

SISSY PUNISHMENT

A PATREON EXCLUSIVE TALE



NIKKI CRESCENT



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DEDICATION

To everyone,

Thank you for your continued support!

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*Love,
Nikki Crescent*

SISSY PUNISHMENT

After being unfairly targeted by the school principal, Ian decides to put on some dark clothes and egg the principal's house, one week before Halloween. But he gets the wrong house. The house he hits with his many cartons of eggs actually belongs to Jenna, a housewife who throws the town's biggest annual Halloween party.

When Ian's mom finds out about the act, she decides that Ian will be punished by spending the week at Jenna's house, helping her prepare for her big party. And Jenna's got an idea to make the punishment especially humiliating, with a bit of help from her college-aged daughter's closet.

CHAPTER 1



It was Tony's idea to egg that house—not mine. Tony insisted that it was Principal Andersen's house, but I'm pretty sure he just said that to convince me to tag along. Had I known whose house it really was, I wouldn't have thrown a single egg.

For the past week, Principal Andersen had made a point of making my life a living hell. It all started after I gave his son a little shove during gym class—but I assure you that he deserved that shove; we were playing dodge ball and he kept diving in front of me to steal my balls, even though he was on my team—and he was doing it because he knew it pissed me off. Of course he tattled when I shoved him, and

of course I got a detention. But the detention wasn't the worst of it—it was the extra attention I got.

Principal Andersen was suddenly always there, wherever I went. Between classes he would stand in the hall with a view of my locker, and then I swear he would always follow me to my classes. And he was always watching whenever I slipped up. I was a single minute late for my math class... Detention. I was running down the hall to make it to class on time... Detention. I sneezed during class while Principal Andersen was standing in the doorway, and he was convinced that I'd insulted the teacher while pretending to sneeze... So I got another detention.

He would always be the one monitoring my detentions. He would sit there on his laptop, watching some movie on Netflix as he twirled his wedding ring between the tip of his thumb and the tip of his pointer finger. He dropped it on his desk constantly—and it made for a surprisingly irritating white noise.

And of course my mother wasn't happy—four detentions in a single week. She didn't believe me when I told her that I didn't deserve any of them, especially because Principal Andersen made a point of calling her every single time I got into the slightest ounce of trouble. I was in his bad books,

and he was starting to wriggle into my bad books. So when Tony presented me an opportunity to get a little bit of revenge, I didn't hesitate.

Tony already had all of the eggs ready. So we hopped on our bikes and headed over to the house. We left our bikes down by the park and walked the extra block, worried someone might recognize our bikes. No one was going to recognize us—we were wearing black pants, black hoodies, and black bandanas around our faces.

The house looked strangely familiar to me, but I couldn't figure out why. I had the strangest feeling that I'd been inside of it before, but I couldn't figure out why I would have even been inside Principal Andersen's house. I'd never been friends with Principal Andersen's son—we'd never even spoken to one another until shortly before I gave him that shove. My first words to him were, "Quit stealing my balls you little shit!" And his first words to me were, "Shove it, faggot." His last words to me were, "I'm telling my dad!"

It dawned on me as we approached the house that I was about to get a bit of revenge on that little shit, as well as his dad.

We nestled into a safe spot between two large rose bushes and then we got our eggs ready—

cartons open. Tony counted to three and then we started painting the side of that house with raw egg. We threw four dozen eggs before lights started turning on. Tony even managed to peg one of their jack-o-lanterns dead on, tipping it over and making it tumble down the steps.

We ran away as fast as we could as soon as the porch light turned on and that front door swung open. We hopped on our bikes and made off as fast as we could.

In the morning, I decided to detour around the house, to see the damage. The house was still covered with dripping yolks. I stopped to take it in, feeling strangely satisfied with my work. I was so busy staring up at the house with a grin on my face, I didn't even notice the front door opening. When I finally looked down, I saw a police officer stepping out from the house with a familiar woman. They both looked at me and then I panicked. I should have played it cool—maybe waved and smiled—but instead I became tense. I looked away quickly and then I had the urge to bike away. I shouldn't have caved to that urge, but I did. They watched as I left the scene of the crime looking guiltier than a professional football player driving down the highway in a white Bronco.

The woman was not Principal Andersen's wife. She was not Principal Andersen's live-in nanny or the maid or a friend or even a distant relative—because the house we egged didn't belong to Principal Andersen. The house belonged to Jenna Kerrigan—Jimmy's mother.

Jimmy was a friend of mine back when we were in elementary school. When we hung out, we would play with little model figurines. The figurines belonged to Jimmy—he would spend all of his allowance on the little models and the expensive paints used to paint the little things. He would always beg me to go out and buy my own, but they were so expensive, so we just played with his. Once we were in junior high, his little figurine obsession started to become weird. I stopped having him over at my house because I always felt embarrassed when he wheeled his little carts up to my front door—carts filled with the little figurines. The neighbour kids would call me names like 'geek' and 'nerd' and 'loser'. Sometimes Jimmy even brought the little models to school, and he would bring them out during lunch, in the middle of the cafeteria.

"Put them away, Jimmy," I would say. But he didn't care what anyone else thought—he just wanted to play with his little toys. During period

breaks, he would sit alone in the break area with stacks of rulebooks, which explained the intricate rules of the complex miniature game. Going into high school, I knew I needed to distance myself from Jimmy and his miniature obsession, so I told him I didn't want to be friends anymore. It felt harsh, but it needed to be done.

My heart was racing intermittently throughout that whole day as the image of that egg-splattered house remained at the forefront of my mind. I could still feel the gaze of that police officer burning into my psyche. They knew I did it—the moment I started biking away, it must have been so obvious. It was around lunch when I started thinking I should just come clean—fess up to reduce my sentence. Can a person go to jail for egging a house?

CHAPTER 2



I saw Jimmy during my third period class. I found myself staring at him, trying to figure out if he even knew his house had been egged. And then I found myself trying to figure out why Tony would have wanted to egg Jimmy's house. Tony was friends with Jimmy back in elementary school as well—he used to come over to my house and we would all play with those little models together. And like me, Tony stopped hanging out with Jimmy once puberty kicked in and we realized playing with little models wasn't cool.

I saw Tony during my fourth period. I pulled him aside and I asked him, "Why did you tell me that was Principal Andersen's house? And why the hell did you want to throw eggs at Jimmy's house?"

He smirked. “Because I knew you wouldn’t come with me unless I told you it was Principal Andersen’s house.”

“But what did Jimmy do to you? All he does is sit there with his toys—so what gives?” I asked, keeping my voice low, still worried a police officer would be lingering over my shoulder at any moment.

“Tessa found out that we used to be friends,” Tony said. Tessa was one of the popular girls. She had long blonde hair and she always wore big sunglasses, even inside—until the teachers told her to take them off.

“So what?”

“She thought we were still friends, so I had to prove to her that we weren’t. And you proved it too—I did you a favour.”

I found out that Tony wasn’t lying—he really did egg the house to prove that he wasn’t friends with Jimmy. He even made a point of telling all of the popular girls, who told their friends, who told their friends. And by the end of the day, almost everyone in the school knew Tony and I had egged Jimmy’s house. It was ten minutes before the final bell when the intercom crackled. “Tony Wallace and Ian Peterson, please come to the principal’s office.” We were doomed. I stood up slowly. Everyone in my

class was staring at me. They all knew I was doomed, too.

The walk to the principal's office was long and excruciating. I was trying to think of an excuse in my head, but I couldn't think of anything. What excuse could a person possibly have for egging another person's house? I slipped and accidentally threw two dozen eggs! No one would believe that...

Tony was already in the office when I walked up to the receptionist's desk. They weren't giving us a chance to get our stories straight. I took a seat and sat for the next thirty minutes. In that time the school bell rang and all of the students left for the day. They all looked over at me as they filtered out through the main entrance. Some of them had looks of pity on their faces, and some of them were laughing.

I was finally called into the office. Tony was sitting in the corner, his head hung low. I could tell that he'd fessed up, so I knew there was no hope. And I was right: we both ended up suspended for a whole week. "You only get one suspension here," Principal Andersen said. "After this, it's expulsion. Understand? Now go home."

We had to walk home because we'd missed our busses. Tony went his way and I went my way. We

didn't say anything to one another. But I couldn't help but notice Tony's smirk, as if he'd accomplished his goal of ensuring the girls knew he wasn't friends with Jimmy. He didn't seem to care that his parents were going to be livid. His dad was a fiery person—I'd been over at Tony's house before when Tony got the belt to the ass. I was shocked that Tony could be smirking knowing what was coming.

My mom was home when I walked in the door. She was standing in the hallway with her hands on her hips, and she was staring at me with a big disappointed frown. She shook her head slowly, and I knew she'd already heard the news. "How could you?" she said softly, as if she was about to start crying. My heart clenched and ached in my chest.

"We thought it was Principal Andersen's house," I said, as if that made it better. And then I watched as my mom shook her head slowly again.

"Well don't think that the next week will be a little vacation for you. I'm obviously taking away your computer and your video games. You won't be able to watch TV or use your phone—we're taking that away too."

"So what am I supposed to do?" I said. I didn't have any homework, and we weren't quite two months into the school year, so there wasn't even

much to study. “Am I just supposed to sit and stare at the wall?”

“No. You’re going to help Mrs. Kerrigan set up for her Halloween party next week.”

“What?! No—I can’t go over there. She’ll kill me! Are you crazy?” My heart was suddenly racing. I didn’t want to go over to Jenna Kerrigan’s house—I didn’t want to look her in the eyes after I ruined the side of her house with raw eggs.

“Too bad. You’re going over there in the morning and you’re going to do whatever she wants you to do, and if you complain, then I’m taking your computer and your phone and your video games away for the rest of the year. And don’t you think that I’m bluffing, because I promise you that I’m not bluffing.” My mom’s face was a shade of red—she really wasn’t bluffing. She really was furious and disappointed with me. “And I told her to make sure it’s a good punishment—so don’t you think you’re getting off easy because she’s a nice lady. I made a point of telling her not to go easy on you.”

“Mom—are you serious? What if she makes me clean behind her toilets? Isn’t that child abuse?”

