

Don't Cray Baby – by The Scallywags

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1.

"Don't cry now baby" he crooned, "this is nothing..."

I don't doubt his words were intended to somehow comfort me, but given he was forcibly transforming my once grubby brown shoulder length hair into a shimmering mass of platinum curls, as I sat, in drug induced paralysis, before the mirror, the effect was far from comforting. Added to the equation was the inescapable fact that I was not even remotely female, at least not before he began this forcible transformation.

"Oh no baby, your hair is the very least of your worries. After this, the real fun starts!"

Once more I desperately tried to stir my paralyzed body into flight – the alternative of 'fight' was obviously not an option; given his six foot, four inch and 300 pound stature, but as before, there was no visible evidence of the enormous effort I attempted to will into my dormant frame.

Apparently he could sense my endeavors though as he smiled and continued "You just stay still there Sugar while I outline what's in store for you once we finished with your 'do'." As he said this he fluffed up the bulk of curls that surrounded my still obviously masculine face with his over sized hands, causing a shimmering cascade that bounced and shone in the afternoon sun.

"Once the perm has set," he persisted, "we'll need to make a few more changes to accompany your beautiful new hair style. I think we'll start with some electrolysis, you know, remove all that unwanted, and nasty masculine hair from all over your body, plus give your eye brows a more feminine shape."

My groan was audible despite the ball gag strapped firmly in place, but he chose to interpret it as a moan of anticipation. "Yes that's right Sugar-pie, no more shaving for you, we'll soon have your skin so sleek and smooth silk will glide off your body like water off a ducks back! You just wait until you get to enjoy the sensation of silk stockings sliding up your long and lovely legs and the sensations a tightly constricting skirt pressing them together will bring. And Baby, there's no doubt you are going to look so hot with those long coltish legs of yours."

"Next," he continued "I think we'll need to tan you up a little, you know get you some serious time under the UV lamps, give you a nice golden tan, plus those oh so sexy tan lines you see in Playboy all the time. Yessir, nothing spells fem to me like some nice white thong bikini lines surrounded by golden flesh, keep your ass and titties pale white while the rest of you's golden brown. Maybe we can even get one of them little Playboy bunny stickers to put on you while you tan, that way, when we peel it off, you'll have a delectable little bunny on you, nice and white against the tan of your skin."

As he 'rabbited' away about different little degradations he wanted to subject me to in a tanning salon, I tried to recall how this came to happen? I mean, how did a normal, heterosexual, male come to be pharmaceutically trussed up and helpless in the power of an obviously deranged, linebacker sized African-American male? I have no idea, and believe me when I tell you I have analyzed this in depth as I am forced to sit here while this mad man puts all manner of foul smelling chemicals in my hair. My last recollection was sitting in Jenks Bar on a Friday evening, an average neighborhood bar a few hundred meters from my apartment, having a drink and, unusually for me, enjoying the company of a pretty young lady named Debbie. The next thing I can remember is being brought around by this deranged beautician before being given a shot of the drug currently incapacitating me so.

Regardless of my inner turmoil, my assailant could not have been calmer as he outlined his devilish plans for me, "Then I think we'll have ourselves a little visit to a friendly surgeon I know. He'll get you fixed up real pretty like, oh yes; he'll give you all the pieces a pretty young lady like dreams of."

Unwittingly I added to the picture of blossoming femininity as fresh tears rolled down my still stubble covered cheeks; the one way open to me to demonstrate my unhappiness with the plan he continued to lay out before me.

"What size breasts do you fancy? Personally, I prefer them large, not massive but something in the order of a DD or E cup size. And don't you worry your pretty little head about it Sugar, he does a real nice job; really natural looking, not those unnaturally solid balloons the show girls seem to prefer. No, we're talking something that will have a nice swing to it when you go braless. I mean, there'll be no doubt your puppies are fake, I mean the sheer size of them will give that

away, but the Doc does a nice job of giving them a natural look, and more importantly, a naturally feel when you squeeze and suck on them."

"And he tops them off with some real pretty nipples, you know the sort, the ones you can't even hide under a sweater. No, these puppies are likely to poke your eye out if you're not careful. Just picture them; gloriously large tits, capped with proudly jutting nipples and with the oh so feminine tan line to boot, why, I bet you're getting wet just thinking about it!"

As he made this ridiculous comment, he started cutting my clothes from my still paralyzed body with a large pair of frightening scissors. Even the obvious presence of my penis did not dissuade him from his demented fantasy that I was really female, or at least had definite aspirations to become one, even though it was he who was forcing this new identity upon my unwilling body. His next words proved what I'd feared all along, that his plans for me did not end with merely changing my appearance to that of a girl.

"And I'm sure he can give you a real pretty pair of collagen filled lips, just perfect for sucking long and hard upon my dick. Oh yes Sugar, you and I are going to have a whole lot of fun together, you see you're going to be my own little fantasy Barbie doll. Why, the fun we're gonna have running around here with all your old friends..."

My eyes opened so wide he must have thought my eyeballs were going to pop out of my freshly peroxide coiffured head as he chuckled softly before continuing "That's right my pretty, you see me and my... my colleagues have been looking long and hard at you, why we even moved into the same apartment block just to be close to you!"

For the first time I took good stock of our locale and realized it was true, the apartment we were in was identical in lay out to mine, even, judging by the angle of the afternoon sun peeking from behind the curtains, down to the direction it faced; overlooking the pool, though I suspected from the angle of the sun and the noises outside that this one was on the ground floor whereas mine was on the third.

"We been keeping a real good eye on you, just to make sure you were the one we wanted. And guess what Sugar? You won, you get to be our little play thing!"

