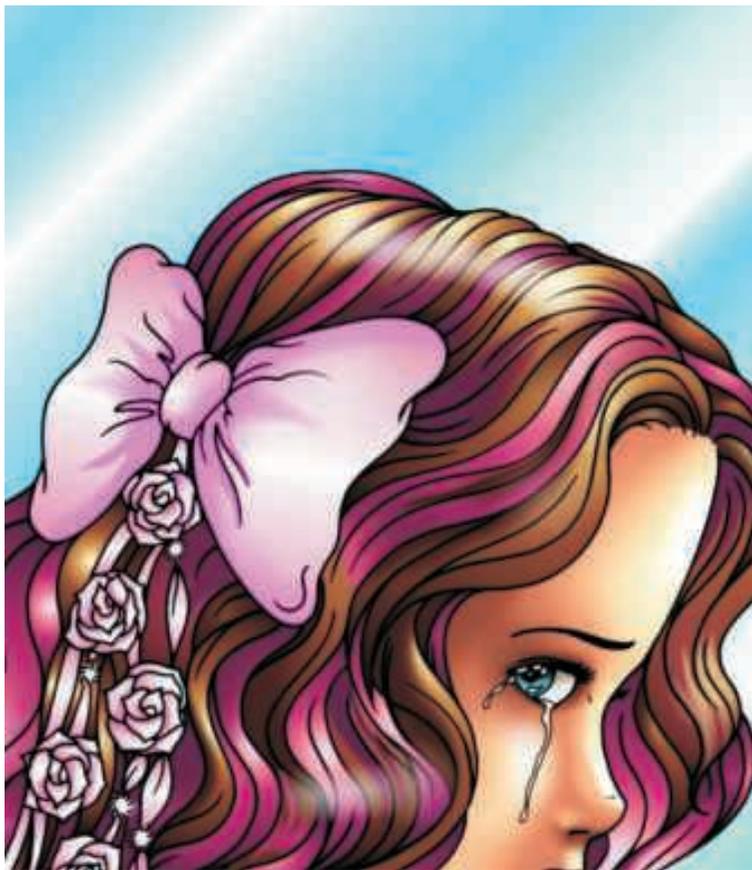




Reluctant Press presents:

Sissy On The Farm

Cheryl Lynn



A 'New Woman' E-BOOK

Copyright © 2011, Reluctant Press

Mags, Inc/Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet

We need *your* help! We spend several hundred dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain.

Mostly, though, we just want to be able to keep offering this service to our authors and our readers.

Report stolen books by using the contact form at reluctantpress.com or call us at 800-359-2116

Thank you.

Sissy on the Farm

By Cheryl Lynn

The farm wasn't all that large by Texas standards but it was located in the middle of a major gas field. The ranch style house was built in the early fifties and looked rather plain. It still had the louvered windows and yellow Formica kitchen tops that were so popular back then. There was a barn, sty, chicken coop and bunkhouse on the property. However there was only one cow, four chickens and a cranky sow inhabiting those areas. Mrs. Julie Henderson was the only human occupant of the property. She was pear shaped with thick thighs, her brown hair worn in a tight bun at the back of her head and usually wore a gingham short-sleeved dress with petticoats. She was in her

mid-forties but looked older. She had married into the family that originally settled this land back in 1848.

Her husband Pete was big and husky in his youth when she married him but became obese and very fond of beer the older he got. The older and drunker he got, the more abusive he became. Fortunately for Julie, he got so fat that she could easily avoid his physical abuse. Pete's sister, Millie, had married and moved away shortly after Julie had tied the knot with Pete.

When Pete died, Julie had no place to go so decided to stay on the farm. She didn't go out very much and when she did, let the locals know that she was much better than they. Even when Pete was still alive and they were more social, the locals didn't cotton to her. She was a Yankee after all and everyone thought Pete had married below his station. They all thought she was just a conceited rich snob.

What they didn't know was that she really didn't have that much money. All she received when Pete died was the proceeds from a small insurance policy and an annual stipend from the family's trust fund. She could also use the house and grounds. She was not a millionaire that someone might assume seeing her living amid so many gas wells. Julie made sure that the locals never found out just how poor she really was. The locals may not like her and considered her a foreigner but they respected her. If they knew how poor she really was, she would lose what respect she had.