“First of all, you aren’t a child anymore. And second of all, I hope she does make you clean behind the toilets. You deserve to clean behind one thou-

sand toilets after what you did to her house. Now go to your room and... and think about what you did!"

I shuffled up to my room and I fell down on my bed, defeated. I almost wished I was Tony—getting smacked on the ass with a folded belt. At least that punishment would only last a couple of minutes. At least Tony didn't have to waste his whole week setting up for some stupid party.

CHAPTER 3



Every year, Jenna Kerrigan threw a big Halloween party for all of the adults in the neighbourhood. She had the biggest property in our community, and she always made sure every inch of it was outfitted for Halloween. Every year, pictures of her party ended up in the November 1st newspaper—one time she even made the front page, and she was always getting pictures featured in magazines.

She was a stay-at-home mom—which I always thought was just code for ‘someone with too much time on their hands’. She was a perfectionist. Jimmy would always come to school with his lunchbox meticulously packed: crusts cut off his sandwich, exactly one cup of steaming homemade soup in a

small thermos... He was the only kid I knew who ate homemade pudding at lunch, instead of pudding in a pre-packaged cup.

Back when we were in elementary school, he would always have a homemade Halloween costume. He never wore costumes from costume shops. Transformers were big when we were in the third grade. We all came to school in our store-bought Transformers costumes, and Jimmy came to school in his homemade costume—and his actually looked better, though we still made fun of it because his mom sewed ‘Jimmytron 5000’ on the front and back of it.

When I pulled up to Jenna’s house that first morning of my weeklong suspension, there was a crew of workers scrubbing egg off the siding. You could still see the streaks where dried egg had already been cleaned off—streaks that would be there until the side of the house received a fresh coat of paint. I had a feeling that I would be the one getting up on the ladder to paint the side of the house.

I walked up to the door slowly. I hadn’t been on that doorstep in nearly a decade. I took a deep breath and then I knocked. I was dreading the moment that door opened. I didn’t want to see

Jenna's betrayed face—I didn't want her to look into my guilty eyes. I could hear her approaching the door in her heels—she always wore heels around the house—I'd forgotten about that. It never struck me as odd as a child, but now I couldn't help but wonder if her feet were constantly sore, or if she just got used to always being in heels.

The door opened and I braced myself for the disappointed glare. But instead she smiled and her face lit up. "Ian! It's been so long. Come on in. It's cold out. Where's your coat? Come in, come in." Her big smile didn't go away. She seemed cheery and excited, as if she had no idea I was the one who ruined the side of her house.

I took a step inside. "You know, I didn't know this was your house," I said. "I thought it was the principal's house. I wouldn't have thrown any eggs had I known this was your house."

"Of course, dear. Do you want a cookie? They're fresh out of the oven." She walked a plate of freshly baked, still steaming, chocolate chip cookies over to me. She held the plate out. "Take one—or two. And if you're really hungry, I still have a few scones leftover from breakfast."

I took a cookie but I was hesitant to eat it. She was being nice to me—too nice. Something seemed

fishy. Were the cookies poisoned? Was she trying to kill me because I ruined the face of her house one week before her annual Halloween bash? I took a bite. It was good and it didn't taste like poison at all. "These are great," I said.

"Thank you. It's an old family recipe. I was thinking of making a batch with some green dye for the party. What do you think? We can call them Vomit Cookies—or is that too gross? I just thought they would look like vomit, being green with the little black chunks... I might even put white chocolate chips in there as well, to make them even more fun. What do you think?"

"I, uh, think that's a fine idea," I said. I took another cookie and ate it. I wanted to take more, but I still wasn't convinced I wasn't being set up for some form of revenge. Even if she did believe that I didn't mean to egg her house, she still had no reason to be nice to me—plus my mother specifically told her to be especially mean to me. So why wasn't she being mean? Why was she stuffing my face with delicious cookies? And why was she so happy? "I really didn't think this was your house. I completely forgot that you lived here—I really mean it," I said.

And she laughed. "It's fine, Ian. Really—it's all good. The guys are going to get the siding all cleaned

up and then I'm going to have you do a quick coat of paint. No worries at all." I was relieved to hear she wanted me to paint her house—at least I could help make my wrongdoing a little bit better...

"What can I do now?" I asked.

She looked around the house. "Why don't you help me carve some new jack-o-lanterns?" she said, looking over at her kitchen table. There were a dozen pumpkins waiting to be carved—a few to replace the ones Tony and I ruined, and then some more to spread out throughout her large property. So for the next three hours, we sat and carved pumpkins. It was actually kind of fun—she let me come up with my own designs, and then she showed me some techniques to carve more accurately. My jack-o-lanterns weren't nearly as spectacular as hers. Every pumpkin she carved looked like he could have been in a magazine. She was a surprisingly great artist.

We brought the lot of jack-o-lanterns to her basement. She closed the blinds and then we tested them all with cheap tea candles. They looked great. "Wonderful. We'll probably carve some more tomorrow to put in the back yard," she said. And I found myself actually looking forward to returning to Jenna's house for more party planning.

Maybe Jenna really did believe that I didn't mean to egg her house, and maybe she didn't have it in her to truly punish me. Maybe I was better off at her house than at my own house, where I couldn't even leave my small jail cell of a bedroom.

"What's next?" I asked.

"Are the workers gone yet?" She looked out the window. "No, they're still there. Okay, then I'm going to have you pick eggshells out of the rose bushes. You'll need gloves because the prickles can really hurt. Oh, but before you go out there, I want you to put something on for me. Follow me." She started up the stairs, so I followed. It had been a long time since I'd been up those stairs—but I remembered that they led to the bedrooms. All four bedrooms were upstairs: Jimmy's bedroom, Jenna's bedroom, Jimmy's older sister's bedroom—what was her name again? Linda? And then there was the spare bedroom.

We went into Linda's bedroom. The walls were painted lavender and the room was immaculate, just like every other room in the house. "Don't worry," Jenna said. "Linda is away at her first year of college." I thought it was a strange thing to say to me—why would I care if Linda were away at college? Why would I be worried about anything?

Jenna started digging through Linda's closet. "It's in here somewhere..." she said. "Ah-ha!" She pulled a little white dress out from the closet. "I bought it for Linda's prom last year, but she didn't end up wearing it. See? The tag is still on it."

She handed me the dress. My heart stuttered and skipped a beat. "What do you want me to do with this?" I asked as I stared down at the thing.

"Wear it. And it's cold out, so you'll probably want these, too," she said, handing me a pair of thigh-high white stockings. "And then you'll need this, and this..." She pulled out a bra and a pair of panties.

I stood frozen—even my heart was hesitant to continue beating. I finally was able to take a deep breath. "You want me to wear your daughter's clothes?"

Jenna smiled. "Yes. And her makeup, and I've got a wig for you in the other room."

"But why?" I asked. I could feel the colour draining from my face.

"Because it's not much of a punishment if I just have you outside picking up eggshells, is it? I mean—I bet you'd rather be cleaning up my yard than at school, and I need to make it a punishment somehow. Now go ahead and get dressed."

I felt sick. I was worried I was going to throw up on Linda's bedroom floor, and then I would have to clean it up dressed like a French maid or something. I looked down at the dress again. "But people will see me—and they'll recognize me. Everyone will make fun of me."

"Well if you do a good enough job with your makeup, no one will recognize you. I'll even help you out—today, anyway. But for the rest of the week you'll probably be on your own. I'm only going to get busier and busier as the big party gets closer!" She started towards the door. "I just remembered that I made some pads for you—they fit perfectly in the bra. I'll go grab them. Go ahead and get dressed!"

My legs trembled slightly. My head was light and spinning. Now I was sure I was going to throw up—I wanted to throw up. I even gagged slightly after she left the room, but no vomit followed.

CHAPTER 4



I felt stupid in the dress—and I felt even stupider in the panties. They were hardly wide enough to hold my cock and balls in place, and they were uncomfortably tight. Jenna kept insisting that I would get used to them, but I had a hard time believing that. Jenna had me stand in front of the mirror while she got the wig snug on my head. It looked okay, but I still felt ridiculous. At least with the wig I didn't look terribly familiar.

We went into the bathroom to get my makeup done. She sat me down in a seat, which she pulled in from another room, and then she told me to pay close attention. “You'll be doing this yourself tomorrow morning.”

“Do I really have to do this? Can’t you punish me in some other way?” I asked, my heart still aching.

“This is the best I could come up with. The punishment needs to be good—and clearly this is uncomfortably for you. Now we’re going to start with foundation.” She rubbed a flesh-coloured cream all over my face. And then she pulled out a tube of mascara. She kept reminding me to pay close attention. I did my best, but it was hard to focus on anything with my mind racing and dreading the moment I had to step outside in the disguise. “What about when Jimmy comes home? Is he going to see me like this?”

“He’s going to be out late tonight—he’s got chess club and then he’d got his karate class after that. But tomorrow he might see you—he doesn’t know you’re here helping me though, so maybe he won’t recognize you. It depends on how good of a job you do with your makeup.”

“But if he recognizes me, then the whole school will find out about this. Everyone will come to the house after school to see me like this. You’re going to ruin my whole reputation!” I said. I was already considering dropping to my knees and begging her to think of a different punishment. I would even accept a daily whipping if that’s what she wanted.

“Then you’d better pay close attention, so no one recognizes you,” she said. “Now where were we? Oh right, the eye shadow. I always do eye shadow before eyeliner—that way I don’t smear my eyeliner with my brushes. Now I want to do something dark—maybe with a hint of purple. What do you think?”

I was too nauseous to respond. Now, all of my willpower was set on not throwing up all over her pristine bathroom. I took a series of deep breaths and I watched as my face transformed. She tried to explain contouring to me, but my ears were ringing and I couldn’t hear more than five words in a row before zoning out completely. Though I did hear when she said, “This will probably make you the most unrecognizable.” So I tried to watch as she brushed dark shadows under my cheekbones and on the sides of my nose.

And when she was done, I really was unrecognizable. Though when I looked closely at the mirror, I could still recognize myself. So I just had to pray that no one would look too closely at me.

She went and found me a pair of sandals, which surprisingly fit. Jenna was extremely excited to discover that I was the same shoe size as her daughter. “That makes this all so much easier,” she said, and I wasn’t sure what she was talking about. “Now

you can go out and pick up all those egg shells. The garbage bags are under the sink. Have fun!”

