

**Sissy Shorts:** A series of short tales exploring the forced femininity of men: mentally coerced, conditioned, or plainly unwilling.

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**eRatech Visitor's Tour:** A collection of not at all epic stories and ideas about the 22nd century "excorporation" of multigenderist genetic furies. A silly and serious little setting I am playing with: Silious. :P

### **TRICK BODY**

Sissy Short #1: Trick Feminization with Body Control & Sticky Sissification.

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eRatech Tour Stop 1: Biochemmodification Dept.

### **MISSION STATEMENT**

"Welcome to eRatech Industries Excorporated: Multigender Research Division, the leader in Gender Mechanics Technology today. We here at eRIE Multigender are dedicated to improving the world around us as we strive to correct the growing gender inconsistencies and improprieties of our modern age. With the previous development of technologies such as hormone re-evaluation, Bio-genetic gender reassignment, and the Futanari implant, along with intergender and multigender legislation, it has never been more important for the scientific community to keep on top of the ever-evolving gender politics and technologies of our society. We hope you enjoy this insight into the complex world of gender technology research."

eRatech was founded in 2121 as a conjunction of the Eracorp Protection Agency, Moreau Industries, and Ratcliffe Silious and Sikes law firm, to ensure the safety and social protection of formerly oppressed hyperspecies throughout the Excorp Alliance. In accordance with the forward development of hyperspecies/human relations, eRIE's Multigender Research Division continues to support special and general gender variation through the same means as the father industry adheres to its primary goals.

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(Seriously, this story is a work of fiction intended for adults, that does not condone illegal or oppressive actions, and all characters are original.)

### **CONTENT WARNING**

eRatech industries employs technologies of which the effects may include, but are not limited to: NC Sissification, Forced Feminization, NC Homo-erotica, Light Petting, Body Control, Reconditioning/Re-

education, Sticky/Goo/Glue, Chemical mental suppression/reconditioning.

## **Trick Body**

**By: Izhane Twilight Tsija**

When the young rat entered the laboratory with his usual entitled swagger only to find his partner was asleep, he knew this wasn't going to be a good day for him. Adrian Silious was the nephew of James Ratcliffe, C.E.O. of eRatech, but the grandson of Eric Silious, Founder of one of the company's father corporations. Ratcliffe had married Silious's daughter, so Adrian always felt overly entitled. Due to nepotism on the part of his meddlesome mother, the very young rat had secured a cushy job as laboratory manager in the Biochemmodification Department, but was nonetheless a spoiled black sheep to most of the Silious clan, known for abusing his authority, and consistently trying to blame his foibles on his partner. It had gotten so bad that the board always took Koryanna's side, even when it was her fault. But she had been sleeping on the job, and it was her name on the invoices and reports that were being misfiled and not completed. In fact, he had been largely responsible, screwing with her friends outside of the firm, and trying to undermine her side business, forcing her to work 20 hours a day. He'd have the last laugh soon enough.

Koryanna had mostly managed, although she was slipping with her paperwork. This was problematic, however, as she was the department supervisor. The 30 year old fennec vixen was a savvy businesswoman, normally able to manage the whole department, as well as run her own business on the side. Busy as she tended to keep herself, she still had time to work out, kick-box, paint, and remain active in the lab itself. Koryanna didn't know much if anything about biochemistry, but she had a strong understanding of geochemistry, and largely for her work, was the department able to acquire, extract, and refine the chemicals used to create the flesh adhesives, fursafe ointments, advanced hair removal products, fur care products, and chemical modifiers which kept it funded and functional.

The Biochemmodification Department of the Gender Technologies Division focused primarily on depilatories, topical hormonal ointments to improve or deter hair growth, alter skin sensitivity, and improve blood flow in acquired sexual characteristics, as well as restrictive skin grafts and treatments to help reshape the body, soften or harden muscles, and apply chemicals to specific anatomical features that most required them. Currently, though, they were contracted by the clandestine "Reclassification" Department to create a complex compound adhesive that would do most of these things while acting as a sort of hormone patch for what they called "personality training." There was already a Pyhsiopsychiatric department for retraining mannerisms and the like, but as most clients didn't need it these days, it was understaffed, underfunded, and probably not even widely known about for the last 15 years. In any case, Koryanna had somehow managed to come up with something, but today she was feeling rather tired, and concerned about the presentation tomorrow morning.

Koryanna's friend, a skunk named Donnie, had been feeling really rough since his engagement was broken, and he had lost his mojo. He was a bit shallow, but at least he was loyal, so despite being exhausted from chasing after strange paperwork issues, arguing with an antitrust bureau, and working on top of it all, she felt she owed it to him to stay awake and try to lift his spirits the night before. Such was why she was so exhausted today.

