Cornstow Lodge

A Novelette

By Maryanne Peters

When I joined Cornstows I thought I was the luckiest guy. I had good grades, sure, but I knew that there were so many other candidates that were way smarter than me. I was never sure what they saw in me.

I did not feel that I gave them much cause to justify their recruitment of me either. After I started, I was thrown into Analysis Group B. It was so backroom that there was a policy that nobody could shave until a deal analysed by that person or team, made $1m for the partners. In my case my beard was so pathetic they said that I could not cut my hair until I had met the mark.

This was the kind of thing that made Cornstows unique. The bank had been started by the reclusive wunderkind Jimmy Cornstow, reputed to be still only 30 years old. He had not been seen for years but was said to have his hand firmly on the controls.

Outside the hairy and bearded back rooms everybody was well presented and professional looking and networked at the highest levels in the money markets. And only the money markets. Cornstows did not play in the pocket equities, derivatives and other markets, it banked the players.

Our cell was headed by 5 associates: Will, Devon, Malik, Rod and George. I thought they were the coolest guys on the planet. But it seemed like none of my work counted to impress them. It got so bad that I became known as “Shaggy” because my hair was so long and thick as my team had not backed any sound deal. At least they knew who I was.

So imagine my surprise when Will said to me: “Don’t cut you hair just yet Shaggy, but if the Trelissick deal comes off, you are coming hunting with us.”

I had heard about the associates hunting trip. There was always two a year, the winter hunt at the start of the year, and coming up the fall hunt. I had no experience but they said that would not matter. They got my measurements and said they would kit me out.

“It will just be you, so don’t tell anyone else that you have been invited,” said Will. “Best to say you are just going home to the family for a week.”

He knew that excuse would not hold much water, as I had disclosed early in the recruitment that I was an only child and that both my parents and all my grandparents, were dead. But I said it anyway.

Sure enough, before I could get the haircut, I was bundled into a 4WD with just me and the 5 associates for the long drive to the wilderness block that Cornstows owned. On the drive all but the driver and his reliever shared a bottle of scotch whisky. WE talked about money – what else. I felt as if this was a turning point for me. I had made it.

“Watches, cellphones, tablets,” Rod called out when we came to a stop. He had a lock box for them and they would stay in the car. “no communications and no regard for time,” he said. Welcome to real life, young man.”

It was cold when we got out. I was given new pants in place of my jeans, sock and boots, a warm jacket and a hat with a torch on the brim. I was given a small back pack and a rifle to carry. It was already getting close to dark when we set off, so we walked for maybe an hour in daylight and then maybe two hours in darkness.

So it was quite late when we arrived at the hunting lodge. It was substantial. There was a big covered veranda in front between two rooms with a view onto the lake. Behind was a large open living area with a Kitchen on the left as we entered, and a big slab timber table with 10 chairs. Off the living area were doors to various bedrooms and a steam room and sauna complex that I was to discover later.

It was not just us. In the room waiting for us stood a woman. She was tall and slim with long blond hair in a braid draped over her shoulder. She had a square face with a rather resigned expression. I thought that she was very attractive.

Each of the men approached her and kissed her on the cheek. If she was pleased to see them she certainly did not show it. When my turn came I approached her just like the others and kissed her on the cheek. She smelt of summer flowers.

As I did Will said: “This is Dolly, you can help her with dinner as your first duty.”

I could see all of them smiling at me, so I guessed that as the greenhorn I would be the lackey for the week. No surprises there. I was still part of a special group.

She had prepared a large Italian dish – a beef ragu over pasta with parmesan, accompanied by a ciambotto and a salad, and plenty of red wine. I helped her bring everything to the table and went back to check what else needed doing. But when I was about to join my colleagues for the meal she grabbed my arm.

“No. We eat later.” She whispered huskily. I looked at her to check whether she was serious, and she was. I looked over to the table where the men were serving themselves and eating with gusto. Only Devon looked up from the other side of the table. His look was not friendly. I realised that something was not right. She still had hold of my arm and would not let go until I agreed to stay with her. So I did.

We sat at the island bench in the middle of the kitchen on two breakfast bar stools she had drawn up facing the table. I spoke softly to her, as if that were necessary. Around the table the conversation was noisy and oblivious of others in the room. It was all about past hunts. Something I could hardly participate in anyway.

“So I am just here to serve?” I asked her. “Am I not here to hunt?”

“You obviously understand,” she said flatly. “Pansy died running away, so we need somebody here to take her place.”

“I am not sure I do understand,” I said. “Who is Pansy? And what was she running away from? How did she die?”

I thought that she answered the last question by telling me that a bear had killed this girl, but that was before I met “Bear the gamekeeper”. Her whispers to me were intense but sometimes drowned out by the guffaws from the big table.

We served dessert, which was individual tiramasu cups. Clearly Dolly was a more than capable cook, and she took pride in presentation. She watched with quiet satisfaction at the men at the table enjoying her food. There was a bottle of marsala to wash the dessert down, which I served. Again my presence was totally ignored by my work colleagues. It seemed then, that I was not here to enjoy valuable time with them.

While they ate that Dolly showed me all the things in the kitchen, where I would clearly be spending time. It was very organised and clearly designed to hold long term supplies of food. There was a big dry goods pantry and a chill room with upright freezers along one side. It was fully stocked. My guess was that everybody there could be fed well for a year on what was stored.

When we came out the men had finished and there were dishes to clear.

“Thank you ladies,” said Will. “We will sit by the fire for a while. That will give Shaggy time to learn her duties”.

