

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

MISS CONSTRUCTED

Sissy Shorts # 2 : Sissy Slut Short

Revenge Feminization with Mind Control and Brainwashed Sluttification

&

Sandy's Reform School for Sissies, Grand Opening

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This story was inspired in part by the works of DA Kobi-94 and FA Crazycowproductions and Silver_Fly.

DISCLAIMER

This story is intended for readers 18 years or older. It is a work of fiction. Any likeness of any character to any real or fictional person, living or dead, is purely unintentional and coincidental. The Author does not endorse non-consenting sexual activities, kidnapping, or any other offensive or unlawful aspects of this story as listed within the contents warning below. Anyone offended by these things should not read this work. If they do, they do so at their own discretion. This work is copyright (c) Izhane Twilight, 2013. Do not repost or reproduce without author's permission.

CONTENTS WARNING

NC Sissification, Forced Feminization, Mental Reeducation/Reconditioning, Mind Control, Objectification, Humiliation, Sexually aggressive behavior, Oral Sex, Male on Male/Sissy sexual acts, Heavy Petting, Graphic Homo-eroticism, Graphic sexuality, Europhilia.

Miss Constructed

Mr. Hideyoshi was a regular at the local Japanese gentleman's club. It was quite out of the way, especially as most of his business associates did not discuss such things in polite company. Most such establishments in the area of any Asiatic influence tended to be Chinese or Vietnamese, besides. There was just enough cultural differences that Mr. Hideyoshi and his associates preferred this location, as again it was the only one of any repute. There were quite a few native Japanese employees, mostly lapines and felines, but there was a vixen or two, but many of the girls were also Euro-American, and a wide range of species. It was off-putting as Mr. Hideyoshi had rather confined taste, but also a bit exotic. His favorite girls were the foxes, as might be expected, and His night was when they dressed up as school-girls. It was hardly their favorite night though.

Now Mr. Hideyoshi was not unappealing at first glance. At 24, he was a very successful low-level executive at a manufacturing contracting firm, giving the young vulpine the air of power. As well, he was an attractive, if thin, fellow, seemingly more so, because of his long, black hair, which he of course kept neatly tied in a ponytail. It was his only real rebellious streak, his way of proving to his family that he was his own todd. Indeed, his masculinity had always been a source of some insecurity,

for despite being raised to carry himself with a very dominant and masculine bearing, his appearance was not necessarily manly. His coloration was very fair, a soft red, almost a sharp pink, contrasting heavily with the black of his hair to bring attention to his form. He wasn't very muscular, not even as foxes go, but very sleek, even graceful. And his muzzle, while sharp, had light enough colors and soft enough fur to give him a fairly delicate countenance. If not for his strong and stern outward bearing, aggressive and cold demeanor, long, quick, and thick-furred tail held high, straight, and stiff, and dominant eyes, he could easily be perceived to be delicate, submissive, maybe even effeminate. Between the way he was raised, however, and his lingering insecurity, any masculinity tended to come off as condescending and chauvinistic as often as it did assertive and able. And his only chance to release the tension of his stiff and guarded demeanor presented itself at the club, where his worse side definitely prevailed. He needed to relax, gather his calm, and express himself after guarding his emotions all day, and usually his emotions were not pleasant.

The ladies were used to being swatted on the ass, groped beyond what was normally acceptable, sometimes insulted, even spit at on occasion. They were even used to getting stiffed, but Mr. Hideyoshi was another story all together. Over the last few weeks, he and his friends had shook some hands with the club manager, bartenders, and even one of the girls. Hideyoshi could not be seen with prostitutes, so he took out his less proper desires on some of the girls. He had connived the management so that he could do things like pay them directly, causing the girls to lose money, get away with stiffing them if they didn't sate his perversions, however mild, and withhold money unless they allowed him to insult, humiliate, grope and pet, or occasionally, even spank them. And he usually wasn't gentle about it. The club was not exactly liked by the local law, so Hideyoshi, and eventually his friends, started getting away with such excessive and humiliating treatment of the ladies. He even went so far as to take pictures of the girl's red asses over the last two weeks, and for the most part it was nothing new for most of them. One 17 year old, however, who was already struggling to help her family with her father ill, had gotten kicked out of school, losing any chance she had at getting into college.

Kimiko not only was run out of the club, after rumors of her promiscuity and compliance nearly got her raped, but was also shunned by her sick father who no longer wanted her money. The situation was not hopeless, but the introverted mouse was very depressed and struggling to find work. Irena Sandoval, a friend in the casino business who had gotten her the job from old connections, was the only person she had to lean on. Irena was having her own business problems, and while she was more than willing to be there for her dear friend, the added stress was getting to her.

Irena was affectionately known in the business as the sheep in wolf's clothing. Her appearance as a fairly small domestic ewe with light grey and neat, but soft wool and soothing blue eyes, and natural feminine delicacy and grace, was no match for her stern and intimidating expression, and resolute personality. A security manager at a nearby major casino, Irena knew a few people in the vice underworld from rising through the ranks from a bouncer at a raunchy strip club, but she was better at guarding money than managing it. The security system for the casino was outdated, and she couldn't manage the budget to buy a new one outright. She knew she could cut corners if she shook a few hands with the manufacturing firm to lower the budget by lowering the quality, but she didn't want to deal with that ...until now.

On a pleasant Friday morning, Mr. Hideyoshi got the call. It was a lucrative contract, but he also knew it would keep him very busy over the next few days. On top of it, he was familiar with Sandoval, having dealt with her as a bouncer when he was a minor. He knew she had connections in the same seedy parts of society he shamefully participated in, including his favorite haunt. After he had carefully, with his associate Mr. Okakura's help, swept this silly harassment mess under the rug, he figured Sandoval was trying to keep him busy, and distract him with money. Money was the only part of her plan that was going to work.

At the meeting that afternoon, as the arrogant little lamb and her nag of a lawyer spouted the normal legalese, Mr. Hideyoshi was amusing himself at the situation, as he ignored her and pondered:

"How absurd, the silly little lamb thinks she can throw a wrench in my affairs? She isn't even trying to hide that she is doing this to distract me. Any man would think far enough ahead to realize that after all this effort, I will have only more need to find an enjoyable outlet. As if women are not irrational enough, how can such a low creature on the food chain hope to outwit me? After this backfires in her face, she will learn it is not a woman's place to play these games, and return to the bedroom where she belongs ...or even the stage. Yes, I shall look forward to this."

Mr. Hideyoshi daydreamed and pondered a lot, albeit usually a bit more Japanese, but in any case, Mr. Okakura was handling most of the paperwork. Since, however, Sandoval had even mentioned Kimi by name earlier, it was apparent that there might be a conflict of interest. Mr. Hideyoshi thusly suggested that Mr. Okakura manage the contract. Again, it was clear to him, women were simply too emotional to think things through all the way.