I got a garbage bag and then I found myself standing at her front door, looking out the small peephole, watching as cars drove by. A young woman was strolling past with a stroller, and about ten paces behind her was a man on his cellphone. Then I looked at the rose bushes—there were a dozen in total. It wasn’t going to be a quick job. People were going to see me out there.

I took a deep breath and stepped out. I tried not to make eye contact with any of the pedestrians or the workers up on the ladders. I went straight towards the first rose bush and I started picking up little bits of shell. A light breeze picked up the skirt of my dress. I dropped my garbage bag and reached down with both hands, stopping my dress from flying up like Marilyn Monroe standing on a subway grate. The dress was so light and dainty—why couldn’t she have given me a more conservative dress—something ankle length—something that would hide my bum from all of these strangers?

I looked up and saw that one of the workers was looking down at me. I didn’t look for long enough to decide if he was about to laugh at me or if he pitied

me. I went back to picking up eggshell bits and I just assumed he was having a good laugh. When the next breeze came, I was ready for it. I threw one hand down between my legs—though my one hand wasn't enough to stop my skirt from lifting in the back. I'm not sure how much of my bum became visible to the public in that moment—I could only hope it wasn't the whole thing.

Getting the eggshells that were under the bushes was tricky. I had to get down on my hands and knees and I had to carefully crawl under each bush—and then I couldn't make any sudden movements, or I would risk getting scratched by the sharp thorns.

Jenna came out and brought me a glass of iced tea. A perfect lemon circle sat on the meticulously salted rim. "It looks like you're doing a good job, Chelsea," she said. Apparently she'd decided that my name was Chelsea. Where she got the name from, I have no idea. It wasn't the worse name—I didn't mind the name Chelsea. In junior high school, there was a girl I liked named Chelsea—I wonder what happened to that girl...

I was bent down, underneath one of the bushes at the front of the lot, when a man whistled from across the street. I looked back and saw that he was

looking at me—right at my ass. A breeze had flipped my skirt up onto my back, exposing my whole tush to anyone who wanted to see it. I looked away from the man quickly and I fixed my skirt. My heart was somewhere in the pit of my stomach. This really was torture. Everyone was mocking me—and I still had six more days to endure.

I went inside with my bag of eggshells. I'd accumulated a surprisingly large amount of the shell bits. Jenna was in the kitchen, getting dinner started. She looked over at me. "All done?" she asked.

"I think so," I said.

"Tomorrow I'm going to make you talk like a girl too—so maybe tonight you can practise your voice. I'll be having some friends over for tea. Some of them are mothers of kids at your school, so getting your voice down would probably be in your best interest." I didn't think that my stomach could sink any lower into my gut. "But for today, I think you're done. You did a good job—I really appreciate all the help, Chelsea—I really do. It kills me to have to punish you like this, but I told your mom I would do it." A smile crossed her face. "Oh—I think I have an idea of how I can make it up to you. Here—follow me. This way."

She headed back up the stairs. This time she went

into her bedroom. She told me to take a seat on the bed. I took a seat and found myself facing a full-length mirror. I stared at myself for a moment. I kind of did look like a chick. Seeing myself in that dress and wig made me wish I had broader shoulders and maybe some muscle on my arms. I never really realized until that moment that I was thin like a girl—I always knew that I was thin, but I always just thought that I was boy-thin... whatever that means.

“Flip up your skirt,” Jenna said. So I flipped up my skirt. Then she sunk down to her knees and reached towards my crotch. I became tense and frozen as she slipped her fingers under my panties and grabbed my cock. She pulled it out.

“What are you doing?” I asked sharply. I reached down to cover up but she wouldn’t let go. I didn’t want to jump back suddenly and injure my private bits.

“Consider it a thank you for the help today. Do me a favour—reach into the nightstand and grab the little purple bottle in there. Yep—that’s the one.” I handed her the bottle. She popped it open and then squirted a large glob of lubricant onto my cock. Then she started stroking. I was still tense and upright like a slab of wood. Was this really

happening? Was Jimmy's mom really giving me a handjob?

I looked down. The skin on her hand was loose and adorned with faint wrinkles that were moisturized twice daily. She had light sunspots on her hands and up her arms. And she held my cock with the perfect grip. She twisted slightly as she pulled up my cock, and then she pulled back slowly, making sure to pull my foreskin back completely. She had me rock hard in a matter of thirty seconds. "How does that feel?" she asked with a big smile.

I nodded my head, unable to think of any words. My lips were parted but I couldn't close them. I wasn't sure if I was breathing properly or not. Finally I was able to take a deep, sharp breath in. She squirted more lubricant onto my cock. Now her hand was making a squishing noise as it stroked the length of my rod.

"Just let me know when you're going to come—okay, sweetie?" she said. That's when I noticed she already had a wad of tissue paper in her other hand, ready to catch my load.

"I think I'm going to come soon," I said. I could feel my face turning red. I wasn't lasting long. I tried to clench to hold my orgasm back, worried she would think I was a premature ejaculator—

which is exactly what I was. I bit down hard on my tongue, but nothing could hold that orgasm back. She was too good with her hands—she knew exactly where to rub and she knew just how much pressure to put in. She held the wad of tissues over the tip of my dick and then I erupted. Once I started coming, she started rubbing just my tip with just her thumb and pointer finger. She pulled upwards firmly, getting every last drop out of me, and then she discarded the tissues into the waist basket next to the bed. She grabbed another wad of tissues and used them to wipe the excess lubricant off of my cock.

“You can go home now, darling,” she said. “I’ll see you in the morning—bright and early. My friends will be here at eleven, so you should probably come around eight so we can get everything ready.”

She left me alone in that room with my cock still upright and throbbing. I looked forward at my own reflection, which now looked especially ridiculous: a dolled up young woman with a large throbbing erection. It wasn’t something I ever thought I would see in a mirror.

I stood up and quickly got undressed. The makeup wasn’t so easy to get off. I spent ten minutes in the bathroom scrubbing my face with face wash

and hot water, and still there was a bit of mascara in my eyelashes.

As soon as I had my proper clothes back on, I got out of that house as soon as I could, making no eye contact with any of the workers on my way out. I couldn't hear them snickering up on their ladders, but I knew it was happening. I didn't bother looking back to confirm my suspicions.

CHAPTER 5



Day two of my sissy punishment started out rough—before I even got out of bed I was feeling like crap. I'd only gotten maybe a single hour of sleep—I'd finally drifted off when the sun was coming up, and then my alarm went off. Maybe I didn't even get twenty minutes—it felt like I'd gotten nothing. I had forty minutes before I needed to be at Jenna's house but I wasn't even sure I was going to be able to pull myself out of bed.

I started wondering what would happen if I bailed. My mother would probably ground me for the rest of the year, but I was wondering now if I would be better off grounded for the rest of the year, instead of getting dolled up and paraded around for the rest of the week. I still couldn't believe Jenna

came up with such a cruel punishment—she was such a nice lady, so where did she get such an extreme idea?

I finally peeled myself out from my bed around 7:30 AM. My parents had already left for work. I brushed my teeth and I rolled some deodorant onto my pits, and then I shuffled down to the kitchen to make myself some breakfast. But by the time I got a bowl and a box of cereal out, I realized I had to go—Jenna’s house was a fifteen minute bike ride away, and it was now 7:45. So I left the bowl on the counter along with the box of cereal, and I took off. I arrived right on time, but I was hesitant to go into the house. I knew she was in there, waiting for me, with an outfit already picked up. I knew I had to do my own makeup, and then I was going to have to serve a group of women—the mothers of my friends at school. One little slip and my friends would surely find out and my reputation would surely be ruined. I hadn’t practiced my feminine voice at all like I was told to—my parents had been home all evening and I didn’t want them to hear me repeating lines with a girly voice. I didn’t want my parents to know that my old friend’s mother was dolling me up.

I walked up to the door slowly and then I checked my watch. I was late now, but I wasn’t too

worried about it. Jenna didn't seem like the type to crack down on small mistakes—not like Principal Andersen. But as I stood on that doorstep, I wished I was spending my week with Principal Andersen—he would have just made me do endless amounts of homework and studying. Homework and studying at least weren't humiliating.

I didn't ring the doorbell, but the door opened regardless. Jenna was standing in the doorway with a big housewife smile on her face. Her hair was done up into an immaculate up-do, her dress was freshly ironed and perfectly tailored, and her toes were newly painted and slipped into a pair of open-toed heels. "Ian! So nice of you to make it this morning," she said, as if I'd been given the choice. "Come on in, come on in! You've got a lot to do this morning before our guests arrive. You need to get started right away. But first, you look hungry. Did you eat? I've made some fresh breakfast melts. They're for our tea in a few hours, but I made a few extra. I had a feeling you would come hungry. Have one. They just came out of the oven."

I hadn't even taken three steps into Jenna's house and there was a plate of fresh breakfast melt's being thrust towards me: ham, egg, and melted cheddar inside of a steaming English muffin. I ate one, and

then I ate a second one. And then I looked up and there was a plate of warm cookies being held out in front of me. “They’re peanut butter. You aren’t allergic, are you?” So I ate a few peanut butter cookies, and then I was stuffed.

Jenna showed me up to Linda’s bedroom. She had it all set up for me: the dresser was covered in makeup supplies, there was an outfit laid out on the bed and a pair of heels on the floor below it. The wig was on a mannequin head, and it looked like it had been brushed, and possibly styled as well. “Go ahead and get started. I’m going to be very busy in the kitchen, so you’re on your own. I hope you were paying close attention yesterday.” She left me alone with the whole ensemble.

So I did my best to imitate what she’d done the day before. I got into the little white and red striped dress she had laid out for me, and then I slipped out from my boxers and I pulled the fresh pair of panties up my legs. I got into my wig and then I looked in the mirror while trying to remember which step came next. I looked down at the dresser, at all of the different makeup options. Was it the concealer that she started with? The powder? No—it was the foundation. I grabbed the foundation and I started rubbing it all over my face. The cucumber-esque

scent of the foundation made me remember the day before with more clarity. Jenna had done my eyes next, so that's where I went. I grabbed the mascara and gently rolled it onto my eyelashes. I could already see the transformation happening in the mirror.