“Ladies”? “Her duties”? I was being referred to as female. If this was a joke I was not laughing. As the moved to the lounge area I asked Dolly: “I am going to have to put up with this ‘ladies’ shit for a whole week?”

“I am so sorry for you,” she said. “If it was just name calling and just for a week you would be very happy, I think. But this is real, and probably permanent. You are Pansy’s replacement. You are going to be a girl like me.”

She loaded the dishwasher while I just stood there with my mouth gaping. What was going on? The men were sitting in the lounge area consuming another bottle of scotch. Two of them were smoking cigars. I went over to confront them.

“If this is some kind of sick joke, it is over,” I announced.

Rod leapt to his feet and came face to face with me. He growled: “You watch your lip, bitch. If you want to keep your nuts then you better be prettier than this tomorrow. Pretty and submissive. That’s how we like our girls. Isn’t it Dolly?” He said to her over my shoulder, but I did not turn around.

All of the others grunted or murmured approvingly. I was terrified. I am not a big person and I have never been particularly courageous, but I could stand up for myself at the right time. I had just been doing that, but now I thought better of it. They were drunk. Now was not the time.

I went back to Dolly who had dished us out some bowls of the leftover food by the stools at the kitchen island. The food was good, even better than I expected. We even had the dregs of the wine with it. That was good too.

“You need to hold your tongue,” she whispered. “Pansy lost her balls on the first day. Just go along with all of this. I haven’t given up. There is a plan. We can talk about it tomorrow when they are out.”

All of the men retired to separate rooms of the living area. But for us Dolly motioned me to come with her to her room off the kitchen. It was a large bedroom with two large beds in more or less their own private furnished area, with a small adjoining bathroom. It was a feminine room. Both beds were made up in pink, and the nearby dressing tables were equipped for women with mirrors and boxes for cosmetics.

She said: “I think you are too tired tonight but we need to get up early tomorrow to prepare you as required. So forget the nightie.”

She was clearly referring to the very feminine night attire draped over the bed that was to be mine. The whole thing seemed to me to be slightly sick. The only explanation that I could think of was that this was some weird joke to be played on me as some kind of initiation to the higher levels of the firm. Perhaps if I went along the joke would be over and we could all laugh about it together. It was that hopeful thought that allowed me to go to sleep not wake until roused the following morning.

It was Dolly who woke me. It was early. Still dark outside but the traces of dawn over the distant hills visible through the window. She motioned me silently to follow her through to the “wet rooms” behind the kitchen on the other side from our room. It was an impressive complex, with water heated (she explained) by the fireplaces and kitchen, assisted with electric heating from the lodge’s own mini-hydro generator, and by solar water panels on sunnier days.

There was a sauna, a steam room and hot and cold plunge pools, and a large “rain room” communal shower into which we went. She told me to strip my clothes off and she took hers off as well. Her body was angular rather than curvy, but seemed fully equipped. She had perfect round breasts that lead me to wonder if they were fake. She had a perfect little muff. It was impossible to prevent an arousal.

She was disinterested in that. She simply said: “We have to remove all your body hair.” And as the warm water sprinkled down over us she set about doing that. She simply worked around my erect penis leaving just the smallest patch of pubic hair. I let it happen without protest because I thought that I needed to let this thing run, and hey, body hair grows back.

“Let me relieve you,” she said. As she finished shaving the bottom of my legs she licked the tip of my penis, and then she used a warm wet hand to bring me to orgasm. She washed my cum from her face without further comment.

Her hair was wound up and protected by a shower cap, but my hair was now saturated and she shampooed and conditioned it there in the shower. She also added some liquid which I later understood was some colour. When the shower was off she wrapped it in some plastic material and, after drying off, we both donned soft towel robes.

Just off the wet area was a room with two height adjustable chairs. It seemed fitted out for manicures and pedicures and maybe hairdressing as well, but everything was stowed away in neat drawers and cupboards. She sat me down and set about styling my hair.

“You have to be joking,” I said, as she produced a set of curlers and other hairdressing paraphernalia.

“Right now your focus should be survival,” she said.

“I hope this is just the worst practical joke that has ever been worked on me,” I said. “And that when we get back to the office there will all be a huge laugh at my expense.”

“For you, I wish that were true,” she said, as she set about her work on my hair. “Perhaps you should just hold that thought. It might help get you through the next few days.”

While my hair was drying she announced that I would need to put on makeup. But before that I would need to have my eyebrows shaped. For me this seemed to be a step to far. A shaven body could be concealed. A buzz cut could rid me of the coloured curls. But plucked eyebrows?! How could I hide those? I would be a laughing stock. Even more than I would be for having to go through this whole hazing thing.

“This is serious,” she said. I will shape them in modern style, rather than pluck back to fine arches like mine. If you don’t make an effort there will be trouble. Believe me.”

She seemed so earnest, and worried. It worried me too. If this was a cruel joke she seemed to be not part of it.

“How long have you been here?” I asked her. I am not sure why I asked the question. I just seemed to me that she looked trapped. I expected, or maybe hoped, that she would say that she had arrived a few days before us, to prepare.

“Almost three years,” she replied.

If she had been here as a virtual prisoner for three years, what were these guys capable of? I started to panic. She could see it in me. She said intently: “I told you last night. We can talk when they go out. We can both get out of here. Just let me do this…”.

I sat through the plucking, the facial treatment and the makeup. And I sat there while she combed out the curls. I kept wishing: ‘Please let this be a cruel joke on me. Please’.

