



Reluctant Press presents:

What's A Mother To Do?

Cheryl Lynn



A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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What's a Mother to Do?

by Cheryl Lynn

Adam Jenkins was a typical teen. Average height average weight everything about him was just typical. He was just another face in the crowd. He was average, which meant that he was either the worst of the best or the best of the worst depending on your point of view. In other words, he was pretty much like the vast majority of teens. However, even the most average person has something about them that is unique. In Adam's case, it was his long golden blonde hair and large bright ocean blue eyes. His mother insisted that he keep his hair shoulder length and well taken care of.

Everything was normal until his father passed away and his mother had to take a full time job. The best job she could find was in international sales that required a lot of travel. The first six months were considered "probationary" and she would be on the road full time. Once "established" on the job, she would have to travel at least 50 percent of the time. The pay and benefits package were too good for her to pass up.

Her only problem with taking the job was Adam. What could she do with her son? There was no other family to care for him other than an elderly uncle living somewhere in Kentucky. Unless she could find a proper place for him while she traveled, Myra would have to pass up on the opportunity of a lifetime. The other job offers were for significantly less pay and benefits with few opportunities to advance. What's a mother to do?

Myra was trying to think of some way to solve her problem. Uncle Fred, in Kentucky, had refused saying he was too old to care for a teenager. Her only other option was to send Adam to a boarding school. When she asked him about that, he absolutely refused. He even threatened to run away if she tried that. What's a mother to do?

She had asked for advice from all of her friends. Hoping secretly that one of them would step forward and say they would take care of him. Myra even asked the school councilor for any options she could offer but, alas, they all said send him to a boarding school. He was certainly too young to be left on his own. What's a mother to do?

The week before she had to make a final decision Myra met an old acquaintance at the mall. Dorothy McNabb had been a fierce rival during their high school years. They both tried out for the cheerleader squad, Myra won. They both went after Ted Wilson the first-string quarter back, Myra won. They both vied for Senior Prom Queen and again Myra won. Dorothy always came in second and she despised Myra for it. Now seeing Myra sitting in the mall's food court dressed and coifed way too fine to be in the mall, her old hatred flared intensely.

"Damn bitch! Just look at her sitting there like some regal queen. I bet she still thinks her shit doesn't stink. Oh hell, she's seen me. Guess I'll have to say hi even if it kills me," Dorothy thought as she sat her tray down on the table.

"Why, hello Myra fancy meeting you here of all places. How have you been," she said forcing a broad smile.

"OMG, if I have to sit here listening to how great her life is I think I will throw up. Gag! She is so full of herself," Dorothy thought as she sat down.

While Myra made small talk, Dorothy reminisced over their past lives. Myra went on to graduate college, married a successful businessman and had the good life. Dorothy didn't make it to college. She had to work as a barmaid and suffered the pinches and gropes of drunken men to make a living. Her life going nowhere at the bar, she finally got a break. A female customer mentioned a job opening at a gay and lesbian bar.

"Look honey, take the job. It might not be your cup of tea but you won't get pinched and groped there. The customers may be a little different but they are polite and won't do anything that you don't want them to," the woman had said.

Dorothy got the job and it took her awhile to grow accustomed to the clientele. She wasn't a lesbian but no one pestered her beyond some flattery and the occasional proposition. The job paid very well and she met some very interesting people.

Latisha Nell stood out above all the others. She was a large woman of color who dominated the bar whenever she was there. A dominant, very black woman with a full Afro hairdo stood six feet tall in her heels. She was usually wearing tight leather pants, bustier, five-inch stiletto heels and holding a red leather leash. The leash was always attached to a

sissified male. For some strange reason she took a liking to Dorothy and they became friends. Whenever Latisha came into the bar, she always made it a point to get Dorothy as their waitress and always left a big tip. There was nothing sexual between the two but Dorothy liked her style.

It was Latisha that introduced Dorothy to Mark McNabb. Mark was a lawyer and gay as a three-dollar bill. He wanted to run for public office but his sexual orientation prevented that. It wasn't until Latisha mentioned that if he would marry someone like Dorothy, he would have the necessary eye candy to run for office. Over the next few months the idea germinated into reality. Dorothy would be able to live a relative life of luxury and pretty much do as she pleased while Mark would have a politically correct background and most importantly an understanding wife.

They were married in a civil ceremony with Latisha giving the bride away. Mark ran for city councilman and won a close election. Life was good for her now and Latisha stayed a close friend. Over time, Mark became a significant force on the city council and was thinking of running for mayor. Dorothy had the wealth to be a woman of self-indulgence. The only thing that blighted her existence was sitting across from her in the food court.

Dorothy was brought out of her thoughts when Myra mentioned having a problem. "Err....what was that dear?" she heard herself ask.

"I was talking about Adam. If I can't find a way to see to his care I won't be able to take that job. Weren't you listening Dorothy?" Myra explained.

"Sorry darling, I was just thinking. Now tell me your problem once again. I want to make sure I fully understand the situation," Dorothy replied. Inwardly, she was pleased that "oh-so-perfect" had problems.

As Myra repeated what she was going through and how Adam refused to go to boarding school, Dorothy had a brilliant idea. "Revenge would be so sweet," she thought.

"Myra I may have a solution for you but I need to think it through and talk to someone before I can say anything. Give me a bit of time and I am sure that I can help. I'll call you tomorrow and let you know what I think. Besides, what are old school friends for if not to be of help when asked," she replied.

When Dorothy got home, she immediately called Latisha and explained her idea. After a long discussion, Latisha and Dorothy agreed to an elaborate evil plan. It was a plan that would bring the pompous campus queen down several notches and her son with her.

"Myra darling, I think I have the solution to your problem. Have you given any thought to hiring a full time nanny? Yes, I know he is too old to have a real nanny but he doesn't have to know that. Just call her a housekeeper or something. I have just the person for you. She comes with the highest of recommendations and I have known her for years. You're just lucky that she is between jobs at the moment. You'll have to decide quickly as she won't be available much longer. Yes, she is in that great of demand. What's that dear? Oh, yes, her name is Latisha Nell and she has worked for some of the city's elite. My Mark can vouch for her as well, being on the city council and all. Well, he is privy to a lot of things most people aren't you know," She couldn't help but smile when she bragged that her husband was influential and alive.

"I'm better than you now, bitch," she thought before continuing her conversation.

"Yes, I can arrange a meeting. How about three this afternoon? Why don't you come over to my place? No sense letting Adam know before you actually decide. Alright, see you then," Dorothy finished.

Hanging up the phone she turned to face Latisha. "That went well. She'll be here. All we have to do now is get Mark to print out all the legalities and then we can have some fun," she stated then gasped in pleasure.

Dorothy was seated on a swivel stool with her legs spread. A red headed mass of curls with a large emerald green satin bow was bobbing up and down between her legs. The figure kneeling between her legs was wearing a bright emerald green satin dress with white floral lace embellishments, full gleaming white petticoats, white hose and green satin pointed toed pumps with a four inch heel. A loud sigh of contentment escaped her lips as she looked at Latisha.

Latisha sat on the sofa dressed conservatively in a grey silk pants suit. Her bright red painted lips in a broad smile as she observed her sissy slave working away at Dorothy's pussy.

"You sure Mark has all the doctored references and legal documents ready. I can't wait to meet this miss goody two shoes you've been talking so much about. Hope she brings a picture of that kid of hers. I like to see what I have to work with. You sure you don't want me to take them both? I could have them working the streets in no time. They ain't got no relatives, so who's to know if we just take them for our pleasure?" Latisha asked.

"Darling, I want her to suffer. If we just drugged them and turned them out where would the fun be in that? No, I want her to see what we do to her kid. Then, if you want, you can take care of her too but not until she fully grasps what happened to her brat. I can

wait. Seeing her face when she comes home so full of herself, successful international sales rep, to see what's become of her son. Just to see the look on her face will be worth a million dollars to me," Dorothy replied.

Ooo

Myra was a little surprised when they met. She wasn't expecting to see a well-dressed large black woman. Latisha's manner and language impressed Myra as being very commanding and authoritative. Traits that she thought would be needed in raising children. Myra had to admit that Latisha's references were very good but she deferred making a decision.

"Ms. Nell, \$3,000 per month plus expenses doesn't sound unreasonable to me but I would like a day or two to think this over. Adam is such a dear child and I want to do what is right for him. Just turning him over to a nanny, especially at his age....well...I just need time to think this thru and Dorothy. I need time to read all these legal documents. It just doesn't seem right turning over legal and medical guardianship. I'm his mother after all. Oh, yes, I understand the reasons for doing so but can I have a couple of days to think this over?" Myra said.

"Miss Myra, I have another interview tomorrow afternoon. I've sorta promised them that I would take the job but Dorothy here, being a close friend and all, convinced me to talk to you first. I'd like the job but can't keep them waiting. I can give you until noon tomorrow. I'll have to know what you are going to do by then. Taking care of an older boy would be a lot easier on me than the Wilson's two youngsters," Latisha replied.

"Myra darling, you have nothing to worry about. Those legal documents are for emergency purposes only. What if something happened to Adam and you can't be reached? Traveling who knows where all across Europe and Asia. Signing these documents should ease your mind so you can concentrate on getting that big sales job. You'll have a couple of days with Latisha settling in before you have to leave. Besides, I'll check up on them too make sure everything is okay. You can count on me," Dorothy added.

In another part of the house, Mark was enjoying his reward for assisting in Dorothy's plans. As the women completed their meeting, he was looking down at a beautiful creamy white rounded butt. His dick planted deep within its warm confines. The delightful red headed creature was bent over his desk with her white ruffled panties bunched around her knees. She was wearing a bright red satin party dress with several layers of white net petticoats. Her tight boy pussy was clinched tightly around Mark's thick shaft.

"Alright, just let me have until tomorrow morning. I need to talk this over with Adam. I have to be in New York by Thursday and then it's off to London on Sunday. Are you sure you can move in Wednesday afternoon Latisha? That is, if I decide to do this," Myra said.

"Of course honey. You talk it over with your Adam and don't call me nanny. I think he would be more accepting of me moving in if he thought I was the housekeeper," Latisha replied.

"Mom! Come on! I'll be a senior next year. Please let me stay here by myself. I promise to be good and keep the house in order. You know that I have never been in any kind of trouble. Please, let me stay here by myself," Adam begged.

"Adam I am taking this job and you will have to accept that. Miss Nell came highly recommended and it's either her or the boarding school. Yes, you are old enough but you are still a minor. You just don't have the maturity to be on your own. That's why I have decided to hire a housekeeper to watch over you and keep the house half way decent. If you tell me right now that you will go to one of the boarding schools we discussed, we won't have a problem. Living here alone, well, that is a big problem and I will not hear of it. So, what is your decision?" Myra demanded.

By Wednesday afternoon, Latisha Nell was settled into the spare bedroom. She was dressed in a grey pen-stripped straight skirt and white cotton long-sleeved blouse. She looked every bit the friendly housekeeper that she wished to appear.

"Only a minor inconvenience, I just have to play nice-nice to these people for one more day. When the bitch leaves, I'll take over the master bedroom and start teaching that kid his proper place in the world," she thought as she perused the small room. Tying a white cotton bib apron on to complete her deception, Latisha left the room.

Thursday Latisha pulled out her cell phone as Adam waved goodbye to his mother at the terminal gate. "Dorothy, she's on her way. I'll be back with the kid in about an hour. I want you to keep my Prissy at your place until after Sunday. Ha! I didn't think you'd mind keeping her occupied until I know for sure the bitch is on her way to London. We'll move everything in and get set up Monday while he's in school. No, I don't think it wise of you to see what happens. Plausible deniability, you know. You'll get to see him in a few months time. Yeah, by then he should be willing to do whatever I tell him and it'll look like his own doing. Sure Mark can have his cherry. After all you did to make this possible, it's the least I can do. Okay, talk to you soon, bye."

Ooo

As Adam went to school Monday morning he was fairly happy. Miss Latisha pretty much left him to his own devices and was a good cook. She even prepared his favorite meal Sunday evening. It was a meal of Southern fried chicken, mashed potatoes and biscuits all made from scratch. He couldn't remember having another nearly as good.

"If that meal last night was an indication of what was to come, I have no problems with Mom being away. Having a housekeeper isn't all that bad. I probably can talk her into letting me have some cool parties. My friends will just shit when they see that I have a servant," he thought as he got on the bus.

As the school bus drove out of sight, Latisha's wrecking crew arrived. It took them until early afternoon to finish but she was pleased with the results. Adam's room was totally redesigned and furnished. She was positive he would hate it as soon as he saw it.

The walls were painted in a soft lilac and trimmed with a brightly colored red, green, pink, yellow and blue floral patterned border. The floor was covered in a soft pale pink pile carpet. The solitary window was nailed shut and the glass panes replaced with unbreakable plastic ones. The window was draped in a rich violet satin with soft pink chiffon overlay.

A changing table with built in drawers had been constructed against one wall. It had a thick bright florescent pink plastic covered mat decorated with ballerinas and had white leather restraining straps. In the middle of the room was an oversized crib. It was painted in bright white enamel with pink piping. The rungs of the crib were painted in alternating pink and white. The base of the crib was shrouded in a pastel pink satin ruffled skirting. The mattress was thin, covered in white plastic and had several pink leather restraining straps. Under the crib sat a large lilac with white lilies decorated chamber pot. The pink enameled wooden seat over it had white bunny rabbits painted on the backrest and wide white leather strap.

Next to the crib was an IV stand to one side and a tall round table on the other. A flopped eared bunny rabbit lamp sitting on a white lace doily was placed on the table. There were three other pieces of furniture in the same white enamel with pink piping in the room. One was a large dresser, a straight back chair and a lighted vanity with lilac satin-pillowed bench seat. Tucked into a corner was an old fashioned metal hooded hairdryer.

The only things taking away from the picture of a perfect girlie nursery were the three framed posters and what was sitting below the dryer. It was a lilac enameled stool with a five-inch realistic looking pink silicon dildo in its center. One poster was of a naked muscle man clearly pumping into another smaller man bent over at the waist. It hung on the wall

directly opposite his bed where he could see it. The second was of three naked muscle men standing frontal in different poses. The third poster portrayed a boy dressed like a little girl holding a book and sitting in the lap of a naked muscle man. As a final touch, Latisha placed an oil lamp on the table and lit it. The overly sweet smell of lilacs began filling the room with its essence.

"Oh yes, my new sissy will certainly enjoy this. I can't wait to see his expression when he comes home. There is no better feeling than breaking in a fresh new sissy. Now all I have to do is make sure all the video cameras are focused and running," she thought as she left the room.

When Adam arrived home he was called into the kitchen. There he found Latisha sitting at the table with another younger Goth looking woman. The stranger had raven black hair styled in stiff spikes. The tips of the spikes were dyed a bright purple. Her lipstick, glossy black, matched her long black varnished nails. She was wearing a tight fitting black tee, black jeans and black combat boots. Her bare arms had several tattoos, an intertwined black barbed wire on her muscled right bicep and colorful floral bracelets above both wrists. She looked strong and mean; yet, alluring to Adam's eye.

"Holy shit," he thought as he entered the room.

"Adam, darling, I want you to meet Drusilla. She's an old friend and she's volunteered to help you. Isn't that sweet of her?" Latisha stated.

"Errr, help? What do you mean Latisha?" he replied confused.

"Why, help with your image darling. I've decided that you need to reinvent yourself and I have the perfect plan. I think that you will agree once you have seen your room that a change is in order. Drusilla here is a wonderful beautician and I'm sure a few hours under her care will do wonders for you. Now, come along, I can't wait to show you to your new room," she said.

As they passed the living room, Adam caught sight of what appeared to be a young girl sitting on the sofa. She had curly red hair with a large white chiffon bow. She was wearing a white with red polka dotted satin party dress and lots of white petticoats. She appeared to be reading a book and did not look up as they went by.

"She seems awful big to be wearing that outfit. I wonder who she is." Adam thought.

"Latisha who is," Adam started to ask, ...He didn't get to finish as Latisha grabbed him by the earlobe and squeezed saying, "That is Mistress Latisha from now on squirt and I don't want to hear another word out of your pie hole," she snarled.

"Ouch! That hurts! Let go of me," Adam screamed as she pulled him to his open bedroom door.

Seeing his room, Adam forgot all about the pain and just stood stunned.

"Wha... what have you done to my room? This has got to be some kind of sick joke. You can't do this," he stuttered before Latisha pinched and twisted his ear.

He screamed in pain as she twisted her sharp fingernails deep into his earlobe. "What the fuck didn't you understand about calling me Mistress and keeping your trap shut? Now get your ass in the room. We have a lot of work to do," she spat.



He tried to struggle. He tried to kick and fight his way free but the two women easily overpowered him. Drusilla had him in a full nelson before he could do much of anything, his toes dangled just off the floor. Latisha had a death grip on his groin and he was seeing stars. The fight was soon out of him. Latisha released his groin but Drusilla maintained her hold on him. As he hung in her arms gasping like a guppy out of water, Latisha quickly stripped him of all his clothing.

He was dragged into the adjoining bath and tossed to the floor. Automatically, he curled into the fetal position and began crying. His arms, shoulders and balls were throb-

bing in pain. As he lay there, the two women donned full plastic aprons and rubber gloves. Drusilla turned on the taps in the tub while Latisha picked up a large jar. Soon he was covered in a stinking burning cream from his neck down to his toes except for a small heart shaped pubis. After what seemed like an eternity, he was shoved into a cold shower and his body hair and the cream scrubbed off.