The Trust Fund that operated the farm was controlled only by direct descendants of the original family. Wives or Husbands that married into the family could only get control if there were no living direct descendants or if those descendants were ruled mentally

incompetent. So she withdrew back to the farm and as the years passed, she became bitter and antisocial. Her only human contact was with old Doc Julian, the vet.

Doc Julian was in his early sixties and looked like Bozo the Clown without the makeup. His shiny bald head sprouted a fringe of gray hair out the sides and he had a thin grey mustache. His nose was red and bulbous and his gray eyebrows very bushy. He had a pronounced paunch and thin knobby kneed legs. He'd never been married and according to some locals had mighty "strange" ways about him but he got along just fine with Julie. They were both social misfits.

Doc Julian and Julie became friends when Bossy the cow got sick. Doc had to spend the night treating Bossy and Julie stayed up with him. By morning the cow was doing much better and Julie felt a kinship with Doc. It had been a cold night and Julian had a bottle of brandy in his medical bag. Some time during the night and a half empty bottle, they shared their fantasies. Julie mentioned that after the way she had been treated by men over the years, she would have to be totally dominant in any relationship. Doc stated that to physically dominate was one thing but to be able to mentally dominate would be so much better.

With three-quarters of the bottle empty, they began talking about sex. Doc admitted that he was more into other men than women but didn't mind switching around. Julie stated that after the way she had been sexually abused by her husband, she was off men completely. Both decided that if they could ever get someone to dominate they could take their sexual frustrations out on him/her. They agreed that person should be kept sexually frustrated as it would be even more satisfying.

“Yeah, let ‘em get good and horny but never let them cum. That’d teach ‘em. Let ‘em feel just what we have had to put up with for so damn long. Julie, I think I like your style girl. Maybe we can continue this conversation later. I have to get over to the Donaldson place. Their sow is about ta litter,” Doc said as he packed up his medical bag.

“Doc I’d like that. Maybe nuthin ever happens the way we want but we can always share our dreams,” Julie replied.

Ooo

Millie and Milo Cranston were happy to get away from the farm. The royalties from the gas wells assured them a very nice life style. They moved into a new modern house in a quite suburban neighborhood. After a couple of years went by they had a son and named him Thomas. Thomas’s christening was the last time the entire family came together. Millie’s parents died soon after and Julie lost her husband five years after that. Milo’s parents had him very late in life and were now living in a nursing home coping with Alzheimer disease. Life was good except, no matter how hard they tried, no other off-spring came into their world.

Unlike Julie, Millie had a nice figure though getting a little plump with age. She had reddish-brown hair with a natural curl and a cute button nose. Milo was thin and wiry with blond hair. Thomas inherited his Father’s thin frame and blond hair. He also took after his Mother. He inherited her button nose, naturally curly hair and vivid green eyes. His Father was five foot nine and his Mother five foot four. By the time

Thomas entered high school, he reached his maximum height of five foot seven and weighed one hundred ten pounds dripping wet. Being the only child of well off parents, he was spoiled rotten and use to getting his way.

Thomas, like most teenaged boys, wanted to be in a rock band. He let his hair grow down to just past his shoulders and talked his parents into letting him use the garage as a practice hall for him and his friends. Again, like most teenaged boys, he wasn't very good at it. Like everything else he did, Thomas was just too lazy to follow through. He had no aspirations since whenever he wanted something; his parents just gave it to him. When it came to girls, he didn't have much dating experience. One time he managed to fondle Mary Beth's breasts but that was as far as he got. Most of the girls he dated found him to be too wishy-washy and whiney. Even if he had money, after three or four dates the girl found some excuse to dump him.

He developed a very laid back manner and nothing much bothered him. Even when the few male friends he had kidded him about not getting any pussy, it didn't faze him. However, he was totally freaked out by the few openly gay students. There was something about them that made his skin crawl. Thomas was a homophobe probably because deep down he thought he wasn't much of a man. He still hadn't grown but a few straggly hairs on his chest and like his Father had little in the way of facial hair. He tried to work out and build muscle mass but he was just too lazy to achieve any results.

Thomas discovered masturbation shortly after reaching puberty. He found many imaginative ways to

stick the pages of his Mother's catalogs together. Mary Beth featured prominently in his mind when he did that as well. All-in-all, Thomas was just a below average teenager with little motivation.