The signing was smooth enough, and everyone shook hands, and Mr. Hideyoshi was happy to have this deluded farm stock out of his office, and out of his hair, but not knowing her place, she suggested a more social activity to celebrate the contract.

She offered to buy him a spa treatment. The Gall! Such venues were NOT for the mixing of sexes... even in America! But as she explained that she was buying it for him alone, and possibly Mr. Okakura, as a good faith gesture to show there were no hard feelings, he was relieved she understood at least something about propriety between the genders. The only time a woman needed to see a man naked was when she was procreating with her husband, or in the case of a whore, doing her job. Anyhow, it would have been impolite and uncivil to not accept the gift, so he politely acknowledged her, thanked her, and excused himself. He had to get ready to go home and then out again to the spa later that afternoon, so he did not have time to wait for Mr. Okakura.

Later that afternoon, as Mr. Hideyoshi and Mr. Okakura were relaxing in the steam room after deep massages, the young mogul was all too amused at the entire situation, and barely able to even pay attention to enjoying himself. He and his associate had shared few words regarding the business, and after hours entertainment, but Mr. Okakura had mentioned a similar new establishment to the one he frequented, which he might enjoy, and would be introduced to after the current contract was concluded. A thought which only further amused him as he uncharacteristically enjoyed himself without infuriating other people.

"He's old, but knows his place in society. It is refreshing to know a man who knows when he is

not a predator. But then of course he does, he may not have the cunning of a canid, but he is a man, as well he definitely knows his way around the local attractions, and if he knows a place that I don't, it must be even easier to relax without whores like Sandoval in the way. I don't know why he is so merciful with his whores, but that hardly matters if he is willing to do the dirty work to handle Sandoval, and take even more stress of me and my fun. With this perverted old hare in my pocket, and the money I'll be making, not only will I have more sluts than any man needs, but I'll even be able to make it up to that rabble rouser, and get that little skank rat rehired. No one else will have her, but Okakura will certainly will, and I shall enjoy her gratis. These whores will learn their places."

His thoughts, though misogynistic, were not cruel. He simply felt them to be the way things were, unlike Mr. Okakura who'd had to work his way up the chain, and was still subordinate to Hideyoshi, but knew to be patient enough to wait until Mr. Hideyoshi's ego got the best of him. At 35 and with less notable success, The older rabbit was nowhere near as entitled. Mr. Okakura had his traditional ideas, but was not a jack-ass about it. Still, he was not beyond objectifying strippers, and he certainly did know his way around the local gentleman's establishments. He even had the connections to cause Sandoval problems. Any words beyond those exchanged would have been uncivilized, but even so, Mr. Hideyoshi knew what he was suggesting, and was quite satisfied with the prospects.

"As for Sandoval, certainly I can convince him to break her influence on the local scene, and with a bit of liberty with the contract, she will have no choice but to return to the household where she belongs, if not take her proper place in her precious industry."

As the gentlemen exited the sauna, they were greeted with a gift of chilled sake, compliments of a Miss Sandoval. This time, even Mr. Hideyoshi did not question her appropriateness, as the timing was the fault of the staff. Nonetheless it was a reasonable gesture on the part of his rival and business associate, and again, to reject it would have been very poor manners. Oddly, Mr. Okakura seemed wholly unalarmed, but he was older and better poised. The gentlemen robed, retired to a private room, and spoke briefly of their business plan over wine. Mr. Hideyoshi clearly hinted that he intended to cut corners, and his associate agreed that misguided persons would be taught a lesson in manners.

It may have been very good wine, or very bad wine. It may have been that Mr. Hideyoshi was quite a bit more relaxed without a more ...aggressive release, than he was aware he could be, but in any case, as they approached the locker rooms, he did not quite feel himself.

"That must have been some wine, but I do not feel numb. I feel quite... the opposite. But how..."

Mr. Hideyoshi's thoughts became confused as his body became dizzy, and as he approached his locker, he felt wholly incoherent, dropping his robe as it began to tickle his body, and hearing a decidedly unmasculine voice with an accent he could not immediately identify.

"Why Mr. Hideyoshi, you hardly seem yourself. And how immodest of you, to reveal yourself to me. You are a nice looking and slender fellow, but really now, where are your manners?"

He looked up towards the blurry, silverish form from which the voice emanated, but could

neither see nor hear quite clearly, but was quickly becoming humiliated. He did wonder why a woman was in the men's locker room, but he was too disoriented to think past that, save for the embarrassment. She handed forth a garment, and he inspected the cotton briefs, not noticing the pale pink hue, and immediately put them on. As he noticed they were thin, rather soft, and rode up his buttocks a fair bit he was at once warmly surprised and quickly alarmed.

"There doesn't that feel better? No need to be ashamed, you look cute in them, and its much less embarrassing than being naked in front of me ...of all people."

He quickly began to realize what was going on. It was Ms. Sandoval and she had clearly drugged him! Nonetheless, as she offered him a white, short sleeve shirt, and continued to mock his nudity. He had little choice, it seemed in his confusion, than to take what he could get. Even as his tail flew straight up, fluffed a bit, and became rigid with his anger, he snatched the rather snug, short sleeve, blouse and began to put it on.

"This harlot thinks she's tricked me, but this little game of hers has won't give her the upper hand, not unless I start to fight her directly, and loose face for my immodesty. Clothes are clothes, but a woman's place is her place, and she will learn soon enough."

In a sense, he was so humiliated at the idea of looking like some common slut, he was denying the reality of his plight by refusing to resist, even while his impaired state was reducing his ability to ignore the delicate sensations as the soft and light shirt wrapped around him. Irena was all too happy to help him decide what to focus on and what to ignore.

"Very pretty, it wraps snugly around you, but hides your nudity in a very appealing fashion, and I am sure you are enjoying the fabric. If it makes you feel sexy, these will only make it better... and you do need to cover yourself, Mr. Hideyoshi."

Insistent on not giving her the satisfaction of fighting back, his denial told him he was indeed quite attractive, and so were the sensations. Even if this was humbling and fair bit annoying, he felt fairly nice as the snug, but soft, white knee socks moved up his leg, and as she continued to guide him with coy suggestions his ability to properly perceive the situation became confused. The socks wrapped snugly around his feet, but the leg-band seemed loose, until he managed to discover the lavender ribbon and secure the feminine garments as he continued to ponder to himself.

"I already know I am sexy... I mean not like this... but I can be! These things do at least feel pleasant enough to endure... If only because they are covering me up and because she thinks she has me where she wants me. I'm still only in underwear though, this still isn't acceptable... not that more of these clothes would... but of course, I do need to..."

Irena sat down on the other end of the bench and interrupted his train of thought. "You look like you're missing something, and must still feel incomplete... ly clothed that is of course." She held up a light purple skirt as his eyes began to clear up, but his head not quite as much.

"Excellent, I can see again. I am already beating her little game. A skirt? She thinks she can do any more harm with a skirt? I'll show her how well I can maintain poise with this sissy look ...to break

her resolve, that is."

