

LATE SPRING IN OMAHA

This is a story of fiction set in the 23rd century. The world has still not recovered from a gender specific plague that devastated the Earth in early twenty first century. Some technological advances have been made, but societal norms are very standard, if a bit twisted. This is an introductory story for a trilogy that will follow. It is XXX rated because of the explicit sex scenes. Some scenes involve minor children, but are not of malicious intent.

Characters:

Carol Constancedaughter;

Matron of her branch of the Constancedaughter matriarchy
(40 at start of story)

Anne Constancedaughter;

Carol's mother and US Senator (61 at start of story)

Peter Constanceson;

Carol's oldest son (18 at start of story), Marie's son

Katherine Constancedaughter;

Carol's oldest daughter (17 at start of story), Julie's daughter

Connie Constanceson;

Carol's sissy son (15 at start of story), Marie's son

Billie Mae Constanceson;

Carol's youngest sissy son (13 at start of story), Julie's son

Debra Constancedaughter;

Carol's youngest daughter (12 at start of story), Julie's daughter

Marie Debrason Constancedaughter;

Carol's

first wife (36 at start of story)

Julie Michelleson Constancedaughter;

Carol's second wife (34 at start of story)

Franklin Donnason;

Carol's first consort (36 at start of story)

Michael Winnifredson;

Carol's second consort (33 at start of story)

Jason Janetson;

Carol's third consort (31 at start of story)

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Other main characters:

Penny June Anglelason;

Connie's classmate sissy and best friend

Margaret Alicesdaughter;

Mistress schoolmate of Connie and Penny

Mary Ann Morgannason;

Peter's future sissy consort

Sybil Morgannasdaughter;

Mary Ann's mother

Preface:

The year was 2228 and all was well in the United States. The nation had survived a disastrous biological accident.

Marie Constancedaughter was holding the front door open against a blustery prairie wind as the children trooped out of the large house to board the awaiting school's hydrogen powered van. Holding her cotton house dress down against the stiff breeze, Marie inspected the children as they bolted through the door. First, as always was Debra, perfect in her green and white tartan slacks and white blouse, her book bag bouncing off her shoulder. Next was Connie, holding her short pleated skirt down against the breeze followed by the somewhat dour Billie Mae, also in short tartan skirt and white blouse. Last, as always, was the regal Katherine, dressed in her tailored tartan slacks and uniform blouse. Katherine assumed her position as 'shotgun' as Mister Sonjason, the driver made sure all doors were properly latched and he then pointed the St. Agatha's school van down the long driveway.

Arriving at school, Connie found her best friend Penny at her locker space talking with Margaret Alicesdaughter, the most beautiful and sophisticated mistress in the school. Penny was blushing furiously and Connie held back until Margaret noticed her and waved her over. Clutching her notepad to her developing bosom, Connie stood in front of Margaret and waited for her to speak.

Looking Connie directly into her eyes, Margaret began, "My mother has given me permission to date after this term ends tomorrow. I would like to ask you and Penny to be my dates at the country club's Junior Ball next month." Astonished, Connie was speechless.

Penny stuttered, "I, we would love to, but I would need my mother's permission to start dating."

Looking side ways at Connie, Penny could see Connie's head bob in agreement.

Margaret, pleased with this initial response, continued, "I've always been fond of you girls, but you know, socially, sissies and mistresses are not supposed to associate outside of the family. However, as mother said last night, once you are old enough to date, these restrictions may be lifted. I hope your mom's approved. If you like, I can ask mine to call yours and see if it's OK."

Connie, finally catching her breath, "Oh, Margaret, you don't know how happy Penny and I would be to be your dates for the dance. I haven't talked with my mother about dating, but darn it, I'm fifteen and we can't wait forever," she gushed.

It was Penny's turn to bob her head in agreement.

Margaret smiled hugely, kissed them both a quick peck on their lips, and turned to leave. "I'll ask my mom to call," and blowing another kiss left to join a small group of her fellow mistresses walking down the hallway.

As Margaret disappeared around a corner, Penny and Connie embraced each other and squealed, "Can you believe it?" simultaneously. Connie felt her 'enabler' graze her prostate and emitted another small squeal.

"Oh, Connie, my 'thingy' is trying to swell," moaned Penny. All sissies who had reached puberty were required to wear chastity devices. The entire chastity device was constructed of 'plasteel', a semi-organic polymer that could be easily shaped by hand, but when the correct electron stream was directed at it, the compound would harden to the consistency of a very hard steel. The ring was also plasteel, but it had a different electronic signature and therefore, did not bond with the tube and restraint sections.

Connie recalled two years ago, when she had been fitted for her first restraint, the doctor had told her to remove her panties and lie on her back on the examination table. The doctor lifted the front hem of Connie's skirt and had her raise her knees and spread them. To Connie's mortification, her erect penis was in its full glory. The doctor sprayed compressed carbon dioxide on her penis, it deflated immediately. She then produced a spool of wire like plastic and wrapped the wire around Connie's scrotum until she was satisfied that it was just snug enough and then clipped the molded section of wire from the spool. Taking an electron beam emitter, the doctor 'sprayed' the wire with electrons and it instantly hardened into a ring, encompassing Connie's root behind the ball sack and over the base of the penis in front. The nurse then brought over a tray of tube like devices with hooks and oddly shaped pieces of plasteel. Picking one of the tube devices, the doctor sprayed its interior area with an inert lubricant and slid it over Connie's penis. Pressing Connie's penis between her thighs and pointing its head towards her anus, the doctor slid a little hooked portion of the tube onto the rigid ring behind Connie's ball sack. She then took the odd, forty five degree pieces of plasteel and slid the narrow end under the ring and it bonded immediately with the tube upon contact. Pressed against Connie's lower abdomen was the wider piece of the plasteel flange, preventing the device from being removed without the proper electron signature. When she had finished, the doctor looped a thin, gold chain through a hole in one end of the emitter and handed it to Connie's mother.

"There you go Carol," smiled Doctor Janice Anitasdaughter, "Connie's all safe and sound. I'll check the fit at her monthly visits and adjust the size accordingly."

Connie was aghast, looking down at her naked crotch, her little friend was no where's to be seen and it was slightly uncomfortable sitting on her balls all squished in with her lost friend. All she could see was the top of plasteel locking panel a glint of the scrotum ring holding it in place.

Connie cupped her now vacant groin with both hands, blushing, she asked, "Can I get dressed now?"

Doctor Anitasdaughter smiled and shook her head, "Not just yet young lady, we have a couple of more things to do."

The doctor waved the nurse over. The nurse, a pretty middle-aged sissy was carrying a tote bag and handed it to Connie. "Now dear, in the bag is a choker in the St. Agatha's tartan and two wrist restraints. I'm going to fit the choker on you now. It does not permanently lock; it closes with a simple clasp. The wrist restraints are also closed with a simple clasp and chains on the wrist restraints lock onto the small plasteel hoop woven into the choker."

Connie sat there, humiliated at being trussed up half-naked. The nurse first fit the choker around Connie's neck and clasps it snug. Handing Connie a small hand mirror, Connie investigated the strange, lace edged garment encircling her neck, dreading the glinting plasteel hoop at its front. Doctor Anitasdaughter circled the examination table, admiring Connie's new accessory. The nurse quietly told Connie to lie down on the table and turn over onto her stomach. Approaching the repositioned teenager, the nurse wrapped each of Connie's wrists in tartan-patterned cuffs and attached each of them to short chains that she then locked to the hoop in Connie's new choker.

"Now dear, keeping your head on the table, get on up onto your knees," directed the nurse.

Mortified, Connie was now facing down on the examination table, on her knees and with her butt pointing to the ceiling.

Doctor Anitasdaughter nodded her approval towards the nurse and facing Carol, she said, "Would you like to perform the task, Matron?" Carol shook her head no, "I just want to watch an expert at work," she grinned.

"Please release Connie," said Doctor Anitasdaughter to Carol.

Carol, positioning the electronic 'key' between her forefinger and thumb, depressed the surface of the device and with an almost inaudible click, the restraint parted. The doctor removed the upper forty five degree piece from beneath Connie's scrotum ring and carefully slid the tube section off Connie's penis and unhooked it in the rear. Connie's little penis sprang free and became instantly erect. Connie entire face and upper body turned scarlet as she buried her face in her bound hands.

Leaning down next to Connie's ear, the doctor whispered, "I need to take semen sample to determine how fertile you are. This will not hurt. I dare say that you will enjoy this much more than the rest of us. Just relax, if you can. The first thing that I am going to do is insert a small device up into your rectum. After it is in place, it will start to vibrate. It has been medically determined that sissies should always have something in their rectums when they ejaculate. Ejaculation is what is going to ultimately going happen during this part of the examination. After you ejaculate, Nurse Sonjason will run your sperm sample through a simple test to determine the amount and activity of

your sperm cells."

Connie was barely listening, her face buried in her hands in shame.

"Please place the collector onto Connie, Nurse," ordered Doctor Anitasdaughter.

The nurse lifted the hem of Connie's skirt and draped it over her back. Her naked buttocks were now on display and Connie started to sob quietly. Nurse Vicky then grasped Connie's unprotected and now very rigid cock and slid what appeared to be a condom over the eager member. Connie's cock was throbbing as the nurse slowly rolled the condom up and over her organ. Once she had finished with placing the condom, the nurse took a tube of lubricant from a tray and squeezed a large dollop into Connie's exposed rosebud. Carol was beginning to get very excited and started to breathe deeply. The nurse was working the lubricant into Connie's anus, alternately probing the orifice and packing more lubricant into it. Wiping her rubber gloved hand on a wad of tissues, the nurse then picked up the penis shaped vibrator from its box and smeared more lubricant onto the smallish object.

Poised with the vibrator resting on Connie's anal ring, the nurse waited for the doctor's permission to insert the object. Connie was shaking badly by now. She had never been so personally manipulated in her young life. Carol had a twinge of compassion for her sissy son, but knew that she would be a very changed young lady in a very few minutes. Doctor Anitasdaughter nodded towards the nurse and she began to insert the dildo into Connie's rectum. After overcoming the sphincter, Nurse Sonjason slowly slide the infernal object all the way to its hilt into the protesting young bottom. Connie was moaning, groaning, bucking and grinding as the dildo made its way to final resting place. Nurse Vicky Sonjason was also in some pain as her own penis was trying to burst its way out of its plasteel prison. Doctor Anitasdaughter, admiring Nurse Vicky's work, reached for hilt of the vibrator and depressed the switch. Connie's previous reactions to this intrusion became magnified five fold. Looking back between her slightly spread knees, Connie watched as the doctor took her throbbing cock between her forefinger and thumb and began to stroke member slowly. Breathing heavily, Connie was experiencing the previously unknown domain of very erotic sex, public sex at that. She came in a high-pitched groan. Her hips bucking and grinding as her pent up load exploded into the condom. The doctor massaged her ball sack and continued to pull upon her softening penis until she was satisfied. Beaming with the knowledge of a job well done, Doctor Anitasdaughter stood up and briskly removed her surgical gloves and smiling at Carol, who had silently orgasmed during the procedure. Nurse Vicky quickly removed the condom and the vibrator and then cleaned Connie's penis. Taking the condom with her, the nurse proceeded to document the results.

"Carol, would you please replace Connie's restraint," asked Doctor Anitasdaughter.

Connie was starting to harden again. "I'm sorry mommy, I can't help it," pleaded Connie.

"Its alright baby, I'll manage," squeaked Carol as she fumbled with restraint and the stiffening organ.

The doctor stepped over to the examination table and sprayed Connie's crotch with compressed carbon dioxide. The numbingly cold spray, took all of the fight out of Connie's soon to be repressed testosterone. With the doctor's assistance, Carol had Connie soon tucked securely away. Nurse Vicky reappeared with the test results and as the doctor reviewed them, she released Connie's wrists from their restraints and carefully cleaned Connie's rectal area of excess lubricant.

"One last thing, Connie, before I can let you go home," intoned Doctor Anitasdaughter. "Do you know what an 'enabler' is, Connie?"

Still in her much compromised position, Connie shook her head that was resting in her hands.

Smiling, the doctor continued, "An enabler is a device used to apply the medication that will enable you to become the beautiful sissy you want to be, with breasts and curves. It will also supply your body with antibiotics and anti-inflammatory medications. Finally, it will modify your gait, the way you walk, making the restraint much more comfortable."

Connie just nodded, weakly.

"I am writing a prescription for your medications and your mother can have them filled at any pharmacy. I am going to give you a weeks supply before you leave this afternoon so you can get started on them immediately. Also, I am going to give a douche kit, if you find the one I provide uncomfortable or otherwise unsuitable, they are sold in many varieties at all pharmacies. You must douche every morning after you have a bowel movement. Keeping a clean bottom is the golden rule for all sissies."

Stepping in front of the hunched up sissy, Doctor Anitasdaughter displayed the enabler to Connie. It was a longish butt plug with a perforated stem and a removable bulb. Opening the bulb, the doctor demonstrated to Connie how to fill the hollow plug with the medicated cream.

Going around to Connie elevated rear, the doctor continued, "I am going to insert the enabler now, but you will have to do this yourself, every morning after you douche, do you understand?"

Connie nodded, again weakly. Doctor Anitasdaughter gently inserted the four-inch long, one-inch wide tube into Connie's rectum, forcing the wider ring past her sphincter with hilt flange resting on her rosebud.