Out of the shower, he was quickly toweled off. Drusilla grabbed him in a full nelson painfully forcing him on tiptoes. "You move even a single muscle or try kicking, I'm gonna break both your arms. So you best behave," she whispered harshly into his ear.

"Let go! You can't do this to me!" he shouted.

"Oh, but we not only can, we can do anything we want. Since you haven't learned to keep your trap shut, I guess we'll have to do it for you," Drusilla said looking at Latisha.

Latisha reached into a bag and removed a black rubber penis gag. She had to pinch his nose to force his mouth open before shoving it home. With the elastic straps secured behind his head, Adam could only mumble.

Latisha took another item out of the bag and knelt down in front of Adam. His shrunken penis was forced into a small stainless steel tube that had a stainless steel "V" shaped outer cover. As the "V" shaped metal was pressed down between his legs, it forced his balls back up inside his body. Thin metal straps connected to the "V" went around his hips and between his legs. They attached to a locking disc in the small of his back and tightened by a small key. Once tightened, his groin was flat and smooth.

As Latisha stood she patted the metal cover saying, "That should take care of any immediate problems. The tub is almost full, let's get the new sissy washed up and smelling real pretty."

After a short bath in the heavily floral scented tub and his hair shampooed and conditioned, he was dried, wiped down in lilac scented moisturizer and dusted with lilac scented talc.

"Okay, let's finish up. Bend him over the tub while I get everything set up," Latisha instructed.

Soon a quart of warm water was filling Adam's gut. Latisha shoved a tampon into his butt and stepped back. "Okay let the sissy up. That tampon should hold everything in for awhile. It's time we dressed him for bed," she stated.

Back in the bedroom, he was forced up onto the changing table and strapped in. As Latisha poured baby oil and powder over his groin and backside, Drusilla pulled pale violet plastic ball mittens over his hands and secured them with double knotted ribbon bows. Thick cotton diapers were then pinned in place with large pink bunny rabbit pins. Over the diapers, a pair of crinkly violet colored translucent plastic panties with rows of wide white ruffled lace covering the bottom, leg and waist were pulled up and locked in place.

A white long-line, heavily starched, bullet bra with a D cup was fastened with eight hook and eye closures around his chest. With the bra and diaper on, only a brief strip of skin and his navel were left exposed. The empty cups were filled with cotton balls giving them shape. A fluffy white chiffon petticoat was pulled up into place around his hips. Next, a bright fuchsia colored dress was pulled over his head. The flare skirted dress was heavy bridal satin overlaid with knife pleated chiffon. It was empire cut with a high bone supported ruffled white chiffon collar and puff sleeves tied off with pink satin ribbons. A wide white satin ribbon tied just under the bust in a floppy bow with long streamers. White ruffled pink nylon socks were pulled up to his ankles and the frilly lacy ruffles fluffed out. White leather baby shoes were then tied tightly to his feet. They were at least one size too small and cramped his toes painfully.

Released from the table, Adam could barely stand. The diapering was so thick that it forced his thighs wide apart and the tight shoes with their flat soles were inflexible. He was forced to waddle over to the vanity where his hair was tightly wound in wire mesh rollers. After the rollers were covered in setting gel, Drusilla placed a large pink baby bonnet with a wide brim on his head. The bonnet was decorated in lots of white floral lace and satin ribbons. When it was tied securely beneath his chin, the brim forced him to look straight ahead. He was forced to stare at his reflection in the vanity mirror.

Through out his ordeal, the women took both video and digital pictures. "If you give us any trouble, these will find there way all over the Internet highway and your school's bulleting board," Latisha informed him when she showed them to him.

"I'm dead! I can't let them post those," he thought as the women took his mitten covered hands and led him to the kitchen. There he was placed in a white enameled highchair with baby's breath and pink rose's decoration. The tray locked in place, Adam could only squirm and turn his head.

The curly red headed girl sat down beside him. She had wide brown eyes and extremely long black eyelashes. Her eye brows were thin arches and the eyelids were heavily frosted in earth toned eye shadows. Her Cupid's bow lips were painted in a glossy butter-

cup pink. A small gold ring was inserted through the septum of her nose. The makeup she wore and nasal ring looked out of place on such a young girl. As Adam stared at her something else didn't seem right. Her chin was too square and the nose a little too big for a girl. His attention was brought back from observing the girl as Latisha placed a bowl of something green and slimy looking and a baby's bottle on the tray.

As Latisha tied a large white terry bib with a little chicken embroidered on it around his neck, she said, "Prissy I want you to feed your new little sister. Make sure she eats all of it."

By this time Adam's face was almost as pink as his dress. Not only was he dressed like a baby doll but was going to be fed like one. He sputtered and garbled as best he could with the penis gag in place trying to protest what was happening. His movements were totally hampered by the snug fitting tray and his hands just as useless in their confining mittens. Tears of frustration began filling his eyes and drool began to run down his chin.

Prissy stood up beside him and lifted a corner of the bib. She dabbed it under his eyes and wiped his chin. "Don't cry baby. If you're good and do what you are told, maybe Mistress Latisha will let you wear big sissy clothes like me," she said in a falsetto voice.

Drusilla came over and placed another bowl of something that didn't look good at all. "Now, I am going to take out that gag. If you so much as say one word, I'm going to take you outside and down to the park. I'm sure all your neighbors will love to see the newest sissy baby on the block," she stated.

Adam could tell that she wasn't kidding. The last thing in the world he wanted was to have all his friends and neighbors seeing him dressed like this. He stretched his jaw and wiggled his tongue as the gag was removed and placed into the bowl Drusilla brought over.

Adam forced himself to swallow the green gunk that Prissy fed him first. The taste and texture reminded him of spinach which he hated with a passion. As he was being fed, the two women sat down to a delicious smelling steak and potatoes dinner. As another spoon full of the green stuff was pushed into his mouth, Adam's stomach growled loudly and he felt like throwing up. Prissy was insistent and soon the bowl was empty. Next, came the bottle. As it neared his lips, Adam saw that the nipple was extra large and shaped like a penis. He tried to turn his head away but Prissy grabbed his chin and forced the nipple into his mouth.

"Suck it all down sissy baby or you'll be spanked," Prissy demanded as she placed his mitten covered hands to support the bottle. He resisted and the bottle fell to the floor, bounced twice and settled on its side.

“Bad sissy baby,” Prissy said as she slapped his bare thigh with the flat of a table knife several times. It hurt and he almost started crying. Soon the bottle was back in his mouth and he did his best to suck it all down. It had a chalky overly sweet taste and he didn’t like it. Trapped as he was, there was nothing for him to do but drink it down. With the bottle finished, Prissy bent him over and patted his back until he burped loudly.

With the bottle finished, Prissy sat down to eat her own meal. She had been given a green salad, rice cakes and a few slices of steak. Not much but to Adam’s eyes a hell of a lot better than what he had been given. When everybody had finished eating, Prissy was told to clean up and wash the dishes. While that was being done, Drusilla came over to Adam and began rolling the tip of the dildo gag into the last bowl sitting on the tray.

“Remember what I said about taking you to the park. Not one single word while you suck the love juice off this nice black dick,” she said as she placed the tip to his lips.

It was somewhat slimy and had a slightly salty taste. The taste wasn’t all that bad but the texture left a lot to be desired. He didn’t fight it and sucked off the gooey liquid until the bowl was nearly empty. When Drusilla told him it came from a sperm bank, he gagged. It would have all come spewing out except Drusilla slid the penis all the way into his mouth. He was forced to swallow it all back down as his cheeks went from pink to green.

After dinner and Adam had gained control of his gag reflex, he was taken back to his room. There all the clothing was removed except the mittens, bra and diaper. A bright yellow with blue baby bunnies embroidered on the chest footed cotton pajama was pulled on him and buttoned up the back. The pajama was short on him and he couldn’t extend his feet. It was uncomfortable and hot. A pink hairnet was placed over his roller covered head and he was put into the crib. Fastened down with the straps he could barely move.

Latisha hung a bottle from the IV stand and stuck the clear plastic tube coming out of it into the base of the penis gag. She adjusted the flow so that it dripped at a slow steady pace.

“This contains a mix of my own devising. It contains female hormones, certain vitamins, outdated sperm from the sperm bank, some of my piss, a diuretic and mild laxative. You need to learn to suck a cock and this is a good way for you to start. The slow flow will force you to suck it down or choke. Your formula had a mild sedative in it so you should be feeling a little sleepy. Now be a good sissy baby and suck down all this nice love juice. I’ll turn on your fairy mobile to entertain you until you fall asleep,” she said.

Adam heard the door lock as she left him in his misery. The fairy mobile turned slowly above his head illuminated by a soft blue light. "Itsy Bitsy Spider" could be heard as the mobile turned. Little aqua blue, green and purple fairies danced above his head. Strapped in as he was Adam had no choice but to gaze at it. As his eyes finally closed in sleep, "I love you, you love me," was playing. Sound asleep his lips kept up a steady sucking rhythm.

Ooo

Adam came slowly awake. He was hot and uncomfortable. His whole body ached from being unable to fully stretch out. He tried to stretch and turn but something restricted his movements. As he twisted, he felt something mushy, wet and cold moving around his bottom. As he became more aware, he tried to say, "What the fuck," but his lips and tongue were numb. His memory came flooding back as his tongue probed the object in his mouth.

"Shit! I'm fucked! That bitch is crazy and her friends worse. How am I gonna get out of this fucking mess? No one knows what's happening to me. Gotta find some way to escape. Damn, that thing they put around my dick hurts like a son of a bitch. What's that noise, oh, "Mary had a little Lamb." It's coming from that stupid mobile. Crap! I can barely move and I gotta pee," he thought.

Adam couldn't hold it anymore and felt the warm urine filling his diaper. It was getting cold when the door opened and the lights came on.

"I see my new sissy is already up. I bet you can't wait to get cleaned up and have a nice bubble bath," Latisha said as she came over to the crib.

He could only mumble his outrage and frustration as she lowered the railing.

She removed the tubing from his gag and unfastened the restraining straps. "Now sissy, remember to be good or Mistress Latisha will spanky-spank your pretty round bottom," she said as she effortlessly picked him up and placed him on the floor.

Taking his right hand, Latisha led him into the bathroom. As he followed slightly stooped with a very noticeable waddle, Adam could feel the wet cold mushiness moving around his groin and backside. Once in the bath, she unbuttoned his footed pajamas and slid them off his body.

"Ahhh, that feels wonderful. I can stand straight again," he thought.

"Now step into the tub. I want to get those soggy diapers off you without getting any of your mess on the floor," she instructed.

He could smell the mess even before she had removed the safety pins. A loud soggy plop echoed in the tub as the dirty diaper hit the floor. A cold sticky liquid began running down his legs making him cringe.

“Oh my, you have been a messy sissy baby, haven’t you?” she said making him blush even more than he already was.

“I know she gave me a sedative to make me sleep but why did I mess myself? I’ve never done that before. Can’t look down at that mess or I’ll puke. The smell is bad enough. I don’t think I could bear to look at it. Oh, gosh, I think I’m going to puke anyway,” he thought as he felt his stomach turning over.

Just as he thought he couldn’t hold it in any longer, an ice cold spray of water splashed against his groin. The water bathed him from the groin down and helped eliminate the stench. He gasped in shock as the icy water cleaned his body and chastity device.

“You’re clean enough. Get out of the tub. Pick up that messy diaper of yours and put it into that plastic bin by the toilet,” she ordered.

Again his stomach cringed as he bent over the tub and carefully picked up the soaked diaper between the tips of his thumb and forefinger. He did his best to not look directly at it but he did get a glimpse of a flared out tampon resting in a pile of brown. Moving quickly to avoid dripping on the floor as much as possible, he tossed it into the bin and closed the lid.

As he finished bathing in the lilac scented water, Latisha filled a pink rubber round bag with a white flared nozzle using the bath water. After he dried off, he was told to bend over and spread his ass cheeks. Slowly she worked the nozzle into his rectum until it was in as far as it would go. She slowly pulled it out then with increasing force shoved it back in several times before squeezing the bag forcing the bath water into him as the nozzle was buried deep inside. He tried to squeal during his violation but with the dildo gag only muffled moans could be heard. She repeated this procedure until the water ran clear.

“There, nice and clean on both the inside and outside. Now take this body moisturizer and coat every inch from your neck down to your toes. When you finish that dust yourself with this talc. Now hurry up. I have to get you dressed for school,” she ordered.

Back in his room, she put him on the changing table. After oiling and powering his bottom she placed a disposable diaper around his loins. It was covered in a pink plastic with pictures of ballerinas imprinted on it.

"You are not to use the bathroom at school. If you have to go, use your diaper. I shouldn't have to tell you not to take that off under any circumstances. Now get dressed in your school uniform," she told him as she released him from the table.

Adam had a little difficulty getting his tan khaki slacks up and over the diaper. He hoped that no one would notice just how bulky the diaper made his pants look. If anyone discovered what he was wearing under his pants, he would die. Finished dressing in a white long-sleeved cotton shirt and navy blue tie, he could feel the tightness of his pants bottom as he bent over to pull on his socks and shoes.

"Man! This is going to be one hell of a day. If anyone finds out that I'm wearing diapers and girly ones at that, I'll never live it down. Shit, what if anyone sees that metal plate on my dick? I'm so dead," he thought as he stood back up.

After he finished dressing, he was told to sit at the vanity. Up until then he had completely forgotten about the rollers in his hair. He was red as a beet as Latisha removed the rollers. When she had finished brushing his blond hair, it flowed in feminine waves caressing his cheeks and shoulders.

As he stood up from the vanity stool, she misted him with a baby powder scented perfume. "There, now you smell as nice as you look. I'm going to take your gag off now. I don't want to hear anything out of your pie hold except, yes Mistress or no Mistress. I better not hear any 'no's' either," she informed him.

He was a nervous wreck at school. He was so afraid that someone would discover that he was wearing diapers, he couldn't concentrate on his studies. A number of classmates made rude comments about his smell but other than that he made it safely thru the day. It wasn't until on his way home that the urge to urinate became overpowering. With tears forming, he couldn't hold back any longer and felt the warmth filling his diaper.

As soon as he entered the house, he was led to his room and told to get out of his uniform. Naked except for the diaper, Adam could see that the white ballerinas had turned blue in color. So did Drusilla and Latisha.

"Looks like sissy baby wet her diapers today. Okay, sissy get up on the changing table so I can get you into something dry," Drusilla said.

On the table he was cleaned up, oiled and powdered. Then the thick bulky terry diapers were pinned tightly in place. A pair of bright yellow plastic panties, covered in row upon row of floral lace, was pulled up his legs. A pair of white nylon socks with bright yellow lace frills was put on his feet followed by yellow leather baby shoes. Next, a very full white net petticoat with white satin bows decorating the hem was pulled up to his waist. The white nylon yoke of the petticoat fitted just below his navel. A yellow

long-lined bullet bra was fastened around his chest. This time it was filled with realistic silicon breasts in a D cup and half inch long fat nipples. He was then fitted with a yellow waist cinch that drew his waist in three inches.

A bright yellow bridal satin full skirted dress was then pulled over his head. The bodice was intricately embroidered with multi-colored seed pearls in a floral pattern. The large puff sleeves were wire supported and had thin bright white satin bows with long streamers. The high collar was also wire supported and had a fringe of knife pleated chiffon. A wide white satin ribbon tied around the waist ending in an elaborate bow at the small of his back.

Moving him over to the vanity, Drusilla quickly styled his hair into two pig tails. She fixed them into place with two small yellow chiffon scarves tied off in fluffy bows. She quickly lined his eyes with black eyeliner, dusted his lids with sea green colored shadow, lengthened his lashes with black mascara and finished by painting his lips a luscious rose pink. With his makeup complete, he was misted with the baby powder perfume.

“Unless you want to suck on your dildo gag, keep your mouth shut. Now I want you to pose for my camera. Here, hold this Raggedy Ann doll. Make it cute and smile really big for me or else. I don’t think you want to find out what I mean by ‘or else,’” she instructed.

“Oh shit, I feel like such a fucking dork. I can’t believe she is making me do this. What’s worse, I’m letting them do this to me. I can’t believe Mother left me in the care of these wackos. Hell! What if they post those pictures and videos on the Internet? I’ve just got to find some way to get out of this mess but I have to get those pictures first,” he thought as he did a slow twirl before the camera.

He spent the rest of the afternoon sitting on the living room floor. He was forced to dress and undress dolls while an irritating purple dinosaur pranced about on the television. If he had to listen to “I love you” one more time Adam thought he would go crazy. At the same time, he kept finding it harder and harder not to look at the show. There was something about the songs and skits that drew his attention. There was no one else in the room, no one to force him to look at the show; yet, it was getting harder and harder for him not to look at it.

He was not consciously aware of the subliminal instructions or the split-second pictures that flashed on the screen. The instructions said over and over, “You are a sissy. You love wearing silky and frilly clothing. You admire and obey dominant women. You love sucking dicks. You love drinking cum. Watch the pictures. Become the pictures. You are a sissy.”

The pictures that flashed on the screen were too fast to be noticed by the eye but made a distinct impression on the mind. They started out with pictures of a normal boy going through the stages of transformation. They went from short hair, tee shirt and jeans to not so obvious boys but more like frilly clad girls. There were many depicting a sissy sucking the dick of similarly clad boys. Others showed grown men getting blow jobs from a sissy and even some showing men penetrating a sissy's ass. Adam didn't see any of them but they all stuck in his subconscious.

Once he had been locked into his highchair, Latisha placed two bowls and a large bottle of formula on the tray. They were similar to last nights but this time a four inch by one inch flesh colored realistic penis with a small scrotum sat in the cream filled bowl.

