

## Roommates

### Chapter 1 – New Roommates

Lee stared absently at the wall as he dropped the soft tea leaves into the pot. He poured in hot water, completely unaware how close he came to burning his hand in the process. Placing the lid back on the pot with a shaking hand, he left the pot behind and moved empty handed into the living room. Sitting down he clasped his hands in front of him and dropped his head.

“Breathe Lee. Breathe” he whispered to himself “remember. Deep breaths”.

Then it came. The knock at the door.

Lee walked slowly to the door, focusing on his breathing.

Another knock.

Lee swung the door open.

He looked up at the smiling woman on the other side. He summoned his courage to welcome her.

“You must be Ling. Welcome to your new place!” He tried to keep the pacing and tone he had practiced.

The beautiful woman on the other side of the doorframe smiled warmly. Her gaze was intense but non-judgmental. Her narrow black eyes made her pale skin look even whiter than it was.

“Hi” she responded slowly “it’s nice to finally meet you after all the online negotiations. You must be Lee?”

Lee turned bright red. He had forgotten to introduce himself. Again.

“Uh. Yeah. I’m Lee. Um. Welcome to your new place!” Lee smiled awkwardly as he stumbled over the social interaction.

The two hung in an uncomfortable silence before Ling spoke “Can we come in?”

“Oh. Yeah. Sorry” Lee turned bright red again and moved out of the doorway.

Ling carried in two large suitcases.

“Do you want a hand?” Lee offered. He felt relieved. The first normal thing he had said.

“Umm... sure. But are you sure you can lift it?” Ling looked at him a little judgmentally. Ling was only five foot five, but she stood three inches taller than Lee. And looking at his tiny frame she figured she was probably heavier than him too.

Lee blushed red again. The negative self-talk started in his head. “No wonder I can’t get a woman. Noone respects me because I’m small. It’s not my fault I’m small.”

He continued his negative thoughts as he lifted the bag Ling had carried in with one hand. He needed to use both hands and strained himself to lift and carry the bag. He forced himself to the point of exhaustion to avoid the humiliation of failing to manage the bag Ling had so casually carried through the door.

He put the bag in her room and started catching his breath.

“Where’s your husband?” Lee finally asked.

“Oh, he’ll be in soon. He was just on a work call in the car”.

Lee’s biggest worry. The husband. Any social issues he had interacting with women were much worse with men. He spent his developmental years being isolated, shoved in lockers, beaten and dismissed. He swallowed hard as he headed downstairs, worried he may find another such alpha jerk was his new roommate. He had worked so hard to buy this place for himself. He couldn’t believe that he was having to sacrifice it all to stay afloat. Roommates. Nothing could be worse than roommates.

He caught his negative thoughts. “Stop it Lee” he spoke to himself “these aren’t the people who hurt you before. These people aren’t your school bullies. These people aren’t your family. These people are staying for a while to help cover the costs of living. Give them an opportunity. Be brave.”

As he focused on more positive thoughts he slowly descended the stairs, still a little exhausted from carrying the bag.

Ling passed him swiftly and began happily chatting with the man downstairs. Soft words and light giggling floated about the room as Lee emerged.

“Lee, this is my husband, Sam.”

Sam nervously waved hello. He was a tall man with gentle South-East Asian features. He must have stood another half foot over Ling, and smiled in a way that looked as though he defaulted to a smile. His smile exposed just a little too much gum above his top row of perfectly straight white teeth. The most notable feature of Sam was not his smile nor his height. It was his hair. His hair fell in thick, luxurious lines to his waist. It was like a silk waterfall that managed to catch the light and shine with each movement of his head.

“Uh. Hi” Lee managed, stumbling over the words “You have beautiful hair.”

Lee cursed himself. Why did he say that? He made everything so awkward.

“Oh thank you” Ling replied on Sam’s behalf as Sam burned bright red. She then turned to Sam “See Sam, I told you it looked wonderful long. Aren’t you glad you stopped fighting me about that haircut?”

“Yes Ling” Sam replied weakly.

“Sam, go upstairs and get changed. I want to talk to Lee some more” her tone was pleasant but firm.

Sam walked up the stairs without question. Lee watched curiously as the relationship dynamic began to unfold.

“Lee. Can I have some of that tea you brewed?” she said motioning to the pot he had completely forgotten.

“Oh sure” Lee stammered nervously getting the pot. He poured her a small cup. The tea came out a deep brown, almost black.

A ball of anxiety collected in his stomach as he watched Ling take a sip.

“Lee. This is over brewed. Try again.”

Ling smiled as Lee nervously and without question went to brew a new pot of tea and brought it to her.

“Thank you Lee. That’s wonderful. Now Sam and I really must sleep. I’m sure we will get along splendidly.”

Lee watched with a slight lust as Ling ascended the stairs and closed the door to her room.



Lee



Sam

## Chapter 2 – The First Day

Lee woke without an alarm before sunrise and headed downstairs. He heard pans being moved about the kitchen.

“I wish I didn’t have to do this. I just want to be alone. I don’t want these people in my house...” the negative thoughts returned.

His train of negativity was broken as he saw Sam in the kitchen. Sam was busy moving about the kitchen cooking. His hair was tied high on the back of his head and a thick ponytail trailed down, resting in the small of his lower back. He wore a silky set of blue pyjamas that extended to his mid-thigh. His long legs were shaved smooth. Lee caught himself staring at Sam’s legs far too long. They were creamy and flawless like a woman’s legs. Over his pyjamas he wore an apron. From a distance he would easily be mistaken for a woman.

“I hope I didn’t wake you?” Sam asked politely in a gentle voice.

“Oh no. I wake early every morning” Lee responded casually, more confused than intimidated by this man.

“Me too. Ling likes to have her breakfast in bed.”

Sam finished plating up the meal.

“Help yourself to what’s left” he said as he disappeared upstairs with the plate of food.

Lee hadn't had a warm breakfast in years. He felt a sense of nostalgic dread as he started to serve himself the eggs Sam had cooked. The dread was replaced quickly by desire as he began to eat. Sam was a wonderful cook it seemed. Perhaps there could be some benefits to having a roommate after all.

Around an hour later Ling and Sam reemerged from the room together. Both were dressed in suits and ready for work. They were an enviously beautiful couple. With his hair tied low and wearing a suit Sam looked quite handsome, in a soft, modern-man kind of way.

"I liked the cooking" Lee called out to Sam as he began to head out the door.

Sam smiled softly as he and his wife exited the house and headed to work.

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Lee's spent the next 8 hours in the study typing code. He was surprised that he felt almost a sense of happiness when he heard his new roommates coming back through the door. He liked being alone, but never being lonely. The sounds of soft voices and giggling at the door gave him comfort and anticipation of positive things to come.

Sam and Ling spilled through the front door with such joyful passion. They were hugging and whispering to each other with such laughter and happiness. They were an odd couple, Lee thought, but clearly very much in love. Lee almost envied their relationship and its carefree moments of such tender interaction.

Lee was proud to make almost competent small talk with the two during dinner. It seemed Ling was a partner at a law firm downtown. She had just transferred from another office interstate, which was the reason for their move. Sam was an accountant by trade but was yet to pick up a job in his field since the move. Sam had arranged for him to do billing and some basic accounting work at the firm until he found his feet in this new town. It was obvious that Sam was the introverted and shy partner. Ling on the other hand was dynamic, charming and outgoing. She seemed in charge and at ease with any situation. Whenever she spoke Lee seemed to become completely drawn in to what she was saying. He felt as though he were important simply for being able to talk to a woman of such charm and stature. He could see how she had so quickly risen so far in her firm.