Patting Connie lightly on her naked rump, Doctor Anitasdaughter said, "You may get dressed now, dear. In addition, if you experience what feels like a small electrical shock in your bottom, it is caused by your enabler brushing against your prostate gland. Do not worry about this

sensation, but do not deliberately maneuver your enabler to willfully cause this reaction, it can be very harmful to you health."

Connie clambered off the examination table a Nurse Vicky motioned her into the adjacent examination room, handing her panties to her as she fled by.

Doctor Anita's daughter huddled with Carol, explained that Connie's sperm count was generous and healthy, and gave her Connie's hormone and antibiotic prescription. "I think that Connie may look forward to her next visit here. Part of the prescription mix is a mild arousal drug that may cause her drip uncontrollably, so she may need to start wearing panty liners. In addition, I encourage you to masturbate her at least twice a week, more if you like. Multiple masturbation sessions will encourage sperm growth and will make her a very happy sissy. However, when you do masturbate her, always make sure that she is stimulated with a vibrator in her rectum. This stimulation is a training device to induce her into associating anal stimulation with ejaculation. Her future matron will greatly appreciate all efforts by you in preparing Connie for her reproductive future."

"How soon can I expect to see breast development and other female traits start to make themselves apparent, doctor?" asked Carol.

"Probably not before six weeks," answered the doctor. "But, every case is different. We must be very careful with the testosterone blockers; we don't want a sterile sissy if we can help it."

Carol nodded and saw Connie re-enter the main examination room, very flushed, but with a definite hip swaying, stride making her short pleated school skirt dance around her narrow hips.

"Earth to Connie, Earth to Connie," giggled Penny. "Girl, you just, kind of spaced out, where were you?"

"Oh, when you said that your thingy was starting hurt, I just remembered my first visit to the gynecologist. More than my thingy hurt before I got out of her office," laughed Connie. The girls linked arms and made for their first class.

Billie Mae was waiting for the school van to take the girls home when Katherine arrived at the stop. "Why so glum, squirt?" asked Katherine.

"I didn't do anything, but the principal called me into her office and gave this letter to take home to mom. Funny thing though, she told me how much they had enjoyed having me at St. Agatha's and she wished me good luck?" muttered Billie Mae.

Katherine's brain dusted off its rust and wheels started to turn and realization flooded into previously vacated areas. She smiled at Billie

Mae and gave a gentle tug to her braids. The other two children soon arrived at the van stop, Debra in a dead sprint and Connie in a decorous wiggle.

As Billie Mae entered the front door, Katherine was right behind her and whispered in to Billie Mae's ear, "Go see mom right away and give her the letter." She then squeezed Billie Mae's arm and kissed her on the cheek. Billie Mae was very puzzled, Katherine was rarely this affectionate, especially to her, but she followed her sister's advice and started searching the large house for his mother.

"Auntie Julie, have you seen mom?" asked Billie Mae.

"She's in the kitchen, dear," replied Julie.

Seeing his mother sitting at the kitchen table, Billie Mae carefully approached her. "Mom, the school principal gave this letter for you," Billie Mae whispered.

Narrowing her eyes at her youngest son, standing in front of her clutching at the hem of her skirt, Carol took the letter from the trembling hand. Opening the letter, Carol brushed past the salutations and getting into the meat of the correspondence, her face pinched up and she started to weep. Tears flowed down his mother's cheeks and Billie Mae became very uncomfortable. She had no idea of what she could have done to elicit such a reaction from her mother. Putting down the letter, Carol held out her hand to Billie Mae. As she took her mothers hand, she was pulled into her mothers embrace.

"Billie Mae, the letter is about you. The school officials including the school doctor have decided that returning to St. Agatha's next year is not in your best interest. Two men are coming to the house tonight, two soldiers. They are from Shiloh Academy, Peter's old school."

Billie Mae's eyes widened, hoping against hope.

"They are going to take you with them tonight to Shiloh..." Carol blubbered. "You are not to change, or take anything with you. You will stay at Shiloh for two weeks and then you can come home on weekends. Do you understand, precious?"

Billie Mae shook her head slowly, her pigtails flopping about her broadening shoulders.

"Why, mom. What does this mean?" whispered Billie Mae.

"You're going to be a man, sweetheart. Like your brother Peter," Carol moaned.

Standing in the doorway, Marie and Julie were suppressing teary smiles. "Like Peter, mom?" asked Billie Mae, breathlessly.

Slowly smiling through her tears, Carol nodded, "Like Peter, honey bunch." Just then, the melodious tones announcing a holo call drifted

through the house.

Marie answered the call and informed Carol that it was for her. "It's a Colonel Aliceson from Shiloh Academy, dear."

The uncles, Frank, Mike and Jason were lying low in the poolroom, idling shunting balls around the pool table and drinking beer. Connie came into the room, knowing something was amiss and she determined to find out what that was.

"Uncle Frank," Connie asked, "what's going on. Who are those soldiers in the kitchen with mom and Billie Mae?" Jason handed Connie a cold soft drink and looked at Frank.

"Yeah, Uncle Frank, what is going on? Jason snidely echoed.

"Connie, come here and join your uncles in a toast," Frank enjoined. "You're going to have a new brother in a few minutes. The school officials at St. Agatha's have deemed Billie Mae to unworthy of their company in the future, so they cast 'him' off to Shiloh."

Mike stood up and raised his bottle, motioning to Connie to do the same, "To Cadet William Constanceson, and may he bring honor to the Constancedaughter family.

"Hear, hear," intoned Frank and Jason.

Connie's throat constricted and tears started to form and she felt very alone. Frank put his arm around Connie's soft shoulder's and whispered to the distressed sissy, "Only about one in five boys make suitable sissies, sweet heart. Don't cry for William, he will be very happy at Shiloh. You, on the other hand are a true blue sissy of the first order. A first class heart breaker in the making. You haven't lost a sister, you've gained a brother."

About ten minutes later, Billie Mae appeared in the doorway to the poolroom. The gathering turned silent as they stared at the frightened boy in a skirt and blouse, fingering his pigtails. Carol appeared behind him and choked, "Bill, err William will be leaving with the soldiers now. He wants to say goodbye and that he will be back in two weeks."

William made his way around the room, hugging Debra, Katherine, Marie and Julie and shaking hands with the uncles. He stopped by the crying Connie and gave her a manly hug and kiss on her cheek. "Be happy for me, please. I want to go. I don't feel right as a sissy."

He clasp her hands with his and then turned to leave. Carol put her arm around William as he walked towards the two soldiers waiting at the front door. As he was about to walk out the front door, he heard his name called.

"William," cried Frank. William turned and saw his uncles in a neat row and they then saluted him. William's heart nearly burst as the Colonel

and Sergeant Major strode up on either side and joined him in returning the salute, they were much more practiced at it than William. As the trio left through the door, Carol had her last glimpse of her lost Billie Mae and her swaying skirt.

Dabbing her eyes with tissues, Carol strode into the poolroom and took the aunts restraint keys that were always left hanging on a peg next to the bar. Looking at Marie and Julie, "You two are with me tonight. I need some serious hugs and cuddles."

She then turned and made for her bedroom. Connie looked wanly at Frank, not saying any thing. Frank then opened a fresh soft drink for Connie and sat down on the couch next to her. Putting his arm around her shoulders, he started to explain a fact of life to the desolate sissy. "Sweet heart, what happened to Billie Mae tonight happens all the time at this time of year. It happened to me when I was thirteen, it happened to Mike and Jason. It even happened to your brother Peter. It's how he became your brother. Not every male can adjust to becoming a sissy. Most of us become too big and bulky. Some can't wrap their minds around the expectations society demands of a good sissy. In our little stratified society, women occupy the top rung because only they can bring life. You sissies occupy a rung below the women because only you can give life. We males don't even have a rung on the ladder. You keep us around because we can protect you and most important of all, give you a really good time. Jason chortled at the good time remark.

"Uncle Frank, what will happen to....William?" Connie spit out the unfamiliar name.

"Well, tonight, when he gets to the barracks, they will issue him his uniforms, cut his hair, show him his bunk and generally start him down the long and difficult path to manhood. Tomorrow, he'll have a complete physical and start his basic military training," reflected Frank, remembering his first days at Patton Academy. "We'll see him soon enough. I expect him home for a weekend in a couple of weeks. However, don't expect to see a lot of him this summer. He will under go a full summer of physical education, close order drill and classes on military deportment, very different than your deportment classes at St. Agatha's."

Mike was behind the bar, smiling and he gestured towards the ladies, "Please join your uncles in a good luck toast to William." He then filled wine glasses for Katherine, Debra and Connie. Marie and Julie already had theirs. Giving fresh beers to his fellow uncles, Mike raised his bottle and made a short toast to the newly minted Shiloh cadet, "Good luck Willie and may God always be at your side.

Connie awoke with a start. It was the last day of school for this term. She was thinking about 'Willie', she decided that she liked William much better, she never had the opportunity to discuss 'dating' with Margaret Alicesdaughter and Penny. Stepping out of the shower, she dried and then proceeded with her douche. Starting with a soapy cleanser in the

bag, she eased the nozzle up past her sphincter. Satisfied that it was seated properly and more than little horny, she rotated the nozzle in rectum and released the valve. Enjoying the filling sensation in her bottom, she smiled, thinking that she might douche four times this morning, the last two with the rose scented fluid. Her imprisoned cock was trying harden and was pinching in its tube. "Oh stop, you silly thing," Connie reprimanding her penis. After she had completed titillating her rectum, she then stepped into her cotton panties, making sure her exposed cock head received a good rub of the soft material. Sitting at her vanity, she inspected her developing breasts. "I'll need new bras soon," she thought as she cupped and jiggled the two well-formed mounds. She then started on applying the light make up allowed at St. Agatha's.

Joining her mother and siblings at the kitchen table as Marie and Julie organized and served breakfast; Connie took a deep breath and started, "Mom, I have an important question to ask you," Connie began. Carol peered over her coffee cup at her remaining sissy. "Yesterday at school, a mistress, Margaret Alicesdaughter asked Penny and me if we would be her dates at the Junior Ball next month at the country club."

Carol's eye's narrowed, 'I just lost one sissy to the world and now my last one wants to start growing up,' thought Carol. "This Alicesdaughter girl, is her mother the chief of detectives for the police force?" asked Carol.

Shocked at her mother's choice of words, it was unusual for a female to refer to another female as a 'girl' in front any non-female person. "I don't know mom, Penny and I only talked with her for a couple of minutes. She's in the junior class, so I've known, or at least known of her since first grade," replied Connie.

Carol, enjoying Connie's discomfort with her choice of words, partially relented, "If this Margaret 'girl' is Captain Alicesdaughter daughter, then you may be escorted to the dance by her."

Connie's heart fluttered at her mother's reply. "Oh, thank you, thank you," gushed Connie.

"Connie," continued Carol. "Make yourself available Saturday, we are going shopping, all of us," she finished, glancing at Katherine and Debra.

Connie nearly ran up the main entry stairwell at school, hurrying towards Penny's locker area. Her exertions caused her enabler to graze her prostrate three times, resulting in generous dollops of precum to dampen the heavy liner in her panties. Seeing Penny, she waved and pulled her best friend by her arm over to a more secluded area in the busy hallway. "I can go," whispered Connie excitedly.

Penny's face opened to a wide smile, "So can I." The two sissies held each others hands and were nearly jumping with excitement.

"Good news?" Margaret's voice penetrated the girl's excitement. Simultaneously turning, both sissies saw Margaret standing next to them. They instinctively hugged the reserved mistress, until they realized what they were doing. Margaret, although of a slightly stuffy personality, was not about to let a good thing pass her by and she returned the hugs and planted a not very chaste lip lock on both sissies mouths.

Reddening, Connie stuttered that there was one catch.

"What's that?" queried Margaret.

Connie took a deep breath, "My mom say's that I can go with you, if your mother is the Chief of Detectives for the police department."

Penny stood by looking confused. Margaret smiled, "The very same. In fact, your uncle Mike works for my mom."

A great weight slid from Connie's shoulders. The trio started a group hug again when a senior mistress, wearing a hall monitor's armband interrupted and warned them about the schools policy concerning excessive public display's of affection. Margaret, nonplussed about the interruption, suggested that they meet at lunch period and start making plans. The two sissies nodded vigorously in agreement and the first date was set.

"Oh, Connie, I can hardly wait to see the reactions around the lunchroom when we sit down with Margaret," squealed Penny. Connie was more worried about when she could change out of her now very wet panties into the fresh pair she always carried in her tote.

Katherine hated these end of term mandatory, mistresses only socio-historical lectures that were absolutely required attendance. She and her equals made small talk in the classroom until the lecturer; a very handsome mistress from Creighton University entered the room. "Ladies," my name is Augusta Charlottesdaughter, please be seated. Our talk today will be about the Great War and the rise of feminine domination.

"As you all know, the great war was a result of the attempt by the Chinese Peoples Republic to destroy the Vietnamese rice crop by means of a very selective biological attack in the year 2020. The botched delivery attempt and the resultant worldwide plague targeting women have been covered in your standard history classes. What we are going to discuss today is the Social Reform Act of 2039. As you are aware, the Great War has, for all practical purposes, not ended. The Western Alliance has been in a continuous state of armed conflict to various degrees of intensity for the past two hundred years.

Currently, the list of stable political entities, i.e. functional governments, is quite short. It consists of the United States, it protectorate Canada, Great Britain, Ireland, Australia and New Zealand.