As Prissy moved the dildo towards his lips after he finished his bottle, Adam did not seem to find it as horrible. Still, Prissy had to hold his nose to make him open his mouth the first time. When the bowl was empty, Prissy told him to keep sucking on it as she fastened the ties behind his head.

Drusilla had been taking pictures the entire time he was being fed by the dildo. As she snapped a final picture, she said with a slight giggle, "My, now doesn't that present a pretty picture. There's nothing like a sissy sitting with a penis in his mouth with the balls resting on his chin."

With dinner over, he was put back in the living room and the television turned back on. When they returned to take him back to his bed room, Adam was sucking noisily on his dildo gag and drool was running down his chin.

Dressed back in his yellow footed pajamas and fastened into his crib, Latisha hooked another bottle of her special mixture to the IV and started its flow. "Alright sissy, you did pretty well today but I am expecting improvement by tomorrow. Enjoy your mobile and drink all that nice juice I fixed for you," Latisha said as she turned out the light.

Ooo

Every day for the next two weeks everything stayed in the same routine. He wore disposables to school, his hair neatly curled, and misted in baby powder perfume. The teasing and name calling bothered him so much that he found it very difficult to keep his mind on his school work. Once home he was fully diapered, dressed and placed before the television set. Barney was alternated with My Pony episodes. The messages and pictures contained in the My Pony series were much more graphic than those on the purple dinosaur shows.

He tried to rebel several times during those weeks. His actions resulted in bare bottom spankings with a wooden paddle. They were severe enough to bring tears and leave a very red bottom. After his spankings, his diaper wouldn't be changed until the next morning. This resulted in the beginnings of diaper rash leaving him very uncomfortable. The teasing at school combined with an irritated sore bottom made studying almost impossible.

By the start of the third week, his grades and inattention at school were brought to the attention of the school's guidance counselor, Mrs. Stanton. Mrs. Stanton called his home to set up a parent-teacher conference. Latisha was more than willing to meet with the counselor. They agreed to meet Friday after classes.

Friday morning as he was being readied for school, Latisha told him, "Sissy, I have a meeting with your school guidance counselor this afternoon after class. I am going to tell her that you hate school and want to drop out. When you are called into her office, you are going to tell her that you are old enough under State law to legally drop out. You will tell her that is your personal decision and no one is forcing you to do so. Then you will leave the office. Is that clear?"

"Wha... what? Why would I want to quit school? I want to go to college. I can't do that if I just drop out. No college would take me if I don't graduate. No, I... I can....can't do that" Adam said startled at her demand.

"Well, sissy, unless you want me to show all my nice videos and pictures of you playing with your dolls to her and all your school mates." She said with a hiss leaving the rest of her threat unsaid.

Adam was dumbfounded by what she insinuated. His thoughts were all mixed up. There was something telling him he should obey this dominating woman. Another thought told him to tell the counselor everything. Yet through all the confusion, one thought stood out. "I'm fucked no matter what I do."

"Are you going to do what I said?" Latisha said bringing him back to the here and now.

"Yes, Mistress Latisha," he heard himself reply.

He spent the entire school day in a daze. His mind was completely occupied trying to figure a way out of his dilemma. As each hour slowly ticked by, he couldn't figure out how to get out of his situation. If he told the counselor that he was forced to act the way he appeared in those videos and photos, he might free himself from Latisha's control. Then again, if he did what Latisha demanded, he certainly would never be free of her. Yes, he might free himself but then everybody would know about what she did to him. He had seen the videos and the pictures. Damn few of them made him look like he was being

forced into any of it. Adam didn't think that he could live through the public humiliation and would be doomed for the rest of his miserable life. The name calling and teasing were already embarrassing enough. At least if he complied with her wishes, maybe no one would ever find out. Maybe he could even get his hands on those incriminating documents and make an escape.

As the final bell of the day rang out, Adam reached a decision. In the councilor's office he heard himself say, "I want to drop out. I hate school and it's my right. I don't care what you say. I'm dropping out of school."

He left the room quickly and as tears began flowing down his cheeks headed out of the school as quickly as he could. "Damn, I hate her but until I can get those tapes and pictures I have to do what she says," he thought as he began walking home. He didn't give a thought to waiting for Latisha to show up and drive him home. For the moment, he was free of her and her demands.

"Well sissy did you do as your Mistress demanded? In any case, let's get you all pretty for when she gets home. I have a special treat for you since you have been such a good sissy today," Drusilla said with an evil grin as he walked through the door.

As he was sitting in the tub after having his afternoon douche, Drusilla began talking. "You may have agreed to drop out of school sissy but I can still see a lot of defiance in your eyes. Well, beginning today all that will change. I'm going to break you. Latisha has been too patient. If it had been up to me, you would have worn full cloth diapers to school. Now hurry up, I have plans for you my dearie."

Finished with his bath, moisturizing and powdering, Drusilla had him bend over the sink. She shampooed and conditioned his long blond hair twice. She blotted his hair with a towel then wrapped it turban style around his head. She then bent him over and applied a large dollop of petroleum jelly to his exposed butt hole.

In his bed room, she pulled him over to the hair dryer. When he saw what she wanted to do, Adam jerked back. He almost managed to get free of her grip on his arm. He felt a burning sting to his right cheek and then another to his left. She had backhanded him hard enough to leave her hand print on his face. Grabbing him by the shoulders, she positioned him over the dildo fastened to the stool and forced his body down.

"Aaaaaaaahhhhhhhh," he screamed as the dildo was rammed home up his rectum. The pain was searing and he felt like his ass was being split in two. Before he could stop her, Drusilla had him strapped securely to the stool. With him secured, she went over to the changing table and retrieved the pink penis gag. With Adam silenced, she stood with her arms folded under her ample breasts smiling down on him.

“Get use to it sissy. All you sissy boys just love having a cock stuffed up their arses. Now I am going to turn on the dryer and you are going to sit there until your hair is nice and dry. Since I’m feeling nice today, I’m going to let you enjoy a little treat before I go,” she said as she flipped a switch and the dildo began vibrating with a pumping action. After what seemed like an eternity to Adam, Latisha and Drusilla entered the room.

“Drusilla, you bitch, I told you I wanted to do that,” Latisha said in mock anger.

“Darling, when I saw how dejected he looked when he came home from school, I couldn’t help myself. See, he’s really enjoying it,” she said pointing to the pool of cum on the seat and dripping to the floor.

Adam could only groan as the two women stood above him laughing. “Get me off this damn thing! It hurts. It’s tearing my insides and penis to shreds,” he wanted to scream at them.

By the time they pulled him off the dildo, Adam was totally spent both physically and mentally. While his initial penetration had been painful, the vibrating and pumping dildo began to actually feel physically good. It made his dick hard and that is when the pain really hit. Inside his chastity tube were small blunted pins, as his penis engorged the pins were driven painfully into it. The natural reaction was for the penis to shrink but the dildo’s touch to his prostrate made it hard. While the pressure of the dildo on his anal muscles and prostate were physically pleasant, the mental anguish wrecked havoc with his mind. The humiliation heaped upon him by the two women over the cum splattered stool and floor did not help. As a matter of fact, he didn’t even realize that he had spurted his seed.

He was cleaned up and the hot fragrant bath helped revive him but the numbness in his mind remained. Back in the bedroom, he was oiled, powdered and diapered. Before she pinned the diaper in place, Latisha placed her hand on his chastity plate and wiggled it about, “Did your little sissy clit enjoy herself? Oh I bet she did, cause she made little squirrels all over her stool and floor,” she teased. Adam could only grimace in pain as she patted his groin. The pink penis gag prevented him from saying anything.

With the diaper pinned, a pair of bright orange plastic panties with six rows of white ruffled floral lace was pulled into place about his hips. This was followed by an equally bright orange long-line bullet bra, spandex waist cinch and a pair of dainty white nylon socks with orange ruffled lace trim. Drusilla put him into a cream orange colored satin party dress with short white chiffon puffed sleeves and frilly lace embellishments. The skirt of the dress was fluffed almost straight out from his hips by four layers of white heavily starched net petticoats. White leather baby shoes completed his dressing.

At the vanity, his long blond hair was pulled tightly onto medium sized bristle rollers and held in place by pink plastic pins. His eyes were lined in black liquid liner and mascara. The lids tinted with lilac blended into pink shadow and his lips painted in a luscious flamingo pink. He was then sprayed with the baby powdered scented perfume.

As a finishing touch, a broad brimmed white straw hat with three inch wide orange satin sash and ties was placed on his head. Once the ties were bound in a large floppy bow at the left side of his chin, the brim folded down such that Adam could only look straight ahead. White cotton gloves were put on his hands to complete the image.

"Oh, isn't the sissy just so pretty. My, he looks just like a great big Dream Cycle ice cream bar. I could just eat the little sissy all up," exclaimed Drusilla while clapping her hands.

He was taken into the living room and placed on the floor in front of the television. Latisha placed a DVD into the machine and turned everything on.

"I know he will just love watching these blue elves cartoon," she said as they left the room. Sure enough when they returned two hours later, Adam was staring in rapt attention to the antics playing on the screen.

Ooo

Adam stirred in his crib just as the sun was rising. His dreams were disturbing and his penis was throbbing in pain. Most of his dreams revolved around him either sucking or sitting astride large dicks while wearing frilly dresses and even daintier panties. As his eyes fluttered open, his latest and most vivid dream started to fade away. It was of another boy in a frilly violet satin party dress, his skirts raised, exposing the lace frilled petticoats and the cutest little pink hairless dick and balls. Adam wanted to suck on that little dick more than anything as the dream ended.

When Latisha came to get him his diaper was wet and messy. As he waddled to the bathroom, the diaper sagged heavily between his legs. He was almost used to having the cold dampness and what felt like clumps of Jell-O moving around his groin.

Entering the bathroom Adam noticed something new had been added. Standing by the toilet was an IV stand with a large red rubber bag hanging from it. It had a white rubber hose and a large pink dildo nozzle at the end. Stepping into the tub, he dropped his panties and diaper so Latisha could wash him off. All the while, he couldn't take his eyes off the large dildo hanging from the tube. It was soft pink silicon six inches long and one and a half thick. He stared at it with fear and surprisingly, some lust.

Latish noticed him staring at it. "Yeah, sissy, after your experience yesterday, I'm sure you're going to enjoy that. Yes, you are going to pump that dick into your boy pussy until you spurt your sissy cream. Then we are going to wash you out nice and clean so you don't mess your diapers during the day. Can't have you in stinky diapers when we go see Mr. Henri today, now can we. Oh, didn't I tell you that you have a full make over scheduled for today? Now that you are out of school, you can let your full sissy side come out," she informed him.

Adam wanted to yell out that he didn't want to do any such thing but the penis gag allowed only muffled noise. He balled his fists in fury and started to lash out when the cold blast of water hit him right in the face. Cold water went up his nose and into his eyes. He reeled back; the panties and diaper wrapped around his feet tripping him up. He fell with a loud "twack" into the tub. As he gathered his senses, he found himself draped over the side of the tub. Latisha's broad black hand came down hard on his exposed backside.

"You're gonna learn to obey me," she said as she scalded his behind.

With his punishment over, he was roughly pulled from the tub and dried off. Seated on the commode, Adam was handed the nozzle and instructed to work it vigorously inside his boy pussy or else. The "or else" left him with little choice. His bottom was on fire and what fight had been in him long gone.

Back in his bedroom, she removed the gag and told him not to utter a single word. He was given a pair of violet colored pull-ups with white ballerina imprint. A white long-line bullet bra was hooked around his chest and the cups left empty. Waist cinch, white thigh high nylons and his baby shoes quickly followed. The white thigh highs had elasticized welts with a bright pink nylon bow attached on the front of the welts.

A baby blue satin empire styled party dress with built in white petticoats was pulled over his head and buttoned up the back. The dress was square necked with lots of white floral lace embellishments. It came to mid-thigh and the skirt flared out almost exposing his pull-ups.

At the vanity, Drusilla put his up in twin ponytails and tied off with blue chiffon bows. Black eye liner, mascara, eye brow pencil and blue eye shadow were used to emphasize his eyes. She used a Flamingo pink lipstick to form his lips into a cute Cupid's bow.

She finished his look with a pair of white cotton gloves and a white wicker pill box hat with a blue satin ribbon band. Taking him by the hand, she led him over to the full length mirror.

"Now, sissy, you look at your reflection and tell me what you see. I want to hear a happy voice with lots of smiles describing just how beautiful you look. I want to hear how

happy and thankful you are to be wearing big girl pull-ups and such a pretty dress. You do a good job and just maybe I won't put you on your stool like yesterday," Latisha demanded.

Adam certainly did not want to wind up back on that stool. He cringed at the very idea. His anal sphincter was still sore from the morning douche and he feared what that dreadful stool would do to him. At the same time, in the back of his mind, there was a desire to do just that. He didn't

know where that desire came from but he licked his lips at the thought. A picture of a hot throbbing dick thrusting in and out of his boy pussy suddenly appeared in his mind. Adam shook his head, his pony tails bouncing around his face, to get the image out of his mind.

He was brought out of his thoughts when Latisha told him to begin. She instructed him to twist his hips, clap his hands and jump excitedly around as he described his outfit.

"Just like a little girl getting ready to go to a big party," she said.

When he had satisfactorily finished his performance before the camera, Drusilla took his hand and led him to the garage. "Whe... where are we going? I can't go outside looking like this. Please, I'll do whatever you say. Just don't me go outside looking like this," he begged as they reached the car.



“Don’t be ridiculous sissy. You look perfectly darling and you do have a salon appointment to make. Now, unless you want me to put your gag back in, I don’t want to hear another word,” Latisha said as she opened the passenger side door.

Adam couldn’t let this happen. He would die if any of his friends saw him looking like this. “Noooooo! I won’t do it,” he screamed as he kicked out with his foot. He caught Drusilla off guard and his foot landed solidly against her shin.

“Aaaaahhhhhh! Damn it you little son of a bitch! I’ll show you who’s fucking running things around here,” Drusilla screamed in pain hopping around on one foot releasing his hand.

Freed for the moment, Adam didn’t know where to run. He turned and saw Latisha standing right in front of him. He lashed out with another kick but she blocked it and backhanded him across the face. He spun falling to the concrete floor in a heap of skirts and petticoats. Drusilla grabbed him first and flung him against the car. Latisha stepped up and shoved the penis gag into his mouth and secured it before he could react. Taking both his hands in one of hers, Latisha pulled, bending him over. Drusilla grabbed a piece of two by four and began pounding his exposed ass.

After ten hard swats, Latisha told her to stop. Drusilla wasn’t finished as she was still royally pissed at Adam. As she started her swing, Latisha reached out and grabbed her hand staying the motion.

“Drusilla get a hold of yourself! We don’t want to damage him. Come on! Settle down! It was only a little sissy kick. Now, help me get the little shit into the car,” Latisha said getting control of the situation.

Long before they reached the salon, whatever fight Adam had in him was long gone. He lay sprawled on his stomach in the backseat crying his eyes out. His bottom was burning in a fierce pain despite the padded pull-ups. He was beaten both physically and mentally.

Ooo

Latisha pulled the car into a parking lot facing an old strip mall. On the far left was a liquor store, the next shop a Vietnamese grocery, a tattoo parlor and finally a beauty salon. There were two men sharing a brown paper bag between them by the liquor store and three Harley’s parked in front of the tattoo parlor. Otherwise the area seemed deserted.

“Drusilla get Adam out of the car, take out his gag and fix his makeup before we go in,” Latisha ordered.

"Yeah, sure Latisha. It's a good thing we used waterproof mascara on you sissy. I just need to wipe up your smeared eyeliner and reapply it. Now, if you know what is good for you, you will keep your mouth shut and act like you are enjoying yourself when we get in there," Drusilla said as she began cleaning his face.

The decorations inside the shop were obviously a bit outdated. The floor was in green and white linoleum squares, the walls painted an egg shell white and the furniture well used green leatherette with chromed legs and arms. The smells of ammonia, bleach, shampoo, perfume and incense permeated the air.

A young girl, wearing a pink nylon smock with a gigantic white bow tied at the neck, sat behind a metal desk chewing gum with apparent relish. As the three entered, the girl looked up with a big smile and asked if she could be of assistance.

"Yes, I'm Miss Latisha and I have an appointment for my ward Adam. I know I'm a little late but is Mr. Henri still available?" Latisha stated.

"Oh no problem, he is running a bit late on his current customer. He will be with you shortly. Please have a seat and can I get anything for you?" The girl said in a soft silky voice.

No sooner than the girl finished talking, than a tall grandmotherly looking woman carrying a walking stick emerged from the beaded curtain separating the receptionist from the salon proper. She was wearing a long sleeved grey and white gingham dress, a white feathered boa around her neck, support hose and black low heeled shoes. Her grey hair was fashioned into a tight bun on the back of her head, a slash of red marked her lips and she had a slight stoop.

"Come along Harold. We have kept Mr. Henri's attention far too long as it is. We have a tea party to attend and I do not intend to be late," she said as the beaded curtain parted.

"Please Grandmother don't make me go out like this, please I beg of you," someone behind her plead.

"Harold get you ass out here this minute or you will taste my cane once again. Don't make me any madder than I already am. You are serving at my formal tea whether you like it or not," she replied nastily.

Adam was shocked when Harold walked through the beaded curtain. Harold stood about five six wearing what looked like small black tabs on his white nylon covered feet. He wore a beautiful crème silk kimono with brightly colored floral embroidery. Large red roses in full bloom with rose buds sitting atop bright green stems and leaves. Beautiful double headed chrysanthemums and other flowers decorated the oriental robe. A wide

black satin obi emphasized a very narrow waist. The hems of the flaring sleeves were also decorated with a detailed floral design.