"So, where was I? Oh yes, that's right, I was filling you in on the good work our friendly Doctor does for us. Well once he's filled out your pretty cock sucking lips just the way I like them, then he'll probably go to work on your face, give you a cute little button nose, pretty cheek bones, then hide any presence of an Adam's apple, maybe do a little lipo' work to fill out your hips and butt the way I prefer them. Slim down your waist, and he does some real nice work with your hips, makes it so's you can't but help walk like a hooker. That, and the trick he does with your feet that has you unable to walk in anything but the highest of heels, and we're talking four inches minimum, is well worth the price of admission alone!"

You cannot imaging the stress I was under as he outlined his sick and depraved plans, while removing the last remnants of my masculine clothing, while all the time I was powerless, absolutely powerless, to even move anything more than my eyelids or tongue. The latter of which was securely muffled behind some sort of gag held tightly in place by a strap I could feel encircling my head. I never gave up my efforts to somehow break free mind, but to all intents and purposes, I just sat there docilely as he laid out the torture he had planned for me.

"Now once the good Doctor's finished with you Sugar, well then we'll pay an extended visit to our friends over at the tattoo parlor, for it's there that they'll finish your luscious lips off by outlining them in a truly wanton shape, ensuring you'll never look anything other than the gorgeous cock sucking little slut we are going to make you.

Ignoring my fresh course of tears, he went on "Then we'll turn our attention to your pretty blue eyes, they look lovely now, but just you wait and see how pretty they'll look once they're heavily outlined in black ink. Same for your cheeks, if I know them, they'll do a lovely job of giving you a permanent 'just been fucked' blush to your cheeks. Then of course, they can get real creative..."

He let this last comment just hang there, obviously enjoying the look of sheet terror on my face as he sat down on the dresser table in front of me. "Oh yes, you see at this point we usually hold a little contest to see who can come up with the sickest thing to tattoo you with. Your predecessor ended up with the words 'I LOVE TO SUCK COCK' emblazoned in inch high letter, surrounded by a big ass red heart right here."

He leaned forward and jabbed a large finger at a point somewhere above my right breast.

"See the sick bastards intentionally positioned it so that when ever she showed a little cleavage, and believe me, she always showed more than a little cleavage, that tat' was impossible to miss. Man, it was such a hoot seeing her trying to talk herself out of the fun that particular tat' got her into. 'Course, we rarely ever let her get out of delivering the promised goods from that one, she was just lucky the others tat's weren't so prominent..."

A look of fond recollection passed across his strong looking face, while mine no doubt showed the struggle I was making, both physical and mental as I tried to come to terms with the depravity he had planned for me, and the fact that he, and

his nameless accomplices, had done this before to some other apparently innocent man. What has become of them? Was mine to be a similar fate?

Oblivious to my inner turmoil, my assailant continued "Anyway, we'll try and come up with something good for you, though personally, I think the 'I LOVE TO SUCK COCK' one is gonna be tough to beat, but we'll see. So where are we? Let me see, we've covered your implants, collagen, liposuction, and a pretty new face. Your' tattooed just the way we like 'em and your tanned like a Hustler 'ho, what else? Oh yes, then you get to spend some pretty unpleasant time with the voice coach and hypnotist people, before getting trained in all those feminine arts. I ain't talking cooking and needle point, no Siree, I'm talking the important arts a down and dirty 'ho like you needs to be real familiar with, we're talking how to trowel on the make up, how to lead the field in cock sucking, posture and deportment so's you can walk and act like a real street walking pro, and most important, the thousand and one ways a slut like you needs to know how to best please your man, in this case; yours truly."

"Now enough of this gabbing for now" he said as he removed something form a dresser drawer and approached my side. "We need to get working on you. I know you must be real impatient for us to complete your transformation so that you can start your new job down at the Silver Cricket...'

Once more he reveled in watching my reaction at this latest bomb shell, and I am pretty confident I did not disappoint him in my response to his casually mentioning I was soon to be working at one of the sleaziest strip clubs out on the East side of town.

So shocked was I that I barely registered the reflected sight and sensations of him piercing my ears; three times on the left lobe, and three on the right, with a fourth piercing at the top of my right ear also. "Yes,' he continued, 'that's right sugar baby, we arranged for you to be the next 'celebrity act' out at the Cricket. Five nights a week you'll be making us some serious cash strutting your sexy new stuff off up there on the stage, though of course the real money will be earned by you sucking and fucking all those horny biker boys in the back room there at the Cricket. We got high hopes for your earning capabilities Sugar and you'd better not let us down."

So there it was, my future life laid out in cold, harsh, black and white. I was to be unwillingly and irreversibly altered into some sort of sick 'he-she' and then debased and humiliated for the entertainment of people I did not even know, and then, worse still, made into a whore to earn money for my assailants. And for what, as far as I knew, I had been selected at random, plucked form my content life where I was no threat to anyone, selected to become the toy of some seriously sick and twisted people.

My reverie was interrupted by him removing the slobber covered ball gag from my aching jaw, before reaching in to my still paralyzed mouth and pulling my tongue out. He took a firm grip on the tip to hold it steady and then while I could only look on in horror, pierced my tongue right in the center.

"There, that'll come in real useful when you're tonguing some guy's ass to get his rocks off!" Oh great, such words of comfort.

Ignoring my incoherent moans of anguish, the gag now no longer necessary as I was too lost in my torment to call out, he pressed on. "You wont' believe the changes we have in store for you Sugar, first off we hold a competition to see what your new name will be; we all submit a vote and then the winner get's to take you home for a weekend and pop your cherry.