"You're such a lucky man Sam" Lee said, after Ling finished an engaging story.

Strangely, Sam blushed before giving a hesitant nod of agreement.

"What about you Lee? Why no girlfriend?" Ling interrogated.

"Uh. Not much interest from girls I guess..." Lee trailed off before adding "and I'm a bit shy I guess."

"Can I help you with that?" Ling's offer was direct and sincere, catching Lee off guard.

"Uh... sure? You have a friend I can meet?" Lee responded.

"Maybe. But first I want to help you build your confidence and look the part. If you want a good fish, you need good bait" Ling stared intensely as she spoke.

"Oh. Okay" Lee started slipping back into his awkwardness, unable to find words and conversation.

“Great. Then Saturday we will go to town together. We need to fix that hair of yours and get you at least one set of fashionable clothes” Ling declared.

“Oh. Okay” Lee stammered out again, not sure what he had gotten himself into. He had to acknowledge however, that he was long overdue for a haircut. His greasy hair was now just down past his shoulders and constantly getting in his face. Perhaps this wouldn’t be so bad, he thought to himself.

Lee looked up and saw Sam giving him a very intense stare. Was he jealous? Should he have declined this offer? He didn’t want to read too much into it.

Sam got up from the table, and came over to Lee. To Lee’s relief he spoke softly and kindly “Goodnight Lee”.

To Lee’s surprise Sam leaned in and hugged him goodnight. Sam’s soft hair pressed against Lee’s cheek and filled his nostrils with an alluring flowery fragrance. Was Sam wearing women’s perfume, or was it just the smell of shampoo in his hair? Lee burned bright red with embarrassment as Sam finished the embrace and headed upstairs to his room.

“He’s very beautiful, isn’t he?” Ling asked once he was in the room. Without waiting for an answer, she continued “I really adore beautiful men”.

With those words Ling departed up the stairs and into her room with Sam.



Lee



Sam

### Chapter 3 – The Trip to Town

The weekend arrived and Ling remained true to her promise to take Lee to town to help him clean up his image.

“You can’t wear legible clothing if you want to find a woman” she said, dragging Lee by the hand into an expensive looking store.

“Uh.. ummm” Lee could hardly speak. His heart was racing from Ling having taken his hand in hers.

“Here, this will suit. Maybe this one. Here, try this on” Ling was like a whirlwind, dragging Lee from aisle to aisle and pushing clothes up against him. Eventually after several rounds of trying on clothes she was satisfied.

“There, that’s perfect” she declared.

Lee looked in the mirror. He couldn’t see what was so perfect about it. He was in a pair of skinny black trousers that seemed a bit too short and a black t-shirt that seemed a bit too tight.

“These are expensive” Lee complained.

“We can sort that out later” Ling responded, dragging him to the register, still wearing the new clothes.

“He’ll wear these out” she declared, paying for Lee who was left in a state of confusion.

Next she dragged Lee to the hairdresser.

“Sit” she directed, pointing at the chair. Lee followed without question. Ling spoke to the hairdresser for some time before the hairdresser came and escorted him to a row of chairs in front of sinks. He sat in one of the reclined chairs and the hairdresser put a towel around the back of his neck. She then started running warm water over his head using a soft spray nozzle.

“Is the temperature ok?” the hairdresser asked in a melodic voice.

“Uh. Yeah.” Lee responded, closing his eyes and enjoying the feeling of her hands beginning to run through his hair. Lee had never had his hair washed by someone else before and it was a strange and elating experience. The hairdresser’s gentle fingers lightly scratching against his scalp. The sweet scent of the shampoo and conditioner. The soft sounds of the water cascading into the sink. His head felt light, as though all the heaviness had escaped and floated into the atmosphere at the touch of the hairdresser’s hands. Lee was brought back to reality as the tap turned off and the hairdresser gently directed him back to the chair.

Once seated the hairdresser began combing and drying his hair.

“You’re lucky to have a wife who takes such good care of you,” the hairdresser commented as the dryer ran waves of heat over his head, ears and neck.

“Oh. She’s not my wife” Lee responded.

The hairdresser hardly seemed to acknowledge his response and she brushed through his hair and focused the heat about his head in various spots.

Once his hair was dry, Lee could see how in need of a haircut he was. The ends of his hair sat down below his collar bone and were dry and frizzled. His hair ended in all different lengths about his shoulders and back. Ling was right, he had really let himself go.

The hairdresser placed a cape around Lee and began to grab long hair clips. She clipped the top hair at the top of his head and began brushing and cutting. She would grab small sections of hair between her fingers and chop at an angle. Lee was waiting for her to grab hair clippers, but this never seemed to happen. Instead she took section after section and cut lightly, with an inch or so of hair falling to his lap with each snip.

Lee caught himself staring at the hairdresser as she cut. She was quite attractive. Then the hairdresser caught him staring at herself. He quickly averted his gaze and closed his eyes.

Shortly after she let go the clips on top of his head and repeated the process. Lee kept his eyes mostly closed to avoid repeating the earlier awkward incident. At times the gentle flow of the sound of scissors almost lulled him to sleep.

Finally the hair dryer started again, pushing the loose cuttings of hair from his face and shoulders. She dried his hair again and brushed it with a large, round comb. Lee wasn't sure how to describe what had happened. She seemed to have cut very little at all, yet somehow had completely changed the haircut.

His hair now sat around half an inch above his shoulders. The frizzy ends were gone, and it all finished in one smooth length, curling in slightly toward his neck. His hair looked healthy and radiant. It shone far more than a man's hair should. The hairdresser held up a mirror and he could see the back of his head. The hair sat thick at the back, with the same straight shininess that the rest of his hair had.

"That is a beautiful shoulder length bob" Ling commented, coming over to inspect the haircut "you look absolutely amazing".

Lee wasn't sure he looked amazing. The look was somehow much more feminine than he anticipated. As he stood up and the hairdresser removed his cape, he caught himself in the mirror.

He was shorter than all the women in the salon. His new black pants hugged his skinny legs and finished just above the sock. His tight black t-shirt with its too short arms hugged his bony frame. His hair shone. It fell about his neck, just short of brushing his shoulders. It was full of volume and health. It was unmistakably a women's haircut, but it didn't look out of place on him.

Ling stopped his staring as she grabbed his hand again and led him to the cashier. The cashier complimented his haircut and took payment from Ling.

"Goodnight ladies" the cashier called after them.

"Ladies?" Lee questioned out loud.

"Oh, don't worry. She probably says it a thousand times a day and isn't paying any attention" Ling reassured.

"Uh. Ling?" Lee asked.

"Yes?"

"Thank you for all this, but I don't know how I'm going to repay you. Most of my money goes to the house payments. Maybe I could just reduce your share of the rent?" Lee proposed, hoping she wouldn't take him up on the offer. He really needed that money to keep paying off the house without encountering any serious difficulties.

"I have another proposal" Ling responded.

Lee looked on with interest.

"You're home all day and Sam and I are incredibly time poor. Perhaps I could pay you to do our share of the cleaning and our washing. Would that work for you?"

“Sure” Lee responded. He didn’t know if he had time, but that would be far better than losing the income from the house sharing.

“Ok then. Let’s get you home. Sam and I have a bit of cleaning for you to get started on” she said authoritatively, almost like she had just acquired a new employee.