Circumstances changed for Thomas in the winter of his junior year. Black ice on the highway claimed the life of his Mother and Father. Julie, his only living relative, was called in to take over his care and upbringing. She showed up at the door wearing a black cotton long-sleeved full skirted dress, black satin pill box hat with veil, black leather gloves and black heeled boots. Other than a smear of red lipstick, she wore no other makeup. Her disposition was as sour as her look. Thomas disliked her from the start but managed to keep his distance. Julie for her part disliked him as well and didn't mind having him sulk in his room. Friends and neighbors of Millie and Milo didn't like her either and after a few condolences stopped visiting. Thomas' eighteenth birthday in late November went by without notice and the sour dreariness of life went on.

While Thomas moped and kept to himself, Julie was making plans. The house was put up for sale and she made preparations to go back to the farm. The will had been read, the authorities had made their decisions and Julie was named guardian. She would have control over all his finances until he reached his majority of 21. Under state law he could have received it upon reaching 18 but his parent's will said that he was too immature to get such a large amount while so young. Unfortunately, they failed to name someone to act as his legal guardian. Julie didn't initially like the idea but a call from Julian changed her mind. Maybe fantasies could come true.

Ooo

When school let out for the Christmas holidays, Julie rented a U-Haul and packed it with what furniture items she wanted to take back to the farm. Most of the boxes with Thomas' stuff didn't find their way into the van. Thomas had been too busy saying goodbye to his friends to help with the loading and didn't miss them until they got to the farm. Julie had the folder containing all of Thomas' school, medical and dental records along with birth certificate and other papers. She had informed the authorities that he would be home schooled and that Doctor Julian Hess would be his doctor.

As she started the van for the long trip home, Julie felt a thrill run up and down her spine. Things were going to be so different back on the farm and the anticipation was making her pussy drip. According to their plans, Doc should have rummaged through the attic and removed all the old clothing from storage. Millie's Mother was a known pack rat and never threw out anything that might have a future use. Old baby clothing and furniture, out of style dresses and lingerie, children's games and dolls were all carefully preserved in the large attic or out in the barn. Now that clothing was being taken to the dry cleaners or laundry and some of the furniture relocated into the currently unused back bedroom. Doc had hired a couple of itinerants to paint and refurbish whatever needed to be fixed up.

That back bedroom now had pale pink walls with a boarder of white wall paper decorated with a colorful floral design. The oak floors were scattered with bright pink and lavender plush rugs. A mobile of fairies and ballerinas floated above the large crib. The crib's plastic

covered mat had bright pink satin sheets, a small white satin covered pillow and white satin comforter adorning it. Cabinets were fastened nearby along side a changing table. The white cabinets had fairyland animals, sprite and elf decals affixed to them. A playpen with many stuffed animals and several dolls filled another corner. A kitchen set and doll house sat in another corner. The only window was curtained with pale lavender chiffon and burglar bars fastened to the outside. The wooden door had been replaced with a reinforced metal one that locked from the outside.

Party dresses, petticoats and jumpers were packed into the closet along with special shoes that Julian ordered off the internet. The white with pink striping six drawer bureau contained ruffled nylon and plain cotton panties decorated with flowers, bunnies and cartoon characters also obtained off the internet. There were an assortment of bullet and training bras, panty girdles and old fashioned rubber lined open bottom girdles, lace frilled slips and half-slips hemmed lavishly in lace, garter belts, hosiery and tights filled the bureau's draws. Most of that clothing came from the attic as did many of the dresses and other clothing. The special baby outfits and items were ordered off the internet.

Doc was really looking forward to fulfilling one of his major fantasies. Inside the closet was a costume he was dying to see on Thomas. It was a lavender pussy cat costume. The fluffy ears were big, pointy and furry with pink highlights at the tips and designed to be attached to human ears. There was a long fluffy serpentine tail with its tip tinted bright pink and inserted into the rectum using a large butt plug. A matching wrap

went around the shoulders and was constructed of fake lavender fur covering the shoulders and back while a pale pink chiffon front closed with pearl buttons. The top ended in fur trim just below the breasts leaving the mid-section bare. The bottoms were harem styled pantaloons with fur trim along the top and at each leg hem. A purple crotch piece decorated with sequins and beads completed the outfit. There was a slit in the back to allow the tail to stick through.

Julian almost came in his boxers at the very idea of Thomas wearing that costume. Of course he would have to wait a bit before that could be accomplished. They didn't want to rush any of the changes they planned. Both Julie and Julian knew that most of the fun would come during the transformation process not after they had completely broken him. They had someone they could train to meet their specifications and dominate. They would no longer have to cater to the world at large. The farm was remote and seldom visited. They could afford to take their time and relish every moment of his transformation.

