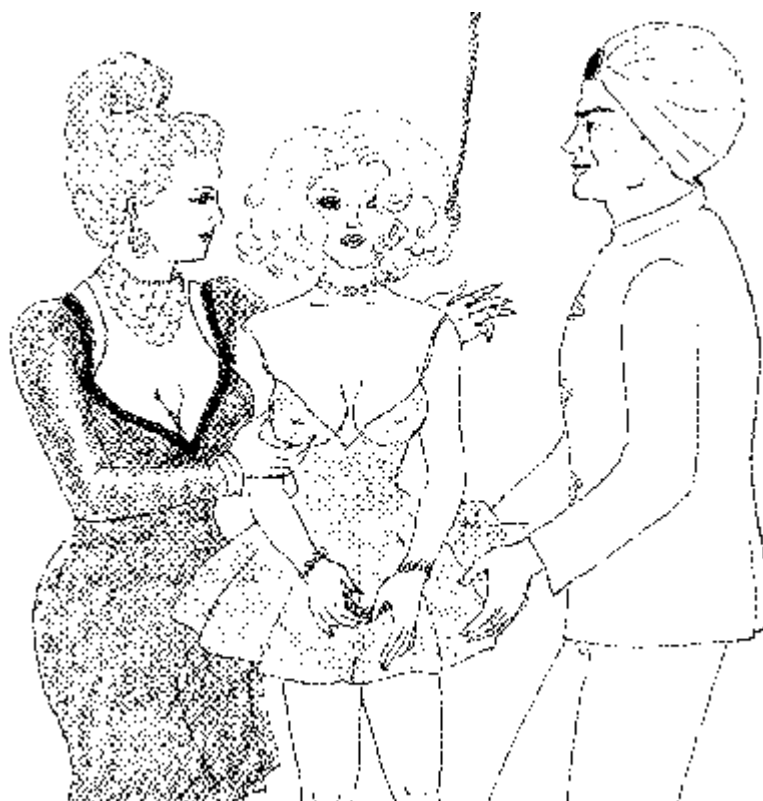




*Reluctant Press*

# Sweet Sex Slaves

Susan Sweet



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRIAN DUKEHART

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**AN 'ADULT TV' COLLECTION**

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## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

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# INDENTURED WIFE

**By Susan Sweet**

I sat at my desk in a cold sweat as I worried about the trouble I might be in.

I had become addicted to playing poker in one of the city's nearby poker clubs and although I had been winning some, I was losing more, and I had made the mistake of borrowing enough from the company's slush fund, which was under my control, to cover my poker debts. I fully intended to return the money as soon as possible, but now the company had pulled a surprise audit and I knew that my financial juggling would be discovered sooner or later.

I was awakened from my worrying by the voice of the company president, Jacky Brown.

“Would you step into my office for a moment, Mr. Petti?” she asked. It was not a question.

I looked up to see her standing in her office doorway about thirty feet from my desk. Jacky was big for a woman, standing about six foot two inches tall and weighing about two hundred and ten pounds, most of it hard muscle! The word around the office was that she had been a professional wrestler in her younger days and I didn't doubt it a bit. She kept her black hair short and tended to wear business suits most of the time. The unpleasant expression on her face caused me to jump up from my desk.

“Yes, Ma'am!”

As everyone in the office looked on, I walked quickly into Jacky's office. She shut the door behind me as I entered and pointed to a leather chair in front of her desk.

“Sit there, Mr. Petti,” she said brusquely.

I sat in the chair she had indicated and noticed that we were not alone in the office.

Mr. Devon, the company comptroller, was sitting in another chair by Jacky's desk and regarding me with an intense stare. Mr. Devon was also tall, about six foot four inches in height. He was a bodybuilder who worked out with weights every day and he liked to wear tailored suits that showed off his muscular body. He wore his blonde hair in a severe crewcut.

Jacky took a seat behind her desk and an ominous quiet filled the room.

"Well?" Jacky demanded.

"Well, what?"

"Why don't you tell us all about the money?" Mr. Devon suggested. "And don't say, 'what money?' Mr. Petti, because we have found your signature on cash transfer forms. amounting to forty-eight thousand three hundred and twenty-two dollars!"

"You are in deep doo-doo, Mr. Petti," Jacky noted. "If you want to avoid going to prison for illegal embezzling of the company's funds, you had better start telling us the truth, right now!"

My cold sweat broke out again as I realized that I might very well be spending the next several years in prison. I have always been rather on the small side for a man, standing only five foot three inches tall and never seeming to weigh more than one hundred and fifteen pounds. That with my slim waist, plump bottom and girlish features with a sweet, high voice, had been the bane of my life!