Lee



Sam

#### Chapter 4 – Routine

“Lee, I need a quick word with you” Ling demanded.

For the past three weeks Lee had settled into the new routine of having roommates. He was thankful to start each day eating what was left of Sam’s cooking for Ling. He worked during the day, then did the washing, drying, folding and ironing for Sam and Ling. He then ate dinner with the pair, making small talk, and then cleaned the house a little before bed.

“Sure Ling” Lee said, putting down a duster and moving to the dining room where Ling was waiting.

“Lee, I’ve spent quite a bit on a number of new clothes for you and I think you’re getting closer to the point where I could present you to my friends. But you’re really not doing a great job of your end of the deal.” She looked disapprovingly at Lee as she spoke.

“Oh. Sorry. Umm... what do you mean?” Lee responded, feeling like a disobedient child being scolded for something he wasn’t sure he had done.

“Our clothes are constantly coming back with your hair all over them. You really need to do something about it.”

“Uh. Ok. Umm... what do I do?” Lee responded a little relieved it wasn’t anything more serious.

“Talk to Sam. He’s the one with the long hair” she responded dismissively.

Lee headed to the next room and dutifully found Sam sitting and reading.

“Uh, Sam. Could you help me with something?” Lee asked nervously.

“Sure dear” Sam responded softly.

“My hair is falling on the clothes as I clean them. How do you keep your hair from falling on everything?”

“Here, let me help” Sam responded.

Lee gasped as Sam gently grabbed his hand and began to walk him up the stairs. It was an intimate touch that he would never have expected from another man.

“Take off all your clothes except your underwear” Sam said gently once they arrived in the bathroom.

“My clothes?” Lee responded in confusion.

“Yes dear” Sam responded.

Lee figured he must be planning to cut his hair again so peeled off his pants and t-shirt.

Sam came back with gloves on and without saying a word began to rub a thick white cream on Lee’s legs.

“What are you doing?” Lee said, almost in anger.

“Shhhh... it’ll help your problem” responded Sam, running his hands and the thick cream up Lee’s inner thigh.

Lee looked down. Sam’s hands were gently massaging up his legs and inner thigh. The clear plastic gloves covered his long, thin fingers and strangely long nails. In fact, it almost appeared Sam had clear nail polish on under those gloves. As Sam’s hands moved about his legs, Lee started to focus on Sam’s long hair swinging and swaying about his waist as he moved. Lee began to feel arousal and quickly closed his eyes and tried to think of something else.

“What’s wrong with you Lee? That’s a man. A man rubbing your legs. Get out of here...” his negative thoughts helped distract his growing arousal.

Sam then began repeating the process on his arms and body.

“What has this got to do with my hair?” Lee demanded once he could summon the focus.

“Just jump in the shower and you’ll see” Sam responded.

Lee got in the shower and was relieved to turn on the tap. Whatever Sam had put on him was beginning to burn and irritate his skin. As the water fell over his body the cream washed off, taking all the hair away with it. Left in place was soft, creamy, nude, virgin skin.

Lee dried himself off and wrapped the towel around himself.

“What have you done?” Lee demanded angrily of Sam as he exited the bathroom and saw Sam sitting on the bed.

“Now you don’t have to worry about your hair falling on the clothes” Sam responded with a soft innocent voice.

“I meant my head hair!” Lee was furious, his voice cracking a little as he responded.

Sam looked back with a hint of anger himself.

“You’ve had a lot more than head hair falling on our clothes. As for your head hair, here” Sam reached for a black Alice band and put it gently in Lee’s hair.

Lee was about to have more angry words with Sam when Ling walked in the room. “Oh, Lee. Good. Sam’s helped you solve that problem. Now I expect you to remain hairless and keep your hair back with that band while you do the cleaning, at least until your hair is long enough for a ponytail”.

Lee felt a strange mix of anger, shame and rebellion. He was being treated like an employee in his own house. He tried to summon words but they wouldn’t come. He burned red and felt a dry lump at the back of his throat. Adrenalin hit and he began to feel like crying.

“o... ok” he managed to squeeze out, before leaving the room and hiding in his bedroom.



Lee



Sam

## Chapter 5 – Changes

“I look like a girl” Lee complained to himself as he got changed in front of the mirror. His tight mid-calf black pants revealing a hint of his creamy, hairless legs. His tight black t shirt with white collar and cuffs, stopped only two inches below his shoulders, revealing skinny, silky, hairless arms. His soft, thick, black hair was pushed back by a white Alice band and fell down to the tops of his shoulders.

Lee felt almost disgusted with himself, but was thankful it was just a haircut and depilatory cream that had found him in his current predicament. He could easily reverse this at any time of his choosing.

His days continued in their usual routine, but little things started changing around the house. Well, changing around Sam and Ling. Sam seemed to be changing each week. Not long after the depilatory incident, Sam had his ears pierced and started wearing earrings. He really wasn’t manly enough to pull them off. The next week he started dressing differently to work. His suits were gone. In their place he was wearing light slacks and brightly coloured silk shirts. Shirts may not have been the right word, they definitely looked more like blouses.

The third week his eyebrows were plucked much thinner and had a well-defined shape. It made his whole face seem feminine and soft. The fourth week he came home from work with his hair dyed. His perfect black hair was gone, replaced instead by a shiny artificial brown. It was the brown that seemed to only exist when Asian girls tried to get blonde hair but didn't quite succeed.

The end result was that no one who saw Sam heading to work could have been clear on his gender.

At the same time, Ling's behaviour was changing toward Lee. She was becoming both more demanding and more personal. She regularly scolded him for improper folding or ironing, or for missing a spot of mess about the house. At the same time she became increasingly affectionate. She hugged him morning and night. She would often sit close next to him and play with his hair. Occasionally she would rest her head on his shoulders.

Whenever she touched him, Lee would feel completely weak. It was a delicious feeling. Connectedness and warmth and affection, and also lust. He knew he shouldn't have these feelings for a married woman, but he couldn't help it. She was beautiful and he loved her presence.

One evening after she dismissed Sam to bed, Lee summoned the courage to ask Ling about Sam.

"Ling, have you noticed Sam, umm... changing a bit?"

"Oh yes" she said, with a smile on her face "he's really becoming much more beautiful. I really like beautiful men."

The two sat in silence for a moment before she continued.

"He used to have to keep up appearances for his old job. But now at my firm I have him working as my administrative assistant. He doesn't have to abide by a strict dress code or dress to please client expectations. I can choose out clothes and style that much better suit him".

Her words were somehow firm, deterring Lee from pushing further.

After another long silence she pulled the Alice band gently from Lee's hair.

"You know, you could be quite a beautiful man yourself" she said.

Ling leaned in close and looked deeply in his eyes. Lee felt her breath on his cheek. He became conscious of his pulse and his own breathing. His nervousness seemed to rise from his abdomen and lodge itself in his throat.

"My friends are going to fall over you. But, can we change one thing...?" she said softly, placing her hand on his thigh.

His pants began to tent and he tried to keep composure. His face became pale as the blood rushed away.

"Oh. Ok." He stammered out, barely a whisper, trying desperately to not reveal his state of arousal.

"We need to tidy up those hideous eyebrows" her hard words landed on him heavily, but her actions didn't match. Her fingers gently traced his eyebrows.

“Yes” Lee practically moaned.

She grabbed Lee’s hand and gently led him to the bedroom. She sat him in front of the vanity mirror and grabbed a pair of tweezers. Sam was sitting on the edge of the bed watching it all. He was wearing a pair of pink silk shorts and a pink, short sleeve shirt.