It seems strange that no matter what the level of worry, a pretty girl can still arouse a guy. I found myself looking at a new and pretty face – in the mirror. My hair had been coloured slightly into a copper shade and the curls around my face shone like the burnished metal. The face was made up so that my eyes looked huge and brought out the green colour that my mother always said, were wasted on a man. The lips were painted into an alluring shape in a bright colour, more orange than pink.

I just sat there for a few minutes looking at myself, struggling to understand how a guy can get a stiffy looking at his own reflection. Dolly returned with underwear and a dress. The underwear was feminine but included shaping. The bra was padded and the panties were up to the waist, with a panel in front and padding in the rear.

“You won’t be able to get these on with that,” she said, pointing at my penis. “Would you like me to relieve you again?”

I thought it polite to decline this time. I put on the bra first, under her instruction, trying to concentrate on other things. But then the problem was that everything needed to be tucked in the panties. I relented and with a lubricated hand she did her trick, this time collecting my jizz in a Kleenex.

We both put on our dresses and aprons. Then we put on shoes with heels. This seemed totally wrong for where we were (in a hunting lodge in the middle of nowhere) but Dolly pointed out thatr this was all we had – heels, open toed sandals or slippers. So we headed to the kitchen with our heels clicking on the bare hardwood floors. There was still time to do what we had to do there, before my “colleagues” got up, which they did progressively.

They ignored me while they took their places at the table. Dolly and I brought the food we had prepared to them.

“Well, I like what I am seeing,” said Will. “Didn’t you turn out to be the prettiest thing?”

Everybody approved of my new look. I couldn’t help but bring my hand up to my hair. They all laughed.

“You were meant to be a girl,” said Rod.

George said: “We can’t keep calling her Shaggy. We need a better name.”

Everybody agreed, and a number of names were bandied about. “Sissy” was quickly discarded. Finally everybody agreed on the name “Kitty”. I was renamed Kitty that morning.

Somebody said as they got up to leave: “Kitty is a good name. The biggest bag today will have pussy tonight.” There was much laughing. I was glad to see them about to leave.

They got their back packs together and some other equipment, and then went outside to collect their firearms. It was then that I saw Bear for the first time. He lived in the room front left which had no internal door to the main house. It seemed that the hunting rifles were kept there.

Bear was a big man, or appeared to be in his huge coat with a fur collar. I had assumed that he would be going with them, but he just went through the map and told them where game had been sighted and where he had put down feed for dear and wild pig. When they left he came inside. He had a small box in his hand.

“This is Kitty,” said Dolly.

“Pretty Kitty,” he purred, with an air of a threat. “Come over to the table little one.”

I suddenly realised that I was shit scared of this man. I really had no reason to be at that time, but there was something about him that simply drove me to obey. I walked over and he took me by the waist and almost slammed my face and chest onto the big table. He lifted my dress and pulled down my pants.

“Stay very still Kitty,” he said. “A shot in each buttock.”

He had pulled from the box two syringes and he proceeded to inject me.

“What is going on?” I asked, to him but then looking to Dolly down the table.

“One dose of progesterone and one of anti-androgen,” she said. “Daily injections for a week and then patches and monthly boosters.”

I protested as far as I felt I could, but both shots were in me already. Bear turned me around and glared at me like a wild animal. In his hand was a stainless steel tool.

“You see this,” he said. “This is a de-nutter. I can have your balls off in 30 seconds. You watch yourself young lady. You take your medicine and do as you are told, and you can stay intact. If that’s what you really want.”

Before he left Dolly gave him a lunchbox that she had prepared. All the men had received something, but Bear seemed to have about three times the volume. He growled his appreciation and he was gone. Not to his quarters, but down the path and into the forest, in the opposite direction to the others.

I stood and looked out the window. I said to Dolly: “This is no practical joke, is it?”

“No,” she said. We stood in silence for a while.

She prepared us some breakfast from the leftover eggs, ham and pancakes, and put it on the table with a pot of coffee and 2 mugs.

“You can cry later,” she said. “You will. I can understand your concern, and the hormones will turn it into tears when they take effect. But for now we need to talk about what we can do.”

I was not hungry but I sipped the coffee. It was good.

She pulled from her apron a map. It was not a printed map but it was detailed with contours and heights on the hills. It had rivers and trails. The lake was in the middle and the lodge marked on it.

She asked me: “Do you have any idea where the vehicle that brought you is parked?” No carpark was marked and the trails when to the edge of the map in various directions.

“It was dark,” I said. “I think there was a river on our left.”

“Yes. That’s what I understand,” she said. So it could be one of these five trails away from the lodge.” She fingered the various routes. It seemed amazing to me that being there for 3 years she did not know what direction was away from here.

“You must know which direction we came from last night,” I insisted. “You were here, waiting for us. Where did we come from?”

“Every time the hunting party comes from the back,” she explained. “The trails join about 50 yards behind the lodge at this point, here. Any of the trails can lead to that point. In all this time I still have not learned which way we need to go. What I know is that it is many miles to the SUV. One of these trails, or maybe all of them, becomes a rough road about a third of the way to the edge of this map. If we have the key to the vehicle we can drive from there. Without a key then who knows how far we have to run.”

“Have you tried to get away before,” I asked.

“Twice with Pansy, and once before she arrived,” she said. And then with a tear in her eye she added: “Not the last time though. Pansy went on her own. She was stronger than me. We agreed that she would go alone and bring back help. She came back dead. Over Bears shoulder like a deer carcass.” She was sobbing.

“There are no fences,” I observed. “Are we being watched?”

