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12 DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

Story by KK • Art by Fraylim



CROSSED

TV/CD

FICTION

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Story by KK

Art by Fraylim

Cover by Fraylim and Joe Six-Pack

A Crossed Fiction story



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Printed in the United States of America.

j6p@sixpacksite.com

www.sixpacksite.com

THE 12 DAYS OF CHRISTMAS



It was Friday, and five o'clock — if not here in New York City, then *some-where*, certainly — so Paul Hartridge had decided to call it a day. He closed his computer, poured himself a Scotch, then kicked back in his leather chair to survey the view from his brand new corner office. It would be an understatement to say that this past year had been very, very good year for him.

As an *enfant terrible* with a head for numbers, and quite the way with people, Paul had rapidly climbed the ranks at Midas Accounting. Despite a downturn for the company as a whole, he'd done particularly well for himself the past few quarters. His restructuring of the company's health plan had been one of the only things that had kept them in the black, and for that he had been well rewarded.

A new job title, new office, and a very old bottle of Scotch: three early Christmas presents Paul was very much enjoying. As he looked out over the snowy city, all lit up for the holiday season, he couldn't help but feel that he was looking out over his own personal kingdom. Yes, Paul Hartridge was on his way up. He could feel it in the air.

"Mr. Hartridge?" called a soft soprano voice. "I have a package for you, sir."

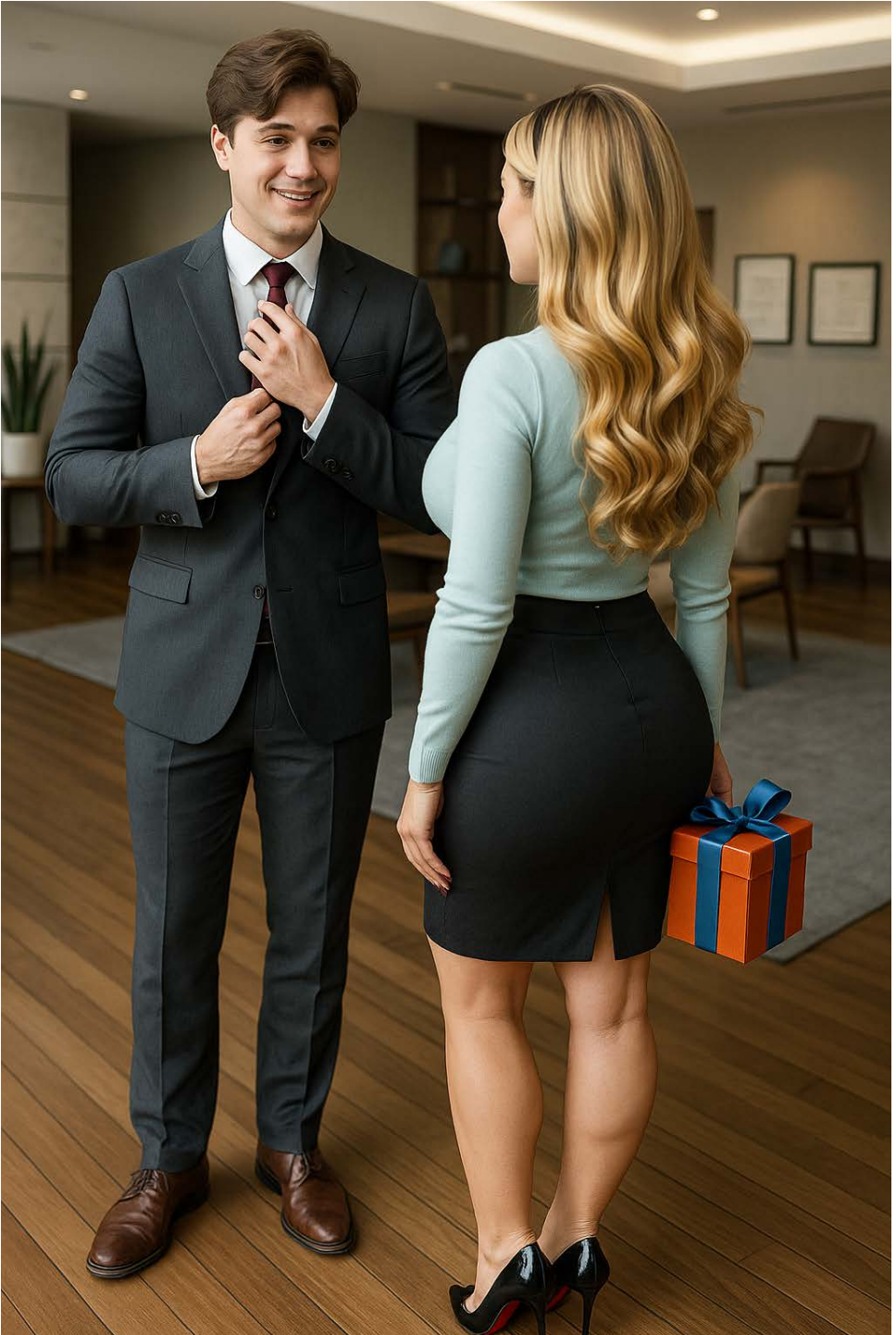
"And I've got one for you," Paul muttered to himself. "In my *pants*." He grinned at his own wit, then spoke more loudly. "Come on in!"

