldn't respond by touching him back. The black guy was named Darrell. He proved to be quite the gymnast, doing a handstand, which placed his crotch about an inch from Deanna's face. Tom uncuffed her hands and guided them onto Darrell's firm ass, drawing cheers from her friends watching the spectacle unfold.

The only bachelor party I had ever attended was held the previous year and involved a trip to a famous strip club in Peoria. However, I had no experience with strippers who made house calls and as such, I had no idea that they usually asked the person booking them who they should single out from the crowd besides the bride. Amanda had made the call and naturally made sure that as the maid of honor, Marcie got plenty of attention, but she also made sure that the strippers were sure to go for Nicole and me. We were sitting down laughing at Deanna when the strippers made their way back to us.

Darrell sat on my lap while Tom sat on Nicole's. Immediately we were trapped. We were already warned about destroying the mood of the party and we liked Deanna and wanted the party to go well for her anyway. We also didn't want to sit there in awkward silence because we'd look like total losers and the guys would wonder what our story was. I smiled my best smile as Darrell put my hand on his shoulder.

I don't say this in a racial way because the same could be said of Tom, but I felt like Darrell was a different species from me or

something. The girls who wanted nothing more than to put us into feminine finery were enraptured by his bulging biceps and ripped physique. I felt his rock hard shoulders and looked at his arms, which were bigger than my legs. I couldn't help feeling inadequate. I tried to act comfortable and stuck a five dollar bill in his G-string in the hopes that he'd get the hint and leave me alone. Instead, it seemed to encourage him.

He pulled me up to my feet as the girls hooted and snapped pictures. He had me stand in front of him facing him and he kept pushing my legs further apart with his foot until they were spread past shoulder length. He then grabbed me around my waist in such a way that my weight was falling backwards and my legs instinctively shot out and hugged his waist. My dress was hiked up to my waist, leaving my panties on display for all as he spun around with me and then did squats while holding onto me. I felt like a rag doll in his hands before he gently eased me to the ground laying me down on my back.

Sheila immediately ran up to me and placed a ten dollar bill on top of my panties. I was an expert at tucking by this point, but I was nervous about what he might feel or see if he got too close. He licked his palmed and rubbed the saliva into his forehead. He then backed up and faced away from me. He did a somersault right into a headstand, which forced his moist forehead to stick to the ten dollar bill. I looked up and saw that Nicole was being hoisted up by Tom who was grinding her ass. Darrell released the headstand and was now kneeling over me with my face right under his crotch. He swayed to the music slithering over me and letting me feel every inch of his amazing body.

I could smell his musky cologne, which provided such a contrast to the floral perfume that I had sprayed myself with. He began to do pushups on me before finally coming to a rest lying on top of me. He finally somersaulted back to his feet and made his way back to the crowd to play with Amanda. I stuck a five dollar bill into his G-string and cringed at the experience. I shook my head in envy and desire as Amanda dirty danced with him.

We posed for a bunch of pictures. In one shot, I hung on Darrell's flexed arm like a total bimbo, while Nicole was perched on

Tom's shoulder like a small child wearing his police hat. The strippers got a round of applause from the girls as they waved goodbye. I pulled out my compact to see if I was still blushing and wasn't surprised to see that I was. However, things didn't get any easier when they left.

Karen went up front and center and called myself, Sheila, Marcie, and Deanna to the center of the room and chairs were provided for us. Music was played on the CD player and she announced that it was time for us all to play the Sexiest Couple Game. I was a bit surprised that they had picked me. Sheila and Marcie had serious relationships, but if they wanted a sissy to humiliate I didn't understand why they didn't just pick Nicole as she did have a girlfriend who she was talking about marriage with.

"Ladies," said Karen in her best game show host voice. "We've asked your partners some very personal questions early and you need to give us your answers. There are fabulous prizes for the winners and some potential embarrassment for any sissies who come in last."

"This isn't fair," I objected, trying not to be a stick in the mud. "I'm not seeing anyone."

"I'm sorry our judges say tough titties," replied Karen, pretending to listen to an earpiece and getting giggles from the audience. She asked us, "Where will your partner say that he can touch you and instantly turn you on?"