I didn't do the best job—not nearly as perfect as what she'd done on me the day before—but I was satisfied with how I looked. I was especially satisfied with how unrecognizable I was. I started repeating a few lines over and over, trying to get used to a feminine voice. I had no idea how I sounded. I didn't even have my phone to record myself, so I was stuck trusting my own ears. While I was repeating lines over and over, I looked down and noticed the hair on my legs. It had to go—if the visiting mothers were going to think I was a real woman, then I was going to need smooth legs.

So I found myself in Jenna's upstairs bathroom. I found a razor in the medicine cabinet, and I found some shaving cream in the vanity drawer. I ran the tub and hiked up my dress and then, after taking a deep breath, I shaved away my hair. I was October and the weather was getting colder. By the time it was warm again, my hair would be grown back—so I wasn't too worried.

Jenna knocked on the bathroom door. “Are you almost done? I need some help setting up. My friends are going to be here soon.” I wasn’t wearing my watch, so I had to ask for the time. “It’s 10:30,” she said. My heart skipped a beat. 10:30!? I’d been getting ready for over two hours?

“I—I’ll be right out,” I said. My legs were suddenly trembling. I’m not sure how I managed to stay up in my little heels. Her friends were going to be showing up in just thirty minutes. The fact that I would be facing my friends’ mothers suddenly seemed very real—and very terrifying. I took a series of deep breaths, but somehow that only made me feel sicker. I looked in the mirror. At least I actually looked like a girl... Though I wasn’t sure that was any consolation...

CHAPTER 6



Jenna had managed to turn the kitchen into an immaculate space in those two hours that I was upstairs getting dolled up. Her entire kitchen island, which was at least twelve feet long, was covered in plates of snacks: breakfast foods, desserts, cured meats, cheeses, and baked goods. She had a jug of homemade iced tea cooling in the fridge, and there were candles burning throughout the room.

Jenna looked up at me as I stepped towards the kitchen. Her face lit up with a big smile. “You look lovely,” she said.

Once again, the dress felt incredibly short. I wasn’t convinced my ass wasn’t hanging out. I wasn’t used to my legs being so exposed. Even when I wore

shorts, they extended down to my knees. I wasn't sure if my thighs had ever seen sunlight—but they were seeing sunlight now, through Jenna's large picture windows. I tried tugging down the skirt of my little dress so it would cover more, but I almost ended up pulling the dress off of my body. I had to be careful—the little outfit was only being held up by two dainty straps on my shoulders. If the dress came off, then everyone would see my padded bra, my cock bulge, and my boyish body.

“Why don't you salt the rims of the glasses? You'll have to set up a salting station—the decorative salt is in that cupboard there and the little bowls are in that cupboard there.” I could feel my curled hair bouncing with each step that I took. It was a strangely satisfying feeling, though I wasn't sure why. Even the pads in my bra bounced slightly, as if they were real tits. I'm not sure what Jenna used to make the pads, but they even felt sort of real to squeeze, as if there was a latex or silicone inside of them... Knowing Jenna, I'm sure she used something expensive and authentic.

I was still getting used to the heels. I wobbled slightly as I reached up for the decorative salt, and then I wobbled slightly again as I bent over to grab a small bowl to pour the salt into, so I could rim the

glasses. I was walking back to my little open station on the counter when I noticed Jenna was staring at me. “You need to work on that, dear,” she said.

“Work on what?” I asked.

“Your walk. You look so—I hope you don’t mind my saying this—brutish. A woman should look elegant when she walks. Try stepping one foot in front of the other—like this. See? Keep your back straight and lead yourself with your hips. Good, just like that!” I felt silly, as if I was pretending to be a model on a catwalk, but I welcomed the advice. I didn’t want to give any of the visiting ladies any excuse to think that I was actually a man under that dress and that wig and that makeup.

There was a knock at the door. A cool shock ran up my spine and I became tense. I turned slowly to the door and could see the up-do of the first guest through the small crescent window at the top of the door. “There’s our first guest. Why don’t you answer it, Chelsea?” Jenna said.

My stomach turned and my legs were suddenly trembling—almost buckling at the knees. I held onto the edge of the counter. I couldn’t let anyone see me like this—I would never be able to forget the humiliation. As I stood there terrified, I couldn’t even think of anything more humiliating. It would have been

less humiliating to answer the door completely naked, jerking myself off with some questionable porn playing in the background. Pretending to be a lady was a whole new low that I couldn't even begin to wrap my head around.

"Well? Don't leave her waiting out there. A good host takes no longer than fifteen seconds to answer the door," Jenna said.

I found myself walking towards the door, but I'm not sure where I managed to find the confidence. I reached my arm out and grabbed the door handle. I was still stiff as I pulled the door open, and I'm sure my face was pale. I opened my mouth to speak, but no words came out. I was staring at a woman I knew: Tony's mother.

She was staring at me with a big smile. "Hello," she said. "Is Jenna home?"

I opened my mouth wider to reply, but I was too terrified to speak. I still hadn't tried my voice out on anyone—not even Jenna. I could feel my jaw trembling. I must have looked so foolish standing there, looking like one of the possessed humans from *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. "She—She's inside," I finally managed to say. My eyes were dry—I'm pretty sure I hadn't blinked since opening the door. "C—Come on in," I said. I stepped aside.

Tony's mom looked at me strangely, still with that smile on her face, and then she walked into the house. "Thank you," she said. But she still hadn't figured out who I was—I knew that for sure. If she had recognized me, she would have surely reacted, right? I was fairly sure that my identity was still safe.

As Tony's mother entered the home, another car pulled up on the street. I recognized the woman who emerged from the vehicle: it was the mother of another friend of mine. And the next mother to show up was also the mother of a friend. I was starting to worry my own mother was going to show up for the tea party.

I greeted everyone at the door. I had to fight myself to stare into their eyes. I was terrified they would see into my eyes and recognize me, but I was more terrified that I would shyly look away and immediately look suspicious.

CHAPTER 7



The ladies were over for three hours total. I served appies through the room while everyone mingled, and then I cleaned dishes as guests finished with them. Throughout the first hour, I probably yanked down on my skirt one hundred times, trying to make sure my ass wasn't out for all the party guests to see. And then I started getting used to the little outfit. By the third hour, I wasn't pulling down on my skirt at all. In fact, I would find myself stopping whenever I passed a mirror, just to check myself out. I looked good. And my reflection served as a nice reminder that I wasn't recognizable—I could relax knowing that no one would recognize me as long as I didn't have a wardrobe malfunction or a voice slip.

When the ladies left, I started the long process of cleaning up. I must have washed two hundred dishes. And then I swept the floors, and then I mopped. I had the house all to myself, as Jenna was out back, hanging decorations for her upcoming Halloween party.

I ended up finishing the cleaning process sooner than expected. The house was shining as if Jenna had cleaned it herself. So I slipped into the backyard to ask what I could do next. I was shocked by how much the yard had transformed in just a matter of a few hours. There were little ghosts hanging from every branch, jack-o-lanterns along the fence and along the many paths through the large yard, and she'd even managed to set up a speaker system, which would play Halloween classics like *Thriller* and *Monster Mash* during the party.

"It looks great out here," I said. And then I realized I was still using my girly voice, even though all the tea party guests had already left. But maybe it was for the best—maybe I was better off getting used to the feminine voice, in case Jenna threw any more parties with all of my friends' moms.

"Thanks, sweetie," Jenna said. "How's it going inside?"

"I think I'm all done," I said.

“That’s great. You’ve still got a couple hours before I can send you home. Why don’t you go and tidy up the upstairs bedrooms?”

She continued to set up the exterior, and I went up to the bedrooms to get them nice and clean. They were already clean—I couldn’t even find any dust, but I figured I would give them a safety vacuum and a mopping, just for the sake of something to do more than anything.

I got down on my hands and knees to get into the corners of her wainscoting. I was getting around her bed when I noticed a small box hidden behind her nightstand. I slipped it out and then I looked around before opening it. Inside was a number of small sex toys, and one not-so-small sex toy. I lifted it out. It was a flesh-coloured dildo with a suction-cup base. It was slightly floppy and surprisingly heavy. I wondered if Jenna fucked her pussy with it—of course she did; why else would she own it?

I looked into her closet mirror and saw myself holding the large dildo. I looked shockingly sexy with the thing in my hand, as if I was on the poster of some kinky porno. I lowered the dildo to my crotch and I rubbed it between my legs, pretending to be promiscuous. But the sight was surprisingly erotic. I ended up getting hard watching myself. And

that's when I got the idea to slip into the bathroom with the toy and the little purple bottle of lubricant, which I knew was in the nightstand drawer.

My heart was pounding as I wet the suction-cup base so I could stick it to her bathroom's tile floor. I looked down at the cock, which was standing straight up, wobbling slightly. I wondered if I could actually do it—if I could insert it into my asshole.

I'd never fucked myself in the asshole before, and I'd never even wondered if I would be able to do it—or even if I wanted to do it. But seeing myself in that skimpy little dress, I found myself with a head full of thoughts that didn't seem to belong to me. I was feeling risky and kinky and strangely horny. I slipped my panties down to my feet and then I stepped out of them. I lowered myself down, squatting over the dildo, and my heart started pounding even more. I poured some lubricant on the toy. Now my heart was out of control. I was starting to worry I was going to have heart failure right there, and my body would be found in a dress next to a suction-cup dildo. Thankfully I didn't have a heart attack as I lowered myself down further.

I felt the tip of the dildo press against my tight anus. It felt big and dull—too big to fit into my ass, surely. But I still wanted to try—though I still had no

idea why I wanted to try. I hated myself for being in that bathroom, squatting over that thick fake cock. I hated myself for agreeing to dress up like a little slut. I was quickly running out of reasons to like myself.

I took a deep breath and I let gravity bring my body down lower. I thought the dildo would just bend under my weight and that would be that—but it ended up penetrating me, and it quickly sunk deep with some help from all of the lubricant I coated it with. I nearly screamed. It didn't hurt but it sure felt strange—like my body was suddenly full—like someone's entire arm had penetrated my buttock.

