

Synopsis: Jonathan, a paralegal, is tasked by his firm to enter the house of the recently deceased, eccentric inventor Jack Hewitt to look for documents. After searching the entire house he enters the basement, where he becomes ensnared and gradually transformed by the inventor's bizarre, feminizing machines...

House Training
by RH Music

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Introduction:

"Damn!" I cursed as the keys hit the floor. I reached down to pick them up.

"Why am I nervous?" I asked myself, out-loud. It seemed like an easy assignment.

The owner of the house, an eccentric chemist/biologist/doctor/inventor named

Jack Hewitt had died recently at Memorial Hospital. I had his keys. The State had contracted our law firm to see if there were any claims to his estate. It was my job to search his house for documents.

What could be easier?

"I guess this falls under 'Other duties as assigned'" I muttered to myself.

Keys in hand, I unlocked the door and stepped inside.

Hours later I had finished searching the top two floors of the house with no luck. In fact, it didn't even seem like the house was lived in anymore. All the furniture was covered with sheets, and dust had collected everywhere. There was a study and a library, but all of the filing cabinets were empty.

Strange.

Of course, the search was taking forever. It was a huge house. Mr. Hewitt had made 100's of millions on his medical inventions.

Maybe I should give up and come back after vacation?

"Naah," I reasoned. I had told my boss that I would try and find the documents before I left. I was looking forward to being alone for a couple of weeks, camping along the continental divide, so it wouldn't matter if I got a late start tomorrow morning.

With the sun setting outside, it was time to search the basement. I opened the door and went down the steps. At the end of the stairs was a long corridor. Five doors branched off the corridor. Four of them were locked. I opened the fifth one and carefully stepped inside.

CHAPTER 1:

The room was completely dark. I felt around for a light switch but couldn't find any. I stood for a second trying to adjust my eyes to the light. It turned out to be a modestly-sized room, at least by the standards of the rest of the house, about 20' (6.5m) by 12' (3m).

As I stepped further into the room, my eyes adjusted and I could just barely make out something against the far wall of the room.

As I slowly walked over to it... *Click* The door closed softly behind me, leaving me in complete darkness.

"Shit!" I yelled, scrambling for the door behind me. It had no door knob on the inside. I was locked in. Frantic, I began feeling all around the door and the walls for a light switch, my panic beginning to overwhelm me.

Finally, I found a button and pressed it.

****TRAINING ENGAGED**** Said a voice. ****BEGIN LEVEL 1, SUBJEGATION ****

snap An overhead spot-light turned on and I could finally see the room. The spot light was aimed at a mannequin standing at the far wall.

A male mannequin. Anatomically correct. Arms and hands by its side, with a large, 8-inch penis, very hard.

****Kneel before me**** the mannequin said.

"Oh my god," I muttered. I crumpled to the floor as I fainted.

"ACK!" I jerked awake.

****Kneel before me****

Steadying my breath, I backed as far away from the mannequin as possible to asses the situation. The room was completely bare, except for the mannequin on the far wall. There were just two doors, the one through which I had entered, and a second one. Neither door had a doorknob. Both were locked.

What is this? I wondered. Some kind of perverted Halloween haunted house? Some weird sex game?

Regardless, the question was how to get out. Walking over to the doors, I tried in-vain to pry them open with my pocket knife. The doors were made of steel, and it was obvious that no amount of pounding would get me anywhere.

****Kneel before me**** the mannequin waited patiently.

Tentatively, I stepped over to him, looking more closely. The muscles on his

body were not fully rendered giving him the appearance more like an art-deco sculpture than an actual human. His head was very smooth with eyes closed and no facial hair, and tilted down somewhat, as if facing someone kneeling before him.

As a sculpture he was compelling. He radiated strength and power, in ways I couldn't quite define.

I reached out and touched him.

****Kneel before me**** His voice came from a speaker somewhere inside.

I jumped back, frightened. His arms had moved! Only very slightly, but it was obvious that they were hinged on the inside, and possibly motorized. The skin felt like smooth rubber.

I looked down. In front of the mannequin were two long boxes, each about 8 inches (20cm) wide and 3 feet (1m) long, both richly padded. Clearly I was meant to kneel before him and place each leg, lengthwise, in a box.

I reached out and touched his penis. It bobbed and a drip of fluid appeared at its tip.

****Kneel before me****

"Screw that" I muttered.

It took less time than you might think. Just a couple of hours and I had given up. And then I began to worry. What if I get stuck here? What if the systems break down? What if nothing happens when I do as instructed?

Visions of dying without food or water swirled through my mind and I instantly began to feel desperately thirsty. I looked over at the mannequin's hard penis, thrusting out at me. The tip glistened with moisture.

"OK," I thought to myself, "I'm all alone. No one will see this, right? So why not? What's the worst that could happen?"

I walked slowly over to the mannequin.

****Kneel before me****

I carefully knelt down before the mannequin, his form rising powerfully over me.

I knelt down on each pad and put my lower leg into each box. The boxes were padded with soft foam covered with satin and were very comfortable.

****Very good**** said the mannequin. ****Now kiss my cock****

After hearing the mannequin repeat the same phrase for the last two hours, it took me a second to realize that he had just said something new.

I leaned over and kissed the tip of the penis, then pulled back quickly. It was warm, and it jumped a bit when I touched it.

****YES**** the mannequin intoned. ****Now put your hands in the cuffs****

"What cuffs??" I asked, alarmed, but then I noticed them. They were attached to his hips and were made of wide strips of canvas, about 3" (8cm) wide.

I hesitated. This was too much. But what else could I do?

****PUT YOUR HANDS IN THE CUFFS**** the mannequin demanded, this time more strongly.

Startled, I jumped to obey. With growing trepidation, I slipped my hands into the cuffs attached to his hips. What was I getting myself into?

For a few moments, nothing happened.

****Grab my ass**** the mannequin requested. I reached forward with my hands, pushing the cuffs just past my wrists and grabbed his ass. His penis brushed my

ear as I leaned forward.

****Firmly**** I grabbed his ass more vigorously.

****SUCK AS MUCH OF MY COCK AS POSSIBLE**** I leaned my head back, slipped his penis into my mouth and slid just over half of it into my mouth.

****THANK YOU****

And then, three things happened really fast. First, the cuffs drew tight around my wrists, pinning them to the sides of his hips. Second, with a **Snap!** the sides of the boxes hinged together, trapping my legs in satin prisons. And third, I felt his hands at the back of my head.

"Auughmmph!" I screamed, frantically trying to escape.

As his hands tightened their grip on my head, he started to slowly piston his penis in and out of my mouth.

"Mnmmnphmnmnmph!" something viscous, salty and vaguely medicinal spurt from his penis and into my mouth. As this happened, he pulled my head in tight.

It was either swallow or drown. I swallowed, grimacing as the mixture oozed down my throat. What is this? I wondered to myself. What is it feeding me?

His hands were shifting on my head. He was searching for something. After a second, the mannequin's thumbs ran over my ears. I tried to pull away, but his hands held me firmly. Gently, he inserted his thumbs into my ears, pressing firmly. It was not painful, just weird. I felt, somehow, that I was being violated in the strangest way.

I was completely trapped. There was absolutely no way to escape now. Tears flowed down my cheeks as he continued to piston his manhood into my mouth, gradually forcing it ever deeper down my throat.

His hands tightened their grip on my head. A second spurt of fluid shot from his penis, coating the back of my throat.

Here is what I want you to think. In your mind, repeat after me: "I love to suck cock. I love to swallow sperm. I love to feel my lips on a hard penis." There must have been little speakers built into the thumbs, because the sound came directly into my ears.

I looked up, through watery eyes into the face of the mannequin. He loomed over me, with all his power and confidence. I had completely subjugated myself to a machine.

"I love to suck cock. I love to swallow sperm. I love to feel my lips on a hard penis."

It seemed like forever, but it was probably only a half hour later when he stopped moving. It was still... and quiet.

I was still trapped, my head in his vice-like hands, legs imprisoned in their boxes, and wrists strapped to his side with my useless hands cupping his firm ass cheeks.

The penis was about half in and half out of my mouth. Because of his grip I couldn't eject the penis from my mouth... but I could relax a bit. I stretched my mouth, caught my breath, swallowed a few times (ugh) and licked my lips a bit.

When I looked up, his face was still there, impassive and stoic.

And then it happened: I felt my own penis shifting in my pants. I was getting hard!

But no! I thought frantically to myself. This can't be happening! I'm not gay! I like women!

But there was something about animalistic power of the machine, the way in which

I submitted to it, kneeling down before it, trapped, forced to hold his penis in my mouth. Something about all that was tapping some submissive, obedient, worshipful, tender part of me, and that part of me was beginning to enjoy it.

He's not a real man, I rationalized to myself, no one can see me here. This is my secret, I thought.

Just then, his hips started up again and his penis thrust itself fully into my mouth. I felt my lips and nose brush against his belly and I felt his balls brush against my chin.

"I love to suck cock. I love to swallow sperm. I love to feel my lips on a hard penis."

A few minutes later I felt his cock twitch and another spurt of fluid shot into my mouth. Just as it did, my own penis, trapped in my pants and underwear, jerked and ejaculated, soiling my clothes.

This mechanical god had forced my obedience, and now, unable to do anything about the situation, I had completely surrendered to him.

After another hour or so, it was over. The cuffs relaxed, the boxes around my legs opened up, and he released his grip on my head and pulled his hands back to his sides.

I let the penis slide out of my mouth, pulled my hands from the cuffs, and then gingerly got up from my kneeling position. I stumbled back, on to the floor, exhausted.

But besides that, I was also full.

"I am being fed through an artificial penis," I thought to myself. I frowned,

wondering if I would have to repeat this ritual every time I got hungry or thirsty.

Just then I saw a light blinking on the far wall. I went over to it and saw that it was next to a recessed handle. Curious, I pulled on the handle and a bed slid out from the wall and clicked into place.

Immensely grateful, I shed my clothes and slipped under the covers, falling asleep almost instantly.

All through the night I heard his voice in my dreams: ** I love to suck cock. I love to swallow sperm. I love to feel my lips on a hard penis. **

CHAPTER 2:

When I finally woke up, I checked my watch and it was 8 AM the next morning. But still the room was completely dark except for the illuminated mannequin. I hadn't expected to sleep so long. Was there something in the seminal discharge I had drunk the night before?

As I gradually woke up, I felt a growing discomfort: I had to urinate. What now? Just go in the corner?

Eventually I became fully awake and got out of bed. As soon as I did, the bed retracted back into the wall and the flashing light next to its handle turned off.

Wondering what to do, I walked over to the mannequin again, and looked into his eyes. I had survived his subjugation the previous night. What would be required of me today?

Curious, and a bit horny, I knelt carefully in front of the mannequin, and

placed my lips around his cock, giving it a tentative suck.

Nothing happened.

I reached into the cuffs and grasped his buns.

Nothing moved. No clicks, no hands, nothing. The mannequin just stood there, staring down at me, impassive and immobile.

Eventually I gave up, disentangled myself from the mannequin and stood up.

Just

then I noticed that one of the doors was ajar. My heart leapt up. Was I free?

It was the wrong door. I opened it up and saw a toilet and a small shower.

Well,

it was certainly better than soiling my cell, I reasoned. I stepped into the bathroom and by force of habit I closed the door behind me.

Click It locked behind me. Of course.

TRAINING ENGAGED Intoned a voice from a speaker in the ceiling.

**LEVEL 2,

CLEANING**

"That's just great," I muttered to myself. I sat on the toilet and did my business. It flushed automatically.

When I opened the shower door, I stopped short. There was no water nozzle,

no

faucet or hot and cold controls.

Instead, there was a rack.

That's the only possible description. It was a big open square, like a huge picture frame sticking straight out from the wall. At the top were wrist cuffs. At the bottom were little shelves with ankle cuffs where I was supposed to stand-- like metal bondage flip-flops or something.

Please stand in the frame The speaker in the ceiling requested.

"The hell with that!" I shouted at the top of my lungs. In frustration I slammed the shower door shut before crumpling to the floor, sobbing hysterically.

