

It was Cindy's wedding day.

She had been earmarked for the guard she'd tortured during their escape attempt and the last months had just been a matter of refining her towards her fiancée's taste. Her cherry red hair was kept curled and maintained at the length of her shoulderblades. Her height had constantly shrunk until it'd plateaued at the perfect size for her new Mistress. Their once five foot eleven frame had been meant to be five foot even, but it's hard to be totally exact at such things, and they'd actually ended up an inch or two shorter than that. Rhonda didn't seem to mind.

An unfortunate side effect of their varying size was the warping of their tramp stamp, which had to be constantly redone and retouched until they reached their final form. Every month she would get the words "Property of Rhonda" perfected on her lower back, feeling it spelled out anew on her own flesh. It was just another way the guard showed her possessiveness. Though they were yet to be wed, they still had plenty of alone time. Rhoda would take her out for 'dates' in the empty cafeteria, teasing and groping her all the time. At first, Cindy thought she was lucky that Rhonda had decided to wait until marriage. But as time went on and their fellow sissies were claimed, they realized that they were lucky in general. It seemed a sad and insane thought but some were bought by disgusting old men. Some were paid for by cruel, creatively evil dommes. Some were taken to the lower levels, never to be seen again within the confines of these walls. Gina had been missing since Appraisal Day. Nancy had returned three months ago, now going by the name of Mariko and looking nothing like the Anglo-Saxon young man who had entered the school.

Olivia had never returned and they often whispered, wondering what strange transformation had made her so frightened. It didn't matter now.

The girls had settled into a routine now, preparing for their future owners as best they could. Escape attempts had become something for newer sissies, something they just watched with disapproval after so many failures of their own. Those recent additions looked to them as they'd looked to the girls above them, wondering how they'd ever been so broken. And it was true. Cindy and Eve would compliment each other's outfits and makeup. They would look to their situations as fortunate, because they'd seen people end up worse. They counted all their lucky stars:

At least they got to keep their teeth.

At least they didn't have too much back pain.

At least they were still the same race, still spoke the same language, still looked human.

The only thing left that resembled resistance was a whisper that some of the broken sissies dared to share, one which was getting rarer and rarer to hear.

"Someday Ethan will come back and save us. I'm sure he will."

Cindy and Eve never corrected them.

Today, however, Cindy was the one that the sissies were looking to, saying: "At least I'm not them."

Today she was getting married at a public ceremony in the school's auditorium. Everyone was there, waiting as she got prepared.

In their room, she took one last look at her dress.

It was white and patterns with hearts up and down the fabric, although there wasn't much fabric to begin with. It started at her upper thigh and was both strapless and low cut, showing off her cleavage and narrow shoulders to Rhoda's delight. Forget not seeing your bride in her wedding dress. Cindy's fiancée had been the one to pick the thing out.

Cindy shifted in her frosted, clear, 8 inch stripper heels and considered her legs. Despite the dress being so short, she was still wearing garters. Her nails and lips were the same red as her hair and a knock on the door told her it was time. She wanted to talk to Eve, but she would already be waiting at the altar. She was the maid of honor. The best man was waiting outside...

"Was worried you'd keep me waiting" smirked the headmaster. He hooked his arm around hers and began to lead her down the hall, acting as both the best man and the one giving her away. She was his property, after all.

Cindy felt as though she was going to be sick as her heels clicked and clacked on the floor. They were getting closer and closer, closer and closer until...

The doors opened before them.

The entire student body, all the teachers, all the guards...*everyone*. They turned to look at the bride as Rhoda waited by the altar, wearing her best suit. Any hesitation on Cindy's part was stymied by the headmaster pulling her arm, leading her down the steps as the song played.

*Here comes the bride...*

*Here comes the bride...*

*Here comes the bride...*

Eve gave Cindy a sympathetic look, but it was cold comfort. She knew from the wink the headmaster gave her that Eve was also on the menu tonight, and that they would both be sharing the same fate.

Finally, the headmaster handed her off to Rhoda, who looked down with a grin. Cindy barely came up to her chest.

“Dearly be-purchased...” began the headmistress, acting as the officiant. Cindy wondered why all this was necessary, why this sham ceremony had to happen? But of course, she knew the answer. It was all meant to humiliate them. It was all meant to amuse those in charge. She gave a look over her shoulder towards Eve, wondering if such cynical thoughts still existed in her head. If they did, they were now unspoken. Eve just smiled, that same smile that was constantly plastered on her face. “We are gathered today to celebrate the sale of Sissy Cindy to Rhoda. If any object-”

Someone began to shout, but their collar shut them up before they even finished the syllable.

“To this union, speak now or-”

Another tried, but they ended up writhing on the floor.