Ooo

Doc met the U-Haul with two burly rough looking men. They quickly unloaded it and left in a dilapidated pick-up truck. Thomas was now alone with his Aunt and Doc. If he had known then what was about to transpire, he would have jumped into the back of that pick-up. The ranch house was almost twenty miles of dirt road from the highway. Its remoteness pretty much guaranteed that Thomas would never escape.

As the men unloaded the van, Doc invited Julie and Thomas into the kitchen where he had prepared some

hot cocoa. The day was blustery and cold so the offer was quickly accepted. Thomas sat at the table sipping on the hot beverage glancing between his Aunt and Doc. There was something about the gleam in Doc's beady eyes that bothered him. The way Doc kept patting him on the shoulder or hand was beginning to really bother Thomas.

His Aunt wasn't much better. She kept looking at him with a feral grin on her face. It felt like she was sizing him up for a meal and that sent a shiver up his spine. He finished his cocoa as the two men were paid and headed out the door. As the unmuffled roar of the truck faded down the road, Thomas felt very drowsy. It was all he could do to keep his eyes open.

"Looks like the sedative I put in his drink is about to kick in Julie," was the last thing Thomas heard as his head touched the table.

Doc lifted him up and carried Thomas into the back bedroom where he laid him down on the changing table. Thomas' clothing was quickly cut away and disposed of in a black trash bag. His long hair was carefully tucked into a bright pink shower cap as Doc, wearing rubber gloves, began smearing a smelly paste all over the exposed body. The sticky paste went from Thomas' cheeks all the way down to his toes. Soon a sulfuric rotten egg smell filled the room. As Doc began whipping down the prostrate body with a wet sponge, only bare skin glowing a pale pink remained.

Julie came over with a baggy filled with crushed ice and placed it against Thomas' groin as Doc put on a fresh pair of latex gloves. As the ice was shrinking Thomas' privates, Doc reached between his legs and pulled the shriveled penis up with his thumb and fore-

finger. Bending his head down, Doc gave the tip a kiss then ran his tongue around it.

“Couldn’t help myself Julie, I just had to give it a taste. Besides, he will never use that again,” Doc said as he stepped back.

When the ice pack had done its job, Doc reached down and shoved Thomas’ testicles back up into the channel they had descended from. Next, he forced the penis back in on itself so that only the head was visible. Using surgical glue he quickly secured the penis in its prison. To make sure his penis never reappeared, Doc sutured the head to the surrounding flesh. Then he folded the empty scrotum tissue up and around it, first gluing then suturing it in place. The results looked amazingly like a virginal pussy.

“Well, I hope ya satisfied Julie. Just like ya asked fer no boy parts a showin’. Not what I wanted but since he’s your play thing no biggie as long as I get what ya promised,” Doc said as he stepped back.

“That’s just perfect Doc. With him all tucked back like that no way he’ll ever get an ugly erection now is there? Besides, isn’t this what we both wanted? He’ll always be sexually frustrated this way. So what if you can’t play with it? There plenty left for you to enjoy,” Julie replied with a smug smile of satisfaction.

“I still think we shoulda just put a chastity belt on him Julie. That’s one sensitive organ let me done tell ya. A chastity tube and plate woulda done the same and still allow me to have my fun,” Doc replied sullenly.

“Yeah, but it would have to be removed for cleaning. This way it stays nice and clean down there. Remember I’m the one who will have to change him until

we break his spirit. So what if you can't whip it or stick pins in it or whatever else you do with it. There are a lot of places you can enjoy like his nipples." She stated.

"Okay Julie, you're right. Now turn him on his side so I can inject him. It will take about a year for these hormones to have noticeable effect but there are other things we can do to hasten his development," Doc conceded.

With the procedures finished, Doc picked Thomas off the changing table and carried him into the bath. There Julie filled the tub with hot water and floral bath beads. Wearing a white plastic bib apron, Julie scrubbed the unconscious boy clean. With him cleaned and the bath water draining from the tub, Julie removed the shower cap and began washing his hair. She used a Honeysuckle scented shampoo and rinse to wash his hair. With his hair clean, she left him slumped in the tub as she retrieved the bottle of hair dye and rubber gloves. Soon his hair was dyed a brassy blond. When she finished she called Doc back in to carry Thomas back into the bedroom.