Adrian yanked Kori's seat away from the workspace, acting as if to get to some paperwork, while jarring her awake as she nearly fell. She squeaked and thought to bite at him, as she shook her long and thick golden brown hair out of her face, leered, and stretched.

"What the hell, asshole?"

Adrian ignored her question. "Where is the proposal and equations for the reclass adhesive?"

"That's not due until tomorrow morning! I WAS up all last night..."

"Probably yammering with that poor sod again. Anyway, while you were babysitting your little boyfriend, I had the presentation moved to this afternoon. The brass agrees that it will give the department more time to test the compound tomorrow."

"Why... HOW the hell did you do that. This is my department, if you haven't forg..."

"My uncle is the Chair. And I got this high this fast, by doing what is best for the company, not what is best for some depressed wuss of a stinktail."

"Ratcliffe is the C.E.O. And anyway, Donnie was a champion boxer in his unit..."

"In the Chair force. A lot of good your fist does in a dog fight."

"The Navy air corps, and he can still take your ass... anyway, like I was saying I was up all night working on a tactile enhancer for the compound. I don't have the equations with me, because I only brought the test samples!"

Adrian fought to hide his insecurity as she questioned his masculinity. "Tactile enhancer?"

"Yeah, it helps increase reaction to external tactile stimuli for the feminine, and helps increase the adrenaline from internal tactile stimuli for the masculine, like it feels better when you hit stuff and such. I kinda got the idea from Donnie, in any case..."

"In any case, without the equations, the only way to present it is to test it ourselves." He made for the storage unit.

"No, wait, it's not..."

"I am the lab manager and I have been overseeing every aspect of development. In any case I am going to make the presentation, and we'll see who should be in charge." He located the samples separated into pink, blue, white, lavender, and purple canisters, and took the blue one, then moved towards the lab shower unit, and began hooking it up. He knew most of the equations, and it had been tested for side effects. "It has been cleared, and I intend to demonstrate MY skill and usefulness. Your tactile enhancement is just a bonus." In reality, he intended to reenforce his masculinity after having it questioned, and the idea of being able to hit harder from better muscle awareness gelled

well with trying to prove he was more masculine than a boxer.

"Adrian, I haven't compensated yet for the loss of muscle control caused by the redirecting of the nerves, you won't..."

"If your tactile crap does what you say, it should make up for that when I can feel my muscles," he arrogantly lectured as he shamelessly stripped. "Besides, I am quite strong enough to use my mental focus to compensate." He activated the shower and the pale blue syrupy liquid began to run out.

"But I had to..." Koryanna insisted, even as he got in and shut the door. Kori sighed and looked a bit dismayed, even if the corner of her lip was twitching slightly.

It was understandable why Adrian was not shy about removing his clothes. For one, it was not uncommon for test subjects to be naked in these laboratories, and hyperspecies were less modest in general. Beyond that, though, Adrian was a nice looking, if small-framed fellow. He had broad shoulders and his arms were lither but cut, and he had a runner's build. His legs were long, if muscular, and he had very little body fat, as did most rats. His fur was an attractive light brown with hints of silver highlights. He had huge ears, with sharp folds and dull points, a very favored look for his species. His tail was long and unusually flexible, even for a rat, so much that he had trouble keeping it still. The tips of his incisors barely showed from his upper lip, but otherwise his muzzle was well managed and just pointed enough. His salt and pepper hair was but long wisps of fur between his ears and trailed down to his neck like a mane. He was a quite attractive specimen of an athletic pretty boy.

Adrian had only to stand under the shower and let the substance fall on his fur, and quickly the bluish-purple film spread over his warm flesh and started to adhere as it took a pink hue. In previous tests on the hotbots used to evaluate effects of compounds on infrared sources, though, it had not adhered nearly so fast, nor changed color. As it vanished into his fur, he felt a tingling that indeed made him feel more sensitive and weaker as his nerves were effectively distracted, but he was more worried about the speed. He exited quickly and looked angrily to the subtly smirking fox.

"Does your tactile enhancement make it change code color, and why is it..." He became wobbly.

"Oh riiiiight... I must have mixed them up since the dormant colors were different. I WAS trying to tell you that the enhancer needs to rapidly respond to the body to stimulate the nerves correctly, but you got the wrong tactile formula. Here, you need the internal catalyst, quickly!" She hurried to grab a vial of blue serum and rush it to him, as he struggled to balance. "The proteins, amphetamines, and steroids should at least counteract the effect."