He stood on the soft socks and as he was guided to a more effeminate walk as the panties gently rode his cheeks and cupped him warmly. It was enjoyable and he knew it, but his confusion was being led by her subtle suggestions, and as he denied his annoyance it got steadily worse. He took the skirt, turned around (for modesty's sake, of course), bent over and started pulling it up at her guidance, failing of course to lower his tail, which would have shown weakness.

"No need to rush, you have a cute ass, and it doesn't embarrass you at all."

Her words brought attention to the panties, and he tried to separate his reactions from his own thoughts.

"Of course it doesn't embarrass me," his mind snapped, as he wiggled it slightly. "But why I am moving like a woman? They are rather soft... Then again, it will also deter her as she finds she cannot humble me!" He secured the skirt, which felt light and breezy, enforcing his confused sexual confidence. "Mmm, and I get to enjoy it even as I trick her. She does like to walk into these lose, lose situations, doesn't she?"

As Mr. Hideyoshi snapped the skirt around his tail, he hadn't noticed it starting to relax... still held upwards, but with a very gentle sway, but he did notice Mr. Okakura approaching. A momentary smile was interrupted again as Mr. Okakura simply opened a locker and began to dress, until Irena placed her hands on his side and shoulder, liberally, and turned him to face what he thought was a picture.

"Why is he in... what changing room? Not that it matters, the harlot will now learn... Wait, but what is he doing now? Why doesn't he? Of course he is embarrassed to strip in front of a woman... Ms. Sandoval, embarrassed to strip in front of her, yes, but he must also understand...

"Whore! How dare you! Why she is quite lovely, cute big ears, but her eyes so... wait... a mirror? Dammit, the wine, she still has me ...and I am so ... no I look like a whore!"

He tried to move away and felt the clothes move against his body and it was pleasant. "But I feel... no it is the image, she was quite... but she was me... but..."

He was still refusing to resist, in order to distance himself from the humiliation, but he could not think straight, as Irena moved him back before the mirror, causing his feet to step in the soft socks again, and the panties to wedge a little into his backside, continuing to guide his feminine stance. He didn't have time to consider it though as she started to secure the matching purple backflap and knot tie. He knew something about tying ties, even these from his playtime at the club, and shrugged her off. Unable to find his words, he continued to monologue to himself.

"I can tie my own tie, whore! I at least won't look like a... Why on earth would I want to? No...Hiro, this does not feel THAT good, but modesty... and..."

His annoyance was rapidly reaching anger, but before he could determine towards whom, she started dispersing some sort of gel into his hair before pinning it with dark purple barrettes as he

confusedly finished tying the knot. Irena was not waiting for him to think anything through, as she closed the locker and began to guide him through a back corridor to a parking plaza.

"You know that you look hot, don't you? Ms. Hideyoshi... Your new shoes are going to be here, near the door. You'll want to match, won't you?"

"MS!? MS? Who do you..." He opened his mouth to speak out loud, then regained control. "No... she is trying to get into your head, cause you to lose your cool. Composure. I do not care if I match! I have to..." She suddenly groped his ass, while they walked, and he was quickly reminded of the panties, and his focus brought back to the cute outfit, then to his motion. He was moving softer, and keeping a smaller space, his ears were less perked, chin down, tail still up, but turned inward, and his arms were moving much more gently. It was only appropriate if he didn't want to embarrass himself as a girl. Wait, what?

"Why I am behaving like this? How dare she touch me as such? What does Okakura think he doing? I... I must focus. I have to wait for my chance. Wait, there is no one here, I could easily..."

Even as he continued to try and fail to process the situation, he continued to more easily move in a feminine sway, adapting not only to the pleasurable clothing, but Irena's constant suggestions and implants. He tried to adjust his body movement, but it felt odd, and she was there to correct it. She placed a hand on the middle of his back, and got closer so his arms pulled in.

"One foot in front of the other. Yes like that, and keep your small space, or you'll appear improper."

He wanted to throw a punch at her, but as knew he had to remain civil, like she said... or rather. It did not matter as the fluffy white cotton padded his steps and he was having trouble ignoring his physical reactions to concentrate. Thus, as Irena came to a stop to put on her pumps, the sudden stop just jarred his focus more. There was one other pair of shoes there, and as Irena hoped, it gave him pause enough for her to step outside. Now normally, even the most tight-assed person would put manners aside and pursue or flee, but as he looked at the black, high-heeled penny loafers, she continued to goad him.

"We would not want to step outside without shoes, Ms. Sandoval, especially one so well poised as yourself... Come now, we have places to be."

Mr. Hideyoshi did not know how to respond for the moment. "Running would be unladyli... uncivil, especially without sho... what am I thinking? These damn drugs she put in me. I cannot focus! Composure! but to stay composed..." He stared somewhat paralyzed at the shoes, before nervously rubbing his hair, distracted still by his posture and outfit. "I have to remain poised or she wins, but poise is what she... feminine poise. But if I... but then.. Why is this even a decision!?"

"My my, so emotional. You are adapting quickly to your feminine role."

"WHORE," He screamed in his mind. "You will not get to me!" In order to maintain sanity, he could not become distracted by all this. His only choice was to continue playing along, but as he

stepped into the rather comfortable shoes, he began to stir in his panties. His rage was weakening him to the physical sensitivity from the drug, but he did know this, and fumed at himself as his mind tried to sort things out. "I know I am! Why am I... yes ...yes I must keep composed, or she will gain the upper hand."

"Are you coming Ms. Sandoval, or shall you continue to wallow in your little hissy fit."

He tried to keep calm, and walked outside as he continued to enjoy the clothes. "Why I am allowing myself to behave this way? It does not matter, I cannot give in to her!" He was furious at himself, but everything was getting jumbled in his head, and he knew he had to go along, but was having trouble recalling why from moment to moment.

Irena walked towards the street, and to put him further off guard, as he followed her hoping still she would slip up, she informed him the car was down the block. Why, then would they go out through the parking garage? She wouldn't shut up long enough to let him think, even if he could.

"Now, since we are going to be out in public, I know someone as proud as you will mind your manners. Even without makeup, you do look like a fairly pretty girl, and that's what people will see. So please don't embarrass me by behaving inappropriately."

His thoughts continued to jumble. "Of course I will mind my manners, and of course I look good! What does she mean embarrass HER? She wants me to forget that I am the higher creature. I will not fall for this whore's mind games!" But he was, as she distracted him from her actual suggestions with her carefully placed words.

As they walked past a few gentlemen outside who admired his body in the outfit, he was embarrassed, but knew he had to behave correctly. "Alright, just present myself as proper young vixen... vixens are meant to... to provoke... to entertain.. ? Why am I doing this anyway?"

As he became angrier, he still continued to move with the elegance of a nubile vixen, with shorter strides, as his ears slowly turned backward... his tail beginning to sway gently from side to side. Irena was right there to aid his adaptation, as they approached another man. She spoke up quietly. "Don't be so rude, make eye contact, smile. They are enjoying seeing you."

