

Krissy was by far my least favorite of the sissies, which made her the most enjoyable. The others were smart enough to take the path of least resistance, to placate me at every turn and make me try to like them...as if that was an option. But Krissy was proud. She was perhaps a bit arrogant as well, thinking that she could outsmart this entire sissifying apparatus that I had constructed with nothing but her sissy brain. Her constant efforts to outwit me made the victories all the more sweet, and I was eager for her birthday with that in mind.

Most of the sissies had at least some hope for their birthday gift, even if they were so often stymied. It wasn't impossible that their gift might be an actual gift, as I needed to somehow keep their hope alive. Besides, it was oh so fun to see how angry the tricked and punished sissies were when one of their sisters actually went out of their birthday better than they'd come into it. I loved an envious sub. Seeing the jealousy in their eyes was just so sweet.

But there would be no such positivity for Krissy.

I walked downstairs wearing a rather smart suit, looking her over as she stood with crossed arms. Two years here and she still refused to properly present herself.

"Krissy!" I snapped, making her recoil. As much as she wanted to act like a tough guy, she was still a weak little sissy, standing 8 inches lower than me in my 6 inch heels. I reached down and grabbed her by the chin.

Grimacing, she looked up at me. "Oh no, I've been bad. I guess I don't get a gift..." she explained.

Really, that's how she wanted to play it?

“I won't insult your intelligence by trying any of my mind games, so I think we can just handle this directly” I told her, crossing my own arms. “My friend is a surgeon and she needs some cosmetic practice. So I'll give you a list of changes and a point budget to spend. Some operations are worth more points. Others will be worth less. You have to spend *at least* the amount of points I wrote down in this envelope” I explained, lifting up an envelope.

“If you don't pick enough, then I'll tell the surgeon that they can make up the deficit however they want. In fact, however many points short you are...they're going to add double.”

I could see the defiance and proud confidence slowly draining from her face as I rolled my eyes. How weak all these sissies were when you reminded them who really had the power.

“Do you understand, or do I have to slow down and use smaller words?” I taunted.

She said nothing, though I did notice a slight nod.

”I am feeling generous though, so if you can pick as many items as you like beyond that. I mean, get as many changes as you want! I can't wait to see how you turn out...” I said, reaching out and ruffling her soft brown hair. She hadn't been too drastically changed during her time here, though that seemed like it would change today.

“Now. Present. Your. Cage” I ordered her through gritted teeth. The poor thing reached down with shaking hands and then grabbed the hem of her dress, lifting it to reveal her cage.

It was rather large, designed to avoid shrinkage while still keeping her off herself. I didn't want Krissy shrunken at the moment. I wanted her to be a paradox, an oxymoronic parody who was both a massive sissy, and sporting a massive thing.

And boy, was it massive. I still remember seeing it when I first captured her.

"Very good. Let's get you in the car for your appointment" I said, taking her by the hand and leading her to the garage. I had a specially made car with a bondage setup in the trunk, so I could tie sissies down in there without any hope of escape. As I lifted it open, Krissy gave me a sad look and crawled inside. She was smart. She had learned from the amount of times I'd overpowered and punished her since she arrived that resistance was more or less futile. So I tied her into the fetal position using leather bonds that were built into the body of the car itself before putting a ball gag in her mouth. She looked delightful.

"Aw! Sissy's third birthday. They go by so fast" I said, taking a picture before closing the trunk on them.

The drive to the clinic wasn't long, at least not if you took the direct way. I stopped to run some errands though, got some food and enjoyed the scenic route around town. By the time I finally pulled up to the rear loading dock of the clinic, an hour or two had passed. The trunk was air conditioned, because I wasn't a total monster (more or less) but I couldn't imagine it was a fun ride. Still, it was worth it for a free hospital. It wasn't set to be opened yet so my friend had free reign. Her family had been the ones to pay for its construction, after all.

I transferred Krissy from the trunk into a rather large rolling suitcase, keeping her bound there and zipping it tight. It wasn't too hard to roll her into the surgery room, but I could hear her grumbling inside.

Finally, I let her out.

"Hello!" said Maddie, waving down at her as I undid their bonds.

"This is Dr Maddie. She's going to give you whatever procedures you request and if you don't request enough...many, *many* more. Isn't that wonderful! You don't have to be the most plain sissy in the house anymore!"

"How many points do I need to spend?!" she shouted.

"First off, keep your voice down. We are her guest and there's no one here to hear you scream anyway. Second...that would spoil the fun!"

She glared at me as Maddie handed over a laminated menu, detailing all the possible options and their point values.

"I'll leave you two alone while she inspects you. You're welcome!" I told her, leaving and heading down the hall. I needed to give them privacy for this, because I wanted to see what adorable expressions they made when they thought no one was looking. They always tried putting on a masculine front, so you had to trick them into thinking they were alone.