In the room he was placed in an upright chair and secured to it so that he would stay in an upright position. Julie reached over to the counter and removed a jar of pink ultra-hold setting gel. Before using the gel, she combed his hair into a center part and parted it across the forehead. A few snips of the scissors and Thomas had a set of full bangs and no frayed ends. She quickly gelled his hair and began setting it with pink plastic rollers in precise patterns. When she had finished, his bangs were tightly rolled on two medium sized rollers, from the middle and all around his head larger rollers hung longitudinally to just above his

shoulders and the top of his head was rolled tightly on small rollers horizontally. It took her a little over thirty minutes to finish rolling his hair to her satisfaction. Julie then placed a plastic bonnet over his head and turned the dryer's setting to high. With a smile of satisfaction, she set the timer for twenty minutes and left the room.

"I'm kinda sorry we didn't wait to do all this when he was awake Doc. It would have been so much more fun to see his reactions as we changed him for good," she said as she sat at the kitchen table.

"Probably so Julie but it would have been difficult to keep him still enough so we could get all that done. As it is, we will have the pleasure of seeing him react to his new and improved image," Doc said with a smile as they drank some more cocoa.

"How long do you think he will be out Doc," she asked.

"He should be rousing out of it in about an hour. That will give us enough time to finish what we wanted to accomplish today. Since it is getting late, I'll add some sedative along with the castor oil and diuretic to the formula. That way he should sleep through the night and wake with a nice smelly wet diaper," he replied with a broad smile.

"Well for my part I hope the little shit's spirit breaks pretty darn soon. I don't much cotton to changing smelly diapers. How long do you realistically think it will take to break him," she asked.

"My best guess is a week at the earliest and a month at the most. At his age he's not going to like being treated like a baby for long. I know I would positively

hate having to eat baby food, drink formula and just lay around. Having to mess in diapers has to be a lot worse. I wouldn't last long, so he shouldn't either. Of course, he could be that rare individual who actually enjoys that kind of thing," he told her.

"There goes the timer. Come along and you can help me get him dressed," she said as she rose from the table.

As they walked back to the bedroom, Julie asked surprised, "You were kidding about people actually liking to wear messy diapers and baby things weren't you Doc?"

"No of course not, I was quite serious. You would be surprised at just how many grown men and women have that kind of fetish," he replied with a smile.

Thomas was still slumped in the chair with his chin resting on his chest breathing slowly. Julie turned off the dryer and removed the bonnet. She fingered a few of the rollers and determined that his hair was dry. Doc removed the restraint holding him in the chair and carried him over to the changing table.

Julie rubbed a thin coating of petroleum jelly on Thomas' round butt and genitals then applied a generous coating of baby powder. A thick fluffy white cloth diaper was wrapped around his loins. Using large safety pins with pink rubber bunny heads she fastened it securely in place. A pair of violet colored plastic pants with four rows of ruffled lace across the bottom was pulled up his legs and the diaper tucked safely inside.

While she was doing that, Doc injected both of Thomas' small mannish nipples then attached nipple

extenders. He saw Julie looking at him and explained, "Just something to enhance the nipples. When I am finished with him he should have nice thick one inch or longer nipples. I have always been fascinated by large nipples."

"When you are finished playing around, get me a bra and waist cinch from the bureau," she asked with an amused smile.

He came back holding a purple old fashioned cotton bullet bra in his hands. "I think this should do very nicely," he said as he handed it to her.

"I bet you'd just love it if girls actually had breasts shaped like bullets. Good thing for you they don't, otherwise you'd have lost your eyesight years ago," she laughed.

"Oh don't be so sure about that. I've been reading about a new approach to breast augmentation. What it says is that you can extract the fat cells from one part of the body and inject them into the breast tissue increasing their size. Using a person's own living cells prevents any possibility of rejection. Even better, using that approach, I can probably mold them into any shape I want. That's why I have him on a high fat formula. I want him to put on a few pounds of baby fat," he informed her.

As he was talking Julie fastened the bra around Thomas' chest and laced the waist cinch tight. Next, she began pulling a pink flannel footed one piece pajama set up his body. The pajama was decorated with white ballerinas, had a snap crotch, its long sleeves ended in thumb less mittens and zipped up the back. It was slightly smaller than it should have been which resulted in Thomas having to bend his arms at the elbow and bow out his legs.