The very thought of the brutes they had in prison and what might happen to me there was going through my mind.

I was suddenly terrified at the position I had gotten myself into.

"We have all the evidence," Mr. Devon said. "Speak! Or we'll call the police right now!"

Hoping that an outright confession would somehow make them feel more lenient towards me, I sat on the edge of my chair and told them the whole story. The gambling. The loan sharks. And how I had juggled the books. It took me about fifteen minutes to get it all out as they sat and silently listened to me.

"Look, Mr. Devon, Ms. Brown, I didn't mean to keep the money. Honest! I was going to put it all back just as soon as I could and I will! Every cent! Perhaps you could take some money out of my paycheck every week?"

"And how long would that take on what you earn?" sneered Jacky derisively. "Honestly, Mr. Petti, I don't see that we have any alternative under the circumstances except to turn you in to the proper authorities."

I dropped to my knees in front of her desk.

"Oh, please! Please! I'll do anything you say, just don't call the cops! I'll do anything to keep from going to prison! Can't we work something out? I'll do anything you say! Please!!"

“Do you really mean that, Mr. Petti?” Mr. Devon demanded, looking at me strangely.

“Yes, oh, yes! I would do anything! Please don't send me to prison!”

“You would do anything? Anything at all?” asked Mr. Devon. The grim expression on his face was suddenly very intense.

“Yes, anything! I'll do anything you ask of me! Just don't turn me in! Please! Please! Please!”

“What do you have in mind, Bob?”

“Stand up, Mr. Petti, and turn around very slowly,” Mr. Devon ordered.

Wondering what he could have in mind, but hanging onto the hope that somehow there was a way out for me, I stood up and did as he had requested.

“Now walk over to the door, turn and walk back,” he said.

Growing even more mystified, I again complied with his request.

“I do believe I have an idea that might indeed save your little fat ass from prison, Mr. Petti, but only if you are really serious when you say you are willing to do anything to stay out of prison,” Mr. Devon observed.

“Oh, my ass Is not fat!” I objected, then, “But, yes, I mean it! I really do mean it! I'll do anything at all! Oh, gosh, do you mean It? Do you really see a way out for me?”

“Perhaps,” Mr. Devon mused aloud, raising my hopes enormously. “There are a number of things that I have to check out first, and of course, I must discuss my idea with Ms. Brown, as It involves her as well. For the moment, we will withhold the evidence from the police while I investigate the feasibility of my idea.”

“Oh, thank you! Thank you, Mr. Devon! You can count on me! Honest! You won't be sorry! I promise!”

“I want you in this office at eight o'clock sharp tomorrow morning,” he said. “And don't think of leaving town, Mr. Petti, because if you are not here on time, we will call the police Immediately!”

“Don't you worry, Mr. Devon, I'll be here!”

I left the office with mixed emotions; fear over the fix I was in; hope that Mr. Devon might have a way for me to avoid prison; and curiosity about what his idea might be. There was, after all, still the matter of the embezzled money...

I spent the evening trying to drown myself in scotch at my favorite bar, slept badly, and at eight o'clock sharp the next morning, I knocked on Jacky's office door.

Jacky opened the door and looked at me with a funny little smile on her face. “Come right in, Mr. Petti, I'm so glad you're on time,” she greeted.

I entered the office and was directed to sit in the straight backed chair again.

Jacky closed the door behind her, then both she and Mr. Devon came and stood In front of me.

“I think you will be pleased to know that my idea has worked out. There is a way that we can save your little fat ass from prison,” Mr. Devon noted with a happy little smile.

“Really? You mean it.? ”I asked, ignoring his remark about my ass being fat. [It isn't at all!] “Oh, thank you! Thank you, Mr. Devon! I'll do anything you say.”

“Not so fast,” said Mr. Devon. “There are some things you should know first. I've talked over my scheme with Ms. Brown and she Is In complete agreement with me. Isn't that so, Ms. Brown?”

“Absolutely! I'm all for It!” Jacky, grinned at me.

“First, you should know that I've checked with a friend of mine who is a judge. She says that the mandatory sentence for grand theft, embezzlement, in this State is twelve years at hard labor with no possibility of parole. That is what you face if you refuse to go along with my plan,” he stated.

“Don't you worry none, Mr. Devon, I'll do whatever you ask if I can stay out of prison.”

“What I propose to do is to replace the money you took from my own personal savings. The money will then be properly on the books and your little fat ass will be off that hook, so to speak.”

“Oh, Mr. Devon, would you? I mean, could you? I mean, that's a very generous thing for you to offer!”

“Yes, it is” he agreed. Of course, there is something that I shall expect from you in return.”

