

The only words that could describe Simon were words which his mind was now forbidden to think. *Doodee-head, meanie, jerk* and *son of a bunny* were about as close as he could come after the extensive DominaTech reconditioning. Suffice to say, he had deserved it. The victims at DominaTech always did. Their guilt was verified using the company's unique mental probes and they were only punished with new forms and minds in ways which were proportional to their crimes. Simon had earned this.

After what he did to those girls at college, and the lack of remorse they found when sifting through his brain, his stepmother had carte blanche. Her and her daughter could have requested almost anything and it would have been within the justified parameters of DominaTech's mission statement. Considering they never liked the kid to begin with, they took full advantage.

Simon woke up in his bedroom after family dinner, which didn't make any sense. He hadn't been tired when he'd gone to eat and it had barely been evening. Now, it was morning, and he felt a strange numbness as if he had slept far too long.

"Oh, sleeping beauty is awake!" clapped Leah, his seemingly amused stepsister. He looked up to see her sitting on his bed, when she wasn't even supposed to be in his room. All the times he'd told her not to mess with his space...

"Fudge off!" he shouted.

Only, he didn't shout. His voice, the voice he had come to know as his own, said nothing. The only voice that spoke was high pitched, bratty and hard to take seriously. It almost sounded as if it was flirting, instead of angrily snapping at someone. Not to mention that his curse hadn't even come out. Maybe he'd just slurred the word. He was feeling pretty out of things.

“Oh my gosh!” laughed Leah, completely unable to hide her glee. “I didn’t think you’d sound that girly!”

“Didn’t...” muttered Simon, wondering what the heck had happened. She did feed him helium while he was sleeping or something? Either way, he had never been one to take her taunts. He was going to get up and remind her who the 6ft5 athlete and who was the younger stepsister.

He swung his legs off the bed...where they hung off the floor instead of touching it. What’s more, he felt the sway of something against the back of his neck, something soft and silken.

Leah’s laughing was at a fever pitch now.

Simon felt his face flush as the mocking got to him. He’d never been the best at dealing with insults, and had a tendency to fist-fight people over them at the slightest provocation.

Even when the fist-fights were entirely unfair.

Even when they were with his stepsister.

“Shut up!” he shouted, lunging at her-

Only to find himself thrown down on the floor.

He wasn’t sure how it happened, though it certainly felt as though there was less of him. He felt light. He felt weak. He felt completely overpowered as this weak 19-year-old girl threw him down onto the floor without too much effort.

That’s when he saw.

If the world made sense, he would see his toned and tall body, wearing a wifebeater tee shirt and boxers. But the world didn’t make sense. His stepsister had just

overpowered him. His voice was the voice of a total stranger. And instead of his typical clothes and body, he was staring down at a set of small, perky breasts, wrapped up by a red babydoll nightie which clothed the girl before him. She was tiny, from what it seemed like, as petite as could be. Her musculature was nowhere to be seen, and slenderness defined her lithe and little frame.

He was her.

She was...him?

“WHAT THE FUDGE!!!” he screamed out in his new, feminine tone.

“I should have recorded this...” mused Leah as she looked down at the sissy. Simon growled and got up, once more trying to clock his stepsister.

She just smiled and grabbed his fist in midair, twisting the sissy’s arm until they cried out in pain. Leah pulled it behind her back and pushed Simon into the bed, keeping them bent over and trapped in the submission hold as they blubbered in pain.

“Calm down *sis*. This is no way to act during your homecoming.”

“WHAT THE FUDGE DID YOU MEANIES DO TO ME!” came out his squeaking screams.

“We fixed you. Well, you do still technically have balls. But we fixed all the big problems.”

“LET ME GO!”

“We fixed the fact that you were a terrible dude who bullied everyone.”

Simon was crying now, sobbing for the first time in years. Macho posturing couldn’t exactly hold up against the amount of estrogen coursing through his veins, and the amount of humiliation he was being put through.

“I’ve been waiting a long time for this...” grinned Leah, reaching down until the skirt of the babydoll and grabbing Simon’s panties. At least the tightness down below told him she was right. He still had his balls, still had his penis. They did feel strange though, as though they’d been compressed into some sort of tight metal confines. Leah gripped tight around the panties and then-

YANK!!!

“Wedgie!” she gloated as the sissy squirmed like a trapped animal.

SPANK

SPANK

SPANK

Leah leaned down and whispered in Simon’s ear. “I’d say we were even for all the times you mistreated me, but we’re clearly not. There’s plenty of time though. You’re going to be like this forever.”

Leah reached down and flung Simon across the room, throwing them towards a full length mirror attached to the wall as they braced themselves. Luckily they didn’t hit it, and managed to stop themselves with an arm on either side. But even with the momentum of the push, the mere reflection would have been enough to stop them dead.

They had long brown hair, light enough to be considered dirty blonde, with cute bangs which framed their pouty expression. It hardly looked like the face looking at them had been theirs to begin with. It was round, innocent, cute, adorable and everything that Simon would never, in a million years, want to be. Their shoulders were so narrow that it almost seemed like a joke, and it seemed ridiculous that their waist

was somehow a bit less wide. Their body flared out slightly with their hips, but none of their proportions went too far beyond what their petite frame would have suggested.

They were teeny. They were tiny. Leah walked up behind them and showed off the fact that their head now barely came up to her shoulders.

“Leah!” called up Candace, Simon’s equally wicked stepmother. Wicked stepmothers do get a bad rap though. Occasionally, they have a stepchild that deserves it. “Is Stephanie up yet?”

“Yeah, mom!” said Leah, reaching out and grabbing onto Steph’s shoulders with a cheshire grin. “Come on...let’s explain what you are now.”