Ling placed the Alice band back in Lee’s hair, pushing it away from his face and began to pluck. Each hair stung as it was removed and the ridge of his brow ended up feeling thick and hot.

“There. Now you’re much more beautiful” Ling said, leaning in and kissing him gently on his closed lips.

Lee’s heart nearly exploded through his mouth. His first action was to spin around and see Sam’s reaction. Sam glared angrily at Lee, clearly jealous that his wife had just kissed his lips and called him beautiful.

“Uh. I need to go” Lee said awkwardly and quickly retreated to his bedroom.

He locked himself in the ensuite and tried to talk himself through the situation. Only after twenty minutes of panic did he think to check his eyebrows. A whole new panic set in.

Lee’s brows had been plucked much thinner than Sam’s. Lee was left with a line no thicker than a small chopstick at its thickest point, and carefully plucked into high arches. It left his eyes looking completely feminine. No man would shape his brows like this. His brows were now almost identical to Ling’s.

He looked at himself again. He didn’t look like a beautiful man by any stretch of the imagination. He looked like a very plain woman.



Lee



Sam

## Chapter 6 – Growth

The next morning Lee summoned the courage to go downstairs and talk things over with Sam. Sam was in the kitchen in his apron. The apron extended down past his short pink shorts and appeared almost like a dress. His shiny brown hair was tied in a high ponytail revealing two large hoop earrings. He looked far more female than male.

“Hi Sam. I just wanted to speak about last night” Lee summoned the courage to say.

“Go ahead” said Sam with a soft smile.

“I really didn’t mean to kiss your wife. I really didn’t know she’d do that” Lee found himself making excuses for behaviours he hadn’t even had a part in.

“It’s ok dear” said Sam, softly caressing Lee’s upper arm “I know what its like not to be able to say no to Ling”.

The two stayed in silence for a moment, Sam gently rubbing Lee’s arm and looking down on him with a piercing glaze that did not at all match the soft empathy in his voice and words.

“Here, I made you some breakfast” Sam said, passing over a plate of avocado toast.

“Oh. Thank you,” said Lee. He smiled to himself thinking “I hope he didn’t poison these”.

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In the coming days, if anything, Sam and Lee grew closer. Sam began to pay more attention to Lee and was always sure to cook him breakfast. Ling also began to pay more attention to Lee. She did not continue to kiss him on the lips, but became increasingly handsy, touching and caressing him as he went about his work and cleaning. She would also often kiss him on the cheek and whisper in his ear.

She also continued to provide new clothes to Lee. They didn’t change much, but seemed slightly more boyish and less manly. His usual mid-calf pants were replaced by mid-thigh black shorts. The white collar and cuffs on the t-shirts became finer, no longer thick cotton but a rather delicate silk. His sneakers were replaced with plain black shoes that looked like ballet flats. The changes were not dramatic, but enough to make Lee feel uncomfortable. Particularly the shorts, which exposed a vast amount of his denuded legs.

This discomfort was amplified by the fact that Ling would constantly touch his exposed thighs when she sat next to him. Often, he would catch Sam staring as she stroked his leg. Lee wondered how Sam could remain so calm. Lee would have been overwhelmed with jealousy and anger if a wife like Ling were caressing the thigh of another man, particularly in front of him.

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The little changes to Lee seemed insignificant however, next to the changes he observed in Sam. Sam had begun painting his nails. First in light pink, then in bolder shades of red. He also seemed to have stopped cutting them and they now extended half an inch from the end of each finger. His earrings were becoming larger and more feminine with each passing week, to the point where it was not unusual to see him with feminine drop earrings almost touching his shoulder. But the biggest change was to his complexion. Sam seemed to be getting lighter and lighter, and his lips redder. Lee figured Sam must be using makeup, but didn’t know enough about makeup to be sure, or have enough social skill to broach the subject without causing offence.

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Days and weeks passed into months. One morning Lee realised that his hair was finally long enough to pull into a ponytail. He excitedly removed the Alice band and tied his hair back at the base of his neck. The stubby ponytail fell just below his shoulders. He headed downstairs in his

black shorts and black and white t-shirt feeling happy to finally be free of the feminine headwear.

“What do you think you’re doing?” Ling said demandingly.

“What?” Lee froze at Ling’s tone and could barely respond sensibly.

“Go back upstairs and put your hairband in this minute. So long as you’re working for me to pay off those clothes I get you, you’ll wear what I tell you to”

Lee wanted to protest. The Alice band was only in his hair to stop his hair falling. He was sure that Ling had even said it was only until he could tie a ponytail.

“In fact. I’ve been meaning to talk to you about working in those clothes” Ling went on “It’s good you’re wearing them but they’re getting dirty while you clean. You really need an apron. Go put your hair back in place and I’ll get you one”.

Lee felt humiliated and angry, but his will to protest was drained. He went upstairs and put the hairband back in and returned. Ling tied a small white apron around his waist. It seemed almost too small to be functional, covering most of his short shorts, but nothing of his shirt. It ended in a frilly lace pattern that seemed to match the lace on his t-shirt. It was ridiculously feminine.

“I can’t wear this...” Lee protested out loud, finally summoning some form of resistance.

“I told you, Lee, that you will wear what I instruct you to while working for me. Do I make myself clear?”

Ling looked down on Lee with a ferocious and subdued anger. Lee felt incredibly fearful and intimidated by this woman.

“Uh... yes” he whimpered weakly in response.

“Good” she said, her face moving into a warm smile “that’s a good boy”.

She leaned in and kissed him on the lips again.

He should have felt arousal, but nothing came. “It must be all the months of trying to subdue my arousal. It must finally be working” Lee told himself, almost happy he felt nothing in this moment.

Lee grabbed the vacuum, and began to do his housework in his white Alice band, frilly white apron and black shorts and t-shirt with their lace collar and cuffs.



Lee



Sam

### Chapter 7 - Skirts for Sam

Lee had just finished folding laundry when he heard Ling and Sam come home. He headed out to the living room to greet them and stood still in his tracks.

Sam was standing in the entry in his usual pink blouse, but now wearing a pencil skirt and a low-heeled shoe. It was obvious to anyone who had seen Sam these last few months that it was inevitable that he would eventually transition to live as a woman, but seeing it for the first time still caught Lee off guard.

“Oh, Sam. You’re wearing a skirt” Lee spat out the obvious and awkward statement.

Sam turned red “Oh yes. It’s the new work dress code. I didn’t really have a choice. All the secretaries have to wear this.”

Lee looked suspiciously at Ling. Ling was his boss and would surely be the one to set the dress code. Lee also looked suspiciously at Sam. He surely couldn’t be innocent to these changes. Surely he could tell his wife was turning him into a woman.

“Uh, well. Looks good on you” Lee continued to blunder his way through the conversation.

“Thanks dear” Sam said, his cheeks flushing deep red once again.

The roommates stumbled their way through an awkward dinner conversation. Lee couldn’t help continuing to stare at Sam. Over the past few months Sam had become a rather beautiful woman. But seeing him now in women’s clothes it accentuated the fact he wasn’t a woman. His shoulders were a little too broad, his features a bit too masculine, his hands a bit too large. He looked like a stunning ladyboy, but not quite a lady. A passing observer would never notice, but to someone sitting and talking for a protracted period, little hints of manliness emerged.