The rest of the world is very dangerous and mostly unknown territory. By satellite observation, we know that there is very little industrial activity outside of the Western Alliance areas. The United States also has military forces in Western Africa, notably Nigeria and several outposts in coastal China and Southeast Europe. Aside from what we can ascertain from satellite observation, the rest of the world is a blank spot. As a result of the plague, the Western Alliance and most notably, the United States and Australia have been engaged in low level armed conflict for over two hundred continuous years.

Our population has dropped from over three hundred million to less than sixty million and is still falling. The Chinese virus has been persistent and female live births have not exceeded thirty five percent of those conceived for the past one hundred years. Despite the vast resources we have poured into medical and biological studies, we have not been able to make more than marginal gains in eradicating the plague. What we have been able to do however is some remarkable gender blending.

Many of you have sissy brothers at home. Although, I doubt if you think of them as brothers. The creation of sissies as gender was brought about in the 2040's, when young girls going to and from school, or any place else, for that matter, required bodyguard accompaniment. Originally, the thought was that dressing pre-adolescent males in then female clothing and have them schools with females would protect them from the rampant sexual predication that prevalent in all male schools of time. The results of this 'unisex' clothing program was astounding. It was discovered that about twenty percent of the feminized males preferred their feminine roles and personal behavior by all elementary school aged males improved dramatically. It was decided that those males that did not adapt to a feminine persona would be segregated into male only schools as soon as their masculine behavior surfaced. It was not until around 2050 that the modern concept of the role of the sissy started to coalesce.

The Social Reform Act of 2039 was a result of women threatening mass suicide if they were not given the reins of government. It was a desperate time and women were faced with a lifetime of forced sexual servitude. Worse yet, was the disintegrating social fabric of the United States as kidnapping and forced slavery of females was becoming common place. The organized military, still a very potent force at the time, agreed that something had to be done before the country slid into chaos. Units of all of the armed forces rounded up all members of congress and forced a vote on the Social Reform Act at proverbial gunpoint. The Act gave women the power to protect themselves from deprecation from the lawless bands of males that roamed the countryside. That power was the organized military and a limited martial law was initiated..

The Social Reform Act of 2039 was essentially a deal cut between the three major women's organizations of the time, The National Organization of Women, The Christian Women's Alliance, The Organization of Professional Women and the Department of Defense. It was a simple concept that satisfied everyone except the then current political power

holders. Women would be handed all political power in the United States in the form of being the only gender legally eligible to hold elective office. The military would be politically subservient, as was traditional with one major exception. The new political power brokers could not direct the application of military force as a general concept or national goal. Women had no input, whatsoever in the application of the military force, nor could they engage in any foreign diplomacy. In fact, all American diplomats are military officers and women have been forbidden to leave the United States with the exception of Canada and those Caribbean islands directly controlled by the US military, which thankfully, is most of them. Also, when the space program was re-established in the late twenty first century, NASA has permitted some sissies to join the program, but women have forbidden to engage in space exploration.

When the practice of sissification of young males began in the 2040's the military acquiesced with a suggested innovation that remains with us to this day. They recommended that all school children be raised female until it became obvious that those males who were undoubtedly unsuitable for the feminine role be withdrawn from the primary school system and be enrolled in military schools, overseen by the Department of Defense. This solution is with us to the present. Males are withdrawn from primary schools when they become obviously male in physique or demonstrate anti-social attitudes. These anti-social attitudes are usually demonstrated by surly behavior, lack of attention in class, depression and falling school grades. When males are removed from primary schools to be enrolled in the military schools, they are sterilized through a series of inoculations incorporated with standard anti-disease vaccinations. So ladies, as it stands, the only way to get pregnant is intercourse with a sissy." Augusta closed her note pad and smiling at the gathered young mistresses, "If you plan on children, which is your national obligation, you'll need a sissy. So treat them kindly. Thank you ladies and good day." Katherine had tears welling in her eyes, thinking about the lost Billie Mae.

Late Spring 2229

The alarm sounded a soft gonging sound and Connie felt a warm soft breast press into shoulder. "Time for you to get up, sleepy head, and please turn that alarm off," muttered Mary Ann.

Carefully removing Mary Ann's arm from around her waist, Connie reached over to the nightstand and turned off the alarm. Sliding out of bed, Connie caught her reflection in the vanity mirror. A tallish, 5 foot nine inches, very slender sissy with shoulder blade length auburn hair. Nice breasts, not as full as they will be and a small nose framed by a pretty, but not beautiful face. She admired her trim waist. It required a corset for dresses to hang right, but at sixteen, she didn't go to that many places requiring a dress. She briefly recalled her first time in a corset, the Junior Ball last summer with Margie and Penny. She did a brief twirl, to watch her filmy baby doll nightie flare out around her widening hips. Glancing at her crotch in the

mirror, knowing the smooth front of her tiny sleep panties was the result of her little prison. 'No unsightly bulges for you, my girl.' she thought, realizing that she had not even seen her penis for nearly three years.

"Thinking about your cock?" murmured Connie's groggy bedmate. Blushing, Connie made for the bathroom to start her morning routine.

Over her shoulder, she remarked, "All the time, just like you." Mary Ann laughed a little sad laugh at Connie's remark and started to climb out of bed. Opening the bathroom door, Mary Ann heard the multi headed shower thrumming over Connie's body. "Honey, can I come in? I've really got to go."

"The more the merrier, do you want to share the shower?" asked Connie. Mary Ann grunted an acknowledgement, sitting on the throne, feeling her warm stream spray over her compressed buttocks as her tightly confined penis directed its stream towards her anus. Still seated, Mary Ann stepped out of her nearly transparent panties and pulled off the flimsy top. Grabbing some tissues from the roll, she blotted the big drops from her bottom and flushed the mess away. Opening the shower door, she stepped through the fog and embraced the lathered teenager.

Connie loved showering with this beautiful sissy. Their lips met, mouths opened, and Connie could play with Mary Ann's tongue stud. Breaking the embrace, Mary Ann turned her back to Connie and the youngster started to lather the twenty year olds magnificent body. No corset for this sissy, admired Connie. She worked the lather over Mary Ann's back and shoulders, reaching around to caress the older sissy's full c-cup natural breasts. Now fully embracing Mary Ann from the rear, Connie's hand found it's way down the sissies front to her crotch and fondled the plasteel encased penile tube, lathering liberally between her partners thighs, eventually giving special attention to the exposed cock head tucked tightly between Mary Ann's thighs. Moaning, Mary Ann whispered to her playmate, "do my bottom, the special way I taught you."

Working the soft soap to a generous lather, Connie started caressing Mary Ann's buttocks, sneaking gentle strokes between the well-rounded orbs. Leaning forward and partially bending her legs, Mary Ann fully exposed her rosebud to Connie's ministrations. Connie slid a soapy finger up the sissy's bottom, past the sphincter and started searching for girl's prostate gland. Finding her prize, she started to massage the organ and Mary Ann started to mix groans with her steady moan. Finally, a spurt of sticky semen worked its way out of Mary Ann's jealously guarded penis. Connie kept her finger in place and worked the other girl's prostate; Mary Ann had a generous release, no orgasm, but some relief nonetheless. Connie's finger slid out of Mary Ann's rectum and she washed it thoroughly. Mary Ann turned and embraced Connie, their breasts squashed against each other's. Giving the schoolgirl a deep mouth tonguing, asked, "Do you want me to do you?"

"No time, lover. I've got to douche and get ready for school," murmured Connie.

Lying on the large bed in her silk robe, Mary Ann watched the pretty schoolgirl prepare. She especially enjoyed watching the final act. Connie squatted and carefully injected the freshly packed enabler up her butt. She then reached down and pulled her panties up from around her ankles, briefly flipping the hem of her short, pleated skirt up over her back, giving Mary Ann a delicious view. Straightening, Connie rubbed her ass cheeks together, enjoying the sensation the medicated butt plug gave her. The panty liner she wore received it's first shot of precum of the day. "Bravo, honey buns, but proper sissies do not bend from the waist," laughed Mary Ann. "I'll bet that horny mistress girlfriend of yours goes through half a dozen panty liners a day, just thinking about you." Connie smiled at the compliment and leaning over the bed gave her playmate a goodbye peck on the lips and waved 'Ta Ta' on the way out of the room.

Mary Ann lounged on the bed staring at the ceiling, reflecting upon the circumstances that made her possibly, the luckiest sissy in Omaha. She worked as a salesgirl at the 'Sissy Shoppe', Omaha's most upscale sissy specialized department store. She had only been working full time at the 'Shoppe' for a couple of days when first met Connie and her mother Carol. They were on a shopping excursion and Mary Ann was the lucky soul that assisted them that day. Connie was getting ready for her first formal date and her skinny boyish frame needed a waist nipper corset to aid in creating a figure. She had spent over three hours with Connie and Carol that day and had earned a huge commission. 'What I didn't realize,' she thought was the impression she had created with Carol. 'What a naive dummy I was,' mused Mary Ann. 'I didn't realize that Carol was that 'Constancedaughter'. I think that was the clincher. Carol thought that I was a very pretty and polite airhead with just the right mix of personality and knowledge to be suitable arm candy for one of her offspring.'

Walking down the sidewalk in front of St. Agatha's, Connie saw Margaret sitting at a picnic table in the schools mall area. Margaret waved at Connie and she rushed over to her mistress, at a respectable gait, however. They made small talk until Penny arrived and sat down next to Connie across from Margaret. Smiling at her two treasures, Margaret reached into her handbag and withdrew two small ring boxes. Placing a box in front of each sissy, Margaret stammered, "I've thought all winter about this, but now that we have finished our freshman year, I would like to formalize our relationship as upperclasswomen. " She then flipped the lids open on the boxes in front of the two sissies. Nestled inside the two boxes were identical small rubies set into simple gold bands. A short, slim gold chain was attached to each ring with a simple clasp at one end of each chain. The girl's eye's widened at the sight of the rings.

"These are friendship rings," Margaret continued, "the jeweler said that you clip the clasp end of the chain to your choker rings and let the

ring dangle. It's supposed to signify that you have a 'steady' date." Neither sissy moved a muscle and Margaret begin to think that she misjudged their relationship. Penny blurted, "Oh, Margie (Margaret hated the diminutive) I knew we were best friends, but I could have never guessed. Oh, Margie, err Mistress Margaret, I am honored to be your steady."

With that pronouncement, Penny took the ring out of the box and started to hook it to her choker ring. Margaret motioned for her to stop and held out her hand for the ring. Penny's face clouded over as she handed the ornament to her mistress. Looking deep into Penny's eye's, Margaret smiled and reached over the picnic table and inserting her little finger into the forlorn sissies choker ring, pulled Penny's head towards her and kissed the sissy while clasping the ring and chain to her choker. Connie, watching the simple ceremony between Margaret and Penny, took her ring out of it's box and presented it in her open palm to Margaret. The simple ceremony was repeated with Connie. With her sissies gazing adoringly at her, Margaret sat back, "And one more thing, my dears. As upperclasswomen, you are permitted to wear your hair down. I have no objection to this. However, every time one of you addresses me as 'Margie', you will both remain in pigtails for a month. I fully expect to see both of you in pigtails in your graduation holo's."

A heavy mist was rising from the Niger River delta enveloping Camp Forward of the 2nd Battalion of 506th Airborne Infantry Regiment. Corporal Peter Constanceson of Company C loaded onto the stealth helo with his eight-man squad. They would be transported to the northern outskirts of the suburb of Harcourt where they were to set up an ambush of northern Nigerian Moslem raiders. The raiders had evidently started to expand their area of operations southeast from the former city of Warri. The raiders were primarily after young boys to add to the raider's communal harems, but they would also engage in casual looting and murder. The 82nd Airborne Division was responsible for maintaining port security in this dismal Nigerian town, but did expand their scope of operations to inflict casualties upon the Moslems.

Approaching their landing zone, Peter ordered his troopers to switch on full body armor and activate the stealth suits that they all wore. Settling down on the roof of a ramshackle two-story crumbling masonry warehouse, Peter ordered his two fire teams to set up the two particle beam projectors to cover the northeast and northwest corners of the building. He then pulled out the small antenna from one of his dangle bags and locked in on the stationary satellite in high orbit that gave him constant one meter definition in all weathers for one quarter mile from his location. The stealth helo was also on station in dead silent hover, all weapons systems at the ready. He knew that the raiders would have little, if any weaponry that was newer than 2030 vintage, but occasionally they surprised you.

"Peter, you have potential hostiles approaching from the northwest." Chuckling to himself, Peter always was startled by the sweet, cautioning sissy voice that the satellite was programmed with. Peering through the

mist, he saw the crew chiefs of both of his fire teams raise hands in acknowledgement of the satellite's warning. Watching the satellite's display on the inside of his night vision visor, Peter saw that the raiders were cavalry and had dismounted and were proceeding on foot down the street to the west side of the building.

"Peter, the potential hostiles appear to have reinforcements to the northwest." cooed the satellite voice. The helo chimed in after the satellite warning, "Pete, we may have as many as three to four hundred mounted following the skirmishers."

"Acknowledged," was all that Peter could say.

"Corporal 'C'," it was the battalions executive office Major Reneeson.

"Yes sir," responded Peter.

"We're going to attempt a company strength flanking attack on the reinforcements, but it will take at least an half an hour to organize and execute. Can your men hold that position? We need you as bait."

"Will do, sir," responded Peter, hoping that that he sounded more confident than he was. Looking around, Peter saw the raised hands of his fire team leaders.

"Here come the skirmishers, Pete," advised the helo.

Seeing the first of the dismounted raiders turn on the street to the west of the warehouse, "At one hundred meters, fire at will," Peter advised his fire teams.