I covered my mouth and I forced myself to sink lower, just to see how much of the artificial cock I could take. I sunk lower and lower, doing my best to control my breathing every inch of the way. And then suddenly my butt cheeks were pressed against the heated tile floor. I had the whole giant dildo pressed up my ass. I wasn't sure if I was supposed to be disappointed with myself or impressed.

But it still didn't feel good—it just felt like my ass was suddenly occupied with a very large object. I wasn't sure why gays loved taking it in the butt so much, but I was still willing to give it a shot. So I started to bounce up and down slowly, feeling the false veins rubbing against my anal walls. It felt

weird, but I kept going. I was enjoying it—not because it felt good, but because I looked so sexy. I couldn't keep my eyes off of the mirror in front of me: my own beautiful reflection staring back at me while she pumped her ass with a long suctioned dildo. I reached up and grabbed my tit so that I could watch her grab her tit. Fuck, she was hot—I was hot. I really made a sexy woman.

I bounced faster, pressing my bum against that warm tile floor harder. I started moaning slightly and then I covered my lips again. My legs were trebling. I couldn't believe that I was doing it in high-heels. "Fuck, that feels good," I heard myself mumble in my girly voice. I was starting to like my girly voice—it was sexy. It was fun being sexy. It was satisfying knowing that I looked so good.

I started moaning louder, so I pressed my palm against my lips harder. It was starting to feel good inside of my ass—really good. My legs were shaking now. I had to plant a hand down on the floor to keep myself from falling over. I looked down and saw a puddle forming on the ground, just in front of the dildo. It was a white puddle and the thick fluid was pouring out from my flaccid cock: I was coming. I couldn't believe what I was seeing—I hadn't even touched myself, and there I was, unloading all over

the bathroom floor. And my God, did it ever feel good.

There was a knock at the door. “Chelsea, are you in there?” Jenna’s voice said.

I froze. My cock was still drooling cum. “Uh, yeah—I’m in here. Just using the potty,” I said.

“I just wanted to let you know that you’re done for the day—you can go home now!”

“O—Okay. I’ll start getting changed then.” I stood up, slipping the cock out from my ass. Suddenly I felt emptier than ever before. I quickly cleaned up my cum puddle using a wad of tissues, which I flushed down the toilet, and then I stepped out from the bathroom, to retrieve my clothes from Linda’s bedroom. And as I stepped out, I found myself face to face with Jimmy, who had just come home from school.

“Hi,” he said, looking into my eyes. His gaze slowly drifted down my dress, to my legs, to my feet, and then back up again. He looked back into my eyes and his cheeks turned a shade of red. I was waiting for him to point at me and scream, ‘Ian! Why are you dressed like a girl in my house?!’ But instead he said, “Who are you?”

There was a lump in my throat the size of my fist. I tried to swallow it, but it wouldn’t go down. So I

forced myself to speak through it. “I’m Chelsea. I’m helping your mom with her party coming up.”

Jimmy nodded slowly. “How do you know my mom? Do you go to my school?”

I shook my head. “I, uh, know your mom from the Internet. We met on the Internet. She was looking for, uh, someone to plan interior designs with.” I knew I sounded ridiculous. I knew I sounded like a complete knob—but I couldn’t think of anything else. I was sure he was about to recognize me at any moment. He was looking right into my eyes, and my eyes were still my eyes. I wasn’t wearing coloured contacts and I hadn’t modified the shape of my eyelids. But still, he seemed oblivious.

“Well you look familiar. Maybe I’ve seen you around the house before, I guess,” he said, and then he continued on towards his bedroom. And it wasn’t until the door closed behind him that I realized I was holding the suction-cup dildo behind my back. Thank God he didn’t see it...

CHAPTER 8



My third day at Jenna's house wasn't so bad. She only had one guest pop over, and it was a woman I'd never seen before in my life. They had tea together while I pruned the rose bushes out front. I was actually a big fan of my outfit for the day: a green plaid skirt and a black blouse. Jenna let me help myself to her costume jewellery, so I grabbed a few faux-gold bracelets and a cute black choker, which helped to hide the slight bulge of my Adam's apple.

I got a few catcalls from people on the street. A car drove by and honked at me, and a young man leaned out the back window and yelled, "Hey beautiful! Want to grab a drink with me sometime?"

I blushed and continued working. Then he

yelled, “Playing hard to get, huh? I’m a nice guy—you’re beautiful and I’m nice. It’s the perfect match, don’t you think?”

“I don’t think you could handle me,” I called back, and his friends all laughed. They drove off, leaving me feeling flustered and glowing.

Another group of young men whistled at me before I went into the house for lunch. One of the men asked me to flash my tits—which I didn’t, of course, seeing as I had no tits to flash. But I did turn around and lift up my skirt, showing him my tush. That got a good rise out of him, and the group of young men left satisfied.

Jenna made me a sandwich for lunch. It was turkey, bacon, Havarti, lettuce, tomato, and ranch dressing on fresh whole wheat bread. She also gave me a mug of warm barley soup to go with the meal, and a glass of her homemade iced tea with the salted rim. It was delicious—one of the best lunches I’d ever eaten in my entire life. I had the biggest smile on my face until she said, “I know what you were doing in the bathroom yesterday. That was very naughty of you.”

I felt all of the colour drain from my face as I looked over at her slowly. She wasn’t kidding around—she really knew that I’d taken her dildo and

fucked myself with it. “I hope you know that I have to punish you now—a young lady shouldn’t go through someone’s private things.”

“I—I’m sorry,” I said. My lips suddenly felt dry.

“Follow me upstairs so we can get this punishment over with, so we can put this whole thing behind us.” She started ascending the stairs. I was slow to follow, my heart still pounding ferociously. I was feeling a whole new level of humiliation—beyond what I thought possible. My friend’s mom knew that I’d stolen her dildo and stuck it up my ass. I had no idea how she knew, but I wasn’t surprised that she knew. Her house was so perfect and so meticulously organized—she probably saw that her little sex toy box was one inch out of place.

I followed her into her bedroom. She pulled that box out from behind the nightstand and then she pulled out a little purple egg-shaped device with a long wire sticking out of it. “Get up on the bed, on your hands and knees like a kitty cat,” she said.

I was too terrified to argue with her—too terrified to even plead for my life. So I climbed up on the bed. I got up onto all fours and then she walked around behind me. She flipped up my skirt and then she tugged down my panties. I looked back and saw her

squirting lubricant on the egg device, and I knew where it was going. “I’m really sorry. I was just... I was just curious,” I said. “I cleaned everything—and I was only playing with it for five minutes—maybe less.”

“I still have to punish you. Now take a deep breath.” I felt her press the egg up to my butt. I took a deep breath. I was clenching, but I couldn’t unclench. She started by sticking her pointer finger into my asshole. She pushed it deep and then she pulled it out until the tip of her finger was teasing my rim—and then she pushed it in again. She was trying to get me to unclench. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. I managed to unclench for a few seconds, which was apparently long enough for her to press the egg into my asshole.

I perked up and all of the muscles in my body became tense. The whole egg was in my ass. How was she going to get it out? I clenched and tried to push it out, but it wouldn’t budge. “Calm down,” she said. “It’s not going to hurt you. It’s a new toy I got a few weeks ago—I didn’t realize it was for boys when I got it, so I haven’t had any reason to use it until now. Now prepare yourself—the vibration is pretty intense.” She pressed a button on the end of her long wire, and then I felt the inside of my ass vibrating. I

became tense again, clutching the bed sheets with both hands.

I squirmed but she held me in place. “It should only take a minute,” she said. “Just stay on your hands and knees. Warm me if it’s about to happen.” I didn’t know what she was talking about. But I could feel something happening: a warm euphoria growing between my legs. The vibrating felt good, and it was pressed right against my sweet spot. My legs trembled. Jenna gently rubbed my bare ass with her frequently moisturized mature hands. “Does it feel good?” she asked.

I nodded. “It feels good,” I said. I let a moan slip. I felt so humiliated, and that humiliation was only growing stronger with every passing minute that I was being harvested like a prized bull. Jenna gently reached between my legs and ran her gentle fingers up my shaft. It felt so damned good. I let out another long, loud moan. I looked over and saw myself in the reflection. I liked the way I looked—I looked especially cute with my dark red cheeks. “Oh God, it feels so good. I think it’s happening—something’s happening.” There was a hot sensation filling my cock. I felt like I had to pee, and I was worried I was about to pee all over Jenna’s bed. But instead, I started coming, and Jenna was ready for it.

She held out the palm of her hand and caught every blast. A small pool filled the palm of her hand after thirty seconds. Then she carefully brought the palm of her hand up to my face and said, “Now for your punishment. Swallow all of it,” she said.

My heart skipped a beat. I looked down at the little puddle—which was a surprisingly large amount of cum. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. Then I leaned forward and sucked up the cum. It didn’t taste as bad as I was expecting—just warm and salty. That saltiness lingered in my mouth. I swallowed all of it in one big gulp. Then she gave me a nice pat on the ass. “That’s a good girl. A proper lady always swallows—remember that,” she said. And then she headed back downstairs to continue preparing for her big upcoming party, as if nothing had happened.

I reached around and tugged on that wire. I had to pull hard to get the egg out from my asshole. It was still vibrating as it hit the bed. And once again, I found myself feeling emptier than ever before.

CHAPTER 9



Day four went by shockingly fast. I did a bit of gardening, and then it was suddenly lunch. Then I did a bit of decorating, and it was suddenly time to go home. Jimmy came home and I waved at him as he went up towards his bedroom. He blushed and waved back, and then I found myself laughing—he really thought that I was a chick. He really had no idea who I was.

Day five went by too fast. I knew that I only had one day left before the party, and I knew that my time as a pretty girl was coming to an end. Soon it would be back to normal—going to school as myself: jeans, t-shirts, hoodies, and nothing more than that. There would be no more skirts, no more dresses, no more lacy panties, no more stockings, no more heels,

no more bracelets, and no more chokers. There would only be one was to style my hair, and makeup would once again be off limits. So I tried to revel in the final couple days of my sissification.

I spent extra time in the morning doing my hair and makeup. And then I spent some extra time admiring myself in the mirror. And as the hours passed, I found myself feeling sad—knowing that I was one hour closer to being Ian—my regular old self. But I knew it was for the best. I knew I wasn't supposed to be enjoying myself. It was supposed to be torture—I was there as punishment, after all.