"That is not the proper behavior, but perhaps I should take this chance to derail her," he thought irrationally, as he smiled at the passing gentleman ogling him and found himself winking and wiggling his ass. "What the fuck am I doing?" He stirred again in his panties. "Why am I liking this? This is not acceptable! Her, this woman, this arrogant ewe, she will not get the best of me... Composure, Hiro, composure!"

Even as he got delicately into the small dark car, he continued to enjoy himself, but continued to try to ignore it, and continued to try and suppress his growing rage. But as the car pulled out and Ms. Sandoval, next to him in the back, tried to apply make-up, he finally managed to draw the line and back away... for a moment.

"Nownow Ms. Hideyoshi, trying to resist even as you insist on playing this role doesn't make

sense, and it is only making this more difficult. We can both tell you like feeling pretty; I wasn't the one who told you to flirt! You may not want to co-operate, but you have been thus far acting against your own judgment, so since you are already behaving with the irrationality of a woman, why not continue to behave as such. It would be sufficient redress to your shameful behavior, even if you do enjoy it, do you not agree? And besides, it fits so well with the role."

His anger was causing him to loose focus quickly. "Yes, I like it, why must she remind me? If I like it, I should stop. Then she would win, but why? Where are we going? Am I acting that feminine? I should be acting feminine because it... because I... am enjoying this, and I should be ashamed. Is she telling me to punish myself, she is right..." As she put on the makeup, and let him hold a mirror, he continued to become excited, even as he could not decide from what. "My hair... why does it have a violet hue... so much volume, and such big cute ears. No I must not think this way, yet I am behaving as a woman, and women should be compliant..." He noticed his eyes seemed less assertive, becoming more delicate, and enjoyed the pretty girl. His thighs drew together as he enjoyed being the pretty girl, then clenched shut his eyes. "Why must this feel so pleasant? These damn drugs. I should ride them out. I should act as a woman and do as told ...at least it is pleasurable for the duration of these damn drugs she gave me. None of this makes sense, why should I behave this way. I am quite attractive, but ..."

By this point, his head was getting cluttered with contradictions, even as he was starting to rationalize his enjoyment of this awkward situation, to try to resolve this, but the time they arrived at their destination, he'd decided to play along, even though he had forgotten why he was so insistent to do so.

As Ms. Sandoval and "Ms." Hideyoshi exited the car, he noticed the driver was not getting out. He was quickly distracted, though, by Irena grabbing his ass again, which only helped him notice how easily he was moving in the heels, and had easily adapted to the feminine posture. It was off-putting, but at least it was pleasant, and he had resolved to enjoy ... or rather, comply for the time being.

"Maybe if I do discipline myself for enjoying this I can keep face, but if I behave the part and enjoy it, than why else punish myself, Or... if..." Irena slapped his ass as they reached the door, and he continued grow more excited, physically, but also mentally... "Why did that feel sexy? Why do I feel sexy... I mean I AM sexy... but..."

"Come along, dear, we are loosing time."

They entered the establishment, which he immediately discovered to be a strip club, but the girls were wearing school uniforms much less authentic and more sultry than his. Meanwhile, the waitresses had kinky skirt suits, thigh highs, and heels. He was reminded of his own appearance and outfit, and continued to enjoy it. "Just enjoy it, Hiro, as you deserve... or are you punishing yourself for enjoying it. Don't focus on that, focus on the other ladies. Wait, Am I to be one of these whores? I look better than the waitresses, but ...I am not even a girl! Though it is pleasant, and they do look to be enjoying themselves. Just try to relax, and enj.. endure. Of course they would be enjoying themselves, they are not being treated poorly, I could easily enough... I mean .. Because...?"

He received a few whistles on the way to an office; that flattered him, and continued to

confuse him, both distracting and exciting him enough to absentmindedly maintain his feminine vulpine elegance. Be it him, or the employees, the men he was observing were in fact being no less objectifying than he would have been: cat-calling, grabbing, slapping, swearing, grunting, dry humping the air. He also noticed this clearly was not a Japanese establishment, as the businessmen, and employees, varied too widely in species, composure, and accent. Still, school-girl night had always been his favorite. Did that matter? Unfortunately, for Mr. Hideyoshi, he was so busy processing things and trying to maintain his focus on what he was trying to accomplish, he was entirely off guard as they entered the office.

By this point she was guiding him with a hand on his ass to the center of the room, and speaking quietly to him as he noticed the cut, calmly imposing ram at the desk looking at him in this state. "Now be nice, dear. I know how important first impressions are to you. Say Yes sir, or no Sir and co-operate and you'll get through this quickly."

As he stepped in his heeled loafers a couple more steps toward the desk, his paws were clasped in front of him, and his movements very soft and proper. Subconsciously, his ears were still up, backwards by now, and his tail was only half raised as it swayed nervously, but attractively in partial submission. He came to a stop beside the large mirror on the wall, and passively noticed how the suggestions had taken hold in his vulnerable subconscious. He stood neatly, feet together, in his small and soft posture as his compromised mind continued to try to justify his behavior. Meanwhile, his focus somehow sharpening on the moment, his full attention fell on the prominently horned gentleman in the room.

"She is right for once, just try to do what I am told, enjoy it, and get through this. At least the shoes are comfortable and the skirt is cool, and the panties... No stop, Yes sir, No sir, impressions... is that right? Why do I want to make a good first impression.. on a sheep no less ? A very... muscular sheep. Very... intimidating, yes. He is intimidating, but I am quite properPoised ...I mean... I..."

The ram's focus fell on him as well, as he stood up and approached Mr. Hideyoshi, and proceeded to walk around him and examine him in a very objectifying, but flattering, fashion.

"Why doesn't he speak? Does he not like me? He must be the proprietor. ...but wait, who is he to look at me this way? Does he think I am a woman? Does he want to use me as one of his whores? Of course, then he would examine me, as well he should. I am quite... no! What is happening to me?"

The stirrings in his panties had escalated to a budding erection by now, and he knew he didn't like it, but was having trouble focusing on anything else.

"I should not feel this way. He is looking at me as an object, because he thinks I am a girl. I do make a more than presentable candidate for... but no, ...why do I like this!?"

The man groped his ass, held his hands there and squeezed. Mr. Hideyoshi jumped a bit, but became still more aroused. The man began to speak.

"So is she the..." He trailed off, as he stared at the flat chest. Ms. Sandoval answered.

"She is. Say hello to Enrique, my brother, Miss Hideyoshi... he is this business's recruiter."

Mr. Hideyoshi was confused and highly conflicted. "This is not why I was playing along? Why was I? 'Miss?' I should be glad she is being respectful, but that suggests..." Mr. Sandoval's words broke past his internal ramblings.

"She is young, younger than I expected, very pretty too. He placed a finger below Mr. Hideyoshi's chin to lift and look at his face."

