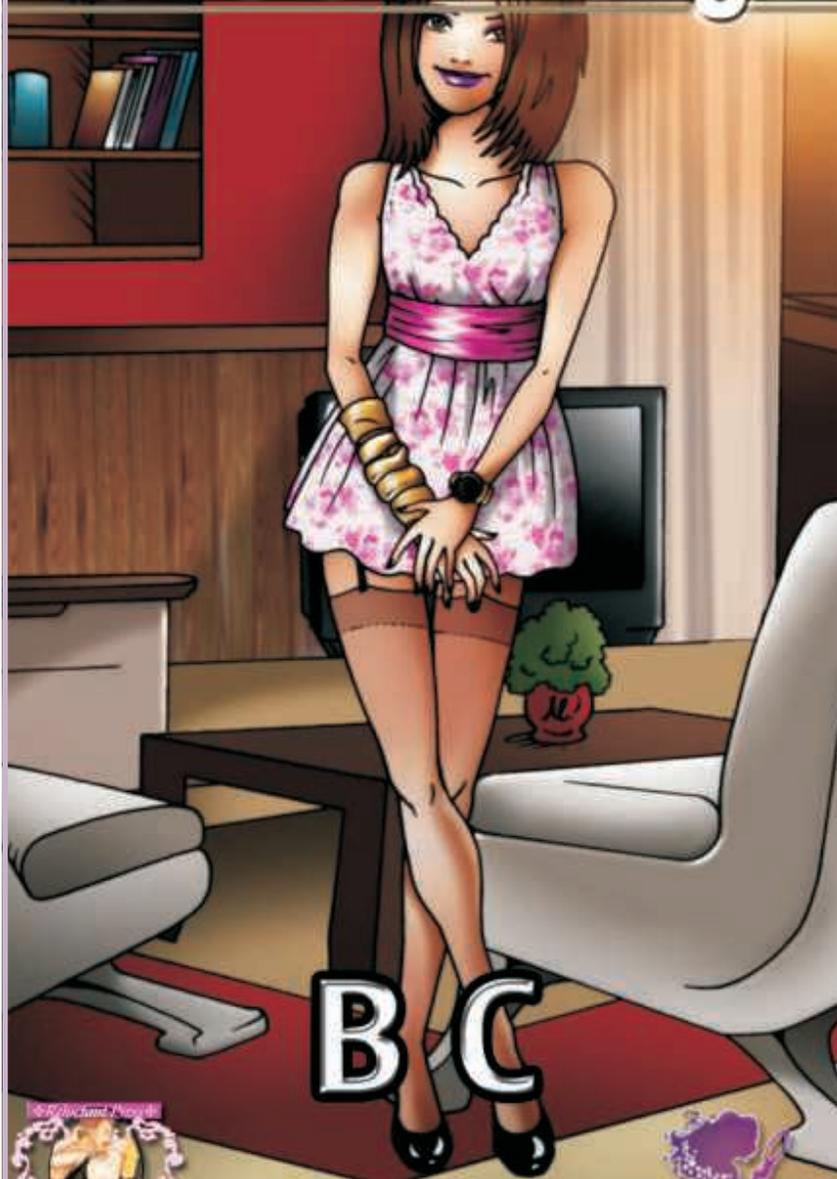


# Katie's Revenge



**B C**



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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# Katie's Revenge

**By B.C.**

Ken and Katie Thomas had been married seven years; their marriage had been up and down but they usually worked through the bad times and went on. Then things began to change with the failing economy. Ken's job had been unstable and he would often get laid off, sometimes for several weeks at a time. That's when things began to get bad.

Ken, bless his heart, was a hopeless male chauvinist. He and Katie went together in High School and married right after Katie's graduation, much to Katie's parents' strong objections and chagrin. They tried to talk them into waiting; they and encouraged Katie to go on to college but Katie was blinded by love. They got married the summer after her graduation. Ken didn't graduate.

They didn't waste any time in starting a family. Little Donny came along just 10 months after the wedding. He

was now six years old. He always felt closest to his mother and he very much took after her in looks and temperament. Like Katie he was rather quiet, soft spoken and slight in build. He also had her natural blonde hair and deep blue eyes. These facts were a source of much disappointment to his father Ken. Donny and Katie spent a lot of time together as Ken traveled a lot because of his job working construction, when there was work to be had, that is.