I only had an hour left of my fifth day when there was a knock at the door. "He's early," Jenna said. "Do you mind answering that for me?" So I went to the door, though I didn't know we were expecting any company. I didn't look through the peephole before opening the door, seeing as I didn't know too many of Jenna's friends anyway. But I knew the man at the door.

It was Principal Andersen. My heart stopped as I looked into his eyes. "Hello there," he said. But I didn't respond. I was petrified. I didn't know what to say or what to do. Was this the man Jenna was expecting?

"Principal Andersen! Come on in! Can I get you a

tea or a coffee?”

“A tea would be great,” he said. He looked at me again before entering the house. I still hadn’t uttered a word. He left me standing in the doorway, confused and terrified.

“That’s Chelsea. She’s helping me prepare for the party this weekend,” Jenna said. Principal Andersen looked back at me again, and I became a petrified statue all over again.

“Shouldn’t she be in school? She looks awfully young to be a graduate.”

“She graduated last year, isn’t that right, Chelsea?” Jenna said. She winked at me. I managed to force a smile and a nod. But I still wasn’t able to speak.

Principal Andersen looked around the house. “Well it looks like the two of you have done a tremendous job so far. I can’t wait to see it finished.”

“I can’t wait for you to see it finished. So were you able to get the smoke machine?”

“It’s in the trunk. I’ll need a hand getting it into the house—it’s awfully heavy.”

“Thanks so much for bringing it,” Jenna said.

“It’s no worries. The thing’s been sitting in the gym storage for eight years. I almost couldn’t find it; it was lost under an inch of dust.”

“Well thanks for going through the trouble of dragging it all the way over here. Chelsea, why don’t you give Principal Andersen a hand with the smoke machine?”

I tried to say ‘okay’ but I was still at a complete loss for words. Principal Andersen walked by me, out towards his car. I was slow to follow. I looked back at Jenna who was motioning for me to go—so I went. Principal Andersen popped his trunk, revealing a large black box with thick tubes sticking out of it. “So just take an end. It’s heavy.” He looked up at me. “Did you graduate from Dover?” he asked.

“No. I, uh, went to a school in Surrey,” I said, lying.

“Oh. Which one?”

“Madison High,” I said. I didn’t know any schools in Surrey, so I just made one up. I watched as Principal Andersen’s brow lowered.

“I don’t know it,” he said.

“It’s a small school.”

He stared at me for another long moment, directly into my eyes. “You look so familiar,” he said. I looked away quickly.

“I get that a lot,” I said. I grabbed one end of the heavy fog machine—and it truly was heavy. I had to yank with all of my strength just to get it out from the trunk, and then it nearly fell on my toes. Thankfully Principal Andersen was able to get his arms around it before it toppled over. I grabbed my handle again, but not before noticing the tan line around his ring finger. He wasn’t wearing his ring—had he lost it? Or had he taken it off before showing up at Jenna’s house?

We hauled the heavy fog machine into the house. “Where should we put this?” Principal Andersen asked.

“Just in the back yard. You’ll see an extension cord running along the fence—just put it at the end of that cord.” I watched as Principal Andersen’s gaze quickly explored Jenna’s body. He had a crush on her. Of course he did—why else would he be doing her a favour? He didn’t do anyone any favours, ever. He was a selfish little man.

We hauled the fog machine out into the backyard. We put it down while we looked around for the extension cord. I spotted it running along the eastern fence. And it ran all the way down her entire property, which was over an acre. We had to pull the heavy thing down her winding stone path and across

the little bridge that went over her little pond. I was worried the combined weight of Principal Andersen, the fog machine, and me would be enough to make the bridge collapse, but somehow it remained intact. We finally plopped it down in the back corner of the large lot.

Principal Andersen looked around as he caught his breath. “You guys really are doing a phenomenal job out here,” he said, admiring the little ghosts hanging from the branches.

“Jenna’s done most of the work,” I said.

“She’s really good at this kind of stuff, huh?” he said.

“Yeah,” I said. I looked around the yard at all of Jenna’s hard work, and then I looked back at Principal Andersen. I couldn’t help but notice he was staring down at my body, checking out my tush. He looked up quickly once my gaze was back on him, but not quickly enough. His cheeks turned a shade of pink. “You really do look familiar,” he said—and I didn’t believe him anymore. Now I was fairly sure that he was just making up an excuse to stare at me. He kept looking down at my body, as if my body would spark his memory.

Principal Andersen was a secret pervert. And out of nowhere, I had the urge to tease him. “You know

you've got some white stuff on your pants," I said. He looked down and saw the white stuff I was referring to—some residue from the fog machine. He reached down to wipe it off, but I beat him to it. "Let me get it," I said. I started wiping his thighs, and I moved north with every wipe. He became tense as my fingers brushed over his crotch. I could feel his bulge. I brushed again. "This one is tougher to get out. It might need a really good rub," I said. So I sunk down to my knees and I started rubbing his crotch, even though the white powdery residue was now gone. He didn't protest. I stopped and looked up at him with big eyes. "What is that in your pocket? It's so big. Is that your phone?" I said, wrapping my fingers around that bulge. I could feel it pulsing now.

He laughed nervously. "Are—Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" he said.

"That depends on what you're thinking," I said. I slyly slipped one of my bracelets off and I left it on the ground as I stood up. Then I looked down and said, "Oops, my bracelet fell off." I turned away from him and then I bent over to pick up the bracelet, keeping my legs straight and showing off my whole tush. I took a few extra seconds than necessary to pick up the bracelet, which was just enough time for

his hands to find my bare ass cheeks. He caressed them and then he squeezed.

“You’re so young and tight,” he said, his voice low and shaken.

“You really think so?” I said, remaining bent over. I was smirking, trying not to laugh. I wasn’t sure why I was getting such a kick out of teasing Principal Andersen—but I really was getting a kick out of it. I stood up straight. His hands remained on my ass for a moment before sliding up my sides. He cupped my breasts.

“And your breasts are so perky,” he said. He squeezed. I let my head rest back against his collarbone. I turned my head and looked into his eyes. I could feel his cock becoming erect against my tush.

“What is that against my bum? It’s so hard,” I said. “And it’s so big.”

“Give me your hand and I’ll show you,” he said. So I gave him my hand and it began to press it down the front of his pants. I could feel his soft pubic hair, and then I could feel his warm, hard cock. I wrapped my fingers around it.

“Is this your penis?” I said.

I could hear him smirking. “Do you like it?”

“I’ve never touched a penis before. Are they all this big?”

I felt his nose nestle into my hair and I felt his warm breath teasing my scalp. “No—this one’s special, baby. Just stroke it up and down—yeah, just like that. Oh, that feels good.” He was taking deep breaths.

“We should probably stop before Jenna finds us out here,” I said. I firmed my grip around his cock and I pumped harder and faster.

“I just need a minute—just one minute. Keep stroking. Fuck, that feels good,” he said, right into my ear.

“Like this?” I asked, directing my attention towards his tip. I could feel his throbbing getting more and more intense. His cock was as hard as a marble statue.

“Just like that. Don’t stop. Just give me thirty seconds. I’m already close, baby. You’re so good at that. Don’t stop.”

And he really was close—I could feel his cock beginning to bloat up. I could feel the wet tinge of his pre-cum oozing out from his tip. “A few more seconds,” he said through clenched teeth. And then I pulled my hand out from his pants.

“We should go inside and see Jenna. C’mon,” I said. I caught myself smirking—I couldn’t help it. I’d left him with the bluest balls possible. He was

standing there groaning and squirming—probably wondering if he should just finish himself off or try to convince me to finish him off. I'm not sure if he stayed out in the yard and jerked off into Jenna's bushes, but it was a minute before he came inside to say goodbye to Jenna. I tried not to laugh as he left.

CHAPTER 10



On my second last day as Jenna's sissy assistant, we spent most of our time in the kitchen, baking cookies and preparing food for the party. She had me do a final clean around the house, which didn't take long because the house was already immaculate, as always. Jimmy was upstairs in his room. It was Saturday—the day before Halloween. Jimmy was spending the day painting a small squad of miniatures.

The outfit Jenna had set out for me was my favourite of the week: a whitish pink frilly dress, that almost looked like something a ballerina might wear. I wore the knee-high white stockings again, and a pair of black heels. Jenna taught me how to do my hair into a loose up-do. It was the first time that

week that I'd really pulled the hair off of my face—and I was surprised to see that I was actually prettier when my whole face was visible instead of hidden behind long dark hair.

“So tomorrow,” I said, “am I coming in the morning and then leaving at the same time? Or do I have the day off tomorrow?” I said it as if I was hoping for the day off—but in reality, I was hoping I would get to spend one more day as a woman. I wasn't ready for the fun to end. I wasn't ready to go back to my normal life—I wanted to keep feeling sexy, just for a little bit longer.

“You can come over again tomorrow,” she said. My heart leapt up into my chest, but I did my best to pretend to be disappointed. “And then I want you to stay for the party. You can serve drinks and clean up, so that dishes don't start piling up and getting in the way.” My heart suddenly sunk into my gut. I couldn't stay for the party—all of my friends from school would be at the party. Tony would be there—my own parents would be there! I couldn't let them see me as a girl.

“You mean as myself, right? Not as Chelsea...” I said.

“No—as Chelsea. I even have your costume picked out and everything.”

“But—But my parents will be here,” I said, my voice shaking.

“It’s going to be dark and foggy—I doubt they’ll recognize you,” she said casually as she pulled a tray of fresh cookies out from the oven.

“But what if they do? What if someone recognizes me? Then I’m doomed! Please—I’ll serve drinks and do whatever for your party, but don’t make me dress up like a girl.”

“Sorry, Chelsea, but your punishment isn’t over yet. I promised your mom that I wouldn’t make it easy on you. Now do me a favour and move these cookies onto a clean plate.” She placed the cookie tray down on the counter. They smelled amazing and I’d been looking forward to eating them since Jenna started making the cookie dough—but I suddenly had no appetite.