He knocked the formula from her hand. "I'm not gonna fall for your bullshit twice." He then hurried to grab the pink one, presuming she had switched them, and immediately swallowed it. He hoped, as his knees were wobbling and his nipples were hardening to the air he could now feel on them, the formula would process quickly enough. Fortunately, it did. Unfortunately, he was unable to gauge his rival's honesty and quickly dropped to his knees and had trouble moving. His hands hit the floor and he could feel the specks of dirt and the imperfections in the tile. Even if only barely, it was enough... as his skin was becoming more tactile and seeming to soften while the adhesive film was

releasing chemicals and drugs into his dermis. She had tricked him by telling the truth! Worse still, he was too weak to get to the breathing tubes, and worried the film adhesive would block his nostrils and seal his mouth. He would have been right, but Koryanna was all too prepared for this turn of events.

The sultry vixen tore off a removable section of skirt, revealing her rather lithe but shapely thighs which tapered nicely down to attractively muscular legs. Her frame was quite thin, but being semi-athletic, she had a feminine, but impressive musculature throughout her form. She had smooth curves, nonetheless, and of course a firm, flat, stark sand-shaded belly with golden fur where it intermingled with the dusted red-orange. This too was revealed as she unbuttoned and tied her blouse, which of course nicely highlighted her c-cups. Her concerned look had given way to a delicate smirk on her sharp countenance, and as she swept her salmon bangs to the side lightly brushing her large, dark orange ears and revealing the dark look in her large brown eyes. Her black pumps clopped across the tile as she grabbed a breathing apparatus and her bag and approached the struggling, dizzy rat.

Adrian could see and hear just fine, but his equilibrium and motor control were compromised even as his sense of touch was hypermagnified. As he saw the now inappropriately dressed and cocky she fennec walking towards him, he tried to get up and the floor tickled his feet and he fell to his knees again. Either way, he needed the breathing tube, and was relieved for his life as Kori knelt behind him, but the first thing she did was remove a thin feminine gel mask with make-up and apply the tube to the back of the mouth. The mouth clearly seemed able to open and close, which was distressing in that it was meant to adhere, but not yet disturbing. At least it had eye holes, but still the prominent lashes, soft, rounded muzzle, and realistic whiskers didn't make it easy to take comfort. Adrian's eyes slowly opened all the way as his lids were even weak. "Mmmph!?" He grunted with perturbed anxiety, as she casually continued.

"I tried to tell you it wasn't ready yet, but since you insisted on moving my presentation and trying to take credit... I guess we need to get you ready for the meeting." She took his jaw and easily opened it, as he tried to struggle but was too weak to resist, and becoming weaker. Anyway, he knew he needed to breath. As a knee jerk reaction he tried to back up, and ran into Kori as she slipped the tube into his throat and pressed the mask to his face. It immediately adhered to the film, but also secured his nostrils open. What worried him, is that the mask felt warm and pleasant on his face, even if it didn't quite fit. "I would recommend, however, that you do indeed try to refocus your muscles and take back control." Damn right, he was gonna take back control, as he tried to grunt at her, and was met with another unfortunate surprise.

The tube immediately inflated in his mouth and coated his throat as it mimicked the exterior adhesive, and what was worse, it felt rather nice. Now it was becoming disturbing, but what worried him more... HE in fact felt rather nice, which was far more upsetting at the moment. He could notice Kori's body against his back, the air on his nipples and through his fur, the floor against his feet as they slid lazily, and the odd warmth of the mask on his hands as he tried to pull it away. He was more reacting to the exterior stimuli as he had to focus most of his thought to gaining muscle control, but even as he did, he felt uncomfortable, with warm pressure on his legs, feet, midsection, arms, and shoulders. Quickly enough he'd have other things to worry about, as he didn't notice what Koryanna was removing next from her tote.

Her legs surrounding him on either side, only further distracting his overwhelmed spacial senses, he had no where to go as she slid the lavender bikini panty over both feet and started pulling them up. At once he had to get away and regain control, but as he tried he only backed into her warm body and was torn which to try to ignore as this time two things were unfortunately noticeable. As he backed fully into her, he felt something hard at the base of his tail. It was hardly big enough to be what he might have suspected, but still too big for his comfort, and she was placing him in panties, it was an extremely intimidating thought. Intimidating enough that in order to ignore it, he was forced to focus on and enjoy the satin sliding up his sensitive legs as they were tightening around his thighs before he could process any of what was happening. "Ok, now, ok, if you keep resisting, you won't be able to enjoy this." Adrian grunted and huffed muffled objections under the very intrusive breathing tube as the panties wrapped over his hips, rode up his ass, and cupped and caressed his package. It was all he could do to avoid getting aroused as his sensitive and flaccid cocktip was stroked by fine satin, but fortunately he was able to worry more about why the panties seemed so tight around his backside.