Something about Sam’s transformation sat uncomfortably with Lee. The way he blushed at the compliments and seemed uncomfortable in the skirt and heels made it seem like perhaps Sam was foolish enough not to notice that his wife had completely feminized him. Lee determined to confront Ling about this once Sam had been sent to his room. He waited impatiently until dinner was over and Sam dismissed.

“Ling, before I clear the dinner table, may I ask you something?” Lee summoned.

“What is it?” her tone in the last weeks had become more direct, demanding and stern.

“Does Sam not realise you’re turning him into a woman?”

“I would never do that to dear Sam. He’s a beautiful man but I’d never try to turn him into a woman. If it’s about the work dress code, it’s merely professionalism. Nothing says a man can’t wear a skirt. Now, are you going to keep making baseless accusations or are you going to get back to doing what you’re meant to?” Ling was firm and hard in her speaking. She ended by pointing to the dishes on the table.

Lee knew the whole situation was a fraud but lacked the conviction to continue to confront her. He also lacked the desire. Whatever was happening was none of his business or concern.

He picked up the dishes and cleaned up the dining room and kitchen before retiring to his bedroom.

----

As he peered at himself in the mirror he paused.

His hair fell unevenly down to his shoulder blades, having not been cut for some time. It still shone brightly and looked thick and full, but looked slightly less feminine now that it was outgrown and a little messy. The Alice band that secured it back from his face however made the hairstyle unmistakably feminine.

His high arched brows gave him a look of innocent feminine surprise, which drew out the softness of his small Asian features.

His hairless skinny body was wrapped in a black and white outfit with a frilly white apron. He registered for the first time how much it looked like a maid’s outfit with its colour scheme and fit. His creamy hairless legs in his black ballet flats did nothing to reassert his manliness.

“Is Ling turning me into a girl too? Have I been as ignorant as Sam?” Lee wondered to himself.

He took off his clothes to head to the shower. His body, still so skinny, seemed almost softer in a way. Tiny pockets of fat were starting to develop. Perhaps from eating Sam’s cooking every morning he figured, but the slightly softer frame did nothing to detract from his girly appearance.

Tomorrow I’m going to make sure this isn’t happening to me, he thought to himself. I’ll wear the most masculine clothes I have and get a haircut. Even if it means I miss out on those dates I was promised and have to struggle with the house repayment for a while. No comfort and no amount of attention from Ling was worth losing his manhood and ending up like Sam.

----

After his shower Lee returned to his bedroom and nearly dropped his towel in surprise. Ling was sitting on his bed waiting for him.

“Sorry, I let myself in. I had something important to tell you” Ling said, making no fuss about him standing in nothing more than a towel in front of her.

He stood embarrassed in silence for a while before she continued.

“My friend Susan wants to date you tomorrow night and I think you’re just about ready. Can I tell her you will accept?”

Lee’s heart skipped a beat, and the negative thoughts and sensible scheming left his mind. He had never had a date before in his life. His nerves competed with his excitement.

“Yes. Definitely yes” Lee said excitedly.

“Good, I’ll come home from work early tomorrow and help you prepare”.

Lee had a restless sleep full of excited imaginings of the day to come.



Lee



Sam

## Chapter 8 - The Date

Lee could hardly concentrate on his work. His mind was overwhelmed first with excitement for the coming date and later with fear and anxiety that he would do something embarrassing and ruin the date. He had also agreed without asking anything about this woman. What was she like? What did she know about him? He should have asked so many more questions.

When Ling came home Lee excitedly greeted her to ask about the date. He launched into questions about this surprise date.

Ling dismissed his questions gently. First, we need to get you ready. Susan likes a well-dressed man, but someone with a sharp sense of fashion. As good as you look in your black t-shirt and pants, I don’t think it will do. Here, I’ve brought you something to wear.

Ling headed upstairs with Lee and instructed him to put on his mid-calf black pants and a shirt she handed him. It was a silk white shirt, the exact kind Sam wore to work. Lee remembered thinking that this was a blouse, not a shirt, but put it on anyway to see the result. Looking at himself in the mirror the result wasn’t as bad as he expected. With the Alice band removed and his hair parted in the middle, and the silk white shirt and tight black pants, he looked entirely too effeminate for his taste, but not as womanly as he usually did in his work outfit.

“You look great. But one more thing if you really want to impress her” Ling added.

“What is it?” Lee responded.

“Susan really likes men with earrings...” she said, hanging on the last word.

“No way” Lee responded, wise to the fact that this was clearly a ruse to feminize him further. He started to question if there even was a Susan, or a date.

“Look” Ling said, showing her phone. There was a long chat between Susan and Ling about men with earrings, and Susan asking Ling to set her up with a man who had them “I told her you had earrings to get this date”.

It all seemed a bit beyond belief, but it was only one night and in a few hours Lee would know the truth. He relented, and soon Ling reappeared with a needle, ice, tissues and a potato. Ling numbed his ear and drove the needle through, using the potato to stop the needle on the other side. She sloppily soaked up all the bleeding before placing a small gold stud in each ear.

“There, you can hardly notice” she said, drawing Lee to the mirror.

She was right. The small studs were hardly noticeable at all.

“Clean up quickly” Ling whispered, “I can hear that your date is here”.

----

Lee descended the stairs and saw the unfamiliar woman in the room. He suddenly felt he understood why she wanted a fashionable man with earrings. Susan had a very distinct style. Her blonde hair was slightly shorter than Lee’s, and was undercut against the skin on one side. She had multiple piercings in one ear, as well as an eyebrow and nose piercing. She was heavily tattooed on her arms and presumably under her clothes. She wore a white singlet with a leather jacket and tight jeans. She had a sexy body, but gave a strong impression of being a butch lesbian.

“Lee?” she asked, as he arrived at the door.

“Uh... yes?” he answered, unintentionally sounding more like he was asking a question than confirming her suspicion.

“Oh my. You were right. He’s cute” Susan said to Ling, as if Lee wasn’t standing immediately in front of them.

“I’ll leave you two to your date” Ling said, gently pushing Lee out the door with Susan.

----

To Lee’s relief Susan was chatty. The whole way to the restaurant she talked about herself, her work, her likes, her hobbies. There was nothing particularly fascinating about her that warranted such discussion, but she seemed to make up for her uneventful life with abundant enthusiasm for the uneventful things of which it was comprised. Lee mostly smiled and nodded, occasionally interjecting a “that’s great” or “wow”. He was just thankful his lacking social skills were not being called upon in any serious way.

As they ate at the restaurant Susan began complimenting Lee.

“I like your hair. It makes you look like a k-pop star”, “your earrings are so rebellious”, “I love your shirt, you’re such a stylish guy” she showered him with praise as he turned bright red.

“I... really like your look too...” Lee nervously returned compliment.

“Really, what about it?” Susan enquired.

“Oh, umm... everything?” He responded once again more like he was asking a question.

Susan reached over the table and ran her hand through the side of his hair, gently and affectionately.

“You’re so cute Lee. Can I kiss you?”

He sat in stunned silence before half nodding in fear and joyful anticipation.

Susan leaned in and kissed his closed lips. She pushed forward her tongue, parting his lips. He opened his eyes briefly, taking in the closeness of her pretty face as her tongue started to explore his. His heart rose to his throat and his mind escaped as she her hand reached the back of his head. She grabbed a handful of his hair and pushed his lips further into hers, as her tongue fully engaged the inside of his mouth.

She parted the kiss before reaching in for a smaller kiss, repeating the process with descending kisses until Lee was completely stunned and frozen with intimacy.