"Once that's taken care of, it's off to the Doctor's for four weeks, you won't believe the miracles he does, I mean not even your own parents will recognize you when he's done. I know this for a fact as we always make it a point to show you off in full on slut attire to your parents and other family members to make sure the transformation is complete enough to fool even them. Why your predecessor even got to blow her own Daddy while her brother fucked her up the ass, can you believe that?" I could not.

Unabashed by my ashen complexion as I considered the life he was forecasting for me, he pressed on "Yeah, it was wild, neither of them had a clue they were actually fucking what used to be their son and brother. They even kicked her out of the hotel room without any clothes on when they'd finished with her, you should have seen her, what a mess, spunk and tears running from just about every orifice! Mind you, you should have seen the look on their faces when we sent them the Christmas car with some of the photo's we'd snapped of the transformation process, ending up with a couple of them abusing their kin, talk about priceless!"

As my tears ran unashamedly down my cheeks, he went on regardless, "So once we got you fitted out with a big ol' pair of titties and a super-fuckable ass, we'll get you down the tattoo shop so they can work their magic on your face and other... other parts. Then a week of intensive hypnotherapy – just to get you moving and acting right...'

He paused long enough to see the look of incomprehension showing on my face through the tears before continuing, "You see, right now, you're a man, well in about six weeks or so, you'll be, to all intents and purposes, female. So how would it look if you walked and acted as you do now?" Without waiting for me to answer – which given my drug induced decrepitude and gag, was a physical impossibility anyway, he pressed on, "Not good, right? So through a process of hypnosis and strictly enforced practice, we get you moving like the wanton whore you will by then look like. We'll have you sliding your ass from side to side as you sashay across the floor atop your spiked heels, we'll have you sitting with your legs closed like a lady – which is real ironic seeing as there's no way you'll be mistaken for one, Ha!" His laugh was short and brutal, serving to underline the sheer power of the man before me.

"We invest in your titties like this, we want to make damn sure you stick 'me out there for all to see and envy, make sure when you need to bend over, and you'll find you need to do that as lot, you'll do it in such away that all and sundry get the post possible view of your plentiful man made charms. We gonna teach you the honest to goodness best way to flirt with everyman you come into contact with, if they leave your company without a certified boner, you're gonna have some real tough explaining to do. We want you 'accidentally'" and he emphasized this point by making quotation marks in the air with his thick dark fingers, "brushing your hands across their peckers at every possible opportunity. Why we'll have you trained so that if you find yourself sitting next to a man at a table, it'll be second nature for you to surreptitiously reach under there and pull his pecker free of his pants before stroking lovingly upon his cock until he shoots his load all over you".

Although I could do no more than stare at him wide eyed in shock and determination; grim and bitter determination to fight their dreadful plan every step of the way, he failed to even acknowledge this slight evidence of my resistance, choosing instead to place something bright pink in his mouth before lifting me physically off my feet and up over his shoulder, placing something on my seat and then carefully repositioning me back down upon it. And so I found myself impaled upon what had to be a butt plug, and a pretty large one at that judging by the way it stretched my previously virgin asshole so tightly around its circumference. "Oh yes, I see you like that, you like the feeling of having something filling your little boy-pussy do you? Well not to worry there sweet cakes, for sure enough before long you gonna be having something, something real masculine, stuffed up you little pooper-shooter. Now lift a leg and help me slide these pretty panties on up your shapely legs... these, that's a good girl."

This last comment was especially puzzling as I was fighting cooperating in this despicable act with every morsel of my fiber, not that anyone looking on would have detected this grim fight of mine, such was my state of drug induced paralysis. Never the less, he easily managed in forcing a hideously bright pair of nylon panties up my legs, over my hips and ass until my shrunken genitals and pecker were trapped, immobile, close up against me, while the sick anal intruder was forced still further inside of me.

His next liberty was to pull a small tube from his pocket. Only when he unscrewed the top did I realize he intended to put lipstick on me, but, as ever, I was powerless to stop him as he covered my lips in a thick coat of sickly tasting vivid red lipstick. There, you're really beginning to look the part now sugar, why, I can hardly wait to put my big nigger cock between your sweet, sweet lips and let you run amok on my pole. No baby, it won't be long now before your mouth and my dick are gonna become real intimate."

As he dropped this bombshell he dragged forward an IV stand with two large bags of fluids attached, the needle was inserted painfully in my arm as he began hooking me up as I sat there helplessly.

"This here" he motioned to the now dripping IV beside me, "contains a wonderful cocktail of some drugs that are going to really fuck you up, they're gonna turn your world on its head. For what we have here in this lovely concoction starts out with a nice little relaxant, you should feel a most pleasant buzz any minute now. Then we move right along with some super powerful female hormones, plus a little something that will kill off any evidence that testosterone once coursed through your soon to be beautified body. Then we have some more of the paralysis drug I gave you, and then, oh yes, it also includes a wonderful little drug that will make you superbly susceptible to hypnotic suggestion."

I could feel the drugs starting to kick in as my unseen resistance waned though a combination of the relaxant and my own exhaustion at trying to break free of this chemical hell.

"Now, I don't want you getting all teary eyes on me..." he laughed as he looked at my red and swollen eyes, "Oh, I see it's a little late for that Sugar, well not to worry. Anyway, I need to get going now, but don't you worry, I'm gonna leave you in a while, but let me put this here pair of headphones on you so you don't get lonely and we can start working on breaking down your natural resistance to your new role. And don't worry, someone will be by later to change your bottle, clean you up a little, and then begin the next phase. With that he slipped a blindfold over my eyes and switched the sound on in my headphones.