"The back of my neck," replied Marcie, who was first in line. Karen held up an index card confirming that it was indeed what her husband said and drawing polite applause.

"Kylie, where did he say you like to be touched?" asked Karen.

"I told you. I don't have a partner," I replied blankly.

"They asked me, Kylie," shouted Nicole. "You should have known that."

"Ok, I'll go with the back of my neck too," I answered feeling a bit more confident.

"I'm sorry," responded Karen. "Nicole said that you love to be touched on the inner thigh." Not only did I lose a point, but I had to endure the hoots and hollers from the girls hearing such sensitive details about Nicole and me.

After round one, we were trailing everybody, but Sheila. Then something remarkable happened. I don't think the game was purposely rigged or anything like that, but Nicole and I went on quite a winning streak. The second question asked us, "Who initiated your first kiss?"

While Deanna and Sheila admitted to kissing their guy first and Marcie incorrectly claimed that her husband had, I shocked everybody when I declared that our kiss was initiated by Amanda. They were even more surprised when Nicole matched my answer.

The question that seemed to stump everybody was, "If your partner could choose one thing of yours to get rid of what would he choose?" However, for me it was again an easy slam dunk when I responded, "It's got to be my penis."

When all was said and done, we had come in second to Deanna. Nobody let her win, but she had been with Jim so long that it really wasn't a fair contest. Our prize was a romantic dinner at a very nice restaurant. As I had nobody to take and didn't live close to any of their locations, I gladly turned the gift certificate over to Nicole.

As we sat and ate a cream filled chocolate penis cake, Marcie announced that the final event of the evening would be a scavenger hunt. We would be divided into three teams. The first team was made up of Sheila, Karen, Wendy, and Amanda. The second team was made up of three of Deanna's close friends from high school and her two work colleagues. Finally, Nicole and I were teamed up with Deanna and Marcie

"Wow! How did we wind up with the bride and maid of honor?" asked Nicole.

"Who else would we want to be with?" asked Marcie rhetorically.

"They wanted us to win and you two are the experts at approaching and seducing guys," beamed Deanna.

"Us? How do you figure?" I asked.

"It's simple, you know. We sit at the bar and guys try and buy us drinks. The only pickup line we need is, *okay, I'll talk to you*. On the other hand, we used to make you get phone numbers, guys to dance with you or kiss you and you got good at it. None of us had to do it," explained Deanna.

"So what do we have to do," questioned Nicole.

"We need guys to serenade us, give us a condom, give us his underwear, talk dirty to us and write a funny saying on our butts. We need to drink a blow job shot between a guy's legs, dance with the oldest guy in the place, get a piggyback ride, dance with the oldest guy here, show a guy our bras, dance on a table or bar, get a picture of one of us on a Harley, and give a random guy a massage," read Marcie.

"Do we all have to do everything or if like one person dances on the bar is that enough?" asked Deanna.

"I think it's just one person in your group has to do those things," explained Marcie.

"You two are going to be very busy, then," said Deanna to me and Nicole.

"OK, I think I know where we can get a lot of that stuff done if those guys are still at the bar." I sighed.

"Have you been hitting on guys already? Wow," teased Deanna.

"They were hitting on us when we came down to dance for you," said Nicole as if that somehow made it less embarrassing.

"Well, if you already have a fish on the line, let's reel him in. Just remember, Marcie's a good girl and I'm the bride to be, so if it gets raunchy, it's going to be one of you two that gets raunchy," warned Deanna.

"I can get raunchy," pouted Marcie.

"Well, maybe you'll get your chance," replied Deanna.

We headed back over to the bar area to find our friends from before sitting with two new guys that we hadn't seen before. I got the feeling that they didn't move much from their bar stools to begin with.

"So you finally stopped arguing over which one of you gets me and came back to let me know who the winner is?" said the bookish looking one.

"You know us too well," flirted Nicole. Her whole posture seemed to change in a way that mine never did. She was a natural at being coquettish.

"Actually, a drink sounds great. I'm Kylie and this is my friend Nicole. That's Marcie and the woman with the tiara is Deanna. She's

getting married tomorrow," I replied.

"Married? A young thing like you?" asked the guy with the beard who had spoken to us earlier. "What a waste. Don't do it."