His whole body felt aroused and his manhood stood to attention for the first time in weeks. He looked hungrily at Susan but remained without words.

“Next time I want to kiss more of you.” She spoke into a void of consciousness. Lee was too lost in the aftermath of the kiss to comprehend.

They walked home hand in hand with Susan continuing to talk about herself. They arrived at the front door and stood in silence for a moment.

“Thank you” said Lee, awkwardly offering his hand for a handshake.

Susan smiled and grabbed his hand, then used it to pull him against her body. She pressed him back against the door with both hands against his shoulders. He stood there pinned by this much larger and stronger woman for seconds that felt like minutes, before she lowered her head and kissed him even more passionately than she had in the restaurant.

As she parted lips for the final time, she dragged her hand down Lee’s chest before releasing him completely.

“Don’t change a bit. I really like you this way” she called, before turning and exiting into the black of the night.



Lee



Sam

### Chapter 9 – The Long Wait

“I hear you really hit it off with Susan?” Ling asked smugly.

“Uh.. yeah. I really like her.”

“So don’t you feel stupid now for questioning all the effort I put into getting you ready for her?”

He hadn’t really turned his mind to this question.

“Uh. I guess” he responded weakly.

“Unfortunately, I have some bad news for you. Susan wants another date, but she’s having to travel overseas for work for a while. She should be back in three months if you can wait for her.”

“Of course I’ll wait” Lee responded. He had never felt this way about anyone. Probably because he had never had a date or intimacy with anyone. Every sensation was new to him.

“I’ll let her know.”

“Can I have her number?” Lee asked.

“You should have asked her. Ask her on the next date” Ling responded dismissively, waving off his request.

----

The next weeks returned to a normal routine. The only thing that changed was Lee’s constant sense of excitement. Having Susan to look forward to gave him a great sense of anticipation. With something to look forward to he went about his work and cleaning with joyful ease. He barely concerned himself with the fact that Sam was now dressed as a woman full-time, or that Ling was becoming increasingly demanding around the house. He was focused only on the next date, three months away.

The only thing that drew his attention from time to time was his ever-weakening body. He seemed to be struggling more and more with basic tasks. He was also getting softer and fatter. His pants were beginning to tighten at the waist and his bony chest was becoming slightly

flabby. The weakness was significant enough that Lee started trying to eat less and fit exercises in between his work and cleaning duties. In such a short time frame it didn't have an impact. Instead, he seemed to continue to fill out little by little. No one else would notice these sorts of subtle changes, but he could see it in himself. He felt generally "off". He found himself increasingly unable to complete ordinary tasks without a great deal of emotional and physical struggle.

As the three months started drawing to a close his mind again became distracted with the return of Susan and less with his shifting body. A week prior to his return he spoke endlessly to Ling about Susan's return and his impending date.

"Do you need my help getting prepared?" she asked one evening over dinner.

"No. I think I should be ok."

"Remember who prepared you properly for the first date. I wouldn't be arrogant if I were you," Ling said, almost threateningly.

Lee looked down at the table.

"You're right. Would you please help me prepare?" he said in a low, soft voice.

"Sure. Tomorrow we'll go back to the city and get you ready. You'll definitely be needing a haircut."

"But Susan told me not to change a thing. I think she likes long hair on me" he protested, unable to believe that he was now fighting to keep his hair long.

"Yes. She said not to change. That was three months ago and your hair has grown into a mess."

He looked at the nearest mirror and caught an awkward angled reflection. She was right. His hair now hung to below his shoulder blades, but ended unevenly at different lengths in different places.

"Ok. I'm in your hands again" Lee responded, and waited for the weekend.



Lee



Sam

## Chapter 10 – Getting Ready

Ling started with clothes shopping. She had Lee try on tight white jeans that fit his waist much better than his slacks and shorts now did. The white jeans were paired with a light blue singlet that grabbed his body. It clung tight to his increasingly flabby chest, and his nipples pushed out against the fabric. The outfit left his skinny, bare hairless arms completely exposed. It also revealed just how narrow and weak his shoulders were.

“Here, try these on,” Ling handed Lee a pair of boots.

The boots were black and came to mid-calf. They were quite delicate for boots, and had a small platform base and a slight heel. Ling could see Lee looking suspiciously at the heels.

“It’ll help bring you level with those beautiful lips of hers” Ling suggested.

The reminder of Susan’s lips completely disarmed Lee. He tied up the boots without further hesitation.

The pair then headed to the jewellery store.

“It’s time you got a little bolder than gold studs. You know how Susan likes rebellious piercings”.

By the time they left the store Lee had two small drop earrings. They looked too effeminate for Lee’s taste, but he remembered how right Ling was before the previous date with Susan so did not question.

The two then headed to the hairdressers. Just as last time Lee took his seat and Ling provided instructions.

Ling returned and whispered in his ear “they’re also going to clean up your nails. You may not like it, but Susan will”.

That was all he needed to hear. Lee was looking forward to the ecstatic pleasure of another shampoo from the hairdresser. With even longer hair the tugging and pulling on his scalp felt even more satisfying. The haircut went through much the same motions, again making tiny cuts into small sections of hair until the hairdresser had worked her way around the head.

As she did so another girl worked on his nails. She filed and pushed his cuticle before finishing with a clear coat of polish. His fingernails were short and clean, and perhaps a little too well cared for, but it was not particularly noticeable.

As the girl finished on his nails, the hairdresser became less discriminate in her cutting, taking off large lengths. His hair was being cut back to his shoulders, slightly shorter than last time he saw Susan. Finally, his hair was brushed forward over his face so he couldn’t see.

“Stay still” the hairdresser instructed gently.

He felt scissors run the length of his brow, slowly snipping as they moved.

Long hair fell into his lap with each dramatic cut.

“Ok, done.”

He looked up at the mirror and his face turned pale. Not since his first visit to the hairdressers had he had such a sickened reaction to his appearance.

The hairdresser had cut his hair back into a long bob. But this time she had cut blunt bangs which curled gently at his eyebrows. No man had ever had this haircut, he was sure of it. It was the most feminine conceivable haircut.

“No. I can’t go out like this.”

For the first time in months his mind began to spiral and catastrophise. His descent into negativity was stopped by Ling running her hand through the back of his hair.

“It feels so soft and beautiful now. So much better”

“No...” he responded, “this is a woman’s haircut”.

“You still don’t trust me. Susan will love it. If she doesn’t you can shave it all off tomorrow”.

Defeated, red faced and humiliated he left for the register hand in hand with Ling.

“Oh my God, Ling. Is that your little sister?” the receptionist asked, looking at Lee.

Before Lee could do anything more than turn beetroot purple Ling responded.

“No, this is my roommate and housekeeper Lee. He has a date tonight.”

Lee almost wished she had lied and said he was her sister. The receptionist stared awkwardly with her mouth agape.

“Oh ok. Good luck with that” the receptionist said, barely concealing a snicker.

“Don’t worry about her. Susan will be here tomorrow, and you’ll see how right I am”.



Lee



Sam

## Chapter 11 – The second date

Lee’s heart beat to the point of exhaustion all day. He couldn’t wait to see Susan again. He was ready hours early. He looked at himself in the mirror once again and touched up his hair. He frowned. Would Susan really accept this look? It was definitely a step too far, he figured.

“Lee, that look isn’t right” Ling said, as Lee looked at himself in the mirror.

“What do you mean? You chose it” Lee responded a little indignant.