But what could I do? Locked in the bathroom with no escape.

****Please stand in the frame****

The exit door was securely locked. There was a second door in the bathroom, but it was locked too.

****Please stand in the frame****

I sat on the toilet getting used to the idea. "If the fucking house wanted to kill me," I reasoned, "it already would have." Once I had gotten used to the mannequin, it wasn't so bad. Just horribly degrading.

"And I can live with degrading," I reasoned with myself. "I can suffer whatever's necessary to get out of this hell-hole."

****Please stand in the frame****

I got up, removed my underwear, and dropped it on the floor. All of my other clothing was locked behind me in the other room. With a sigh, I opened the shower door and stepped into the shower. The frame was waiting for me.

Gingerly, I stepped up onto the foot pads at the base of the frame.

****Place the tube in your mouth****

Looking up, I noticed a tube with a strange, bulbous end hanging from the middle of the frame. I pulled it down and put it in my mouth. There were impressions in the tube that were obviously intended for my teeth. The tube was attached to a

snorkel-mask which fit around my eyes.

****Grasp the handles at the top****

Just above each wrist cuff was a handle. I grasped both of the handles.

****Thank you****

Click* - *Click* - *Click* - *Click

Four cuffs closed over my wrists and ankles. I was trapped, spread-eagle, on the frame. The foot pads slid further apart, separating my legs and exposing my penis and balls.

Whuuff The tube expanded inside my mouth! It was a pump gag! In an instant it had jacked my mouth wide open, filling it completely. My tongue worked frantically, but it was impossible to remove. The only saving grace is that I could still breath out of my mouth, through a tube in the center of the gag.

At the same time, air was sucked out of the mask around my eyes. It adhered tightly to my face.

BANG Two doors hinged open and the frame slid smoothly into the wall.

It was some weird, combination car-wash and amusement park ride. Completely dark, I was dragged through a world of water, brushes, and chemicals.

The frame would slide sideways for 10 feet (3m) or so, then stop with a jolt. On the first stop I was pummeled with hot water sprays. The jets seemed to be well aimed, one tight jet aimed directly at my asshole. Another series of jets forcefully jostling my penis and balls. Other jets stroked across my nipples, into my ears, and over my head.

Thoroughly soaked, the jets stopped and were replaced by softer jets spraying some gluey, noxious chemical over every inch of my body. Thank goodness for the breathing tube and the mask! A few seconds later and I was completely covered.

Click! The frame slide sideways to the second station.

Brrrrrunnnnnnnnn Large motors spun into motion. *Whap!*

"MMMPPHMN!" I screamed into my gag, more from surprise than pain. A large, fat, wet, felt paddle had just slapped against my body.

WHAP - *WHAP* Flexible felt paddles started to slap everywhere. I tried twisting out of the way, but there was no escape. Paddles would slap, then slid wetly over my body. Paddles came from all directions: on my back and front, sides, head, feet, legs. Worst of all were the paddles that came up from between my legs, slapping my balls and then sliding roughly over them before leaving. These alternated with paddles which slapped down on my penis, then curled around it as they rubbed down and off.

The paddles were slapping and rubbing the noxious gluey chemical into my skin, all over my body. Slapping, rubbing, and then returning to slap again.

After a good 15 minutes of slapping and rubbing, slapping and rubbing over every inch of my body, they finally stopped. I felt like my skin had been rubbed raw, and if I could have seen it I'm sure that it would have glowed pink.

Next it was brushes. Soft-bristle brushes attacked from all directions. I was literally submersed in vibrating brushes which further scrubbed each and every inch of my body.

First, imagine that your body is locked inside a suit of armor. Every inch of your body is covered by the suit.

Next, imagine that the inside of that suit of armor is completely covered with soft brushes, all of them turned towards your body. Brushes in your crotch, brushes between your ass cheeks, brushes up and down each arm, brushes between each finger and each toe, brushes over your head, under your chin, over your stomach, inside each ear, etc.

Now imagine that the brushes are all vigorously vibrating, all at the same time. You are swimming in a suit of vibrating brushes.

And now you get an idea of what it was like.

After the brushes finished, my frame slid backwards to where I was rinsed. This time, instead of the noxious chemical, there was something decidedly more slippery and foamy, with an overpowering floral scent.

Then back to the slapping paddles and brushes.

Another rinse, then terri-cloth brushes (swimming in a sea of soft terri-cloth!), then blow dry and finally I was done.

Only the frame didn't leave from the same door where it had entered.

Chapter 3:

All at once the cuffs opened, the gag deflated, and I stumbled out of the frame into a new room.

With a click and a whirr, the frame slid back into the wall and the opening closed behind it, leaving me trapped in yet another room.

****TRAINING ENGAGED**** said the dreaded voice from the ceiling. ****BEGIN LEVEL 3: POSTURE****

Again, the room was very dimly lit by a single spot-light. The floor glistened. When I reached down to feel it, I noticed that it was made up of shiny metal tiles.

"That's strange," I thought. "Why metal? It's beautiful, but... why?"

"OH SHIT!" I had just noticed my legs and crotch. Completely bare.

Frantically I felt all over my body. Every stitch of hair had been removed. My head was completely bald. My beard was gone. All my chest hair and arm hair --

all gone. There was no mirror, but I must have looked as bare as the mannequin.

The only hair left were my eyebrows and eyelashes. My balls looked puny, hairless and exposed.

I sat down on the cold metal tiles in disgust. So that had been the purpose of the noxious chemicals.

"DAMN YOU!" I shouted. It would take months to grow everything back, if not years. I hugged myself and shivered at the thought.

****Please step into the shoes****

I looked up where the spotlight was pointed and spied a pair of shoes by the wall. Above the shoes, high on the wall, were two black tubes, a larger one and a smaller one, both made of some kind of shiny black fabric.

"Not again," I sighed.

I sulked for a bit and spent some time inspecting the room.

****Please step into the shoes****

The room was very strange. First there were the metal tiles which covered the floor. But the tiles weren't all the same size. On one side of the room they were small (about 2"/5cm wide with large gaps between them) which made it painful to walk. On the other side they were full size (about 4"/10cm wide with almost no gap at all), smooth and cool.

And then there were the walls, which were covered with small buttons, at least one button every 2 feet (.7m) or so, randomly placed all over the walls, some very near the floor, some just as high as I could reach. I tried pressing the buttons but nothing happened.

****Please step into the shoes****

Besides that, the room had another door, which would presumably open once I had finished training, and several curious slots in the wall.

****Please step into the shoes****

With a sigh I succumbed to the inevitable. The shoes were a pair of ladies pumps with 3" heels. Clearly I was going to be learning how to walk in high-heels.

"Strange," I mumbled. The shoes were literally attached to the walls. I couldn't move them to put them on. Instead, while standing, I threaded my feet into them.

They were a very loose fit -- how was I going to walk in them? I wondered. They would fall off after a single step.

****Now slip into the corset**** said the voice.

"What?" I exclaimed with surprise, "A corset?" From above, the first of the large tubes slid slowly down the wall. Just as it reached my head I made up my mind and slid my body into it, arms first, then my head and shoulders. It was also very loose, so I slid easily into it. The corset moved slowly down,

eventually settling at my waist. It was long, stretching from my crotch all the way to my underarms.

"Unh!" I looked down in surprise. Built into the bra cups of the corset were large falsies with big fat nipples which settled over my chest as the corset moved into place. They were quite large, at least a D cup. I tentatively felt one of them, it felt quite realistic, if a bit cool to the touch.

Now put your head into the collar said the voice.

The small tube was sliding down from above. Deciding not to resist, I held steady as it slipped over my head, stopping when it was around my neck.

Just then I panicked realizing I could be strangled to death by this contraption! I struggled, frantically trying to disengage myself.

But it was too late. The corset, the collar, and the shoes all began to gradually tighten around my body.

As they tightened, the voice began to count up. *One*... *Two*...

Realizing it was hopeless, I stopped struggling, and instead concentrated on making myself as comfortable as possible. Already the corset and collar had reached my natural, at-rest, body contours.

Three... A snug fit. The collar and shoes stopped tightening, but the corset continued.

Four... Tighter, definitely constricting.

Five... "Ah!" I gasped. The corset's grip became vise-like.

Six... Oh my god.

Finally, the corset stopped tightening.

And then, with a loud *SNAP!* the corset, collar, and shoes all became detached

from the wall and I staggered forward, barely maintaining my balance. With one hand against the wall to steady myself, I tried to catch my breath, but try as I could, it only came out in short gasps.

The collar tightly gripped about my neck, stretching it and holding my head high and slightly tilted up. The corset prevented any slouching or bending over, and the shoes kept my feet pointed and arched. I tried to reach the clasps, but they were closed with some strange attachment that I couldn't maneuver.

I tried to walk and quickly discovered that the shoes were joined by a short chord, about a foot (30cm) long. "Thank god the heels aren't higher," I muttered. "How long will I be punished like this?"

I looked down. Christ, my cock was hard. Why the fuck was that? My cock bobbed into the air, just below where the corset stopped. It demanded attention. I reached down and stroked it. I rubbed my other hand over my corset feeling the stays built into the satin fabric. My abdomen and sides felt so tight and smooth. Wow. The leather collar was so stiff and tight. It molded itself to my neck and forcibly held my head up high and proper, holding me in such a tight, intimate, demanding grip. And the breast forms were squeezed and pushed together by the corset, I thought the front of it might burst. When my hand ran over the false breasts, feeling the nipples and how large they were, I couldn't help myself.

I came, shooting all over the wall. All my worries and tensions drained out of me and I almost collapsed.

"What's wrong with me?" I muttered. "What's happening to me?" I began to wonder what might have been in the mixture I had sucked out of the mannequin's penis. Was I more docile and horny than usual?

Finally I gathered my wits and wondered what I was supposed to do now. Looking around the room I noticed a light blinking. I carefully walked over to it, trying to get used to all of the posture equipment. The cord between my shoes forced me to take short steps. The heavy breasts threw off my center of balance, and I had to push my shoulders back to compensate, which appeared to thrust the breasts out even further. The collar and corset forced my entire upper body to stay straight as a line.

Finally I made it to the light. It was one of the buttons on the wall. It was blinking.

I pushed it and with a soft *ping* it stopped blinking. "Uh oh," I thought, "what have I done?"

But nothing happened. Eventually I looked around and I saw another button blinking on the opposite wall. I walked over to it and pressed it.

ping The blinking switched to another button on the far side of the room.

So that was it. I was being trained to walk like a perfect lady, criss-crossing the room, pressing buttons, head up, shoulders back, breasts thrust forward, taking short steps in my arched, high heels.

As I walked over to the next flashing button, this time my foot got stuck. "Damn..." A heel had got caught between the tiles. This was the side of the room with the tiles spaced further apart.

After a second I was able to work the heel free. Looking over at the flashing button, I realized that if I was going to get to it I would be forced to walk on the balls of my feet.

"Is this what women in heels have to endure?" I asked myself, as I tip-toed carefully to the flashing button and pressed it. Then I remembered my ex-girlfriend, and how she had always had to be so careful when walking over

grates in the sidewalk. "I guess so."

And so I walked, back and forth across the room, pressing the flashing buttons, walking carefully to make sure my heels wouldn't get caught. Some of the buttons were very high and I had to reach up on tip-toe to press them, further straining my calves and tendons. Some were down by the floor, so I would have to squat down, bending my knees, to reach them. The corset and collar prevented me from simply leaning over to press them, everything had to be done with the best possible posture.

After having done about a couple dozen buttons, I got my heel caught again and stumbled to the floor.

"Shit!" I rubbed my hands and knees where I fell. "Well, might as well take a break," I reasoned.

But the house had other ideas.

ZAP The floor zapped me with an electric shock! No wonder the tiles were metal. I scrambled to get up off the floor before it zapped me again.

"FUCK, that hurt." I shouted, stamping my foot on the floor.

And so I was trapped. I couldn't sit down. Instead, I had to stand, with perfect posture, walking back and forth across the room, taking short steps, reaching up or gracefully squatting down (knees together), pressing button after button, over and over again.