"My mind's made up," said Deanna smiling.

"Don't mind Craig," said the bookish guy. "I'm Steve and these guys are Ryan and Larry."

"Hey ladies," said Larry, trying to sound smooth, but reacting sheepishly when he realized that he didn't even come close. Ryan just smiled and nodded at us probably scared to make the same mistake.

"About that drink," I interjected.

"What will you have?" asked Steve.

"I want a blow job," I replied, trying to sound confident. Steve stared at me wide-eyed, but Larry's reaction was to do a classic spit take and spray his beer all over the bar area getting a dirty look from the bartender.

"It's a drink," I said. "Irish cream and amaretto almond liqueur."

"Hey Pat, you ever heard of one of these things?" Steve asked the bartender.

"Yeah," the bartender chuckled as he went to make the drink.

"Get me a Jack and Coke, while you're at it," requested Steve.

As the bartender gave us our drinks I was determined to get through as much of our challenges right here as I could. Steve handed me the drink and I smiled at him. "Now comes the fun part," I said. "Spin around so that you're facing away from the bar and spread your legs. He was a bit puzzled, but he did as I requested.

"Now what?" he asked.

I put the shot between his legs and put my hands behind my back. I then bent over and grabbed the shot glass in my mouth and swallowed the shot, trying to look sexy, but coughing as a bit of it went down the wrong pipe.

"That was awesome. Want another?" asked Ryan.

"Not just now," I replied. "We're doing a scavenger hunt and the blow job was one task on the list."

"Don't worry guys. There are some other really fun ones. If any of you have a condom, I can trade you a massage," smiled Deanna.

"Aw, sure," said Larry, reaching into his wallet. "I don't suppose there's a happy ending?"

"Nope," replied Deanna laughing at his comment.

"What else do you need?" asked Craig.

"Would you like to dance with me?" asked Marcie. "That's one of the challenges."

"It's cause I'm the oldest guy here, isn't it?" he replied. Marcie nodded yes bashfully. "Aw Hell, I'm not proud," he declared.

"How about me?" asked Ryan feeling perpetually left out.

"I have something special in mind for you, Ryan," I cooed. "I need your underwear."

"I can't," he said sadly. "How would I explain that to my wife?"

"If you give her your underwear she'll dance on the counter for you," said Deanna. I gave her a dirty look, but she just smiled back at me.

"Oh heck, it's for a good cause," he declared as if Deanna's wedding was charity. I waited for him to get back from the restroom as Steve gave Nicole a piggyback ride around the bar area.

As Ryan returned from the bathroom spinning a pair of red and white striped boxers around his right index finger, Deanna leaned over to tell me, "For your sake, I hope they're clean."

I gratefully took the boxers and began to climb up on the bar with the help of Ryan and Craig.

"Hey, you can't dance on the bar," declared Pat.

"Aw, come on, it's for a wedding, Pat. Have a heart man," pleaded Ryan.

"I promise you'll get a great view," I said seductively to Pat causing him to at least shrug his shoulders. The speakers began playing *You Shook Me All Night Long* and I tried to own it. My big move was shimmying down to my knees and back up, trying to whip my hair around as I did it. I don't think I was really good, but Ryan was in Heaven.

"Oh my, sugar, if you have me, I'll leave my wife tonight. I'll give her the house and my truck too," he said, leaning back on his stool and looking up at me. I was starting to draw a lot of attention from the rest of the bar too. Before long, I was able to convince Nicole and Deanna to get up there with me and we had every male eye in

the place on us. When the song finally ended, we got a round of applause.

We thanked the guys and had farewell shots before we headed out the bar to see if we could find a Harley parked on one of the streets near the hotel. As we got out in the fresh air and bright lights of downtown Shoredale, I could see that everybody was looking a bit wobbly in their heels. Fortunately, we didn't have to walk far before we found a few bikes. We declared that it should be Deanna with the honor of being photographed since it was her wedding after all. She gave her best sexy pose on the bike just before a huge beast of a man came rushing out of the bar.

"What the Hell! Get off my bike," he yelled loudly. He had to be at least six and a half feet tall and none of us wanted any part of him.

"Relax," said Deanna climbing off the bike. "It's my wedding tomorrow."