And so began an endless tape of a message that ran "Relax, just sit back and relax..." now this was a good deal easier said than achieved, even despite the rising sense of euphoria the drugs were slowly tearing down my resistance with,

given the plug up my ass and the too tight panties binding my genitalia so tightly. But on and on intoned the gently persuasive voice, "Go on, settle back and relax, experience how wonderful you feel. You know, you look wonderful too, so pretty; you are so pretty. And what is more, you love to feel pretty. You love the feeling of dressing up in pretty clothes and you are never happier than when you are dressed up in sexy and revealing clothes. The tighter fitting and more revealing the pretty clothes you are wearing, the happier you feel."

Once the 'pretty theme' was repeated sufficiently as to be well and truly established in my drug fuddled consciousness, the theme was expanded upon as the voice asserted "You love to compliment your beautiful clothes by wearing lots of gaily colored makeup. This makes you look and feel so pretty and perfectly accentuates your lovely clothes. The more colorful and heavy your make up is applied, the prettier you feel, and so the happier you are. In fact, you love anything that makes you look sexy; high heels make your long legs look so sexy and there are few things you love more than showing off your long coltish legs atop a pair of towering stiletto heels that force you to wiggle your delectable ass while wearing a short and figure hugging miniskirt atop super smooth and sexy stockings. You love the feel of sexy stocking against your smooth and long legs, the feel of the cool air as it caresses your long and oh so sexy nylon encased legs.

On and on it droned in a voice that was obviously carefully selected to make me somehow want to trust the message it preached so believably to me as it continued "Oh how you love super feminine things, like the gentle tug and jingle of chandelier earrings as you toss your glorious mane of platinum curls in the summer evening sun, you love the way the boys watch you as you sashay past, your earrings gently jangling together, perfectly accompanied by the many bracelets that encase and weigh down your delicate wrists. You just adore the way your heavy necklace disappears into your stunning cleavage, the feeling of it laying across your feminine bosom as it retains the heat your wonderful breasts radiate. Oh you know the boys love the sight of your décolletage, the way your perfectly ripe breasts strain, unfettered against the silky smooth confines of your tight fitting blouse, the way they buck and bounce as if with a mind of their own. You know you love the way the boys try to surreptitiously sneak a peak down the front of that skimpy little sun dress you wear that so perfectly shows off your womanly charms, you know they want you and how you love to tease them by letting them see exactly what it is they want so badly as you deliberately bend over further than is strictly necessary to afford them a glimpse of your heavenly orbs or your perfectly tanned, thong encased derriere as the hem of your micro-mini rides up over the silky smooth tops of your stocking, affording the boys a view of the glorious sight of your tight little ass, so deliciously presented with the garishly colored thong splitting your perfectly tanned ass cheeks..

As the steady drip of the IV fed drugs relaxed me still further, I found the voice strangely comforting as it melodiously continued with its unrelenting message. "My, but you are such a pretty young girl, don't you just love to feel so pretty, to know all those rugged men out there want you so badly. What do you think those masculine hunks would do to you if you let them? Do you think they'd want to kiss you, kiss you hard on your ruby red lips, stick their beer and tobacco flavored tongue roughly between your fire engine red painted lips and carry out a thorough exploration of your dainty little mouth as they pin your arms so helplessly to your sides? Oh I bet they would, and I think a gorgeous little thing like you would like that, yes Miss, I think you would, you'd like knowing the power you had over these big strong men. You'd feel so good just knowing that the mere sight of a flash of your delicate panties, or a seemingly unintentional glimpse down the front of your figure hugging blouse would have these men eating out of your hand as their hard cocks strained impatiently in their pants. Yes, that's right, just stop to think a moment of the effect you're having on all those cocks. Mmm... sounds do good doesn't it? Knowing that those cocks want you, yes you, they want you to hold them, to lovingly stroke them, imagine how warm and alive they'll feel in your perfectly manicured hand, just picture your petite little hand as it tries to encompass that deliciously warm and silky smooth rod of manhood. Mmm, why I bet it makes you want to lick your lips just thinking about if, doesn't it? Go on, run that dainty little tongue of yours around your beautifully full lips."

Unconsciously, I ran my freshly pierced tongue around my lips as, subconsciously savoring the waxy flavor of my garish lipstick despite my revulsion at the unmistakable message I was transmitting loud and clearly. I unwittingly found myself slipping deeper and deeper under the spell the words weaved and found myself actually imagining myself holding another man's erect penis in my manicured and bejeweled hand. Worse still, it felt good to imagine it as I sat there alone and naked with flowing golden locks framing my still unmistakably masculine face as my small penis struggled to achieve erection in the tight confines of my panties.

On and on it murmured, dragging me ever deeper into its charm filled spell. "You can just picture the fun you will have with all your new friends as they do everything within their power to keep you happy, and you will be happy with them. So happy, so very, very happy as you flirt with them in ever more daring ways. Teasing them by sitting in their laps as you feel their manhood's pushing up, trying to get at you through the thin material of your tight little skirt and skimpy panties, feel it press against you as you wiggle deeper into their laps, purposely brushing your large and unfettered breasts against their hairy and oh so broad and masculine chests. You cannot hope to compete with these men, for that is what they are; men. While you, you are just a mere slip of a girl, a pretty little flower compared to these brutish hulks who tower over you, smelling of sweat and power, while you smell of pretty flowers and exquisitely delicate spics; sugar

and spice and all things nice, that's you." And it was true, as I sat there naked save for an unmistakably womanly pair of panties, as powerful pharmaceuticals wove their magic on my brain and hormonal system, I slowly started to change my outlook from the masculine point of view, to one infinitely more gentle and non-confrontational. I was slowly, but irrevocably becoming more feminine.