Harold wore the traditional Geisha makeup of white foundation, blood red lips and black highlighted eyes. His black hair was piled high up on his head and appeared to be lacquered in place. The hair at the back of his head had been folded into a rectangle and bobbed on the end. Several long pins with the Chinese signs of the Zodiac highlighted in gold were arranged around the rectangle of lacquered hair. His finger nails were about an inch long and painted in the same glossy blood red as his lips.

Harold could only take mincing steps, one foot directly in front of the other due to his foot wear. As he moved past Adam, the distinct smell of chrysanthemums and roses filled the air. Adam couldn't help but notice the sway of his hips in the tight fitting kimono that was emphasized by the folded flap in the back.

Coming right behind Harold was a tall somewhat skinny man. He was wearing tight fitting purple colored velvet slacks and a white floral patterned satin long-sleeved shirt. His face was angular and had a small black mustache curling slightly at the tips.

"Miss Grayson, remember whatever you do, don't get your precious Harold's hair wet. Why it would just destroy all my work. A good hair bonnet and neck pillow will help to keep it in shape my dear lady. I'll schedule you an appointment for next week. Paulette just don't sit there make the appointment," he said waving his hands animatedly.

"Of course Mr. Henri, I wouldn't miss an appointment with you. You do do such lovely work. See you in a week. I'll be having a garden party and I think a lovely Gibson Girl look would be delightful on my Harold. Ta Ta," she said as she handed him a check.

Adam could only stare open mouthed as Mr. Henri air kissed Miss. Grayson and pocketed the check with a big smile.

"Latisha darling, I am so sorry for the delay. Miss. Grayson can be so demanding at times. Well, you of all people know how difficult sissies can be. I think little Harold came out just delicious. He will make a most delightful hostess at her tea party, don't you think?" he said turning his attention their way.

"You did a magnificent job as usual Mr. Henri. I could make a million off little Harold if I had him in my stable. However, I am here to get my latest sissy in shape. As you can see, he needs a lot of help but the basics are there. I want a complete do over for him just like we discussed on the phone the other day. Do you think you could be finished by let's say five this afternoon?" Latisha replied giving him an air kiss.

"I spent six hours on Harold so I should have your new sissy ready in five. I'll have Paulette call you just before he is ready for his unveiling. Have you decided on a proper name for your sissy yet?" Mr. Henri asked.

"Yes, but we are keeping that a surprise until after you have performed your miracles on him darling. I am looking forward to seeing what you accomplish. Oh, here is the key before I forget. I'm sure he is going to just love what you do down there," she replied handing him the small key.

Turning to face Adam, Latisha reached out and took him firmly by the chin. "If I hear even the tiniest complaint about your lack of cooperation or willingness to do as you are told by Mr. Henri....Well, Drusilla would love another chance to pat your lovely behind. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, Mistress," Adam meekly replied.

"Good! If you behave, I just may have a nice present for you when you get home. Go along with Mr. Henri and be a good little sissy for him," she said stepping back. She gave Mr. Henri another air kiss, turned on her heels and with Drusilla closely following went out the door.

Ooo

Adam was led through the salon proper and into a hallway. There were several rooms in the corridor and Mr. Henri entered the first one on the right. It was a pink and white tiled bathing area with a large sauna tub in the center, separate shower stalls off to the left and three commodes on the right. He noticed that there were no urinals and everything was in plain sight of the main room. Two stout women wearing pink nylon uniform dresses, white plastic full aprons and white latex gloves stood by the sauna.

"Ladies, I give you sissy Adam. Please make him welcome and make sure he is absolutely clean inside and out. Sissy, this is Mistress Donna and Mistress Audrey. I want as little body oil and dirt on your body as they can make you. The process may embarrass and even hurt a bit but I assure you the results are worth it," Mr. Henri said as he turned to leave.

The two women led him over to an open cubicle and quickly stripped Adam naked. He turned a deep red as Mistress Donna removed his chastity device. He was taken over to one of the commodes and told to bend over and grab his ankles. Mistress Audrey pulled over an IV stand with a very large red rubber enema bag attached. A one inch in diameter white plastic nozzle with wide flange was quickly and efficiently inserted into his anus. When the bag was empty, Adam's belly looked like it was swollen in pregnancy and the

cramping brought tears to his eyes. His tears of pain soon changed to happy ones at the relief from voiding his bowels. He was then taken over to the sauna, his hair covered in a tight fitting pink rubber cap and his body covered from the face all the way down to between his toes in a none scented liquid soap. Using dampened natural sponges, the women began scrubbing every inch of his body creating a thick lather. When they finished scrubbing, he was lifted and placed in the sauna and told to relax and soak for awhile.

Fifteen minutes later he was told to stand and they quickly wiped him down with terrycloth towels. Out of the sauna and dried, he was given a pair of white paper slippers and short terry robe to put on. The robe barely covered his butt. Adam wasn't sure that the pinkness of his skin was due to the embarrassment or scrubbing.

From there he was taken across the hall and into another room. This room looked like it was furnished from some horror movie set. There was what looked like a stainless steel rack taking up most of the space, a bank of humming computers and chains and slings hanging everywhere.

"Don't worry sissy. This ain't gonna hurt all that much. We're just going to get rid of all your body hair once and for all. Can't have our little sissy's running around with nasty boy's body hair now can we?" Mistress Donna said when she saw the fear in his eyes.

With cuffs around his ankles and wrists, Adam was secured to the rack like device and suspended in the air. The two women then began coating his body with a clear gel.

"This gel acts like that stuff they use during sonograms. It facilitates the conductivity of the laser to enhance its power. Guaranteed to kill every hair follicle that it touches," She told him.

When they finished coating his body and face with the gel, he was fitted with a pair of wielder's goggles to protect his eyes. His head was then tightly secured in place with a thin leather harness. Left in darkness Adam was more scared than he had ever been. He had been scared ever since that Monday when Latisha had shown her true colors but he could see what was coming at him. Being blind, helpless and not knowing what was going to happen really scared him.

A buzzing noise that reminded him of a Star Wars light saber filled the room. He felt a slight tingling that turned into a burning sensation similar to that of a sun burn. The tingling burning sensation started at his toes and worked its way up to his nose. He felt himself being turned over and the process started all over. After what seemed like a life time, the goggles were removed and he was released from the rack. While seated in a chair, Mistress Donna used a hand held wand to remove any hair follicles that had been hidden by the cuffs. As he sat, Adam couldn't help but notice his hairless groin and tiny pink penis.

"Damn, I look just like a little baby down there. What have they done to me? It was never that small before," he thought as new tears sprang to overflowing.

Misinterpreting what he was thinking, Mistress Audrey said, "Don't worry sissy. We'll soon have you coated in a soothing moisturizer that will make you feel soft and smooth all over. First we have to shower you off to get rid of all that gel. We have to do a few more things and then you can have your make over."

"Just a few more things! What the fuck? How much more can they do to me," he thought as he stepped into the shower.

Showered and moisturized, he was secured to a gynecology chair with his legs spread wide in the stirrups. Mistress Audrey placed several color strips next to his groin then beside his chest. Finding the right color combinations, she said, "Donna get me the number 241 vagina and 239 prosthetics."

Donna approached Adam so that he could see what she held in her hands. "You're a fortunate sissy. Very few of our customers get to have one of these. They are the latest in silicon technology and once it is attached no one except a doctor will know the difference," she said holding it out so he could see.

Adam gasped as he looked at the device. It was a perfect replica of a hairless vagina with thick lips, puffy like a camel's toe. Donna stood over him waiting for his reaction. He wanted to scream out in protest. He wanted to do serious bodily harm to these two wicked women. Serious cuss words were beginning to form on his lips, when he remembered Latisha's warning. His bottom still stung from Drusilla's beating and he didn't want to repeat that experience. He also realized that there was absolutely nothing he could do to prevent them from putting that horrible device on him. Instead of the "fuck you" that he wanted to say, Adam whispered, "Fine."

Mistress Audrey evenly coated the inside of the artificial vagina with medicinal glue. While the glue cured, she wiped down his groin with alcohol. Then methodologically, she pressed the device onto his groin. Working slowly from the sides, she made sure his ball sack was pulled through an opening near the bottom. Before gluing the top portion, she stuck a long pair of forceps into the cleft, snared the head of his penis and pulled it through the lips. Adam's scream of pain was silenced before it could form as Donna pressed a towel into his mouth. She then used another towel to secure it into place. Only muffled screams came out of the suffering youth's mouth.

With the penis stretched out as far as it would go, Donna wrapped pink colored shrink wrap around it from just behind the head all the way to its base. Using a hair dryer, she let

its heat shrink the wrap. When she had finished, his dick was about a half inch thick and seven inches long. Confined as it was, his penis would never get erect yet remained flexible enough to fold back into the lips of his new vagina. His ball sack, just barely visible, hung down between his legs.

"There you go sissy. You are now literally a pencil dick. I seriously doubt it if you could ever find a woman that would want you to use that thing now. After about six months wrapped up like that, your dick will become permanently shaped that way. Only another sissy would like to play with that skinny tool. Now to finish you up," Audrey said with a laugh.

Tears were flowing freely down Adam's cheeks as Audrey stood up and took something out of a box. It was a D cup silicon breast form. She carefully applied the glue while Donna cleaned his chest with alcohol. The prosthetic breast had what looked like a tiny bristle brush on the inside. Adjusting the breast so the bristles were over his male nipples, Audrey pressed down gluing it to his skin. The same thing was done with the other breast. Adam now had two very realistic looking D cup breasts with fat half inch long nipples of his own. Once they were satisfied that everything was glued firmly into place, they helped him up.

"Put your robe and slippers on and we'll take you to see Mr. Henri," Donna told him.

Adam stumbled as he got off the table from the unaccustomed weight of his new breasts. They were heavy and seemed to have a life of their own as they bounced around. He had to physically force his shoulders back and grab his new orbs to still their movements.

Seeing his movements, Donna laughed and said, "Now you know what's it like to have big titties sissy. Guys always like big tits but haven't the faintest idea of how much of a pain they can be. Well, you'll find out soon enough just how much of a pain they can be. At least with those bristles, you'll have some pleasurable sensations when they rub against your real nipples."

As he was led back to Mr. Henri's work station, Adam felt all kinds of new sensations. Not all of them pleasurable. The head of his penis was raw and burned from where the forceps had gripped it. His testicles were stuck right between his legs. If he wasn't careful in how he walked, his thighs would mash those delicate orbs. His new breasts tugged at his chest and as they bounced, the bristles rubbed his nipples. The feelings coming from his nipples were not all that bad.

Once in Mr. Henri's styling chair, a transparent pink plastic drape tied around his neck he was lowered into the basin. His hair was washed and conditioned twice before Mr. Henri started working on his long blond hair. Mr. Henri created feathered full bangs

across Adam's forehead and then trimmed away the split ends. Taking sections of hair, Mr. Henri coated it in a foul smelling solution then wrapped it in tin foil. With his head wrapped, a young girl came over and began working on his finger and toe nails. When she had finished, his toe nails were a vibrant pink. His finger nails had one inch acrylic extensions with rounded points and painted the same color as his toes.

Another girl came over and with a blue pencil marked four dots on each of his ears. Two blue dots were marked on the lower lobe, one in the middle and one at the top of each ear. Soon, a large gold hoop hung from the lowest hole, a golden teddy bear inserted into the second, a small gold hoop with six thin golden chains with tiny bells attached at their ends in the middle and a one carat pink stone stud were inserted into the top hole.

With his nails varnished and his ears pierced, Mr. Henri removed the foil and shampooed his hair once again. His wet hair was coated with setting gel and rolled up onto large rollers and pinned into place. He was placed under a hot drier and given a gay magazine to read. The magazine was mostly filled with pictures of older men with very sissy looking boys. Adam cringed as he looked at the pictures of boys dressed and made up to look like much younger girls. The clothing was so girly that no self respecting girl would ever wear them. At the same time, he found himself wetting his lips as he looked at them. He was disgusted by what he saw; yet, at the same time there was a yearning for more.

Adam didn't know what to make of himself. Everything that had happened to him today had destroyed much of his masculine identity. He had been physically and verbally brutalized in the worst possible way. Yet here he was, unable to drag his attention away from that magazine. He wondered what it would be like to have a real man to caress and kiss in such intimate ways. He had to swallow his saliva as he thought about having a real live dick in his mouth.

"I feel really turned on by this but I should hate it. Maybe I am a real sissy. I never had thoughts like this, so what's happened to me? Have I somehow turned queer? Every woman I have met lately has been real mean to me. If all women are like that, then maybe, just maybe I can find a man that will treat me nice. I need some older man to take me away from all this and make me feel good for a change. Yeah, maybe that is the way out of this mess. I'll find me a nice man to take care of me," he thought as he turned the page.

Adam was brought out of his thoughts when Mr. Henri came over and removed the drier. His hair was left to cool while another older woman came over. She placed a template over one of his brows and dabbed something warm over it. He felt a sharp pain as she stripped the wax away leaving a high feminine arch. She did the same to his other brow then took her tray and left.

Mr. Henri placed a pink satin hair bonnet over the curlers, removed his drape and told him to get up. "It's time to get you dressed. Go with Miss Dolly here and she will see to your dressing. When you get back, I will finish your hair," he instructed.

He was taken into another room down the hall. The room was filled with all sorts of clothing, a sewing machine, ironing board and other similar items. He was led over to a trapeze bar hanging from the ceiling and told to grab hold of it. She fastened leather cuffs around his wrists and hit a switch, which caused the bar to rise. With just the tip of his toes touching the floor, she stopped it.

Going over to a bench Miss Dolly selected a pink and white striped satin corset with floral lace embellishments. The corset had a demi-bra lined with chiffon and lace frills. A thin bright pink satin bow with delicate streamers was sewn between the cups. Metal boning gave the corset a distinct hour glass appearance. Dolly quickly fastened the hook and eye front closure but took her time lacing the back. Amid grunts and groans, mostly by Adam, the back seams met.

Adam's waist was down from 30 inches to a mere 22 inches. His bra was overfilled by his artificial flesh and his nipples peeked out of the lace trim. As his feet hit solidly against the floor, he almost fainted as the full restriction of the corset made itself present. Dolly had him sit for a few minutes until he could get his breath back. She told him to



take short shallow breaths using his diaphragm and upper chest instead of his stomach muscles.

As he sat catching his breath, she rolled white nylons up his legs and attached them to the garters attached to the corset. The garters were white satin with pink ruffled hemming. Attached to the front welts of the hosiery were pink satin ribbon bows with white lace trim. Pink patent leather open-toed sandals with four inch spiked heels were put on his feet.

Dolly helped him get up and kept a hand on his elbow to steady him. She guided him around the room, instructing him to place one foot in front of the other while moving from the hips. Adam was kept walking until Dolly was satisfied that he could stand on his own.

Adam felt awkward standing in the heels before a full length mirror. As a matter of fact, everything felt weird. The unaccustomed weight of his new breasts, the severe restriction to his waist and the tugging of his garters were all new and strange sensations.

"They are going to keep me like this. I don't want to dress like this. What can I do to stop them? Every time I try to stop them or complain, I get beaten. My ass is still sore from that last one. I can't believe that is me in the mirror with my hair all up in curlers, wearing a corset, stockings and heels. I look...I look strange but for some reason I kinda like it. Maybe if I looked better, I could attract a man to take me away from all this. I certainly can't get away on my own. I'm gong to need someone to help me. Oh, shit, what am I thinking? I don't want a man. Do I?" he thought.

"Alright sissy let's finish getting you dressed so Mr. Henri can finish you up. These should be a good fit but there are more here that we can use if they don't," Dolly said returning with an armload of clothing.

Dolly knelt down in front of him holding open a pair of pink and white striped nylon pantaloons with six rows of white floral lace frills across the bottom. Similar lace frills but fuller decorated the legs. Once settled about his hips, Dolly reached through a slit in the front and pulled his pencil dick out. She then took a small artificial pink silk chrysanthemum attached to a white satin ribbon and tied it securely just behind the head of his penis.

"Ple....please....don't do this to me," Adam plead blushing a deep beet red.

"What? Don't you think that this makes your pencil dick look just so precious and delicate? You are going to make all the other sissies so jealous when they see that. I can't believe you are complaining about this. It's too cute for words and I'm leaving it on. Now let's get you into your petticoat," she said with a giggle.

She stretched out the nylon yolk of a very puffy full white chiffon petticoat. There were delicate pink satin bows decorating the elastic band of the petticoat. Once it was settled around his waist, it flared out like a white fluffy cloud about his hips.

“Would you believe that there are about fifty yards of chiffon in that petticoat? The material is so light that it takes that much too really fluff out your dress,” Dolly said as she stood up.

The empire styled dress was made of bridal satin with a full skirt and very puffed short sleeves. The dress was spiral patterned with alternating bright pink and white lines about an inch wide. The wire supported puffed sleeves were huge, reaching almost to mid-ear, and made of white translucent nylon with thin pink satin ribbons and bows threaded through the cuffs. The white satin mandarin collar was three inches tall and had bone supports. Once the dress was buttoned up the back, the collar would force Adam’s head up. A bright pink knife pleated satin sash tied in the back just under the breasts in long streamers that hung to the skirt’s hem at mid-thigh. White lace fingerless gloves with a broad wrist band of ruffled floral lace completed his dressing.

Before they left, Dolly had him stand in front of the mirror while she fluffed out his skirt and petticoat. Adam was shocked at what he saw reflected back at him. He looked like the biggest sissy in the world with curlers in his hair.