"So? Nobody sits on the bike, but my lady," he barked.

"How about we sit on it together?" she asked.

"Look, I don't..." he started saying before he was interrupted by Deanna taking off the baby blue sweater that she was wearing, displaying her firm young breasts in a sexy satin sapphire colored bra.

"Come on, let's get on it together," she insisted. "What do you say?"

Wordlessly, he smiled and climbed on letting Deanna get on behind him. She hung onto him like a groupie, letting him feel her breasts pressing into his back. Marcie snapped the photo on her phone and he seemed much friendlier when he saw it. He chuckled and wished Deanna well as she put her sweater back on.

We finished much earlier than any of the other groups. We went back to the bar and we drank heavily. Deanna let her guard down and told us about her fears marrying the only guy she ever slept with, but insisting that she was so sure about him. She also told us that only three people had ever tasted his cum and they were all at that table. Marcie wasn't one of them. She told us that Jim was a pretty convenient source when they wanted to do things like make us eat it on pasta. Somehow, even though that had been long ago, we still found ourselves humiliated by the revelation.

When the others returned, they couldn't believe what little time it took us. Marcie and Deanna gave us all the credit. When Amanda asked her about the motorcycle picture, she explained that she couldn't have Nicole or I expose our breast forms so it seemed like the best way to kill two birds with one stone.

"You know, I know this is your first bachelorette party, but you're really good at it," teased Amanda. "That's two first place finishes for you too."

Though some of them weren't even twenty-five yet, they had clearly matured. A few short years ago the two of us would have been tied together in our beds, possibly with a gag in our mouth and more likely with each other's dicks stuffed in our mouths. However, as Nicole and I leaned on each other for support as we waddled back to our room, it must have occurred to the girls that if either of us drank enough to throw up, it would prove to be a very bad idea. We were allowed to sleep unmolested.

The morning of the wedding was beautiful, even if we did sleep through most of it. I owed Nicole a debt of thanks for making sure that I had plenty of water to drink and a couple of aspirin before going to bed, but just because I didn't have a pounding headache didn't mean that I was at one-hundred percent after last night. I wondered what the bachelor party had been like. I had to admit; in spite of myself, I had a lot of fun with the women.

After getting some hamburgers to settle our stomachs, Nicole and I spent most of the morning getting ready for the wedding. Passing and even turning on some drunks at a bar was one thing, but we were going into a church. We would be at a wedding and a reception with grandparents, small children, and Deanna's close family. The last thing we wanted was to cause a scene. Being a pretty young woman was something I never really thought about before. Most of my dressing had been to either fool people who didn't care about me or to impress guys. This was different.

I wore a gold empire waist dress with shoulder straps. The dress came just above my knees and gave me the appearance of

having more hips and ass than I actually did. I had purchased a gold pair of sandals that complimented it perfectly. I thought that the whole outfit really accentuated my legs. Nicole wore a red maxi dress, with a very long slit in it. I liked the dress quite a bit, but I just didn't think it worked for a wedding really. She wore red open toed pumps with the dress.

We were just finishing preening when Amanda, Sheila, Karen, and Wendy came into the room. I'd love to say that they were beautiful, but Amanda, Wendy, and Sheila all looked kind of silly in their fuchsia bridesmaid dresses. Karen did look great in the jade dress that she was wearing.

"I will say that you two really look great," acknowledged Karen.

"Yeah, you'll do fine at the wedding. Well done," agreed Sheila.

"I wish that we could say the same. Those bridesmaid's dresses are awful," declared Nicole jokingly, but then suddenly quiet.

"You really just said your mistress looked awful?" said Karen breaking the awkward silence.

"No, not her," he stumbled tripping over his own words. "Your dresses...I mean they're bridesmaid's dresses."

"That we wear because of our love for our dear friend, who also happens to be one of your mistresses, sissy," snapped Amanda.

"Well, I can't tolerate this kind of insolence," declared Wendy. "You two will need to be punished."

"Me?" I asked, startled. "Leave me out of this one."

"Now, when have we ever punished just one of you?" asked Karen. "We do group punishment here."

We looked at each other nervously. Sure, they liked to punish us together, but I could think of plenty of times when only one of us got in trouble because the other one couldn't do anything about it anyway.