And still the gentle and persuasive voice continued unabated "Just imagine the glorious sensations you will enjoy as they run their calloused hands running all over your silk encased buttocks or imagine the thrill as they manhandle your delightfully sensitive tits, just envision the wonderful sensations as they lift your ample bosom, their hands warm on your pale flesh, as they squeeze your mammoth jugs and lift them to their mouth to suck so lovingly upon your excitedly out thrusting nipple, their breath blowing cold across your excited bud, causing it to elongate and swell delightfully to it's absolute maximum size."

I was so lost in my private cocoon of persuasiveness, that I was oblivious to the fact that four other people had silently joined us in the apartment and were now quietly setting up two video cameras to capture the events unfolding before them. Two of the newcomers were women, and worse was the identity of one of them, a pretty and buxom blonde; my psychotic and hideously jealous ex-wife Marlene.

On and on droned the voice, beating down any resistance I could have possibly placed in its path, "You are such a lucky lady, you can imagine how jealous the other women will be when they see how all the men lust after you so. But you don't care about them, to hell with those other women, let them be jealous, you only care about their men, the lovely, sexy men. It is the men who make you feel so good, so pretty, you love to be with the men, to make the men happy, you will do anything to make the men happy because when they are happy; you are happy. And you do so love to be happy, you need to be happy, you must be happy at all costs. You are happiest when you are flirting with men, any men; handsome men, ugly men, tall men, short men, white man, black men, as long as they have penises, you love them all. You love their penises; their cocks, you love to make their cocks hard for them, you love it even more when you make them come, when they shoot their luscious hot cum all over you, in your face, in your hair, across your glorious breasts, yes you love their cum, you love to see the look on their faces when you make them shoot their jism. How you just love the sensations of a solidly hard cock in your hand, the smooth and warm skin as it bucks and twitches in your hot little hand. There's only two things you love more than the wonderful feeling of a hot cock in your hand, and one of those things is the fantastic sensations of a great big cock in your mouth. Can you even imagine how good a cock feels in your sultry mouth? I will tell you, you will love, love, love it when a man wants places his hard cock in your mouth. Go on, open your mouth, that's it, lick your pretty red lips Mmm, just imagine the wonderful sensations of a lovely stiff cock just sliding in to your hot, waiting mouth, mmmm..."

And I did, I hate, no, loathe myself for being so weak, but I unconsciously opened my lipstickted mouth, ran my pierced tongue around my colorful mouth and imagined an imaginary penis sliding easily in to the warm and wet confines of my jaws. The trouble was, unbeknownst to me, my assailant was standing before me listening in on the persuasive sound track and as I slowly opened my saliva lubricated my lips, he indulged my imagination and slid the large purple glans of his big black cock effortlessly between my bright red lips. I was sucking a cock.

2.

Six months later...

Despite not getting home from the Cricket until gone 2.00AM, I was awake and in the shower by seven o'clock as per usual. The hot water helped drive the funk from my sleep deprived mind and I consoled myself with thoughts of returning to bed later in the day. Still, for the time being I concentrated on soaping my pendulous breasts, pissed off at the obvious hickies the drunken cow poke had insisted on branding me with as I fawned all over him in cash induced adoration last night. I cleaned my much decreased cock and balls, devoid of any pleasurable sensations and now, like the rest of my body, also devoid of hair excepting my head, femininely arched eyebrows and lashes, and the small, heart shaped patch above my "Peter-clit" that was died a startlingly vivid red.

Keeping a close eye on the time, I stepped from the shower and dried off, trying hard, as ever not to notice my exaggeratedly feminine shape or tanned limbs; contrasting so startlingly with the pale white flesh that was always covered, throughout my forced tanning sessions, by the same tiny thong bikini. I commenced the laborious task of drying off my long platinum blonde hair with the hair drier, and then secured the myriad of curls and bangs firmly in place with the customary half a can of hair spray.

I fitted three pairs of large hoop and loudly jangling chandelier earrings and then turned my attention to applying the required cosmetics. A thick foundation was covered in turn by too much dusky pink blusher before I filled the permanent

tattooed lip liner with a thick and creamy dark pink lipstick, followed by a glutinous lip gloss that tasted and smelt strongly of synthetic cherries.

Once my tattoo eye lined eyes were topped by the obligatory four different shades of eye shadow; ranging from pink to dark gray, I carefully glued my top and bottom false eyelashes in place before smothering them with enough thick black mascara to make me look a cross between a Panda and a Vietnamese hooker. Pausing long enough to make sure I had despoiled myself to my 'owners' liking, I commenced to dress as trained.

After struggling to reinsert my small testicles back inside my body – no mean feat when you're wearing inch plus talon like false nails, I wriggled into a too tight pair of garish lime green thong panties that served to tightly trap my reduced pecker safely out of sight. A matching green garter belt followed with the elastic tabs dutifully pushed through the waist band of my too small panties to dangle, temporarily free against my long and slender legs.

After drenching myself in an overpowering cloud of sickly sweet cheap perfume, I slid a pair of cheap looking tan seamed stockings up my long and tanned legs and clipped them to the vivid green suspender dangling there. Once the seams were perfectly straight in the rear, I slid the small thin nylon sun dress over my head and worked it down over my artificially thickened hips, tugging it in to place until it fit me like a second skin; hugging my exaggeratedly womanly figure in all the 'right' places, though doing nothing to in any way secure my ample bosom. Oh no, unfettered by any form of brassiere, my 38DD breasts bucked and swayed in a most suggestive manner with my every movement, their nipple points just as impossible to miss through the thin and shiny pink material of the tiny dress as was the hideous tattoo emblazoned on the inside of my right breast.