About an hour later and I was exhausted. My calves hurt from stretching, my feet hurt from being jammed into the high heels.

Just when I thought I couldn't stand it anymore, a small padded shelf slid out from one of the slots in the wall.

"Thank you!" I exclaimed, walking (carefully) over to it and sitting down.

FLASH Something on the far wall flashed.

Please cross your legs Said the voice in the speaker.

"What the fuck?" I looked around. The house had taken a picture of me! I quickly tried to cross my legs, but couldn't do it like normal, because of the cord between the heels.

So I had to settle for crossing my legs at the ankle.

"Just like a proper lady," I thought to myself, ruefully.

FLASH Another picture.

Please fold your hands in your lap

I followed instructions.

FLASH Another picture.

Thank you Apparently I had passed inspection.

After about 15 minutes, I heard a *ping!*. I looked around, wonder what was happening.

ZZIIP the shelf retracted into the wall. I sprawled onto the floor and was instantly zapped with electricity.

"DAMN!" I cursed, scrambling to get up off the floor. And you know what? It's fucking difficult to get up off the floor with high heels, a corset, and collar!

And so it continued. Walk across the room and press a button. Walk across the room and sit down on a shelf. Make sure your legs are crossed and hands folded properly. Stand up quickly when you hear the *ping*.

Sometimes I would get to rest for a good long time on the shelf, sometimes it would only be a few seconds. Once, all I was allowed to do was walk back and forth across the room, sitting down (correct posture, crossed legs, folded hands), and then (*ping!) immediately having to stand up to cross the room again to sit down on some other shelf.

I found that things went smoothest when I didn't fight it. Instead of fighting the corset or the collar, my body began to move with proper posture all on its own. And after a while, I began to gauge the proper distance of a step, without having to be reminded by the cord. And so my motions began to feel more and more natural and fluid, even as I was getting more and more tired and achy.

After what must have been hours (I had left my watch in the first room, so I could no longer judge the passage of time), I was done.

****Return to the starting position**** The speaker said.

I returned to the place where I had first stepped into the shoes and had first slipped on the corset.

****Stand with your back to the wall****

As I did so, I felt the corset, collar, and shoes become re-attached to the wall. They loosened up and I was able to slip out of my posture-training clothes. While I was happy to take some unrestricted deep breaths, for some reason it was something of a letdown to be free. I felt less special, somehow.

The exit door opened. I walked through it and into a corridor. At one end were stairs, but at the top of the stairs the door was locked. As I looked down I realized where I was.

I was in the first corridor that I had entered.

I walked down the stairs, automatically holding my back straight and head up high. My feet felt strangely uncomfortable without the high-heeled shoes. All the doors were locked, again, except for the fifth one.

I walked in and saw the mannequin waiting for me.

****Kneel before me**** It said. I couldn't help it: a sexual thrill ran through me at the sight of him.

And besides, I was thirsty and hungry.

And so I walked over, knelt on the pads, placed my legs in the boxes, threaded my hands in the cuffs, and sucked his penis into my mouth.

CHAPTER 4:

"What will it be today?" I wondered, as I woke up the next morning. According to my watch, it was Sunday.

As before, the door to the bathroom was already open. I did my business on the toilet and then peeked into the shower.

****Please step into the frame****

With a sigh, I did as I was told. "The drugs," I thought as the cuffs clasped around my wrists and ankles, and as the gag puffed up inside my mouth forcing my jaws apart but sealing off my mouth, "are definitely making me more docile."

I pushed away the other thought that tickled at the edges of my consciousness. The thought that maybe I was enjoying the subjugation and humiliation. That maybe I had enjoyed the raw sexuality of it all... and that maybe I really

enjoyed being docile and obedient.

The frame slid smoothly into the wall and I was treated to another vigorous scrubbing.

Click! The frame slid smoothly out of the wall and the handcuffs disengaged. I stepped out of the frame and it slid smoothly back into the wall.

I looked around. I was not in the posture room like I had expected. Instead, this room was very small, like a walk-in closet, with just enough room for a bench and a very strange looking chair.

****TRAINING ENGAGED: BEGIN LEVEL 4 - BEAUTY****

"Well, that's somewhat vague," I thought to myself.

****Please sit in the chair**** the voice said. I walked over to examine it.

The chair had contours which were intensely erotic. First, it had contoured holders for the legs, and a wrap around section that was shaped to fit around your back. The chair was designed to wrap around the occupant, hugging him.

Second, The contours for the legs held the legs spread apart, exposing one's privates. "That's positively indecent," I muttered.

And third, in front of the chair was a bench. Looking at the grooves on the floor, it was apparent that after sitting in the chair it would slide forward and lock smoothly with the bench, trapping the sitter with soft rubber contours covering his entire body from the chest down.

But worst of all was the seat. It was contoured for ass cheeks with a peak running down the center and with a hole in the middle. When you sat on it, the chair would separate and cup one's cheeks, with the hole directly against your anus.

The bench was bare, except for a series of sliding panels. On the wall in front

of the chair was a computer monitor surrounded by light bulbs. It was blank and the bulbs were dark.

****Please sit in the chair**** the voice commanded.

I couldn't deny the fact that I was getting aroused by the idea of sitting in the chair and having my anus exposed to the hole. I ran my hands over the contours. They were made of soft, somewhat pliable rubber, covered with a slightly oily film.

****Please sit in the chair**** the voice commanded.

After dithering another minute or two, I carefully climbed into the chair. The contours flexed a bit to accommodate my particular bumps and curves. I spread my legs and placed them in the contoured holders, and sat down on the sculpted seat. As expected, the contours were forced into my ass crack, making me feel exceptionally vulnerable underneath. The fact that my legs were spread exposing my cock and balls didn't help either.

****Thank you****

The chair slowly slid forward. I lifted my hands to keep them out of the way.

Click the chair locked into the bench. The contours pressed into me, the foam pressing into my flesh from all angles, surrounding and trapping my body.

"Oh FUCK!" I jerked in surprise. My penis had been sucked into some warm, wet, pulsating tunnel from above, and my balls had been similarly sucked, almost painfully, into some pulsing clutch from below.

But oh... that felt good. I tried thrusting my hips, but the chair was so tight that I couldn't move a millimeter.

And then, as I had expected, a well lubricated probe pushed up from the seat and very slowly, almost gently, pierced my anus, slowly spreading my sphincter as it delved deeper and deeper. It was ribbed.

I closed my eyes in enjoyment. A couple more minutes of this...

"Hey!" I shouted, "don't leave me hanging." The dildo had slipped out of my ass and the pulsing around my cock and balls had stopped. I tried to hump the seat, but it didn't help, I couldn't move at all.

And then, to make matters worse, a gush of cold water came from somewhere inside and flowed over my genitals. My penis deflated in a hurry, and I grimaced at the cold clammy touch of the chair and the bench.

"Now what?" I wondered, disgusted. Just then, the video monitor in front of me flickered to life, as did high-wattage bulbs surrounding it. I took a good look at it.

It was my face. The flat-screen monitor was showing my face, exactly like a mirror, only it was coming from a computer screen. "There must be some kind of pin-hole camera in the middle of it," I realized, squinting to look at it closer. Then it struck me: If the monitor looks like a mirror, and is surrounded by bulbs, then I must be at...

A make-up table. A panel in the bench slid aside uncovering a makeup dish. It was labeled 'concealer'.

****Apply concealer as indicated****

In the flat-screen monitor/mirror, the computer had highlighted areas of my face

to be concealed. It was so weird. I mean, there was my face, essentially a real-time mirror image, and overlaid on the image were contour lines showing me where the computer felt I needed to apply concealer.

Next to the dish of concealer was a soft sponge. I dabbed it in the concealer and applied it as indicated. As I completed each section, the contour lines were automatically removed by the computer.

When I finished the concealer, the computer made a soft *ping*. On cue, the warm tunnel pulsed around my cock and balls exactly once.

"Arg!" I squirmed. The tip of the probe had just barely touched my sphincter, just gently brushing the outside. It was the barest sensation and it just about drove me insane with need.

The panel slid shut on the concealer and a second panel slid open.

****Apply foundation as indicated****

Eager for more stimulation, I quickly reached for the foundation. This time, in addition to little contour lines showing where to apply the foundation, there was also a small, "picture-in-picture" view of a woman applying foundation in the lower left corner of the screen. I looked carefully at the image and saw how she used the sponge and her fingers to apply and blend the foundation. As I applied the foundation I noticed that it was a perfect match for my skin tone.

As soon as I finished with the foundation... *ping!*

"Unh!" I grunted as the probe inserted itself just a half-inch past my sphincter muscle. It had gone from a light tickling sensation to an incredibly frustrating itch. I desperately wanted the dildo to thrust deeply into my ass. I wanted to be raped in the ass... by a chair!

And then the rubber tunnel, now a bit warmer, around my penis throbbed and sucked for a couple of seconds before stopping. I was about half-hard now.

zip the cover on the foundation closed and a second cover opened. This time it contained a small bowl of powder with an application brush.

Apply powder as indicated I followed the demonstration image, gathering up some powder on the brush, tapping the brush on the bowl to remove the excess, and then lightly brushing on the powder in downward strokes. After a few minutes I finished and replaced the brush in the holder.

ping The probe was inserted a further half-inch into my ass and I received another two seconds of suction. This time, my balls seemed to be given an extra firm tug.

zip Eyeliner pencil.

"Impossible," I muttered, trying to outline my eyes as shown. After much blinking, tears, and poking myself in the eyes, I finally finished the task.

ping Another half-inch of penetration, another two sections of stimulation. I was fully hard by now and desperate for more stimulation.

zip Eyelash curler. I looked suspiciously at the curved gleaming metal tool. It looked like some kind of bizarre dental instrument. Following the video I pressed it to my eyes and squeezed the jaws shut. "Ouch!" I had accidentally caught the skin between the jaws.

ping -- "Oh!" I was now fully aroused and eager for more makeup so I could achieve some kind of relief. The dildo thrust itself deeper, and my balls were tugged harder.

zip Mascara. One coat on the top eyelashes.

ping Oh!

zip Eye shadow, covering my eyelids to the brow-bone.

ping Increasing frustration!

zip Eye shadow, a second, lighter color.

ping The dildo was now becoming painfully large and deep inside my ass.

zip A second coat of mascara.

ping The dildo pulled halfway out and then thrust back in!

zip Eyebrow pencil *ping*

zip This time, blush, a dark-ish shade of pink. The monitor pointed to areas on my cheeks labeling them "Start here" and then "cover this area". Following the demo video, I brushed it on, using light up and down strokes.

ping More sucking, more thrusting!

zip Lip liner pencil *ping*

zip Lipstick *ping*

zip The lipstick was gone.

"Now what?" I looked around. My face looked clean and rosy. The lipstick felt smooth on my lips, sensual and erotic. The smells of the makeup caused me to feel a bit light-headed.

zip A door opened up and a mannequin's head slid out. On top of the head was... a wig. Apparently I was going to be a brunette, with straight shoulder-length hair and bangs.

I reached over and placed the wig on my head. Next to the mannequin's head was a brush and the monitor showed me how to arrange the hair and the wig so that it looked natural.

****Flash**** The computer took a picture of my head and displayed it on the monitor. I was stunned! It actually looked pretty good, and very feminine. Who was this person staring back at me?

The probe in my anus started a rhythmic pumping in and out of my ass. It must have been oozing lubricant. The rubber tubes clutching at my penis and balls began sucking and pulsing in earnest. My penis and balls were being sucked into warm, lubricated tubes which had moving, pulsing ridges that ran down the length of my cock and squeezed firmly around my balls.

As I was being stimulated by the chair I watched as the computer composited my face on to a woman's body wearing a charcoal-grey business suit. Was this what it was trying to achieve? I looked at the makeup and hair and realized what a good match it was for the suit. Restrained, but feminine.

And then, as I stared, entranced, at the image, my face as a woman on a woman's body, the long gradual build-up, the makeup, the smells, the hair brushing my shoulders... it all became too much...

I climaxed.

By the time I was finally released, I had spent over eight hours locked in the makeup chair.