“I look just like some of those really sissy boys in the magazines they made me look at. This dress weighs a ton and it’s hot. Oh damn, you can see the legs of those stupid panties she put on me. They go down to my knees. I wish I was dead. I wish I had gone to boarding school,” he thought as tears ran down his cheeks.

“Now, now, sissy stop that crying. I know they are tears of happiness but you just have to get a hold of yourself. What do you think is going to happen if you continue crying after you have your makeup on? Why, you’ll be a big old raccoon that’s what and we don’t want that. Do we?” Dolly said while dabbing at his eyes with a tissue.

Adam, half stumbling and half tripping while walking back to Mr. Henri’s styling chair was thankful for Dolly’s supporting hand. “Dang high heels, dang dress. All I hear is the click clack of my shoes and the constant rustling of this dress. It’s bad enough how uncomfortable and hot these clothes are but do they have to be so damn noisy?” he thought.

Back in the styling chair, Adam fought with the skirt and petticoat trying to keep everything covered up. He surrendered the battle and blushed scarlet realizing everyone could see his underwear and flower decorated dick.

The bonnet and curlers were removed. Mr. Henri spent some time brushing and combing out his hair before using almost an entire can of hairspray to fix it into place. The style was a big hair, bouffant flip with a part down the middle and the feathered bangs fluffed out across his forehead.

Mr. Henri stood in front of him admiring his creation as several other people gathered around. "Oh Mr. Henri, you have surpassed yourself," "Mr. Henri how perfectly delightful," and "How wonderful," could be heard coming from the crowd. Adam just sat blushing almost as pink as his dress.

"Thank you one and all. Now please leave so Margaret can work her cosmetic magic on this fine sissy. His Mistress will be here shortly," he said.

Margaret arrived with her cart and immediately went to work on Adam's face. The first thing she did was fill out his lips into a bee stung look using a syringe with a small needle to inject collagen. Lavender blending into pink eye shadow, black liquid liner and lengthening mascara followed an even coating of neutral foundation. His lips painted in a luscious wet looking flamingo pink and a light dusting of powder completed his makeup. Margaret had decided not to use any blusher as his cheeks glowed nicely without it.

When she moved off, Mr. Henri double checked Adam's hair, removed the plastic drape and handed him a hand mirror. It was the first look Adam had of his head. At first he couldn't believe what he was seeing. He watched in the mirror as his hand came up with its bright pink nails and touched the stiff confection that Mr. Henri had created. His hair had been bleached and dyed into bright pink and white vertical stripes. He was so shocked by the image that the mirror fell from his hand into his skirted lap. As Adam stared down at the mirror, Mr. Henri pinned a large white satin bow to the back of his bouffant hair do.

"I can see that you are totally amazed at my creativity. You don't have to say thank you, your expression tells me all I care to hear. Now come along, your Mistress is here to pick you up," Mr. Henri said smiling from ear to ear. Mr. Henri parted the beaded curtain and with a slight bow waved Adam in. Tottering on his heels, Adam minced his way into the reception area.

"Oh my, you have certainly outdone yourself Mr. Henri. My Sissy Candy Cane looks positively darling. Give us a twirl Sissy Candy so we can see your entire outfit." Latisha said.

Adam blushing like a beacon did as he was ordered. He slowly turned being very careful not to twist an ankle as he did so. He felt like a complete fool but dare not complain.

“Lift your skirt and petticoat Candy. I want to see what lovely undies Dolly picked out for you. OMG! That is precious! That flower! Dolly, was that your idea? I just love it!” Drusilla exclaimed.

“Well I was going to put a chiffon scrunchie on it but decided on the flower. I think it would look dainty no matter what sort of decoration was used. I have a bunch of silk flowers, scrunchies and fancy bows you can put on it, if you want them,” Dolly said.

“Oh yes darling, I simply must have them. My Candy Cane should always be wearing something cute on his little boy clitty. Mr. Henri, my sincerest compliments to your staff for doing an outstanding job. I’ll add something extra to your payment for them,” Latisha replied pulling out a checkbook from her alligator purse.

“Latisha I applaud your imagination. When we discussed your sissy’s hair, I thought you might pick out that name. If I didn’t already have a significant other, I swear I would eat her up. Shall I make another appointment for you, let’s say next week?” Mr. Henri replied.

“Yes, that would be fine and thank you for everything,” Latish said as she placed a red leather collar and attached a matching leash around Adam’s neck. Handing Mr. Henri his check, she air kissed him.

“Come along Candy, we have places to go,” Latisha said giving the leash a tug. Adam had no choice but to follow. He started off a bit wobbly but Drusilla stepped up and taking his elbow steadied him.

“Chest out, back straight, one foot in front of the other, swing from the hips, place the tip of your toe down first. Concentrate on that while I support you,” Drusilla said.

On the way to the car, Adam spied two scruffy dirty looking bikers coming out of the tattoo shop. Between the bikers was a strange looking young man. His hair was dyed a bright yellow, styled in a tall Mohawk with a braided pony tail tied off in a bright violet chiffon bow. His scalp was tattooed in a brilliant blue, chartreuse and red design. It made his scalp look like it was covered by a feathered cap. His ears and nose were heavily pierced and delicate gold chains draped from his right earlobe to a small golden ring in his nostril. His arms were tattooed in a countless number of colorful flowers, butterflies, and small birds interwoven in a delicate design. He was wearing a transparent purple nylon camisole with white lace frill and a pair of very tight fitting denim short shorts with frayed cuffs. The camisole left his midriff bare and exposed a golden seahorse encrusted with bright pink stones navel ring. On his feet were white nylon socks with a purple lace frill and black patent leather Mary Jane shoes with a two inch block heel. He walked with a very pronounced swish.

As he observed them, Adam couldn't help but wonder if he had it so bad. From the look on the boy's face and the way the bikers were handling him, Adam believed that whatever his situation, it probably wasn't voluntary.

"At least I look pretty and not like some parody of a faggot," he thought as they arrived at the car.

Ooo

They arrived at the Violet Vineyard. As Latisha parked the car, she told Candy that she had better behave herself. "I have an image to uphold here Candy and I expect you to behave. That means nothing comes out of your pie hole unless specifically asked by me. If you behave, you will no longer be required to wear and mess your diapers. Misbehave and I promise you that you will never get out of diapers. I'll turn you into a real baby with only dollies to play with for the rest of your miserable life," she stated.

Adam quailed at the threat. "No, there is no way I want to be in diapers especially messy ones. She is mean enough to make that happen. Hell, she already has. I'll do anything to keep that from happening," he thought.

As they entered the Violet Vineyard, Adam was surprised to see how nice it was. He expected it to be sleazy, dark and disorderly. Instead, it was well lit and furnished. Oak paneling on the walls, a large ornate mahogany bar and cloth covered tables greeted him as they went inside. A large well muscled mannish woman greeted them and led them to a corner booth.

The woman had close cropped black hair and no makeup that Adam could tell. She wore a white cotton short sleeved shirt and black slacks. While she looked neat and clean, Adam knew that he wouldn't want to meet her in any back alley. She radiated strength and confidence; yet, fawned over Latisha.

"Welcome Mistress Latisha. I am so happy to see you again. I'll have Marsha bring your drinks right over. If there is anything I can do for you, just let me know," the woman said.

"Thank you Ira, I'm expecting Dorothy and Mark to join me shortly. Tell Marsha to bring an extra bottle of champagne," Latisha replied.

Latisha and Drusilla slid into the booth while Adam was directed to sit on a tall stool. He was instructed to spread his petticoat and skirt so he wouldn't wrinkle them and to keep his hands in his lap. The stool was placed directly under an overhead light insuring that he was on display.

Marsha soon arrived with four champagne flutes and two bottles of the bubbly brew. She efficiently opened one bottle and filled two flutes. Marsha served Latisha first after bobbing a curtsey, then served Drusilla but without the curtsey.

Adam could only stare as the waitress served the liquor. She was wearing a Catholic school girl uniform that revealed more than it concealed. The white blouse was semi-transparent, allowing her white lace frilled demi-bra to be clearly seen. The tartan pleated skirt was so short that it barely covered her rounded bottom. The bright white high cut panties clung like a second skin over that bottom and were on display every time Marsha bent over. Marsha was obviously over thirty but looked fantastic in her costume.

What surprised Adam the most though was the fact that he was admiring the waitress's dress rather than her tantalizing display of flesh. In the past, he would be dreaming about grabbing that rounded butt and pert titties on display. Instead, he was thinking about how her uniform would look on him. It wasn't until Marsha spoke that Adam understood that she was actually a he.

He shook his head in dismay. Turning his attention to the other people in the room, he noticed that there were two other waitresses and three waiters moving around. The waitresses were dressed as a French maid and the other as a burlesque dancing girl. The waiters were dressed in skin tight jeans and satin cowboy shirts and boots. As the French maid and one of the cowboys passed his table, Adam was stunned to see that the maid was actually a male and the cowboy female.

Continuing his scan of the room, he saw four normal looking men sitting at a table drinking beer. They were looking directly at Adam with big grins on their faces. Quickly moving his gaze to the bar, he saw several people sitting with their backs to him. The front door opening caught his attention. A well dressed pretty woman about his mother's age walked in arm-in-arm with a tall slightly older gentleman wearing an expensive looking suit. To Adam's chagrin, the couple began walking directly to his booth. To be under a spotlight was one thing but to have people actually approach was another matter. Adam didn't know if he could stand the embarrassment of someone else seeing him in his condition.

When the couple arrived at the table, the woman reached over the table and took Latisha's extended hand in a girlie handshake. "Latisha it is so good to see you. I can't wait to see the surprise you talked about on the phone," the woman said.

The man only nodded Latisha's way as his eyes were roving all over Adam's body. Under the man's close scrutiny, Adam was both terrified and aroused. Terrified that such a man would look at him with such lust; yet, thrilled at what those eyes indicated. Adam could only stare down at his hands blushing for all he was worth. As he looked at his hands, Adam couldn't help but see an obvious erection in the man's pants.

"Mark! Mark! A little attention here and show some manners would you," the woman said slightly agitated.

"I'm sorry Dorothy but this ravishing creature here seems to have distracted me. Please forgive me Mistress Latisha, I didn't mean to be discourteous but you know me better than I do myself," he replied while reaching over to take her hand and give it a kiss.

"Don't think anything of it my dear Mark. Allow me to introduce my latest creation, Sissy Candy Cane. Sissy, blow a sweet kiss to Master Mark," Latisha replied regally.

Adam in a daze slowly lifted his gloved hand up to his Cupid bow lips and made a kissing motion. Opening the palm, he formed his lips into a cute "O" and blew the kiss towards Mark. He stared in disbelief as Mark reached out and grabbed the air kiss and put it to his lips.

"I can't believe that I just did that. I've never done anything like that before in my entire life. So why did I feel such a thrill when he placed it to his lips?" Adam thought.

"OMG! Is that Adam? Myra's boy? I can't believe it," the woman said looking shocked.

"Of course it is. Who did you think I would have with me? After all, you're the one who got me this housekeeper's job. I did promise you something in return and judging by the look on Mark's face he is more than willing. However, that will have to wait a bit as I haven't finished with him yet," Latisha stated taking pleasure from Dorothy's reaction.

At her statement, Adam looked up in disbelief and terror. They knew who he was. These strangers not only knew who he was but his mother as well. Unanswered questions began popping up in his mind. Questions like, "Who else among my Mother's friends know?" "What is going on?" "What's the meaning of all this?" and "How will I ever be able to live this down?" raced through his mind.

Adam was tempted to get down from the stool and run for dear life but the stern glares coming from both Latisha and Drusilla froze him in place. Dressed like he was, wearing heels and in an unfamiliar place Adam knew he would have little chance, if any, to escape. He was stuck and the prospect of being put back into diapers permanently was not a good option. So he forced his desire to flee back into the recesses of his mind.

If he thought he was embarrassed because people knew who he was, he was even more so when Latisha ordered him to get off the stool and lift his petticoat and skirt.

"OMG! Look at that Mark. Adam has a pencil dick and, and that flower is just too cute for words. Oh, the pantaloons are so fitting for such a sissy. Latisha darling you have really outdone yourself with this one," Dorothy said excitedly.

"The sissy's name is Candy Cane. I would prefer that you call her by her name dear. This Adam you refer to does not exist," Latisha said somewhat icily.

"Oh I am sorry darling. It won't happen again. Please accept my apologies. I just got carried away there for a moment. It won't happen again," Dorothy replied.

"Apology accepted. Now why don't the two of you sit and have some champagne. We're celebrating Candy's coming out. Candy, get back up on your stool," Latisha said.

As the party continued, other people came over to say hello. Whenever someone new arrived at their table, Adam had to get up and lift his clothing. Each comment regarding his dress or pencil dick brought a deep glow to his cheeks. He wished that a hole would open up and swallow him. He also noted that Mark's lust filled eyes never left him.

Knowing that Mark was watching him, Adam was confused. "Mark is a handsome older man and he keeps staring at me. I wonder if he likes me. I think he does from the way he looks at me. He's big and strong. Maybe he could help me. I wonder how big his dick is. I bet it tastes better than that stupid dildo they make me suck on. I'm sure his sperm will taste better than that slime they feed me. Damn! Why am I thinking like this?" he thought.

After a couple of hours sitting there, Adam felt a need to relieve himself. His constant shifting on the stool caught Drusilla's attention. "What's the matter with you Sissy Candy? You got ants in your panties or something?" she asked.

"I'm sorry Mistress but I, I have to go to the restroom," he replied.

"Speak up Sissy Candy. What did you say?" she said loudly bringing silence to the table.

"I...I hav...have to use the restroom, Mistress," he stuttered more embarrassed than ever.

"I have to use the lady's myself. Let me take the sissy with me," Dorothy piped up as she slid from her seat.

She quickly took Adam's hand and led him away before anyone could object. "Come along Sissy Candy. I'll show you the way," she said.

As they entered the Lady's room, there were two women standing by the sink. "You ladies don't mind if this sissy uses the toilet do you? He's just too precious to go into the men's. Heavens, he might never come out of there. Here, Sissy Candy, lift your skirts and show the ladies that you are no threat to their maidenly honor," Dorothy demanded.

"How many more times do they intend to humiliate me?" he thought as he lifted his skirts once again.

As soon as the women saw his undies, they started giggling uncontrollably. "Oh my, look at that pencil dick. I've heard stories about that but never thought that I'd actually see one," one of them laughed while pointing at his crotch.

"And, and that flower. Talk about a sissy. He's got to be the biggest fairy that I have ever seen," the other laughed as they headed for the door.

"Come along sissy. Let me help you go pee-pee. When you are finished I want to examine the rest of your clothing," she said grabbing him by his exposed dick.

That night at the Violet Vineyard had been excruciating for Adam but he received his reward. When they entered his bedroom, the crib was gone and a real twin bed with lavender chiffon canopy filled its place. Stripped to his corset, he was given a frilly purple nylon and chiffon baby doll with matching full cut panties to put on. After having to wear bulky diapers and restricting footed pajama, Adam considered his new clothing luxurious.

Drusilla helped him with his nightly toilet and made sure he smoothed moisturizer into his skin. She shampooed his hair and tightly set it in large bristle rollers. The rollers dug into his scalp painfully but he was too happy to complain. Just knowing that he wouldn't wake up in the morning with soggy dirty diapers kept a small smile on his face.

Ooo

For the next week Adam stayed home. Each morning he would be awakened by either Drusilla or Prissy. They both enjoyed teasing him about his dick. "Yeah, Candy, just think, in a few months your dick will never be bigger than a pencil. Your balls will shrink into just a small bag of marbles. There's not a woman on earth that would want you to put that pathetic thing into them. I can't wait to put a fluffy ribbon or pretty flower on it. Of course we'll stuff it back up into your new pussy lips so that only the head shows. We don't want to see any messy bulges in your pretty panties, now do we?" Drusilla teased.

He would then be dressed in satin or taffeta colorful party dresses with lots of lace and bows suitable for young girls. Ruffled nylon panties, net petticoats, tights or ruffled nylon socks would finish his dressing. Dressed, Drusilla would carefully reshape and style his

hair into a large bouffant flip using lots of hairspray. Then she would apply his makeup using lots of eye shadow and glossy lipstick. With his makeup completed, Adam would then have to varnish his nails in whatever color matched his lipstick.

He would then be taken into the living room to watch television. There he would sit on the floor and watch childish shows absorbing their subliminal messages. He had learned early not to say a word unless specifically asked something. The spankings he received from Drusilla were especially painful. In the afternoon he would be taken back to his room, lubricated and placed on his stool in front of a television while gay porn played. They no longer had to fasten the dildo gag. He sucked automatically now.

For Adam's part, he was extremely happy to be out of diapers. The thought of having to wear and use them, sent shudders up and down his spine. He still did not enjoy what they were doing to him but as the days went by, he began accepting and to some extent enjoying it. The soft caress of chiffon and the sweet smells of perfume and makeup were easier to get accustomed too. There was also a curiosity building in his mind as he watched television.

"What would it be like to actually suck a real man's dick? What would it be like to have someone, strong and masculine inside me? It has to feel and taste better than these artificial ones. The men in the movies are so nice while all the women around me are so mean. What would it feel like to have a strong man's arms around me? Holding me tight and protected from those evil women," he thought with a sigh.

As he was escorted into Mr. Henri's salon Friday morning, Adam saw another couple coming out. It was a dark headed young man about fifteen or so and a middle aged woman. His dark hair was in an old fashioned greasy flat top, wearing a dirty pull over blue shirt and dirty looking denim jeans. Adam also noted a well defined bulge in the crotch of his jeans.