"Here's the deal girls," explained Amanda. "There are a few friends of Jim's that are here at the wedding. They don't have dates because they're looking to score. Their names are Doug and Mark. Show them a good time and make sure to get your pictures taken with them too. I think Deanna would approve since she asked us to keep an eye on her friends around them and you can keep them occupied."

"That seems perfect," agreed Wendy.

"How far do we have to go with them?" I asked, dreading the answer, but wanting it spelled out for me.

"You don't have to bed them, but you need to keep their focus on you. Do whatever that takes," explained Amanda. Over her shoulder I could see Karen, who was making a blowjob gesture with her first and by pushing the side of her mouth with her tongue.

"I'll be at the same table as you will and so will they, so I'll give you a big buildup," explained Karen. "I know you're quite good under the table if need be Kylie."

"No...girls, I've missed dressing up, but I don't want to be seducing guys. That boat has sailed I'm afraid," I replied.

"Yeah, this is too much girls. I mean I'll dance with guys, but no oral sex and no seduction," agreed Nicole.

"I can't believe what I'm hearing," said Wendy. "Have you really forgotten your place so quickly?"

"This is too much, Wendy," I held my ground.

Amanda reached into her clutch bag and handed us each a printout. On it were the names and contact information for friends, family, and other people that knew me well. Some of the information was obviously outdated, but it still could cause complications.

"What's this?" I asked.

"It's insurance," replied Amanda. "Unless you want some long talk with your friends about your college experiences. You and your girlfriend could have such a great talk, Nicole."

They had us. They always did. Somehow, this forced feminization experience did become forced. We both nodded, "okay."

The wedding was beautiful, but so are most weddings. It felt weird to be in the church in women's clothes. Nicole told me she was worried about a lightning bolt striking her, but it was uneventful.

The wedding reception was surprisingly not at the hotel. However, it was at the banquet hall exactly three-quarters of a block from the hotel. Surprisingly, the banquet hall looked great. It actually

didn't look like it belonged in a small town like Shoredale with the gigantic chandelier, Waterford crystal, and Lenox plates.

We walked into the hall at the same time as Karen and her date Elias, who was a bartender from Chicago wanting to be an actor. She decided that it was a good idea not to tell him of our true gender, but I got the feeling he knew more than he let on. As we took our name cards and made our way to our seats along with the other two-hundred-fifty wedding guests, we saw two guys at the table already.

"That's them," whispered Karen before we approached the table. "Doug is the guy with the tattoos, and Mark is the blonde guy who looks like a surfer."

We walked over to the tables, watching the two guys checking us out. They clearly were trying to figure out who Elias was with and which of us were on the market. My seat was next to Karen, which put me directly next to Mark.

"Hi, I'm Doug and this is Mark. We're friends of Jim."

"Hi guys, I'm Karen. This is my boyfriend Elias and two of my college friends Nicole and Kylie," she said motioning to us. We smiled demurely at the guys. It seems that by location, I was already paired up.

"So why aren't you with anybody?" asked Mark. I instantly felt Karen digging her nails into my thigh expecting me to flirt.

"I just am not involved with anybody right now and I didn't want to do a wedding as a first date. A guy would have to be a saint to put up with that," I winced.

"I get you. I'm kind of the same way," he agreed. "Maybe we can be alone together."

"Uh, sure Mark. I'd like that," I said smiling. I was amazed with the speed with which he worked. We had been sitting down less than five minutes and he was already making us a couple.

"Kylie's a great dancer. You've really got to get her out on the floor," said Karen, filling an awkward silence.

"Great," he replied with mock sincerity. "I like to dance."

Now guys as a general rule aren't that fond of dancing. Sure, there are some guys who enjoy it and I can think of friends who do, but mostly it's just a mating ritual no different than what animals do and it's meant to attract a potential mate. Male jumping spiders do

an intricate courtship dance to attract a female and if his performance is flawed, she eats him. We're not all that different.

Of the guys who enjoy dancing, most of them want to be at a club with hot girls and a pounding bass. They don't generally want to hang out in a hotel ballroom with someone's Aunt Rita strutting their stuff to *Celebration* by Kool and the Gang.

