

Chapter 7

The next three days showed Stephanie just how different her existence had become.

She was stuck in the house, but it wasn't locks and doors which most entrapped her. Her mind was now a prison, with bars installed by that awful clinic, and she was learning about them as she suffered beneath her family.

It started almost as soon as the party ended, with a gesture to mess that all the guests had made. Candace stood there with her arm extended, and Stephanie looked to it as though simply confused. Simon had never done chores. He had scoffed at the very idea, and usually managed to intimidate Leah into doing them for him.

But it seemed as though that time was over.

"Clear it all up. I want this whole house spotless."

"You expect me to clean this fudging house after what you just put me through?"

Candace grinned and leaned down, cupping the sissy's chin in her firm grip. "I expect you to clean this 'fudging' house before you see just what else we can put your through."

Despite all her pride and masculine ego, Stephanie knew she wasn't bluffing. She also knew that Candace would enjoy torturing her, and that she probably shouldn't give her an excuse. So she went about cleaning the house like a good little maid, all while Leah watched.

"You ought to be wearing your heels" she chided.

"Isn't this bad enough already?!"

“I’m just trying to help you, sweetie. You have to get used to heels sooner or later.”

“Preferably sooner” agreed Candace, who had taken one of the pool chairs to laze on as Stephanie picked up bottles and trash.

“Maybe I should be topless too, since you seem to like me that way?!” she asked Leah, who just shrugged once more in response.

“Don’t give me ideas.”

Stephanie knew that she shouldn’t. She shouldn’t goad or insult or antagonize these two if she could avoid it. But she still had Simon’s pride. She still had his entitlement. So it was hard to just keep her head down and suffer.

“Keep complaining and we’ll give you D cups. They’ll look absurd on your frame, but that’ll just make things more fun” threatened Candace.

Stephanie gritted her teeth and continued the rest of the cleanup in silence, testing doors and windows as she went around the house and finding herself unable to leave the premises. Her hand just wouldn’t close around the doorknobs. Her feet just wouldn’t lift up to step out.

Her stepmother and stepsister enjoyed the rest of the lazy day outside, leaving her to the Herculean task of solo cleanup until she finally returned outside to the darkened yard, and gave a look that said she was done.

“What a good girl you are” giggled Candace, looking up from her book.

“Yeah” said Leah. “It’s a shame Travis hasn’t texted you...”

“What?!” exclaimed Stephanie, her thoughts moving faster than her awareness of them as she was suddenly struck by an extreme feeling of shock and terror. He hadn’t

texted her? But she gave her number! Didn't he like her! But he was such a gentleman. He was so cute. He said he was going to! He wouldn't lie, not her crush, not the most perfect guy in-

Wait a second...did she have a phone?

Stephanie recovered from her knee jerk reaction to realize that Simon had a phone, but it was likely long gone. Besides, Stephanie had just given him a number that was preprogrammed into her mind. And it wasn't his.

Leah watched the realization dawn on her as she walked over to one of the tables and picked up a pink phone in a sparkly case, opening it to reveal a screensaver of Travis.

"You don't get access to your phone. It's under my jurisdiction. But don't worry. I'll tell you when he texts you. I'll even tell you how I replied."

Stephanie wanted to be angry that Leah was taunting her, and once more taking away a small bit of her now paltry agency. But truth be told, she was more mad that Leah was inserting herself between her and Travis, and not letting her sit by the phone in wait for his text.

"Well, it's been fun today, but I think you and I should focus a bit on our actual lives, and not just on humiliating the sissy" said Candace as she looked to Leah.

"I guess so. It's been fun, but there's always tomorrow."

"Yes...and I can't wait for tomorrow" agreed Steph's stepmother, before turning to her poor little sissy. "So, Stephanie...*bedtime*."

She must have actually been asleep, and not just trapped in her own mind, because she soon started dreaming. She dreamt that she was naked in the pool, swimming around without a care in the world. Travis was sitting on the edge, glistening as if he'd just gotten out and smiling as he stared. He stared to her like she was the only thing in the world. He smiled like she was the only thing worth smiling about.

She giggled and slowly swam towards the shallow end. There was a heat inside her, even as she was enveloped in the cool water. No pool could hope to overcome what burned deep in her heart, and put all the romcoms and romance novels to shame. It was like something inside of her which had always been solid had liquified into a warmth and pleasance she had never felt before. She walked towards him without looking down, looking only to his darling face as water moved down her breasts and dripped from her nipples.

Then, she looked down and saw the smooth slit between her legs, as if there was not even a remnant of his masculinity within her subconscious.

"Get me pregnant, Daddy..." she whimpered, putting her small hands on his pecs and slowly tracing the firm muscles down to his abs and then below. She pulled at his trunks, yanking them down to reveal-

"Stephanie! Get up!" said Leah, pushing the sissy's side. She slowly came too beneath her silk and satin sheets, white as a ghost after her time in the dreamscape.

"Come on, we're training you today!" her stepsister, tossing a pair of 6 inch heels into bed with her.

She didn't explain much more, but the stern look she gave as she waited by the door suggested that Stephanie hurry, which she did as best she could. She didn't want

to linger in bed with those images, and whatever was coming couldn't be worse than what her own mind had conjured.

She still wasn't great in heels but made her best pace out the door, and to the area downstairs that Leah had cleared up.

"Now, here's how this works. We are entirely capable of overwriting everything about you, from the way you walk, to the way you think, to your entire conception of yourself. You are also capable of learning on your own, so you have a choice: learn it yourself, or have it burned into your brain with a hot iron, and ten times worse. Understood?"

Stephanie was trying to be stoic, and gave a simple nod in response. For all they did, they couldn't take away his self respect, or his quiet strength.