As I reached the end of the hall, I entered a side room with monitors that gave me every angle. It was almost better than being there in person.

"Now, I need you to strip" said Maddie with a bright smile. Krissy might have thought she was safer with her than me, so she relaxed a little. She pulled off her dress and stood there, a weak little shrimp but not too feminine. Of course, she had a cute

face and a feminine style, but she was still more of a femboy than a sissy at the moment.

Maddie looked down to her cage with a hungry excitement. "That'll come off too."

Krissy looked around. "I'm not stupid. This is some sort of test or-"

And then, Maddie lifted up the key.

It would have been years since they'd seen it, and they probably had stopped hoping that it even existed at this point. But she stared in shock and awe as Maddie crouched down, put the key in the lock and opened it up.

"It's okay. I'm a doctor" she said, undoing the cage and pulling it off. As if it hadn't missed a beat, Krissy's member began to expand to full mast at the sight of Dr. Maddie.

The blonde doctor giggled and reached down, deftly wrapping her hands around the growing member and shifting it slightly. She had been my friend since we were children so I don't feel too out of line in saying that she was cute, although in a more 'hot blonde in a labcoat' sort of way. Krissy was already clenching her eyes and squirming on the table as the massive thing grew in her hand. I wasn't sure if she was going to faint or spurt from the slightest touch, but she seemed to be doing a good job keeping herself under control. By now Maddie was outright rubbing her shaft, giving a lovely little handjob for the deprived thing as she writhed about.

"Wow, how large..." said the doctor with a sort of clinical interest, looking at it rise until it was at its full glory. It had been so long since I'd seen it that I was surprised myself. It was easy to forget that such a miserable sissy was working with so much down below, and even harder to believe it when you saw.

Maddie had dropped all pretense of a medical inspection at this point and was entirely focused on giving her the best handy she was capable of. It was cute, although even I had to admit that the size was enough to overcome the awkwardness. It had been a long time and Krissy was overly responsive, but she was still hung. That was enough to make her seem like a bit of a stud.

Then, just as he was about to finish for the first time in all these months and years-

Maddie pulled her hand away.

"I tell you there is nothing worse than too big of a cock on a sissy, and I'd love to be able to fix that..." she said, turning back to her charts and medical records. "I know exactly where I'm going to start with all your leftover points..."

Much to Krissy's horror, Maddie swiveled her chair back and formed her two fingers into scissors, miming cuts as she made her way down her shaft. From the tip to the bottom, so mimed the snips at one inch intervals and counted off as she did:

"One point...two points...three points..."

She counted all the way to nine, getting down to the base of Krissy's penis and then snickering to herself. "Ten...eleven..."

She brought her finger-scissors to Krissy's balls and mimed cutting those off as well, giggling as she went back to her notes. What could I say? She was one of my best friends for a reason, and nearly as cruel and kinky as I was.

"Alright, be back in fifteen. Have your choices picked out by then because I'll be putting you under" said Maddie before walking out. She made her way down the hall and into the viewing area, giggling with me as she sat by my side.

“I wonder how many points she’ll go for?”

“My bet? She checks off as many as possible.”

In the operating room, Maddie was so anxious that she forgot all about her member, free for the first time in ages. Instead, she quickly picked up the menu and looked over the possible alterations. Most were pretty par for the course, but a late night drinking session between me and the good doctor had led to several unique options, fueled by our wicked imaginations and a hefty dose of tequila.

Krissy looked through with an expression of terror growing across her face, and with all color draining from it.

“I included the penis shortening and removal on the list, in case he starts wildly checking off boxes” giggled Maddie.

“Mads, you’re wicked!” I giggled. In the other room, Krissy looked up to the clock. Cursing underneath her breath, she began to do the math.

Maddie needed her to be six points under to totally remove her penis and balls, and even less than that would result in its surgical shortening. Most of the operations were only one point, with a few outliers at two or one half. Not to mention the fact that she didn’t know how many points she needed to meet the line.

The clock was ticking.

“There are some that I want her to pick just to see if I can pull them off” muttered Maddie as I handed her some popcorn. The suspense was killing us, but it was oh-so entertaining.

It went on until there were only three minutes left, at which point Krissy tearfully looked down. Staring at their impressive member, the last impressive element of

masculinity they could still lay claim to, they knew what they had to do. So they lifted up the menu and grabbed the pen, checking off option after option after option. She wasn't going to leave anything up to chance. She wasn't going to leave a single point on the table.

She was smart enough to stop herself from checking off the penis removal option, but just barely. A grumbly look on her face made both me and Maddie burst out laughing. They had been *this* close to messing up. But they left those options unchecked, getting all other points as Maddie made her way back.

With all their points secured, they took a deep, sad breath. They'd done what they had to do, and I could only wonder if they'd thought, in all their worry, that the necessary points might not even be achievable. I mean, who's to say that you could get to the number in the envelope if you checked off everything?