As a finishing touch, she placed a bonnet on his head and tied the wide pink satin ribbon under his chin in a large floppy bow beside his left ear. The bonnet was purple satin with tier after tier of white floral lace and a fluff ball of rabbit fur fastened to the top. The lace hemmed brim was stiff and bowed so that the only way Thomas would be able to see to the side would be to turn his head. Dressed, Doc picked him up and laid him in the middle of the play pen. Taking a pacifier from his pocket in the shape of a penis, he stuck it in Thomas' mouth and secured it in place with an elastic tie. Before standing up, Doc cradled a doll in his arms.

Ooo

Thomas was swimming in the ocean. For some weird reason the ocean was colored a deep pink. As he swam he saw a giant purple squid coming towards him. He immediately turned around and began swimming frantically away from the beast. He felt the tentacles of the animal encircle his body and begin to squeeze. One large suction cupped arm was squeezing tightly around his waist another around his chest while smaller ones gripped at his arms and legs. He tried to struggle and get out of their grip but it was hopeless. He tried to turn his head and see the beast but his head was held fast. Instead, in the way of dreams, his eyes moved around his head to see the parrot like yellow beak of the squid opening wide to eat him.

Thomas screamed but it came out only as a muffled groan. He was awake and struggling in the play pen. Julie and Doc watched amused as he came slowly back to consciousness. As his eyes opened, he wanted to rub

them but it felt like something was tangling his arms. His mind registered the pink mittens about the same time other sensations made themselves known. The strange rubbery thing filling his mouth, the restriction about his waist and chest and the feeling that he was tangled up in his sheets hit him all at once.

“Aaaahhhhaaa, utta fk,” was all he could scream.

His mind was in total confusion as his eyes roved over his body. There was some kind of pink shade blinding his vision to the sides. His hands were covered in pink cloth mittens and his body sheathed in pink. He couldn't straighten out either his feet or arms and there was a damn doll sitting beside him.

“What the hell is going on? How did I get dressed like this?” his mind questioned. Further thought stopped as laughter filled his ears.

Looking up he could see two faces staring down at him. “Ooooh, is little baby awakie. Is my little cherub ready for her baba?” he heard his Aunt say.

He tried again to speak but all that came out was, “Utta fk!”

“Now calm down Thomas. We have decided that you would make a much nicer sissy than a nasty boy. So, until you can learn to obey our commands and accept your sissy nature, you will remain in diapers and be treated like a little toddler. That means you will use your diapers, you will not be allowed to talk unless it is in baby talk and will be fed baby food and formula. How long you stay in this situation is entirely up to you. Julie and I are going to go have dinner now. Here's your bottle of formula. It's all you're going to get so it had better be empty by the time we get back. We don't give a damn whether or not you drink it but

if you don't that diaper will not be changed until this time tomorrow. Just think about sitting in a wet and poop filled diaper for the next twenty-four or so hours. I think you will find that formula tastes pretty good when you think about it. I'm going to remove your pacifier but I better not hear a single word out of your mouth. You say anything, anything at all and that diaper stays on for two days. So you think real careful like about what I just said," Doc said as he placed the large bottle beside Thomas.

Thomas felt the pacifier come loose and he quickly spit it out. It landed on the top of his tented out chest. Two thoughts hit his mind simultaneously. First, he had tits and second, there was a small dick sitting on his chest. His first reaction was to cuss up a storm and demand his immediate release. Fortunately, he caught the look in Doc's eye and just barely managed to hold his tongue.

"For now I'll keep quite. I need to figure a way out of this shit. They can't keep me like this forever. They'll slip up sooner or later and I can make my escape from all this craziness," he thought.

"Now drink up baby," Julie said as she placed the nipple to his lips. The nipple was made of soft pink rubber in the shape of a penis about an inch round and three in length. Thomas jerked his head back and it hit the headboard with a loud crack. Seeing stars, Thomas didn't resist when Julie shoved the nipple between his lips.

"Suckie, suckie baby," she said as she placed his mitten covered hands around the large bottle.

The formula tasted horrible. It tasted chalky with an oily residue. It took all his will power to swallow that swill down. He hadn't eaten all day and something was better than nothing. He had no idea that it was laced with diuretics and laxatives. He could barely keep his eyes open as his tormentors entered the room. In a daze, he felt the pacifier placed back into his mouth and being carried back to his room.

The next morning he awoke to a strange sensation. His groin and ass were covered in a wet and sticky cold mess. When the stench hit his nostrils, he knew what he had done in total disbelief. With that realization, tears began flowing down his cheeks and his skin glowed pink with embarrassment.

