

Feminisation London

Description

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The photo shoot

“Turn,” said Mistress. It was not a request.

I turned. In the mirror I saw Pale pink silk the chemise ending high on my thighs where matching panties peeked out, lace edges biting gently into skin she’d made me wax smooth that morning. My legs, long and bare, ended in strappy heels that forced my hips into a subtle sway even standing still.

“Now, give me that look!” The one that says I know how ridiculous you look.

Heat climbed my neck, spreading up to my cheeks. I didn’t know how to look ridiculous on command, but Mistress said I was a natural the moment she raised the camera, I felt the desire rise. A need. A wanting. To be whatever she needed me to be, even if that was a joke.

The shutter clicked.

“Now slip on the mask.” She commanded.

I posed again. This time on all fours

My masked face towards the camera. My back arched. The elasticated hold ups at the top of my stockings bit into my thighs.

The shutter fired again and again, a metronome counting out the small deaths of my masculinity.

“Tell me what you are,” said Mistress

“A sissy,” I whispered, the word escaping with more breath than voice.

“Louder.”

“A sissy, Mistress.”

“And what does a sissy deserve?”

“To be seen. To be laughed at. To be humiliated.”

She smiled then, slow and knowing, and lowered the camera.

That’s my good girl.

“Legs apart,” she said, standing behind me. “Show me what you’re hiding under that chemise, show me your cute little panties!” stay on all fours

The camera clicked again

Mistress began checking through the images. I sat, quietly and submissively looking up at her imposing curves wrapped in tight black latex

“These are good.”

She said

“I think you missed your calling as a lingerie model.”

She held up her phone so the screen faced me.

It was an internet magazine page

Beneath it, a caption: “Click for the full, uncensored shoot.”

“Everyone will see it,” Mistress said. “It’ll be out Monday.”

She turned the phone away and walked toward the door, leaving me on the floor, finally understanding that the real exhibition had only just begun.

At work on Monday. I couldn’t focus. My collar felt tight.

“Hey, have you seen this?”

I looked up. Darren from accounting stood at my desk, holding his phone. He had that smile on his face—the one he usually reserved for videos of people falling down the stairs.

“Seen what?” I asked, and my voice came out thin.

The online magazine.

On the cover.

It was me.

I saw it in fragments, because my brain refused to assemble the whole picture. The pink silk. The arch of my back. The pink stockings. The high heels. The stockings. The lace edges cutting into smooth, shaved thighs.

“That’s that,” I said. “I couldn’t finish.”

“I know, right?”

Darren laughed.

“He looks absolutely ridiculous.”

“Pretty sure that’s the point,” said a voice behind him. Sarah from marketing. She slid into my cubicle, peering over Darren’s shoulder. It’s some type of alternative art thing.

“Alternative is right,” Darren snorted. “Alternative to having any dignity.”

Sarah took the phone from him and studied it more closely. I felt my stomach clench as her eyes traced the lines of my body, the stockings , the pink panties.

“You have to admit,” she said, “it takes a certain amount of courage to pose like this.

She looked up at me, and I nearly flinched.

“What do you think?”

The question hit me like a glass of cold water to the face . “What do I think? what do I think?”

“Yeah.” Sarah’s eyes were sharp, curious. “You’re into artsy stuff, right?”

“I think,” I said, and my mouth was too dry,

“It’s not quite funny.”

“Funny!” Darren barked another laugh.

“That’s one word for it. Funny peculiar. I’d go with pathetic. What a loser ”

“The model could be non-binary,”

Sarah said mildly.

“Or a woman. You’re assuming a lot.”

Darren shook his head.

“That’s a guy. Definitely a guy. ”

I couldn’t stand. My legs had turned to liquid.

“It’s ridiculous,” Darren said. “Can you imagine being this guy

Anyway,”

Darren said.

“I’m taking this to the break room. Kevin and Mike are going to lose their minds when they see the full spread.”

The full spread. My heart was racing. They’d seen me. They’d laughed at me. Called me pathetic. Called me ridiculous.

And no one knew it was me.

The humiliation was absolute. A bead of sweat dripped down my neck from my ear, as I heard a ping from my phone

I opened my phone under my desk, shielding the screen with my hand. One message. From Mistress.

â??Tell them it is you in the photos â??

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“Good girl,” said Mistress. A warm sense of pride and purpose flooded my chest. The girl’s part sent a shiver through me, a thrill that was entirely at odds with the life I’d left outside her space.

You’ve thought about it. for weeks, maybe years. The stockings. The heels. The surrender of it all.

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