When Ken got laid off he got in the habit of going out and drinking with buddies. He would chase after women while he was drunk and filled with false courage. Ken would usually come home drunk and holler at Donny and Katie. Sometimes he even hit Katie. When Ken came home drunk and feeling mean, he'd start yelling at Katie to stop babying Donny and making a damned sissy out of HIS son.

He'd tell the boy, "You'd better get tough, Donny boy, because it's getting to be a really rough world out there. If you are not Man enough to take it, this damned old world will eat you up and spit you out, before you can say Boo."

Donny had been hearing this same speech for a couple of years now. It seemed like every time his dad went out drinking with his buddies that this same scene would take place. On those rare nights when Ken would get lucky while on his drunken conquests, he would leave Katie alone but when he didn't get lucky, (because he repulsed most decent women), he'd wake her up and make her do things she thought were sick and perverted. Whenever she wouldn't comply with his demands, he'd rough her up until she would conform to his wishes, hating every minute of it.

Donny grew closer to his Mom, feared his Dad and resolved to never be anything like him. Ken started to sense this growing distance between them and was even more

determined to make a Man out of young Donny. He forced Donny, now 10 years old, into Little League baseball and football and sent him to a basketball camp put on by a real NBA player. He made Donny go hunting and fishing with him. Donny could excel at each of these activities but he would really rather be home with his Mom. He thought that doing these things with Dad would make Dad happy and he would then leave Mom alone. Donny thought he was protecting her by spending more time with his Dad.

Because Ken was being laid off so much lately, Katie had to get herself a job just to keep food on the table. She took a job four days a week cleaning the houses of some of the more successful and fortunate in their town. This actually paid pretty good but more importantly she could take

Donny with her while she worked. In the evenings she would hurry home, change clothes and work the dinner rush at a nearby restaurant. Her friend and neighbor Pam Greer would keep Donny and watch him until she'd get home.

Three or four of the houses that she cleaned had children about the same age as Donny so he had someone to play with. The only catch was that all of the houses only had little girls living in them so Donny was getting lots of exposure to girls or women. On top of that, her friend Pam had two little girls of her own, so this just added to his feminine exposure.

Katie never confided in anyone about how Ken had started treating her since losing his job and getting drunk every night. She just applied her make up a little heavier to hide any bruises or cuts.

It never even occurred to Katie to leave Ken or that Donny was being constantly exposed to only feminine activities, thoughts, and mannerisms. Donny preferred these activities more than all the sports Dad was forcing him to take part in.

One night after Katie got off work at the restaurant, she pulled up to Pam's house to pick up Donny. She knocked and walked right in. She found Pam in the kitchen; they sat for only a short time and had a cup of coffee. Pam then asked Katie straight out, "Has that bastard Ken been hitting you, honey?" catching Katie off-guard.

"No...I just tripped and hit my head on the coffee table. Silly really, I was just clumsy. Why, did someone tell you that Ken did something to me?" she asked.

"Nobody had to say anything, honey. I'm not blind though, you know. I've seen how women try to hide bumps and bruises with heavier makeup and you seem to be doing that an awful lot lately. Either you've become very clumsy or someone is giving you those shiners," Pam said.

"No, it's nothing like that and there isn't anything to worry about. It's like I said, I just fell and that's all there is to it. Are the kids in the playroom? I need to get home, it's been a really long day today," Pam said and she got up to go find Donny.

They walked into the playroom and there sat three little girls all dressed up and playing dolls on the floor. "Pam, where is Donny?" she asked nervously.

"Oh God, I totally forgot. The kids were having a snack and a full pitcher of red Kool Aid got tipped over and most of it went all over poor Donny. The dear child was soaked from head to toe. We got him in the tub and cleaned him up. I went over to your house to get him a

change of clothes but the house was all locked up, so I couldn't get him anything of his own to put on. I gave him some of Amber's clothes until you got back. He's been a real good sport about it and they've been in here playing and getting along so good all night, I forgot they were here. They have been having a ball. I just forgot that he was dressed like this," Pam told her.

"Donny!" Katie called out, shocked at seeing him stand up and smile.

"Hi Mommy," Donny called out to his mother, jumping up and running over to her.