Mr. Hideyoshi fidgeted a bit as the man continued to examine him like an object. "Yes of course, Miss is the correct address for a young and vital wom..."

At once thinking of himself as a woman, and having Mr. Sandoval run his hands over his sides, brought his focus back to his arousal, but he did not have time to think, as Irena spoke up.

"I said, say hello, Miss Hideyoshi!" The ewe insisted in a rather firm tone.

He gathered his thoughts quickly. "Just do as I am told, and I will get through this... like a woman... does that..." His thought trailed off as he had decided to comply and get it over with. He tried for a softened tone, and found a more feminine one quickly. It only seemed proper... for some reason. "He...heell... hellla... Hello, Mr. Sandoval."

"Hello, Mr. Sandoval, Sir," corrected Irena, as the man trailed a finger down his arm.

"Hello, Mr. Sandoval, Sir." He did not make eye contact, and continued to try to sort out his behavior, but the arousal and confusion were causing him to draw blanks. "Calm down... I am only to get through this, and enjoying it to not be humiliated. If I look at him I will be humiliated... because I... because I like this too much? Like obeying, or just like the clothes?"

The man moved behind him again, and began to move his hands up Mr. Hideyoshi's thighs. By now Mr. Hideyoshi's body was reacting as it seemed it should if he were playing along, even if he was getting hot ...and hard. His paws tightened in front of him, head lowered, tail dropped, ears descended. and foot crossed behind his ankle. He was succeeding in acting feminine, and trying to recall why he shouldn't, even as his head started to clear of the fog, now only clogged with increased arousal. "His hands are quite... flattering, I guess? I don't... why am I? I am here to be hired?"

Enrique spoke up. "It is lovely to meet you Miss Hideyoshi. He ran his hand firmly all the way up to his panties and squeezed before moving right up against him, demonstrating that he might feel he was a good candidate. "Lets have a better look, then, in the light." With one hand on his backside, and the other on his shoulder, Mr. Sandoval turned Mr. Hideyoshi towards the mirror, and nudged the reluctant sissy under a light fixture, so he could see himself.

His hair had turned a dark, but soft pink, drawing attention to the size of his ears, a favorable trait for foxes, and bringing out his soft red fur. Mr. Hideyoshi tried to process, as he again came face to face with pretty little thing that was him, and liked looking at her. As he struggled to reconcile what

exactly he liked, the ram gently stroked his lobes and ran his fingers through Mr. Hideyoshi's hair to caress his cheek, bringing attention to still other features, which Mr. Hideyoshi was not ready to process. "Such a delicate creature, with such soft colors. You have very sexy ears, and has anyone told you how well those gentle mahogany eyes soften that sharp, sexy face of yours?"

"His voice... so lusty..ful. So Lustful. He... does he... want me?" One hand continued to caress the curves given to the fox by the outfit, as the other continued to stroke and molest his inner thigh, just under his... "Strong hands... like a real man... Like I... but than...no... no I cannot like this. He cannot have me! But he's right... so pretty. Her eyes... his... mine. My eyes, so soft, but they aren't?" Mr. Hideyoshi wanted to look away, but as he began breathing more heavily, as his toes wiggled in his comfy heels, and as his delicate form enjoyed the attention of Mr. Sandoval's hands pressing the soft shirt against his fur, he could not ignore the ram's touch, nor his words, affirming he was the delicate young vixen, with the soft face that he felt was somehow wrong. But he couldn't remember exactly why as the firm fingers stroked just under his panties. The soft panties... under which his growing erection began to throb. "So delicate... like a girl... punishing... but why. It's...hot? And I am so much sexier... softer." He was alarmed by his passivity, but could not define insecurity against nervousness. The thoughts were swirling too fast, while his aroused body was drinking the attention, making him harder as he breathed heavier, and the deep insecurity at being what he liked left him confused and vulnerable... needing affirmation? The fleeting desire to be touched jarred him as he realized he had been asked a question, and was trying to be compliant, so he quickly responded the only way he could think to.

"No, Sir. That is very kind of you to say." His femmy voice quivered, beginning to betray his unwanted desire.

Even as he struggled to not feel flattered and objectified at once, and to recall why he was struggling at all, when he was so committed to compliance, Mr. Sandoval continued. "But something is missing, such a sultry vixen cannot perform without..." He nodded to the ewe, who moved to get something, before approaching the pair, as Mr. Sandoval pushed down the skirt slightly, so Irena could secure the belt. Mr. Hideyoshi was too distracted by the prospect of being stripped, which he could not decide if it frightened or excited him. On either side of the loop at the base of Mr. Hideyoshi's tail, was a false tail protruding from the belt, one purple and white to match the outfit, the other pink and white to match his hair. Mr. Hideyoshi knew he was being further objectified to be used as a performer, but was relieved at not being stripped, making the tails seem the desirable option. A thought from which he was again distracted by Mr. Sandoval's constant molestation of his thigh, even as he repinned the skirt over the tails.

Mr. Sandoval then pushed his own aroused form against the sissy's back, wrapping an arm around his waste, as his other hand rose up to stroke his cheeks while he hotly breathed his words against the back of one of those big sexy ears. "There we are, much better. But... does she have a personality?"

Mr. Hideyoshi largely froze, not knowing how to react as he felt the ram's body... the ram's... ram against his back, and saw his increasingly docile sissy body in the mirror. He knew this was not something he had wanted... but struggled in his mind to recall why.

"She's so pretty... but why... not be pretty? He's so... warm. Why won't he touch me? Why do I want him to? Why don't I? I don't like men... just like... No! I am just nervous... because I am so delicate. Delicacy is compliance... isn't it? Am I scared? Compliant? Compliant so as not to be..."

Ms. Sandoval's voice softly broke in to his mind, to help him decide where he stood. "This situation is new to her, so I think she is nervous and confused, but she is coping with it very well, and being very compliant. Speak for yourself, Miss Hideyoshi."

"Yes," he thought, as he did all he could to ignore the man's libidinous touches, and process his own apprehension. "Yes I am nervous, compliance is helping me focus." He then spoke aloud, but shyly, in his feminine tone once more. "Yes, Sir. I have a personality."

"Well what is it?" He asked as he ran his free fingers through Mr. Hideyoshi's soft, pink hair.

Mr. Hideyoshi was again trapped in his head for a moment trying to find an answer. "What IS it... is it this? I mean I am horny, but... no..."

Ms. Sandoval was again happy to fill in the blanks. "She is very obedient, but very sexual, and I believe she is just being nervous. She is not normally so shy, I believe she is actually very curious. I know she can be eager when excited."

"Yes," in his head once more. "Curious why I am aroused... no confused. I am only obedient because..."

Mr. Sandoval then without shame slipped his hand over Mr. Hideyoshi's belly to his skirt, and rested it over his erect crotch, as he mouthed at the back of his ear, further guiding his rationalizations with help from his confused and frightening reactions. Mr. Hideyoshi's thoughts were colliding as his eyes fell shut and his jaw fell slightly open with a silent moan.