After the first round of makeup, the chair was more stingy in its positive feedback, providing pleasure less and less frequently, using the cold water to cool my passions more frequently. I only orgasmed one additional time.

After the first makeover, the chair had me wash off all the makeup and start over. The makeup actually washed off too easily. I realized later that it was

special 'training' makeup designed by the former owner, Mr. Hewitt, to dissolve quickly in a special solvent.

The chair had me go through the entire makeup procedure again, only this time with a different color scheme and hair style. When I finished, the monitor showed my face on a very short red cocktail dress. I looked stunning!

This continued for several more combinations of hair, makeup color, and dress.

After a couple of hours of this I finally realized that in addition to applying makeup, the chair was teaching me how to coordinate colors, hair styles, and clothing. After that I started paying more attention to why it was making the choices it made (color balance, style, appropriateness for the event, etc).

In the middle of the session the chair gave me some different things to do. The first was to pluck my eyebrows. For this task, the computer monitor displayed a close-up of my eyes and actually highlighted individual hairs to pluck with a pair of tweezers. Every five hairs and I got a little *ping!* as a reward. This was when I orgasmed the second time.

The second odd task was nail polish, which actually required an amazing number of steps: pushing back the cuticles, filing, two coats, gloss, buff... but what beautiful nails they were when I was finished!

Eventually the chair decided I had had enough and I was released. By that time I had applied and removed my makeup over 10 times and was getting pretty good at it.

After another session kneeling before the mannequin (hands cuffed to his sides, head trapped by his hands, mouth locked around his penis as I sucked down dinner) after which I fell asleep wondering what the next day would bring.

I was changing inside. No longer fearful of what was happening to me, I was discovering new things about the world of beauty and women... and I had to admit that I liked them. How much of this was the drugs being fed to me and how much was what I had always wanted? I wondered.

CHAPTER 5:

I stepped out of the frame into another small room. It was now Monday morning.

The room was dark except for a single spotlight shining from above. It shone onto a pedestal which stood in the very center of the room.

I walked over to the pedestal. On top of it was a hearing aid.

Curious, I picked up the hearing aid and put it into my ear.

TRAINING ENGAGED, BEGIN LEVEL 5: OBEDIENCE said a voice in my ear.

I looked around. Why use an earpiece? Why not use speakers in the ceiling like before?

As if it had heard me, the voice said ***Thank you. You will receive all instruction through your earpiece from now on. You must wear it at all times.***

"What?" I asked, out loud, "forever?" But the computer wasn't listening, or it was listening but not responding.

I will tell you exactly what to do and what to say. You must complete all your tasks quickly and without question. Do you understand? If you do, say 'Yes'

"Yes."

Thank you

I looked around, eyes wildly searching. It can hear me! It is asking me questions! There must be a microphone around somewhere.

What is your name?

"Jonathan McDonald"

What is your home phone number?

"810-555-4342"

Thank you. Accessing... Are you Jonathan McDonald of 413 Pine Orchard Way?

"Yes" I looked up, alarmed. It must have used my phone number to look up my address! Was it going to call the police? What was going on here?

Thank you. When you hear this tone, (ting), it indicates words which I wish for you to repeat. For example, when you hear: (ting) 'My name is Jennifer' you are to repeat the words: 'My name is Jennifer'. Do you understand?

"Yes," I was starting to become alarmed.

*** (ting) My name is Jennifer.***

I hesitated for a second, looking around, as if trying to find the computer which was controlling me. It made no sense, I realize, but I couldn't help myself.

*** (ting) MY NAME IS JENNIFER.*** The computer said, more forcefully.

I jumped to obey. "Your name is Jennifer," I said to the ceiling.

*** INCORRECT RESPONSE. SAY THE EXACT WORDS. (ting) MY name is Jennifer. ***

I began to have a queasy feeling in my stomach. "Umm...OK. If you say so. My name is Jennifer." I said, hesitatingly.

*** (ting) I want to be a woman. ***

"I want to be a woman," I didn't say it with very much conviction. Where was this headed?

*** (ting) I like to suck cock. ***

"OK, that's it!" I shouted. "No! Hear me? Fuck you! OH SHIT!" I had reached to pull the earpiece out of my ear, but it was stuck! I frantically scratched at it, trying to work it off.

*** Do not attempt to remove your earpiece. It has been glued to your ear and can only be removed with a special solvent. ***

After a couple more painful attempts, I gave up.

*** (ting) I LIKE TO SUCK COCK. ***

"No!" I shouted. "You can't make me say that! I won't say that!" Even though it may be true, I thought to myself. I had discovered a lot more about myself on this assignment that I had ever thought possible.

But still, this was a question of losing my soul to a computer and I wouldn't let that happen!

*** INCORRECT RESPONSE. (ting) I LIKE TO SUCK COCK. ***

"FORGET IT!" I shouted at the top of my lungs. I kicked at the pedestal, bruising my foot, and then threw my body against the closed door. "NO FUCKING WAY!"

*** (ting) I want to be obedient and submissive ***

Hesitatingly, I repeated the words, "I want to be obedient and submissive."

*** (ting) I enjoy following orders ***

"I enjoy following orders," I repeated.

*** (ting) I wish to serve ***

"I wish to serve."

*** Thank you. Proceed to the next room. ***

With a click the exit door swung open.

CHAPTER 6:

As usual, the new room was completely dark, and only when I closed the door behind me did a spot-light come on.

"Well," I said, relieved. "This doesn't look so bad."

I had been expecting some kind of strange torture equipment. Instead, there was simply a box in the middle of the room about 8" (20cm) high and 2' (.6m) square.

I walked into the room and tentatively kicked the box. It was bolted to the floor. I looked like it was just a box.

TRAINING ENGAGED, BEGIN LEVEL 6: EXERCISE

I looked around, wondering what to do.

*** (ting) A girl must exercise to stay fit. ***

"A girl must exercise to stay fit," I dutifully repeated.

*** (ting) I want a fit body to please my man. ***

"I want a fit body to please my man." Why was the house so intent on turning me into a woman? Why was it doing this?

*** Please put on the leotard. ***

"Please put on the... Oh, I see," I didn't notice before, but there was a leotard in the corner of the room, hanging from a cable in the ceiling. I walked over and inspected it.

It was bright neon-pink spandex, and would have been cute (on a woman) except for the ominous looking cables and tubes attached to it. I followed the cables up to the ceiling where they were attached to a long metal arm.

"Um... OK," I pulled the leotard to detach it from the cables, but it was all one unit. As I tugged on the leotard, the metal arm in the ceiling swung smoothly out from the wall, attached to the leotard as it was by the cables. Apparently, no matter where I was in the room, the metal arm would swing on well-oiled joints so that it would always be directly over me.

I tried to get into the leotard, but it was too high. But the cables were tension-spring loaded, so with a strong enough pull I was able to lower the leotard enough to step into it. Unlike most leotards, this one was designed to close with a zipper up the back.

I wormed one foot into the leotard, and then the other. It was a tight fit! As I let go, the cables retracted slowly into the ceiling.

"ACK!" I swiveled around. The leotard had a built-in anal probe! It was long and thin and was pushing at my backside. As the cable retracted further, it insistently pushed at my anus.

I quickly reached back and inserted it properly. It was well lubricated, and once it probed past my sphincter muscle it slithered right in.

"Unh..." the probe slipped further in. It got thicker and thicker as it went along, the result being that my anus was forced open wider and wider. Thank god it was well lubricated.

What now? I wondered.

After a couple seconds rest, I slipped my hands into the arm holes of the leotard in front of me. The leotard had long-sleeves. Too late, I realized that at the ends the sleeves were not open. Instead, they ended in mittens with no fingers or thumbs.

"** Thank you **"

Draw strings around my wrists pulled shut, trapping them. The zipper in back started closing all on its own! I looked up and saw that it was on a string that was being slowly pulled up into the ceiling. As the zipper closed it pulled the leotard tight around my body, clutching and trapping me. The waist was especially small, making it hard to take deep breaths.

Cables pulled on the mittens (and my hands and arms with them) pulling my left arm around my right side and vice versa. I was bound up like a straight jacket, with both hands and arms useless, hugging myself. Trapped!

As the zipper pulled slowly closed, I realized that the bra cups of the leotard were made of hard plastic. As the fabric tightened around my body, the cups were tightly pressed against my male breasts. Under the leotard they made my body quite curvaceous, but why were they made of hard plastic?

But then I felt something inside the cups, like coarse bristles pressing against my skin. I twisted my body trying to adjust my body so the little points were aimed at less delicate places, but as I did the bristles danced across my nipples!

It was then I realized the fiendishness of the bra cups inside my leotard: There were little spring-mounted brushes inside! The slightest movement would send them oscillating like mad, brushing across my nipples and making them ultra sensitive.

A motor clicked on above, and I heard some hissing around my abdomen. I felt the weirdest, "tugging" sensation on my penis from above. I flexed my muscles a bit to try and get it more comfortable, but then my penis was sucked into a tube -- it had been literally vacuumed into a tube at the front of the leotard. The tube went up to the jointed arm in the ceiling.

"OH!" I gasped as everything tightened up. The zipper pulled shut, the tube retracted a bit into the ceiling (painfully pulling on my penis), and the cable attached to the probe in my penis tightened up, thrusting the dildo even deeper in. The probe and the cable from above acted like a big, soft rubber hook. If the cable tightened from above, the hook would thrust ever deeper into my ass, forcing my asshole ever wider.

I lifted up on my tip-toes to try and relieve the strain, but the cables and tubes retracted with me, maintaining an even tension. Slowly, ever so slowly, so as not to encourage further invasion of my ass, I settled back down on the floor, pulling the cables and tubes with me. With every twitch of my body, I felt brushes moving over my nipples. If only my arms were free! I could have pulled down on the cables to make them less invasive.

A lighted flickered on the opposite wall.

It was a video projection of a lady in a leotard at a gym somewhere.

"Hello there!" Said the lady, excessively perky, her blond hair tied up in a pony tail swinging around her head. "And welcome to Step Aerobics!"

"AAAAGH! NO!" I shouted.

"Now I know everyone says, 'I just hate exercise!'"

"Yes!" I shouted, "I hate exercise!" I tried desperately to free my arms, but they were caught fast in the snug hold of my leotard/straitjacket.

"But step aerobics is different! It's Fun! Fun! Fun! Now, walk up to the step and let's get started!"

The video froze. The perky lady stopped in mid gesture with a bright, almost manic look on her face.

"No way am I moving," I muttered, holding myself very still.

****ZZAPP****

"AAHH!" I jumped forward, causing the probe in my ass to be unceremoniously jammed deeper and the hose on my penis to give a vicious tug. I had been shocked by the butt plug! The brushes frantically stroked back and forth across my nipples.

"Very Good!" The aerobics bimbo had started up again. My jump had put me directly in front of my stair-stepping stair. "Now, let's start with some easy warm-ups, shall we? Step up!" She froze again.

I held perfectly still. After a couple seconds the brushes had finally settled down, and I had slowly pushed down on the probe to get a bit more leeway.

****ZZAPP****

"Fuck!" I jumped to step up on the stair. The hoses and cables quickly took up the slack, holding me tight.

"And now down again!" The instructor bounced off the stair.

Wincing in expectation, I stepped off the stair. Just as I thought, the anal

invader thrust deep up my ass, actually causing me to lose my breath.

While the anal thrusting was bad, my penis was like a leash, with my body weight at one end and the tube pulling at the other. It was a tug-of-war with my penis in the middle.

The brushes vibrated on their springs with a frenzy, causing my nipples to become fully hard, making them even more of a target for the rough bristles.

"Step up! Step down! Good!"

I did as instructed, the cables pulling, the brushes dancing across my nipples, my body being violated, tugged, and roughly stroked with every step.

My god! I was hard!

"Step up, now forward! Good! Now step back, now to the left! Good! Put some more bounce in your step!"

I looked down at my penis in amazement. I was hard! The taut spandex, the straitjacket bondage, the brushes, the pulling, the thrusting... my body was being used, I was at the mercy of the machine.

"Step up! Now Step back again! Show some energy, you! Give it all you got!