Pausing to slip a pair of four inch red stiletto heels onto my freshly pedicured feet, I secured the red ankle straps through the gold buckles and surveyed the gorgeous reflection staring back at me from the mirror on the rear of the bathroom door. I had long since ceased searching for any evidence of the man who once inhabited this body, for he was long gone, forcibly evicted to be replaced by the five foot four inch stunner who now used the mirror purely to make sure her appearance was perfect so that she could proceed with the next, infinitely more onerous, task before her.

Refusing to dwell upon what I had to do next, I poured a cup of coffee and with suitably sultry smile forced upon my countenance; I opened the door to our bedroom and entered.

As soundlessly as possible, I set the cup of steaming coffee upon the nightstand beside the quietly snoring figure, subconsciously making certain I bent at the hips in the approved, panty flashing manner, before sleazing my way back to the foot of the bed. Grasping the quilt between my hideously manicured fingers, I eased the covers up over my coiffured head and crawled on in. Ignoring the heat and humidity, I soundlessly worked upwards between his muscular thighs until I could find his dormant manhood with my now expert fingers. Careful not to wake him yet, I eased myself up between his legs until I could slip his hot cock between my pink lipsticked lips to begin his daily waking routine.

Ignoring the strong sense of revulsion that I never seemed able to, and no doubt never would, loose, I commenced to soundlessly take his big black cock fully into my mouth, feeling it awaken as I did so, so that before long it could slide deep down my throat and I could commence the morning blow job ritual in earnest.

For nigh on twenty minutes I worked on bringing 'my man' to climax. Every trick I had learned over the previous six months was put to good use as I slurped upon his eight inch length, sucked noisily upon each of his large black testicles in turn, and alternated tonguing and sliding a cruelly manicured finger up his tightly puckered asshole before, at last, I sensed him tensing for the inevitable orgasm. Where would he choose to deliver his copious load today I wondered?

Sensing my dilemma, he moved to his knees before gruffly ordering 'On your tits, get your tits out, I'm gonna paint your tits.'

Having learned painfully the penalty for not immediately responding to such an order, I quickly pulled the thin straps from my shoulders and the front of my dress down to present my breasts for him to jettison his copious quantity of seed across.

"Hold 'em up properly" he barked, ensuring I sat back while lifting my large breasts towards him so that he could debase me by shooting string after string of hot white cum all over my perfectly presented breasts.

Looking down at the pathetic sight I presented, eagerly holding my artificial breasts for him to jism all over, all the while smiling and licking my collagen engorged lips as if this was the best part of my day (it was not), while encouraging him in the approved manner (making sure to always refer to myself in the third party) "Go on baby give Candy your spunk, give this pathetic little white sissy slut way more than she deserves, give Candy your full load of hot Nigger cum across her huge tits.'

And cum he did, continuing got spray jet after jet splashing all over my offered breasts, so that it ran in thick streams across my sun starved tits to drip down onto the pale pink of my dress below. Meanwhile, Roger was doing his best to try and splash at least one stream up in to my smiling face and hair.

Finally spent, I did as I had been carefully taught and used my hands to milk every last drop from his softening member, before seemingly lovingly using my mouth to wash every last trace of his cum from his dick and balls as he smiled down upon the pathetic sight of this once proud man lavishing oral pleasures upon his genitalia.

Finally satisfied with my demeaning performance, he instructed me to "Go on, rub it all in."

Loathing myself almost as much as I did him, I obediently rubbed his demon seed into every inch of my breasts, all the while smiling in a most lascivious manner. While, upon seeing the colorful love bites across my breasts, he commented; "I see Hayseed had some fun with you last night. One of these days I expect him to try and make an honest woman of you..." If this comment was intended to shock, then it was successful as if there one person I loathed spending time with more than my master, Roger, it was the hideously fat and greasy farm hand, Cricket, who was by far my most 'regular' customer at the Silver Cricket where I 'worked' three nights a week.

Smiling at my apparently still evident discomfiture he grinned as he continued "I know you got plans for today, but I want you to make sure you keep that cum there all day, especially that bit in your hair. When I get home tonight, I'm gonna check to make sure my cum is still, so no showering for you today.

As if this was not bad enough, he then added a command I had grown to loathe; "Go on then, take care of yourself too, you know you want too..."

So while he sat back and watched me, I had to lie back on our bed, writhing in simulated ecstasy and work away at my pathetic little wiener, tugging on it between my thumb and forefinger, being careful not to cut it off with my dreadfully elongated talons, until I was finally able to jettison a surprisingly large quantity of clear cum into my panties. He did not need add the next instruction, but was to sadistic to resist. "And make sure you don't wash that out either."

"Now go and plug yourself and get my breakfast ready."

Obediently, I slipped from the room, tits glistening from his fresh deposit while my panties squished with my own contribution. I returned to the bathroom and after repairing the inevitable fellatio wrought damage to me makeup, I ignored the slippery mess in my panties as I eased the weighted butt plug up my distended sphincter, ignoring the bells it contained as they distantly chimed with every step as I teetered atop my high heels. As I pulled my too tight panties back into place I contemplated the sight before me.