The rest of that day dragged by slowly. I looked through Jenna’s medicine cabinet for something to quell my nausea, but I couldn’t find anything. I was no longer looking forward to being sexy for another day—now that was the very last thing I wanted. I didn’t want to wear whatever costume Jenna had picked out for me. I didn’t want to parade myself around in front of all of my classmates and friends and family members. Even if my parents didn’t

recognize me in whatever costume Jenna stuck me in, they would still wonder where I was—and they would know that I was at that party, where I was living out the last of my punishment.

“You can go home for today now,” Jenna said. “I’ll see you here around ten tomorrow morning—that should be lots of time to get everything ready.”

So I got changed and I went home with a stomach full of dread. I looked briefly on Facebook and saw that most of my friends were planning on swinging by Jenna’s house before heading out to more rowdy house parties. I tried messaging Tony, “Why even go to the party at Jimmy’s house? Why not just go straight to a better party. Jimmy’s house is going to be lame probably anyway.” But Tony seemed to disagree. “There will be tons of free booze there—and I kind of want to see what she’s done with the yard this year.” I didn’t try to talk him out of it anymore, worried that I would end up looking suspicious.

I suffered through another sleepless night—only half nodding off once the sun was already up. It was Halloween—a day most young people should be excited for, but excitement wasn’t one of the emotions I was feeling. I got up slowly. My mom was making breakfast, but I passed. I had no appetite.

“I’m supposed to be at Jenna’s house in half an hour,” I said.

“Can I drive you? It’s nippy out this morning,” my mom said.

“No—I’ll just ride my bike over,” I said.

“Okay. We’ll see you at the party then?” she asked.

“I doubt it,” I said. “I’ll probably be in the kitchen washing dishes all night.”

“Well then we’ll stop by the kitchen to say hello,” she said.

“I can’t promise I’ll be there. I might even be out running errands—picking up ice, that kind of thing.”

“I’m sure we’ll see you at some point. What’s wrong with you? It’s Halloween—why are you acting so mopey?”

I left without answering. I was on track to be early for the morning, but I was going to need all the time I could get if I was going to make myself truly unrecognizable. I left my bike against the side of Jenna’s house and then I went straight to her door and rang the doorbell. And then, as I waited for Jenna to let me in, I started wondering what costume she had picked out for me. I was hoping it would be something relatively conservative—maybe I could be dressed like a mummy—or anything with a mask. But another part of me hoped that it would be some-

thing sexy—though I knew sexy was the last thing I really wanted.

The door opened and I took a step forward, ready to let myself in. And then I looked up and saw Jimmy standing in the doorway. I'd forgotten that it was Sunday and Jimmy had no school. My heart swirled down into my gut. "Can I help you?" he asked.

My lips parted but no words came out. I tried clearing my throat, but that didn't help either. How could I get passed Jimmy?

CHAPTER 11



I spat out the first words that eventually came to my mind. “I just came to pick something up for my mom—something your mom borrowed a few weeks ago.”

Jimmy stared at me. I could see that he was holding his hands away from his body, as there was wet paint on his fingers. “I’ll go get her then,” he said. He certainly wasn’t excited to see me—I was part of the reason he didn’t have any friends. After I stopped hanging out with him, my other friends stopped hanging out with him too. I was the one who deemed his model-painting hobby as lame and stupid. And he had to put up with years of ridicule because of me.

I felt strangely bad about it—Jimmy wasn’t a bad

guy. He'd never done anything mean to anybody, but we still all made fun of him for so many years, and he hadn't picked up any new friends since. He probably didn't want new friends. He probably didn't want to go through the same thing again: having his only friends turn on him because they didn't think his hobbies were cool enough.

Jimmy didn't come back to the door with his mother. Instead, he went straight back to his bedroom. Jenna let me into the house. She led me up to Linda's bedroom where my costume was waiting for me.

It was a black witch costume, and it was designed to be sexy. The top was small, like a bikini top. And to cover my tush was a black skirt, which didn't do a ton to keep me covered. I had to shave again before getting into the skimpy little outfit. Jenna went to the basement and found a pair of thigh-high black leather boots, which went great with the costume. And then she dug around in her lingerie drawer and found me a pair of fishnet sleeves, which extended from my shoulders to my elbows.

I felt the same way that I felt on my first day as a girl in Jenna's house: exposed and vulnerable. I kept tugging down the skirt as if was riding up and showing off my whole tush—though I don't think

it was. Every time I looked in the mirror, it was positioned perfectly under the edge of my butt cheeks.

I spent most of that day in the bathroom doing my makeup. I spent close to an hour on each eye, making sure every little detail was perfect. I went thick with the eyeliner and heavy with the eye shadow. I found a black lipstick that complimented the costume, and made me look even more unrecognizable. When I finally went downstairs to see Jenna, it was only a couple of hours before the start of the party.

She was folding laundry. She'd cleaned all of the bed sheets in the house as well as the curtains and all of the clothes in her closet—just so her closet would smell fresh... as if anyone was going to be looking in her closet (or even her bedroom, for that matter). She asked me to go and put the sheets on the beds, so I started going room to room like a hotel maid. When I was done, I still had a set of sheets. "Are these spares?" I asked.

"No, those are Jimmy's sheets. I did his bed, too," she said. A cool shiver crept down my spine. I made my way slowly to Jimmy's bedroom. He was inside—I could hear him humming as he painted his miniatures. I took a deep breath and then I knocked

quietly. “I—uh—have some sheets to put on your bed,” I said.

“Come in,” he said back.

So I let myself in. He was sitting at his desk with his back to me—which was a relief. “I’ll be quick,” I said. I hurried over to his bed and I started getting it dressed. I looked up and saw his back. His attention was still on his miniatures. And then as I looked back towards the bed, I noticed the mirror on the wall, and then I saw that he was looking at me through it. He looked away quickly, his face turning red. I pretended not to notice and I continued making up his bed.

The silence in the room was awkward. I looked up quickly again, and I caught him looking my way again. He looked away shyly. Was he checking me out, or was he trying to figure out who I was? “So, um, what are you painting?” I asked.

“Warhammer models,” he said with a quiet voice.

“What’s that?”

“It’s for a game. You get these plastic models and you have to build them and paint them.”

“That sounds cool,” I said.

He shrugged.

“Can I see them?” I asked. I walked over to his desk. He hesitated, but then he ended up handing me

one without looking at me. It was surprisingly impressive. The detail was intricate. He'd managed to shade the little model's armour. He'd even managed to get little pupils in the model's eyes. His skill had improved dramatically since we used to play with the models together. "That's amazing," I said.

He reached out, motioning for me to give the model back. So I handed it to him.

"That really is impressive," I said.

"Thanks," he said softly, without looking back at me. His cheeks were still red.

"So do you have a girlfriend?" I asked. He didn't look back, but his face got redder.

"No," he said.

"Why not? You're a handsome guy. And you're very talented."

"Girls don't really like me," he said. "I'm not really popular." Somehow I felt guilty, as if I was responsible for his social anxiety—and maybe I was. Maybe my ditching him all those years ago had left him socially traumatized.

"I'm sure that's not true," I said. "You seem like a really nice guy."

He just shrugged his shoulders.

"I should be getting back to your mom—the

party is going to start soon. What are you dressing up as?" I asked as I moved towards his bedroom door.

"I'm just going to stay up here," he said.

"You should come down—even just for one drink," I said.

"I'd rather not. Thanks though."

So I left the room feeling nervous and guilty. Now I really wasn't looking forward to this party.

CHAPTER 12



The first few party guests were strangers to me. One of them was a single father who kept inadvertently looking at my ass, but I didn't mind. I took it more as a compliment than anything. Ten minutes later an older couple showed up. The husband kept looking at my ass, and it wasn't long before he got a sharp elbow from his wife.

Then some of my friends' parents started showing up, and my heart started pounding. I kept the brim of my witch's hat low, in an attempt to cover my face—but I could only keep it so low while I was walking around with a tray of drinks.

It was an hour into the party when my classmates started showing up. Danny, the guy who sat

directly next to me during math, looked right into my eyes as I opened the door for him. He stared for a moment too long, and I found myself looking away quickly, hoping he wasn't recognizing me. "Are you Jimmy's sister? I didn't know Jimmy had such a babe of a sister," he said, smirking confidently, despite his face full of pimples. I found myself smirking—he didn't recognize me, and he thought that I was a babe.

I got a few curious looks throughout the night, and a few guys came up to tell me that I looked familiar. My heart stuttered every time, but no one ever caught on—especially once all of the guests had a few drinks in them.

There must have been three hundred people at that party—maybe more. It was impossible to keep count, as people were showing up faster than I could count them. Some of the costumes were great—and some were less than impressive. Danny's mom showed up dressed like a nurse—even though she worked as a nurse. Philip came dressed as a soccer player, even though he was on the school soccer team.

Tony's disguise was a real relief. He came as Clark Kent, wearing his dad's glasses, which had a strong prescription. I overheard him complaining

that he couldn't see very well—which was obviously for the best.

As conversations became louder, Jenna turned up the music, and then conversations had to come louder to compensate. Soon enough, the party could be heard from blocks away. People were having a blast. Jenna's snacks were a hit, and everyone spent at least a few minutes gawking at the intricate decorations.

Jenna came up to me around 10:00 PM and said, "You're doing a great job. Everything is going so perfectly!"

"Thanks," I said. And I was having a blast. I loved strutting through the room and turning heads. I'd never felt so confident in my whole life. I was sure that no one recognized me. Even my own parents had no idea who I was as they took drinks off of my tray. Though it was a relief when they went home early for the night, and it was a relief when my classmates took off for rowdier parties.

But even without my classmates, the party was still going strong. Jenna came up to me and told me I could take a break. She had a few other friends show up to help pass around drinks. "You can probably even take off for the night. I guess your punishment is done," she said.

I felt a wave of relief, and then I felt a wave of disappointment. Once I took off that sexy witch costume, that would be the end of my feminized days. I would never get to truly feel sexy again. I wouldn't ever get to admire myself in the mirror, or spend hours perfecting my makeup. I wouldn't get to feel my perfectly smooth legs after a few days, and I wouldn't get to feel the fresh air all the way up to my tush when I was out in public.

"Thanks," I said. I didn't want to look disappointed, so I forced a smile. I couldn't let her know that I'd actually enjoyed my punishment.