"No flares," requested Peter to the helo.

The northeast fire team then reported to Peter, "Skunks penetrating the quarter mile surveillance boundary."

Peter saw on his satellite display that the raiders were trying pass two columns on foot past the old warehouse. He doubted that they knew he was there, but he couldn't afford for them to close, even though armed only with ancient AK's, they were still a very dangerous adversary. A blue white pulse of energy erupted from the northwest weapon and was followed a few seconds later by another. "Damn slow," thought Peter, "These pulse weapons are the tits, but with a five second energy recycling sequence, they are slow."

The helo had maneuvered to the east of the warehouse and was assaulting the large column of raiders on that side with their old-fashioned chain guns. Firing a burst and darting to a different location, relying on their stealth to prevent accurate return fire. The battlefield was becoming very noisy. The particle beam weapons, far from being silent, created little thunderclaps at every discharge with the searing beam passing through the cool air. The whiney rattle of the chain guns was like watching a history holo of the terrorist wars of the early twenty first century. Peter watched, fascinated by his visor display showing

the disorganized east column of the raiders futilely attempt to find cover from the 20mm cannon fire from the helo and the energy bolts from the warehouse gun emplacements.

Sharp snaps in the air above his head brought Peter out of his complacent observation of the unfolding firefight. Chunks of disintegrating masonry were starting shower the roof top, he knew that the raiders had found his little command.

"Medic, Medic," echoed a voice over the communication interlink in the trapped squad. Peter saw the motionless figure of one the riflemen supporting the northeast weapon lying on his back with .30 caliber AK rounds chewing at the small masonry parapet he was sheltered by. Crawling up to the disabled trooper, Peter was relieved to see that the private had only caught a masonry fragment that shattered his night vision and display visor. He did have plastic fragments embedded in his face and was bleeding, but not arterial blood.

"Calm down, Marty," urged Peter to the panicky soldier. "It's nothing, just a few cuts. However, your visors shit canned. Try and return fire to the muzzle flashes and draw as much fire away from the E-guns as you can." The recovering trooper nodded and bellied up to a gap in the parapet's masonry and started firing. Just as Marty got back into the fight the entire quadrant to the northwest of the embattled warehouse erupted in blue-white energy flashes and the rattle of chain guns.

The raiders east column, hung up trying to get past the northeast corner of the warehouse, started to withdraw. When the assault began on the west column, the retreating east column disintegrated into a disorganized run for the rear. The Helo's, knowing the precise locations of the raiders picketed mounts, charged in on them and a nasty slaughter of the fettered equines began. With nothing left moving, Major Reneeson, called a cease-fire and for a helo to pick up Peter's squad. After the helo's left the area, local inhabitants moved out of their shelters and started stripping the dead and dying raiders of anything of value, especially the freshly killed horsemeat.

Upon returning to Camp Forward, Peter's Platoon Sergeant informed that the exec wanted him to report ASAP. Presenting himself in front of Major Reneeson as ordered, the Major began, "Good job tonight Pete, I hate to engage those shit heel raiders, but we can't let them penetrate too far into city. We need the port facilities to badly. If you sign on for another hitch, I'll get you that third stripe."

Peter smiled, "No sir, I've had about enough of guarding oil derricks and chasing nomads about the countryside."

The Major smiled, "I guessed you'd say that, but I will get you a pretty companion for that Purple Heart you earned a couple of months ago. Dismissed."

Julie knocked on Carol's in home office door. "Come in," ordered Carol. "Dear," started Julie, "Your mother is on a holo call for you." Carol nodded and Julie retreated out of the office. Flicking the receiver on, Carol saw the image of her mother sitting at her desk in her senate office.

"Mother, this is a pleasant surprise, what can I do for you?" asked Carol.

"I need to see my family and get out of this infernal city for a few days. Would you object to visit by your lonely, elderly mother?" questioned Senator Anne Constancedaughter.

Laughing, Carol replied, "By all means, Mother. We specialize in ministration to the old and decrepit." Smiling, Anne Constancedaughter gave Carol her basic itinerary concerning her arrival in two days and the projected two-week stay.

"Two weeks with that domineering old battleaxe," Carol was appalled. She understood that there was barely room enough in the house for her own generous ego. "I'd better announce the impending disaster to the household," she thought. Leaving her office, she started her search for her wives. Quickly finding them chatting over iced tea in the kitchen,

"Good, your sitting," said Carol. "My mother, the noted United States Senator, is gracing us with a two week state visit, starting in two days."

"Oh shit," muttered Marie.

"Two weeks?" added Julie. Pouring herself a glass of iced tea, Carol sat down with her girls.

"Yes, two goddamned weeks, or so she is threatening and we have Peter coming home and hopefully a wedding to plan. When mom finds out about what's going on around here, she'll spend the summer and we'll all be chattels at her beck and call. Julie, do we have an especially lumpy mattress?"

In mock defensive surprise, Julie haughtily replied, "No ma'am, we do not even a slightly lumpy mattress."

Marie added, "If we did, you'd be sleeping on it." Carol caught Marie a sharp glance, "Keep that attitude up young lady and I'll throw away your' key'." Marie chortled at that remote possibility.

Two days later, the Constancedaughter family was lined up in formal array in the VIP terminal at Omaha National airport, awaiting the arrival of her eminence, Senator Anne Constancedaughter. The passenger transport vehicle had just completed it short trip from the small

supersonic congressional jet parked on the tarmac to the VIP lounge, off loading Senator Constancedaughter. As the single passenger emerged from the transport, Carol was relieved to see that her mother had not brought an entourage. The Constancedaughter family was in a rough reviewing line as Senator Anne Constancedaughter disembarked the transport. The trim matron quickly reviewed the assembled devotee's and noted two exceptions to her expectations.

"I am so happy to see you mother," gushed Carol.

"I'm sure that you are thrilled, daughter. However, it has been at least a year and a half since I have annoyed you and I wanted to see my grandchildren."

Chuckling, Carol noted, "I don't see Molly or Cindy, not to mention Milton or Charlie, are you traveling light this visit?"

"Molly and Cathy are following on the next flight, and those two worthless lay about men of mine are off on some Canadian fishing expedition. With luck, they'll be eaten by bears," Anne remarked as she approached Julie and Marie and gave them each a sincere hug, with firm handshakes for the uncles and finally she targeted to true reason for her visit.

After hugging Katherine and Debra, Anne embraced Connie who had been holding hands with Mary Ann. Releasing Connie, Anne faced the somewhat frightened Mary Ann, studying the comely sissy closely.

"I am Grandmother Constancedaughter, my dear", introducing herself and grasping Mary Ann's hands simultaneously.

Mary Ann did an unconscious, but graceful curtsy and gave her name.

Smiling at the sissy, "We'll talk later, privately dear." Releasing Mary Ann, the senator turned to the uncles and ordered them to recover her luggage and prepare the transportation for the trip home.

Later that evening, Anne and Carol were seated in Carol's home office with an expensive single malt scotch to loosen their tongues.

"So, Billie Mae didn't pass muster," said Anne, sadly. "I hope I am able to stay long enough to see William. You say he is getting two weeks leave?"

Carol nodded, "So the academy said, they will send him home for your stay, but you know the law, once they have physical control of him, he is theirs."

Anne sighed and nodded, she then brightened, "I have news of Peter. He is going to awarded the Bronze Star with the 'V' device for valor in some skirmish with Moslem raiders in Nigeria."

"He's all right?" exclaimed Carol.

"Oh yes, there was one soldier slightly wounded in the affair and of course, they didn't count the raider casualties. The Secretary of Defense told me this morning at a defense sub-committee hearing. He said that Peter's commander was desperate to get him to stay in the army and had requested that Peter also be awarded a commission. That was denied, as he told me, what little control we have on the military lies in controlling the officer corps."

"Good," replied Carol, "I want him to get an education and I also want to keep him out of some matron's harem."

"That, I presume is the reason for the presence of Mary Ann," queried Anne. "Tell me about her."

Refreshing her drink and taking a long sip, Carol started her tale, "She is the sissy of Matron Sybil Morgannasdaughter, a distinguished name without fortune or current connections.

Sybil has one wife, a sickly thing that she has adored for nearly thirty years. She took a single consort, with whom she also was deeply in love with. Her first child was also male; his name was Oliver Morgannason, a Captain of Marines. He was killed in action in China. Upon hearing the news of Oliver's death, David, Sybil's consort suffered a massive cerebral embolism and died instantly. Left with a sissy daughter of seventeen and a sickly wife, Sybil fell into a disabling state of clinical depression. The sole source of family income was young Oliver's and David's life insurance. Apparently, the insurance policies covered the family's outstanding debts, but not much more. Fortunately, Mary Ann was near graduation from St. Cynthia's and was allowed to graduate early so that she could pursue employment to support the family."

Anne sat back and shook her head, "There, for the Grace of God," she muttered. "So, this is all very tragic, but how did Mary Ann wander into your life?"

Dabbing at tears, Carol took a long pull on her whiskey and after a deep breath, "The girl was recommended to the manager of a department store here in Omaha, called the 'Sissy Shoppe' as potentially, a very good salesperson."

"And....?" urged Anne for Carol to continue.

"I took Connie on a shopping spree to update her wardrobe on her fifteenth birthday. Naturally, one of the stops would be the 'Sissy Shoppe.' It is very upscale and caters to both mistresses and sissies. Mary Ann was our salesgirl. We purchased a few items, over a three and a half hour period to the tune of two thousand four hundred dollars. As I said, they saw that the girl had sales potential. But, during that expensive afternoon, I became sure that this sissy had the manners, decorum and intelligence to be a consort to Peter."

"Not to mention the looks," interjected Anne. "How did you know she was sterile? If she was a fertile sissy with those features, she would have had a line of mistresses and matron's dotting on her a mile long."

Carol smiled, "I didn't, but I did guess that if the girl was fertile, she probably wouldn't be a shop girl at the 'Shoppe.'"

Continuing, Carol told Anne that she had contacted the Shoppe's general manager in her official status as Chairwoman of Omaha's Aldermanic Counsel. "I praised the girl to the heavens for her service and conduct and got her mother's name, the rest was easy."

Chuckling, Anne asked, "I'm impressed with your investigated prowess, Sherlock, but how did you meet with her and close the deal?"

Smugly, Carol eyed her mother and said, "I went through the back door. I requested another meeting the Shoppe's manager, a very cordial, but tough sissy, by the way, and told her what I had in mind. The truth, sometimes it's works."

"You told the manager that you wanted to take her new prize sales girl away and make her a mare for a soon to released paratrooper? I bet that she was very enthusiastic about that prospect," Anne said as she held out her glass for a refill.

Taking the proffered glass, Carol continued, "NO, I mentioned that I was aware of the girl's family financial circumstances and that I was all in favor of her staying employed at the Shoppe. I also said that if Mary Ann accepted my proposal, that her earnings would continue to go to her mother and that I would maintain her in a more than suitable fashion."

Staring hard at Carol, Anne asked, "Are you saying that you and this manager bargained over this child's services?"

Stopping, Carol reflected, "It's sounds like that doesn't it, mother? I'm so sorry that I related the manager's conversation with me so poorly. In fact, as I recall, she was not buying my pitch. Until I pulled a holo cube of Peter out of my purse and displayed it upon her desk."

"This is your son?" asked Lacey Bettinason, the general manager of the 'Sissy Shoppe'.

Carol nodded. "He gets out of the service in about twelve months. Lacey, I don't want him to be casting around for a home with some wealthy matron looking to add to her stable. I'm so impressed with Mary Ann, that I am becoming obsessed with getting her and Peter together."

Rising from behind her desk, Lacey Bettinason threw her modest chest out and tugged at the hem of her suit's short skirt.

"Matron Constancedaughter," she began, "I will forward your request for a meeting to Matron Morgannasdaughter. I would like to advise you that she is under medication for her depression, and I urge you to keep that

fact in mind in any meeting between you and Sybil that may occur. I don't want to sound as if I am preaching to you, but Mary Ann is a very special employee here at the 'Shoppe' and I will go very far out of my way to protect her. I am sure that your intentions are honorable, but I do request that if Sybil agrees to a meeting with you concerning the future of Mary Ann, that I be present."

Carol smiled, "Agreed," and the meeting ended.

"I might want to meet this Lacey girl," commented Anne. "She sounds like good aide material." "You just may," replied Carol. "If Peter takes the bait, and I am sure he will. Lacey will be at the wedding for sure."

"So, you met with Sybil and how did that go?" continued Anne.

"We met for lunch at 'The Risqué', a new pseudo French restaurant. Sybil brought her wife Peggy. We made small talk until Lacey arrived. Nothing of importance was said during lunch, but when Sybil agreed to an after dinner drink, that was the signal to start our discussion. Lacey started by laying out my proposal that Mary Ann be introduced to Peter via holo call and that if she is still interested, she move into my household with status of family member to acquaint her with her potential future in laws. Sybil was enthusiastic about Mary Ann becoming part of the prestigious Constancedaughter family, but she did insist upon total access to her daughter during interim.

Getting up to leave, Sybil turned to Carol and asked, "By the way, where will Mary Ann be sleeping?"

Smiling, Carol replied, "With my fifteen year old sissy daughter, Connie. They have met."

"Sounds interesting," remarked Sybil as she and Peggy shared a laugh on the way out of the restaurant.

"I am pleased Carol, on how you have handled this. Arranging a companionship between a sissy and a single male is a very delicate proposition. I imagine that Sybil was ecstatic, a sterile sissy, no matter how cultured and beautiful has an iffy future at best. It would like a couple of centuries ago when men and women got together by chance, with predictable results," judged Anne.