"Mom, we've been playing house and dolls and really having a wonderful time tonight. I was the Mommy," he said as if nothing was out of the normal and it was the most natural thing in the world for him to be wearing a dress and panties, Mary Jane style shoes and makeup. Amber had even painted his fingernails a bright pink.

Katie looked down at her son, bewildered as he had on a lovely little girl's party dress. Donny then lifted the front of the dress and showed her his pretty panties and a little girls' silk cami. He also had on little white ruffled socks and a pair of Amber's black leather Mary Jane shoes that fit his little feet just right. Pam had washed and dried and brushed out Donny's rather long blonde hair, parted it down the center of his head and put it into two pony-tails, one on each side. Pam then put a big blue ribbon on each one and tied it into a pretty bow. The blue matched the dress perfectly.

Katie stood speechless for a while, and then finally said, "Oh. My. God. I didn't even recognize you. You look so adorable, sweetie. You look so...so natural. Don't these clothes feel funny on you though?"

“At first they did feel weird but I’ve been wearing them most of the night now and I think I kind of like the way they fit and feel on my skin now. They are so soft and slippery and they really smell much better than my scratchy boy clothes,” Donny said looking up at her.

“My goodness, Donny, you’re even wearing lipstick too,” Katie said, surprised at seeing her son look very much like the daughter she never had.

“Oh Katie,” said Pam. “It’s no big deal, they are just kids and don’t know any different. They were playing dress up and the girls insisted on all of them looking the same. There’s no harm done. We’ll wash it off before you leave,” Pam told Katie.

The kids didn’t want to stop playing yet. “Mom, can’t we play a little bit longer? We are really having fun and it’s not that late yet,” Donny asked.

“Come on, Katie, let’s you and I go into the kitchen and have another cup of coffee,” Pam told Katie and took a hold of her arm and guided her to towards the kitchen.

“Well, I guess I could use a cup of coffee. Ken’s not home yet but let me go over to the house and get Donny a change of clothes to put on before we leave. If Ken ever saw him dressed up that way, he’d have a real fit and take it out on me for letting him put those girls clothes on. Ken makes such a big deal about Donny turning out to be a big tough man just like his Dad.”

“I still can’t get over how adorable he looked in that little party dress. So many times I’ve wished that I had a little girl of my own to fuss over and dress up so feminine and girly,” Katie told Pam, then hurried over to her house and picked up some clothes for Donny to wear home later. When she returned, Pam had coffee on the table.

They sat and talked about the kids. Pam asked Katie, "Has Ken found any work yet?"

"No and I sure wish he would soon. The longer he's off work, the harder he is to live with. Men need to work and make money to feed their egos and make them feel like a man," Katie told Pam.

"Katie, I know that this is none of my business but I love you and care about you. Has Ken been abusing you lately? I've noticed the bumps and bruises," Pam asked.

"No, I've just gone through a rash of clumsiness lately. Everything is OK."

"Are you sure, honey? You're too good a person to take that kind of crap from any one. Plus, if he'd abuse you, he'd probably abuse Donny too," Pam said.

"It's OK. Really we're fine," Katie said, not all that convincingly. After an hour had passed and Pam couldn't get Katie to talk about what she was sure was going on over at the Thomas' house, they went to check on the kids. They were playing and getting along so well that the mothers almost hated to end it.

Katie took Donny into the bathroom, helped him out of his dress and little girl undies and into his own clothes after washing off the makeup. Katie could swear that she saw disappointment all over Donny's little face as he took the girls clothes off and put his own back on. She thought it rather odd that he didn't even try to hide his feelings even a little bit.

They left and went home after thanking Pam for watching Donny. Katie took the ponytails out of Donny's hair and had him sit between her legs on a stool while she brushed and brushed his honey blonde hair out.

They finally gave up and went to bed. Katie laid down next to Donny and they both fell asleep in no time at all. It

had to be 2:00 AM when Ken finally came in and shook Katie. "Woman!" he said loudly as he shook her harder. "Woman, come to bed with me now. Daddy's home and I want to mess around and I mean *now!*" Ken slapped her on the ass quite hard. She could tell that he was drunk and it would do no good to pretend that she couldn't be woken up.