"Come along Linda. You wanted to be a tom boy did you! Well you have got your wish. From now on, you will take a shower once a week. No more shaving your legs or underarms either. You will wear the same clothing several days in a row and that includes your underwear. You will mow the grass and do all the dirty jobs around the house. Oh, yes, I also got you a date for tonight with that biker chick, Brenda. She won't mind how bad you smell or look," the woman said as they passed them by.

"Oh I wish I could be that way again," he thought as the door shut behind them.

Mr. Henri soon joined the group wearing a pair of pale pink kakis and very vivid Hawaiian floral shirt. "Oh darling Latisha, it is so nice to see you again. So you want me to take this gorgeous Sissy Candy and get her all ready for her big party. I have the dress you

requested and Dolly can't wait to put it on her. I'll have her done, say, in about four hours," he said after several air kisses.

Adam was quickly stripped down to his underwear and given a pink smock and paper slippers to put on. Mr. Henri couldn't keep himself from giggling as he noted the bright pink ruffled chiffon scrunchie fastened around the head of Adam's dick.

After his hair was shampooed and conditioned, Mr. Henri began working his magic. He carefully arranged Adam's pink and white hair in neat spirals over a domed shaped piece of foam that sat atop his head. It took about an hour to have the form fully covered with even spirals of pink and white. An entire can of lacquer was used to hold everything in place. A pink satin hair band was secured in place just above his bangs. By the time Mr. Henri had finished, Adam was almost sick from the sweet smell of hairspray. He had been given what Mr. Henri called a beehive bouffant with tight spit curled bangs. Spiral springs of hair hung down beside each ear. One was pink and the other white.

With his hair done, he was taken to see Dolly. When she saw him, she made a big deal of his new coif and told him how retro and pretty it looked. Then she removed his smock and told him to go over to the lacing bar. Once his hands were secured and he was raised to tip toe, she unlaced his corset.

"Oh darling Sissy Candy, I have the most exquisite corset for you today. It is a long line poly-spandex in a precious pale rose color. It will go from just under your breasts all the way down to ten inches below the knee. The bodice is laced and bone supported so that you keep that gorgeous figure. It will really make the dress your Mistress selected look dazzling on you," she said enthusiastically.

Laced to the point where he could barely breathe, he tried to walk over to a chair. "How do you expect me to walk in this thing? I can barely move my feet," he gasped.

"Sissy, you need to take very small steps, one foot directly in front of the other. Whatever you do, don't try and rush it because when you have your heels on, you could really hurt yourself," she answered.

When he finally managed to sit in the chair, Dolly carefully rolled white knee-high nylons with pink glitter up his legs. Then she fastened black patent leather six inch stiletto heeled sandals around his ankles with two narrow straps.

"Here let me help you up, Sissy. Now be very careful until you get your balance and stride. Just take it easy, I've got your arm, let me guide you over here where I have your dress," she said.

“You expect me to get into that?” Adam asked when he saw the dress.

“Oh you will look heavenly in it. Of course, it takes a lot of effort to get use to it but you will manage. It is made of a poly-spandex just like your corset and has some stretch. It’s a tube styled dress and hugs the figure like a second skin. As you can see, it is strapless and has a darling sweetheart neckline with a ruffled lace frill. It hugs the torso all the way down to the knees then flares out in tiered net skirting reaching the ankles. With your hair style, this dress will absolutely compliment and enhance your look darling Sissy. Now, carefully step into it and I will fasten it for you,” Dolly stated.

Standing before the full-length mirror Adam was horrified. There he stood on wobbly feet looking at a sequined dress of white and pink spirals that clung to every nook and curve of his body. His artificial breasts seemed gigantic resting in a nest of white ruffled chiffon. From his knees down all he could see was yards of tiered pink and white netting.

“Oh my! I look just like a big dick standing on a cloud,” Adam thought as he viewed his image.

“Hold out your arm so I can finish dressing you. You still have to get your makeup done and I need to put these gloves on you,” Dolly ordered.

Absently, Adam stuck out his arm still mesmerized by his reflection. Dolly worked an opera length pink poly-spandex glove with boning running its entire length including the fingers up his arm.

“Miss Dolly, how can I use my arms in these stiff gloves?” he asked confused.

“Don’t be silly, Sissy. You can still use your arms but they will be limited in their range of motion. You can bend your elbow slightly and you can clutch your purse strap between your thumb and forefinger. Otherwise, yes, they will hamper your movements. Just move slowly and take your time darling. That’s all there is to it. Remember, slow and easy and you will be fine,” she replied.

It was very difficult walking in the six inch heels but the tight restriction of the skirt made it almost impossible. As he left the salon he caught his reflection in a mirror. “My ass is swinging back and forth like a pendulum and these boobs are quaking like great big bowls of Jell-O. I’ve never been so uncomfortable in my life. Do women really dress like this?” he thought.

Latisha, Dorothy and Prissy were waiting in the reception area. Adam was surprised to see Prissy wearing a dress just like his except it was in pale blue and white stripes. Her red hair was in ringlets, piled high up on her head and held in place with a bright white satin bow. While Adam’s makeup was centered on soft-pink lips, Prissy’s was a more dramatic

fire engine red. Prissy stood holding a white wicker box purse between thumb and forefinger in one blue gloved hand and elaborate lace encrusted linen hankie in the other.

As Latisha finished with Mr. Henri, Drusilla handed a similar purse and hankie to Adam. "Keep hold of these Sissy Candy and make sure to keep your wrists cocked at all times," she ordered.

Ooo

As they arrived at the Violet Vineyard, Adam noticed a sign out front saying, "Private Party By Invitation Only." Both Prissy and Adam had a difficult time getting out of the car. If they weren't careful their high coifs would be damaged on the door frame; yet, their tight skirts and corsets made bending at the waist difficult. Then they had to negotiate three steps to get into the club. They were both relieved once they got into the club without falling.

The two sissies were directed to stand beneath two spot lights beside Latisha's booth. Latisha was decked out in bright red leather and Drusilla in black. Their outfits consisted of skin tight leather pants with chromed chain belts and buckles, white satin blouse, leather biker styled jackets decorated with chromed buttons and chains and wore lace up stripper boots. Their makeup was harsh and boldly done. As they entered the room they were greeted with loud applause and difference.

Before she took her seat, Latisha said, "Thank you, tonight we are here to initiate Sissy Candy Cane into her new life. I want all of you to have a good time but remember not to get carried away. No marks or bodily harm to my precious Sissy Candy."

The party was well underway when a young man approached Prissy and offered her a glass of wine. Prissy took it with a big smile and sipped its golden nectar. Adam wished that someone would get him a drink. Standing under the hot spot light was making him very thirsty.

"Prissy what the hell do you think you are doing?" Latisha suddenly yelled interrupting Adam's thoughts.

"Uh err just err just having a sip of wine Mistress," Prissy said paling under her makeup.

"I don't believe that I gave you permission to have a drink! That's the last draw Prissy! You have disobeyed me for the last time. First you try to run away then you dare to disregard my demands. You even had the nerve to complain when I told you to dress like your sissy sister Candy. Well, I've have enough! It's too the auction block with your sorry ass!" Latisha said almost screaming.

The entire room fell silent as Latisha reprimanded her sissy. Now they all looked upon the scene with eager anticipation on their faces. "An auction," someone shouted from the audience.

"Yes, an auction. Who is willing to make the first bid for ownership rights to this bitch Sissy Prissy?" she responded.

A bid of \$200 was followed up with bids of increasing amounts until it reached \$2,000. "Alright, going once, going twice, sold to the gentleman standing by the bar," Latisha said with a satisfied smile.

Adam couldn't believe what was happening. He stood in total shock as Prissy was put up for sale. "This can't be happening. No one can sell another person just like they were livestock. No, I must be imagining this," he thought.

A man approached Latisha holding out an envelope. "Two thousand as we agreed on," he said boldly.

She opened the envelope, glanced at its contents and nodded her head while handing over a red leash and collar to the man. The man was wearing bib overalls, a black and red checked felt long sleeved shirt and looked like he hadn't shaved in days. When he smiled, his teeth were all crooked and discolored. To make it worse, the man appeared to have a humped back.

Adam cringed back as the man approached Prissy and snapped the collar around her neck. He heard the man say, "Just you wait until I get your sissy ass in my barn bitch," as he pulled a screaming Prissy away, half dragging half carrying her, he waved a hand to the crowd.

Prissy was screaming, "No Mistress! Please don't do this to me. Please Mistress save me," as the man dragged her away.

Horror struck, he watched the couple disappear behind a curtain, Adam was shaking in fear. "How could she do such a thing? She actually sold Prissy to someone. He looked so mean and cruel. How could she do that and no body tried to stop her. She did that just because Prissy took a drink without her permission? If she could do that, what can she do to me? I don't want to be sold," he mumbled to himself.

After the auction, things settled back into a party mood. Adam was hot, thirsty and scared to death. He wanted to ask for something to drink. He wanted to sit and get off those terrible heels but was too afraid. He was so wrapped up in his own thoughts that he didn't notice Mark approach Latisha and ask her permission to dance with Candy.

"Of course, Mark darling, go ahead and enjoy yourself. Sissy Candy would be more than pleased to dance the night away with you. Sissy Candy, Master Mark has asked you to dance. What do you say?" Latisha said.

"Huh? Thank...er...I would be glad too," Adam managed to mumble. "Oh shit! The last thing I want to do is make her mad. I don't want to dance with a man. Heck, I don't even know if I can in this damn dress," he thought as Mark took his hand.

They slowly made their way onto the dance floor. A slow romantic song was playing and Mark pulled Adam into a tight embrace. Mark's hands settled tightly across the saddle of Adam's hips, finger tips brushing the top of his round ass and pulled them closely together.

Adam didn't know what to do. With the stiff boning in his gloves, he couldn't raise them to go around Mark's neck. He settled on placing his arms around the massive chest and pressing his hands against his shoulder blades tightening the embrace. He was feeling very uncomfortable as Mark had them swaying to the music. Taking actual dance steps was impossible in the tight fitting dress.

Adam could feel Mark's hot breath on his neck, smell his cologne and feel his muscles as they swayed. He could feel Mark's erection pressing into his own groin but the embrace was too tight for him to pull back. The sensations of his clothing combined with the masculine smell and strength of Mark was making Adam dizzy.

"Oh, this is so gay. I can't believe that I am dancing with another man but I think I like it. He's so strong and manly while I'm dressed like a sissy and feel so weak. Ohhh, when I feel his breath in my ear, it sends chills up my spine. Oooooohhhh, he's...he's sticking his tongue in my ear. I'm breaking out in goose bumps. I can't believe I am reacting like this. I wonder what it would be like to actually kiss him. Oh shit! I'm actually thinking how it would feel to suck his dick. I've never had desires like that before. What is wrong with me?" he thought in confusion.

"You are one fine sissy, Candy. I wish I could get Latisha to auction you off to me. I would treat you like the little piece of candy you appear to be. I think I could spend an entire night just nibbling on your pretty neck and ears. I would pay more than that country bumpkin did just to feel those rich full lips of yours caressing my dick," Mark whispered into Adam's ear.

Adam shivered in both pleasure and fright as Mark continued to whisper into his ear. The idea of doing just what Mark suggested was both appalling and appealing at the same time. His libido was telling him that was what he wanted while his rational mind was telling him that such a thing was totally wrong.

As they continued to dance, Latisha slipped between the curtains with a big smile on her face. "Well done my little cherub. He bought it hook, line and sinker if I had my guess. You were a bit melodramatic there at the end but to good effect," she said as she sat at the table.

The shirtless man sitting at the table was removing a latex mask from his face. On the table were a bottle of champagne, several glasses, what looked like a bundle of cotton and some false teeth.

"I'm just glad to get the fuck out of this shit. You can't believe just how much this itches," the man said as he peeled the mask off.

"Randolph, darling, you performed miraculously. Here's your money back and Prissy here is what I promised you. You will find a nice bonus for your work. I'm sure it is more than enough for you two to take that island vacation you were talking about," Latisha said handing over two envelopes.

"Latisha, you are a dear. It was a pleasure working for you. Please call on me whenever you need someone. Working for someone as devious as you are is always interesting," Prissy said.

"You know how important getting the right mind set is Prissy. The female hormones and testosterone blockers will, over time, change his chemistry but it is the mind I want," she said smacking her fist on the table for emphasis.

"Those subliminal messages can only go so far. Adam would never have begun thinking about sucking a dick or wearing sissy clothing without their help. Those messages just made him start thinking about such things. As you know, thinking about doing something and actually putting it into action is another thing altogether. It takes a real kick start to the mind to get it to act on a thought. That is especially true if the thought is in total opposition to your basic nature. How many times has someone thought of jumping off a bridge but never acted on it until severe stress or mental anguish forced them to actually do it? Your little performance just kick started Adam for me. He'll think a long time before he disobeys me in the future," she finished.

"I still don't understand why you just didn't force him. You know, you could have put that shock chip on his balls. I've seen that used before and I certainly would do anything to keep from getting my balls fried. You could have had him sucking dick from the first day

using that device. Besides, it would have been a hell of a lot cheaper and easier to do," Prissy added.

"True, but you are forgetting something very important. Using an electric ball collar or other physical force doesn't change the mind set. Fear of pain is a good tool but it doesn't achieve permanent results. Once the threat is gone, the subject will revert back to his or her original way of thinking. I want to change Adam's mind. I need him to become a cock sucking little sissy in his own mind. To do that, he has to fear me such that he is willing to obey me. Fear is the driving tool to achieve permanent changes. One can never escape their fears except for when, in the act of obeying, there is pleasure. Once Adam understands that being a sissy cock sucker is pleasurable, he will accept it. Oh, he will still fear me but he will enjoy what I am forcing him to become. Yes, it would be cheaper but the results wouldn't be the same and his mother is paying for it anyway. Remember, she is paying me three grand plus expenses," she countered.

"Oh well, philosophy, smilosophy or whatever. Latisha it was a pleasure as usual working for you. Now I have got to get out of this damnable dress and heels. They are killing me. Come on Randolph, let's go. I have to get out of this contraption. It's a pain in the ass," Prissy said.

"I don't know about that baby. I like you in that get up. Maybe I'll just keep you in that until I can take my time. Then, I'll give you a real pain in the ass," Randolph said as he swatted her bottom.

Ooo

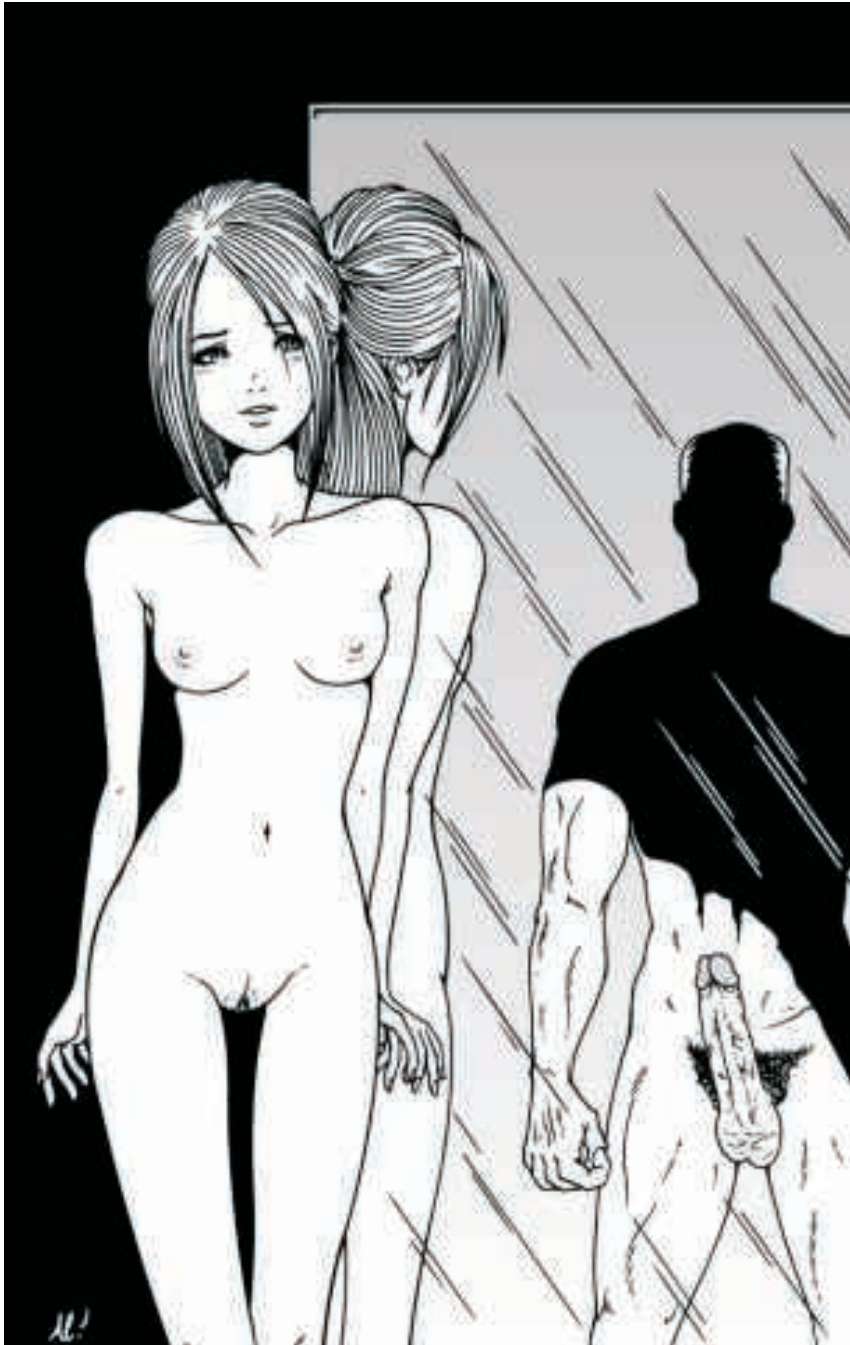
Back at the house, Adam breathed a sigh of relief as Drusilla unlaced and removed his heels. He wiggled his toes in the carpet as she went behind him to unzip the tight dress. His head was still abuzz over the sensations that had bombarded his mind all night. The adrenalin rush from his fears and the sensual comfort of Mark while they danced left his mind in turmoil.