“Whatever you want, Ill do It!

“Very well,” he responded. “I will replace the money you embezzled and for the next four years you will belong to me in toto, entirely, body and soul.”

“Belong to you? I'm not sure of what you mean.”

“It's plain enough, Petti,” Jacky explained. “You will sell yourself to Mr. Devon for a period of four years. To put it another way, for the sum of twelve thousand dollars a year, you will agree to become his slave!”

“Slave? What do you mean by 'slave'?” I couldn.t believe what they were proposing.

“Exactly that,” Mr. Devon stated. “S-L-A-V-E, thrall, vassal, bond servant, chattel, slave. You will be my property. You will do whatever I tell you to do, dress in the clothes I tell you to wear, and act and behave In any manner that I dictate. Is that clear enough?”

“Well, yes... but...”

“No! No 'buts'!” said Mr. Devon forcefully. “That's the deal. I am buying you just like a new car or a suit of clothes. For reasons of my own, I wish to own a slave, and If you wish to avoid twelve years at hard labor In prison and all that implies, you will sell yourself to me for four years, only one-third of the time you would

have to spend In prison, and I can assure you that my plans for you will be far more pleasant than your life behind bars would be.”

My head was spinning. This was madness! Sell myself? Go to prison? Four years versus twelve years? What a choice!

“Might I have some time to think It over?”

“What is it that you have to think about?” he demanded sarcastically. “Do you want to go to prison for twelve years?”

“No.”

“Perhaps you are afraid that I might hurt you. Well, I shall punish you If you are disobedient, but I want to enjoy your services, not harm you In any way. Are you afraid of me for any reason?”

“Well.., no... I guess not...” Except that I was afraid of him!

“Then I don't see your problem, Petti. It's an even trade. Think of yourself as an object of value. You sell your self to me in exchange for the money you embezzled from the company. The only other option open to you is prison. So, choose!”

“But why do you wish to own me? What is it that you want from me?”

“Does that really matter?” he asked. “I wish to own you, that's all you need to know. As my property, you will have no say over any aspect of your life. I will take care of you and in return, you will simply obey my commands without question. Again, choose, and CHOOSE NOW!”

At that moment, I knew I was trapped. Whatever he might have planned for me, It had to be infinitely better than twelve years spent in State's Prison, which I might not even survive, given my physical strength, or rather, my total lack of it!

I hung my head In submission, utterly defeated.

“Very well, Mr. Devon, If that's the only way I can avoid prison, then I must agree to your terms. as I see no other way out. Yes, I will agree to become your slave.”

“Excellent!” Mr. Devon responded, smiling broadly. “Come and sit at the desk in Ms. Brown's chair. There are some papers that you must sign before we can begin.”

He crossed behind the desk and took some papers out of his briefcase. I followed him and took a seat in Jacky's executive chair.

“This first document is a full confession of your embezzlement with dates, times and amounts,” he said, handing me a three page summary. “Initial it at the indicated lines on the first two pages and sign your full, legal name on the bottom of the third page.”

With a sinking feeling In my stomach, I signed the confession. Then, I watched as both he and Jacky signed as witnesses to my signature.

“That Is to ensure that you will carry out your end of our bargain,” said Mr. Devon. “If you run away or refuse to do as you are told, this document will go

straight to the police. But, if you are a good little slave, I shall give this back to you at the end of the four years.”

He handed me another document.

“This is a contract stating the terms. and conditions of your servitude to me in exchange for the money. Initial above the amounts where indicated, and sign it at the bottom.”

“Without reading it, I initialed the four amounts and signed it.

He and Jacky signed as witnesses.

Then, he handed me a third document.

“This is a power of attorney that will give me complete control of all your legal affairs until four years from today. Initial it here and here and sign It there.”

I Initialed and signed as instructed; they witnessed my signature, and I watched as Mr. Devon put all the papers into his briefcase.

“Well, now, it's done!” he said happily. “It's now 8:30 in the morning. Four years from today at 8:30 A.M., you will be your own person again, but for now, you are all mine! From now on, you must learn to have no will of your own. You will take no initiative and simply do as you are told. I have big plans for you, my little sissy slave, but first, I want to lay out some ground rules. You must learn not to speak unless you are told to or when answering a direct question. You will address me as 'Master' for the time being and you will address Ms. Brown as 'Mistress,' as she will be taking part in the training I wish you to have. Is all this understood?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Very good,” he agreed. “You will have some adjusting to do when you learn what I have planned and I'll give you every chance, but I'll send you straight to prison at the first sign of disobedience or rebellion. Is that understood as well?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Fine,” said my new Master. “Now, I have a lot I have to accomplish today, so I'll leave you In your Mistress's capable hands. Do you have today's agenda all worked out, Jacky?”