*Oh God, why can't he just leave me alone? Maybe he'll fall asleep and be done quickly.*

He pulled her into their bedroom, pulling her nightgown off on the way. "Come on Mommy, Daddy wants his girl to give him a little oral support. If you know what I mean."

Katie hated him when he got this way. She didn't like putting his penis in her mouth; it reminded her of dogs, licking each other all the time. She'd gotten where she could just barely get through the ordeal without throwing up. Lately however, Ken picked up a new twist. It was a turn-on to come in Katie's mouth and make her swallow it! Or he'd pull out at the last minute and shoot all over her face.

"Can't we just make love the normal way, Kenny? You know I'm not comfortable doing all of these bizarre sexual fantasies that you come up with," she asked hopefully.

"You little nun you. Miss Goody Two Shoes. Hell, woman, don't you ever get a burning urge to experiment or to walk on the wild side a little? The missionary position is too plain Jane and it's no fun. Live a little, bitch. Loosen up some and have a little fun," he said.

Katie was trying to get him calmed down and get it over with. "OK but I'm telling you right now, you'd better not come in my mouth again. That's sick. And don't squirt it all over my face either," she told him.

“Don’t you go telling Ken what to do and what not to do. I know what you want, what you need, and what you’re going to get,” he laughed.

She didn’t mean to but she pulled back when he reached out for her.

“Damn you, woman. You think you’re too damned good to suck your old man’s cock for him.”

Without warning, he hit her once, twice, then grabbed her arm. Katie was naked and defenseless. He jumped on her like a cat and he pulled out some handcuffs. In the wink of an eye, he had her hands and arms cuffed together under her knees. He pulled her into a sitting position; she couldn’t get loose or get out of this bent over in-a-ball position.

Ken took out his jackknife and cut Katie’s panties and bra off of her. Now in this vulnerable position, she was stark naked. Ken then took some rope and tied her ankles together, then her elbows.. She was completely helpless and he approached her with a jar in his hand. He had a bowl in the other hand. He pushed her on her back. She rolled back and couldn’t straighten up, tied and cuffed as she was. Her private mommy parts were now pointing straight up in the air. He started touching her there. She tried to move but couldn’t. Then she felt something very warm and wet. Ken had taken a wash cloth, soaked it in the hot water in the bowl, then held it between her legs right on her pussy. Katie couldn’t figure why he was washing her vagina? He knew she was a fanatic about cleanliness and feminine hygiene.

Katie couldn’t see what he was up to but felt something cool being rubbed all over her feminine mound. Then he told her, “Keep your legs apart as much as possible so I don’t cut your little love nest up, honey pie.” Then

he started shaving her pussy clean as a baby's butt. She was terrified to move a muscle when she realized what he was doing. It took him awhile, but he kept at it until Katie was bald and smooth all over down there.

He wiped her off, then carried her in a ball to the bed. He placed her on the bed on her back so her head hung off the edge. Then he walked over naked and dangled his cock right in her face.

"Dinner time, honey. Eat up and enjoy," he said.

She turned her head. Ken slapped her several times, then left for a minute. When Ken returned, he started rubbing K.Y. Jelly on Katie's pussy and her butthole. He put a small thumb-like butt plug right into her ass. Then he took a large rubber penis, coated it with K.Y. Jelly and inserted it into her vaginal opening. He slowly, teasingly, worked it in and out, in and out, back and forth. Katie didn't want to but she started moaning and rocking to the huge rubber cock, which was working her over shamelessly.

Ken spun her around and said, "Now suck me off and you'd better do a really good job of it," while he manipulated the fake cock in her pussy. Katie still didn't move on the cock. Then Ken said, 'You've got 15 seconds to start making love to my cock, honey. If you don't, I'll leave you just as you are with these toys shoved up each of your holes. I'll get Donny, carry him into your bed and leave you both. I'll go sleep in the spare bed and your precious little baby will find you just like this when you two wake in the morning. Maybe he'll want to have some of that pussy you're so proud of that you don't want to give any of it up to your own husband,'" Ken warned with a threat.

Katie knew she was beaten. Tears filled her eyes as she opened her mouth and gave Ken the blowjob he was demanding of her. She tried to make love to this poor aver-

age cock Ken was so proud of. Ken was moaning and groaning in his aroused and drunken state. He didn't last very long; with a couple more thrusts, he tightened up and shot a huge load of man seed into Katie's mouth and throat. Poor Katie tried hard not to swallow. To keep herself from choking she was forced to swallow over and over again, until Ken was finally spent. Ken fell on to the bed and it looked like he passed out.