"...because I like it... why do I like it? I don't like men!" He was too distracted to recall the drug, but as it waned so did his ability to think for himself. "But... I'm so... hot... nervous... and he is... no I am... compliant... because... nervous?. He can... he... he's so... no... I don't want..." He was once again distracted by the ram's increasingly seductive voice.

"Curious, are we?" He pushed his hand up under Mr. Hideyoshi's shirt and began to caress his abdomen, as his finger stroked the confused sissy's lips. Mr. Hideyoshi could feel the heat of his breath against the back of his neck, as he fought not to sigh in pleasure, his tail(s) lowered below his waist, swaying delicately, and his foot lifted gently out of the shoe, toes curling slightly

"Yes, Sir," he said hoping only to get through it, though wondering what he wanted next... he was deeply confused, but too intimidated by his own inability to react. "I... Curious, about... does he? will he...should I?"

"And sexual, too. Are you a sexual creature, my dear?" His voice got softer, as his words breathed hotly against Mr. Hideyoshi's ear before he nipped at it. Mr. Hideyoshi's toes curled more in the socks, as Mr. Sandoval pressed firmly against his recruit, and slipped a finger between the fox's

painted lips. He could not think to respond. He was enjoying being pretty and delicate, at least so long as Mr. Sandoval was there to remind him. His body now enjoyed the cute, smooth, and soft clothes, and more so under the hot ram's attention. He knew he was very nervous about something, but that was expected for a compliant young lady, but... his mind was not keeping up, save with Irena's words, while his body could not help keeping up with Mr. Sandoval.

"Sexual... I... am... vulnerable... enticing... compliant... provocative... vixen. But I... curious, and... I want. He... He's so..." Mr. Hideyoshi's lips gently closed around the finger, as his head was too clouded to even notice.

"Hmm, I think I'd have to take that as a yes, sweet one." As Mr. Hideyoshi suddenly noticed that he was starting to suckle another man's finger, he didn't have time to stop before Mr. Sandoval, moved his other hand under the skirt, and hotly groped the fox's undesired desire through the soft cotton panties. The frightened but horny sissy vixen's body reacted almost on its own, pressing himself against Enrique's own excitement, wrapping his tails around him, sucking his finger, and pressing his toes against the ram's leg while helpless to let out a cute moan.

"What the... No! It can't. I... I..."

Mr. Hideyoshi, in his deep confusion and insecurity manifesting as a slow surrender, knew there was something he wasn't grasping, as the very... appealing man stroked his cheek and caressed his erection through the soft cotton, and in his arousal he watched his sweet and pretty self suckle the finger, and felt his toes caress Mr. Sandoval's leg.

"I told you she was sexual, and she is very curious about men."

"Sexual... yeah. He... He's so hot. No... but I am... curious, right?"

"Indeed she is," Enrique replied softly as he sniffed Mr. Hideyoshi's hair, and enjoyed the heat of his panty trapped erection, while Mr. Hideyoshi confused his insecurity at being feminine, as the compliant delicacy causing his erection... his desire. He loved the cute outfit. He liked being touched. That insecurity was hot... feminine. He didn't know why. It was all happening too fast. He couldn't seem to think at all anymore, unless Irena told him to, so his eyes relaxed and he nuzzled the ram's hand, ran his toes up the length of his leg, gently cloaked his body in his tails, and suckled his finger ...compliance. Curiosity?

"Curious enough to audition for me, to see if the customers will like you, sweet one?" Enrique's thumb ran along the length of Mr. Hideyoshi's full and throbbing erection, and pulled his hand from his muzzle, leaving him dazed and perturbed even as he let out his heavy breath, clasped his paws, drew his feet neatly together, and unwittingly swayed his lowered tails in genuine submission.

"Well Miss Hideyoshi, are you?" interjected Irena, putting the desired thought into his head. "Are you ready to show those men how entertaining such a sexy thing as yourself can be? Are you not curious what real satisfaction can be like? You seem so much to want to be a good little whore, so why not show us you can?"

"Yes... Ma'am," he said wondering why his sexuality was him now, and what that sexuality was. He knew he didn't like men, but was deeply curious what it was to be with one, after being left so unsatisfied.

"I think you will make an excellent employee at our club," continued Mr. Sandoval, "but I want to see that sexual curiosity and eagerness in action on my stage first. Now, my customers are waiting, sweet one." Mr. Hideyoshi at this point had no idea what to think. Fortunately, Irena was there to tell him.

"Don't be shy, Miss Hideyoshi. You know how badly you want their attention, how much you will like their approval..."

Mr. Hideyoshi's mind was all but free of the drug, but by now unsatiated arousal, confusing insecurity, and intense curiosity of who he was was leaving him unable to grasp what was really going on, leaving his thoughts almost vacuous. "He... he did really like me. I do want to know more, I guess. I am supposed to be... complaint?"

He spoke up as the man returned to his seat, leaving him deeply aroused, and needing of something to justify what at some level still seemed wrong. He fought to regain composure, which now clearly meant the delicate composure so well rewarded. "Do I ... I don't know how to..." He was still trying to resist from some deep doubt, but Irena was not going back off.

"Show us how deeply you desire to be a good girl, by being one. Go out there at the next song and dance for those nice men. They have had a hard day, and need to relax."

Mr. Hideyoshi continued to try and figure out how he even got here, even as Ms. Sandoval's hand guided him backstage, and her voice became a welcome aid to his train of thought. "Do I desire to be... why am I... dance... that would be appropriate... and compliant. But why... a rough day, yes I can see that they would need to... And I should... it does feel nice, and Mr. Sandoval did... What am I... I don't... I can't..."

The song changed, and Irena nudged him to the stage. "Go on, you're clearly excited at the prospect," she mentioned as the desire hidden under Mr. Hideyoshi's skirt rubbed against her in passing... perhaps. "Show them what you can do."

Mr. Hideyoshi had now replaced confusion with curiosity, and was being driven by his body, so he shyly entered the stage to a series of hoots and whistles, and was flattered, but a bit still. "I... they're all... I don't want... or I shouldn't...I... Do they like me? I want to ... they need to relax, and I am ... curious..."

The men's patience quickly began to dwindle. "C'mon show us something." "Do something, sexy." "Yes, do something sexy." "Dance, already, whore!" He registered the word whore, and felt like one, but it was the goal, right... or wait...

"Dance... on the pole..." Irena whispered loudly from behind. The pressure was confusing, but

the attention exhilarating as he hesitantly grabbed the pole and began to twirl around it, churning his ass a bit, letting his tails float gently side to side. The men began to holler, relieving, or at least justifying his insecurities, and as he got swept into it, he flipped up and twirled down the pole. Although the men noticed he was not exactly as advertised, they didn't seem to care, but Mr. Hideyoshi didn't notice for the resounding whistles, hoots, flying money, and a firm grope of his inner thigh.