“Yes, I do, Bob,” Jacky noted. “I'll have your sissy slave ready for you tonight as we discussed.”

“Then, I'm off. Be sure to obey Ms. Brown as if she were me!” Mr. Devon said, then he kissed me lightly on the lips!

I was so surprised that I didn't even try to escape.

“Good bye, little sissy slave,” he whispered, patting my bottom familiarly. Then he picked up his briefcase and left the office.

“You know, Honey, this is going to be fun, at least for me!” Jacky stated. “I think Mr. Devon's plans are perfect for you. But, we have a lot to do today, so come with me now.”



Jacky led the way out of her office to the elevators. We went down to the garage level and she opened the door of her car and had me get in. She buckled me into the seat belt, got behind the wheel and started the motor.

“Where are we going, Mistress?”

“That is your first mistake, slave!” she said angrily. “Don't you remember what your Master told you about not talking?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Remember it then! You must remain silent at all costs!” she said. “I'll overlook it... for now, but you'd better not make the same mistake again or I shall be forced to report to your Master about it!”

I was full of questions and feeling very frustrated over not being allowed to speak as Jacky drove out of the garage and headed across town. What were Mr. Devon's big plans for me, and where were we going? I was dying of curiosity about what was going to happen to me, but sat silently as we drove along.

After about fifteen minutes, we pulled up in front of a shop that had a small neon sign in the window that said: “Cynthia's Body Shoppe.”

Jacky got out and opened my door.

“Come with me,” she said.

I unbuckled my seat belt, got out of the car and followed her into the shoppe where we were greeted by a short woman in an oriental sheathe dress. Her long black hair hung in a ponytail below her ass and she greeted Jacky by kissing her square on the mouth!

“Oooh. it's so good to see you again, Jacky!” she gushed, then she looked at me. “Is this the one you told me about?”

‘That's the one,’ Jacky responded. “What do you think?”

The short woman took my face in her palms. and slowly turned my head from side to side.

“Very good material,” she said. “You will undress for me, please. Everything off.”

I hesitated and looked at Jacky.

“You will do as Cynthia instructs,” said Jacky. “She is a very dear friend of mine and she is going to help me to achieve your Master's plan for you.

Seeing no alternative, I took off all my clothes and was soon standing naked before the two women, my cheeks burning with embarrassment.

Cynthia began to poke at my naked body. She felt of my legs and arms, poked her finger in my chest a few times and squeezed my ass, which caused me to gasp with the shame of it all.

“Yes, I was right,” said Cynthia. “Very good material indeed. Definitely. It's good that the hair is so long and I know just the right color for it.”

“Is everything prepared?” Jacky asked.

“Yes,” said Cynthia. “All of my girls are excited and looking forward eagerly to this project.”

They were talking just as though I weren't there and it was beginning to annoy me.

Jacky pulled a tape measure out of her purse.

“Hold still for me while I take a few measurements,' she ordered. ”I have a lot of shopping to do for you today. Mr. Devon was very specific about the way he wants you dressed.

I stood still as Jacky measured my body in every conceivable direction and dimension, making notes in a little note pad. She finished and Cynthia handed me a short yellow terry cloth robe.

“Put this on,” Cynthia demanded.

I put the robe on, glad to have something covering my nakedness.

'I'm going to leave you in Cynthia's care while I go shopping for some suitable clothes for you to wear. I'll be back to pick you up later today,” she said.

“Come with me,” Cynthia ordered.

I followed her down a hallway and into a room that had a table, several strange machines and three young girls.

The girls all giggled when they saw me.

'This is our subject for today, girls, please prepare to begin," she said. To me, 'You will lie on the table."

The girls went about some tasks I didn't understand as I climbed up onto the table and lay on my back, feeling very uncertain about what these women planned to do to me.

Cynthia came over to me with a white cloth in her hands. She smiled at me and placed the cloth over my mouth and nose.

“Breathe deeply, Honey,” she said.

I took a couple of breaths and the room began to spin. I felt like I were falling into a great hole in the Earth, then everything went black.

I woke up feeling very strange. It took me several minutes to get my bearings. I finally figured out that I was sitting in some sort of recliner chair and I was naked again. I closed my eyes because the room was still spinning a little bit and I tried to take inventory of how I felt. My skin felt sort of funny, kind of tingly all over. My ears and my chest hurt a little and my hair felt like it had a tightness all across my head. I shifted in the chair and an involuntary moan escaped my lips.