Katie rolled over on her side and whispered, "Ken, don't you dare fall asleep and leave me tied up like this." She bumped him with her head several times. He didn't move a muscle. Soon he was snoring up a storm. Tears ran down her cheeks. Donny would come looking for her in the morning. She couldn't bear the thought of him finding her like this. She scooted over close and bit Ken on the arm.

"Goddamn it, you bitch. What the hell are you doing?" Ken hollered.

"Ken, please. You have to untie me, you can't go to sleep and leave me this way. Donny will come in first thing in the morning and find me like this. Is that what you want? Come on now. I did what you wanted, now let me loose!" she demanded.

"You dumb bitch, don't you yell at me or tell me what to do." Ken smacked her on the ass, then slapped her face. "You worry more about the kid than you ever worried about your old man. So here, go sleep with him," Ken said. He picked her up. Still tied in a ball, and carried her, begging and pleading all the way, into Donny's room, dropped her on the bed, and walked out, leaving her in her state of undress, tied in a ball.

Katie was in tears but didn't want to wake Donny, She prayed that Ken was only trying to scare her. After a little

while, Donny rolled over and cuddled up to Katie. As he did, he put his arm around her and his hand cupped her naked breast. She wanted to die right there and then. She was also getting colder as the night went on. Donny started moving his hand and finally she couldn't take it any longer.

"Donny, Donny honey, wake up, Donny." she called out gently. It took several times before he woke enough to realize that he wasn't dreaming.

"Mom, what are you doing in bed naked like this?" Donny said, pulling his hand off of his mother's breast.

"Donny honey, don't be scared, pull the cover up over Momma, honey." she said softly "OK honey, now listen and be very quiet. I need you to sneak into Momma's room and find the little silver key. It's on the nightstand or the dresser or in your Dad's pants pocket. I need you to bring it back in here and give it to Momma," she told him.

Donny was gone for some time. Just as Katie was getting worried, he returned and said, "I got it, Mom."

Katie rolled onto her side and told him to unlock the handcuffs. He fumbled for awhile and finally it popped open. She straightened out and stretched her cramped, sore, stiff muscles. She sat up and untied her ankles, then hurried to find her nightgown. She finally got Donny back to sleep, then she sat in the rocker next to his bed, crying and wondering what she was going to do about Ken. She knew she couldn't live this way and was going to have to do something but what?

The following morning Katie got up early, dressed, got Donny ready, and left before Ken woke up. She worked all day cleaning, then took Donny to Pam's house so she could work the dinner shift at the restaurant. Pam noticed the bruises on the side of Katie's head. "Damn that

asshole! Something has to be done about him. The poor girl is going through hell," Pam thought to herself.

When Katie returned that night after her shift, Pam had coffee on the table as she came in. Katie walked into the playroom; for the second straight night she found her son in a pretty little girls dress, with his hair fixed up, his nails polished bright pink and wearing makeup. Pam looked at Katie, shrugged her shoulders, and said, "Sorry, he wanted to be just like the other girls." she explained.

Pam pulled Katie into the kitchen. "Katie honey, you *have* to get some help. I can see the new bruises and I'm sure others do too. Do you want to tell me about it? I know we can do something about this. You can't go on like this and you shouldn't have to. I can help you if you'll let me, honey," Pam said as a loving and caring friend.

Katie started thinking about the shame of last night and the pain and the hopelessness, she felt. Finally it was too much for her and she broke down sobbing. She cried as she tried to tell Pam what had been going on and what Ken did last night, which was the straw that broke the camel's back. It took over an hour and a half but Katie finally got the weight off of her shoulders and told Pam everything. Pam reached out, pulled Katie to her and held her tight. She just squeezed and held her, saying, "It's alright, honey, just let it out. We're going to fix that bastard so he never does anything like that to you ever again."

When she finally stopped crying and calmed down, Pam said, "OK, here are your options as I see them. We can go to the police and they'll file a report, maybe ask him a few questions and unless they see you bloody and battered half to death, they won't do a damned thing. Ken will just get madder and more violent. OR we can fix him

so he never hurts you again. We can fix it so you can take complete control of not only your life but his as well. It would take some time and training but he is not working right now so he's no good to anyone on earth including himself. What do you think?" Pam asked.