“Bear watches everything,” she said. “I swear that he sees in the dark and he moves like wind even in dense underbrush. His job is to keep us here and keep us compliant. And he is good at his job.”

“So, do you have a plan or are you just the voice of doom?” I was impatient.

She organised herself. “Yes, I have a plan,” she said. “With no new information from you I favour this southernmost trail. One problem that we have is that we have no clothing or footwear. After the hunting party is gone we will each get a jacket so we can visit the barn and the lake. But I have been secretly making some clothing items and something to serve as proper footwear. I think that we need to carry enough to be prepared for at least 2 nights in the wild. Again I have been making some equipment to help. But to be sure of getting away, we must disable Bear. Or better still, kill him.”

I was not sure that I had heard those words. Or at least that is what I pretended. She could see the shock in my face.

“You have been here one night,” she said. I have been here 1256 days as of tomorrow. You have no idea how desperate I am.”

It was a fair statement. Not quite 3 years, a prisoner in the wilderness. I nodded.

“But to give you a sense of your desperation,” she said, “I need to prepare you for what might happen to you tonight. It is almost certain that tonight you will be raped. By at least one of them, but maybe more than one. I told you: This is not a joke.”

“So how will you prepare me for being raped?” I sneered, now in the horrifying realisation that this was becoming a likely event.

The answer of course, was stretching and lubrication to avoid pain and internal injury. And, as she described it, anything that would bring the rapist to climax early, and make the experience as brief as possible. There was a time that day when Dolly had me fully impaled on a bright green dildo, a color that made this look again like a mere prank, but for the pain it caused me. But as she said, nothing like the pain were I to be” unprepared”.

I found myself looking for hidden cameras that might be there to capture an image of the new recruit, submitting to anal invasion, persuaded by a set of circumstances so incredible, that they seemed to be from a horror movie.

But the horror was to come at sunset when the hunting party returned. The quiet one, Malik, had shot a large doe and the team had abandoned minor game to bring back the head, the haunches and some other cuts of meat. I was therefore reintroduced to him as his prize.

Dolly had insisted that I change into something outrageously feminine and frilly, and had put some clips in my hair with bows on them. The idea was to avoid pain and keep it quick by being yielding without being consenting.

But before that all the men retreated to the sauna area for a communal wash, and then dressed again in clean casual clothes for dinner. The venison would need to hang for a while so we were able to enjoy a small roasted wild pig which Bear had shot a day of two before. There were trimming, and 3 choice of homemade sauce. The men consumed it with relish.

Bear joined them for this meal. As it turned out he had joined the hunting party in the afternoon and had butchered the deer. Unsurprisingly, he was skilled in that area. He was able to discuss hunting plans for the following day. The day after that would be a cold rain and perhaps even the first snow, so a hunt might be unlikely.

Again the boisterous behaviour continued well past dessert and after dinner drinks, while Dolly and I sat quietly consuming our supper of leftover food. Soon after we had finished a shouted instruction to Dolly was that I needed to be ready.

We returned to our shared room where she laid out a frilly nightie and a sort of long silk robe to go over it. And soft silk slippers. She then led me across the open room to the bedroom that was Malik’s, all the while enduring catcalls and whistles and exhortations for Malik to do with me as he wanted. I had to wait in his bed for almost half an hour before he entered.

I had got into his bed. The room was a little cold despite the whole lodge being well heated. My night attire was very light after all.

I felt I needed to give him the chance to back down, so I said: “I do not consent. This will be rape. When I get out of here, I will do my best to destroy you if you do this. Can you risk that?”

He had soft brown eyes that I always thought of as kindly. I could see that he was sympathetic to my plight, or was it just lust. He was removing his clothes.

I thought that I needed to add something so I said: “You are not gay, are you, Malik? I may not look it right now but I am as much a male as you are.”

As if to prove me wrong at that very moment his boxers fell to the floor revealing the biggest cock I had ever seen. Why did it have to be this man? I wanted to cut and run, but where could I go?

“No, I am not gay,” he said. “But as of this week, and for as long as we want, you are no longer male.” He seemed to be reciting a mantra. The words were unemotional. They were not his.

Then as he can closer to me, he appeared to soften. “I don’t want to hurt you, like some of the others may want. I promise to be gentle. But I suggest that resistance will be painful.”

As he took me I just whimpered like a little girl. It was not the fear of pain – it was shame. I just wanted to go into a trance and wake up when it was all over. He carried me to the bed. I thought that he would fuck me like an animal – from behind. Instead he rolled me onto my back and put a pillow under my bottom. He applied lubricant pushing it into me with a finger. Then he lubed his cock. He drove into me and it was surprising how I opened easily at first, with the modest pressure applied. But then he started to stretch me and fill me. It seemed unbelievable that the entire length of him could disappear inside me like that. I could see it go in. I could feel the pain. And I could see him. It was face to face.

He was gentle. He stayed in me and rocked rather than plunging in and out the way I had fucked women. I had the sensation of having another human being inside me. I was surprised that, the pain at the point of entry to one side, this was a strangely comforting feeling. And I could see the growing pleasure on his face. Of course I could never feel pleasure being impaled this way. So what was this feeling I had? Why was I looking at him this way?

He gasped, then he grunted, and then he wailed with pure pleasure as I felt hot fluid inside me.

A moment later, he opened his eyes and said: “Scream so that they can hear you too.”

I had been holding it back, so I let it out – more a squeal than a scream. It struck me moments later that I should have screamed like a man raped, but what came out could equally be taken as girlish scream of pure pleasure. Why that sound? Where had it come from?

I must have passed out.