“Forever hold your peace.”

No one said anything now.

“Well then, in that case, let’s exchange the vows. Rhoda, do you promise to use and abuse Cindy, to own and control her, to rail and grope her for as long as you both shall live.”

“I do” grinned the woman.

“Cindy, do you promise to serve and submit to Rhoda, to take and throat her, to obey and entertain her, to be her toy for as long as you both shall live?”

“I...I do...”

“Then, by the power vested in me by me, you may kiss the sissy.”

Rhoda reached down and cupped Cindy’s chin, leaning down for a deep kiss as the faculty cheered. Then, she reached down and lifted her sub by the rear, holding her in the air and groping Cindy’s cheeks as her tongue explored.

Cindy just took it, clinging tight as Rhoda’s other specification began to take effect. She had asked that Cindy’s libido be upped to torturous levels. She had also asked that she be denied relief sessions for the week, getting her all pent up and ready for her wedding night.

Right now, it was like a flame was raging inside the poor sissy, one that her wife was dutifully about to quench.

She transferred Cindy into a bridal carry, holding her there as the sissy waited to be spirited off. But there would be no faroff honeymoon, not yet. Instead, the Mistresses Amy and Rachel helped to wheel a bed into the center of the auditorium stage, and Cindy realized what was really about to happen. She felt herself thrown upon it as her bridesmaids all clapped. Eve, Brianna...clearly they’d been prepped on when to applaud.

Cindy looked up as Rhonda bent down and pulled off her garter, at which point the ‘groomsmen’ joined in the clapping. But the garter wasn’t enough, and soon Rhoda reached a bit further, pulling Cindy’s white g-string out from underneath her dress.

“Look at what we have here...” grinned the short-haired domme, sniffing the panties as she noted their wetness. The week of denial had turned Cindy into a leaky little lube faucet and self-lubing hole had made them slick as could be. She lifted them up for the whole auditorium to see.

Cindy just laid there with wide eyes as the headmistress snickered.

“Want to see our first wedding present?” asked Rhoda, leaning in to whisper in her wife’s ear. She extended a hand as the headmaster gave her a box, which she quickly unwrapped to reveal...

A strapon.

Not just any strapon, but a clear strapon. The massive thing was clearly made special, because Cindy recognized something about it. There was the main dildo, the see-through thing that formed the outer layer. But inside it, embedded inside the much larger penis, was a small shaft.

It was Cindy’s.

The headmaster had made a molding of his former member at some point, and made it the core of this much bigger rod. He could see how small his member was compared to hers. He could see what had once been his, wrapped in the clear, see-through body of this much more impressive penis.

Rhoda strapped on the harness and grinned wolfishly to her sub. A moment later and she was on her, ripping the dress apart and leaving the sissy in nothing but its tatters. She was naked. In front of everyone. She knew what happened next.

Rhoda grabbed onto her red locks and pulled her upright, her arms hooking around Cindy from behind and bringing her into the air. She had the sissy in a full nelson and as Cindy hovered above her strapon, the headmaster pressed a button.

Cindy's plug shrunk so much that it just slipped right out of her slick, gaped hole.

Rhoda lowered her down until the strapon replaced it.

Cindy moaned with every inch that the massive thing slid in, eyes crossing as her wife pressed it against her sissy button. It had been so long. She needed it so bad. She didn't care about the audience. She didn't care about being property.

When Rhoda started to heave her up and down, she was almost thankful.

The massive thing speared in and out of her sissy hole, impaling her guts and pressing against her swollen prostate as her wife used her for weight training. It was truly an athletic feat, the way that she yanked her up and then thrust her back down without betraying a hint of strain. Sure, Cindy weighed less than a hundred pounds by now. But she kept it up without any wear, grinning until the poor sissy's legs shook.

The spurt that came from the sissy's half-inch cage flew across the stage.

"Well" said the headmistress "I consider that consummated. You can take her home whenever you wish."

With that the sissies began to leave the auditorium, leaving only those on stage to linger as Cindy stayed skewered on the strapon. This was her last moment at Sasha Sucklove's, her last moment before her new life as a sissy wife. Eve looked to her, most likely wanting a last word. She was her only friend here, besides Brianna. She wanted to say goodbye.

But Cindy just breathed heavy with lidded eyes, not paying attention to anything as her wife carried her out over her shoulder.

With that, the others began to leave the stage.

Brianna was crying, fanning herself and overwhelmed with romantic emotion. Eve didn't go quite that far, but she tried her best to forget the person she'd lived with, cried with and known for a year.

Cindy was gone.

And, from what the gossip said, the headmaster had a surprise for her one year anniversary.