Katie looked up into Pam's eyes. "How are you going to change him or get him to agree to anything of the kind. Do you think that he's going to just volunteer for any kind of training or doctors to help change him?" she asked, very confused.

"Well, Katie, here's the thing. I don't expect him to just say 'Help me change and be a better person' but I do have some friends who I know can get him to agree. They have ways to do it and make it stick. He will be a changed person when my friends are done. Now are you interested in getting yours and Donny's life back in order?" Pam asked with a knowing smile, looking into Katie's eyes with confidence.

"Yes, I am. I want my life back. I'm sick of living in fear of my own husband. But how?" Katie asked.

"You don't really need to know the details right now. My friends will take him to their home for three, maybe 4, months. They will train him and teach him to be more gentle and caring and when they are done, they will find him a job during the daytime and have him serve and worship you at night. Would that interest you at all?" Pam asked her.

Katie still didn't understand but she thought to herself that this sounded like a dream too good to be true. "Sure I like that but..."

Pam cut her off. "NO but's, honey. At the same time that they are helping Ken to find a new and gentler life, we have some classes for you to take. Just a couple of

classes to boost your self-esteem and help you learn to be a little more domineering, more of a take charge kind of woman. One who can handle her man and keep him in his place at all times," Pam said with a devilish little smile.

"But how in the world do you plan to ever get Ken to even listen to this let alone agree to go along with whatever it is you're planning?" Katie asked.

"Don't worry your pretty little head about the how's or the why's. Just know that Ken will act better and look better than ever looked in his whole life. He'll be sweeter, kinder, softer and 100% attentive to your every need, desire or command. Now what do you have to say to that?" Pam asked.

"It still sounds too good to true but, God, if it could only be half as good as you've described. Hell Yes," Katie said.

"OK, is Ken home right now?" Pam asked.

"No, he's probably out with the boys getting blasted again," said Katie.

"Good, then we'll start right away tonight. This will be his last night on the face of the earth as a useless womanizing, drunken, good for nothing, skirt chasing man. After tonight, the next time you see Ken, all of the things that I promised you and more will be yours, for the remainder of your lives." Pam promised.

Katie called Donny to go home and Donny came running out of the playroom still wearing the little girls dress and socks and shoes. His hair was done up in two pony-tails with ribbons the same color as the dress hanging from each one. "Mommy, my name is Donna now. That's what the girls call me now. I like being like Amber and Amy, we have so much fun together," Donny told his mom.

“OK sweetie, let’s get you changed so that we can go home now,” Katie told him.

“But Mom, I don’t want to change, I love these clothes and I don’t ever want to have to wear those dumb old itchy boy clothes again,” Donny told her.

“Donny, you don’t want your Dad to see you this way, do you?” she said trying to scare him into changing. “You know what he’ll do to you if he sees you this way.”

“I don’t care Mom. I just like these clothes so much better and Amber says that I look much better in them too,” he argued.

Katie realized that he wasn’t going to give up his pretty dress without a fight so she and Donna headed home. When they got there, Ken wasn’t home yet. She got Donny out of his dress and into a nightie borrowed from Pam’s girls. She tucked him into bed and was cleaning the living room when Ken came home, drunk again as usual.

Ken walked over to Katie and grabbed her arm. She tried to pull away but he continued to pull her clothes off her. He pushed Katie onto her back on the floor and sat down on her stomach with his penis inches from her face. He held her hands down on the floor and started moving his cock closer and closer to her mouth, saying, “Come on Katie baby, you know that you like sucking my big cock.”

Just then the door burst open and three very pretty ladies ran across the floor. Before Ken’s alcohol addled mind could realize what was happening, the first lady (Jill) put an ether soaked rag over his nose and mouth. He struggled for a moment before falling onto the floor in a deep sleep. He was out cold. Jill, Diana, and Cathy then loaded him into the waiting van outside and laid him in the back. Pam helped Katie up off the floor and put a robe around her naked body. She put her arm around Katie

and walked her to the door. "Honey, you can say good-bye to the bad times and the pain that pig of a man has caused you. Everything changes starting right now and I promise you it will be for the better, for everyone. Your life will be filled with peace, joy, and pleasure from this day on," Pam told her.