'Oh, good, she's awake," Jacky observed. “Let's get her dressed. There isn't much time left. How do you feel, Honey? she asked, putting her face next to mine.

“Kinda groggy.”

My eyes opened wide and I sat up in the chair in shocked amazement.

"What s happened to my voice?" I squeaked. I sounded like one of those ditsy blondes in the old gangster movies.

"Take it easy, Honey," Jacky urged, gently pushing me back in the chair. "We have made some changes in your appearance and raising the pitch of your voice was part of the package of services that Cynthia provides.

"A simple procedure, really. Your vocal chords have been temporarily shortened to give you a lovely girl s voice," Cynthia noted. "You will have to return every three months for maintenance or your voice will return to the way it was."

"A girl s voice!" I couldn't believe how I sounded, like I had just breathed helium.

"Of course, a girl s voice, Silly," Jacky mimicked my squeaky voice. "Cynthia has just done wonders for you, Honey."

"Oh, God!" I squeaked. "What have you done to me?"

"If you would take the time to look, my Dear, you'd see," Cynthia suggested.

I sat up again and looked down at my body. I immediately noticed that my breasts were swollen. Not a lot, but they were definitely bigger than normal. I had a pair of budding tits on my chest! Next, I saw that I was completely hairless. All of my body hair, including the pubic hair around my genitals was gone, and both my fingernails and toenails were painted a bright red.

"You You've shaved me!" My new voice was impossibly high.

"Oh, no," said Cynthia. "We We've done far more than that! Your ugly body hair has been permanently removed by electrolysis. You will no longer need to shave!

"And we have pierced your ears so that you can wear lots of pretty earrings. You have been given a manicure and pedicure; your eyelashes and eyebrows have been altered to give you a more feminine look; your make up is perfect; and we have started a breast enhancement that will result in a pair of perfectly formed breasts In the C or D cup range in about two weeks!

"After we get you dressed up, we take the rollers out of your hair so you can see your new hair do!"

I reached up and felt my head, finding it covered with small hair rollers.

"Hair do? Breasts? But, I m not a girl!"

"You mean, you weren't a girl!" Jacky countered, "but for the next four years, you will be! That is what Mr. Devon wishes and you have no choice in the matter! You're a girl now, Honey and your name is Jennifer Evelyn Petti. A pretty name for what has become a very pretty girl!"

I opened my mouth to protest.

"That s quite enough, slave!" said Jacky forcefully. "You know the rule about talking! Your Master left instructions that your appearance be changed to that of a young woman, and that is just exactly what has been done to you! None of these changes are permanent, except the removal of your ugly body hair. When the four years are up, you can go back to being a man if you wish. For now, you just be a

good girl, Jennifer, and cooperate. If you fuss about this any more, I shall have to report it to your Master, and won't they just love you in prison looking like you do now?"

The threat of prison, especially with the feminized body I now possessed, kept me quiet. I was in a state of shock as Cynthia and Jacky helped me out of the chair.

*"This can't be happening" I thought. 'I agreed to be a slave, yes, but to be turned into a girl for the next four years? That wasn't in the bargain!*

I stumbled and the two women held me up.

'You're still a little weak from the sleeping gas. Honey," Cynthia suggested.

"Just stand still for us, Dear, and we'll dress you," said Jacky.

I stood, not believing it was really happening as they dressed me.

First, Cynthia brought over a small triangle of leather that had two elastic bands hanging from it.

"Step into the straps, Dear," Cynthia ordered.

I stepped into the openings made by the straps and Cynthia pulled the odd garment up my legs.

"Now, open your legs and stand with your feet spread wide apart and your hands on your hips," Jacky urged.

I did as she said, and to my acute embarrassment, Jacky reached between my legs from behind and, grasping my penis and balls, she pulled them up and back between my legs as Cynthia adjusted the triangle of leather over my genital area. Jacky let go of me just as Cynthia pulled the elastic straps up over my hips. The result was that my cock and balls had disappeared, held in place between my legs by the leather triangle!

I now had a girlish mound curving down my front!

"This is called a gaff, or cache-sex," said Jacky. 'You will learn how to put it on and you will be required to wear it from time to time, especially when wearing clothes that reveal your crotch area, such as a bikini!"

The two women placed a waist cincher around my waist and laced it up as tightly as they could. It shrunk my already small waist by several inches, pushing my tummy down onto my hips, making them fuller, and pushing my slightly swollen tits up and out a little more.

Jacky produced a white leather device with lots of thin straps and small, silver buckles. The women guided my arms through the straps, buckled it behind my back, then tightened the straps and buckled them in place. The garment pushed my tits together and out as it was adjusted and when the women were done, I had a small but pert pair of tits on my chest.