I was saved from awkward silence by the sudden appearance of an eighteen year old boy. He was good looking, with thick dark hair and he had some muscle on his six-foot-one frame.

"Tommy!" said Karen. "I haven't seen you since you were shorter than me."

"Hey, it's Tom now, but it's awesome to see you, Karen," he said. "Who is your friend?"

"Tom, this is Kylie. She's one of your sister's friends from college," she explained. "This is Deanna's little brother Tom."

"Little brother?" I said, smiling. "It's nice to meet you."

"When you're the baby, you're always the little brother," stated Karen. "Besides, I've known him since he was ten years old. He was kind of a runt."

"Well, I'm going to get back to the table, but I just had to stop by," he declared.

"I'm glad you did. Save a spot for me on that dance card," said Karen.

"I plan on it," he said as he walked away. "I'll save one for you too, Kylie."

Dinner had all the excitement that a small town wedding promises. In other words, the food was fine, the music was fine, and the toasts were fine. Even the flirting between the two wedding singers and the two reluctant boy-girls was fine too. I had just finished a piece of the wedding cake and I could see them clearing the dance floor. I decided it was a good time to clear my head and steel myself for an evening of babysitting Mark. I got to my feet and I walked out of the room. I came to the lobby area and was about to go to the ladies room, when I saw Amanda sitting in a green overstuffed chair with a pensive look on her face.

"Beautiful wedding," I said politely.

"Yeah, it was," she agreed.

"Where's your boyfriend?" I asked.

"He's just a date," she sneered, laughing at the suggestion. "He went to take a phone call. He's a clerk in a law office and there's some big case or another."

"How do you like law school?" I asked.

"It's good. It's a lot of work though. I kind of envy you doing something fun," she answered.

"Well, when you're done, you can buy and sell me."

"I could have sold you when we were in college for a pretty penny I bet," she joked. "What fraternity wouldn't pay for a French maid with benefits?"

"Yeah, point taken," I said. "So I have to know, are you doing the same thing with a law student?"

"Are you nuts? They're too busy to wait on you and if they get mad, they won't try some of the ineffectual crap you pulled, they'll just sue," she scoffed.

"Damn, I should have thought to take you to *People's Court*. I was sure you'd be training someone to be your new sissy by now."

"Oh, I am. He's an undergrad though, and I must say that Esmeralda is coming along splendidly."

"Pretty name, but I never took you for a cradle robber."

"Watch is sissy," she responded in mock indignation. "I can still tan your hide. Besides, there's only two years of difference."

"Well, as long as you're happy," I said.

"I am, it's just wedding get me down," she replied. "I wonder where I'm going in life."

"Are you kidding me?" I asked. "You're amazing, I am no doubt you will enslave a whole country some day."

"Thank you, but I just don't know what I want. I'm stepping into a high powered career, but it can be pretty lonely and the thought of spending my life with someone trying to make it work as partners is scary."

"I've never seen you scared before," I replied.

"It doesn't happen often," she said.

"You'll find someone. I don't think there are a lot of people who resist you, so when you find him I'm sure he'll fall head over heels."

"How about you? Have you got a woman in your life?"

"No, I've dated a lot since college, but I don't know what I want either."

"Someone to share their wardrobe with you?" she said while raising her eyebrow.

"You were right, you know. I enjoyed the bizarre college sissy experience, but this is the swan song. I tried putting on a dress and it did absolutely nothing for me."

"Oh come on, genius," she said, smacking her head. "It's not the clothes, it's the mistress. You need to surrender control to be happy. You need to find someone who will take it from you."

We could hear the music starting up, so I offered my hand to. "I think they're playing our song," I said as I helped her out of her seat.

"You better get back there so you can dance the first dance with Mark or Doug," she reminded me.

"Oh yeah, it's Mark by the way."

"Good, he seems more your type anyway."

"My type?" I asked exasperated.

"Oh yeah, when we had you get phone numbers or flirt with guys, you always went for the same type," she replied laughing deeply.

We walked back in time to see Jim and Deanna waltz around the dance floor. Jim was a very skilled dancer who had obviously had ballroom lessons at some point, but it was Deanna that had all eyes on her. She made a beautiful bride looking confident and radiant in her white gown. Even having had her hair and makeup done professionally, she liked to keep things simple, though they had braided her long flowing black hair.