Koryanna had no interest in letting him ponder anything, as she reached in to carefully adjust him so that he rested nicely inside of the garment. The hot vixen with something hard under her skirt was touching him, he was hypersensitive, and it felt very nice. He wanted to get away and get turned on at the same time. He got turned on, yet he did not become physically aroused. Meanwhile, the pressure on his back was getting sharper. He began to panic, as Kori's arms moved away again, and once more his focus came back to the tightness on his legs and feet, arms, shoulders, and abdomen. Why not his chest, hips, or... "Well Crap... Duh" he thought, as he quickly realized his body was being gently reshaped into a more effeminate form. As well, his skin was feeling softer and his movements becoming docile. The estrogen, sedatives, and calcium were effecting his muscles and ability to resist. He knew he needed to resist more! But something didn't add up. Again, his attention was diverted as the microfiber touched his toes.

As the thin but opaque white thigh high tight wrapped around his foot it felt incredible against his delicate new skin. So much so he didn't notice the gentle warmth in his pelvis, even as it kept him at bay for Kori to pull the stocking up his leg. He wanted to fight back, but it was hard as the silky fiber graced his skin and came to rest very high on his thigh. He was getting really hot, but only barely erect as he could not help but relax back into Koryanna's embrace. "There's a good sissy, relax and enjoy it." Immediately he remembered himself, and as he did he remembered he needed to focus to regain his control. As soon as he started to try, the panty seemed more snug on his fuller hips, and his feet and legs felt daintier in the warm tightness of the stocking, and it was indeed mildly warm, but he was too distracted to notice. His other foot was graced by the same pleasure, and he had to focus all his energy on resisting or else he'd get stuck in this sissified body!

As soon as he came to such realization, he knew he had to get away, and not back into her more, so he mustered all he had to stand up, and as his stocking feet hit the ground a wave of dizzying pleasure overtook him, and he did not even notice that he was standing with his legs together and butt out. Koryanna was calm and highly amused as she pulled out the lavender and white satin corset, and with ease secured him into it and began lacing. He began to sense he was getting his balance back from the help of the quickly warming corset, came to, and tried to fix his posture, but Kori promptly tugged tight the corset, slimming his waist, and again sending him into a dizzying arousal. He realized he was starting to like the clothes, but also as his arms thinned out, and his hips filled in, that his posture and muscle movement were changing. Still, he had become too panicky and confused to realize his own

resistance was at fault. As he paid attention to the clothing and focused on his body and muscles, he subconsciously adapted to the pleasurable stimuli enhanced sixfold by the luxurious clothing. Koryanna was more than well aware of this, as she slipped the white arm warmers on and continued to talk him into her trap. "I always suspected you were kind of a fruit. You can't fight back, because you don't want to, Adrienne."

She made sure to enunciate 'enne' instead of the neutral 'uhn,' and his fight returned tenfold, as he tried to move around and hit her, but instead twirled on his toes, teasing himself in the panties and stockings and gracefully ended back on two feet, one with heel up, leg bent at the knee, and his palms down and fingers up. He began to put it together, but was also still liking this way too much. He had to do something immediately, so he tried to lunge at her, and only ended up curtsying.

"What the hell am I doing?" He thought, as the whimsical clothing not only seemed to be guiding his motions, but seemed to be one with his body. He realized as his abdomen, legs, and even his manhood were cooling down, that the adhesive was beginning dry as the panties and stockings were becoming permanent features, and quite possibly the corset and arm warmers as well. What was worse though, the mask was not only feeling more fit to his face, but he could not even tell where the mask ended and his eyelids began. He tried immediately to stop resisting, but by now it was to Kori's advantage as she slipped the lavender gloves onto his hands. The felt so cozy and warm that he wiggled his fingers as his hips and thighs finished filling out, and his hands, feet, legs, and shoulders became more petite. He was still somewhat androgynous, but hardly masculine anymore.

As the soft mask adhered to his face and he smiled softly through the subtle violet lipstick and was guided gracefully into the chair, he realized it was too late, and now his muscles, spacial awareness, and sense of touch had taken over from the hyperstimulation. Koryanna had one other thing to do before the adhesive compound dried onto his skin, even as Adrian was sorting things out. As she placed a pale pink wig with curled pigtailed over his mane-like hairstyle, and settled his ears through it in such a way they seemed just a tad rounder, he could clearly see a small bump forming under the top of her skirt, and was in far too precarious a position to even worry about his outfit. Kori backed off to view the rat looking now very much like a mouse as the white mask, with pink and lavender eyeshadow and faint rose blush smiled mindlessly back, and absentmindedly blinked at her demurely. And indeed Adrian's mind, while screaming in fury and fear, was not present on the outside. The feminine chemicals and hormones in conjunction with the clothing had given control to his new, highly aroused (yet all but flaccid) sissy body.