Though his mind was still curious, about this new arousal, why it made him nervous, but also what he could do with it, his body swiftly got into it. He registered the humiliation, and he thought he was trying to resist, though had no idea why. He couldn't concentrate past the arousal, though, as the men filled in the blanks. "Right on, babe, shake that ass." "C'mon honey show us something!" "Come over a bit closer, cutie!"

As he shyly stood back up to dance on the stage, he could not decide how to react to being spoken to this way. "They are treating me like a whore. But they like me." He danced around the edge of the stage, gently swaying his ass, his tails only high enough to let it be seen, and winking as they continued to throw 1's and 5's and the occasional 20 at him, and grab at his legs. "This is so humiliating, but then why should it be making me so hot? I shouldn't to be their whore. But, why not?" As he poked out his rear only slightly and one man lightly swatted at him, he felt a sting in his taint which tingled through his cotton trapped erection. "I really want to know what else I can..." He winked back the man and rolled his backside in response, causing his tails to sway invitingly. "Because compliance feels good... but I don't like men... why don't I like men?... Why do I feel the need to stop?" He retreated to the pole, but grabbed hold of it as they continued to throw 5's and 10's his way. "I am their whore. So humiliating, but so hot... DO I want to stop?" He lifted his legs, shyly, but swiftly, and used his tails to pull himself into a graceful spin down the pole, and fell sitting with his legs open. "I am doing so well. This pleasure is humiliating." He pulled back his feet and lifted his pelvis to thrust almost against the pole. A loud cat call was accompanied by a 20 dollar bill. "Or is the humiliation pleasurable?" As he pulled himself back up, thrusting out his ass, his desire and curiosity overtook him, and he began rubbing his hands over his body, driving his arousal to peak. Another loud smack accompanied a warm sting, and pleasure and humiliation became harder to tell apart... He looked back the the man, ran a finger across his lips, and let his ass peak out from under descending tails. He received numerous whistles as the men felt his legs up, and threw a pile of bills at his feet. The insecurity began to vanish under the affirmation as he bent down onto his elbow, and flipped back his skirt. "Why shouldn't I be doing this?, Because they are treating me as whore?" The man then felt up his ass, as others began to shove bills into his panties, while he provocatively sucked his finger, implanted curiosity driving out any remaining confusion. "This should get him going. How far will he go?" His mind started to rationalize that his humiliation and desire for more of this would be sated by provoking the men, as a good vixen should. As the man groped his package, he licked his lips and winked, as he backed toward him. Humiliation was pleasure and vice-versa. "I am acting like a whore, and good one." As he knelt up and caressed his chest before starting to untie his scarf with one hand, the other rubbed his erection through the skirt and dampening panties. His arousal was finally wiping away what was left of his now unwelcome mind, readily filling in the growing blanks. "Which is because I am acting like a good little vixen? Why should I think that is wrong? It doesn't make sense... like a woman." His own misogyny had taken over for Irena, convincing him to embrace his new role, but leaving him lacking any justification as he thought of himself as a woman and rubbed his penis, until his new friend wrapped arms around him, pulling him backwards into his lap.

He immediately began to grind into the rugged billy goat's lap, and felt the erection against his backside, re-enforcing his behavior. As he discarded his scarf to one of the many voyeurs now crowding them, the man began to unbutton Mr. Hideyoshi's shirt, as a hand traveled up his thigh. The sissy, all but devoid now of his confusing reluctance, curled his toes in anticipation and stroked the man's chest with his tails, as one hand moved back to slip through the man's hair, and the other took over unbuttoning the shirt. He saw himself as a lowly sex object, and the man's hand grabbed through his wet panties, and traveled up the soft skin of his belly, it was deeply humiliating, and deeply satisfying. He moaned cutely, if provocatively, and smiled at her customer. "Humiliation is only compliance, compliance is pleasure... it IS the behavior of a proper girl." The man caressed him as his shirt opened up to reveal his slim sissy body, as he nudged his...her...his face to the side, and bit at her... his ... her ear. He needed only to grasp something to justify this behavior, and it was right there. "And I am curious for more... like a woman... a compliant, sensual girl. Of course I am hard... hard... horny girl... so horny for... being used. the last vestige of his misogyny seemed to secure all the suggestions and dismiss any confusion, his tongue slipped over her lips, and she quickly recalled strippers did not kiss on the mouth. The pause reminded her of his hand on her panties, and her... "But I was a man." She was deeply curious about the kiss. "Then why would I act like a whore?" He moved his hand away from her member to force her head into the right angle on his shoulder, nuzzling her erotically. "Strippers never kiss on... always seemed unfair...when I was..." The goat then grasped her face and forced the kiss on her. She was distracted by the lack of attention to her panties and the kiss both at once. "My... But if I have a..." He groped her flat chest, and returned to groping her penis. as she sank into the kiss, still grinding on him. "Mmh... It only means I am aroused, as I should be..." She began to roll her lips over his and suckle as his tongue entered her mouth. "But kissing... I... have to be good." As she reached back to stroke his cheek, gently, if dirtily grinding against him, she was quite aware of her penis under the warmth of his hand, pulling her back against him. But as she eagerly invited his tongue deeper into his mouth to suckle, and pushed her crack against his erection, it seemed only clear what she was. "No, no man acts like this. But if I enjoy mine that much..."

The song ended, and a pair of bouncers, calmly made their way into the group and separated her from the man, saying only, "45 for a lappy, bub." She grasped for breath and winked at the man, waving submissively goodbye with her tails, as she was escorted backstage mid-arousal while Irena's brother stepped out with a mike. "How about a big hand for Junmai Hideyoshi!" As they clapped, she noted quite readily in her growing, but unrealized, lucidity that that was not a real name.

"Junmai... obedient dance? Obedient enough that they are clapping." Flattered, and justified in her actions as the object she thought she was supposed to be, she winked and licked her lips at the man, as she was guided backstage, the loud cat calls and whistles flattering her, and securing the new mind that seemed to be being constructed for her. As she put back on and tied up her shirt and retied the scarf, Miss Hideyoshi felt quite sexy, and extremely hot, justified by the fact she was indeed behaving very compliantly, clearly acting like an object, and clearly liking it, meaning as she was becoming more lucid, only Junmai remained. She was indeed behaving a woman, and as women were playthings for men... As she entered the backstage, Irena guided her to a VIP room, where Mr. Okakura was waiting.

Irena spoke up. "I think we have a job for you here, Junmai." The Hideyoshi was now gone, as

Mr. Hideyoshi's mind had been purged, and she had now been reduced to a sexual object. "You seem to enjoy obedience, and Mr. Okakura can use an obedient whore."