He made sure to swirl his drink in an extra suave and sophisticated way as Tabitha Potts, the company's secretary and requisite eye-candy, clicked her way inside. She was a bit of a ditz, but also a total fox, with bottle blonde hair and amazing legs that she was always showing off in short skirts and stilettos, and Paul had been trying to score with her ever since the day Midas Accounting hired him.

She'd rebuffed his early advances, but ever since his promotion she'd been changing her tune. Case in point, every morning she insisted on making him a special health smoothie and damn if they weren't delicious — and a great hangover cure — and now she was strutting in here in a tight, cleavage-baring sweater and tiny black skirt that he knew was specifically chosen to turn him on. The little minx. He took a moment to admire the view before his gaze found the small gift box clutched in her manicured hand.

"Someone left this at the front desk," Tabitha said, holding it up. "It's only got your name on it, so no idea who it's from."

Paul raised his eyebrows. Maybe management was letting him know, once again, how valuable he was to the company. Or maybe, more enticingly, it was a



gift from Tabitha herself, and she was simply playing coy about it. In which case, best to play it cool, and pretend he got anonymous gifts from admiring women all the time.

“Just leave it on my desk,” he said, taking a casual sip of Scotch. “Say, how are things going with the party planning?”

Tabitha gave a pained smile. “Oh, terrific!”

Paul, sensing his chance at an in, gave her a skeptical look. “Really? Even with old Mrs. Wilson breathing down your neck?”

Tabitha shot a glance over her shoulder, then bit her lip. “Oh my God, she’s trying to hire a twelve-man drum corps. And who on Earth cares what color the garlands are?” she pouted. “Everyone’s going to get black-out drunk anyways!”

“My thoughts exactly,” Paul said. “They should just put a big box of booze in the middle of an empty room and be done with it.”

Tabitha gave a giggle, pressing her long fingernails against her pouty lips, and Paul decided it was time to make his move.

“Who are you bringing for a date?” he asked, looking her square in the eye.

Tabitha blinked, and then, to Paul’s delight, began to blush. “Probably nobody,” she admitted. “I mean, it’s a work thing, so...”

“Keep it that way,” Paul said, doing his best Don Draper impression. “And if you show up wearing something sexy, I think I might just let you get me drunk.”

Tabitha’s pretty pink lips parted in surprise, then she smiled slyly. “I’ll check my closet,” she said. “For now, I’d better get back to reception.”

She clicked her way out of the office, hips swaying seductively from side to side, and Paul felt a rush of triumph. So much for her only dating men over six feet. Beautiful women were all the same — as soon as you had an Armani suit and your own office, height, weight, and pretty much everything else stopped mattering. Immensely pleased with himself, Paul snatched the gift off his desk and leaned back in his chair to open it.

What he found inside was a bit of a letdown. It was nothing but a cheap snow-globe, the kind for sale at any kiosk, and a Christmas card. Although inside the globe was a tiny sexy Mrs. Claus, dressed like a pin up girl, with a sack of presents slung over her shapely shoulder, winking as she arched her back seductively. Paul turned it over in his hand and wondered who would have sent it. One of his old fraternity bros maybe? A late congratulations on his promotion? He couldn’t help but think a bottle of scotch would have been better.

Deciding it would be best to find out the identity of the gift-giver, and give them some advice on how to give better gifts, he opened the accompanying card. The message printed on the page made his blood run instantly cold.



PAUL: I KNOW WHAT YOU DID AT LAST YEAR'S CHRISTMAS PARTY, AND I HAVE PICTURES TO PROVE IT. THIS YEAR, YOU'RE ON MY NAUGHTY LIST.