Koryanna smiled with toothy gleeful vengeance, as she sat at his feet and lifted one up, admiring it. His body wiggled the toes a bit, as it reacted to the odd conditioning and the pleasure, but it wasn't permanent as Adrian's mind would come back eventually. He'd either be able to break through the conditioning, or... well Koryanna didn't want to give him too much wiggle room. It was fine for his daintier toes to wiggle, though, as she tickled his foot before slipping on the lavender ankle socks with white lace frills. This, and then the violet, glittery ballet flats, distracted his body long enough that his libido slowly surrendered and allowed him to be trained to walk and stand in his soft socks and cute shoes for the rest of the morning. It was entirely humiliating as each step in the soft leather shoes, each touch of Kori correcting his posture, and each muscle movement locking him into the new mannerisms which teased at him through the clothes held him and unwilling prisoner in his own body. He was helpless to adapt, but Kori knew that his control would start to return, and with it his mind, if

she didn't push to seal it in.

By eleven, Kori, having had a small breakfast, was already getting hungry, but could not stop for lunch, leaving Adrienne unsupervised and unstimulated to slowly regain control. Anyway, he probably needed a little snack too. He was terrified as Koryanna effortlessly knelt him in front of her, and dropped her skirt to reveal damp, but flat panties. He was quite relieved. He didn't know his horny body required continued stimuli for him to be permanently sissified, but knew he didn't want to push his arousal which was already preventing his resistance, but as she pulled down her panties to reveal her salmon colored lips, and generous clitty, he knew it could have been worse.

As the cute fennec woman guided his head forward, he figured her had no choice, and may as well. Not that it mattered, his body was calling the shots. Still it was disconcerting that he could feel her easily through the mask as his lips petted over her sex and pressed to suckle at the prominent clitoris. "There's a good little sissy, work those cocksucking lips." He heard, and it was distressing, but he was more worried that he was enjoying this at all, mostly because he could taste her lips, even with his coated tongue, and even though he was suckling at an attractive woman's vagina, his penis was only aroused enough to feel the delicate fabric on his cocktip and remind him of his plight. Only, as he continued to suckle the hot clitty which filled his pursed lips, he didn't realize how bad it was going to get.

As she got into it and started rolling her hips a bit, the clitoris was far too wide between his lips as she moved slightly back and forth, but it tasted good as he noticed his tongue was free to lick at it. He suckled more intently as he fretted over his hypersensitive, but otherwise soft penis and his unwilling enjoyment of the panties, stockings, and gloves. The satin gloves became more noticeable as placed his hands on her thighs, and the snug socks were warm and comfy on his soft feet as his toes began to wiggle. His body was responding to his concerns, as it cruelly reminded him he was in fact a trapped sissy. When he finally decided to try and stop paying attention to that end enjoy the sex, he noticed something far more alarming.

His lips were quite full, and his tongue, still coated, had become loose as it licked at the cylindrical warmth pushing into his muzzle. Her large clitoris was expanding into a... He has been giving head for several moments and as his tongue wrapped around and caressed the penis he was now sucking, he not only recalled his body had no resistance, but remembered why as his sensitive penis twitched in the sealed on panties, and his toes curled as he began to lick the precum from the futanari fennec.

Meanwhile, Koryanna was enjoying the simple pleasure of a cute little sissy helplessly sucking her off, as her victim's satin wrapped hands caressed her thighs, and her new, soft, little tongue stroked at her delicate flesh while the chin petted her lips. She pushed down on her head and clenched her toes to the insoles of her heels as her cock twitched while her victim readily lapped at the precum and massaged her with her lips. Koryanna happily and carelessly blew her hot, thick seed into the unwilling sissy's mouth, who sucked it down her unwilling sissy throat, as her unwilling sissy body enjoyed it, despite her unwilling sissy cock remaining just barely aroused.

In fact as Adrienne's little clitty twitched in her panties and her toes curled tightly in her stockings, her body happily caressed Kori's thighs and swallowed her cum. As it heated her insides and filled her chest with warmth, she was immediately aware of her entire out of control body. Still all Adrian could

do was cutely lick up the leftover cum his taste buds were coming to enjoy. Having been trained now for three hours to walk, stand, sit, and now give head, like a sweet little sissy, Kori expected the stimulus and humiliation would be quite enough to last through her lunch break, but just in case she gave him a light sedative, and restrained him to one of the test subject tables, so he could float in his undesired arousal until she got back.