That's what she thought, at least.

"Good. Now walk from one end of the room to the other" ordered Leah, grabbing three books and putting them on Stephanie's head. "Every one you drop is ten spankings."

Stephanie scoffed. Spankings? Seriously...

But she tried her best anyway, getting all the way across the room with her unsure steps, and only losing one book on the way back.

"Roll your hips. That's what they're there for" sighed Leah as she sat down on the couch. Stephanie stepped to try it again, but Leah's hand quickly wrapped around her forearm.

Before she knew it, she was bent over Leah's lap in her babydoll, and her stepsister was spanking her with the relish of someone who'd waited her whole life for it.

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

Stephanie didn't realize just how much a spanking could hurt. For her it had always been a stupid thing, something to do once to make a girl giggle. But to actually feel a full force smack against her sensitive little cheeks was agony. It stung worse and worse with every repetition, and her rear already felt raw by the third. By the fifth, the fragile little princess felt like crying.

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

She wailed like a child, completely unable to control herself and her emotions. Repressing tears is something that everyone learns by the time they become an adult, and much moreso as a man, but Stephanie's instincts there had been completely returned to their default state. She cried like a child who hadn't learned to express themselves otherwise, with an ease and immediacy that shocked her.

"Aw, does baby need a bottle?" asked Leah as she pushed Step off her laugh. "I remember when you used to make fun of me for being on my period. At least I didn't cry *that* loud."

Stephanie sniffled and slowly lifted herself to her feet.

“Now do it again. And walk like a priss this time. No one’s going to judge you for it. In fact, it’s acting like you were ever a man that’ll make them look at you funny.”

Stephanie put the books back on her head and did it again. And again, and again...

After a hour, her feet were killing her and her butt was in utter agony. She must have been spanked a hundred times, and it was making the walk even harder to master. But she was improving. It was slow, but she was getting used to her life in heels.

“So you can learn...” mused Leah as she got up and looked over Stephanie.
“Thank me.”

“Thank you? Why would I-”

“Because of what would happen if you didn’t” she snapped.

Stephanie shrunk slightly from her.

“Thank you...”

“That’s a very good girl. Now go upstairs and shower. You smell like failed masculinity and tears.”

Stephanie didn’t need to be told twice, and hurried off away from her stepsister before she changed her mind. A shower would be a nice and relaxing time to think, and she needed to think. She needed to escape, and there was now a plan forming. Her true shackles were in her mind, and she needed to focus on those. If she could figure out where the clinic that did this to her was, or even managed to make her big revolt when she was there, she could try to undo everything. Until then, she just had to go along.

So she took off her babydoll and heels and stepped into the shower, letting the hot water calm her nerves and produce some ideas. She was smarter than Leah and Candace, at least in her own estimation. They had simply blindsided her. They had cheated. But soon she'd make them pay for it. Soon they'd beg for mercy...

Then, the curtain pulled.

"EEEEEEEE!!!!!!" she yelled, only to find Candace idly sitting on the toilet.

"Don't mind me, I just thought I'd enjoy the show for a bit."

"I'm naked!"

"Yes. That's the show" came her dry reply.

Stephanie stood naked as the water ran down her, trying to ignore the woman currently gazing at her as if it was delicious to look at.

"Don't mind me. Pretend I'm not even here" she teased, lowering her gaze to Stephanie's caged member. Just seeing someone look at it made her shudder, and she turned away as she tried to wash herself. But while Candace made things infinitely worse, the simple act of bathing in this body was a nightmare. Her breasts were so tender, so sensitive, and she stopped her attempts to wash them in fear they would bring about a moan.

"Leave me alone..." she whimpered.

"Stephanie, your life will be a whole lot easier when you realize that you can't give orders. You can't make requests...I'd tell you that you can't beg but I'd honestly like to encourage that. I enjoy your begging. It gets me up in the morning. But it won't work."

Stephanie let out a little whine, so humiliated that all her attempts at a macho or well thought out response had failed. A whine was all she could muster.

“Alright, fine. I’ll leave if you turn around and say ‘Thank you, Mommy, for my perky little boobies.’ With a smile.”

Stephanie groaned, but knew that it was better than spending the entire shower like this. So she turned, her bare body exposed to her, and said:

“Thank you, Mommy...for my perky little...boobies.”

“Not bad. That earns you five minutes of privacy. After that, I’ll assume you’re fisting yourself and come in to stop you.”

With that she left, and Stephanie stood frozen as the water ran down her face.

The rest of the days passed more or less similarly, with training, teasing and a strange, humiliating routine slowly becoming the norm. She was even allowed to watch tv on the third day, although that had its own humiliation. She was flipping through the channels when a monster in a movie made her practically jump over the couch and hide on the other side. She tried to put on her favorite channel to watch an action movie but even then, it was too much. She gripped into the pillow as if utterly terrified the hero might not make it. It all made her too anxious, and sports were no better. She didn’t know what was happening, and found it impossible to follow even the simplest of games. It occurred to her, much to her chagrin, that she would be the type to constantly ask a guy who was winning and what was going when they watched one. She did find that the only thing she could manage to watch was reality tv, but that just made her even more depressed.

Leah found her pouting on the couch with the screen turned off, staring at her feminine reflection in the black mirror.

“Ah, is the sissy in a bad mood? Not on your period, are you?”

Stephanie looked up with the most hateful glare she could muster, which must have worked.

The only problem is that 'working' just meant making Leah smile at the torment she was inflicting.

"Ah, you're cute when you're angry" she said, patting Stephanie on the head. "I do have good news though."

"You're turning me back into a boy?" she growled.

"What? No way. Never. But...Travis texted you!!!"