"How could I have done something like this? I've never done anything like it before. I've got to get out of this," he thought as he tried desperately to undo the snaps in the crotch of his pajama. With the mittens plus the way the arms of the pajamas restrained him, it was hopeless. His tears began falling heavily down his cheeks as his frustration mounted.

"I can't let them find me like this!" his mind screamed.

No matter how much he tugged and pulled, the snaps would not part. Even if they had, there would be no way he could remove the safety pinned diaper. He was still half-heartedly trying to get out of his pajamas when Julie came in.

"Oh my! Has the ittle bittie baby girl messed in her didies? Well don't worry baby, Julie is here to change you and get you dressed for the day," she said.

If Thomas thought he was embarrassed by messing his diaper he was mortified when she placed him on the changing table and he got a good look at himself in the mirror.

“Oh shit! I look like a fucking idiot in this outfit,” he thought.

She quickly stripped him down to his diaper and grabbing his hand tightly, escorted him into the bathroom. As he got down from the table, he saw his head dyed a brassy blond and covered in pink curlers.



“What have they done to my hair?” he thought. With that thought, what fight he had left in him evaporated. Meekly he followed Julie into the bathroom, forced to waddle due to the sodden mass between his legs. She had him step into the tub then unfastened the diaper. It hit the tub’s floor with a dull wet thud. She sprayed his groin and backside with the spray attachment then had him step out. She made him remove and dispose of the filthy diaper. Julie plugged the drain and began filling it with hot water. The tub was soon filled with multicolored bubbles and smelling of lilacs and lavender.

Finished with a most humiliating bath in which Julie did her best to destroy his self image, his body was coated with unguents and powders. Smelling like a room full of flowers, he was led back to the changing table where he was soon diapered, training bra and waist cinched. He was then buttoned into a white nylon frilly blouse with capped sleeves and toddler’s bibbed pink cotton jumper. A pair of white satin covered foam balls were put on his hands and tied securely in place with pink satin doubled knotted bows. These white gloves made his hands totally useless. White lace encrusted nylon socks and special shoes completed his dressing. The shoes were obtained off the internet and had a very pointed toe, three inch block heel and about a half size too small. They were also a very vivid hot pink with a dainty bow on the toes.

With him dressed, Julie began removing the rollers from his hair. As each roller was removed, Thomas could see a tight curl pop out of his head. By the time she had finished and brushed it out, his head was a

mass of tight curls at the top with long cylinder sausage curls hanging all around the bottom.

Stepping back, Julie said, "that hair is just too precious to cover up in a bonnet. I think I'll just leave it the way it is. Now come along and get some breakfast."

Helping him off the changing table, Thomas stood uncertainly on his feet. The shoes severely pinched his toes and the heel didn't feel right. With the bulk of the diaper between his legs, it made walking difficult. He was forced to waddle like a little kid. With each step, he could feel the pull of bra straps and the tightness at his lower chest and stomach.

He was led to his playpen where she turned on a little kids cartoon show and gave him his bottle of formula. "Now sweetie, Auntie Julie is going to get your breakfast ready so you hurry up and finish your baba. Remember little babies don't talk so be quite or Auntie will punish," she said as she removed his pacifier.

With the white gloves preventing the use of his hands, Thomas had a very difficult and frustrating time trying to hold the bottle. With a bit of effort he managed to press the bottle between his hands and stick the nipple into his mouth. Throughout his ordeal, Thomas kept thinking about throwing the bottle against the wall and demanding that he be set free. Each time the urge hit him, he managed to hold back. His rational mind kept telling him that the effort would do no good and only get him a worse punishment.

Ooo

Thomas endured day after day of utter humiliation. They stuck to their promise of treating him like a tod-

dlar. His diapers were changed regularly except when he had been naughty. When he was bad, he would have to wait hours to get his stinky wet diapers changed. He couldn't believe that he had not only thoroughly wet but pooped his diaper that next morning when he awoke. It was just as humiliating on each new day as it had been on the first. What was even more humiliating was wetting his diaper during the day without even realizing that he had done so.

Making his humiliation worse was the utterly ridiculous mix of clothing he was forced to wear. Frilly nylon and plastic panties with lots of lace and bows covered his diapers. Training bras in bright fashion colors with cute little pink or white bows nestled between the lace frilled cups. Painfully tight waist chinchies crushed his lower ribs and stomach. His underwear was covered by various little girl dresses or rompers. The worst was a bright pink satin little girl's party dress with built-in crinolines that made his legs itch horribly. It was covered in small satin bows and tiers of white floral lace.