She tried to pause for a moment, but in her new malleable, if extremely horny, mind, that made the most sense. "I am obedient! Of course!" She thought as she walked over to libidinous rabbit, stepping out of the shoes, tail low, swaying obediently and sensually, ears nearly flat against her head, and tail swaying invitingly. He pulled her to straddle his lap, and touched her body. She could feel the heat of his arousal and it drove hers all the way once more. The Drug had worn off, and she was wholly lucid, but dominated by her desire, need, and eagerness, which now defined her personality. "If I enjoy mine this much, then as an obedient whore..." She began to gyrate in his lap. He smelled her. She threw back her head and breathed deeply as she began to roll her belly, as his fingers trailed to her naval. "...I know just how to make him enjoy his."

"I'll leave you alone with your new toy, Mr. Okakura. I will trust this will honor my part of the arrangement." With that she left, and Mr. Okakura pulled forth Junmai's head to look at her.

"Junmai is it?" His voice was lecherous and gloating, but as the sissy vixen looked into the rabbit's eyes, she saw neither a lower animal, nor his vindictive satisfaction, only another man to please. "That is quite a sexy name, for a sexy little whore. My new place really does have the hottest, and most obedient girls." He rubbed firmly up her thigh and tucked two Bills into her panties, before he gently placed his fingers over her trapped excitement. "Hmm, I knew you'd love it here too... but the sexiest whore is all mine. He calmly stroked her erection as forced her into her second kiss from a man. This time there was no resistance as she opened her mouth to receive his tongue, and squirmed hotly against his fingers. As he pushed his tongue deep into her mouth, her immediate reaction was to suck softly, press a hand to his chest, curl her toes, moan, and sink into the kiss. Mr. Okakura took his time enjoying the soft, squirming, servile sissy body of his arrogant former boss submitting shamelessly to his desire. He finally broke the kiss to breath lecherously against her ear.

"I'll be taking over your contracts, Miss Hideyoshi. It's time your job..." He wrapped his paw around her cock through the wet cotton, "went to a real man." He breathed hotly against he cheek, hand still firmly grasping her neck. She pressed a hand against his chest and breathed deeply. "But it is a stressful job, and I know just the little sissy slut to clam me down." Junmai squirmed, ears flattening completely. "Contracts, of course, no, that is a man's place. I am only here to please you, Sir."

Her subconscious was trying to justify itself, but her focus was on the man pushing a hand up her shirt. She undid the scarf and tossed it aside, and started to undo her shirt. He abruptly moved his hand away from her desire to grab her wrist aggressively.

"No... no I paid, little whore. I will play." He guided her hand to his buttons, and moved to remove her shirt, himself. "Whatever you wish, Sir. My only desire is your pleasure." Her breath was heavier as she began to remove his shirt sensually, while letting her fingers readily stroke his body. As Ms. Sandoval said, she was eager, curious, and sexual, and this was her place. She recalled her own arousal.

"I... no... it is for him to say." He put hands against her sides and started pushing the shirt up.

Her horny body responded by grinding gently as she pushed his down over his arms. She registered the humiliation, but justified it as feminine arousal. There was no resistance left as he pulled her to his chest and she began to kiss down his body. "I am his to enjoy, and I must make him enjoy it..." She became deeply excited as she approached his own phallus, eager for the chance to please him, and curious for the experience. The thought of his penis, and then hers confused her once again, until his legs opened, and his hand fell onto her head again. "What was I? I... am only here to please."

"I paid full price. I expect full service, little whore."

"Of course..." she thought "My compliance is the only pleasure." Nonetheless, she was deeply anticipated the warmth and taste in her mouth. Curiosity, eagerness, arousal... they were all the same. The rabbit ran his fingers through her hair as she unzipped and revealed his desire. "He desires me, my eagerness is my compliance," she mused idly as she gulped and watch his erection rise. He bumped the tip to her lips. "Now you will know what a real man is, little whore."

The vixen did want to know a real man. She eagerly wrapped her lips around the tip, and began to suckle like she had the finger, but this was better. Her new mind thoroughly settled in, as her customer guided her head over his heat. His taste firmly defined her place, as the horny sissy vixen obediently pursed her lips to suck softly as she licked the warm shaft. His hot penis throbbing against her tongue as she moaned softly at the taste, reminded her of her own excitement pulsing in her panties. His pleasure exhilarated and affirmed her. Her toes curled and her thighs rubbed together. Her tails swayed rapidly in pleasure and excitement, and her ears relaxed against her head. He pushed his fingers deep into her hair and pushed her head halfway down his shaft, and she moaned louder. The new sissy stripper wriggled gently, lost in her arousal, and pressed her lips firmly against him, licking slowly and softly as she sucked, anxious to taste his pleasure. Humiliation was an afterthought, as she rubbed his testicles with her thumb, and gripped him with her fingers and tongue, until precum finally teased at her throat. She squeaked excitedly and tightened her lips, licking faster as the taste spread over her tongue and thrilled her whorish curiosity, which had become outright sexual need. As Mr. Okakura huffed and grunted softly, deeply enjoying introducing the new Miss Hideyoshi to his "new establishment," Her new little mind was full, and cared only about one thing. As her toes wiggled, tail flitted about, and hand caressed his waist, her thighs were rubbing together in anticipation, as she squeaked cutely over his penis, enjoying drinking of his growing excitement.

His jack-ass of a boss was more than defeated, and as the eager little whore that took his place, compliantly and hornily sucked his manhood, Mr. Okakura pushed her head down all the way, bucked, grunted, and finally poured his seed into her mouth. She gagged before quickly remembering her manners and immediately embraced her desire. She pushed her face back down, moaning at the euphoric taste of his pleasure, and without a thought began to swallow. As the warm and salty heat poured over her tongue and into her throat, her thighs rubbing together from the excitement, the cotton wrapped around her, and his hand firmly holding her head down, all sealed her place as a compliant, eager, and sexy sissy whore, driving the horny vixen over the edge, herself. She moaned and squeaked even more as wet heat filled her cotton panties, warming her sissy cock, and she writhed in satisfaction, never failing to happily guzzle her former employee's wonderful reward.

As Junmai was accepting her final fate, obediently drinking her defeat from one of her new bosses, the other was contently making her way out. On her way to her car, Irena paid off a couple of

the girls.

"Thanks for working tonight, I know your regular jobs keep you busy." The temp strippers (for Irena at least) took their extra five hundred and said little as they left. She looked past the bar, and Kimiko smirked.

"They flirt all day, I guess they're not feeling social after work." She went back to setting up the liquors. "Are you sure you want to pay me a living wage before tips to tend bar?" "Don't even worry about it, I will make plenty enough money on our ... product." Kimiko blushed knowingly and resumed her work, as Irena went to the office and put the money in the safe for her brother to pay the rest of the girls later. Now that she had her own sissy employee, she knew exactly how to acquire more.

She left the club to go to her car, but stopped as she remembered. She went back inside to connect a plug, then stopped in the parking lot to see the simple neon sign. It was plain, but it was hers: "Sandy's reform school for sissies," her sissy stripper club tucked nicely away, but easy enough for those who wanted to find it to find, was open for business. There was a lot to be done, but for now she was off to a good start. Irena got into her car to go home.

THE END