"How did the initial holo meeting with Peter go?"

Carol laughed, "I put in a call to that army base Peter is at and asked when would be a good time for Peter to take an important holo call? They were very nice and we set up a time. Mary Ann knows how to make herself look very, very good. I must admit, I got a little wet sitting next to her waiting for the call to go through."

Anne smiled knowingly at this admission.

"Well, to continue, as the image stabilized, Peter was standing there,

as grungy as he may have just emerged from the jungle. Looking very fit and somewhat menacing in his sleeveless camo tee shirt and cargo trousers. I introduced Mary Ann as a sissy who was staying with us and was interested in getting to know him better. My idiot son was speechless. He just gummed a few syllables and stared. It was embarrassing. Here, I had described him as an intelligent, thoughtful and cultured young man and there he was getting an erection on the holo call. Mother, he had this huge lump in his crotch and Mary Ann was giggling. I thought that my plan was dead in the water."

Anne was laughing out loud, "I wish I could have seen that," she roared.

Carol sputtered, "Mother, I must have been beet red, because all I can remember saying is, "Nice talking with you Peter, we'll keep in touch, like I had just auditioned him for a walk on part in a minor theatrical."

Getting up to mix her own drink, Anne asked, "What did Mary Ann have to say about her first view of her betrothed?"

Wheezing, Carol said, "As the holo image faded, I turned to apologize to Mary Ann and she was just smiling, offering me her restraint key in her open palm."

"So, that's how Connie got a playmate?" chuckled Anne.

"I'm sure that there is a lot sissy hanky panky going on in that bed," said Carol. "Connie has matured immensely in the past eight months and a little sex play between securely restrained sissies is of no serious consequence."

Pursing her lips, Anne asked, "How often do you masturbate them?"

Arching an eyebrow, "As if it is any of your business, at least five times a week, each. Why? Do you want a turn or two at pulling their darling little weenies?" asked Carol.

"I might," laughed Anne, "but that is why there are laws protecting the little dears from perverts like me, until they are eighteen. Then they become fair game." Anne got up and stretched, "Let's go join the men, I need to be amused."

In the poolroom, Katherine was playing a game of eight ball with Jason, Debra was listening to lies about police work from Mike. Connie was out with Penny and Margaret while Mary Ann was at work at the Shoppe. Frank, Marie and Julie were playing three-handed gin. When Carol and Anne entered the room, play stopped. Anne waved dismissively to the congregation and activities resumed. Carol mixed her mother and herself another scotch, blended, with club soda this time when Anne tapped a spoon on her glass to gain everyone's attention.

"I have a little announcement to make that affects everyone here. This morning, I learned from the Secretary of Defense that Peter is to be decorated with the Bronze Star medal and that Mary Ann's brother, Captain Oliver Morgannason, unfortunately killed in action with the United States Marine Corps in old Hong Kong, China , two years ago is to be awarded the Congressional Medal Of Honor."

"Hear, hear," said Frank. "Hear, hear," echoed Mike and Jason. Anne started to continue when the front door opened and Mary Ann walked in from work.

Frank looked at Anne and said, "It's Mary Ann, home from work."

'Now's as good a time as any,' thought Anne.

The senator motioned to Julie to go and bring Mary Ann into the poolroom. Walking into the silent poolroom, Mary Ann caught Senator Constandaughter's eye's boring into her.

"Dear, please come sit by me," said Anne. Mike, a wine for the girl."

Nervous, Mary Ann sat on the stool next to the Senator. "Ma'am?" asked the sissy.

Putting a hand on one of Mary Ann's, Anne asked, "How are things going with Peter, dear? I mean do you feel that even though that you have not met face to face that you may have a future together?"

"Oh, grandmother, even though I have only met Peter as an image and even if he is only turns out to be half of what I could expect, coming from this family that I love and I know loves me, I would consent to Peter with no regrets."

Anne, digesting this oath of fealty, cupped Mary Ann's chin in her palm, "Dearest, I'm surprised that Peter hasn't deserted to be with you. By the way, how would you feel about having the President of the United States at your wedding?"

One month later, the Constandaughter family was gathered at Offet Air Force Base awaiting the military flight from Timms Air Base in the Azores. Debra shouted and pointed in the sky as the double sonic boom announced the arrival of a sub orbital hypersonic flight. A half an hour later, Peter descended the boarding ramp to his meet his gathered family. Still dressed in his duty fatigues, Peter approached the cluster of women and the short line of men in military uniforms. He recognized his uncles in their reserve uniforms and broadly smiled at the young cadet on one flank. He stopped short of the military rank and presented a hand salute. Upon it's return, Peter quickly shook hands with the uncles and his brother William. Once the protocols with his male equals were concluded, Peter turned and embraced his somewhat put out mother.

"Soldiers," Carol exclaimed, "I'll never understand you."

Kissing his mother on her forehead, Peter whispered, "Mutual respect, mother. Remember, we are all pledged to die for you and the girls."

Clutching her son tightly, a teary-eyed Carol waved the women forward to greet Peter. Marie was first to embrace Peter, with a relieved sob, followed by Julie. Katherine, Debra, Connie and Mary Ann held back until Peter had greeted the older women. Debra found herself lifted and twirled by Peter and shrieked when she received a sloppy kiss on her lips. After Debra, Peter repeated his twirling and kiss with Katherine, who was breathless; she had never before been this close to a totally free adult male, even though it was her own brother. Mary Ann was squeezing Connie's hand in excitement and excruciatingly awaiting her formal introduction. Peter took Connie in his arms and gave her a not so brotherly kiss, matching the one he had given Debra and Katherine. Mary Ann was left standing alone, holding her clutch purse in front of her while the breeze played at the hem of her short sun dress.

With one arm around Connie's shoulders, Peter approached Mary Ann and said, "My name is Peter, I do believe that I may marry you."

Mary Ann's knee's buckled, but Peter caught her, lifted her into his arms, and started walking off the tarmac. "Are you with this group, miss?" he asked. Mary Ann responded by wrapping her arms around Peter's neck.

'That was easy,' thought Carol.

The family was gathered at the bar in the poolroom. Peter sitting on a stool at one end of the bar with Mary Ann on his knee, patiently answering the questions peppered at him as fast as he could. Penny and Margaret had joined the reunion and Margaret was somewhat intimidated by this seemingly rough soldier. Connie was happy and sad, knowing that she would soon lose her beloved bedmate. She closed with Penny and Margaret, knowing that this was the direction of her future.

Carol discreetly gathered the women and sissies while Peter and Mary Ann distracted the men. "It appears that there is going to be a short courtship between Peter and Mary Ann. So, we must start making the necessary preparations." Issuing orders like a drill sergeant, Carol gave everybody present a seemingly important task.

Mary Ann hugged Connie tightly as they lay together in bed that night. The two sissies were tightly intertwined, each trying futilely to masturbate on each others leg.

Kissing Connie deeply, "Oh sis, I'm so horny," Mary Ann confessed, as she rubbed her plasteel-encased member upon Connie's leg. Connie, caught up in Mary Ann's emotional state was equally frustrated, working

on her bedmates leg furiously.

Taking her tongue out of Connie's mouth, Mary Ann whispered, "Do you know what that witch of a mother of yours told me tonight?"

Coming up for air, Connie just shook her head.

"She told me that I was not going to have a release until after the wedding. She said that the next time I would cum would be at Peter's hand and that since the wedding date had not been set, who knows when that would be."

Connie disengaged from Mary Ann's embrace, got out of bed, went into the bathroom, retrieved a used bath towel from the laundry hamper, and returned to bed.

"Roll over, you horny sissy," ordered Connie.

Mary Ann assumed the position; butt high in the air with her head on her hands. Pulling down Mary Ann's filmy nightie panties, smearing her fingers with lubricant, Connie inserted two fingers into Mary Ann's eager rectum and proceeded to massage the sissies prostate, getting the predicted results.

"Now, do me, girl," directed Connie.

Meanwhile, in Carol's bedroom, Marie and Julie were locked into a steamy sixty-nine. Each had their choker rings locked to their partner's scrotum ring by way of a short, light chain. They had their penises forced into each other's mouths. Carol was fucking Julie slowly, with a vibrating strap on while Marie had a vibrating butt plug enhancing her thrusts in Julie's mouth. Carol would continue to fuck Julie until she came at least three times. When she was sated, she would replace her strap on with a vibrating butt plug into Julie's ass and leave the two hapless sissies sucking each other's cock for next hour.. She slipped into her adjacent private office, leaving the door open so that she hear the her wives moans and slurping whispers as they felleted each other.

Carol took a light silver necklace from around her neck and held the old fashioned brass key in front of her. She then proceeded to unlock the large cherry wood cabinet built into her office wall and exposed several rows of nearly identical, leather bound books. The books were the personal diaries of her direct female ancestors going back to the mid twentieth century. She took out the last book on the lower shelf and took it to her desk. It was her personal diary. Opening it, she made a notations, including Peter's homecoming and her mother's visit. She also commented about the lie she told to Mary Ann about the poor sissy remaining celebrate until her wedding to Peter. Carol added that she planned to pull both of her sissies puds with extra determination the following evening. Returning the volume to it's appointed place, Carol pulled out her favorite volume. It was the diary of her ancestor Madeline Truscott and covered the years 2030 to 2045.

Opening the volume to her favorite page from 2041, she read; "Martin and James joined their sister's Emily and Amelia in attending St. Agatha Academy. Little Marty aged 6 and Jamie aged 8 joined their older sister's (Emily and Amelia) on their first day at St. Agatha's. The national ordinance ordering all pre-adolescent young males to attend what were formally all girls schools officially started this morning. The ordinance was enacted to protect children from sexual predators, mainly older school mates at the all male schools. It had been decided by Congress that removing the younger boys from the all male schools and adding them to the school body of the small girls academies it would improve discipline at the boys schools and build respect for girls (by the young boys) at the girls schools. The ordinance also required that students at all schools be identically uniformed. I must admit that I was skeptical at first, but I do enjoy seeing Marty and Jamie in their school uniform skirts. They were not happy to begin with, but I have been slowly transforming their entire wardrobe from male to female. They seem to accept the change and are much better behaved. Where all of this going, I haven't the faintest, but so far the changes seem to work.. The boys are not bullied like they were at the public school and the girls dote on their newly feminized school mates." Carol smiled as always, when she read this entry. 'Madeline, if you only knew,' thought Carol.

Paging forward in the same volume, Carol found another well read passage. "The Principal of St. Agatha's sent me a secured e-mail today. She wanted to advise me that Surgeon General (of the United States), a Mrs. Lucille Betancourt has issued a directive that all males that have attained puberty and are still attending all female schools must start on a mandatory hormone program. The initial aim, apparently is to repress sexual urges from horny young men who have begun to prefer skirts. Both Marty and Jamie seem to prefer the feminine lifestyle. Their hair has grown shoulder length and they are pestering me to have their ears pierced and be allowed to where some make-up. Do I have three daughters now and what will Dave say about all of this, when and if he ever gets home from China?" A tear trickled down Carol's face at this last sentence, she knew that Major David Truscott was killed in vehicular accident later that year in Shanghai.

In the other bedrooms of the house, the uncle's, wisely got too drunk to masturbate, but passed out in their beds, knowing full well who was in charge of their household.

Late Spring 2330

Connie was sitting at her vanity, braiding her hair.

'Darn that Penny,' she thought. "Now the entire school will know that we called Margaret 'Mergie'.

Last night, at the outdoor holo's in the park, Margaret had her finger up Penny's rectum, rummaging around for her prostate when Penny said, "Oh, that's it Margie."

Connie had her face buried in Margaret's crotch working furiously on her clit when she heard the fateful word. Finishing her make up, looking carefully at the pretty face, framed by the auburn braids tied off with red ribbons, Connie decided she was ready for school. Grabbing her already packed enabler, she semi squatted, inserted it up her rectum, and pulled up her panties. Looking into the full-length mirror, she made sure that her skirt hung straight, rubbed her butt cheeks together to properly seat the enabler and set out for the kitchen.

Katherine, now a freshman at Creighton University, was sitting in the kitchen having her morning coffee when Connie entered to have a couple of pieces of toast. "Fucked up again, huh, sis?" said Katherine eyeing Connie's braids.

"It was Penny," replied Connie defensively.

"Pissed off Margaret again?" questioned Debra, just entering the kitchen.

"Why does everybody pick on sissies?" cried Connie.

"Because everybody loves them," said Carol pouring her coffee.

"Yeah, sissies get everything," chimed Debra.

'Except freedom,' thought Connie.

Marie, looking at Debra, decided on a little revenge for Connie, "Go back to your room and do your make up properly, little miss," she said. Debra appealed for a second opinion from her mother to no avail and stomped back to her bedroom.

Connie smiled a secret smile as Marie brewed a cup of tea in the micro and quietly reviewed the past evening. 'Sure, Margerate got both her and Penny to release, but it was nowhere as much fun as mother or Dr. Anitasdaughter masturbating her.'

She knew that it would be impossible for Margie to go any further without her 'key' so she guessed that she and Penny would continue in their one sided sex game. After all Margie was 'the' mistress of their class and Connie did especially like it when Margie had them kneel side by side and milk them while they kissed and fondled each others breasts.

Katherine looked up from her computer and addressed her mother, "Mom, I'm going to meet Peter after classes for a drink he has been promising me, so I'll be a little late for supper."