I woke up in the morning still snuggled up to a man. My arm was over his chest and I could see and feel the rise and fall. I should have pulled my arm away in horror, but I didn’t. I just lay there wondering what had happened. My asshole was sore, which was unsurprising, but I did not feel violated. I knew that I had been a participant, maybe even a willing one.

He stirred a little so I moved my arm. In the half-light I could see that his eyes were open and that he was looking at me. His free hand moved to play with my hair, some curls still intact.

“Good morning,” he said, softly. It made me smile. I cannot say why. I felt somehow changed.

I got up and left his room, moving silently across the main room of the lodge to my little room on the other side. Bear was up and I could see him moving outside, but otherwise it was too early. But Dolly was up too, getting dressed for her morning duties.

“Are you OK?” she asked. I smiled at her and she looked pleased. “You had better get yourself pretty before the men rise. We have breakfast to prepare.”

Malik took some ribbing from his fellows over the breakfast table. He had done his duty. And so had I. There seemed to be new attitude toward me. Instead of being treated as some kind of subhuman slave, there seemed to be a new appreciation of me. Perhaps similar to their attitude to Dolly. I had become a woman. That seemed to be the purpose of this whole thing.

After that meal the men set off as they had done the previous day, but the rain set in so most of them were back earlier than usual. Not Malik. The others spent some hours outside shooting at targets floating on the lake from the shelter of the verandah. It was not until almost dark when Malik returned with Bear, and with another carcass.

As Bear later told me, Malik was not prepared to have another claim me that night, so he stuck at it until he had shot something and won the trophy, just to be with me. Throughout the evening Malik and I exchanged glances. He seemed pleased with himself. I was not exactly looking forward to that coming night of more sodomy, but I was not dreading it either. I knew what to expect.

After dinner and clean up Dolly suggested more curls and a floral enema. I had no idea what that entailed, but it became clear that it was designed to improve the act of anal sex. This was all new to me. I had never even contemplated fucking a woman in the ass, let alone receiving a man’s cock in mine. She was my guide. I looked good and I smelt like a summer meadow – so he told me.

That second night with Malik was so completely different. I was ready. He told me that he wanted to please me. He would not touch my penis. As he explained it he would prefer to think of it as not being there. However, he worked my body until he was satisfied that I was ready to take him, and then he eased into me. This time the pain seemed less that the pleasure. I had always thought only a gay man could get pleasure from this, but now I was proven wrong. This time my scream was a real cry of pleasure. At least more so than the night before.

I spent every night with Malik after that, and some of the days as well, when he was not out with the men. I was sad to see everyone leave. But I was not surprised. By now I understood that my lot was to stay here with Dolly. As she explained it, we both needed to be prepared to sit out the winter. Any thought of escape would need to be postponed until spring. But that gave us time to prepare.

I learned that we had fish in the lake, chickens and pigs in barn, and a vegetable garden. There always seemed to be something to do. It felt a bit like an experiment in frontier living. A simpler time when there was no internet, no television, no communications. I had time to read some of the many books. At Dolly’s suggestion I took up embroidery. It was just coloured stitching on templates, but it was surprisingly satisfying.

Dolly had beautiful long hair, and mine was growing out and becoming just as lovely. We would spend ages doing one another’s hair. We liked to do braids and buns, sometimes with decorations or flowers woven in. We had magazines and some hair styling equipment, so we could play around with some more professional styles, but it never looked quite like the pictures.

We also played around with makeup. When there is nothing much to do, Dolly suggested that we needed to make our own amusement. We sort of did role plays, but neither of us felt that we could do the male role that easily. It was as if I had become so girly I could not even pretend to be a man.

And we had fashion shows since. Dolly could sew some interesting things, and we played around with clothes and homemade accessories. Of course, you need an audience and we were able to persuade Bear to sit at the table while we paraded on top of it. It was easily big enough for a runway show.

When sitting I, he always made a point of cleaning his guns or sharpening his knives, only looking up when a stocking leg was practically thrust in his face. It was as if he was saying: “I do manly things because here I am, a man among women.” Which, of course, he was.

All these efforts to pass the time were successful. The time passed. One day merged into another. I sever found myself standing at the toilet bowl, or sitting with tucking my skirt under. When I looked at my face in the morning it was to look for whiskers to pluck them out, not reach for a shaver. I brushed my hair, I applied my mascara and lipstick, because that is what we did, Dolly and me. Not because we were facing the public, but because that is how a woman should present herself.

Dolly was not always there. I was happy that she should take some alone time, and she always did this by disappearing into “the Blockhouse” which was the room on the other end of the veranda from Bear’s room. It had no internal access to the lodge with the door being on the veranda. And it was two storeys, like a duplex attached to the main house. Bears complex on the other side matched it. I was not allowed in either, but Bear told me he had never been in the Blockhouse either. Dolly had a key and I guessed she used the bed in there too, when she needed privacy. When the men had been with us she had gone in there with each the men for a couple of hours each. I could only guess what they got up to. I hoped that it was consenting, or at least not forced with violence.

I joked with Bear that Jimmy Cornstow might be living in the room and we wouldn’t know. After the men left, she spent time in there, maybe with the mysterious Mr Cornstow. Bear said that was not the case. “In fact, I have never seen them together,” he said with a smile.

I did have a little peak into Bear’s room once, at least the lower floor of that duplex structure. It had gun racks and trophies, and furniture covered with animal skins. It was a real “man cave”. I could have snuck in for a closer look, but somehow I felt that it was off limits. Of course, it was, but I mean that I had a feeling that I was no longer male enough to cross the threshold.

