

It was all a blur how John had come to his current situation, and he tried not to dwell on it. But he knew that things weren't going to get any better until he did.

He was just starting to get to the point where he could look at himself in the mirror, the reflection that nearly always looked back at him was far from how he once thought of himself. Once a fairly attraction young man, now a pretty teenage girl looked back at him with what appeared to be a look of disgust at what they had made him into. Amazingly the process had only taken a month, but now his whole identity and appearance had been changed. They had said there was no reversing it once they started, and he didn't doubt that after seeing how different he looks now.



As John had gazed into the mirror he could help but let his eyes drift down between his legs. They hadn't finished the job. They were going to leave him like this, in the form of a pretty young girl but not completely a girl. They wanted him to be the one to decide to have his manhood removed. And as long as he held out, they were going to continue to make him dress like this. He would remain in their control until he told them to finish his transformation into a womanhood.

John knew the story too well by now. He had learned from the others that were here in the 'institute' as he called it. It was like a cruel joke. He never knew their names, but thought of them as the Controllers. The best that John could figure out, what they had done to him and the others here like him was a great source of amusement for them.

The process was more than just transforming his body to look like this. The process included an implant. This implant served two purposes, it nearly stop the body from aging, and served as a reward and punishment system. One that John had grown to despise. He hated it because he knew he could not win

against it. It was a device that was implanted into the penis. This device left the penis unable to function sexually, the only sexual pleasure that the subject would feel would be provided by this implant. John had never really learned what the name of the device was, but he had quickly learned what it was capable of. This 'thing' that now seemed to be a part of John's body was capable of extremes that he never thought possible. For punishment, it was able to deliver a pain that John had hoped to only experience once, and after that, never wanted to again. But the reward that the 'thing' could deliver was beyond the most intense orgasm he had ever experienced.

But the 'institute' was not simply a place where men like John were transformed, to the rest of the world it looked to be a very exclusive brothel, one that specialized in girls like John (better known to his clients as Sissy), or t-girls or she-males. The brothels clients seemed to thoroughly enjoy the fact that none of the girls were really female, especially since ever girl there was so beautiful. John had been surprised to find that even though he still hated admitting to

himself how attractive he was, he was only middle of the road compared to some of the others he now lived and worked with.

Unable to get away from the control of his captives, John found himself obeying their commands. Talking or asking how or why any of this was happening was not allowed, and was only met with a painful jolt. John and the others had only been able to piece together assumptions and speculation, the less the subjects understood the easier it was to control them.

After what seemed like a two month long eternity, a month of watching helplessly as his male form was slowly stolen from him and replaced with the beautiful body of a young woman he would have loved to have as a girlfriend. That was only followed by a month of training, John had been schooled in how to learn to walk, talk, behave in everyway like a woman until he was frightened to find it second nature. If only the training had stopped there, it might not have been so bad, but he had also learned how to pleasure a man in so many ways. The Controllers had been exacting in this training, using the implant to make sure that John associated pleasure with pleasing a man. The most intense orgasm that John thought he had ever experienced was one that the implant had given him when he was being trained in blowjob techniques. They would always trigger John's orgasms when the practice cocks cum. He had soon learned that the more intense rewards were given when he made the cock erupt inside him. He soon was focusing on how to use his mouth or rock his hips to give the most pleasure to lifeless practice dildos. He hated realizing it, but he had soon found himself associating the two, giving a blowjob or being fucked in the ass to having an intense orgasm.

Once John's training had been complete, he was put into service in the brothel. It was nothing that he enjoyed, but he had been trained well and knew the clients were enjoying him. After every happy client, he was rewarded through the implant. Eventually the repeat customers were given the opportunity to control the reward. Some would tease, leaving him on the verge for the entire session, until they might be convinced that he had satisfied them completely. Others were more generous, while others were verging on cruel. The Controllers did appear to monitor things, John and the other 'girls' had noticed that the cruel customers never seemed to come back. Unable to ask what became of them, there were some interesting rumors, more like speculation that circulated among the 'girls.'

Like the others, John eventually lost his sense of time. The days and weeks or even months seemed to run together. Like the others there, John found himself become rather submissive, the punishments were so painful, and the rewards seemed to almost make all the changes that had been forced on to him worth it. It was only after what felt like an eternity had John been called into a room, an office, somewhere until now had been off limits. There the Controllers had given John the choice he was now facing. An opportunity to be free of the implant.

But it came with a cost. The only way they would remove it was to remove the remaining piece of John's masculinity. They would make him a complete woman. At first it seemed like a no-brainer. An opportunity to be free of their control, free from this place. But freedom did come at a cost. Giving up the rewards, trying to start life over, in this body. In the body of young girl, a body that would start to age once the deceive was removed. A body that would find itself in the world with nothing more than a few dollars and a name. Despite all that had happened, John still knew that starting over with no money, no way to prove he had an education, an education and career he could barely remember now. Now that John was finally presented with the opportunity he thought he had been longing for, he was surprised to find himself unsure. He knew this was a

choice he would only get once, whatever he decided here was something he was going to have to live with for the rest of 'his' life. As unsure as he was about what to do, he hated the fact the smirk that was forming on Controller's face across the desk from him.