Indeed, Adrian was barely even conscious, but entirely horny despite himself for the next forty minutes, and as the drug wore off and the humiliation set in, he reactively began to fight his body only to imprison his thoughts once more. This provided Koryanna all afternoon to dye his fur to match the smooth mask. It may not have looked entirely real, but she knew it was cute enough to deter from that, and that he would easily pass inspection, and still serve his ultimate purpose. As she finished dressing her subject for the presentation, she finally gave Adrienne a chance to see herself in a mirror. The sissy was so pretty and delicate, that the rat blushed in humiliation, making the mouse blush in shyness. The mirror was an excellent reinforcement which reminded her of the entire outfit, keeping her body in charge, as Koryanna playfully attached a leash and collar and led her to the elevator.

3:30 had come all too fast for Adrian, but a bit slow for Koryanna, who had become eager to present her findings to the division manager, finance, Reclassification, Psychopsychiatry, and the Pharmaceutical Dept. She walked into the board room with a delightful little white furred mouse/rat thing with a dollish but lifelike face dressed in white tights and arm warmers, lavender socks and gloves, violet flats, and modest but lovely lavender and pale pink lamee and georgette babydoll dress. It was accessorized with a silver ankle bracelet with a little heart, clip on earrings to match, and a cute pink collar attached to a little leash by which she was lead. She walked delicately with her eyes down, hands clasped in front, and tail sort of tucked between her legs. She was delicate and adorable, but quite charming and graceful too.

"Good afternoon, everyone. I am quite happy to report that not only have I designed a psychophysiological alternative gender chemical treatment, but I believe I have expedited its effects in a way that secures the subjects compliance. With the addition of a tactile enhancer, the subject will never suffer from a moment of indecision, as my sample tester will demonstrate. Mr. Adrian Silious gracefully offered, insisted even, that this project be successful, and volunteered his services. While he was hesitant to act as a test subject, we were confident in our efforts, and as a result, his hesitation did not prevent him from completing the experiment."

Many faces turned back and forth to one another, as they realized she was the size and build of Adrian, not to mention flat, and they knew the department had had strife. Meanwhile Adrienne stood there demurely, as inside his humiliation was curbed by his arrogance, and he knew she'd get the ax for being stupid enough to admit it was him. Unfortunately, as the presentation continued, and she demonstrated his grace, compliance, and good sissy-like manners while his body was still trapped in a cycle of reaction to pleasure and conditioned muscle training which reminded him of the pleasure, the execs were quite amused. They had indeed often promoted and rewarded Adrian, but usually to get rid of him or keep him from making trouble. Nobody here liked him, at least not enough to shut down his biggest contribution to the division.

"So in conclusion, I believe not only will this chemical treatment serve the needs of the Reclassification department adequately, but will revolutionize psychophysiological gender

reassignment as we know it, and fund the entire division for another decade. Thank you. Adrienne, take a bow." The unwilling sissy curtsied cutely, and returned to her demure pose as the board clapped for his humiliation.

"What about this one? If the process is not reversible as you mentioned, would he be useful for further testing?" Asked one of the lab execs.

"Oh, no. The process was too fast, so there will be nothing to test, but it is safe, and without the tactile enhancement, or the tactile enhancement without the compound, testing is still entirely possible."

"How do you intend to fund this extra testing, now that you have exceeded the original request?" Insisted a budget manager.

"Well since Adrienne here is of no further use to us, I have already brokered a sale for 80,000. We have the equipment, and the extra money should cover the manpower. And our sissy doll's new owner should prove excellent publicity."

He'd been sold!? Adrian was... well not nearly as mortified as he should have been, as his mind was still sorting out his body's weakness. He willed himself to turn and walk out as Koryanna guided him, without even realizing it as he pondered who might own him. It was scary, but not for the right reasons, as his pleasure and arousal overtook his logic, building a new identity over the old mind.

His body was being controlled by him, but not in his control. His decisions were still clouded by his physical conditioning, but as he was taken to the lobby, then to a conference room and saw the buff male skunk signing some paperwork for a suited ferret, he had other things to think about. Donnie approached him and Kori, as she nudged the new sissy to her owner. Donnie said some words to Kori and there were returned, but as the sexy skunk in his polo shirt and slacks laid a hand on Adrienne's chest, through the smooth lamee, the sissy mouse rat inhaled from the enjoyable touch and found herself readily pulled against the lonely young athlete, as his hand groped her behind and rubbed. Adrian was conflicted, but her body loved the attention, as her left foot slipped back and started to lift. She could feel the bulge even as her whole body was turned on, and still only slightly reactive in the satin. It clearly was not him, but he could feel every calm but lustful breath of the man holding him.

"She's precious, Kori... and so delicate. How can I thank you enough?" Donnie gushed in a soft tone, as he looked into his new sissy's conflicted eyes."

"You have done plenty for me already, and you need a nice companion to cheer you up. She is all yours, all the time, hun. I just want you to enjoy."