“God *damn* it!” Paul hissed.

He leapt from his chair, strode across the room, and locked his office door. Then he rushed back to his desk and opened his computer. Right below the anonymous message, the card bore a URL. He typed it into the web address bar with unsteady fingers, then tapped the Enter key.

A severely outdated web-page loaded, decorated with tacky Christmas trees. But in the middle of the page, loading centimeter by painful centimeter, were the very pictures Paul had feared. Sweat began to bead on his forehead as he read the text at the top of the site.

THIS IS A PRIVATE URL, FOR NOW. IF YOU
PLAY ALONG, IT STAYS THAT WAY.

Paul stared at the screen, then drained his Scotch, coughed, and poured himself another. This was bad for him. This was very, very bad for him. But it was going to be even worse for whoever thought they could blackmail Paul Hartridge, wunderkind. He was going to get to the bottom of this, and there would be hell to pay for whoever he found down there.

“Okay, holiday blackmailer,” he muttered, inspecting the card for clues as to its sender’s identity. “Let’s go, go, go.”

THE FIRST DAY OF CHRISTMAS

Paul woke up the next morning to the sound of his doorbell. He struggled upright, blinking the sleep from his eyes, and realized he'd passed out on the couch. He'd been up most of the night investigating the mysterious Christmas gift and racking his brains for who might have sent it, and had had a few too many drinks as well.

Not for the first time in the last few weeks, as he sat up, he noticed a tenderness in his chest and reminded himself to find out if the laundry service had switched to a new detergent. But as he stared blearily at his coffee table, where the card, snow globe, and his laptop were sitting, any thought of tender nipples flew from his head. The screen of the laptop was still displaying the company's employee files, where he'd been deciding on prime suspects. He shut it for now, then staggered off to get the door.

He opened it to a familiar sight: a FedEx delivery man, holding up a cardboard box. "Package for you," he announced. "Sign here."

Paul performed the motion without a second thought, mostly via muscle memory, and took the box.

"Happy Holidays," the delivery man added.

Paul grunted, shut the door, and retreated back into his well-furnished living room. It was only when he was halfway to the kitchen to make himself an espresso that he recalled how the blackmailer had originally contacted him the day before. With a sneaking suspicion in his mind, Paul looked down at the plain cardboard box, then tore it open.

Sure enough, another Christmas card — but that wasn't all. The blackmailer had also sent him, inexplicably, a pair of frilly red women's panties. Paul held them up and raised an eyebrow as he inspected them. Was this some sort of clue as to his blackmailer's identity? Could it be a jilted ex-lover who was out to get him?

Grimacing, Paul opened the card, which was decorated with a jolly, red-cheeked Santa Claus.

ON THE FIRST DAY OF CHRISTMAS, MY TRUE
LOVE GAVE TO ME...HARTRIDGE IN A PAIR OF
PANTIES. SHAVE YOUR LEGS, PUT THEM ON,
AND UPLOAD PHOTOGRAPHIC PROOF TO
YESTERDAY'S URL.

Paul snapped the card shut. "Like hell I will!" he shouted, directing his anger at the happy Santa on the front, who now seemed to be laughing at him, specifically. "Screw you, you old pervert!"

He tossed the card away, breathing heavily, then gritted his teeth. He'd expected a demand for hush money, not *this*. What was with blackmailers these days? And where did they get off trying to make him wear women's underwear?

Paul returned to his laptop and typed in the URL again, to see if anything had changed while he was asleep. The incriminating photos were still there waiting for him, but the blackmailer had also added a cartoony countdown clock at the top of the web page, showing three hours. Paul squinted at the text that accompanied it.

WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES ZERO, YOUR ASS
IS GRASS. WHEN YOU UPLOAD THE PHOTO,
YOU GET A FREE PASS.

He glared at the terrible rhyme, realizing what it meant. If he let the clock run all the way down, the incriminating Christmas party photos would go public. If he played along with the blackmailer's dumb plot to embarrass him, this could all go away. As he glanced at the countdown again, his eyes widened. Instead of three hours, it now showed thirty minutes.

"Typical Geocities bullshit," Paul muttered. "Can't even get a countdown right."

Torn with indecision as his pride warred with his survival instinct, Paul scrolled downward through the photos again.

The first one was innocuous enough, showing him grinning for the camera in the Santa suit he'd donned as a bit of a joke, but the next one, a candid shot, taken from a low angle, showed him sneaking inside his boss's office. The photo that fol-



lowed was even worse.