Carol, engrossed in her own computer, just nodded an OK.

"I wish I could come with you and see Peter," said Connie.

"I'm sorry Connie, but we're meeting at the Rustic Inn for a beer and as

you are well aware of, you have to be eighteen to be served," replied Katherine.

"Please ask how Mary Ann is when you see him," urged Connie.

"I'm sure Mary Ann is quite happy, but I'll pass your concerns along," said Katherine as she closed her palm computer "I've gotta run." Katherine gulped the last of her coffee and with her cotton slacks swishing, headed for the front door.

Standing, Connie shouted, "Let's go Debra. The van will be here any minute. You don't want to be late on the last day of the term." Her short, pleated skirt brushing her thighs, Connie made the front door. Her enabler stroked her prostate and she let out a little gasp and Carol smiled.

Later, that afternoon, pushing through the boisterous crowd, Katherine spotted Peter sitting at the bar with another male. Pushing up next to Peter, Katherine kissed him on the cheek. "Hi, sis," said Peter. "I want you to meet Tony; he was at Fort Benning jump school with me."

Katherine dutifully shook Tony's hand, automatically dismissing him as an unsuitable companion. Her mother had drilled into her that she should never take an older male as an escort and certainly, never take one as a consort. Making small talk until Tony got the message that Katherine would like to talk privately with Peter. Tony drained his glass, stood, made his amends, and the slim former paratrooper gracefully exited stage left.

"Peter, I have a small problem that I thought that a sophisticate such as yourself may be able to help me with," said Katherine, hiding her expectations behind her glass.

Intrigued, Peter assumed his most sophisticated manner, "How may I assist the most beautiful mistress in this sorry establishment?" he replied.

Katherine hesitated, her attention momentarily captured by the swaying buttocks of a comely passing sissy co-ed dressed in a tight sleeveless sweater and very short shorts. Peter smiled, "Arm candy, my self assured sister needs arm candy," he said.

Blushing violently, Katherine stuttered, "Mom insists that I attend the country clubs spring dinner dance. I'm supposed to meet important matrons and impress them. But, as you are well aware of, I am not the most socially active mistress on campus."

"Not to worry, my most seductive sibling," continued Peter in his most pseudo sophisticate manner. More seriously, he went on, "You won't find what you need here or in any other campus bar, for that matter. Let me discuss your problem with Mary Ann, after all as a shift manager at the Shoppe, she has access to a list of suitable sissies that will meet

your' special' requirements and tastes."

"Your making me sound like a jaded matron pervert," retorted Katherine.

"No sweetheart," said Peter placing a hand lightly upon her shoulder, "I do know for a fact that you are a very shy mistress."

Katherine's chin fell onto her chest accompanied by a small frown.

Seeing his sister's doubts. Peter continued, "Cheer up, darlin', Mary Ann has been just waiting for an opportunity to return mom's favor of getting us together. She will dive into your' problem' with a gusto that may lead to any number of future possibilities.

A small smile returned to Katherine's face and she turned and motioned to the bartender, "Two more, please." Looking at Peter, she said, "I'll buy."

"About time," snorted Peter.

"Cindy Rebeccason," smiled Mary Ann.

"Who?" asked Peter?

"Cindy, she's a new sissy salesgirl I hired three weeks ago. She's eighteen, very pretty and with impeccable taste and manners. She would be perfect for Katherine," replied Mary Ann. "And I think that she is fertile."

"Do you think she would go for a blind date?" asked Peter.

"My dearest husband," started Mary Ann. "There is not a sissy in Nebraska that would snub the chance of dating a Constance daughter mistress. I will ask her tomorrow, but I already know the answer. When can we get the soon to be happy couple together?"

Peter replied, "Wednesday, we'll double dinner date Wednesday evening."

"Perfect, my dear, a mid week dinner date denotes seriousness," responded Mary Ann. "I will have the sacrificial offering ready to knock the socks off of Katherine. Now, you must excuse me, I need to get out of my work outfit and remove this damned enabler. It makes me so horny." With that, Mary Ann got up from her perch on Peter's knee and went into their bedroom.

"Ladies, I have an announcement," Margaret intoned to her customary escorts. Penny and Connie were dressed nearly identically in spaghetti strap cotton tee shirts and denim short shorts, their breasts free to bounce around and intrigue Margaret. Pressing in onto Margaret from

both sides, the two sissies lodged a breast onto their mistress' upper arms. Moving her arms up and over the shoulders of her sissies, Margaret continued, " Girls, we have been invited to the country club's dinner dance in three weeks. I realize that it will take you that long to prepare for this event, so I am going to forgive the braids this time, but I do expect to see exceptional results at the dance," Penny and Connie simultaneously kissed Margaret on the side of her cheek that they occupied. With her arms enclosing her adoring sissy's shoulders, Margaret sat back, haughtily glancing at the assembled envious mistresses and their accompanying sissies.

"Are you working on getting an escort for the dinner dance, sweetie?" asked Carol as Katherine came into the poolroom. Taking a deep breath, Katherine related her earlier conversation with Peter.

"So, Mary Ann is going to handle it?" interjected Mike. Carol gave Mike a severe look that made him duck behind the bar. Katherine just nodded and hoped for the best.

Frank wrapped his arm around Katherine's shoulder and gave a squeeze. "I think that you are in very good hands, girlie. I wouldn't mind having Mary Ann set me up with one of her nubile sissies."

"You would if I put you into a restraint and an enabler during your 'date'" responded Carol. The assembly snickered at this thought. "In fact, I think I will give you a little taste of what you would be in for if you followed through with you little fantasy. You're with me tonight, Frank and bring some lube," ordered Carol.

Mike and Jason looked at each other and then at the white faced Frank. Marie and Julie were just giggling, trying to imagine Frank on his hands and knees being ridden by Carol. Turning to Katherine, Carol continued, "I think that you made a wise decision to engage Mary Ann's assistance in this matter. I wouldn't be surprised to see a long term association emerge from this little endeavor."

Peter called Katherine and told her to meet him at Morgan's Steakhouse on Wednesday evening at seven and come dressed to impress. Finding Peter at the bar, Katherine joined him, ordered an unaccustomed whiskey and water, and started prying information from the smug paratrooper. "When are they going to be here?" asked Katherine.

"Our dinner reservations are for eight," said Peter. "If I know my girl, that means nine or so. Welcome to the bachelor world, sis."

Two drinks later and an eon of agonizing small talk, Katherine saw Mary Ann and a very striking blonde sissy enter and be intercepted by the maitre d. Escorting the two sissies, the maitre d approached Peter and asked him if his party wished to be seated immediately. Peter declined, saying that they would have a cocktail at the bar and be ready to be

seated in a half an hour. Pressing a fifty-dollar bill into the maitre d's hand, the man retreated, smiling. Katherine was mesmerized by tall, svelte sissy meant for her. 'I think I'm in love' she thought.

'I think Katherine is in lust,' Peter thought, watching his sister closely.

Sitting with her lovelies at a small table just outside of the bar area of the Omaha Country Club, Margaret was enjoying a glass of wine, permitted by her mother as were her escorts. Connie and Penny were dressed to the nine's, wearing their 'fuck me' heels and short formals. Their hair just overhauled at the 'Hair Palace' that afternoon and manicured to a sparkle. Their gold restraint rings, highlighting their chokers. Margaret's mother retrieved her daughter and her escorts and started circulating the trio among the Omaha elite, introducing them to adulthood. Katherine and Cindy were also circulating, Cindy being very tall in her heels, towering over Katherine by at least five inches. Tall sissies were considered an asset by modern mistresses as an indicator of ultimate domination.

Margaret was on a power trip. She surveyed the ballroom, observing the numerous, elegantly dressed sissies, bejeweled and coiffure to the max. Smiling at the thought of all of these beautiful creatures owning a tightly encased penis, snugly tucked between their thighs with a hormone charged butt plug firmly in place in their rectums.

'Not a hemline below mid thigh in the place,' thought Margaret.

It was maddening; Margaret watched all of this sexual energy centered in this elegant building. 'If it exploded, we would all be on the moon,' she wondered. One thing she noticed, that most of the sissies had tongue studs. 'I think that I would like my girl's to have tongue studs,' she thought.

She became very wet imagining her clit being worked over by an experienced studded tongue. She then imagined Connie and Penny in a delicious sixty-nine, working over each others penises with studded tongues. She was very glad that she had worn a panty liner. Margaret's fantasy came to an abrupt halt as she noticed the very elegant Mary Ann and Connie's brother, Peter standing together talking with Carol Constance daughter. Peter intimidated her; he was over six foot two inches tall and very fit. She had a brief, uncomfortable image of him carrying her off to be ravished. She envied Mary Ann, who was undoubtedly ravished by him on a regular basis.

Just as her fantasy about Peter faded, Margaret was startled by Katherine who was asking her and her girls to join the Constance daughter table. Margaret placed Connie next to Cindy in hopes that her sissy, being family, could wheedle some tasty information out of the beautiful sissy. Connie had met Cindy briefly on two occasions when Katherine was taking the girl to dinner. She didn't have an opportunity to talk with her, because her mother, as usual, dominated the brief introductions. However, Connie was an unusually experienced seventeen-year-old sissy.

She had shared a bed with the vivacious Mary Ann for eight months and had many a steamy adventure with the lush vixen, not to mention her growing relationship with Margaret and Penny. If anyone could gain intimacy with another sissy, Connie could.

Taking advantage of being seated next to Cindy, Connie started with the usual small talk, about where had she gone to school and how did she like working at the Shoppe and so on. She learned that her mother was a shift supervisor at the post office, that she had graduated from St. Anne's and that she was, wonder of wonders, and an employed fertile sissy. In return, Connie described her basic status in her relationship with Margaret and Penny and revealed a little secret concerning Katherine's infatuation with Cindy. Penny, not wanting to be left out of the burgeoning conversation, deftly moved Margaret out of the way and sat next to Connie and eavesdropped passionately. The three sissies were soon in a quiet, but animated discussion that soon raised red flags with Katherine and Margaret.

"What do think those three are so engrossed in?" Katherine asked Margaret.

Pleased that she was addressed as an equal by the older mistress, Margaret replied, "Probably nothing of interest, except our deepest secrets."

Snorting, Katherine said, "Well, I've only known Cindy for about two weeks. I doubt if I have divulged any my deepest inner thoughts to her."

"It's not Cindy that's giving the information, it's that blabber mouthed sister of yours, who is filling Cindy in on how often you pick your nose and the degree of personal sloppiness you display around the house," leered Margaret.

"Oh," said the deflated Katherine.

Regaining some semblance of composure, Katherine turned to Margaret and inquired, "You seem to have a solid relationship with Connie and Penny. Are you going to continue it after you graduate next year?"

Sitting up and preening, Margaret took a sip of wine and confided, "I hope to marry them next summer."

Katherine's eyes widened, impressed with the confidence that this seventeen year old mistress displayed. "A double ring ceremony, how exciting," murmured Katherine.

"Only if I can talk both matrons into it. I need to have a solid plan for caring for them and continuing my education," replied Margaret.

"My mother will insist upon that, for sure," agreed Katherine.

"If I may be so bold, Cindy is one of the most attractive sissies that I have ever seen," started Margaret, trying to change the focus of their

conversation back onto Katherine.

"She is something, that's for sure," agreed Katherine.

"Your going to have to keep a close eye on Cindy after tonight. Did you see all of those older matrons drooling as you paraded her in the door?" laughed Margaret.

"Ah, yes. But, I am going to have to depend upon my family name to keep the old crones at bay until I can solidify my relationship with the girl and her family," said Katherine.

"She would be terrific arm candy for campus functions," mused Margaret.

"I think that I would like the relationship to go a little further than show," whispered Katherine.

Leaning in close to the older mistress' ear, "Is she fertile?" asked Margaret.

"I'm not sure, but I think that she is," said Katherine.

"Ask Connie tomorrow, she'll know," grinned Margaret.

Sitting back and taking another sip of wine, Katherine was starting to appreciate the value of a sissy sister. Just then, Debra joined the two mistresses. Very handsome in her white silk tuxedo, she frowned, "I'm bored, and nobody is talking to me except old matrons."

Smiling, Margaret pulled out a chair and asked, "Would you like to join our little company, mistress?"

Late spring 2231

Katherine sat straddle legged over Cindy's thighs, her vibrating dildo firmly lodged up her wife's shapely buttocks. Rocking slowly back and forth and resting her extended belly on the slope of Cindy's backdoor. She had the speed control on the dildo set to low and was immensely enjoying the gentle vibrations to her clitoris Cindy was lying face down on the bed with her hips resting on two pillows elevating her ass slightly. With her wrists firmly secured by short chains to her choker, Cindy was under the complete control of her matron. Sitting back on Cindy's thighs, Katherine could reach behind her to fondle and stroke Cindy's rather large (for a sissy) condom encased penis. Cindy had already ejaculated twice, but Katherine was enjoying watching her sissy squirm too much to end the session and after all this very low impact sex (for Katherine) and didn't pregnant matrons deserve some perks. Moaning softly, Cindy greatly enjoyed being slowly masturbated, repeatedly.