“I mean this,” she said, playfully squeezing his rear.

Lee jumped and squealed a little at having his ass squeezed and then turned to look in the mirror. He could see what Ling was talking about. His black underwear was extremely visible under the thin white jeans.

“Here, use these” Ling said, holding out a white g-string.

Lee was very hesitant but agreed to try it on. He felt extremely awkward as the thin strap buried its way into his ass cheeks and gripped the sensitive space between his ass and his balls. He squeezed himself back into the jeans and reemerged.

“See. No visible panty line” Ling said, lightly swatting his ass this time.

“This doesn’t feel right Ling. I look like a girl.”

Ling looked at him. At his height and size there wasn’t much he could do to not look like a girl. But standing here in skin-tight white jeans, his light blue singlet and his heeled boots, the conclusion of his womanhood was unavoidable. The delicate earrings dangling from his ears and the manicured and clear polished nails added to the effect. If there was any doubt at all, Lee’s thick, shiny bob with bangs falling to his thin arched eyebrows absolutely confirmed his status as a woman. Ling had orchestrated all of this, but she had not counted on Lee’s womanly figure.

His nipples pressed out against the singlet and were very visible. They seemed too large for a man, and seemed to be pushed forward by a small amount of breast tissue. He’d have hardly cleared an AA cup, but the chest was unquestionably feminine. Not only that, but Ling was more and more noticing Lee’s womanly hips and soft features. It was almost as though dressing him as a girl was turning him into one.

“I won’t lie. You do look very feminine. But you’re doing this for Susan right? And trust me. She’ll love the look,” Ling reassured.

Lee fussed and continued to feel discomfort over his appearance until Susan arrived an hour later. He bounded down the stairs to see her. Lee caught a glimpse of her and swooned. His anticipation and infatuation had, in his mind, elevated her looks to a Goddess-like quality. He almost ran to embrace her.

“My God. Lee. You look incredible!” Susan said enthusiastically upon seeing him “Come here”.

He came over and the two embraced. Susan ran her hands through his hair, playing gently with his bangs and pulling lightly at the side of his head with the other hand.

“I love this hair... and these earrings” she said, pulling his hair back at the side.

Lee froze a little not sure how to respond to all these compliments.

“I... I missed you” he spluttered out nervously.

Without saying a word Susan responded by grabbing a handful of the hair at the back of Lee’s head and drawing him to her for a kiss. Her beautiful tongue entered his mouth again and he felt her breath enter him. He closed his eyes and allowed the world to melt away. He felt united to

her at an almost spiritual level. Such an intense feeling from such a small movement of the lips and tongue.

The embrace and kiss lasted no more than ten seconds but seemed to Lee to be worth a lifetime of waiting.

Susan gently caressed the side of Lee's face.

"You're such a beautiful man" she said gently, before running her hand gently down the side of his neck. Her fingers danced playfully down his collarbone toward his chest.

Lee gasped as he felt his nipples harden in reaction to her touch. It was a cold, unfamiliar and somewhat uncomfortable feeling, but also somehow erotic.

"Oh. I see someone is excited" Susan whispered in his ear, gently squeezing his nipple between her thumb and forefinger.

Lee moaned lightly at the unexpected sensation.

"Hey. Can you two at least go to your room?" Ling interrupted, smiling smugly as she watched Susan so unashamedly play with Lee.

"Can we?" Susan asked seductively, whispering in Lee's ear.

Lee nervously took Susan by the hand and led her upstairs and closed the bedroom door behind them.

Susan pushed Lee onto the bed without a word and started to kiss his neck. She was gentle and first, before muzzling her lips into his neck and kissing him more and more forcefully. She started sucking a biting his neck until it started to tingle and feel numb.

Lee could do little more than moan and gently say Susan's name, as she began to peel off his singlet over his head. He instinctively raised his arms allowing Susan to pull the singlet off.

She returned to her kiss, now moving down his shoulders and across his chest. Eventually her left hand found its way to his left nipple. Her forefinger gently pushed across its erect surface as her tongue found its way to his right nipple. He gasped as she took his nipple in her mouth and began to play with it with the tip of her tongue and the soft inside of her lip.

For the first time since they last kissed Lee began to sprout an erection. Susan's hands trailed down his stomach and unbuttoned his pants. She slowly slid her hand underneath.

"A g-string? You slut!" Susan teased gently as her fingers probed under the band of the underwear.

"Take off your pants" she instructed.

Lee tried to quickly remove his pants, twisting side to side. Soon the pants were in an inside out ball at the base of the bed.

Susan licked his nipples again and now took his penis in her hand. She began to stroke it slowly, squeezing gently as she did.

Lee's mind went completely blank. All he could feel was the erotic stimulation of his nipples and cock. All he could hear was his own moaning and the steady breathing of Susan. All he could

smell and think of was the lingering scent and taste of her mouth, left behind with her passionate kiss.

He hardly noticed that she had removed her panties and was now straddling him. Her moist pussy rubbed against the upper part of his crotch as her two hands supported herself on his chest. Her fingers played with his nipples.

She took her right hand back and continued to stroke his cock with increasing impatience. It remained semi-erect, but was not ready to be straddled. Her force and speed continued to increase to the point where it was starting to become uncomfortable for Lee.

She looked down at his semi-erect cock.

“Does it usually get harder?”

Lee turned bright red and snapped out of his moment of pleasure.

“Uh. I’ve been having some trouble lately.”

“I see. Well, finish me with that beautiful mouth of yours” she demanded, moving her body up to sit directly on his mouth.

Her pussy sat moist on his mouth. Its slightly musty odour was not objectively pleasant, but in the moment Lee wanted nothing more. He began to lick gently as she rocked back and forth on his face. She reached down and grabbed the hair on the top of his head and started fucking his face with increasing force. Her cum and her scent coated his mouth and found its way up his nose. He was no longer in control. All he could do was move his tongue as Susan forced his head back and forth by his hair while she thrust her hips into his face.

Her breathing became a pant as her rhythm increased to a crescendo. Eventually tears formed in her eyes and she collapsed off him and onto the bed next to him. Her breathing started to slow and she regained her composure.

“A shame we couldn’t relieve you” she said, smiling.

“Can you go to a doctor and get that checked out. I’d like to use it” she added, as she put her panties back on.

She lay next to him and spent the night talking about everything and nothing.



Lee



Sam

## Chapter 12 – The Doctor

“The problem...” the doctor said, reading the results of the blood test “is fairly clear. Your estrogen levels are way too high for a man. Are you on hormone replacement therapy?”

“God, no. Never” responded Lee.

The doctor looked at the effeminate man with a woman’s haircut with suspicion.

“Stop the hormones and your erections may come back. Or you may have done permanent damage. You really should have consulted a doctor before undertaking this type of radical treatment”

“But doctor, I really haven’t...”

“Look. I have other patients to see. Stop taking the hormones and see how you go”.

The doctor ushered Lee out the door.

Lee headed home contemplating whether Ling had been feeding him hormones. It was the only answer. He went home ready to confront her.

He stormed through the door with more courage than he’d had in years. His anger burned passionately.

“Ling! Where are you? How could you do this to me?” Lee shouted into the empty room.

Ling emerged confused.

“You’ve been giving me hormones! How could you? I trusted you!” Lee continued shouting.

“I never gave you any hormones!” Ling shouted back indignantly.

The two yelled at each other with increasing volume and decreasing intelligibility until Sam made his way into the room.