You could, of course. That wasn't my play. But my play would have to wait as I enjoyed the show, and as Maddie put Krissy under for her surgeries.

I laid in bed, reading one of the classics as the mid-day shined through my window. This was one of the few days when I neither had business-business nor sissy business to attend to, when I could just laze about and enjoy myself.

But let's face it: I lived to torture sissies.

So, when I finished the chapter and felt every bit as erudite and intellectual as I wanted to, I rang my bell. Angel knew what that meant, and went off to carry out my orders. There was a sissy I needed to check up on, and I think I'd given them enough



time to both recover and reacclimate. That was the one downside to these surgical changes. There was just so much waiting!

But now, finally, Krissy was complete.

She minced into the room, nude as she could be.

Which, given the alterations that had been made to her, wasn't entirely nude.

You see, Krissy was incapable of walking flat on her feet after her tendons had been tightened, leaving her permanently on her tiptoes or, as was most comfortable for her, in heels. The 6 inch pumps she wore showed off her fresh pedicure as she tottered on them, and just that was enough to make me snicker. Her legs were permanently smooth, as was the rest of her body below her eyes. Maddie had even performed the laser hair removal on her penis and balls, which I'm told must be excruciatingly painful. That's why we opted to keep Krissy awake for it.

Her hips had been widened by a rather extensive BBL, which also created the absolute dump-truck she now carried behind her. I swear, if you put her in a rap-video she would be the most stacked-in-the-back girl there.

A general waist cinch had been applied to her, which matched with the removal of some lower ribs to create a beautiful tapering effect. The finishing touch of her new hourglass figure (excluding the bones they'd shaved to make her shoulders more narrow) were her new breasts. If I couldn't tell myself that mine were real and hers were not, I might have felt jealous. The massive things looked like back-problems waiting to happen, like if you'd had a petite little thing hold two basketballs onto the front of her chest.

It was delicious.

On her hands were long, fake nails, made of a stronger type of acrylic which I'm told will last for the rest of her life, and then take longer than her bones to decay. They were also attached directly into her fingers, making them utterly impossible to remove or cut. I'd opted for a pink with white-tips paint for them today, figuring it fit her whole bimbo look.

She stood there, looking pouty whether she wanted to or not. The lip fillers did that to a face, and the permanent lash extensions didn't help in making her seem serious. I knew she was angry, but she was just too much of a barbie to mind. Her teeth had been removed and replaced with perfect veneers, a bit smaller than her old ones so they wouldn't get in the way of blowjobs.

"Turn" I ordered, to which she reluctantly obeyed. There was a pink tramp stamp above her surgically altered rear, which read "Free Anal!" and had an arrow pointing down. From what I'd heard, some of my guards and other associates had already taken advantage of that.

"Well, do you enjoy your birthday present?" I asked, wanting to hear her new voice. Her adam's apple had been shaved into oblivion and her vocal cords themselves had been altered. After a moment, she replied in a helium pitched tone:

"Thank you, Mistress."

Smart girl.

"Well, I do feel a bit bad. You spent most of your birthday unconscious so I figure I should make it up to you."

"Really?" she asked, showing a bit of hope for the first time.

"No" I dryly replied. "This wasn't a very smart decision was it? All you really accomplished is getting yourself fucked constantly to save something you can't even use. Something else to think about: if you picked all of this off the list already, what does that leave you to pick for next year? And one more thing..." I giggled.

I reached down and grabbed the envelope, handing it over. "Go ahead. You don't need my nails to open it."

She sheepishly reached down, opening the envelope to reveal:

Four Points.

He could have satisfied the requirements with just the hair removal, nails and lip filler.

"So, now that you know what happens next year, I get the feeling you might want to enjoy some things while you still can. Besides, you've been taking a lot of attention and we can't have the other girls forgetting what it feels like to get railed. So I'm going to unlock you and let you fuck any of the other sissies you want. I just saw Cassie in the foyer if you want to get started, her tits are starting to come in nicely. Though obviously she has a lot of growing to do before she can match yours" I winked. "Better get started, there's less than a year left until your next *gift*."

I reached into my cleavage and tossed her the key, looking at the shock on her face as she used it to unlock her cage.

As she left, little Angle furrowed her brow. "That was uncharacteristically merciful of you, mistress."

I grinned and reached down to the envelope for next year's gift. Handing it over, I let Angel read.

“Krissy’s length will be decided by the other sissies that she has mercilessly plowed this year. They will choose how many inches she keeps or loses.”

“Oh...” muttered Angel.

“You’re forbidden from telling her, of course. I can’t wait to see her face when she realizes that all the other girls she’s used as toys will decide her fate.”

"You think she'll lose it all?"

I scoffed. “Certainly. I might let her keep the balls though. It’ll be fun to have something to smack when she’s a bad gurl.”