The three ladies took the sleeping Ken to Jill's house where she had a special room in her basement for the purpose of permanently changing men like Ken Thomas into useful, obedient spouses. She'd had the room built after enduring living with a male chauvinist, wife beating husband of her own for several years. There were no windows and the door locked from outside the room. There was only a pail on the floor that served as a toilet and a hard metal table that served as a bed. When the light was turned on from outside the room, you could see an open shower in one corner and a whirlpool in the other. There were rings on the walls, the floor, and ceiling which gave the impression of a torture chamber. This would be Ken's new home for the foreseeable future.

Ken was still out of it as he was taken to the long metal table. They cut all of his clothes off and strapped him down on the table. Diana came up with a smelling salt stick, broke it in two and held it under Ken's nose. It jolted him back to a conscious state. "What the hell's going on here?" he hollered.

"WHACK" The sting of a leather whip bit into his thighs. "Shut up! You are not allowed to talk unless asked to," said Cathy. "You, my little Missy, are now entering a new stage in your pathetic life. Ken is now DEAD. You are to become Kendra Kay Thomas. For the next several months your life will be ours, until you are trained to serve and please your wife and mistress. You will meet this goal or die. Those, Ms Kendra, are your only two op-

tions," Diana told the man lying naked and strapped to the table.

"You bitches better let me..."

WHACK! WHACK! Over and over the whip snapped against his bare unprotected skin.

"Maybe you didn't hear me the first time. You will only speak when spoken to, or told to speak. Maybe you thought that we gave a shit whether you lived or died. If you choose to live, then you'll learn to obey without question or comment, or we promise you that you will die. You've beaten on your poor wife for the very last time. It's men like you that forced us women to come together and become a group that has learned how to change you men into useful and productive citizens again.

"I suspect that you'll fight us at first just like all the others but our record speaks for itself. We haven't had a single failure yet, and we've been able to return these changed individuals to their wives, in a way they never dreamed possible.

"By the time you leave here, you'll have a full-time paying job, you'll be completely trained and you'll live to serve and please your wife and Mistress, Katie. Your only thoughts will be about her happiness. You'll wait on her hand and foot and you'll beg her to let you serve her as opposed to coming back here to us. You won't be able to live without her," Cathy told him.

"So that's what this is all about. That bitch put you up to this. I'll..." WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! Cathy whipped and whipped until Ken had welts forming all over his body; he couldn't move to get away from the stinging whip. Then Jill put a tight leather collar around Ken's neck and fastened it. She stood back and pushed a remote. An electric shock struck like a hot poker being

shoved into the back of Ken's neck and right down into his spinal cord. Ken passed out immediately right there on the table.

Diana threw some water on him and he jerked awake. It hurt both his wrists and ankles where they were strapped to the table. As his eyes once again focused on the three ladies in front of him, true fear filled his mind and body. He could see in the cold glare in their eyes that they were dead serious. None of the three cared if he died or not. This was obviously not a game to them; it appeared that they were more than capable of carrying out their threat without batting an eye. He would have peed in his pants if he'd been wearing any but he just wet himself from fear of what he felt they were capable of.

Jill walked over to him and rubbed alcohol on his arm with a cotton ball. Then she pulled out a syringe and gave him what would be the first of many shots of a strong female hormone in his right arm and a testosterone blocker in his left arm. Cathy then walked up to him and pulled a blanket over him. They turned out the lights, closed the door and left him for the night.

By morning Ken's arms and legs and feet ached like never before in his whole life. He didn't sleep much that night; he kept running over and over in his mind where these ladies came from and who put them up to this. He had little doubt that they were in this for the long haul and had every intention of carrying out their task, whatever it might be. His mind was racing, trying to figure out if they truly intended to make him into a woman. He didn't believe that they could really do that. He felt helpless and weak. For the first time in more years than he could remember tears began to fill his eyes and trickle down his cheeks. Suddenly the door opened. The pitch-black room instantly filled with a blinding light. Jill entered the room, closing the door behind her.