Stripped naked, standing before the full-length mirror, Adam examined his body. He saw a young girl with a pink and white-striped beehive hairdo. Her full luscious looking lips were formed into a slight pout. The D-cup breasts with their thick nipples moved as he breathed. The waist tapered into a slight mound before reaching the camel toe of a girl's ripe pussy. With his pencil sized dick folded within the lips of his pussy, his reflection shouted girl. To his confused mind, it said sissy.

As he gazed into the mirror, the image of Mark, completely naked with a raging erection, seemed to step out of the mirror. The grey at his temples caught the light, making him look very distinguished. Adam felt his heart stop in anticipation, then it all evaporated as Drusilla handed him his nightie.

“Come on sissy; get your nightie on and into bed. It’s been a long night and I am tired,” she instructed.

Adam stepped into the bright yellow nylon pantaloons with three rows of white lace at the knee. The matching empire square necked gown soon followed. The neckline of the nightie was hemmed with three inches of white floral lace. The puffed sleeves had lace trim with thin yellow satin ribbons threaded through and tied off in neat bows with long streamers. The skirt of the gown was knife pleated and a wide yellow satin ribbon was tied in a pert bow just under his massive breasts.



Drusilla placed a white lace embellished nylon sleep cap over his beehive hairdo and tied the lavender ball gloves on his hands. Before leading him over to the bed, she placed the penis gag into his mouth.

“With those ball gloves on, you won’t be able to play with your little pencil dick but I’m sure sucking on that gag will bring you comfort. Nightie night sissy,” she said turning out the light.

In the morning after his toilet, Latisha dressed Adam. She put him in an iridescent pink thong, matching satin bra and a pair of opalescent thigh high nylons with floral lace stay-up welts. A pale apricot colored semi-transparent nylon mid-riff blouse with a rounded neckline and three-quarter inch billowing sleeves was then pulled carefully over his head. The bottom hem of the blouse gathered tightly

just under his breasts. Shiny white satin short shorts that zipped in the back and buckled in the front with a gold chain belt were pulled up his legs. Three inch spiked heeled

Strappy sandals and a pair of pale apricot colored lacy fingerless gloves completed his dressing.

As soon as breakfast was over, Latisha handed him a white wicker box purse with a long golden chain strap. "You can freshen your lipstick while we are in the car. Come on, let's go," she ordered.

It took most of Adam's will power not to ask her where they were going or why. After last night's auction, he wasn't about to provoke her. He did his best to ignore the stares he received whenever they were at a stop light. The tissue that bore his lip imprint was in tatters by the time she parked the car. To his relief, they were back at the salon.

"Maybe she is going to have them remove these dang breasts and cunt. My chest has been itching like crazy and so is this confounding hairdo. For a minute there, I thought she was going to take me someplace public. I don't think I could stand it if anyone I knew saw me," he thought hopefully.

Adam's spark of hope was quickly dashed as Latisha led him to the tattoo parlor. Inside, they were greeted by a giant of a man. He was at least six foot five and weighed at least two hundred and eighty five of solid muscle. His head was as bald as a cucumber, his arms and bare chest were covered in multi-colored tattoos. There were rings in his ears, nose and right eyebrow. He was wearing a black leather vest, matching leather pants and combat boots. Seeing him, Adam tried to withdraw back behind Latisha.

"What's say Igor? How's my favorite artiste today? You ready to take on my new sissy Candy here?" Latisha said jovially while pulling Adam to the forefront.

"Lat, baby, you are a sight for sore eyes darling. Yeah, got everything we discussed right here on the desk for you to take a look at. Took me most of yesterday to get the stencil just right but I think you're gonna like it. It's elaborate and going to take awhile to ink. Ain't going to be cheap either," he replied with a big grin.

Keeping close to her side, Adam fearfully looked at what Igor was showing Latisha. It was a drawing of a tattoo. A bouquet of flowers, yellow tulip, red rose, purple orchid intermixed with small white daisies and baby's breath with the black stems and bright green leaves gathered and flowing across horizontally to a similar bouquet. In the middle of the

intertwining stems rose a large pink and white striped candy cane with a banner flowing across its center. The word, "SISSY", was written in the banner in bright pink letters outlined in black ink.

"Igor, you are a genius! That is the perfect tramp stamp for my sissy here. Is it really going to look that good once you transfer the design to her back?" she asked.

"How can you doubt me Lat? With these new iridescent inks this tat will stand out like a neon sign. It's just going to take awhile to do it, that's all. Maybe a couple days with a touch up in a couple of weeks," he replied.

"Fantastic, let's get started," she said as Adam fell to the floor in a dead faint.

Ooo

"OMG! I can't believe it. The dew drops on the flower petals look so real. I thought, until I actually touched one, that they were. Igor is pure genius," Drusilla said after she examined the finished tat.

Yes he is. It came out so good that he wants Candy to be an entry into a national contest during his annual convention. If Igor's work wins first place, he'll get a \$10,000 prize and our little sissy \$3,000. I'm almost tempted but the contest is still eight months away. Adam's mother will be back by then. So far, we have been able to control his weekly telephone conversations with her. When she sees him, I think the term "going ballistic" would be an understatement, don't you?" Latisha replied.

"You've dealt with uncooperative people before Latisha, so what's the problem? The bitch and her son just disappear. It's happened before," Drusilla stated.

"True, but in this case, things are a bit different. First, Myra by now has a number of friends who would be curious about any sudden disappearance. They could bring a lot of unwanted attention our way. Second, Dorothy wants to really stick it to her. I've never seen her so fixated on making someone else suffer like she is on Myra. She wants Myra to be totally humiliated and embarrassed everyday for the rest of her life. Kidnapping her, getting her hooked on drugs and working the streets wouldn't do that. Seeing her precious only son as a cock sucking sissy queer everyday would devastate her," she explained.

"Damn it Latisha! Haven't you heard enough stories about what momma bears do to protect their cubs? Myra will come after us for sure. I don't think I want that kind of threat hanging over my head," Drusilla replied heatedly.

"Chill out Drusilla. Why do you think we have him sitting in front of that TV all the time? All that deep immersion therapy and hormones are changing the way he thinks.

Adam has never had a sexual relationship with a woman and we've made sure that won't happen. With the right man and situation, he'll fall head over heels in love. Mark is going to get him to the point where he'll experience real sex for the first time. Once Adam accepts the sissy role in a male-on-male relationship, Mark is going to drop him. He'll do it gently using the excuse that he is married and turn him over to Henrietta. Henrietta will take him into compete sissy hood. He has the looks and dominant personality to hook Adam easily, besides he agreed to pay me \$15,000. By the time Myra gets back, her son will be totally in love and swishing his ass like he was born to it. I'll tearfully tell her that Adam simply fell into the wrong crowd and I couldn't do a thing to stop it. Adam will be so afraid of losing Henrietta's love that he won't deny anything. We go free, no complications, and all the richer for it. So, do you have a problem with that?" Latisha smirked.

"I still don't like the idea of a momma bear on the loose but it makes sense. How much we going to get out this anyway?" she asked.

"Let's see, \$15,000 from Henrietta, \$18,000 from Myra, \$50,000 from Mark and Dorothy for a total of eighty-three grand. Oh, don't forget we live expense free for six months plus all the additional revenues from the club. Our little Adam has been a big attraction and when we show off his new tramp stamp the crowd will pay plenty. Not bad for six months work," Latisha answered.

"I still don't like leaving loose ends but you sound like you have everything under control. I just hope you are right. So, when is the sissy losing his cherry?" Drusilla replied not fully convinced in her plan.

Ooo

Once Adam's tattoo was fully healed, Latisha reserved the Violet Vineyard for a private party. To make the party a guaranteed hit, she decided to make one more modification to Adam. She decided that the artificial breasts and vagina were no longer necessary. They had been added for one major purpose and that was to deflate Adam's masculine image. Now it was time for him to see himself as a true sissy.

Back at Mr. Henri's his hair was re-dyed pink and white and styled. This time his hair was fashioned into a big bubble with the ends tucked in and the bangs fluffed out. With his breasts removed, two large white puffy circles remained and this contrast was further amplified by a cupless bra. The bra was a plum color, satin spandex under wire design with small pale pink feathers. To enhance the white mounds, his nipples were injected with collagen to puffy stiffness and dyed a dark brown.

The artificial vagina was removed along with the pink shrink wrap. The head of his penis was fastened in a small pink leather collar and one ounce lead fishing weight attached to a small length of chain. This forced his long thin dick to hang straight down between his

legs. A pair of plum colored nylon open crotched panties were pulled up his legs. The open crotch was hemmed with pale pink feathers to match the bra.

Dolly selected a modified harem style of dress for Adam. The full balloon sleeved double layer chiffon blouse had a scoop neck and elasticized hem that reached to just below his breasts. Longer pink feathers were used to decorate the hem of the sheer pale aqua blouse. A matching pair of full cut pantaloons that reached to just below the knees with three tiers of pink ruffled chiffon hemming were pulled up his legs. The pantaloons had a modified green leather cod piece decorated with intricate multi-colored seed pearls in a floral pattern and outlined in the pale pink feathers. The pantaloons were designed to allow the weight on his dick to swing freely. Long darker colored aqua and pink chiffon scarves were fastened around his wrists. To complete his dressing, she had him step into a pair of silver six inch stiletto sandals with a half inch padded sole.

Back in the salon, his nails were given inch and a half acrylic extensions and painted in a pale pink and white stripe design. His makeup was applied using soft violets blended into lavender blended into pink for eye shadows. Midnight black eye liner and mascara emphasized his eyes while a rich plum was painted onto his lips. With his makeup completed, a crown of pale aqua nylon was draped over his head. It floated to just below his chin in the front and all the way down to his ass in back. A dowsing of a spicy perfume completed his make over.

By the time Mr. Henri had finished with him, Adam was amazed and confused. "Oh my, I look so exotic and beautiful. That can't really be me but it is. This outfit leaves my entire stomach visible. It's almost like I don't have anything on. Damn! You can just see my underwear through it. At least I'm not wearing those big heavy tits anymore. I can feel the soft cling of the clothing and the touch of makeup on my face. So that has to be my reflection. Oooooohhh, and the touch of my dick against these pants is electric but hurts at the same time. That damn weight Dolly put on it hurts but makes the head of my dick rub against the cloth. I really like the way I feel and look but I shouldn't. I should really hate this but there is nothing I can do about it. If I hear one more comment on how beautiful my tattoo is, I think I will toss my cookies. I'll never be able to go without a shirt for the rest of my life. No girl would ever go out with me ever again and for some reason that idea doesn't really bother me. Women are mean," he thought.

Adam stepped awkwardly into the Violet Vineyard. He was still not use to walking in tall heels; especially, now that his weight distribution had changed. He was led over to the stool sitting under the spot light next to Latisha's booth. A large crowd gathered around once Latisha and Drusilla were seated.

"Alright everyone, tonight I unveil my masterpiece Sissy Candy Cane. She is available for dancing to anyone paying \$20.00 for the privilege. You can buy as many dances as you wish but at the stroke of midnight, the dancing ends. There will be a raffle at that time to see who gets to take Sissy Candy into the back room. She is a virgin to both male and fe-

male. So, each raffle ticket will be \$250. Whoever wins has one hour alone with my darling Candy," Latisha announced.

With that announcement, Adam paled and shaking turned to face her. "Mistress, please Mistress, don't sell me. I've been good and have done everything you said," he pleaded.

"Oh Sissy Candy, don't get your panties in a bunch. I'm not selling you. I'm just offering you to some lucky person to have a little personal time away from all this noise and bother. I guarantee that you will not be harmed and you'll likely enjoy it. Trust me, my sissy. Now I want you to turn around," she replied.

"Ladies and gentlemen before we begin let me show you why Candy is my masterpiece," she said as she pulled the veil off Adam's head.

Exclamations of delight filled the room when his tattoo was put on display. Adam could sense the crowd moving in for a closer examination of his body art as Drusilla commented loudly, "Well, what do you think of Myra's sissy boy now?"

"Oh, gosh, Mistress, please don't tell them who I am. I would die of embarrassment if this ever got out," Adam said near tears.

"Don't sweat it kid. It's bound to get out sooner than later. Besides, you're a sissy now. You must accept that fact and learn to live with it. I only brought out what was in your basic nature. You have always been a sissy. You know it and I know it. If you had been a man, I could never have gotten you to dress and act this way. You are a sissy," she said sharply.

Before Adam could say anything else, the first man stepped up and took his hand, saying that the first dance was his. Adam lost track of time as he danced the night away and pondered what Latisha told him. The more he thought about it, the more he realized that he was a sissy. He couldn't explain the attraction he had for the male dance partners nor the distaste when he had to dance with a woman. Most of the time, the men were nice and didn't do more than cop a few feels of his firm round ass and occasionally steal a kiss. Some of the women he danced with were more forceful, pulling his body into a tight embrace while grinding their crotch into his. The women's aggressiveness only enhanced the sissy image he saw in his mind's eye.

As Adam danced, Drusilla pulled Latisha close and whispered, "If you are going to raffle our sissy, how will Mark take it? He was to have first shot at that little hussy and is paying good money for it."

"Baby, don't fret. I've palmed his ticket. He's going to win first prize. The rest of these schmucks are just contributing to our take. Nothing wrong in making a few more grand when we have the opportunity," she replied.

Ooo

Loud groans filled the room when Mark's name was announced as the winner. Grinning from ear to ear, he took his prize into the back room of the Violet Vineyard. It was candle lit and the scent of jasmine filled the air. A king sized bed with red satin coverlet and side table were the only furnishings. He led a trembling Adam over to the bed and sat down beside him.

"Oh Candy, I can't begin to tell you just how much I have waited for this moment. You are the most beautiful sissy I have ever seen in my life. I want you to know just how much I worship you. Please, don't be scared. Just let your feelings go and relax. I want you to enjoy this as much as I," he said softly as he began kissing Adam's neck and exposed shoulder.

Mark, to his credit, took his time. Gentle kisses to the neck, ears and shoulders slowly led to passionate kisses on the lips. He eased the blouse over Adam's breasts and began teasing the exposed nipples while softly stroking his thighs. He used up half his time just caressing and fondling Adam.

Adam was afraid and didn't have any idea of what to expect as they entered the room. The one thing he did not expect was the gentle touches, the tingling running up his spine whenever a moist tongue touched a sensitive body part or strong desire to submit to this older man. As their lips met for the first time, he didn't know what to do with his hands. A picture flashed through his mind of a sissy boy with his hands around a man's neck and he followed suit. Soon his hands were stroking through Mark's hair and he was moaning in pleasure. Adam had forgotten what it felt like to be loved and Mark was giving him something. Maybe not love but definitely something he now wanted.

Adam's arousal paused when he felt his pantaloons being lowered below his knees. The unexpected move left him puzzled and he drew back slightly from Mark's kiss.

"It's alright Candy, I just want a taste," Mark said as he slid down Adam's torso and took the head of his penis in his warm wet mouth. As he sucked gently on it, he unfastened the leather strap holding the lead weight. Taking most of the shaft into his mouth and running his tongue over its surface sent Adam to an area of delight that he had never experienced before. He had heard about blow jobs but never experienced one, much less, one from a very experienced homosexual. He was seeing stars when Mark with a loud smack pulled his lips from the semi-rigid thin rod.

"Okay, Candy, now I want you to put your pencil dick inside me. Climb on top and I'll guide you in. With that long thin sissy dick of yours, you ought to be able to reach my prostate without the usual discomfort that a thick dick causes. I can't wait to feel the head rubbing inside of me," he commanded.

Adam was totally confused. In all his thoughts, the sissy never put his puny dick inside a man. Well, at least not a real man. That was for sissies to do to each other. As he easily slid his dick into Mark's rectum, he could feel its hot embrace. Adam moaned in pleasure as he began moving back and forth but it was with some disappointment. From the stories he had heard, he should be feeling much more than the warmth. He was getting much more satisfaction from his swollen nipples as Mark sucked greedily upon them. Finally, he felt the blood rushing to his head. More like the pressure of having a sinus headache than anything else he could compare it too. Then nothing as he fell on Mark's bare chest. He could feel something oozing out of his dick but nothing else. It felt nothing like when he had masturbated in the distant past. There was neither the explosion of sperm nor the euphoria of release that he vaguely remembered.

"Maybe I'm missing something," he thought as he was rolled off Mark's chest.

"Now, it is my turn sissy. Here, raise you cute tush so I can stick this pillow under you," Mark whispered.

Mark pushed Adam's knees up and slid between them. As he looked down on his backside, Mark was more excited than he had ever been. He had never seen a more beautiful tattoo nor sweet rounded ass. He couldn't help himself as he lowered his mouth to first kiss those luscious cheeks then stick his tongue into the tight orifice. Using his thumbs, he separated those white cheeks and pressed the head of his eight inch by two inch dick to the exposed rosebud. He took his time, moving slowly, easing first the massive head then the rest of his dick into Adam's love channel.