He spent hours each day trapped in the play pen with his dolls and stuffed animals. Occasionally, he was given a child's coloring book with extra large crayons. To make his life even more tedious, the television was programmed to play the cartoon channel. In the afternoons, he had to watch that damn purple dinosaur for two hours while he drank two bottles of formula. He was fed two jars of baby food four times a day. In between meals, he was given formula to drink. None of the so called food tasted worth a crap and it was almost impossible for him to swallow it down. Later he was

surprised to learn that he had gained over four pounds on that childish diet.

Once a week Doc would give him a thorough check up, draw blood samples and give him an injection. Thomas dreaded those visits. By the time Doc had finished with him, he was beyond humiliated. It wasn't the needles that bothered him, it was where Doc shoved and prodded with his thick fingers.

"You have a very pretty false girlie pussy," Doc would say as he rubbed a lubricated finger up and down that narrow slit.

"Oh, I just love the way your boi pussy is clinching at my finger," as he prodded the boy's ass.

Those comments left poor Thomas reeling in humiliation and blushing a bright pink. The relief he felt when dismissed from Doc's presents was almost palatable. Julie wasn't much better when she gave him his nightly bath. She would spend quite a bit of time rubbing and pinching his nipples. She would pinch one between thumb and forefinger; pull it out as far as she could then let it snap back into place.

The only time his nipple extenders were removed was during his bath. They were always sore and tender. Julie's attention only made them hurt and throb all the more. To further embarrass him, she would run a soapy finger up and down his slit while saying, "Oooohhhh, I bet my little girly boy really likes this. I just bet you can't wait to have a real man's cock inside that little hole."

After a little more than two weeks of being treated like a toddler, fed only baby food, messing his diapers

and listening to little kid's shows and music, Doc removed the pacifier.

"Now before we dress you for the day, I have something important to ask. So listen up, I am only going to ask you this once. Are you ready to do exactly what we tell you? Do you want to be a sissy? If not, then we can keep you as our little toddler and you can live in dirty didies from now on. So what's it gonna be?" Doc asked.

Thomas worked his sore and aching jaws for a few seconds. His latest pacifier had a much larger shaped dildo than the previous. The pink plastic lip guard on this pacifier had kept his lips in an "O" shape and the rubber dildo was four inches long and two thick. He hated the idea of giving in to these weirdos's but the thought of having to stay in messy diapers and eating baby food was just as abhorrent.

"Well have you decided or do I replace the pacifier?" Doc encouraged.

Thomas looked directly into Doc's squinting eyes and said, "Fuck You! Fuck all of you. Now."

He didn't have a chance to say more as Doc shoved the dildo back into his mouth rather forcefully. Thomas was expecting it and clinched his teeth in defiance. Doc just held his nostrils closed until he had to breathe.

"Very well let's just see how much you like sitting in dirty diapers then," Doc replied calmly.

"Well from the look on your face I can see that he didn't cooperate. So what do we do now? I'm getting sick and tired of changing dirty diapers," Julie said as he walked into the kitchen.

"I didn't really expect him to break this quick but one can be hopeful. I think it may be wise if we let him sit an extra hour or two before you change his diapers from now on," Doc said as he poured a cup of coffee.

During the third week, Thomas developed the expected diaper rash. Instead of changing him whenever he messed himself, Julie waited two hours. Combine diaper rash with infrequent changes and you have one very unhappy baby. At the end of that week, Doc asked him the same questions only this time Thomas kept his eyes lowered as he nodded his head up and down.

"No, I want to hear you say that you want Miss Julie and Doc Julian to help you become a total girly-girl sissy and that you will do whatever we tell you," Doc demanded.

He found it very difficult to get the words out but Thomas softly replied. "Ye...ah, I...I want...want Miss Julie a...and Doc Julian to make me a tota.....total girly-gir....girl sis...sissy."

"Speak up loud and clear, I really couldn't hear you. Now make sure you tell me that you will do whatever we demand," Doc instructed.

Thomas sat there trying to get the words out. Thinking about what he was really being asked to do, brought a flash of anger. It was just enough to embolden him and he yelled, "Fuck you! Let me outta here!"

Once again the pacifier was forced back in his mouth and secured in place. Doc stood up and stepped back. "You're a stubborn one, but we'll see how you feel in another week or so," he said then turned and left the room.