Feeling Cindy's cock contract under her grip, Katherine finally decided that three ejaculations by her beloved were enough for one session and slowly withdrew the dildo from Cindy's still pumping butt. Once the

dildo had extracted, the young matron inserted the sissies enabler where her shaft had been, watching with interest as Cindy's stretched sphincter tightened around this much smaller intruder. Rising to her knee's, Katherine gave Cindy enough space for the sissy to rollover onto her back. Katherine then shuffle towards the beauties face and sat down again on the sissies breasts, offering the dildo to her wife's waiting mouth. Switching the dildo's vibrator off, Katherine slowly spread Cindy's lips with the tip of the faux organ and slowly began to fuck her mouth. Cindy was not generally appreciative of this phase of their sex play, but it did encourage her to douche thoroughly and regularly. Katherine watched approvingly as Cindy grasped the eight-inch penetrator with her cuffed hands and sucked and licked her matron's extension with enthusiasm. "Enough, for one afternoon," said Katherine rising to her knees again, unstrapping her weapon, and this time settling her vagina squarely on the sissies lips for a much-needed licking.

Having one last orgasm, Katherine finally rose off of Cindy's mouth, stripped the soiled condom from the sissies penis and retrieving Cindy's restraint from the nightstand. She then sprayed Cindy's genitals with 'Sissy Calm', a small canister of compressed carbon dioxide, very cold. When Cindy's cock had shriveled to suitable size, she worked the restraint tube over the sissy's cock, latching it front and back to the gold scrotum ring and pressing Cindy's cock and ball sack back between her thighs finally depressing the control on her 'key' the plasteel device assumed it's programmed shape, securely locking Cindy's genitalia safely away from possible unauthorized abuse. Once her wife was duly secured, She bent over the prostrate sissy and worked her tongue into her mouth, playing with stud she had the girl get the day after they were married. 'My best investment yet,' thought Katherine as her tongue darted around the sissies oral ornament. She then unlatched the wrist restraints and lay back down on the bed for an hour or two of cuddling before they had to shower and get ready for dinner with Peter and Mary Ann.

In the school common at St. Agatha's, Connie and Penny, both in pigtails, sat with their mistress at their favorite picnic table.

"It's our last day at St. Agatha's ladies, what will we ever do with our time?" asked Margaret.

"Aren't we all going to Creighton this fall?" cried Penny and Connie just nodded in agreement.

"Yes, we are all going to Creighton this fall, but what I meant was, are we all going to continue to live at home and become commuter students, or are we make the break and start another phase of our lives?" Replied Margaret.

Puzzled, both sissies just stared at Margaret in combined confusion. Remembering just such a day a few years previous, Margaret reached into her purse and withdrew two small ring boxes. Placing a box in front of each of the girls, Margaret opened them, revealing the diamond

engagement rings enclosed.

"Will you marry me, my dearest girls, "asked Margaret?

Penny gasped, "Margie, I love you more than anything in the world, but I can't accept without permission from my mom."

Connie nodded in shocked agreement. Expecting this answer, Margaret again reached into her purse and took out two small envelopes and handed each girl the card with her name on it.

"Open the cards please, my dearest's," ordered Margaret. Fumbling with envelopes, both girls quickly glanced through the message on the cards and with open mouths stared at Margaret.

"As you can see, I did ask for each of your hands from your matrons, they agreed and together we decided that the best place for me to propose was the place I proposed our friendship vows, so long ago."

Connie shrieked, "Oh yes, Margie. I don't care if I am in braids forever." Leaping around the bench table, Connie grasped Margaret face in her hands and planted a tongue-intruding kiss.

Penny was right behind her. "Oh Margie, yes, yes, yes."

Turning around on the bench seat, Margaret sat each of the excited sissies on one of her knees. "Put on your rings my loves, I want to see you wearing them."

Both blushing girls did as they were asked and displaying them to each other and Margaret.

"Margie, I'm going to continue to wear your friendship ring forever, it's a part of me, forever," gushed Connie.

Penny started to cry, "Oh Margie, Margie, Margie."

Margaret was beaming, her arm around each slim waist and a hand resting on a separate thigh right the hemline of the short pleated skirts.

"Six months in braids, so far my fair fiancée's," smiled Margaret.

"Saturday night we will have a very romantic dinner and start on our wedding plans, setting a date might be a good start."

With a long embrace and kisses, Margaret worked her hands under the girl's skirts on their backsides; she tweaked their enablers generating a nice squeal from each sissy.

Two weeks later, Margaret was flanked by Connie and Penny in the reception line celebrating their high school graduation. The matrons of the three families decided that a large interfamily party would be a

good way for the three future in-law groups to become more acquainted. Margaret was resplendent in her black silt suit with razor seams on her trousers. Connie and Penny wore identical silk little black dresses and chokers. Their black silk hose encasing and enhancing their long legs to the edge of their very short hems of their dresses. Their gold choker rings adorned by the friendship rings denoted their status as sissies as did their braided hair. Greeting family members, both girls flashed their engagement rings and stood close to their mistress. The three matrons stood near the line and mutually admired each others offspring. Carol was particularly proud of her sissy son.

'What a beautiful girl she has become and so is Penny,' she thought. 'That arrogant little bitch better treat both of them right.'

Standing next to Carol, Rachel Alicesdaughter was thinking that she had to tell Margaret that under no circumstances would any male or sissy be admitted to the family unless they were completely restrained, at all times. Rachel loved the power trip of controlling all sexual activities among her household with absolute impunity. She knew her daughter was a carbon copy of herself.

Seated at a table with the Constancedaughter wives, Mary Ann remarked, "I can't remember when I last saw a sissy in a little black dress wearing pigtails."

Julie giggled, "Word has it that the Alicesdaughter women are quite the practiced dominatrix. I understand that the Inspector of Detectives keeps her consorts in restraints."

"Like mother, like daughter," mused Marie. "Do you think that Connie and Penny are going to be abused?" asked Mary Ann.

"Abused? I don't think so," replied Julie. "But I do think that they will have a quite varied, but controlled sex life."

Marie interjected, "Connie and Penny will be perfectly alright with Margaret. They probably will be doing things that they never had dreamed of, but they have a very powerful protector in Carol." Looking at Julie, "Marie continued, "Haven't we engaged in some activities that weren't covered in high school sex education?"

Mary Ann looked intently at the blushing Julie, "Like what?"

Peter was huddled with the uncles at the country club's bar. Looking at Frank, Peter related, "I was talking with Robert and George, you know, Rachel's consorts. "They are quite the reserved and quiet guys. It's almost eerie."

Mike snickered, "That's because they are both wearing panties as underwear. And that's not all. Rachel keeps them in penis restraints with scrotum rings and all. And, they both have enablers crammed up their asses."

"How do you know this?" questioned Jason.

"Rachel brags about it down at the station," replied Mike.

Frank gave a quick glance at the Alicesdaughters consorts, dutifully sipping wine by themselves, "Whoa, do you think that Margaret is that twisted?"

"It's not legally 'twisted', "observed Peter, "But it an indicator of a very domineering personality. I think that it would prudent of us to be especially observant of the welfare of Connie and Penny."

Just then, Willie joined them with a glass of beer that he had wheedled out of the bartender who was a Shiloh grad. Peter and the uncles quickly filled Willie in on the need to look after his sister in regards to the Alicesdaughter females.

A very pregnant Katherine made her entrance with her tall and elegant wife, Cindy on her arm. Carol motioned her over to the cabal of matrons to show her condition off.

"Dearest, are going to be able to make the wedding in two months?" asked Carol.

"Oh yes mother," smiled Katherine, "I will as big as a house, but my very beautiful protector here will make sure that I don't fall into the cake, or worse,"

Cindy blushed prettily. Rachel admired Cindy with a practiced eye and congratulated Katherine upon her pregnancy.

Matron Prudence Angelasdaughter, Penny's mother added her congratulations and added, "Are you going to take on a consort after the birth?"

Katherine was startled by the intimacy of the question and hesitated, "I may, but I really don't like the idea of sharing my treasure, here."

Rachel smirked, "Sharing can be very enjoyable, under controlled circumstances."

Carol nodded and grinning, "Oh yes, control is very important."

Cindy was blushing even more violently, if possible. Katherine nodded her permission for Cindy to join the other wives and sissies and turned back to the older matrons, "I must admit that I love these gatherings. Just to enjoy the eye candy of all of these wives and sissies with their little wee wee's locked up so tightly and watching them wiggle about with their little butts firmly plugged causing their little skirts to sway. It is surely the most intoxicating environment a woman could be in." The gathered matrons all nodded in silent agreement.

An hour so later, Peter collected Mary Ann and together they made the rounds through the three families, making their good nights and left the party. Back at home and gratefully in bed, Peter was nuzzled spoon style to Mary Ann's back with his penis securely embedded up her rectum. Mary Ann was moaning softly as Peter slowly stroked her cock in time with his gentle thrusts. This was Mary Ann's favorite position, as Peter could whisper into or lick the entrance to her ear. Mary Ann's left leg was positioned over Peter's left leg and she was taking as much of her partner's cock as possible while leaving her unprotected crotch open to his manipulations.

Running his index finger around the edge of Mary Ann's scrotum ring and alternating squeezing her balls and stroking her rigid member, Peter whispered a request into her now very receptive ear. "Do you remember Tony, the guy we had dinner with last year. He's the one I told you that had gone to jump school with me in the army?"

Groaning softly, Mary Ann nodded and replied, "Yes, he was a sweet boy, somewhat sissy to in the army, or at least that was my impression."

Nuzzling her neck and continuing his rhythmic thrusts, Peter continued, "He was fifteen when they decided that he was not sissy material and was enrolled at Patton."

"Wow, that's late to become a former sissy," moaned Mary Ann.

"Apparently, he was more of a sissy than they thought. I remember at jump school, he stood out as quite fem. I give him credit though, he did complete the training and made his three jumps out of those antique's they referred to as aircraft. A ballsy little sissy, so nobody gave him any grief," recalled Peter.

Letting out a gasp as Peter's cock slid by her prostate, Mary Ann asked, "Where are you going with this most intimate recollection, my dear?"

"Tony wants to try and become a sissy again, sweets. Are you up to helping him determine if he can or if it's a waste of time and emotion?" Peter whispered, accompanied by a particularly deep thrust and squeeze of a defenseless nipple.

Moaning, Mary Ann told Peter, "You can keep that up for the next several hours, soldier. Just make sure I cum before I have to go to work Monday. As for Tony and his desire for abasement, sure I will do whatever I can. But, I warn you that he's been off hormones for quite a while and the results may be far short of what he wants." Kissing the back of her neck, Peter murmured that he have Tony come and visit the following weekend.

The three proud matrons of the graduation party had agreed to meet for lunch with Dr. Anitasdaughter the following Monday. Carol was first to

arrive and was seated by the maitre d and she ordered a white wine and awaited the arrival of her luncheon partners. Rachel and Prudence arrived together and Dr. Anitasdaughter was slightly late.

Once the introductory formalities were completed, Rachel was direct with the Doctor, "You are willing to confirm the fertility of the two sissies in question?"

"Absolutely," replied the Doctor, "They have both been tested within the past thirty days as recommended by the Surgeon General's guidelines"

Reassured, Rachel continued, "Doctor, do you foresee any health issues if the two young sissies in question are held in forced abstinence for the next two months, until their wedding night?"

Doctor Anitasdaughter pondered this question and asked Rachel, "Is there a particular reason that you would want to deny the sissies in question sexual release for two months?"

Prudence smiled and commented, "I believe that Rachel wants our sissies to be somewhat eager on their wedding night."

Sitting back in her chair, Doctor Anitasdaughter pursed her lips and said, "I would doubt that abstinence would make them any more eager. Keep in mind ladies that all enabler lubricants include a generous portion of aphrodisiac that is constantly anally introduced into all sissies, along with the proscribed hormonal levels and antibiotics. From my point of view, all I can determine that abstinence would accomplish is increased agitation from the girls, who would view the action as an undeserved punishment."

Carol glanced at Prudence and the two matrons nodded.

Carol, looking at Rachel, "I agree with the Doctor. As for Connie, I will continue to masturbate her as I see fit until she becomes Margaret's property."

Prudence nodded in agreement with Carol's decision.

Rachel, disappointed by the other matron's views, nevertheless acquiesced. "I will have to tell Margaret that her brides will not be arriving at the alter soaking wet and ready to tear off her clothes in front of the guests. It appears that in her eagerness to insure a lively wedding night, prior abstinence is not a medically valid method.

Carol smiled and responded to Rachel, "I'm sure that if Margaret wanted to be enthusiastic on her wedding night, she could have you lock up all of her bedroom toys and spend the next two months with an enabler preparing her for a superb evening."

Prudence laughed out loud at Carol's comment.

Smiling into her coffee, Doctor Anitasdaughter added, "I don't particularly encourage that course of action either."

Even Rachel was chuckling at Carol's repartee, "That may be the most amusing course of action yet, Matron."

Changing the subject, Rachel asked the Doctor, "Getting back to the compounds that are incorporated in the sissies enabler lubricant, can you further enlighten me about them. I've never had a juvenile sissy in my household and I never paid much attention to the anal medications of my wives."

Squaring herself to most pontificating pose, Doctor Anitasdaughter lectured, "The modern anal or enabler lubricant is composed of a myriad of hormones that do everything from the standard testosterone blocking and estrogen enhancing to actual targeted bone augmentation. For instance, the standard compound will retard nasal cartilage and facial bone growth in addition that it promotes lactate development in the breasts. You must be aware that almost all females are somewhat envious of typical sissy breast development. That enhanced breast development is the result of the introduction of lactate hormones from an early age, guaranteeing that all fertile sissies will be able to nurse their matron's newborns." Carol was staring open mouthed at Doctor Anitasdaughter.

"Does this also have something to do with the widening hips of older sissies?" asked Carol.