As the rest of us joined the bride and groom and their parents, I could see Mark wasn't much of a dancer. He just basically swayed and that was fine with me.

"You smell great," he told me.

"Thanks, I'm not a big perfume girl, but I made an exception for the wedding. Isn't Deanna beautiful tonight?" I asked, looking up at his six-foot plus frame.

"She really is. I wouldn't mind seeing you in a wedding dress."

"Oh, I've worn them," I said then catching myself beginning to giggle. I don't think I wanted to tell him that I was under duress or

that my ex-girlfriend and sister made me wear my mom's gown.

"Oh really? You're not divorced?" He asked surprised.

"Oh every girl tries them on, just to see."

"I bet you were beautiful."

When the disc jockey played *The Way You Look Tonight*, Mark wanted to stay out on the dance floor. I had resigned myself to a night of dancing with Mark and fending off his advances, when Deanna's baby brother Tom approached us.

"Hey Mark, do you mind if I cut in?" he asked.

"It's kind of early Tommy, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't mind," I said truthfully. "My dance card is very large and I've only got two gentlemen offering."

"She's all yours," replied Mark graciously.

"Well, this is an unexpected pleasure, Tom."

"I hope you don't mind. I'm kind of tired of high school girls. I can't wait until college in the fall."

"Do you have a girlfriend?"

"I did, but we broke up last month."

"I'm sorry to hear that. I'm sure that you'll find someone new before you know it."

"I'm kind of tired of long term commitments to be honest," he replied. "I understand that in college, you hook up and then you go your own way."

"Is that what your sister told you?"

"I wouldn't talk to Deanna about my sex life for anything. What was your sex life like in college?"

"Well," I choked, "I did have only long term boyfriend, though your sister and her friends kept trying to set me up. Are you going to DuPont."

"Yeah, it's a great school and my sister loved it."

"That's awesome Tom. Can I give you some advice?"

"Sure, I can probably use it."

"You're going to meet some girls there and you'll want to hook up with them. That's fine. I won't tell you not to have casual sex, but make sure that you treat all girls with respect."

"I get it. I wouldn't have sex with someone I didn't respect."

"You say that now, but things change. Also, I'm not just talking about sex. In class, in the dorm, everywhere you will be much happier if you remember to treat women as your equal."

"Sure, I'm used to treating Deanna as my superior anyway," he said, rolling his eyes.

"Me too," I said smiling. I wanted to tell him not to make the same mistakes I did, but that was something he'd have to learn for himself. It was funny that Deanna's baby brother had a crush on me. She would have freaked if she had known. That was actually one thing that bothered me. I wanted to dance with Deanna, but in my dress I just didn't think I could get away with it. I danced with Jim and if he felt awkward about it, he hid it well. The rest of the night belonged to Mark though.

Following the wedding reception, we wished Jim and Deanna a happy life together. They had to get up at four in the morning to leave for their honeymoon in the Bahamas. After saying our farewells, we continued across the street for an after party at the hotel bar. Everybody was in a festive mood, except Amanda, who still seemed pensive. Her date had gone to bed already because he had to get an early start in the morning.

We were all sitting around talking about our least favorite movies. This happened a lot because Karen loved to talk about how much she absolutely hated *Armageddon* and how it made no sense to train those guys to be astronauts rather than teaching astronauts how to work a drill. Most of the guys had gone to get us another round of drinks, though Mark was getting a bit hot and heavy with me, kissing the back of my neck and generally making out.

"You're a fucking guy!" shouted Doug breaking us out of our reverie. Evidently, he had wandered too far with his hands and found something he shouldn't have. He pushed Nicole hard and sent her sprawling over a coffee table. He was clearly enraged and drunk standing over her, he punched her hard in the right cheek.

Before anybody else could react, Amanda was on her feet and while some may have called it a cheap shot because he clearly

wasn't expecting it, she threw about as hard a punch as I've ever seen anybody throw; man or woman. Her haymaker clocked Doug in the right side of his face and he went crumpling to the ground like someone had taken the air out of him. As he tried to clear his head and get to his feet, Sheila and Amanda were back on him twisting his arms up behind him and forcibly leading him to the front door, they shoved him outside and Wendy threw his jacket behind him.