I suppose with passing time I was learning to find happy moments. My predicament was awful, but now life was easier and close to pleasurable for most of the time.

The only unpleasant thing was the hormone shots delivered by Bear, backed up by daily tablets which I had to swallow in his presence. Not the dose, which was momentary, but the effects. I could see the changes in my body within a few weeks, so the changes over the entire winter were major. Dolly said that my mother must have been busty because my breasts appeared to grow at a remarkable rate, and they developed a good shape.

Bear caught a wild turkey for thanksgiving and shot a deer for Christmas. We made sausages with a special sausage maker and minced dried fruit for our own Festive sweet pies. Bear arranged a tree which we decorated. We gave Bear some gifts – a hat Dolly had knitted and embroidered waistcoat from me. He gave me a fishing rod as I had expressed interest. I was not to use it until much later.

One morning Dolly announced that the spring hunt would take place in a week. The thaw was well and truly in progress and the days were getting longer and brighter. We had work to do. All the rooms needed to be prepared and we had cooking to do. There was baking for the day rations – savoury snacks, flat breads and sweet muffins.

Fresh supplies were due to arrive, but if I thought that was to offer me a chance of escape I was quickly disappointed. There was no road so I was expecting a boat from across the lake. I was not expecting to get away on that, but I was intent on studying the drop off for future plans.

But instead a helicopter appeared with a pallet suspended underneath. It did not even land. It rested its cargo just beyond the veranda, released the cable, and was gone. How could I use that? Perhaps start a fire and wave down the pilot? Assuming that he was not in on it he might land to rescue me. But if not, even if he could land – well, I could steal a boat but not a helicopter.

Bear helped us unpack. He had been furiously chopping wood for the last few weeks and was wearing only a tee shirt. I found myself admiring his body. I had to shake myself. Were the hormones turning me gay? They certainly had left me looking very different from the young fool who went on a hunting trip and never came back. My body was now without muscle and with a flabby butt and chest. There was not a hair on me except my long locks wound up in a messy bun. Who would recognize as the person who came here the year before? Fortunately, there was so much unpacking to do I was soon diverted from these sad thoughts.

So the evening arrived and the men returned. Bear told us that there were on their way. Dolly and I prepared the meal and waited until we heard them taking off their backpacks outside. She stood at the door and I stood beside her. They came in. Will, Rod, George, Devon, Malik and George.

“I like your hair like that”, said Malik.

“Thanks,” I said shyly. “It’s a bit longer so I can pin the curls up.” In fact it was a lot longer and the curls were copious. I was so proud of it. I never wanted to have short hair again.

“I have been working on my hunting abilities,” he whispered. “I cannot let anybody else have you. I must get the biggest bag tomorrow.”

I gave him a kiss for good luck. I had been regularly working my hole and had it plugged and a panty shield to prevent leakage. Partly it was a precaution against violence by another man, but I hoped passionately, that it would be Malik.

Fortunately it was. He brought home the biggest trophy again. That night I had the pleasure of showing him my breasts. He was thrilled. And I had prepared a special panty that hid my shrivelled man-parts so that he could only see my prepared and perfumed asshole. Finally I was able to let my new hair down with a flourish. I had been practising for weeks. He sprang to erection in a few seconds. There is something deeply satisfying about having that effect on a man.

It seemed we were officially an item. I felt very sad when he left. I cried a little and Dolly was there for me. I wondered why I did not want to kiss her, a beautiful woman, but I didn’t. I wanted Malik to kiss me. I wanted him to be there kissing me, the way he did when I had pleasured him. In those moments I knew his kisses meant something.

So was I gay now? To be honest, I did not care anymore. My life was so confused, or my feelings so confused, that nothing could be rationalised. I had also regarded myself as a rational and logical person. They were the skills that had got me the job at Cornstows in the first place. Now I seemed to be a jelly bag of tears with cock-loving tendencies. In short: Somebody else entirely.

After a few weeks of moping I fell back in to the daily routine.

Summer was almost on us and the men were gone again, so it was time for Dolly and I to put our escape plan into effect. We had spent winter planning things. It was not all girly playtime. We both knew what we had to do.

The first element was to trap Bear. We had considered getting access to a gun and holding him at gunpoint, but with the men gone they had taken their firearms and Bear was very careful with his. We had thought to knock him unconscious, but to be honest we doubted if anything short of an iron bar would make any impact, other than making his angry. Short of stabbing him to death with kitchen knives (which we had considered and rejected) we needed to lock him up.

We chose the barn. The door opened out and could be barred. There was a side door and two upstairs windows that would need to be barred in advance. Any tool that he use to break out needed to be removed.

We would start a small fire inside the barn and then call him.

He fell into the trap easily. He almost laughed at our inability to deal with such a small blaze. Then we slammed the door on him and we were away. We had the prepared packs and boots that Dolly had made from deer skins. On our legs we had six layers of pantyhose each to wear as pants. We discarded our dresses in favour of our jackets and plastic coats over them made from black rubbish bags. We were able to be 500 yards down the track before Bear had even finished putting out the fire. The last noise we heard was him trying to break the door down.

We followed the planned route at a run, but it soon became clear that Dolly would not be able to keep up. We had discussed this. Either of us could have been unable to keep up the pace. We knew that one of us must get away and bring the authorities back to rescue the other. Of course, I was sad to leave her exhausted by the trail, but survival is a strong instinct. We hugged one another and I made off.