I went inside where the party was mostly desolate. I had a drink—my first of the night. And then I found myself in the living room, in front of the big fancy wall mirror. I took off my hat and placed it down on the table. I fixed my hair and felt a sadness filling up in my chest. It was the last time I would see myself looking so pretty, so I wanted to take it all in. I wanted to enjoy the moment—I didn't want to feel sadness, but I couldn't help it.

I made my way upstairs slowly. As I walked up to Linda's bedroom where my male clothes were stashed, I noticed the light glowing under Jimmy's door. I hesitated a moment and then I walked over

to Jimmy's room. I knocked gently and waited. "Who's there?" he called out.

"It's me," I said. "Chelsea."

There was another silence. "Come in," he said. So I let myself in. He was on his bed, reading one of his miniature books. He looked over the book at me and then he looked back down at his book quickly. "What's up?" he asked.

"I just wanted to come say hi before I took off. You really should have come down to the party. It was a lot of fun."

"I didn't really want to see anybody," he said.

"Well you should have come to see me." I hopped up on his bed and took a seat next to him. Our shoulders were touching. His face quickly became a shade of red, and I wondered if he'd ever been that close to a woman before. "You really shouldn't be shy," I said. "You seem like a really nice guy—and you're really good at painting your Warhammer guys."

"Thanks," he said, his voice cracking slightly.

"And you're cute," I said, smiling.

He looked at me slowly. His cheeks couldn't have been redder. "Thanks," he said. I leaned over and gave him a kiss on the lips. He remained frozen and he didn't kiss back. Even after I leaned back, he

continued to remain still, his gaze fixed on nothing in particular.

“W—Why did you do that?” he asked.

I shrugged my shoulders. I wasn’t even sure why I’d done it. I thought I’d done it out of guilt—as a way to repay him for hurting him all those years ago. But as I stared into his eyes, I realized that there was more than that. So I kissed him again. This time he kissed back. His lips were soft and he was a gentle kisser.

I rolled on top of him and we continued to kiss. He was slow to wrap his hands around me. He had gentle hands. They moved slowly up and down my back. I felt him becoming tense. I opened my eyes and leaned my head back. He was staring at me with a frightened look. “What’s wrong?” I asked.

“Why do you like me?” he asked.

“I don’t know. You seem sweet,” I said.

“It’s just... Girls don’t really like me.”

“I’m willing to bet that’s not true, Jimmy.”

“How do you know my name?”

My heart skipped a beat. “Your mom told me,” I said.

“Oh,” he said. There was an awkward silence, which I ended by leaning in again for another kiss. He accepted the kiss, and he even let me stick my

tongue into his mouth. His hands continued to caress my sides, carefully exploring my body. They wrapped around me slowly and he slipped his fingers onto my ass. I could feel his heart beginning to surge, pounding against my chest as I laid on top of him.

“Are you a virgin?” I asked.

His face became that shade of red again, but he didn’t answer—he didn’t have to. So I sunk down and I began to undo his belt. He was nervous: tense and breathing heavily. I knew he would relax soon.

I reached into his pants and then I fished out his cock. And then I saw it and I became the frozen one. His cock was huge: almost nine inches long, and it was still mostly flaccid. I lifted it up—it was heavy, too. And it was starting to pulse. I was not expecting such an impressive member to be hiding in those pants. “Is everything okay?” he asked.

I nodded my head slowly. “Yeah—you’re just... you’re really big,” I said. I wasn’t sure whether or not I’d blinked.

“Is that okay?” he asked.

“It’s okay,” I said. “It’s more than okay.” There was something so mesmerizing about his massive cock. I just wanted to touch it—I wanted to stroke it and suck it. I wanted to see it hard and I wanted to feel it

inside of me. I wanted to watch cum explode out from his bulbous tip. I wanted to fuck him. But first, I had to get him hard, so I started massaging his length. I leaned my head in and I sucked his tip while I worked his shaft. I could feel him getting harder. I could hear him breathing heavily. He was enjoying it, which had me feeling strangely satisfied.

Once he was hard, I couldn't even believe his cock was real. It was so big—at least twelve inches long, and curved slightly to one side. It was heavy, like another leg. I couldn't even begin to fit the whole thing in my mouth, so I just sucked what I could while pumping with both of my hands. "That feels good," he said.

"Good," I said. "I don't know how you can be shy with a cock like this."

"I don't want to scare anyone," he said. And it was a good point—it was scary. I was terrified of sticking it into my body. I wasn't even sure if it was going to fit or not—but I had to try. I reached down and moved my panties aside under my skirt. Then I climbed up and lined the huge cock up with my asshole. I just hoped there was enough saliva along his slick shaft so that it would go in. I took a deep breath.

"I've never done this before," he said.

“I know,” I said. “Me neither.”

“No—I mean, I’ve never been with a guy before,” he said. And then my heart stopped momentarily.

“What did you say?” I said. My ears were suddenly ringing and that nausea had finally made its return to my gut.

“Sorry, I shouldn’t say a guy. I’ve never been with a trans girl before.” He stared into my eyes, as if I should have known that he knew. “I mean—I know who you are. Don’t get me wrong—you look good.”

“You know who I am?” I asked, my voice shaking. I could still feel his warm throbbing tip pressed up against my tush hole.

“Yeah,” he said. “I don’t mind though. Like I said—you look good.”

My heart was racing. My identity had been compromised. Would Jimmy tell anyone? Was he the only one who could tell? Why didn’t he say anything? Why didn’t anyone say anything? “Do you still want to do it?” he asked.

“Um, yeah,” I said. Though I wasn’t sure what I wanted. I couldn’t even remember how I’d ended up in his bedroom, straddling his giant, saliva-covered cock. I looked down and found myself taken aback by how big it was all over again. I closed my eyes and tried to push away all of my anxieties. He wasn’t

going to tell anyone—and so what if he did tell anyone? Could they make fun of me? They'd spent the whole night checking out my ass and asking for my phone number—how could they turn around and pretend like I should be ashamed of myself?

Maybe there was nothing to be ashamed of. Maybe I was better off dressing like a girl. Everyone seemed to like me when I was a girl—and I had more fun wearing makeup and skirts and dresses and panties. So what was really the big deal? So a few kids at school might make fun of me—but they would get over it. Kids were always making fun of one another and then getting over it. In fact, there was a trans girl in one of my classes—no one ever made fun of her—so what was I so worried about?

I started sinking down, feeling his cock sliding up into my asshole. It was a tight squeeze, but somehow he fit. He sunk deeper and deeper. I clenched hard but that didn't stop gravity from pulling me down. I could feel his cock up in my throat—at least it felt like it was in my throat. I couldn't believe I was actually able to accommodate his massive length.

“Does it hurt?” he asked.

“No, it feels amazing,” I said. And it was true—it felt beyond incredible. My ass was pulsing with

warm euphoria. I could feel my cock twitching with that same ecstasy. I wanted more of him inside of me, so I sunk down even further, until my butt was pressed against his lap. And then I started to bounce. It felt so much better than the suction-cup dildo, and so much better than the vibrating egg. This was a whole new feeling: warm and real. I could feel his skin pulling up and down his shaft. I could feel his veins pumping blood. He was really inside of me—a part of his body was inside of my body!

I kept bouncing. His hands held my hips and guided me up and down his long shaft. “Shit,” I muttered. I could see a slight bulge in my stomach every time I came down: the tip of his cock pushing against my gut. Maybe it was a concerning sight, but I just thought it was erotic. I felt my cock getting harder. And I kept bouncing—I kept massaging my anal walls with his long curved dick.

“Can I stroke you?” he asked.

“Yes. Stroke me,” I said. “Please stroke me.” He curled his fingers around my cock and he began to stroke my length. My cock looked tiny compared to his, but I didn’t mind. He was the man, after all—and I was the woman. Women don’t need to have giant cocks.

“You’re going to make me come,” I said. He was

aiming my cock right at his chest while he pumped. He didn't seem to mind the idea of getting coated in my jizz. "Any second now," I said, giving him a second warning, but he didn't react. I clenched and tried to hold back, but I couldn't hold on for long. I ended up spraying his chest with warm cum. He let out a loud elated sigh. "I want you to come inside of me," I said.

"Okay," he said. His face was dark red and I could tell that he was close. I kept bouncing, up and down, massaging his shaft with my tight anus. I could feel him bloating up and getting ready to burst—and second...

He grunted, and then I felt it: a hot burst deep inside of my body. He squirmed and groaned and I'd never felt fuller in my entire life. And then he pulled out and suddenly I felt empty. I flopped over next to him, and we both lay on our backs as we caught our breath. "That was amazing," he said between breaths.

"Yeah," I said. "We should do it again sometime."

"I would like that," he said.

I looked over at him and smiled. I stared into his eyes and then I asked him what he thought of me coming to school as a girl. He liked the idea. He had no problem with people seeing him and me together in the halls, holding hands. He even seemed to think

people would embrace him. And then I asked if I could borrow some of his sister's clothes until I got my own.

"I don't mind," he said with a big smile. I couldn't remember the last time I'd seen him smile—it had been many years. It was a nice sight to see, and it was a nice way of letting me know that I was making the right choice. My sissy punishment had turned out to be the best thing that ever happened to me.

THE END

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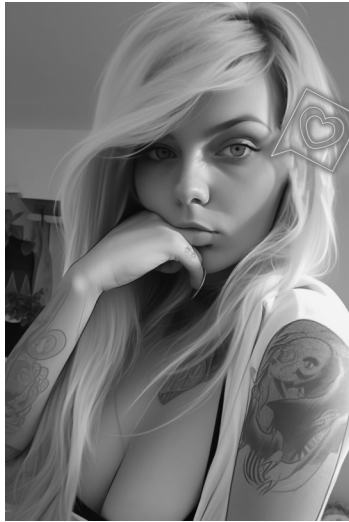
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Nikki Crescent is a young writer from the golden prairies of Alberta, Canada. She spent her schooling years lost in her own imagination, writing everything from articles, screenplays, comic books, and short stories. Obsessed with the idea of love, fascinated with sex and captivated with the art of writing, Nikki decided to become a writer of erotic romance.

Nikki Crescent is a top-selling writer of romantic and erotic fiction with over two hundred and fifty titles across many sub-genres. Her fiction work has found her on Amazon's best-selling charts many times over.