"How cute," Cynthia exclaimed.

"Just darling!" Jacky agreed.

Jacky then had me step into a pair of white silk panties that she pulled up my legs and adjusted over my hips. A white garter belt was fastened about my tiny waist, then white silk stockings were drawn up my smooth legs and attached to the garter belt tabs.

“Something borrowed?” Jacky noted from the bridal poem.

“Something blue,” added Cynthia, handing Jacky a blue garter that Jacky pulled up my left leg and settled around my thigh just below the top of the silk stocking.

“Something old,” Cynthia suggested as she placed a bra on my chest. It lifted my new boobs and gave them the appearance of greater size once she had adjusted them in the padded bra cups.

“Something new,” Jacky responded. She guided my arms through the straps of a white silk slip that she drew over my head, pulled down my body and adjusted to her liking.

A long and very full petticoat was pulled over my head and adjusted around my hips, then the women had me sit and a pair of white high heels were placed on my feet. They had open toes that let my painted toenails peek out and they tied about my ankles in tiny bows over my instep.

“Now for the gown!” Jacky exclaimed.

She reached into a box and brought forth a dress that made me stare in amazement. It was a wedding dress! A gown to make any young woman drool. It was made of white silk and simply oozed with lace. It had sheer sleeves that buttoned at the wrists with four pearl buttons. The bodice was low cut, with sheer silk that had seed pearls sewn onto it, reaching up to the neck where it fastened in a burst of lace. The skirt was covered with lace bows and it had a small train of white silk, also covered with lace.

The two women guided it over my head and, with much fussing, adjusted it to my body.

“Perfect!”

“Exquisite!” echoed Cynthia.

I was seated at a small vanity table and Cynthia took the rollers out of my hair. She then combed, teased, brushed and sprayed my hair until it was to her satisfaction. A pair of earrings were hung in my earlobes; a white silk veil placed on my head; and Jacky put a large engagement ring on my left ring finger. Then, the women had me stand up while they stepped back to enjoy their creation.

“Honey, you are really pretty!” said Jacky. “If someone had told me that you would have turned out this good, I never would have believed them! Come, Dear, I want you to see how really pretty the new you is!”

Jacky took me by the hand and led me into a small parlor next to the room where I had been transformed. There was a full length mirror hanging on the wall and when I first saw myself in the mirror, I gasped!

I was beautiful, really, truly beautiful! The image staring back at me was that of a pretty young bride!

My light brown hair was now red with a hint of orange in it. It had been cut so that it fell to my shoulders and framed my face in a cascade of curls. My body had a nice hourglass shape to it, curving way in at the waist. The bridal gown revealed just enough of my boobs to hint at what could not be seen and the toes of my high heels with their painted nails peeked out from under the hem of my gown.

I could not believe that this vision of loveliness in the mirror was really me and I stared in complete confusion at the image before me. The person in the mirror was definitely a beautiful young woman, of that there could be no doubt, but she was me!

And I had always been a he, not a she!

At least up until today!

How was this possible?

I was absolutely gorgeous!

I was entranced with the way I looked and very mixed up emotionally at the same time.

"It's time for us to go now, Honey. We're almost out of time," Jacky urged. "Say 'thank you to Miss Cynthia for all that she's done for you.'"

"Thank you for all that you've done for me, Miss Cynthia," I squeaked, still amazed that my voice could be so high and girlish.

"You're most welcome, Jennifer," Cynthia responded. "I have transformed several other boys into girls here at my shop, but you take the cake! You really do!"

"Pick up the front of your gown so that you don't step on it and come with me," Jacky suggested.

Lifting my gown and petticoats, I followed Jacky out of Cynthia's Body Shoppe to the car she had waiting outside. My walk was a bit unsteady in the unaccustomed high heels and my skirts made a sort of rustling noise as I moved. Jacky held the door open for me, helping me to sit and arranging the skirts of my wedding gown. She fastened the seat belt for me, got behind the wheel and drove us away.

"Mistress Jacky?"

"You may speak, slave," she said.

"Why? I can understand being Mr. Devon's slave and working for the next four years to pay off the debt I owe, but why does he want me to look like a girl? Why am I dressed as a bride? And my voice! I feel so funny when I hear myself talk!"

"That's enough, slave," she said. "I will answer your questions. Mr. Devon likes boys. Pretty boys like you delight him especially. However, in the business world, a lot of good business opportunities are missed by those men who do not have a wife. A loyal wife is a symbol of stability and responsibility in the world of business and finance. You will solve this problem for him. You will be married to him

today and become his wife in the eyes of the men who are influential and can help his career, and as a boy, and slave, and wife, you will learn to delight your new husband in bed!"