Then I came to a clearing where there was a pad surfaced in gravel. My heart leapt. The carpark and there, the vehicle track, also gravelled, led away. I had made the right call on the direction. It was close to sheer luck. Now I was not sure how much farther it would be to a public highway, but in reality the SUV that had brought me had gone for quite a while off the main sealed road.

I had just stood a moment to get my breath and before I knew it Bear was on me. For a big man he moved with speed. He had me in his grip and he seemed unimaginably strong. Or perhaps I was just even weaker than before. What muscle I had once had was now wasted away by the months of hormones. It took no time at all for him to bind my hands and feet with cable ties and dump me on the ground. The gravel bit in to my soft pale flesh.

“My little Kitty,” cooed Bear. “It really is a good name for you. You look scared shitless half the time, but you can spit and scratch. You really are my favourite of all the special girls.”

“Just tell me I almost made it,” I snapped back.

“In this country, a yard is as much as a mile, Little One,” he said. “I have known people to have died of starvation or exposure within shouting distance of help.”

Taking the hint I screamed out. But the reply was silence. Just the echo of my scream that seemed so high in pitch, it could be female. It was like hearing myself for the first time, and hearing a crazed woman. Had I changed so much?

“I could carry you back,” he said. “You are lighter than a good carcass. But I think you can walk. Just no running off again.”

I decided to turn on the waterworks. I figured, if I am this changed, and given his evident liking for me, he might respond. So with tears in my eyes, I cried: “Oh Bear. I just can’t live like this. Please let me go. I will kill myself if I have to go on like this, a prisoner. I don’t mean you any harm. I just want to be free.”

His face seemed concerned but his words less so: “Sweetie, if I were to let you go I would be in a lot of trouble. We both know that. Now on your feet. We are getting you home. Then, I’m afraid it will be 100 days in the sissy bunker for you. Knowing you Kitty, you’re not going to like that.”

He was right. 100 days.

He must have drugged me the moment we got back to the house. All I remember was seeing Dolly sitting at the table, possibly tied to the chair she sat in. I think she gave me a smile of encouragement. Then I woke up in entirely different surroundings. It was a windowless room painted in pale pink and looking like some kind of boudoir. I say windowless, but there were fake windows dressed with frilly curtains and blinds, over cinder block walls. The door was solid and locked.

I found that I was wearing a corset and that my penis and testicles were in a plastic restraining contraption. Over the top was what I knew to be a “Baby-doll” nightie. My hair was in curlers.

On the wall was a large television, something that I had not seen for almost a year. It was on and some kind of lifestyle channel show was playing, with the sound on quite low. There was a dressing table similar to in my room at the lodge, and 2 full length mirrors on opposite walls. There was a small sink bench with a bar fridge under it. There was a closet and toilet and shower adjoining that. 100 days.

There was no Dolly and no Bear. My jailor was Mistress Ruth. Later on she told me that she was just hired to do the job. So I said to her: “This is not a fetish. I am not a volunteer. I am a prisoner. You are a party to abduction.” But she was unfazed. She told me that: “They all say that.”

Her job was to punish me and force submission. She would tighten my corset, lay out my clothes, do my hair and makeup, but she was not my friend. I was set targets that I had to achieve even to get fed. For example I had to speak only in a very high voice. I would be penalised if I moved in the wrong way, or sat with my legs apart, or refused to watch the inane trash that was constantly on the TV. A never ending diet of daytime soaps, fashion shows, hair and makeup tutorials and magazine shows targeted at women. And then I would be quizzed on them to win my evening meal.

I longed for an action movie, but to be honest what I really wanted was to go back to no TV at all – to go back to the Lodge. Short of freedom that is. If I mine was a life of servitude, better with the open air, and the sun on my face, and among friends.

My clothes in the boudoir were ultra-feminine – short dresses with petticoats were standard. The heels were ridiculously high and when I was allowed to leave the room these shoes were locked on with small padlocks. I was only allowed to leave the room to walk down the corridor to a small living area where I would perform certain behaviour tests in front of a 2-way mirror. I had to be in my best feminine behaviour in order to score the points needed to get a square meal. I lost weight.

I became aware that I was being watched not just in that room, but in the boudoir – “my cell”. I was sure that all the mirrors and the TV had cameras behind them, as if I lapsed into masculinity in any way, there were consequences. The worst threat was that I would be staying for more than the 100 days that I counted off every morning.

When the day came I must have been given sleep-inducer with my hormone shot, as I woke up in my room at the Lodge. I was happy. A prisoner still, but happier.

Dolly was not in the kitchen so I went outside. Bear was on the veranda salting a skin. I just ran up to him and threw my arms around him. I was hugging the man who had thrown me in to that horror. It was just good to feel the warmth of another person. He returned the hug warmly. He said: “You look skinny girl, Dolly best get you some food.”

He knocked on the door and Dolly emerged from the Blockhouse. She looked out of sorts, but then pleased to see me. We embraced. She apologized for not being fit enough to go through with the escape. I told her to forget it. We were both still alive, unlike the person known as Pansy that I had been told about. Dolly made me a special breakfast. We talked. We laughed. It was good to be home.

I asked her whether she had been sent to “the Sissy Bunker” as Bear called it. She replied: “I was there.” I wept a little for her ordeal.

She suggested that I show her what I had learned. I put on the highest heels in my closet and the only circle skirt in there, and demonstrated my new found femininity. She seemed so pleased that I found it disconcerting. For the first time I started to wonder what her role was in this whole thing. She confirmed that she knew where I had been and what I had gone through. Had she really been punished for trying to escape to the same extent? Was she there the whole time that I was? I didn’t think so.