Ling and Lee stared at Sam, who was looking sheepishly at the floor.

“Let me explain” he said in a soft voice.

A long silence hung in the air.

“I... I’m the one who gave you the hormones.” He confessed weakly.

“What the hell Sam?!” Ling shouted at him.

“I saw you kiss him on the lips all those months ago and I just felt so jealous. I wanted to take him out. To remove his manly desire so that he could never touch you. So... I started putting hormones in his breakfast each morning.”

“I’m calling the police!” Lee shouted.

“Oh, come on...” Ling interjected “you think the police would take you seriously? Are you going to swish in there with your sexy bob, in your women’s jeans and g string and tell them someone has been tricking you into becoming a woman? Be realistic here...”

“But... but!” all the shouting was wearing Lee down. Tears started to pool in his eyes.

Ling placed her arm around Lee.

“Sam will stop. Your manhood will come back after a while. We can fix all this.”

Lee cried helplessly into his palms. Sam looked on guiltily, but with a small sense of satisfaction that he had stopped Lee from ever getting too close to Ling.

----

Lee barely emerged from his room for the next three days. He spent his days weeping. Sam and Ling moved on after only mild arguments and it seemed the world had forgotten about the wrongs inflicted on Lee. Eventually he summoned the courage to call Susan and explain what had happened.

“I’d better come over” she responded.



Lee



Sam

## Chapter 13 – The Truth

“I guess its time for us all to clear the air” said Susan when she arrived. She motioned for Ling and Sam to join her at the table.

“Lee. I’m so sorry to hear what Sam did to you. If it makes any difference at all, I like you just the same” she started.

To Lee, that made all the difference in the world.

“But there’s more I need to come clean about. You see four years ago I met Ling at work and instantly took a liking to her. She was confident and sexy. But she was straight. Well, she had a husband at least. Despite this, we fell deeper and deeper for each other and eventually hatched a plan to feminize Sam. The plan was to turn Sam into Ling’s secretary and make him such a submissive sissy that he wouldn’t object to our relationship flourishing. It worked splendidly. These past six months at work Ling and I have been completely open in our affections and relationship. Lee here has been an unobjecting little ladyboy secretary. The whole office has been laughing at our little Samatha, haven’t they?”

Sam, burning bright red with humiliation, looked down and nodded lightly.

“You, Lee, were unexpected. Ling developed quite a taste for feminizing little sissy men. When she saw how small and obedient you were, she decided she wanted to feminize you too. Not for any reason or place in our lives, but just because you were such an easy target. Since she’s moved in you’ve become her little unpaid maid. When you started to resist, she asked me to come in and give you enough hope to keep you on the path of feminization. But that’s where things got complicated.

You see Lee. You weren’t at all like Sam. Sam became quite a beautiful ladyboy over the years. You on the other hand just ended up looking so plain and weak. Just an ordinary little Chinese girl. Hardly even a woman. Definitely not a man. There was something about your plain, simple womanliness that I just found so incredibly attractive. I wasn’t playing games with you. I really found you to be an incredibly desirable girlfriend. My love is still Ling, but I really liked spending time with you.

Now, with all this unexpected hormone business, I guess it’s time for everyone to make their choices. Ling and I are moving in together as wives and lovers. Sam, you can remain Ling’s secretary if you wish. You may even have the opportunity to impregnate one of us if we decide to have children. It could be handy to have a functional cock around the house. If not, you can go. No job, no wife, no place to sleep. But it’s up to you.

As for you Lee. I want you to stay. But I understand if you don’t. You can stay as our live-in maid. You won’t be an equal partner in our house or relationship. You can quit your job and we’ll support you, but you will serve us both in doing the housework and serving us sexually when we desire. We may please you sometimes, but maybe not. You should expect not.”

Susan placed a carefully folded, black French maid outfit on the table.

“Lee, if you want to do this, you need to put this uniform on now and start your new life. Otherwise, Ling will move out this week and you won’t ever have to see us again. I hope you choose the outfit”.

Lee had a million thoughts in his mind. The insults, the lies, the deception. The capacity to be with the woman who made him feel like he had never felt before, but also the reality he'd never truly be with her. The fact he'd always have to share, to be second in line. The fact that with this body and the female hormones coursing through him he probably wouldn't ever find another woman to accept him. It was all too much.

Lee dropped his head on the table and began to cry. He sat motionless for almost an hour before he made his choice.



Lee



Sam

## Chapter 14 – Aftermath

“Oh yeah bitch, don't stop” Susan moaned as she thrust Lee's head into her pussy. Lee continued to probe her with his tongue, now an expert at knowing her preferred pace and places. Susan was a vigorous lover who wanted a rough and explorative tongue to service her. Ling on the other hand needed gentle patient persistence. Ling was much easier, and she only required servicing every few days. Susan was an everyday affair. Lee didn't mind at all. Susan was the one he really desired.

“Yes! Yes!” Susan screamed as tears filled her eyes. She lay back on the bed with a thud and a wide smile as she cried. Lee released his firm grip on her thighs, his long red nails leaving behind light scratches and heavy indents.

“Thanks bitch. You can get back to work” Susan instructed once she had regained her breath.

Lee wished that she would stop calling him bitch, but he knew his place and did not correct her.

He stood up and straightened the silk hem of his short black dress. He tied the white frilly apron back on his waist and replaced his white maids cap. He moved to the mirror to reapply his makeup.

His bob haircut was immaculate. It caught the light beautifully and danced about the top of his shoulders as he moved. The perfectly straight bangs had grown a bit too long and rested below his eyebrows, almost obstructing his vision. His fake lashes made his Asian eyes look even smaller, and the thick black eyeliner completed the effect.

His small gold hoop earrings were fitting for a maid, as was his French maid uniform and simple black high heeled shoes. His small a-cup breasts had stopped growing since the hormones stopped, but formed small notable cleavage above the low cut neckline. He really needed to wear a bra, but Susan insisted he didn't so that she could watch his breasts gently jiggle as he worked.

He put his deep red lipstick back on. No-one would believe he was a man. He was still far from beautiful, but he was enough. In his French maid outfit and too-heavy makeup, he had a sexy fetish appeal about him. But when he wore casual clothes to the mall no one took a second look. He was just a plain little Chinese girl.

Lee headed downstairs to the kitchen and began to tidy some piles of mess.

"Hey bitch, I left some clothes in the hamper. I got milk all over them" Sam said gently, completely at odds with the harsh name that had become so familiar to Lee.

Lee looked at Sam. He sat on the couch holding his two-month-old baby, slowly rocking it to sleep. He was every bit the image of incredible motherly beauty. His hair, now blonde, fell thick and straight to his waist. His Asian features were accentuated by subtle makeup and his large hoop earrings gave him an exotic appeal. His C cup implants were healing well, giving him an incredibly curvy figure.

It had been so long since Lee had relief. Looking at Sam in his feminine beauty he became aroused. His French maid outfit tented at the crotch. Lee didn't even bother hiding his arousal anymore. As he looked down at Sam, he saw Sam's skirt tenting too. It seemed Sam didn't bother hiding his arousal anymore either.

"Why don't you just suck me bitch?" asked Sam "I'll return the favour".

Lee waited a moment in thought before responding gently.

"I only want Susan. If she needs me to keep Ling happy I will, but my heart is with Susan."

With that the two beautiful men parted ways to separate rooms, as Ling and Susan embraced upstairs, happy at an ending that could have been far sadder for all of them.



Bitch



Sam