"You hear that, precious? You're all mine. And I most certainly will enjoy." He kissed her deeply and without warning, and it felt far too wonderful. She barely realized she was moving on her body's own accord, as she kissed back with soft new muzzle. It felt quite warm and real, to them both, and filled Adrienne's body with desire, even as his trapped mind was forced to endure in humiliation. In any case, he owned her now, and she was his to enjoy, as was clear when her foot lifted off the ground and rose up behind her as she leaned into the kiss. She was jarred, much to her own dismay, when he

broke it, but his words and motions seemed to still guide her enslaved body.

"Come, little one. Time to come home with me, so we can play for real." Adrian had no desire, even despite his body to play with the man he had been intent on beating up, but that did not matter, as Donnie took the leash and led the new delicate sissy through the lobby and across the building, and her body merely followed gracefully behind her owner, and into his car, so he could take her home and finalize her sissification before she fully realized what was happening to her and suspected any chance to still escape.

Donnie drove him with fair haste, as he was excited to try out his brand new playmate. He had been very lonely, but did not entirely lack blame. He was at once shallow and satyristic, and still somewhat juvenile, especially in his preferences. But now he had the perfect little boyfriend to play with, and was not going to waste any time.

The skunk was already quite excited as they pulled into the carport, and he got out and flew around the car to open the door and take Adrienne's leash. As she started to move, he detached it, and caught the servile body off guard. "You're not a puppy, precious, you're my playmate. Now come along, beautiful, time to see your new home." Adrian was doing all he could to break through, but as the feet touched the floor as she felt herself moving sweetly, Adrienne still had firm control. At least he took comfort in that Adrienne was only a body, but then again, that is all Donnie needed. She was once more distracted as she entered the house.

It was very... blue. The furniture was a neutral blue, the walls a pale blue. Some cobalt decorations and a lot of glass made the veteran's home very... non-militaristic. If it had been navy blue, or air force blue, but it was just kind of... blue. The pictures of airplanes and navy themed art, along with the silver and grey sports memorabilia, black plasma screen, and a few ferns and some green here and there softened it, but as gender neutral as it may have been otherwise, one other thing stood out that very much disturbed Adrian.

He had a doll fetish. Not baby dolls or sissy dolls necessarily, but a display of princess dolls and figurines in one corner, and a case with lavender and purple outfitted Victorian era dolls set off some alarms. The real concern, however, was the life-sized, princess bunny sex doll on the sofa, and the jailbaitish ballerina kitty sex doll seated at the table. Neither seemed to have breasts. Donnie moved to pick up and reposition the rabbit at the table with the other one. "Now Princess and Tiny Dancer will still need my attention, precious, but don't worry," He returned to her, and placed his hands on her shoulders as she looked up into his eyes. Adrian was finally becoming truly worried, but his body showed no sign of anything but delicate compliance. "You're my living and breathing sissy girl, and I am going to take good care of all of your needs."

Despite the obvious connotations, she didn't have time to ponder what he meant as he kissed her again. The trapped body almost instinctively moved to meet his lips, and she kissed her owner sweetly, placing her hands on his sides as he wrapped his arms around her, and she rose to her tip toes and lifted her foot again slightly. Her body liked this, and Adrian could do nothing but sweetly kiss his new master, until he lowered her onto her feet again. By now she could not stop focusing on the clothes, and it had become a singular, second-nature pleasure controlling her body.

You do look absolutely adorable, precious, but those clothes are for daytime, and not at all appropriate for playing together in the evening. But, don't worry little one," he stroked her chin and kissed her nose. "I have just the thing." He took his sissy's hand and led her to the bedroom. Adrienne actually felt some excitement, but it wasn't Adrian. He didn't understand that his body was starting to behave on its own, as he happily followed the masculine if kinky skunk into his room, and waited helplessly for a new outfit. The underthings were going to stay, but she was curious what she would wear next.

Donnie stripped her of the dress, gloves, socks, and shoes, which distressed her a bit, but also worried her as Donnie looked lewdly over her form. He had to resist for the moment though to dress her up. As he slipped her into a lavender silk babydoll night gown, the fine fabric on her chest swept her from any other thoughts, as she was guided to sit on the bed, and saw the pink satin ballerina slippers set aside, as the naked skunk sat on the side of the bed and placed her feet in his lap.

Adrian watched as his body wiggled its toes near Donnie's erection. He at least knew the panties were permanent, so was less worried about that, and mentally prepared to suck his penis, despite himself. Donnie was delighted like a child with his dream toy, as he wrapped his hands around her feet, and gently massaged. It felt so amazing, that part of Adrian, seemingly Adrienne curled her toes and then started wiggling them as her feet relaxed. He began to understand as he enjoyed the attention on some level, that that part of him was giving in, had given in. His body was in control, but as the foot rub filled it with simple pleasure, he knew that he was allowing it, and he couldn't stop.