True to his word, Roger and his pals had irreversibly changed me. Ignoring for a moment the hideous liberties taken with my face, chest, waist and ass – all the recipient of the unwanted, but undoubtedly skilled, attentions of their pet surgeon, my body was also permanently disfigured through the art of several highly skilled tattoo artists. Apart from their work on my lips, eyes and cheeks, where a beauty spot, which upon closer examination could be seen to be a tiny cock and balls pointing suggestively towards my suitably whorishly be-lipped mouth, central from my right breast I sported the threatened ink art declaring in vividly red letters that 'I LOVE TO SUCK COCK' while what Roger called my 'Tramp Stamp' in the center of my back went once step further by declaring, in two inch high bright blue block capitals letters 'LEWD AND LASCIVIOUS' while underneath in slightly smaller, but no less visible red ink was the terrible legend; 'BORN TO FUCK, SUCK AND SERVE, ASK ME FOR DETAILS' A garish ring around my ankle showed a caricature of me in a variety of highly suggestive and submissive sexual positions.

Ignoring, as best I could the jism slowly drying across my barely concealed breasts and plainly visible in my hair and across the top of my left eye, I eased my cum spattered dress back over my preposterously large and erect breasts and prepared to head on out. Snatching a cup of coffee and a solitary piece of dry toast, being forced to watch my weight, I grabbed my purse, a hideous semi-transparent pink box bedecked with 'Hello Kitty' stickers and visibly stuffed with all sort of things, all guaranteed to cause me maximum humiliation, such as around thirty assorted condoms, a large and evidently used tube of KY Jelly, a big black vibrator I was forced to refer to as 'Little Roger,' some tampons, an assortment of cosmetics, as well as the little cash I was permitted, a single credit card and my ID, these latter items scattered loosely among the other contents so that I was forced to publicly rummage through the other detritus in search of the correct bus fare or my ID. I then collected my gym things and exited before Roger finished showering.

As I walked to the bus stop a few blocks from our apartment I, as per usual, tried my hardest to ignore the way in which I was forced to walk, all hips and enlarged ass swaying in a terribly provocative manner, as my still glistening breasts did their level best to escape the inadequate confines of my tiny pink dress. And as per usual, I was singularly unsuccessful in this goal, in no small part due to the group of four school boys who waited at the exit of our apartment block to follow behind me as I involuntarily swayed along on top of my teetering heels, as usual shouting all manner of abuse about what they would like to do with a whore like me, and how slutty I looked as I sleazed along with my fat ass swinging

from side to side like a prostitute. I tried my best to ignore them and just fit in, but as usual they quickly surrounded me when I reached the bus stop and demanded I give them each a long and passionate kiss. Knowing that refusal was not an option open to me, I reluctantly complies affording them an opportunity to take all sort of dreadful liberties with my barely concealed charms, while totally ignoring the disgusted stares of the two people already waiting for the bus as I apparently permitted myself to be willingly molested by the four plainly underage boys.

Once the bus arrived, they slapped me hard across my ass, before leaving me to try and recover my freshly groped tits with the inadequate and too thin material of my dress as I boarded the bus, equally aware of the disgusted stares I was receiving and of the wedgie one of the wretched kids had given me by pulling my thong way up my hips so as to force the gusset tightly up between my augmented buttocks and firmly up against by musical butt plug.

Blushing furiously I had no choice but to suffer fresh humiliation as I was forced to display the contents of my purse as I struggled to find and hold the correct change with my one inch talons, two condoms fell to the floor and, worse still, one landed in the driver's crutch, an evil grin crossing his pock marked face as he sat back to leave me to retrieve it from his quickly aroused crotch. The retrieval of the two on the floor resulted in me displaying yet more of my charms as, per my strict training, I bent from my hips, never my knees, to collect them and stuff them back inside the overly full plastic purse, the wedgie somehow working itself still further up my butt crack.

I then struggled to stagger down the bus with my purse and gym bag swinging, as were my pendulous and much abused DD breasts, as the bus driver deliberately accelerated before I had found a seat, resulting in my rushing the last ten feet, atop too high heels, to land in a most undignified heap upon the back seat of the bus, arms, legs and breasts all akimbo.

The rest of the journey was uneventful and I was able to climb off at my gym where I dressed in my too small fire engine red lycra leotard, being very careful to ensure none of the ladies in the dressing room caught sight of my spunk drenched peter clit, before assuming my usual position at the front of the room so that all and sundry were treated to the sight of me performing my prescribed exercises until I glistened through the combination of perspiration and jism. Denied the benefit of a shower, I was forced to redress in my street (walking?) clothes, conscious, as I struggled to squeeze my voluptuous frame back into the tiny dress, how my perspiration served to make it adhere tightly to my every curve in an even more revealing manner with my nipples looking like they could burst from the low cut bodice my dress at any point while the too short hem kept riding up my thighs and over the top of my seamed stockings.

Then it was another too public bus ride to the Parkview Mall where I worked four hours, five days a week at the 'Well Heeled' show shop. An onerous enough task under the best of circumstances, but one made infinitely worse by the fact that it was owned by my vindictive ex-wife Marlene.

My marriage to Marlene had been ruined by her terrible jealous nature, and her inability to believe that I was, indeed, entirely faithful to her for the five years I had managed to tolerate her temper. I had finally files for divorce and had ever since suffered all sorts of verbal abuse, the last of which, prior to her convincing some wealthy and equally sick friends to forcibly transform me to my current pitiful state, was that I must be gay if I did not want here anymore. An argument I had little doubt had led her to implement my conversion.

Such was Marlene's hatred of me that she had arranged for me to work at the worst of her five show shops, under the worst of her managers, an equally spiteful Korean lady named Ms. Kim.

Between Marlene and Ms. Kim, it was made certain that I handled the worst of the clientele, always having to display my plentiful charms to the absolute maximum as I bent or crouched, hemline inevitably climbing indecently skyward or cleavage falling inappropriately open, before the largely male clients. Then whichever shoes the customer was interested in, were to be placed at a point just behind me, so that I could once more be forced to adopt the most humiliating positions in public.