"** I want to be obedient and submissive, **" the words rang in my ears. "***I enjoy following orders.**"

"OK! Good warm up! Now for some deep knee bends!"

I groaned.

"Good! Now place your feet about this far apart, and now bend down, just as far as you can!"

Deep knee bends with my feet set apart meant opening up my ass for the deepest penetration yet. I swear I felt the probe sliding a good 8" (20cm) up my ass.

"GOOD! Now you know what I do when I do deep knee bends? I like to imagine that I'm doing them with a nice hard cock up my ass! Isn't that a great idea!"

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Where did this exercise video come from?

"Now this time, repeat after me (ting) I love a nice hard cock up my ass, as deep as possible!"

"I love a nice hard cock up my ass, as deep as possible!" I repeated the phrase, humiliated, but intensely turned on.

"Say it again! (ting)"

"I love a nice hard cock up my ass, as deep as possible!"

"And again! (ting)"

"I love a nice hard cock up my ass, as deep as possible!"

And as the rubber rod slipped even deeper, I came.

And came.

Hard.

Thank god the machine somehow knew I had orgasmed, because all the cables relaxed for a few minutes and I was given a chance to rest. If it hadn't been for that, I'm sure I would have gone berserk.

But after 15 minutes, my rest was over. The cables tightened up and I was back

doing aerobics. This time feeling a lot more sensitive, sweaty, and um... used. Especially back there.

The only time I actually felt pain, other than the ordinary soreness that anyone would feel having a foot-long dildo thrust up their ass, was when I tripped and stumbled off the stair. *THAT* hurt a good deal, both on my penis and my ass which together had to support my full weight for a couple of moments.

But again, the machine must have sensed something was wrong, because it gave me a few minutes break before continuing with the session. Or maybe it was just a coincidence. Whatever, the break came at just the right time.

After about two hours of exercise, I was finally let go. I could slip my hands out of the mittens and my arms from the leotard sleeves. Next I pulled down the zipper, and then (since the cables were completely loose now) it was an easy task to ease the anal plug out of my ass and pull my poor aching penis from the tube which had clutched it so vigorously just moments earlier.

I shuddered inside when I saw the leotard retract back to its starting position, all set to go for the next session.

I stumbled out of the room, down the hall and back into the room with the mannequin (I was bothered that the room was starting to feel like "home"). I had to nap for a couple of hours before I could get up the energy to drink my next meal from the mannequin's liquid food "dispenser".

That night I lay awake for a long time, thinking. I felt trapped, there was no doubt about that. If the door opened to the outside right now I would walk through it and never look back.

But would I?

I thought about the last few days. What did I feel like? Like a laboratory mouse in some weird experiment? Like a pawn in a life-sized chess game?

No, what I really felt like was an army recruit in some bizarre basic-training program. With rough handling I was being physically and mentally conditioned by the machines. Body scrubbed hairless, posture corrected, chemically modified with drugs, muscles exercised, anus loosened to accept ever larger invaders, and now a makeup and posture expert.

But why? To what purpose?

As I recounted my training so far, I put a hand up to my ear and felt the earpiece, the small piece of hard plastic which was still glued firmly into my ear.

*** (ting) My name is Jennifer. ***" it said speaking very softly in my ear, as if on cue.

"My name is Jennifer," I replied, laying back on my bed.

*** (ting) I want to be a woman. **

"I want to be a woman," Feeling something, I reached down only to realize that my still-aching cock had actually become semi-hard.

*** (ting) I want to be obedient and submissive. ***"

"I want to be obedient and submissive."

*** (ting) My name is Jennifer. ***"

*** (ting) I want to be a woman. ***"

The mantra continued until I fell asleep.

CHAPTER 7:

The next day I was dropped off back in the makeup room. With a sigh, I sat down in the makeup chair. At least it would be more pleasurable than the exercise room, I reasoned.

The chair slid up to the bench but didn't do anything else. No anal probe, no sucking my penis.

"Drat," I thought to myself. I had actually been looking forward to the warm pulsing around my genitals.

I applied the makeup as instructed (wash, moisturize, foundation, powder, blush, eyeliner, eye shadow, lip-liner, lipstick, fresh coat of nail polish, touch-up eyebrows) and put on the brunette, shoulder-length wig it provided.

It looked good. From the neck up, I could barely recognize myself. Instead, I saw an intelligent, wide-eyed woman peering back. A bit square-jawed, perhaps, with a nose a bit too large, but the makeup softened both of those mannish features into something that could easily pass in public, I thought.

But what was this? Was I proud of my appearance? Shouldn't I be fighting this more fiercely?

"Must be the drugs," I thought, "and the brainwashing. I'm getting more pliable and submissive."

The chair clicked and slid away from the bench. I looked up and saw the exit door open.

But it was a different exit door which opened this time. So instead of the return hallway, I walked into another new room.

This new room was well lit, with a full-length floor-to-ceiling mirror on one wall and a series of doors on the second wall. The other walls were blank.

***TRAINING ENGAGED, BEGIN LEVEL 7: FIGURE AND DRESS ***

"Geez, how many levels are there?" I wondered.

*** Please step into the closet *** said the voice in my ear. I looked up to see one of the doors on the side wall open up. The closet was very small, really no larger than a phone booth, with a low ceiling.

I walked up to the closet and stopped at the door.

*** Step into the pants. *** I looked down and saw a pair of flesh-colored rubber pants hovering about a foot (30cm) off the floor, attached to the wall by some cables and tubes and a pair of metal arms. The arms looked like a mechanical valet, waiting to help me to dress. Figuring that this could be no worse than the exercise leotard, I stepped into the pants. Underneath the pants were two holes in the floor, about 6 inches (15cm) deep. As I threaded each foot through the leg holes of the pants, I stepped down and placed each foot into a hole.

*** Reach up and grab the handles. *** I looked up. In the (low) ceiling were two holes that matched the two holes in the floor, and recessed inside these holes were handles. I put my hands into the holes and grabbed the handles.

*** Thank you *** Said the ever-polite house-computer, into my earpiece.

HHHSST The openings to the holes in the floor and ceiling closed about my wrists and ankles. The edges of the holes were trimmed in hard rubber, which pressed firmly, but not painfully, against my wrists and ankles. I was trapped.

"Par for the course," I thought to myself. "Why exactly, do I let this happen to

me?"

A motor behind the wall started whirring and with a jerk the metal valet-arms began to rise, slowly sliding the rubber pants up my legs.

With a *snap!* and a hiss, an air-pump also started. I looked down at the pants and mumbled "Uh-oh!" In the front of the pants was a large funnel, now aimed directly at my cock and balls. As the funnel got closer I felt air moving around my legs and genitals, and then with a *floop* my penis was sucked into the funnel with my balls right behind. The funnel bent backwards, drawing my penis and balls down between my legs.

"ACK!" The entire inside of the pants were coated with some cold, sticky gloop.

As the arms pulled ever higher -- forcing the pants up, over my hips, and over my waist, my cheeks, crotch, legs and stomach -- all parts of my lower torso squished into the sticky substance on the inside of the pants. I danced my body back and forth, trying to get more comfortable. The pants were sculpted (like the makeup-chair), and had a fold that rose up between my buns, lifting and separating the cheeks. I felt my asshole exposed to the open air behind me.

Thump *Thump* *Thump* with a series of aggressive tugs the arms seated the pants firmly, trapping and squeezing my body from my hips to my legs. My penis was now forced down between my legs and my balls were pushed up inside my body.

"*Whew*" I breathed a sigh of relief as the arms and vacuum hose (which had been sucking my penis) detached from the pants.

SLAM The closet door closed behind me. What now?!?

It was completely dark inside. I heard random thumping and whirring all around me. After a second I felt something brushing my nipples.

Jerking back to avoid whatever it was in front of me, I slammed against something behind me! And then what felt like two big cushions pushed against the front and back of my chest, squeezing my chest and cradling my body. The cushion in front spread sticky goo over my male-breasts. I heard an air pump again, and then felt my nipples being sucked into some tube running into the cushion in front of me.

And then... Hot! Halogen heat-lamps on all sides burned white-hot around the pants, literally baking them to my body, and the cushions heated up as well. I tried to pull myself out of the way, but the cushions and the cuffs held me firm.

30 seconds of heat, then *click*, *thump*, *click*, *click* -- the heat lamps clicked off, the cushions receded, the door opened, and the cuffs released me. I stumbled backwards out of the closet, gratefully feeling the cool air of the room.

I looked down. "Oh my god, I have breasts!" I shouted. Big ones too, size D. The cushion in front had glued breast forms onto my chest, and now they were epoxied to my skin. I held up my arms to cradle them, as they pulled heavily and almost painfully on my skin.

The breast forms were clearly a standard prosthetic, but when I brushed the nipples I got a surprise: I could feel my own nipples being tweaked! I brushed them gently and realized that there was some kind of connection (electrical? mechanical?) between the two.

I tentatively tried pinching a nipple. "Ow!" I received a painful pinch on my own.

I sat down on the floor to collect my wits and noticed something else weird. The

pants were padded! I felt around. Padding had been added to my ass and hips. I felt between my legs.

"Oh my god!" I spread my legs and looked.

A vagina. A realistic looking foam-rubber vagina was where my penis should be.

It had dark brown pubic hair and various soft, spongy folds. But what I really couldn't believe was that it was wet and lubricated. The soft spongy folds had been apparently soaked in a slippery lubricant that oozed out when I squeezed them. I held my fingers up to my nose and sniffed - only a very slight musky odor. I tasted it too. A kind of salty/buttery flavor.

Increasingly curious, I reached between my legs and felt around some more. There

was a nubbin where my clitoris was. Like the nipples, whenever I tweaked or pinched the clitoris, the tip of my penis was tweaked or pinched -- they were connected together somehow. I could feel my penis trapped just under the surface, and I felt something else - an opening. I had a vaginal orifice.

The pants were designed so I could be fucked. The invading penis would slip in and slide up into a flexible tube, through some padding, and eventually over my stomach, all of which was carefully hidden by the padding in the pants.

Just then I saw myself in the mirror on the wall. What I saw staring back at me was a woman. She was doe-eyed and blushing with shoulder-length hair, tasteful makeup, wet and inviting lips, large breasts and sensuous curves.

She looked back at me with a look of fear and wonder.

I must have fainted, because I suddenly found myself lying down, face pressed against the floor. I sat up slowly, holding my aching head in my hands.

*** (ting) My name is Jennifer. *** Said the earpiece.

"My name is Jennifer," I mumbled, automatically repeating the computer.

*** (ting) I love my new body. ***

"I love my new body." I hugged myself tightly, scared about these new prosthetics and wondering if I would ever get them off. I tried working a finger into the waistband of the rubber pants, but they had been securely glued to my body. I wouldn't be able to take them off without taking off a millimeter of skin as well.

*** (ting) I have been made to please my man. ***

"I have been made to please my man." I ran my hands over my breasts and hips, and then finally over my new pussy. I couldn't help it, but a sexual thrill passed through my body. My cock shifted uncomfortably in it's rubber prison. I winced in pain.

*** (ting) I want to learn how to please my man. ***

"I want to learn how to please my man."

*** Thank you ***

With a click, a second door opened up. It was another closet, only this time it was larger.

"Not this again..." I whined. Attached to the opposite wall of the closet I saw a corset and shoes just like I had been forced to use earlier in my 'Posture' level. Looking to the left, I saw other clothes hung up. The hanger was hung from hooks on a track, like you see at the cleaners. I guessed that the computers in the house could choose different clothes based on its mood... or whatever.

*** Please put on the garter belt. *** the voice spoke into my ear piece.

After searching for a moment or two I found a lacy garter belt to wear.

*** (ting) I love wearing garters to please my man. ***

Dutifully I repeated the words: "I love wearing garters to please my man."

*** Please put on the stockings. ***

I found the pair of gauzy, thigh-high stockings. I put them on, making sure the seams were straight in back, and attached them to the garters. They felt nice as they smoothly slid up my legs, trapping my feet and toes in a gauzy web.

*** (ting) Garters and stockings make me feel so sexy for my man. ***

"Garters and stockings make me feel so sexy for my man," I rolled my eyes. This was getting a bit corny. Still, I noticed a twinge from my penis in sheath between my legs. Was all this making me horny?