"You really are the cutest little thing, Precious. I think that will be your name too: Precious. Do you like that, little one?" She smiled softly, curled her toes, blushed, and let out a tiny squeak. Immediately after her eyes went wide as she rediscovered her voice, but it was different, it was cute. The compound has restricted her vocal cords, and while Adrian was now fully humiliated, Precious seemed to like it and immediately after she giggled and covered her face.

"I'll take that as a yes." Donnie smiled widely as he wiggled her toes. "Do you like foot rubs? You can have them every day if you want, Precious. I told you I would take care of my little girl, and I meant it." He moved to put the slippers on her soft feet, and as she opened her lips to speak, she only gasped as the satin and terry surrounded her stocking paws, and thoroughly secured her body's control. Adrian was realizing, even as he reeled from the pampering, that this shallow new sissy identity was taking over. If he was going to ever escape this fate he had to...

The sissy felt warm hands massaging quickly up her legs, relaxing her body as she sank into the mattress and gently moaned in her new squeaky voice. She couldn't think. Adrian couldn't think. He tried to, though as the masculine form ascended to his side, a hand caressing his ass through the high riding panties, as another tilted his head and his eyes opened, just in time to close again, as Donnie pressed his muzzle to his sissy's, and Precious kissed back passionately. His feet in the comfy slippers slid against the mattress. He turned onto his side to press his hand on Donnie's chest as he accepted the skunk's tongue into his mouth. His leg wrapped over the skunk and he felt the bulge of the erection through the silk against his belly, even as his own soft but hypersensitive member endured the pleasure of the satin helplessly.

Donnie broke the kiss, and through heavy breaths grunted, "Mmh, Precious." He then simply started

nibbling at her jaw and she began to moan. Adrian was trapped as precious, but there had to be way... if he could just... Precious rolled over a bit as Donnie's hand pressed against her sensitive chest through the fine silk, and inhaled as her feet chaotically slid about and a hand grabbed the mattress. The programmed reactions that were Precious did not want to let her imprisoned mind think. Still Adrian was doing all he could as the hand caressed down her body, until it began to delicately pet the needy and soft cocktip through the satin. Precious moaned sweetly in delight, as Donnie whispered in her ear.

"Are you ready for me, Precious?" No... no he wasn't ready. He wasn't going to have this happen! "Yes, master," she hotly whispered in her new-found cute voice. What, wait, NO! At least the panties still guarded her. Nonetheless, Donnie moved on top of her, pushed her knees to her chest, looked into her eyes, and smiled, as he positioned himself, and there was a brief coolness before Donnie's tip slid through a small slit and poked at her tailhole. "Sir will do fine."

There was no time for reaction as he pushed his precum lubed penis into his sissy's orifice, and she gasped in pleasure as she wrapped her legs around him, and he again placed a hand on her chest, another bared down on the mattress, and he began to gently but swiftly thrust. Precious's jaw fell open, and she just breathed her silent pleasure as the warm member sealed Adrian away in his sissy body while he watched through hazy eyes as his owner took his pleasure in his body. The sweet little sissy was entirely overcome with physical pleasure, as her chest was caressed through the silk, her toes curled in the slippers and tights, he breathed heavily against the confining corset, and the hot male body grunted in flowing pleasure as he fucked her softly in the ass, his belly bumping the satin trapped pleasure of her cock.

Meanwhile Donnie looked down on his soft little prize with lust and affection, as he caressed the soft, flat chest, and slipped hotly through the tight virgin canal as the stocking legs rubbing against his waist drove his member to tremble before he smiled and orgasmed warmly into his sweet new lover. It felt warm, and sweet and soothing, and immensely satisfying as Precious responded by wrapping her legs tight around him, and moaning in her own pleasure.

She had no way to orgasm, but that was an afterthought as the heat of her owner spread through her form and justified her surrender while her sissy accoutrement wrapped her in warmth and pleasure from the outside. As Donnie gasped a breath from his final spurt and came upon her, she opened her muzzle readily for it, and they kissed fully and deeply as he slipped into an afterglow, and her docile body softened as the person trapped as Donnie's plaything realized he no longer had a choice.

The kiss softened and faded into a nuzzle as Donnie slowly came to rest beside her and cradle her supple body. She cuddled up close and tucked her head under his chin. "That was beautiful, Precious. You're beautiful. Sleep well, little girl."

"Yes, Sir. It was wonderful for me too. " She stroked his cheek as he began to drift off, and in her mind she knew she was his, and there was nothing she could do about it now. "Thank you, Sir. I hope you sleep well, too."

THE END