“Good morning Kendra. I hope that your night wasn’t too unbearable for you,” she said as she looked at the naked body of the former tough guy lying on the metal table, shivering. She smiled at him and said, “You’ll learn that the sooner you accept your new life and began to think and act like the nice lady that you’ll be looking like, the better things will go for you. We are good at this and sooner rather than later you *will* be looking like a woman. You might just as well stop fighting it and accept your fate. However if you are really as tough as your neighbor Pam says you are, you are welcome to fight us. It’s your body and we love a challenge. We’ll get to see just how much pain you can withstand.

“I will let you in on a little secret. Soon your mind and your emotions will start to betray you for we will be injecting into your body a steady dose of estrogen and progesterone. These hormones will begin to start changing you physically and mentally as well. This *is* going to happen, with or without you accepting the changes you’re about to start undergoing. Some of the pain can be avoided if you’ll simply began to accept the inevitable.”

Then Jill undid his wrists and his legs from the bonds that held him in the same position on the cold table all night. She showed him the remote in her hand and to remind him of its power, she pressed down for just a moment, sending a shock through his body. “That’s just a little reminder to you in case you had any ideas of trying to get past me and not stick around for your training and behavioral modification classes,” Jill smiled

Ken looked up at her with fear-filled eyes. Jill never smiled or changed expressions. “You should have thought like that before you started drinking and beating your wife. There’s no use giving me that poor puppy dog look. You have earned everything that will be coming to you, Kendra. Make it easy on yourself and just accept it.

Resign yourself to the fact that when you leave here, you will be a new, much better person, although totally feminine."

Then Jill handed him a baby bottle filled with a milky formula of hormones and vitamins and one fiber bar. "Listen up. You will not take the top off of the bottle or you won't get any food at all for the next day," she said. His eyes opened wide and flashed up at her when he heard this.

"Until you start behaving like the proper young lady that you're going to ultimately become, this will be your meal, three times a day," Jill told him. Then she walked out the door, locking it behind her, leaving him in complete darkness. She'd left him a stool to sit on, so he sat and began eating the fruit fiber bar. After a while, he couldn't help himself as he was dying of thirst so he raised the bottle and began sucking what he thought was milk through the nipple just like a baby.

Soon a new problem arose; he needed to relieve himself. He started to call out to someone but held back for fear he would get it again. Finally, around noon, Diana came in to check on him. As the light came on, it hurt his eyes again. She looked him over. Ken, not knowing how he was supposed to address these ladies, raised his hand to speak. Diana ignored him. Ken kept waving his hand. "OK, what is it, Kendra?" she asked.

"I really need to go to the bathroom," he said meekly. Diana smacked him hard on the ass with a paddle she was carrying, then hit the button on the remote for just a second. Ken jumped in shock and surprise.

"I need to go to the ladies room, Mistress," she scolded him.

Ken swallowed hard. "Please, I need to go to the ladies room... Mistress," Ken said, not making eye contact with her.

"That's better. See, you are learning, Kendra."



“Here,” Diana said, handing him the bucket that was in the corner out of his sight with the room having been in the dark. The she turned off the light and left the room, once again leaving him in the dark.

No one came back until 7:00 that evening. Then Cathy brought him a bottle of warmed formula and a fruit bar and warned him not to remove the top on the bottle. Then she handed him a long ladies nightgown and a five-by-five baby blanket. She left without saying anything. Once the door was shut and locked, the lights went out again.

This same scene became Ken’s new way of life over the next 12 days. No contact, no solid food, nothing but the dark and the loneliness. His spirit was more than broken now. Taking his only nourishment from a bottle with a nipple on it and getting his shots every other day all added to the breaking down of his male ego and pride. The hormones were starting to do their part as well, both mentally and physically.

Finally one morning, Jill came in and had him remove the nightgown. Then she gave him his booster shot of hormones. The diet had taken its toll on Ken’s body; he’d lost 15 lb. so far and he was hungry. She handed him his morning bottle. He didn’t even wait for Jill to leave, he raised the nipple to his lips and started sucking away like a starved baby calf on its mothers tit.

Jill just watched the former macho stud. His hair was long and matted and his body odor was getting bad. Ken’s arms and stomach were becoming very thin. He finished the bottle and set it down. Jill handed him a plastic bottle of a fragrant body wash. “Get in there and start washing, Kendra.” Jill told him. Then she brought over the hose and turned the water on.