Of course, this was in no way aided by my immoral tattoos, which ensured that typically two or three times a day, I apparently willingly took a client back into the store room to suck their cocks, or from time to time suck their pussy, until they climaxed/ Naturally, Marlene and Ms. Kim ensured none of this degradation was lost to the three concealed cameras that were strategically positioned around the room, all focused on the char I was commanded to seat my 'customer' in a I went to work on them. These videos were then reviewed at length with comments as to how I could improve my cock sucking technique freely provided.

Another favorite trick of the two bitches was to arrange 'competitions' where the winner won a free pair of shoes of their choosing,. The problem here was that the winner was always someone of my acquaintance; an old girlfriend, ex- work mate, school friend, or worst of all, a family member. Regardless of who it was, I was bullied into acting like a total slut and, regardless of their sexual orientation make it abundantly clear to them that I was available, at any time, to fulfill their darkest sexual fantasies. And so it was that I got to service my own sister orally in the stock room, be fucked up the

ass by my Best Man at Marlene's and my wedding, and blow at least three one time friends – one of whom had since become something of a regular 'date' for me.

But none of this daily humiliation could compare to the ordeal I was forced to endure three nights a week at the Silver Cricket. For it was here that my status as she-male whore was undeniably displayed for all to see.

Forced to dance under my real name, the one I had been forced to register with the authorities; Candy BJ Runt, I was made to dress up in some pathetic fantasy costume; school girl, French Maid, Indian Squaw, Cheerleader, etc. and then slowly, and as seductively as possible, remove every inadequate last stitch of clothing until the final number where I paraded around wearing nothing more than a fake smile and six inch heels, my pathetically drug reduced genitals displayed for everyone to pore scorn and derisions on as I patrolled the perimeter to afford every last man jack of them the chance to paw, grope and feel me up however they saw fit.

But this was nothing compared to the indignities I was forced to endure once my hourly three number dance on center stage was completed. For now I had to circulate, dressed in the same stupidly skimpy costume, saccharin smile ever plastered on my whorishly made up face, to actively persuade customers to part with their hard earned cash in exchange for a table dance from me.

For those of you unfamiliar with what a table dance at such a seedy venue at the Cricket entails, let me assure you; anything. For it was quite acceptable, at least where I was concerned, for customers to be able to touch, molest and even kiss me as I went through the routine I had been so carefully schooled in. It was not at all unusual for some drunken slob to try and pull me down upon his exposed penis as I turned my back on him to rub my surgically enhanced ass into his crutch. Not was it unusual for one of them to forcibly hold my head in their foul smelling groin when I went down on them in a simulated blowjob, my intension of merely blowing hot breath upon their supposedly trouser encased cock frequently turning into a forced blowjob as my platinum curled head was forcibly driven down upon their stinking cocks.

But it was out back, in the delightfully named 'Champagne rooms' where my new roll was really driven home. For it was here that, for as little as the princely sum of \$50 you could take me, literally. For in the Champagne rooms, anything went, and typically I went there at least ten times an evening. Here punters could enjoy a full-on blowjob, complete with me running my pierced tongue over their asshole, sucking lovingly upon their testicles, forcing a long nailed finger up their bung hole, all the while feasting hungrily upon their cocks while telling them how 'big' they were. Or how they were 'the only real men' I went with, how they were the only ones that mattered to me, and even how much I loved them.

For \$100 they could force their disgusting cocks up my once virgin ass, usually while slapping hard upon my unprotected ass while I cried out in simulated passion how much I 'loved having their massive cock forced up my tight little boy-pussy!'

It was here, in the Champagne room that Hayseed loved to take me, monopolizing my time so much that I even looked forward to having to return to the dressing room to change into some other pathetic wet dream outfit and so begin the whole ritual all over again. For the most scary thing about Hayseed was not his looks, though at close to four hundred pounds with an awful case of teenage acne still clearly visible upon his patchily bearded face, he was certainly no oil painting, no, the scary thing about Hayseed was that he was 100% sincere in his love for me. Sure, he knew right enough that I was, strictly speaking, male, but because I was forced to pretend that I liked being with him as he forced his pudgy little cock up my ass, or sucked so long upon my massive breasts that they were usually left covered in vivid purple welts, or forced my perfectly coiffured head down into his evil smelling crutch, he honestly believed I had feelings for him.

The situation was, naturally, made worse by Marlene insisting I spend a great deal of time with him at the Cricket, and had recently taken a turn for the worse, when she let it be known about my day job at her shoe store, so that Hayseed now frequently hung around there as well, fully expecting, and Marlene made sure receiving, the same sexual favors he had to pay for at the Cricket. But the latest aberration was that Marlene had now arranged for me to start dating Hayseed two or three evenings a week – hence my reduced hours at the Cricket. Such was the hatred my ex-wife now felt for me, she would forego my earning here several thousand dollars a week if it would mean I was subjected to worse humiliation. And in Hayseed, she had unwittingly hit upon the single fate worse than my being made into a he-whore five nights a week.

3.

And then it happened, it was a Thursday evening, and I had just emerged from giving Hayseed his usual blowjob as we sat in the semi darkness of the back of the movie theater. As I clambered back into my seat, attempting to reinstall my

breasts into the too small cups of the bustier I was wearing, Hayseed whispered into my ear "Great news darling Candy, Marlene and Roger have given me their blessing..."

Such was my shock at this revelation that I forgot about trying to cover my modesty and sat there, one large breast still plainly exposed, "Ah'.. what do you mean... blessing?"

"It's obvious my darling, they have given me their blessing for us to be married!"

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