"But, I've never done anything with a man! I like girls!"

"Enough!" Jacky demanded with heat. 'You forget who you are, slave! You are the embezzler, and your likes, dislikes and wishes are not considered! What your Master wishes is all that matters. Now, be quiet, Jennifer, we are coming to the Church where you are to be married."

We pulled into the parking lot of a large Church and my sense of reality vanished completely. This simply wasn't happening! It was all some sort of weird dream! Surely I would wake up at any moment...

In a daze, Jacky helped me from the car and led me to a small room at the back of the Church. Jacky sat me on a velvet covered bench, left me briefly, then returned with the minister. He was a short, balding man in black robes who was perspiring heavily.

"Good evening, Miss Petti," he said. "I just want you to know that I have been given the rings and everything is all arranged, We can begin as soon as you re ready. And, may I say that you make a very lovely young bride, my Dear?"

"Thank you," I said in my little girl s voice.

"Just signal when you feel ready," he said to Jacky, then he left the room.

Jacky stood In the doorway through which the minister had disappeared and watched as he walked to the front of the Church. She then waved to someone inside the Church and turned to me.

"OK, Jennifer, let s go. Mr. Devon is waiting for you," she said.

I got up and walked through the door as an organ began playing, "Here Comes The Bride." As I walked down the aisle towards the altar, I could see Mr. Devon standing with the minister and a lady I didn't recognize. Mr. Devon was wearing a white tuxedo.

As I reached his side, the music stopped. Mr. Devon took my hand and looked at me with a huge smile on his face.

"My God, Jennifer, you are truly gorgeous!" he exclaimed.

I looked up at him and smiled, not yet believing that this could really be happening to me.

The minister started speaking, but I soon lost track of what he was saying, wondering when I was going to wake up. I was brought back into reality as Mr. Devon took my left hand and put a wedding band onto my ring finger.

"I do," said Mr. Devon.

"And do you, Jennifer Evelyn Petti, take Robert George Devon to be your lawfully wedded husband, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death do you part?" asked the minister.

"I do," I squeaked and Mr. Devon's tight smile became a wide grin.

"Put this ring on his finger, my Dear," said the minister. He handed me a man's wedding ring and I slipped it onto Mr. Devon's left hand.

"By the powers vested in me by this State, I now pronounce that you are husband and wife! You may kiss your bride," said the minister.

Mr. Devon turned to me and slowly lifted my veil over my head. He took me into his arms., put his face next to mine, and kissed me hard on my mouth as the minister, Jacky and the other woman looked on.

There were some marriage documents for us to sign, and Jacky and the other lady witnessed them. Mr. Devon paid the minister, then he took me by the arm and guided me out of the Church to a limousine that he had waiting for us.

Mr. Devon opened the limo door for me, helped me inside, sat beside me, shut the door, told the driver to proceed, put his left arm around me, took my left hand in his right hand, and stared into my shocked eyes.

"I have a lot to tell you before we arrive at your new home, Jennifer," he said softly, pulling me against him. "First, I want to tell you how amazed I am at how truly beautiful you turned out to be. Far beyond my wildest expectations, I got not just a wife, but a wife that will make all the other wives jealous! Your behavior at the wedding was perfect, and your voice! It was so high pitched and sweet when you said, 'I do. Jacky said the lady she was going to take you to could give you a girl's voice, but I had no idea! Talk to me again, sweet Jennifer, so I can hear your pretty new voice."

"Oh, Master, I'm so frightened and confused." I confessed hesitantly.

He was grinning at me as I spoke.

"I know that I look pretty now and my voice is much higher in pitch. I can see your wisdom in letting me be your slave for four years with some freedom, rather than spending twelve years in prison with none. But, how can I live as your wife? I'm not a girl! I don't know how to be a girl!"

"You sound wonderful!" shouted Mr. Devon.

I saw the startled chauffeur look at us in the rear view mirror.

"So girlish! So feminine!" he continued. "You don't know what joy you bring to me, my wife! I want you to relax and not worry so, my lovely one. I will pamper you and give you fine clothes and jewelry. As my wife you are going to be sheltered and well cared for. All your needs will be taken care of. I want you to be happy as Mrs. Devon. Compare that with a life in a narrow cell, surrounded by a bunch of crude men who care nothing for your beauty or your welfare, and who wish only to satisfy their animal desires between your soft lips or quivering thighs!"

"But, Master..."

"Do not worry your pretty little head about whether you will be a good wife for me or not, Jennifer," he continued. "I will see to it that you are properly trained! You will learn all the wifely skills. You will be taught to live, move, behave, and



perhaps even to think as a woman! Who knows, when this four years comes to an end and you are free once more, you may find that you will be happy to remain my wife and continue to enjoy the fine life that I am going to provide for you!”