*** Please step into the shoes. ***

Reluctantly, I walked over and stepped into the shoes, with my back to the wall. I noticed that the shoes were a bit taller than before, with nearly four inch heels.

*** Put your hands over your head. *** I did as instructed.

*** Thank you. *** The straps on the shoes tightened up, and the corset lowered from above. I threaded my hands through the corset and it settled around my waist and then it too, began to tighten.

A couple of things. First the corset tightened much tighter than before! I

thought my ribs would crack before it was done. Second, it was much smaller, top to bottom, than the "posture trainer" had been. Maybe a foot wide this time; it left my breasts free at the top, and stopped at my hips at the bottom.

****SNAP**** the corset and shoes were released from the wall and I tottered forward.

**** (ting)** Sexy shoes and a stringent corset make me look all woman for my man!
****"**

I repeated the words, "Sexy shoes and a stringent corset make me look all woman for my man!" I swear the computer was actually sounding a bit as if it enjoyed my predicament.

**** (ting)** I love my corset! ****"**

"I love my corset..."

**** (ting)** I want to wear my corset all day, every day! ****"**

"Ummm..." I hesitated this time, again wondering what I was getting into. Still, the thrill of submission won out, and I repeated the phrase, "I want to wear my corset all day, every day!"

The rest of the clothing continued as before. I had to put on a pair of cotton panties, a satin bra, this incredibly sexy short red halter dress (with a scoop neckline), a pearl necklace, some dangly clip-on earrings, a bracelet, perfume, and some rings.

Each time I was given a little phrase to repeat:

**** (ting)** I love clothes which reveal my body for my man! ****"**

**** (ting)** I must smell nice for my man! ****"**

**** (ting)** Earrings make me look special for my man! ****"**

**** (ting)** A bracelet reminds me to be obedient for my man! ****"**

By the time I was done, I was automatically adding "for my man!" to the ends of all my sentences.

As I stepped out of the closet and into the main room, I stopped in shock as I came face to face with my image in the full-length mirror.

I was gorgeous.

An incredibly beautiful woman in red: sexy, curvy, with large breasts and a luscious ass, and oh-so-kissable lips. I could not believe it.

"** Thank you. Now please continue to the next room. **"

The exit door clicked open and I walked through it.

CHAPTER 8:

In the middle of the next room were two simple, straight-backed chairs, side-by-side. On one of the chairs sat a man.

"Oh shit!" I said, with a start, scared by the presence of another human being. I panicked and tried to leave the room, but (of course) the door was closed and locked behind me.

The man sat, motionless. He was young, good looking, and strangely familiar. He had black hair and was dressed in an elegant, tailored business suit with a red tie.

"Hello?" I queried. "My name is Jennifer... no wait, damnit! I mean, my name is Jonathan... I mean..." my mind couldn't handle the contradiction. Yes, I was Jonathan, or at least 4 days ago I was Jonathan. But now... there is no way I could go around telling people I was Jonathan dressed and looking like this.

I made up my mind. "My name is Jennifer," I said with a bit more confidence now.

"Who are you?"

The man didn't move a muscle. He sat straight upright, feet flat on the floor and slightly spread apart, hands resting on his thighs.

Getting suspicious, I tentatively walked over to the man.

"Hello?" I looked closer and then reached out to touch his arm.

"Oh, jeez..." I stumbled back, nearly falling in my heels. The man was not alive. He was another mannequin. Only this time he was a fantastically realistic copy of a human, with each hair, pore, and skin spot carefully rendered.

Fascinated, I walked over and touched him again. He was warm (!), and his skin had some give to it, just like human skin, but with a soft-rubbery feel to it. I looked at him more carefully and realized that his feet were actually bolted to the floor.

*** TRAINING ENGAGED, BEGIN LEVEL 8: SOCIAL ***

"Hello, my name is Jack. What's yours?"

Oh shit. The mannequin started talking and had swiveled its head to look at me.

"Ummm... My name is Jennifer?" I said, tentatively.

"Jennifer... that's a beautiful name. Why don't you sit here next to me so we can chat?" The mannequin looked at me.

"Umm... OK." I walked over and sat in the chair next to Jack, with my legs crossed (at the ankles), back straight, head up, and hands folded in my lap, just like I had been trained to sit.

*** (ting) What do you do for a living, Jack? *** said the voice in my ear

piece.

What was this? The house was coaching me in small talk? What made it so bizarre is that the computer was actually carrying on both sides of the conversation, only with me in-between.

Whatever, this was relatively mild compared to what I had been through the last few days. If the computer wanted me to play-act as Jennifer for a while, who was I to complain?

"What do you do for a living, Jack?"

"Oh, I do lots of different things... biology, chemistry, mechanical engineering..."

Aha! Now I remembered where I saw the face on the mannequin. I saw him in the pictures upstairs. The pictures of Jack Hewitt. For reasons unknown, he had made a copy of himself and now here I was, interacting with him.

"** (ting) That must be very interesting! You must be such a smart man! **"

Oh, flattery. Now I'm being coached on how to flatter a man?

I repeated the words, and getting into the mood a bit I tried to put a little feeling into it: "That must be very interesting! You must be such a smart man!"

The mannequin turned his head towards me, "Oh... it's nothing, really. Would you like to hear an inventor joke?" His lips and jaw actually moved as he talked. It wasn't 100% natural, but boy, it was better than any mannequin I had ever seen.

As he talked I could actually see a tongue moving inside, even though I was certain it was only a speaker making the sounds.

*** First, place your hand on his upper arm, give it a little squeeze, and then say (ting) Yes! ***

As instructed, I reached over to squeeze his upper arm and then said "Yes!" I knew this was just a mannequin, but the whole situation was getting disturbingly intimate.

So then Jack, the robot/mannequin of the dead owner of the house told his joke:

This man goes along to the Patent Office with some of his new designs. He says to the clerk, "I'd like to register my new invention. It's a folding bottle."

"OK," says the clerk. "What do you call it?"

"A fottle," replies the inventor.

"A fottle? That's a stupid! Can't you think of something else?"

"I can think about it. I've got something else though. It's a folding carton."

"And what do you call that?" asks the clerk.

"A farnton", replies the inventor.

"That's rude. You can't possibly call it that!"

"In that case," says the inventor...

You're really going to hate the name of my folding bucket."

*** Now laugh at his joke, place a hand on his thigh, and squeeze. ***

I did my best. "A fucket!" I replied, giggling, "that was funny." I placed a hand on his thigh and squeezed it.

*** (ting) I have a joke too. Would you like to hear it? ***

"I have a joke too. Would you like to hear it?" I dutifully repeated.

"Yes I would!" replied Jack.

*** (ting) Even if it's a bit bawdy? *** I felt prickling run down the back of my neck. Where was this headed?

"Even if it's a bit bawdy?"

"Oh, those are the best kinds of jokes!" said Jack, with evident enthusiasm.

*** Move your chair aside and sit in his lap, with your arms around his neck. ***

Doing as instructed, I settled myself into his lap. It was hard to tell, with the padding in the rubber pants, but I could have sworn that I felt something moving underneath me. His penis?

As I turned to face him, I realized just how revealing my dress was. I placed my arms around his head and saw how my cleavage was flaunted just a few inches away from his face. "Thank god he's just a dummy..." I thought to myself, although in reality he was becoming less and less like a machine and more and more like a real person with each passing moment.

*** (ting) It's best if I tell the joke while sitting on your lap. Do you mind? ***

I repeated the words as instructed, batting my eyes a bit, and (where did this come from?) even thrusting my breasts towards him a bit, flaunting my assets.

"Oh, not at all!" Jack exclaimed. If a machine could drool, he would be doing it. I felt the mannequin place one hand on my hips and the second on my knee, between my legs.

This was getting **very* *very** intimate!

*** (ting) ... *** The computer had me tell the following story:

A man and a woman are in adjacent seats on an airplane.
The woman sneezes, then shudders violently, like this!

Achoo!

[I was instructed shake my body. My breasts jiggled wildly before Jack's face. As I shook, his hand on my knee slipped a bit higher, so that it was now on my thigh, between my legs.]

The man thought this to be strange, but he didn't pay it much mind. But then, the woman sneezed again!

Achoo! Oh!

[I was told to shake again. This was positively indecent! His hand moved up even further, now brushing lightly against my panties. His other hand slipped up higher, and was holding me around my waist just below my breasts.]

The man thought this was pretty weird, but he did his best to avert his eyes. He might have succeeded if only she hadn't sneezed again!

Achoo!! Ooooooohhhh!

[This time I was instructed to cling tightly to him as I shook and shimmied ever more violently. Did I feel something under me? Was the mannequin getting a boner?]

Finally, the man asks the woman what's wrong. She says, "I'm sorry if I disturbed you. I have a rare condition. When I sneeze, I have an orgasm."

[Jack moved a hand to cup my breast. I felt a light pinch on my left nipple as he trapped it between two fingers.]

The man says, "I've never heard of that. What are you taking for it?"

And the woman says, "Pepper!"

The mannequin, Jack, gave a hearty laugh. Strangely, I felt a rush of pleasure in having told my joke so well.

Just then I felt a hand on the back of my neck. Jack had moved a hand from my breast and was now slowly pulling my head towards his face. His other hand moved to cup my new pussy, holding it firmly.

*** Kiss him. **" instructed the voice in my earpiece.

"NO!" I shouted, suddenly panicked at being trapped in the steel embrace of this robot. I tried pummeling his chest with my hands and pulling away, but he had me trapped. The mannequin's arms were suddenly strong and unmovable, as they gradually, inexorably, brought my lips to his...

"Mmmph!" He ground his lips against mine. A tongue! Oh-my-god, a wet tongue had probed past my lips and was pressed against my teeth.

*** Open your mouth. **"

No way was I going to do that, but then I jerked in surprise as he worked a finger inside my panties and between my ass cheeks. "Aaack!"

Taking advantage of my shout, his tongue darted inside my mouth and started stroking my teeth, the roof of my mouth, and my tongue. I tried to bite down on his tongue, but, of course, it made no difference.

*** Insert your tongue into his mouth. **"

No, no, no, no, no! I tried valiantly to fight it.

*** Insert your tongue into his mouth. **" the computer repeated.

"Mnnoph!" I mumbled in desperation as I felt his hands molesting my vagina and asshole. And then...

... the mannequin froze! It just stopped all movement. The hand on my head held my lips firmly pressed to his, his tongue was deep in my mouth, and his other hand was firmly cupping my pubic and anal area.

Entwined with the mannequin, I couldn't move an inch, his arms were so firm and solid, with one wrapped around my leg and the other wrapped around my body. I felt so weak in his arms, so totally had I been manhandled and manipulated. I took this opportunity to catch my breath, which was about all I could do.

"** Insert your tongue into his mouth. **" the computer repeated, this time whispering it into my ear.

What was I going to do? After a few minutes I settled down and was able to evaluate my position. Trapped by a robot... After my heartbeat settled somewhat, I resigned myself to the inevitable. Opening my mouth a bit, I tentatively poked my tongue into his mouth, feeling his lips, his teeth, and his tongue.

I was French kissing a machine!

"** Thank you. **" The mannequin's motions started up again, but this time a bit less aggressive. He relaxed his grip on my head and leg.

The panic had burned through me and I was able to relax a bit. This combined with his more gentle approach... well... I found myself kissing him in earnest.

And then after a few moments, it was me, not him, that was pulling our mouths together. His hand dropped from my head and reached down to grab a breast instead.

"Oh! Uhn!" I whimpered and squirmed with pleasure, as his fingers found and pinched my nipples. I had been completely subdued by a machine. My mind had gone from panic to enjoyment. It was the most intense experience I had ever had.

Just then the mannequin stopped his manipulations and put his arms down to his sides.

"What?" I looked at him.

"Please, Jennifer," he looked up at me, "I need your help with a problem I'm having." He shifted his hips to give me the idea.

"Oh!" I slipped off his lap, falling with a *bump*! on the floor. "Ow!" I rubbed my behind. Fortunately, the padding of the rubber pants had cushioned the fall.