He'd barely begun to narrow down his list of suspects. For now, he needed to play for time. He glared at the Santa card again. The blackmailer had not specified that the underwear photo show his face, and if he kept things strictly below-the-waist...

Paul glanced at the clock. It now showed *fifteen* minutes.

"Jesus Christ!" he yelled. "Fine! Fine!"

He sprinted to his luxurious bathroom, grabbed a fresh razor and some shaving cream from his cabinet above the sink, and practically dove into the bath tub. He managed to get the job done with only a few nicks around his knees, but the sting of the cuts was nothing compared to the sting of embarrassment as he watched his leg hair swirl down the drain. Paul had never been big or muscular, so the markers of manhood he did have were important to him. His body hair was one of them, and now he was voluntarily divesting himself of it.

But there was no time to mourn. He yanked the frilly red panties up his now baby-smooth legs, grimacing at the slippery sensation, and grabbed his phone.

Ensuring there were no incriminating clues in the background of the photo that would make the bathroom recognizable as his own, he snapped a picture, then navigated onto the website. There were only seconds left on the timer!

Cursing between his teeth, Paul uploaded the photo, fingers shaking with nerves as the clock approached zero. It froze with exactly one second left, and he let out a sigh of relief. His photo had been added to the album, showing his panty-clad form from the waist down. To his embarrassment, his smooth-shaven legs actually looked pretty good.

A tinkly bell sounded from the website, and new text appeared at the top:

NICE LEGS, POLLY. BUT NEXT TIME, TUCK.

Paul frowned at the cryptic direction, and at the implication that there would be a "next time." He hunted for some kind of chat box on the web page, some way of communicating with this would-be blackmailer, but found nothing. Angry, he shucked off the panties and stuffed them back into the gift box, then returned to his usual designer boxers. He'd avoided disaster for now, at the cost of his pride, but he needed to get to the bottom of this ASAP.

He was about to get back to work on that when his phone buzzed. He pulled it out and saw a text message from Ron Parsons, one of the other young bucks at Midas Accounting. *Still on for squash tomorrow, mate?*

Paul grimaced. He and Ron were definitely not "mates." In fact, they'd been gunning for the same promotion before Paul beat him out for it. Was it coincidence that Ron had texted him about squash, a sport that involved wearing shorts, directly after Paul had been forced to shave his legs?



But Paul couldn't cancel the game, not when they were going to be joined by a couple older executives. The chance for hobnobbing was too much to pass up. He would just have to wear athletic pants, and keep an eye on Ron for any suspicious behavior.

THE SECOND DAY OF CHRISTMAS

Paul was already up and about when the doorbell rang the next morning. Hoping against hope that it was just some early carolers trying their luck, he threw on his expensive house coat and went to answer it. The same FedEx delivery man as yesterday greeted him, holding up a slightly larger box than the last.

“Last minute Christmas shopping, huh?” he asked, as Paul signed.

“Not exactly,” Paul said stonily. “Say, how would I go about finding out who sent me this?”

The delivery man blinked. “You don’t know who sent it to you?”

“Secret admirer situation,” Paul said through gritted teeth. “I’m quite curious to find out who it is.”

The delivery man shrugged. “I just deliver the parcels, sir. Maybe you could call our package center. Secret admirer, though! That sounds fun. I’ve never had a...”

Paul took the box and shut the door in the man’s face. He made his way back to the living room, tearing it open on the way. When he dumped the contents out on the couch, his eyes widened. Unless he was very much mistaken, he was staring at a pair of enormous tits attached to some sort of flesh-tone vest.

There was collar that looked a little like a satin choker up around the neck, probably to hide the seam where the faux skin met real skin. Paul tentatively reached a hand out to touch one of the breasts and recoiled at how realistic they seemed to feel as well as look. He removed it from the box and held it out in front of himself for a moment. He found himself surprised at how heavy it was and how the false breasts jiggled realistically.

Throwing the breast-vest aside, Paul snatched up the accompanying Christmas card with a sinking sensation in his stomach, and read the message.

ON THE SECOND DAY OF CHRISTMAS, MY
TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME...TWO DOUBLE D’S!
SHAVE YOUR CHEST AND PITS FIRST, THEN
IT’S PHOTO TIME. YOU KNOW THE DRILL.

“What in the hell is wrong with you?” Paul barked. “Christ!”