Adam let out a high pitched girlish scream as the head penetrated his boy pussy. He tried to pull away but Mark's grip was too strong about his hips. Tears sprang into his eyes and he thought he was going to be ripped apart as a stabbing burning pain filled his mind. After the initial pain subsided, Adam felt a fullness he had never experienced except when passing a giant turd. To his surprise, as the penis inched deeper, it began to feel okay. Different but okay all the same. Then when the head began rubbing against his prostate, it became better than okay. It felt like he was being tickled deep inside and he was enjoying it. Before long he was bumping his butt cheeks back up against the downward force of Mark's trusts while panting and gasping. The sensations bombarding his mind were unlike anything he had ever experienced.

The feeling was so good that Adam felt his dick twitch then that pressure built up in his head again. The weight of Mark crashed down on his back as a hot wetness filled

Adam's passage. Adam was totally lost in the experience while Mark was enjoying the after glow of the best fuck of his life.

Ooo

Over the course of the next month, Adam had several intimate rendezvous with Mark. Each time was more satisfying than the last and Mark was the kindest of lovers. During that same time, Latisha made sure that Adam had equally bad experiences with women. Those dates were spent orally cleansing not so clean pussies and suffering strap-on assaults. His mind was battered into believing that females were dominant and mean while men were gentle and caring. His sissy mindset was almost complete.

At the end of the fifth month, the hormones' effects were becoming noticeable. Adam's breasts were now small pointed cones protruding from his chest like pears. His enhanced nipples were overly sensitive and he was emotional. What muscle tone that he had was gone, replaced by soft fat padded skin. His weight was slightly less than a girl his size and age. His butt was rounder and fuller than it had been. The only masculine features left were his pencil dick and small ball sack.

If he had been allowed to dress like a typical girl his age, Adam would pass without a single second thought anywhere. Instead, he was kept in little girl party dresses or elaborate satin or velvet pants with frilly blouses. He was constantly being tutored in extremely girlish behavior. Mincing about on six inch heels, walking through a maze of porcelain curious in full skirts without knocking one over and talking in a high lispng falsetto became natural.

It was at this time that Mark told Adam they had to break off their relationship. "Darling sissy you have been a delight but we can't see each other anymore. My wife has found out about us and has had made it clear that it's either her or divorce. I cannot afford a public divorce or the attention it would bring. Believe me when I say that I have thoroughly enjoyed out time together but it's over. Please don't cry. I have made arrangements with Latisha for you to have another. He is almost as sweet as you and I know that you will come to love him as you do me," he said.

Adam was broken hearted over the breakup and cried his eyes out. He was surprised at his own reaction but the emotions roiled up inside of him. Mark had been the only one to show him any real affection and now he was leaving.

With Mark's departure Adam had to face his inner conflicts. "Why am I so devastated that he left me. I loved him! A guy shouldn't feel this way about another guy but I really do. Latisha is right! I'm nothing more than a great big sissy. I loved the feeling of him inside me and our love making. I even love the silky undies and how I look now. Well, maybe not having to dress so juvenile but the colors and fabrics are so wonderful. My boy

clothing never felt so nice. I guess I am a sissy like she said. I wonder who this Henrietta is. Mark said he was really nice. Oh, I do hope that he will like me," he thought.

At this point Adam was introduced to Henrietta. Henrietta was a feminized muscular black boy about his same age. He wore his hair in a tight wave that washed up into a tsunami curl on the left side of his head. The hairdo was shellacked into place with little wave shaped bangs. His lips were painted in a glossy crimson, sprayed in a very floral scented perfume and had three gold hoops in his ears. The bottom hoop was three inches wide, the second two inches and the third topmost earring one inch. He was always dressed as a boy with the exception of brightly colored nylon panties. What really made him stand out was the thin black mustache. Even if he wore a dress there would be no mistaking him for a female. Latisha made it very clear that he was going to be Adam's boyfriend and lover.

"We can't have you going out in public with Mark Sissy Candy. Why, what would people think of a young sissy like you going out with such an older man. You need to be seen with someone your own age and all. So I brought Henrietta here to be your very close companion. You two will be going to the movies, the mall and everywhere together. When you are out, I expect you to be kissing and playing grab ass just like all the other teenagers out there. As a matter of fact, I want you two to go down to the park, find a bench and get to know one another," Latisha ordered.

"Ple... please Mistress, don't make me do that. Everyone knows me around here. I'll die if any of my friends see me like this," Adam pleaded.

"Sissy Candy everyone knows what you are by now. Henrietta here may look like a swish but he's not limp wristed. He'll protect you from any harm. You do what he says and maybe I won't take you back to your old school for show and tell," she laughed.

"No! You wouldn't do that! You couldn't," Adam said in panic.

"Of course I can you stupid little fairy. Now get your ass down to the park and entertain my Henrietta here or else!" she demanded.

Adam felt totally humiliated as he walked hand in hand with Henrietta down to the park. He was wearing a lilac empire cut satin party dress with three quarter length billowy semi-transparent sleeves. It had a bright purple satin sash tied in a big fluffy bow behind his back with streamers floating down to his bottom. The satin skirt flared out from just below his breasts to mid-thigh. Built-in stiff white net petticoats held the dress out from his body. He had sheer lilac stay-up hose with bright purple satin ribbons attached to the welts and a pair of white patent leather four inch stiletto sandals to compliment his dress.

"If I have to go to the park, why did she insist I wear this ridiculous outfit? I'm dressed to go to a five year old's birthday party, not the park. Darn this wind! It's going to blow my skirt up. Everyone will see my crotchless ruffled panties. Oh, I hope nobody is there. If any of my old gang see me now, I'm dead." He thought.

Fortunately when they got to the park there were just a few kids playing over by the swings. A couple of older kids were on bikes but they were occupied jumping a make shift ramp at the opposite end. Henrietta pulled Adam into his lap as he sat down on a bench.

"I'm so embarrassed being here. How can you stand it? Like, I mean, your face is all made up and your nails are painted but you're dressed like a guy. It must bother you as much as it does me," Adam said as they came to a bench.

"I'm use to it by now. My mum caught me with another boy a few years back. I tried to lie about what she saw but she wouldn't buy it. She said if I wanted to be queer then I wouldn't hide it. She thought she could change me by making me look ridiculous and embarrass the hell out of me. As you can see, I like my look. Yeah, it gets me into trouble some times with them red necks but you'd be surprised how many guys try to pick me up. Unlike you sissies, I like the comfort of men's clothing, standing to pee and being the fucker not the fuckee," he told Adam.

"Latisha made me this way. You don't think I like dressing and wearing makeup, do you?" Adam replied blushing.

"Look, all I see is a sissy who looks and moves like he loves wearing all that frilly shit. The way you keep staring at my crotch, tells me you can't wait to get into my pants. Latisha wants me to be your boyfriend and I owe her. So you're mine until she decides differently. Sides, I know you got some old dude on the side you been pimping for awhile. Don't cop no attitude with me sissy. I know what you are and you just need to admit it to yourself. Come on Sissy Candy, let's make out. I've wanted to taste those lips ever since I saw you. Maybe later, if we can find a more private spot, you can wrap them around my candy cane," Henrietta said gruffly.

Before Adam could protest, he felt his lips being probed by Henrietta's tongue. Their make out session was hot and heavy with Adam doing everything he could to keep some level of modesty. He was aware that they were on public display and his embarrassment increased by the minute. Every now and then, someone would approach but would hurry along.

"That's just sick!" "Friggin' homos," "Get a room, why doncha," "Don't you know there are little children around here," were just a few of the nicer things people said as they passed by.

As it was getting dark, Henrietta became bolder. He grabbed Adam's hand and pulled him behind some bushes. Undoing his zipper, he boldly pressed Adam's manicured hand against his throbbing dick. It was big, bigger than any other dick Adam had ever seen. Immediately his training took over and the desire to suck it was strong but not enough for him to do it in such a public place.

"Oh, its sooooo bigggg, Henrietta please, not here. This is so public and someone will see. I can't do this here!" Adam said trying to stop him.

"That's what makes it so hot Candy. You better get started before some cop shows up and arrests you for public solicitation," he laughed.

"What! Is there a policeman coming this way?" Adam trembled.

"Not if you hurry and start slurping. The sooner you get started the sooner we can head back to the house. 'Sides, the light's failing and my phone camera won't get a clear picture. I can tell by the way you are licking your lips that you can't wait to get my meat into your mouth. Now start sucking," Henrietta demanded.

It was downhill from that point onward in Adam's life. At night, they slept together. Adam always wore sexy teddies and nighties while Henrietta wore men's pajamas. Adam was the one who would roll a brightly colored condom up Henrietta's massive shaft after licking it to stiffness. He was the one who took the submissive feminine roll. He was the one in full makeup and the one to have to clean up after sex. He was the one who had to lick Henrietta's shaft clean while stuffing tissues up his boy pussy to keep the sperm from dripping out. While Henrietta went to sleep, Adam had to remove the used condom from his ass and douche.

Wherever they went, Henrietta found some secluded public area where Adam could give him head. Adam even had to get on his knees at a movie to pleasure him. When they left the movie, Adam was positive everyone knew what he had done. It was difficult to remove the gummy bears and other theater dendrites from his knees in the dark. He was humiliated but had to admit that Henrietta made life exciting, interesting and pleasurable. Unlike Mark whom he thought he loved, Henrietta had staying power. There was a lot to be said for a lover that could stuff him full and sustain it over time. Henrietta's attentions kept Adam tingling and wanting more with each passing day. He hated to admit it but he loved the way Mark and Henrietta made him feel. Everything was fine until one devastating afternoon when they were discovered.

Adam had just come back from Mr. Henri's. His hair was restyled into a bee hive with a row of four artificial pink roses fixed to the back. He was wearing a low cut bubble gum pink satin and chiffon party dress with four light pink net petticoats. The pink satin of the dress was overlaid with pale white chiffon. The chiffon rose above the rounded neckline to a full frilled collar tied off in a thin pink satin ribbon. The short sleeves were exaggerated wire supported puffs with lace frills and pink ribbon ties at the cuffs. He wore white lace fingerless gloves that tied at the wrist in pink bows. White nylon socks with ruffled pink lace and a pair of black three inch heeled patent leather pumps completed his sissy look.

While Adam was at the salon, Dorothy went to pick Myra up at the airport. Her arrival home was to be a surprise for her son and she was eagerly awaiting their reunion. Dorothy for her part almost ruined the surprise Latisha had set up.

"Myra, darling, I am so glad to see you back. You won't believe all the changes that have taken place since you left. Your little boy is all grown up now," Dorothy said in greeting.

"I'm sure he has. I've been gone so long but I just had to do it. I'm a vice president now and my travel will drop off significantly. I can't wait to see how he's grown," she replied.

"Oh you will be surprised my dear. He has grown in ways you cannot even conceive of. He's at the mall right now with Latisha. She wanted to surprise him and he doesn't know you are back. As a matter of fact, I can't wait to see the expression on your face when you meet," Dorothy replied with a smirk.

As they entered the house, Myra sniffed the air, "Do I smell fresh baked cookies?"

"Yeah, Drusilla is getting the stuff for the party ready. She's a very dear friend of Latisha. I think you will really like her. Come into the kitchen and we'll have some tea while we wait for Adam," Dorothy said.

As they were finishing their tea, Latisha walked in, rushed over to Myra and gave her a bear hug.

"I am so glad that you are finally home," she said while holding her firmly. "I'm at my wit's end. Adam has been a challenge. More so than any other child I have been assigned too. He's changed a lot and there was nothing I could do about it. He is one determined and stubborn kid. I did all I could do but he wouldn't mind me. You were off to who knows where. I wanted to tell you before now but he threatened to run away. I had to go along with him or he would have. You know he would. He was mighty upset with you leaving him like you did. I guess he just decided to do his best to get back at you for leaving him. Least wise, that is what he kept telling me. You're home now and maybe you can

talk some sense into him. Right now he's in the living room with his new boyfriend. Miss Myra you need to be strong when you see him."

"Wha... what are you trying to tell me Latisha? I did what I had to do. I thought he knew that. Adam never said anything on the phone about having problems. He didn't do something stupid like getting a bunch of tattoos or whack off that beautiful hair did he?" Myra asked shocked.

"I wish, baby girl. He went against everything you stood for and fought me tooth and nail the whole time. I almost quit but you were so far away and he was so confused. I did what I could but you still won't like it. Guess seeing is better than me talking about it. Come on, he's with Henrietta," Latisha responded.

"Henrietta? I thought he was with his new boyfriend?" Myra asked confused.

When Henrietta saw Adam, he couldn't wait. He had Adam bent over the sofa, his frilly white crotchless panties shoved to the side almost as soon as he entered the house. Without any preliminaries, Henrietta was plowing away at his stretched boy pussy for all he was worth. Just as Henrietta was spewing his juices, there was a loud wailing cry of dismay.

Adam looked towards the sound and saw his mother standing at the doorway. Their eyes locked for a moment, long enough for her to recognize her son. She went down like a pole axed cow.

As Myra hit the floor, Dorothy jumped up and down while clapping her hands in absolute glee. "Oh this was so worth it. I've finally seen the mighty prom queen, the holier than thou bitch and thorn in my side brought down. Latisha thank you, thank you, you have made my day," she exclaimed.

"Gloat all you want Dorothy but save it for private. We have to cover our tracks now so she won't suspect foul play. Adam through our conditioning believes that he is really a sissy. You get Myra the smelling salts while I make sure Adam knows his lines. Drusilla get the bags into the car and wait for me there," Latisha ordered.

Adam, seeing his mother faint, wiggled his way out from under Henrietta. He was almost at his mother's side when Latisha stopped him. "Sissy Candy, she's alright. She was just shocked to see you like that. You should have known better. Now, when she comes too, I want you to apologize. Then you tell her that Henrietta is your boyfriend and lover. She will be confused and upset but you must assure her that everything is alright. Do you understand," she said.

She paused to let that sink in before continuing, "Otherwise, Henrietta will leave you forever and you will never see him again. Do you want that? Do you want to be alone for the rest of your life? You know that your mother is going to be traveling most of the time. What are you going to do all by yourself? Who's going to protect you? If you want him to stay, you had better be convincing," she finished.

Adam was bewildered and in shock. His mother was home. "She had caught him doing it with Henrietta. She had fainted. He was wearing a dress and makeup, doing it with another guy. Henrietta would leave him forever. He would be alone. He didn't want Henrietta to leave. He loved her. He had to make his mother see that. He had to make her believe and accept him now," were thoughts running through his mind.

Dorothy returned with the smelling salts and waved it under Myra's nose. Her eyelids fluttered in awareness and she tried to sit up. She was still disoriented and confused.

"My son, what has happened to my son? Oh shit! He was getting fucked by some queer. He's wearing dresses. No, this can't be. I must be in a nightmare of some kind. Oh, shit, oh, shit," she thought as she sat up.

Kneeling beside her was Adam. A look of concern and fright upon his face as he said, "Mom, I'm, I'm sorry. This should have never happened. I didn't know you'd be home just yet. Please don't be mad at me. I couldn't help it. I love Henrietta."

"Adam, what the hell is going on here?" she heard herself demand.

Before he could reply, Dorothy pulled her to her feet. "Come along Myra. I think it best if you sat down with a cup of tea before anything else," she said leading her to the kitchen.

As Myra was being led away Latisha grabbed Adam by the arm. "Remember all those videos and pictures I have of you in messy diapers and such. You all smiles and giggling, they would prove to be embarrassing. You are a sissy and you now know it. So I think it best if you be honest with your mother and tell her that. Henrietta cares for you and wants to stay but he will go with me unless you do something stupid. You make up your mind and do it now," she instructed.

The conditioned habits of six months of intense training were still overpowering. Adam couldn't help himself but bow to Latisha's demands.

"Yes Mistress, I will do what you say. I love Henrietta and want him to stay," he meekly replied.

"That's a good sissy. Now when you get in the kitchen, I want you to get on your knees and give him a nice blow job. Understand?" she ordered.

"What? In front of my mother and everybody?" he asked in shock.

"Of course, how else do you think you can convince your mother of what you are? Yes, it will be embarrassing but you know that it will send a thrill of excitement up your spine. She's already seen you getting fucked up the ass. So what's the big deal? Seeing you do it without any coercion and loving every second of it, will make her accept you as you are. It will also stop a lot of embarrassing questions. Just do what I tell you and everything will work out just fine," she explained.

Blushing, he nodded his head in compliance. Somewhere in the back of his mind a voice was yelling out "No!" but he shoved it aside. The very thought of having such a big cock in his mouth was overwhelming.

Ooo

Drusilla sat in the driver's seat with a satisfied smile on her face. "Well, another fine mess you got us in. Damn! Did you see the look on her face when Adam went down on him right there in the kitchen? I about soaked my panties just seeing that. Shit! Did you see Dorothy? She couldn't have been happier winning the friggin lottery. Gosh Latisha! How do you do it? We made a ton of cash and got away with it to boot. Damn! You're good!" she stated.

"That was a profitable little foray baby but now we need to put a little distance between us and them. I don't know how long that conditioning will last but I think we are safe. That little pantywaist has a real talent for sucking cock and I don't think that will ever change. His mother is sharp, so I expect them to be in therapy before long and no telling what will happen then. We need to be well away by then. I think a visit to Florida would be nice. I hear there is someone who needs my services south of Orlando. Feel like a road trip?" Latisha said with a smug smile of self satisfaction.

The End, *or is it?*