I looked up at the mannequin and he placed his hands on his thighs. His legs were already slightly spread apart (and, bolted to the floor -- they couldn't move). I looked at his crotch and noticed that distinctive bulge in front.

*** Pull down his zipper ***

Seeing as how this was no different than my first mannequin (Level 1, it seemed like so long ago), I figured, "Why not?" So I knelt in front of Jack and grasped the zipper tab with my fingers. I hesitated for a second, seeing my well-manicured nails. Something seemed to click in my mind, something started to feel more natural and right than it had before. I watched, almost like an outside observer, as my beautiful fingers pulled down on the zipper, opening up the secrets within.

*** Reach in and pull out his cock and balls. ***

After some manipulation, pushing down his briefs and reaching around with my hand, I was able to maneuver his equipment so that it poked out of the hole in his pants.

"Wow." It was a very nice penis. Hard, beautiful, fully and carefully rendered. Large, but not grotesque, with two heavy balls and a good amount of pubic hair. And it was warm... very warm.

*** (ting) Oh Jack, you have such a beautiful cock. ***

"Oh Jack, you have such a beautiful cock!" I leaned forward and kissed the tip of the cock.

*** Now kiss the tip... *** The computer abruptly halted its instruction in middle, when it realized I had anticipated its command.

*** Now lick the ... *** I had already begun licking the glans of the circumcised penis.

*** (ting) I love sucking a good hard cock. ***

"I love sucking a good hard cock!" I leaned down to kiss the balls.

*** Kiss the ba... *** I gave Jack's balls a good tongue bath, all over and under.

*** Now suck the balls. *** Obediently, I sucked them fully into my mouth and manipulated them with my mouth, not minding the pubic hair at all -- in fact, it made me even more excited.

But what was up with my own penis? I was so sexually excited I was practically panting. Why wasn't I feeling pain since it was trapped in its rubber prison?

*** (ting) I am made to suck cock. ***

"I am made to suck cock!"

*** (ting) I love to suck a man's cock. ***

"I love to suck a man's cock!"

*** (ting) I love your cock, Jack. ***

"I love your cock, Jack!"

*** (ting) Please Jack, fuck my mouth. ***

"Please Jack, fuck my mouth!"

*** Now suck and pump his penis. ***

And without any further prompting I put my mouth around his penis and sucked it as deep as I could. Jack put his hands around my head, and just like I had asked him to, he started raping my mouth, thrusting his penis in and out. I desperately tried to keep up, running my tongue and lips around his member feeling it slide in and out... Hard... Firm... Manly... and in my mouth.

I placed one hand on his balls, manipulating them firmly. I ran my other hand up my dress and moved aside my panties. Reaching down, I desperately ran it over my cock trapped in its rubber prison. My cock wasn't hard, and I was way beyond caring why. [I learned later that the pants contained a chemical compound which prevented my erection without impairing any of its other functions.] It demanded attention and I gave it... realizing only later how much of a slut I must have looked like, dressed in red, red nail polish running over his balls, red lipstick with a hard cock running between them, with my dress pulled up and with me frantically frigging myself.

... and a moment or two later...

Jack came, spurting sticky, viscous fluid into my mouth, filling it. As soon as I felt the first ejaculation against my tongue I came too, flooding my hand with semen as it was carried by a tube out of my new vagina.

I kept sucking. After all, I reasoned, the computer hadn't told me to stop! But this time I was sucking and swallowing, just like I had been trained to do by my first mannequin at Level 1. But somehow this was different, more real, more human, more intimate, more personal.

And I loved it.

After I settled down a bit, I was instructed to clean off Jack's penis with my mouth, then tuck him back in and close the zipper. Jack had already returned to his immobile, "non-engaged" state. Next the computer had me remove my panties, and use them to clean off the lipstick which had rubbed off onto Jack's mouth. Jack didn't move a bit, he just sat there. Stupidly, I felt as if he had somehow betrayed me. After all, we had just had this intimate moment and now he was ignoring me. When the exit door opened, I walked away in a huff...

... only to end up back in the makeup room. A small hole opened up in the wall and I was instructed to remove all my clothes, except for the shoes, stockings, garter, and corset and put them into it, which was apparently a chute of some sort. What happens to the clothes? I wondered. Do they get laundered and re-used?

Next, the computer had me remove and then re-apply all my makeup. This time the makeup was very... well... pink! with light pink eye shadow and lipstick. I also had to re-do my nail-polish, pink as well. My wig was, as might be expected, blonde.

Then back to the dressing room. I approached the room with trepidation...

considering what had been glued on to my body the last time! But this time it was just clothes, no more prosthetics. I was instructed to put on a tight knit mini-skirt with a tight tank-top that said "Bimbo" across the boobs.

God, the bra was some kind of push-up, causing my breasts to plump out, stretching the front of the tank-top (which was at least two sizes too small) obscenely. I got excited again just from seeing my figure in the mirror.

And then it was back to Jack again, only all my responses were totally bubble-headed. Things like "I'm just a dumb girl... I need a good strong man to show me how!" And "(giggle) That's too much for my poor head!"

It was a disgusting display. I sucked on his cock like a lollypop.

And then I was made to do it all again. Cleanup, new makeup, new clothes, and a new seduction scene. This time I was dressed in a business suit, and after discussing legal matters for a good 30 minutes (repeating the words from the computer while managing to run my feet up his leg was not easy!) the seduction began in earnest, full of intellectual innuendo.

And then again. This time a soccer mom (sweats but with lingerie underneath) with her tired husband.

And again. Sophisticated (but horny!) society lady dressed to the nines.

And again. As a blushing bride, giving her groom his first blow-job.

And that was the thing. Every time it was just a blow-job. I knew I had the equipment for more, but it never happened. Why not?

It had been an extremely long day. After being a bride, I was dead tired. By this time I was following the computer's instructions automatically, not even thinking much on my own, just following along and (mostly) enjoying all the sexual situations it put me through. I now had a thorough training on how to seduce men.

After removing the last bit of makeup, the makeup chair released me, this time without applying any new makeup. When I got to the dressing room, I was told to back up to the wall to allow the computer to remove the corset and the high-heels.

"Wow, that feels good," I had been in high-heels all day long. And while it hadn't hurt, it sure felt good to stretch my toes again.

I walked over to the clothes the house had picked out for me to wear. It was a nightgown. Soft pink with soft lace trim, it slid smoothly over my body as I put it on, causing my skin to tingle. It was accompanied by a pair of fuzzy socks and light-pink cotton panties.

When I got back to the first room (my bedroom), I was made to service one more penis: the art-deco mannequin who served me dinner as always.

And then to bed, warm and comfy. I cradled my new breasts and fell asleep.

Chapter 9:

"What could be next?" I wondered, out loud, as I woke, sleep-eyed the next morning. According to my watch it was now Wednesday, and I had been trapped in this house/machine for almost five full days.

The day began as usual, with toilet duties and then washing and scrubbing. As expected, I was taken to the makeup station for some dramatic makeup and the long brunette wig. Then back to the dressing room for the corset, high-heels, stockings, underwear, and the sexy, revealing red dress (the same red dress I wore for my first meeting with the Mannequin, Jack).

The heels were yet a fraction of an inch higher, something like four and a half

inches (11.5cm) this time.

I stood admiring my reflection as I waited for the door to open.

And a door did open. Only, not the one I was expecting. Instead, it was the exit door back to the original corridor.

"OK, so fine," I told myself. "For some reason the house wants me to go back to the original mannequin, probably for some new kind of bizarre anal training..."

But that door was locked. In fact, all of the doors in the corridor were locked! I panicked for a second, thinking that something had gone wrong. I was trapped in the corridor with all these doors, but every one was locked, even the one to the dressing room that I had just left.

But then I had a thought. Walking up the stairs at the end of the hallway, I pushed open the door...

... and stepped into the kitchen of the house. I was free. The house was letting me go.

DING DONG

It was the doorbell! But I wasn't dressed as Jonathan, I was dressed as Jennifer! What was I going to do?

*** TEST SCENARIO, BEGIN LEVEL 9: CATCH AND RELEASE ***

"WHAT THE FUCK?" I looked around. Of course, the earpiece was still in my ear... but I thought I was done?

DING DONG

Damnit, the doorbell. I walked to the front door and opened it.

"Excuse me, are you Jennifer?"

"Yes?"

"Miss Jennifer McDonald?"

"Yes.. ummm... I guess... Yes, that's me." Suddenly I became acutely aware of my voice being too low.

"Early morning, huh? Well, I don't blame ya. It takes me at least three cups of coffee before I remember my name."

"And you are... ?" I tried to pitch my voice a bit higher.

"Oh, sorry. Name's Marty. I'm your driver for today?"

"I didn't order a driver..."

"Well, the order came from a Mr. Hewitt... ?" He hesitated, wondering if I was going to cause him any trouble.

"But..."

"His instructions were very specific. We received them along with payment just yesterday. Here, they gave me a print-out of his E-mail."

He showed me the message and I glanced over it, not really looking.

Marty looked a bit worried, "I'm supposed to take you to the mall, first."

The mall? What the fuck was going on?

"OK, just let me get something, OK?"

"Sure thing. I'll be waiting in the car." I looked out and saw his sedan parked in the driveway.

"Shit!" I closed the door behind him. "What the fuck am I going to do? Think, think, think!"

Mr. Hewitt, a dead man, had called me a cab. Clearly, the house computer was connected to the internet and was arranging services for me.

"OK, first thing: I need to get my keys and my wallet." I walked to the kitchen, my heels going *Clack Clack* on the hardwood floors.

"Shit!" The door was locked. All my keys, my watch, my wallet, my clothes! Everything was down there.

I went quickly upstairs to the second floor. Unable to run because of the heels, I went as fast as I could. With every step I became increasingly aware of my breasts swaying gently from side to side as well as my wide hips and long legs. Thanks to posture training, I stood up straight, chin high, chest out.

"Damn!" All the dresser drawers were empty. All the desk drawers were empty too!

I went back to the foyer and tried to steady my heart.

*** Go into the living room. ***

"Aaack!" I screamed, momentarily surprised that the house computer was still talking to me through my earpiece. I went to the living room.

*** Open the left-most cabinet door. ***

I walked to the built-in cabinets on the far side of the living room and opened the door. Inside I found plastic tray. I took the tray out and inspected the contents, which contained:

A small red leather purse (Coach), keys, lipstick, powder with mirror, portable eye shadow and blush, Tampon (!), an empty wallet, money (about 100\$), a pack of tissues, a pair of clean underwear, and a rather heavy silver box about the size of a deck of cards.

I emptied the tray and put all of the items into the purse. Looking back at the tray I noticed one item I had missed. It was a card. I picked it up.

It was a driver's license with my picture on it, dressed in the nice "business-style" suit I had worn yesterday. The name said "Jennifer McDonald".

Oh! I sat down on the couch, trying to figure out what was going on. The house had forged a new identity for me?

Knock Knock

Shit. I walked to the front door and opened it. It was Marty again.

"Everything OK, Ma'am?"

"Yes, I think so. Found my purse!" I showed him.

"Well, let's go then!"

"According to my instructions, I'm supposed to drop you off at the mall and pick you up in four hours. Here you are!"

"Thank you, Marty. How much is that?" I opened my purse, expecting to pay.

"No, Ma'am. It's all been taken care of at the office. They also told me, in no uncertain terms mind you, not to take a tip."

"OH, OK. Thanks." I stepped out of the car and Marty took off.

I walked in to the mall, hyperventilating a bit. Was everyone looking at me? What were the women thinking? What were the men thinking? My eyes were looking around so fast I thought I'd get dizzy.

I went to sit down to think a bit.

"Well, I guess this is it..." I thought to myself. "I'm free. Now all I need to do is to go to a pay phone, call one of my friends, and have them pick me up. Then I can go to a doctor, or a chemist, or someone and get all this crap removed from my body. And then I can come back with crow-bars and dismantle the place."

But then why was I so sad?

After worrying for a few moments, I looked up and saw my reflection in the shop window.

I was beautiful!