“But, what about my old life as Mr. Petri? Someone is bound to miss me, aren’t they?”

“Nonsense!” he snorted. “I have been very busy today. Using the power of attorney that you gave me, I had all of your belongings removed from your apartment and placed in storage. Your landlady, as well as the utility companies, the phone company, credit union and the post office have been told that you have moved without leaving a forwarding address. In short, you have effectively disappeared! In addition, I have applied for a police I.D., a library card, several department store credit cards, and some other miscellaneous forms. of identification for you that we should receive in the mail in a few days.”

Dressed in my wedding gown, still feeling the sense of unreality, I lay back In my husband s arms. as the driver took us toward my new life as this man s bride! He seemed to have all the bases covered.

The man I had been, was gone.

The girl I was to be, sat passively in her husband s arms..

“Do you like the dress I picked for you, Darling? Jennifer Evelyn?” he asked.

'Yes, Master." I was at a loss for words.

“Master is somehow too stern a title to come from the lips of a loving wife,” he said. “From now on, I want you to call me 'Honey, or 'Honey Pie. Do you understand, Jennifer?”

'Yes, Honey."

Holding me tightly in his arms, my husband began to nibble at my earlobes.

“My Sweet,” he said, “what a wonderful life we re going to have together. Possessing you as I do is going to make me very happy, and I am sure that you will come to love your life as my slave-wife.”

Mr. Devon continued to nibble at my ear, petting and caressing me as he whispered his plans for my life as his bride to me. The limousine came to a halt in front of a large brick house in a very fashionable neighborhood. Mr. Devon paid the driver, then helped me out of the back of the limousine. He escorted me up to the front door which he opened. Then, he lifted me easily in his strong arms.

“Welcome home, my sweet wife,” he cried.

He carried me over the threshold and into the house. I was carried up the stairway and into the master bedroom at the top of the stairs. The bedroom was furnished with large, blocky and very masculine pieces of dark oak. There was a king sized bed in the middle of the room, and I was placed on my feet next to that bed.

“Just hold still while I undress you, my Dear,” he said.

He began to take off my clothes, beginning with the bridal veil. He slowly unbuttoned and unzipped my dress and pulled it off over my shoulders, arms, and head. He knelt and slipped the high heel shoes from my feet, then he pulled my petticoat down around my ankles and had me step out of it. He slid the blue garter off my left leg, then he stood again and pulled my white silk slip off over my head.

He stood still for a minute, lightly stroking the skin on my arms.. He unfastened and removed my bra, followed by the garter belt and the white silk stockings. Then he knelt again and ran his hands up and down my hairless legs.

'You are so soft, my Jennifer, so soft and smooth," he whispered in awe.

He took off my waist cincher which was a relief, then he took off my panties, and finally, the gaff, leaving me naked with only the breast harness, earrings and my wedding ring still on my body. I felt very weak and helpless as he handled me this way. He towered over me as he put his hands on my shoulders and turned me around. He placed both his hands on my budding boobs and pulled me back against his body. I could feel his stiffening organ against my soft bottom flesh.

"So feminine!" he said as he squeezed my little tits possessively. "I have a lovely gift for you, my pretty wife."

He released me and walked over to a dresser at the side of the room. He pulled out a pair of white silk panties that were trimmed in white lace, then he brought out a shorty two piece peignoir, also of white silk, that was the most ultra feminine garment I had ever seen. It was covered in lace and froth.

"Something for my lovely bride to wear on her wedding night," he said, handing me the panty. "Put them on while I watch you, Jennifer, Dear."

I stepped into the white silk panty and pulled it on. They felt nice against my penis and balls that were now free of the constricting gaff and beginning to come to life. I slipped my arms into the peignoir and pulled it onto my body over my head. Lastly, I put on the frothy top, tied it in a bow at the neck, and stood nervously before my new husband in the ultra-feminine garment he had chosen for me to wear.

"Now you will have to help me undress, my lovely Jennifer," he said.

I helped my husband remove his tuxedo jacket, vest, suspenders, shoes, trousers, shirt, undershirt, socks, and lastly, his undershorts, which I slid down his legs while kneeling in front of him. His penis was already half erect as it came into view, and I gasped when I saw the size of that monster!

Larger by far than any I had ever seen, it seemed to be as well muscled as the rest of my husband's body!

My mouth went dry and I began to shake with fear.

"Get onto our bed and lie on your back, Jennifer," he ordered.

I crawled onto the huge bed, turned onto my back and awaited his next command.