The other patrons still at the bar had no idea what they had just witnessed. I went over and tended to Nicole. I felt horrible that this had happened to him. It was always our biggest fear and he was just lucky it wasn't worse. Karen brought some ice from the bar for Nicole, but he seemed more concerned that his wig was now lying on the floor, five feet beyond him and his beautiful was torn. His embarrassment was far worse than the physical pain that he must have been feeling. Karen and I attempted to soothe him, but he kept flailing for his wig so I brought it over to him and tried to straighten it out for him.

"We don't tolerate fighting here, ma'am. I'm afraid that we're going to have to ask you to leave," insisted the bar's manager as he approached Wendy, Sheila, and Amanda.

"Excuse me Mister...?" replied Amanda.

"Cunningham; I'm the manager of this bar."

"Night manager of a hotel bar, your mother must be proud," sneered Sheila.

"Anyway, Mister Cunningham, a friend of mine was viciously attacked in your bar because he's transgendered," explained Amanda.

"He was attacked by one of your own party," snapped the clearly exasperated manager.

"Be that as it may, you seem to be condoning physical violence against members of the LGBT community," said Amanda.

"We do know such thing, but..."

"Our friend was attacked. The problem has been dealt with. My date is highly valued by a very large law firm and though I'm only a law student, I think we have a great case here, but I don't see any reason it needs to go further. Do you?"

"No, ma'am. Just please don't our other customers, alright?"

The three girls gave him a dirty look and he scurried on back to whatever he was doing before the excitement. I couldn't speak about Amanda's personal life, but I thought her professional life was going to work out just fine.

I let the girls tend to Nicole. He felt such an intense shame; I could read it on his face. However, a strange thing happened. Despite being publicly revealed as a man, nobody seemed to really judge him. The wedding guests tended to him. He didn't have to buy another drink the rest of the night and even a nurse who was there with her husband and not part of our group came over to take a look at him.

"You're one too, aren't you?" asked Mark as I made my way back. I immediately readied myself for a fight as I nodded cautiously.

"I thought so. There were a few signs," he nodded, laughing a bit at himself. "You would have gotten away with it though if your friend hadn't been found out."

"You're not going to hit me, I take it?" I asked cautiously.

"No, but that's kind of rude not to tell someone and let them think you're something that you're not."

"I know. Believe it or not, I'm a straight guy...at least I think I am. I never had any desire to dress up before Deanna and her friends came into my life."

"That's kind of hard to believe, you know."

"I know, but it's true. I also haven't really dressed up in a couple of years."

"You're very good at it."

"I got a lot of practice in college," I said.

"Now, where were we?" he asked as he went back to kissing me on the back of my neck. I shuddered, damn I love that spot.

THE END

EPILOGUE

Mark did get lucky that night, but it wasn't with me; it was with Amanda who just needed to feel something. She wasn't in a great place at that time of her life. We all made promises to keep in touch, but we never really did as one by one we faded off. Deanna finally got in touch with me earlier this year on *Facebook* and Nicole and I are friends on there too, but we never really talk much. I have used the internet to keep track of them all and other than Karen, who I mentioned at the end of *Welcome to College IX*, they seem to be doing great.

This was a hard story for me to write. I had originally been planning to just make this a post on my blog, but the more I thought about it, the more I realized that I had too much material for that. Even though there wasn't much sex and the feminization was hardly forced anymore, I wanted to give everybody one more chance to catch up with characters that have seemed to resonate with some of you, even if there wasn't much sex in this story. There are some events and I'll continue to post them on my blog, but there will be no more *WTC* books.

Over this past summer, we were helping my mother move and I was going through old dressers in her house when I came across a red bra of mine, some sassy t-shirts, and a lot of old pictures. The worst part was that my mom was ten feet away from me when it happened. It sort of inspired me on a crazy "what if" kind of story and in early 2015, I will be doing a sequel to *Welcome to College* called *Welcome to the Real World*. Unlike *WTC*, it will be completely fictional. However, it'll bring back some old friends and reintroduce Kylie to feminization.

Love, Peace, and Joy,
Kylie Gable