Things were never quite the same between me and Dolly after I got back. There were those doubts, and with all the skills that I had acquired (the hard way) from Mistress Ruth, it meant that I was no longer so dependent on her help for hair and makeup, and clothing choices. I had developed my own style. It was feminine but practical. Somewhere between the old me and the rampant sissy, but maybe closer to the latter. Whether it had been forcibly drummed into me or whether it was just something brought forth, I liked to be pretty. I could not step out of my room in the morning unless I was happy with the way I looked.

I spent more time with Bear. He had become more of a father figure. I know what Stockholm Syndrome is, but it was not like that, I thought. I think that I just appreciated the outside more, for having been confined for so long. Dolly was not an indoors person. I just needed to cover my hair and protect my skin. Sun and wind can be such a killer.

I still had no proper clothes for outdoor activities and wore floral sundresses and wedge heels. I could still follow Bear around in these clothes. We went fishing together using the rod he had given me for Christmas. I would go with him to set and clear traps. He never allowed me to do much, I basically just went with him breathing the air, and looking my best. He still did not talk much, but I chattered away. He liked it. After breakfast and morning chores he would come inside and just nod as I prattled on.

“Off you go,” Dolly would say. I would collect the packed lunch and swish off down the path. I would always be back by mid-afternoon for sewing and preparing dinner - sometimes with fresh meat or fish, and wild herbs I had gathered. We still had evening entertainment for Bear – a short play, a musical show, or the two of us dancing for him. The Lodge could be a happy place.

There was still enough of the summer and early fall to allow the outdoor activities. And there was good weather right up until the fall hunting party arrived, one year after I had first arrived at the lodge.

Before they arrived but after the provisions had been dropped and stored, Dolly had my things moved to the largest guest room.

“This room will be for you and Malik,” she said. Apparently, he would not need to win me as a prize this time. It was the best news I could have had. I was excited beyond belief. As the date of hunt drew nearer I had been thinking about him a lot. Would he notice changes in me? My breasts were so much larger. My body was softer. My curves had been restored by good food, and were more pronounced by all the corseting. My voice was higher. All my mannerisms seemed to have become so girly. I felt that I was deserving of him now. He wanted a woman, and now I was that.

When the team arrived it was all the usual, and one more. I hardly noticed the new member of the hunting party as I was so excited. I showed Malik the room that we would be sharing. We kissed. I took his growing cock in my hand. He looked into my eyes. He fondled my impressive breasts until my nipples were bullets. He stroked my long silky hair. We had to have sex then and there.

I had been preparing for his arrival and I was so ready to take him in completely. It was slow and easy. We heard the laughing from the main room but we were concentrating on one another. Face to face. Looks not words. There was a moment of exquisite pleasure for both of us. And then we lay together, in the afterglow.

When we went outside the men were sitting around the table being served the first part of their meal. George called us over.

“Hey Malik, Kitty, I want you to meet Conchita.”

There he was. The young man I had seen earlier. His hair now styled in a pixie cut. His faced made up with plucked eyebrows and false eyelashes. Dressed in a short flouncy dress and an apron. I felt sorry for him. I looked at Dolly and she looked at me with the same look of resignation I remembered from a year before.

He looked so confused. He asked questions that seemed so pathetic against what I knew: “What’s going on, fellahs? Is this some kind of hazing ritual? How long do I have wear this shit?”

I confess that I avoided the young man that night. Perhaps I wanted him to carry the hope that this was a joke that would soon be over, for at least a day or two. But I could not lie to him. I would have to say: “This is your future.” I took some food to my room and waited for my man to finish tormenting this young man, with his colleagues, rather than say that.

“I have some good news,” Malik said when he joined me in bed. “I should have said earlier, but I just got carried away. Anyway, I have been negotiated with Mr Cornstow by telephone, and I have bought your freedom.”

I didn’t understand and I told him so. It seemed impossible. How could I ever be freed when I could send all of these men to jail for what they had done to me and Dolly, and were doing to the person I knew as Conchita? And Pansy, the girl who had died? And who knows who else. I knew too much.

“If we make no complaint, tell nobody about Cornstow Bank’s strange rituals, keep quiet, then you can be free. I have to buy a bond. I will need to resign from Cornstows and pay a lot of money, but if we tell nobody, in particular the Police, for the next 7 years I will get a chunk of that money back. You would have to agree. There is no deal without your agreement. Would you do that.”

“You know that I will do anything to get away from here,” I said.

“Unfortunately, those words worry me,” he said. “I am giving everything I have for you. Do you understand that? And this is a deal between them, and you and me together. Without that, there can be no deal. You need to be with me on this. I want you with me, forever.”

“Do you mean that?” I asked.

“Of course,” he said. “I want you totally. I would marry you. But, my family are very traditional. You would have to be complete as a woman. If you know what I mean.”

“I understand,” I said, still coming to grips with what he was saying. Then I knew what he was talking about. I was a little angry when I snapped at him: “So to free me you want me to give up my cock?”

“No,” he said, with an aching sadness in his face. “I have already arranged everything. It will not be a condition. The only condition is theirs – that you do not go to the Police. Your becoming a woman is not a demand, it is my prayer. I am telling you that I cannot marry you if you are not a full woman. I pray and hope that you will agree to be my wife. I love being inside you the way you are, but I want to be inside you the way you should be. To me anyway.”

I looked at him in the half light, his brown eyes moist with impending tears. What could I do? I pulled his face close to mine and I kissed him. I kissed him as if it was the last kiss a woman could ever give a man. Not because he promised me freedom, but because he promised me love.

The End

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