"Absolutely," replied the good doctor, "In fact, we have designed the hormone intake to produce all of the female traits so desired in sissies. The full breasts, wide hips, larger buttocks, small facial bone structure, tapered legs, particularly the narrow ankles, near absence of an Adam apple, the retarding of body hair growth and best of all metabolism enhancers, to help keep our sissies trim with minimal exercise." she smugly concluded. "The only drawback is the retarded penile and scrotum development. That is why we in the medical professions, encourage all matrons to regularly masturbate their sissies. Use it or lose it is more than folklore."

Rachel was stunned, 'Better sex toys through chemistry,' she thought. She then briefly thought of her three adult sons, none of whom ever made it to even partial sissyhood and were now somewhat estranged from their dominant mother. 'If only I could get a double strength enabler up their sorry asses.'

Mike was having a beer with Tony when Mary Ann arrived home from work. She looked the smallish man over. His musculature was not overly masculine, except that she knew that he would always display triceps when he extended his arms. Otherwise, he could replicate the body of an athletic female, but never acquire the soft roundness of a long time sissy.

"Peter tells me that you are uncomfortable functioning as male in our somewhat convoluted society," Mary Ann asked.

Tony hung his head and answered, "I was fifteen when I was booted out of St. Anne's. I had a mistress girlfriend and was hoping that she would marry me. I turned up sterile from the hormones and my mistress ditched me, in my resulting depression my grades plummeted and of course, my social attitude became decidedly unfeminine."

In sympathy, Mary Ann recalled when the gynecologist told her that she was sterile. She was seventeen and her mistress had also ditched her, saying that after she started a family, she take her on as a consort plaything if Mary Ann wished.

Taking a deep breath, Mary Ann looked at Peter, "Now tell me, what your ultimate plan is?"

Looking Mary Ann directly into her eyes, Peter said, "If Tony can transform back into becoming a sissy, comfortably. By that, I mean emotionally, then I, we would include her into our little family."

"Peter, you know that once Tony is registered as a sissy, that his matron will have total say over her cohabitation status," Mary Ann responded.

Tony looked at Mary Ann and handed her an envelope. "The letter inside is a signed document from my mother saying that I would be free to determine my future relationships under any circumstances."

Sitting down at the kitchen table with the two men, she looked at Tony and asked, "When do you want to start our experiment?"

"Now," whispered Tony.

Mary Ann's eyes bore into Tony, "Please strip."

"Not very hairy, good," observed Mary Ann surveying the nude Tony standing in front of her in the kitchen. "Come with me to the bathroom, please," ordered Mary Ann.

"Not you, idiot," reprimanding a rising Peter.

Tony padded into the bathroom. In his nakedness, his penis was starting to erect. "Very nice equipment," smiled Mary Ann and she started to stroke it. "I am going to let you cum for the last time this weekend."

Suddenly she stopped her ministrations. "We have to do this right from the start," said Mary Ann. "Hands behind your head and keep them there. Follow me." Mary Ann marched out of the bathroom followed by an erect penis attached to Tony walking with his hands clasped behind his head.

"Peter," Called Mary Ann, "We need your help." Peter strode into the bedroom, finding Mary Ann holding a choker and wrist restraints and seeing Tony with his hands behind his head and cock at full mast.

"OK," said Peter, "What do you need?"

"We have to put 'Toni' in a choker and wrist restraints. We cannot allow her to play with her clittie," said Mary

Ann as she wrapped a silk choker around Tony's neck and placed the wrist restraints around his wrists. Attaching the restraint chains to the chokers ring, she handed Peter the devices 'key'.

"Lock her up, big boy," ordered Mary Ann.

Tony was left standing naked in the bedroom with his wrists firmly attached to his choker and his cock at full attention.

"Bend over, sweetie," commanded Mary Ann.

"Come look at this," Mary Ann directed Peter. "A nice hair covered asshole. We'll have to do something about that."

A beet red Tony was bent over while Mary Ann worked lube in and out of his asshole. "Now, back to business."

Mary Ann took a smallish vibrating butt plug from her toy drawer and gently inserted it up Tony's rectum. Firmly seating it between Toni's butt cheeks, she turned the intruder on.

Turning to Peter, "Master, I will put a condom over this little cockette and would you, my lord, please bring this little sissy to orgasm?"

Standing behind Toni, Peter pressed his bulging crotch against the would be sissies buttocks and reaching around the future girls waist, started stroking the soon to be imprisoned penis.

"Very well done, Toni," Mary Ann cooed as Toni ejaculated into the condom.

Squeezing the sissy's balls and aided by Peter's continued stroking, Mary Ann saw that the sissy was drained.

Looking at Peter, she said, "Go back to the kitchen and have a beer or go jack off, we don't need you here anymore."

Mary Ann then led the deeply embarrassed sissy into the shower to complete her depilation.

Later, Mary Ann called from the bathroom, "Dear, we need your help again, if you're sober."

Peter ambled into the bedroom and saw a very hairless (below the eyebrows) Toni, still restrained to her choker standing helpless while Mary Ann plucked away at her eyebrows.

"Dear, we need a scrotum ring for this sissy," said Mary Ann.

Peter snickered and went into the small workshop area of the apartment and retrieved a coil of plasteel. Handing the coil to Mary Ann, he watched as his consort wrapped the one eight-inch diameter wire around the base of Toni's ball sack and penis. When she had the correct length, she snipped it with wire cutters and looked at Peter. Smiling, Peter went into his personal drawer and retrieved an electron stream device and holding the ring around Toni's scrotum in place and the ends connected, depressed the switch and rings molecules bonded and the plasteel wire became rigid. Toni's revived penis was again erect when Mary Ann returned with a penis restraint.

"This will never do," remarked Mary Ann as she sprayed Toni's eager member with Sissy Calm and it fell limp.

Working the fabric like plasteel tube over Toni's limp cock, Mary Ann finally got the cock head exposed and nodded to Peter, who thumb print was the only one that could activate the electron stream device. Pressing Toni's penis and balls back between his thighs at the correct curvature, she felt the plasteel instantly harden around the sissy's cock like she had felt it harden around her cock innumerable times. Attaching the rear plasteel hook to the tube, Mary Ann nodded at Peter and again he depressed the activation button. She deftly hooked the tube to the back of the ring and grabbed the curved frontal plate that would force and hold the sissy's cock back between her thighs. Signaling that she was ready, Peter activated the beam and Toni was finally and thoroughly locked up tighter than the proverbial drum.

Toni looked down at her crotch and wondered when she would see her most important asset again. Mary Ann was not done yet, by a long shot. She bent the new sissy over again and withdrew the butt plug and smoothly inserted an enabler with enhanced hormones up Toni's abused rectum. Properly plugged and secured, Peter released the wrist and choker locks.

Signaling the retread sissy to stand up, Mary Ann handed Toni a pair of panties and a bra.

"Get decent now," Mary Ann giggled.

Toni deftly stepped into her panties, but fumbled with her bra. Mary Ann assisted in getting the straps fitted and stood back and assessed the blushing girl. A little angular and more muscular than any sissy she had ever seen, Mary Ann still thought that there was quite a bit of promise in Toni. Mary Ann handed Toni two small padded inserts for her bra.

"That's much better," said Mary Ann.

The new sissy now had a semblance of a figure with the small faux breasts.

"Do you remember how to do your basic make-up?" asked Mary Ann.

"I think so," replied Toni, "But it's been five years since I've worn any."

Sticking her forefinger through Toni's choker ring, Mary Ann led the awkward sissy into her bedroom. Toni was sat down on the small satin covered bench in front of the vanity mirror. "We are going to review the basics and we'll see how it goes," said Mary Ann. The two sissies started in on the time honored and time consuming ritual of feminine face painting.

Two hours later, Mary Ann interrupted Peter, who was semi-studying and motioned him to follow her. Peter walked into the living room and saw a very attractive sissy standing in the center of the room.

Whistling, Peter said, "No wonder you felt out of place in the military. How do you, err, feel? Comfortable in sissy garb?"

"I feel wonderful, thank you. Oh, thank you Mary Ann. I could have never come this far with my appearance trying to do it on my own," gushed Toni.

"Don't be so hasty my girl," replied Mary Ann. "We have a long ways to go. Let's try and do something with your hair so we can go to the mall and get you a wig or two and you need to get your ears pierced and buy some starter jewelry and a lot of other stuff," observed Mary Ann.

Looking at Peter, Mary Ann said, "I don't suppose that you would consent to be our mall mule?"

Peter groaned, "I will make myself available to fetch and carry for the two most attractive sissies I know." Peter then bowed, "And if you insist, I will also scrape some, but don't push it."

That evening, Peter collected the two sissies from Toni's bedroom and was very impressed, with Toni. Mary Ann was naturally magnificent, but the newly reminted Toni was almost dazzling. Dressed in a filmy, full skirted, long sleeved knee length dress, Toni was wearing an elegantly coiffure blond wig and a heavier weight panty hose to take the edge off of her muscular legs. Nearing six foot in her three-inch heels, Toni was going to attract a lot of attention from any matrons at the restaurant. Moving with surprising grace for one new to heels, Toni crossed the room and hooked her arm in Peters and motioned for Mary Ann to take Peters other arm. The trio stood and admired themselves and each other in the full-length mirror on the closet door.

"I think we're ready for dinner," said Mary Ann.

"I agree," echoed Peter.

Parading his catch into the restaurant, Peter was delighted with the response he was getting from most of the matrons already seated with their wives and consorts, male and sissy. Haughty stares, glares and envious wonderment were the order of the day from the assembled matrons and mistresses. The maitre d was secretly overjoyed with this young man's in your face display of a male having two beautiful sissy escorts in this bastion of female superiority. The male wait staff was very

enthusiastic in their duties, resulting in a most enjoyable evening of opulent sexual display.

Connie and Penny slowly marched up the church's main aisle to the strains of Mendelssohn, towards the altar. They were dressed identically in traditional white satin and lace wedding dresses with high bodices and puffed sleeves. Their long trains manned by young neighbor sissies pressed into service. Through their veils, they could see Margaret standing resplendent in her tuxedo with the Arch Bishop of Omaha, Sonja Hazelsdaughter awaiting them. Margaret's Best Mistress was standing to one side with the rings and Carol and Prudence were on the opposite side with the sissies key's on separate silk covered pillows. The girls Maids of Honor were standing to the side of the Matrons. The ceremony concluded with Carol and Prudence offering their offspring's restraint key's to proud groom.

Margaret was near giddy with power as she depressed the switch to the 'keys' restraining her wives. Connie and Penny were on their knees, naked with their tushes pointed towards the ceiling and their wrists chained to their chokers when the electron beams released their penile restraints. Reaching between the sissies thighs, Margaret slowly pulled the tube devices off of each sissy's cock. Resetting the program on the electron emitter, Margaret separated the plasteel ring around the scrotum of each of her wives. Removing the plain plasteel rings, she wrapped a soft coil of gold around the vacant spot at the root of the ball sac and over the base of the penis of each of her brides. Holding the ends of the gold wire together, she reset the emitter to bond the molecules of the gold bands.

"There we go, now both of you are now officially mine," whispered Margaret. "Now, both of you turn over and lay on your backs."

Both sissies complied and lying on their backs with their wrists locked closely to their necks, their smallish, but rock hard penises' were pointed skyward with vibrators working furiously in their rectums..

Standing next to the bridal bed, Margaret resplendent in her silk pajama top crawled up between the excited sissies and slowly began to stroke their unprotected cockette's. Looking at her brides, Margaret grasped Connie's cock in her hand and said, "You are the oldest, so you go first, my dearest Connie." With that explanation, she swung her leg over Connie's waist and impaled herself upon Connie's penis, all the while slowly stroking Penny.

Working slowly and methodically, Margaret felt Connie ejaculate into her, while not coming to orgasm, she was nonetheless pleased. Rising off of Connie's cock, she waddled forward and sat her vagina over Connie's mouth.

"Lick me clean for Penny, dear," cooed Margaret.

She then repeated the process with Penny. Sitting on Penny's face, Margaret told the girls, "Now it is time for me to deflower both of you. Connie stay on your back, I will take Penny first. Penny, sweet heart, please roll over Connie in a sixty-nine position. You two will spend a lot time with each others thingies in your mouths." Connie was very reluctant to take Penny's cock into her mouth.

"Do we have some hesitation here?" asked Margaret?

Reaching between Penny's thighs, Margaret pinched Connie's nostrils together and when Connie opened her mouth to breathe, Margaret inserted Penny's erect penis into Connie's open mouth.

"Start pumping, girls," Margaret ordered.

Watching the two sissies pump their cocks into each others mouths, Margaret strapped on her dildo and started to slowly lubricate Penny's asshole.

Late spring 2232

Carol rushed to the fifth floor of Omaha's Doctor's Hospital. Entering the maternity area, a nurse asked who she was looking for and Carol proudly responded Matron Margaret Alicesdaughter.

"Of course Matron, she is in 522 with her wives and her mother," replied the nurse.

Entering the room, Carol saw a triumphant Margaret lying in bed in her silk maternity shift and a beaming Penny nursing the newborn.

"It's a girl. Carol," rejoiced Margaret.

"Congratulations, my dear," enthused Carol. "Does she have a name yet?"

"Yes she does, and thanks to your daughter's skill at cutting playing cards, her name is Carol Prudence Alicesdaughter." Connie blushed.

Margaret continued, "In about two months, I am going to put my two dear wives back to work in the matrimonial bed. I want to present a Prudence Carol Alicesdaughter to the world about this time next year."

End