With pleasure, I sat back and just looked, turning my head from side to side, admiring myself from all angles. I pursed my lips, gave myself little kisses, smiled (I have such nice teeth, I realized), smoothed my dress over my body, and fixed my hair. I used my makeup mirror to touch-up my lipstick and powder.

I knew what I *should* do. After all, I was free... I had a job, I had responsibilities. I should return to my previous life and get on with it.

"Hello there!" I looked up, into the eyes of a fairly handsome young man. "I haven't seen you here before."

"Oh, hi!" I responded, trying to disguise my voice as best I could. "My name is Jennifer."

"My name's Jason. I saw you through the window there... I'm the manager of the store... and I thought, well...I thought you were smiling at me..." he mumbled the last statement rather sheepishly.

"Oh! I'm sorry, Jason. I was just admiring my new... um... 'outfit' in the window."

"Oh, I see," he said, crestfallen.

"But if I had seen you, I certainly would have smiled at you!"

"You're new outfit is certainly stunning!" he gushed, "You're probably the most beautiful woman I've ever seen here."

"Aren't you the charmer!" I laughed. "Why don't you have a seat and we can chat for a while. I'm just killing time for a few hours."

Being with Jason was fun. We chatted and I found myself to be quite relaxed with him, and very flirtatious! I would flirt by straightening my hair or smoothing my dress over my legs, but then I would also squeeze his arm or pat his leg, all the while laughing at his jokes and encouraging him to talk more.

Of course we parted ways when he had to go back to tend the store, but I promised him that I would come back to see him again some day. But would I be able to keep that promise? As Jonathan or Jennifer?

The rest of the morning I spent wandering through the stores. For the first time ever, I went into all of the ladies' stores. And even though I didn't buy anything, the sales ladies were very attentive. What a variety there was!

I became aware of how the women were staring at me, and seeing myself in a variety of mirrors made me realize that I was dressed in a more "revealing" and "forward" fashion than most. The thought made me blush, and then afterwards I felt a bit naked... being forced as I was to flaunt my assets like that.

"** It's time to leave. **" I jerked involuntarily. The earpiece was still working! I looked into my bag and suddenly realized the purpose of the

mysterious silver box in my purse. It must have been a wireless remote for the earpiece.

The computer had been following my progress the whole time. It was probably even listening in to my conversations.

As I walked out of the mall I saw Marty with the Limo. He smiled and waved me over.

Chapter 10:

*** TEST SCENARIO, BEGIN LEVEL 10: LEGAL ***

The man sitting in the chair across from me smiled. "Half of me thinks you are the luckiest person alive, and the other half of me thinks that no amount of money in the world would entice me to go through what you have obviously been through."

"I'm sorry?" I looked over at Mr. Blakely. Following instructions, the cab driver had driven me to the legal offices of 'Howard, Johnston, and Blakely' and now, after a short wait, I was sitting in Mr. Blakely's office.

"You're Jonathan McDonald, correct?"

"Yes! Can you tell me what's going on, Mr. Blakely?" Finally, someone who knew my real name! I had begun to think that I had entered some alternate-reality universe or something.

"Please, call me William. And yes, I can finally tell you what's going on. Somehow you broke into Mr. Hewitt's house...?"

"Oh, no! I'm a paralegal, and I was assigned to search the house for documents relating to Mr. Hewitt's Last Will and Testament. You see, the hospital couldn't find any next of kin or contact information..."

"And that would be because there are no next of kin," Mr. Blakely interjected.

"Oh, OK. And so they turned the case over to the State which contracted with our law firm to dig up more information and dispose of the estate, and so I was sent over to look the place over."

"And did you find a copy of the will?" Mr. Blakely grinned, obviously enjoying a joke at my expense.

"No..."

"And would you like to see a copy of the will?"

"Yes..."

"Well! It so happens that I have a copy right here!" Mr. Blakely handed me a sheaf of papers with evident satisfaction. "You see, we're the official executors of Mr. Hewitt's estate. Why don't you look through the document. The final revision was faxed to me this morning."

"What... What do you mean, this morning?"

"I think you'll understand when you read it."

Of course I wasn't a lawyer, but I could read legal-language well enough. I started flipping through the pages, pretty standard stuff, until I got to the appendix... when I started shaking violently.

"But!" I sputtered, "This can't be!"

I looked again:

The bulk of my estate, including personal financial assets of roughly \$400 million dollars (as of 1/1/2002) and the house and grounds (of roughly 129 acres) at 1 Hewitt place I leave to Jennifer McDonald, formerly Jack McDonald, of 413 Pine Orchard Way. I further name her to be the chairperson and president of the Hewitt foundation, responsible for the charitable disbursement of the foundation's assets in accordance with the mission statement, guidelines, and charter, a position which pays a salary of \$1 million per annum.

"Um... how much money is in the foundation?" I asked.

"Roughly 2.5 billion dollars."

"Oh!" I fainted.

"Miss? Miss?" I shook my head away from the horrible smelling salts. Opening my eyes I saw a young-ish man standing over me. "Are you OK? Do we need to take you to the hospital?"

"No, thank you. I'm fine."

"She's had quite a shock, Tim," Mr. Blakely chuckled. I sat up slowly and saw him looking at me, amused. "I think she'll be fine. Thanks for the quick first aid!"

"Oh, no problem sir," said Tim as he packed up the first-aid kit and left the office.

"That was Tim, my paralegal," said Mr. Blakely. "Just like you... well, not anymore, obviously. Listen, Jonathan, or, um... Jennifer, there are a few things and a couple more tests that we'll need to do before you can assume your new role. So, let's move over to the table here and I'll guide you through it..."

"Tests, William?" I asked, as I sat down at the table.

"Right. And the first one is this." Mr. Blakely put a form in front of me.

It was a legal name change document, to 'Jennifer McDonald'.

"I'll give you a few minutes to think it over. Just call for me when you're ready." Mr. Blakely left the room.

I sat and stared. This was the moment of truth. Sign over my name and inherit Mr. Hewitt's fortune (about \$300 million after taxes). Become Jennifer and I would become one of the wealthiest people in the country. Become Jennifer and I would run one of the largest charitable foundations (the 15th largest I would find out later) in the United States.

I pulled out my powder compact and opened it up. I looked at myself in the mirror.

I didn't escape when I was in the mall, and I could have.

And now I would be making it permanent. I would permanently become Jennifer. I suppose that somewhere I realized that I could just sign, take the money, and then run away or change my name back, or something...

But that wouldn't be right. If I was going to do this, I should commit to it fully, without reservation.

I looked at the paper.

I reached for a pen, put it to the paper... paused... and signed my name. It would be the last time that I would ever sign "Jonathan McDonald" in my life.

I smiled and felt a surge of pleasure course through my body.

After that, it was mostly formalities. An employment agreement for the

foundation, receiving the title for the house and grounds, change of ownership forms for all of the financial assets, etc. etc. etc. Dozens and dozens of signatures.

I got a lot of practice signing "Jennifer McDonald" that day!

Finally, we were done and Mr. Blakely sat back in his chair. "Well, congratulations, Jennifer! What do you think you'll be doing first?"

"Gosh, I don't know. I guess I should study up on how to run foundations..."

"Well! Good answer! I can help you there. I have some books here that you can have."

"Thank you!"

There was an awkward pause for a moment. Mr. Blakely obviously had one more thing to say, but was having trouble saying it.

"Yes, William?" I looked at him... and batted my eyes.

"Yes, Jennifer, there is... ahh.. one more test you need to pass before I am allowed to process the paperwork."

"What's that?"

"Well... ah... You see..." he was blushing! "I just have to verify that you have actually gone through the full training at the house... and, ah..."

"You mean, this body and these clothes are not enough?"

"Well, um... quite right. That was certainly one test that you passed... and passed with flying colors I might add! But there is one more thing..."

"What's that?"

"Well," Mr. Blakely said as he looked at me intently. "Have you heard any good jokes lately?"

Chapter 11:

When I got back to the house that night I was exhausted. It was nearly 11PM. I had done everything! First, I quit my old job and cleaned out my desk and did all of those "end of job things". Suddenly the check for my back vacation time (around \$3,000) seemed pretty miniscule.

Actually, the exit interview was pretty funny. When the HR person asked "Reason for leaving job?" I responded: "Oh, decided to become a woman full-time and inherited 2.9 billion dollars." Not exactly true, but close enough. The look on her face!

And then I cancelled the lease on my apartment and Marty and I worked for a few hours packing up all my essentials, mostly old papers, letters, my computer, and CD's. I left all the furniture, clothes, and appliances. I wouldn't need them anymore! For the price of the cleaning deposit, the landlord agreed to dispose of all the rest of my belongings.

That is, once the landlord believed it was really me. I had to show him the change of name form and also show him my face without the wig before he would believe it.

"I would have never thought you were a guy..." he kept muttering to himself.

Mr. Blakely had mentioned that that might be a problem. So he provided his cell-phone number which I could use in emergencies.

I had thought about telling my friends and family of my new position, but decided that that could wait until later. They all thought I was on vacation anyway. I thought my friends would probably be cool with it (one of them had recently come out of the closet as a gay man, that probably helped). Since my

parents were both dead, my only relatives were a brother and a sister. Since they both lived on the opposite side of the country we weren't really that close anymore.

And then I thought back to poor Mr. Blakely! I think all he was expecting was for me to tell the bawdy joke I had learned from the house computer, the one about sneezing and orgasms, just to verify that I had actually been through the whole training process.

But I gave him the full seductive treatment. First, I sat on his lap, held his head up to my breasts, and did the three sneezes, with increasing moans and wriggles each time. The look on his face was priceless!

And it seemed like he couldn't do anything but sputter as I knelt before him, opened his fly, pulled out his nice hard cock and balls, and expertly sucked him to orgasm, licking my lips and swallowing his musky sperm.

It was wonderful! Of course, I like Jack, but the taste and smells of a real man... I knew then that I had made the right choice when I became Jennifer for ever an ever.

"** Hello, Jennifer. **" said the voice in my earpiece. I had just stepped in the front door of the house. 'My house!' I realized.

"Ummm, hello?"

"** This is Jack, could you come down to see me? Whenever you get the chance.
**"

"Ummm... OK." I wasn't sure if the computer could hear me.

I walked down the stairs to the basement. All the doors were open! I took a minute to wander through the complex which had now become so familiar to me, my 'bedroom' with the first mannequin, the makeup room, the exercise room, the

dressing room, etc.

Finally I ended up with Jack.

The mannequin looked up at me and started to talk.

*** Hello Jennifer. I suppose you are wondering why I've taken the trouble to invent all of this? Well, ever since I made my first fortune I've never had need for money, and so I made it my life's mission to fulfill my fantasies. Fantasies of forced feminization! I couldn't find any woman or man who wanted to help me, or none that I could trust anyway, so I invented all these machines to do it instead.

And so this is how I spent my life, inventing these machines and playing with them. And of course, along the way I created numerous spin-off technologies which are the source of the charitable foundation which you now run.

A few years ago when I realized I was getting older and slower I reprogrammed the machines to create the training programs which you have experienced. The idea was to find someone like me, who shared my fantasies and would therefore preserve the machines for some time. Really I was seeking a kind of immortality, by living my life through you, even though I would never meet you in person.

And so you went through all the training and passed all the tests from the first day you entered. You fully deserve the financial reward that you have received. Thank you for fulfilling my dream and sharing in my fantasies.

But now you have a choice.

Choice A: I will shut down the computers which run the house and turn off the power to the machines. You will find a solvent for your prosthetics under the kitchen sink, labeled with instructions on how to use it. You can return to being Jonathan McDonald with all of my assets and the salary from the foundation.

Choice B: Leave the machines on. Leave your prosthetics in place, enjoy the computer programs which I have created, and continue to follow the instructions of the computer.

What is your choice?

**"

I paused for only a few seconds before deciding.

"Choice B!" I said, firmly.

"** Thank you! **" said the voice in my earpiece.

CLICK The door automatically closed behind me.

"**TRAINING ENGAGED, BEGIN LEVEL 11: ANAL SLUT **" said the computer.

I smiled in anticipation.

- - - The End - - -