He pulled up the website URL, and sure enough, the countdown clock was ticking merrily away. Paul glanced at his titanium wristwatch. He had an hour still before his squash game, which was more than enough time to take a humiliating selfie, but every male instinct in his body rebelled at the idea of wearing fake boobs. Envisioning Ron Parsons’ laughing face made him feel practically



apoplectic with rage. If he was the one behind this, he was getting a squash ball to the nuts this morning.

Swearing furiously, Paul grabbed the jiggling contraption and hurried to the bathroom again. As he dispensed with his chest hair with a few quick swipes, carefully avoiding any irritation to his inflamed nipples, he then started on his

armpits, and racked his brains once more for who might have seen him sneaking around, and then followed him, at last year's Christmas party. Ron had certainly been there, but he'd been too drunk to hold a camera. Was Ron in cahoots with someone else at the company?

Paul was still considering it as he dried himself off. He grimaced down at his latest present, but, knowing there was no time to waste, put his arms through the holes and put it on. As soon as he did so, he felt his cheeks turn bright red. The boobs were incredibly realistic, which meant they were heavy...and very, very jiggy. When he turned and saw himself in the mirror, he felt like vomiting. The fit was extremely snug, the flesh tone matched his perfectly, and the seam at the neck, disguised as it was by the satin choker was barely noticeable. He looked, for all the world, like he had grown a pair of very nice tits.

Vowing revenge on his blackmailer, or blackmailers, plural, Paul snapped a photo (extremely carefully to keep his face out of the frame) and uploaded it to the hated website. The clock still showed ten minutes, so he'd made good time. He scowled as he watched the photo slowly load into place. With his skinny frame, hairless body, and head out of the picture, there was nothing to indicate the subject was a man wearing fake tits. In fact, the photo looked an awful lot like a sext from some sexy young thing with a silicone-enhanced rack.

The same tinkly bell as yesterday sounded from the website, and a new message appeared:

WHERE ARE THE PANTIES?

"You've got to be fucking kidding me!" Paul growled.

But the timer was still ticking away, so he shucked off his boxers, retrieved the frilly red panties he'd received the day before, and hurried back to the bathroom for a second photo, this time a full body shot, minus the head. Remembering the blackmailer's instruction from yesterday, and finally realizing what it meant, he blushingly tucked his manhood back between his thighs in preparation. Wearing skimpy panties with his member packed away out of sight, cold air raising goose bumps on his smooth-shaven skin, he felt strangely vulnerable, and almost by instinct he covered his fake nipples with one arm as he took the photo.

When he uploaded the second photo, with only two minutes left on the clock, he was relieved to hear the tinkly bell sound immediately.

WHAT A TEASE! MUCH BETTER, POLLY. THE
ADHESIVE SHOULD WEAR OFF IN A FEW
DAYS.

Paul's jaw dropped. "Adhesive?" he whimpered. "Adhesive?"

He yanked at the contraption on his chest, and suddenly realized why the fit was so perfectly snug. The damn thing was stuck to him! In a sudden panic,

Paul grabbed each of the boobs in turn, tugging frantically at them. He could feel the skin of his chest moving with them and the uncomfortable pain as his sensitive nipples were agitated. He glanced at his wristwatch again, and swore a blue streak. He had squash in half an hour! He dashed into the kitchen to get a knife, and was just about to start hacking the fake boobs off when he heard the bell again.

He trooped back to the living room with a sense of deep foreboding, and read the message.

IF YOU TRY TO TAKE THEM OFF BEFORE
THEN, YOUR ASS IS GRASS.

“Shit!” Paul hissed. The blackmailer had read his mind. However, Paul Hartridge was nothing if not resourceful: he ran to his closet, grabbed his baggiest sweater and some sports tape, and set to work flattening the boobs as best he could. He couldn’t miss squash. Or rather, he couldn’t miss the opportunity to ingratiate himself with the execs. Pulling the sweater over his head, he observed the result in the mirror and gave a satisfied nod. He could do this. They were practically undetectable.

Then he turned sideways, and blanched. In profile, even with the sports tape keeping them down, the boobs were unmissable. When he tried to adjust his sweater to hide them better, he heard the tearing sound of sports tape coming free — and a moment later, the double-D’s sprang to full prominence. Paul stared at his reflection, imagining himself trying to play squash, running around with these things jiggling and bouncing at every move. He gritted his teeth, and got out his phone.

Came down with a chest cold, he texted to the group. *No squash for me this morning*. He hesitated, then added another line. *Might have to miss a few days of work, too*.

He sent the text, then threw his phone down angrily on his bed. Ron Parsons was going to be sucking up to the execs and showing off his serve, while he was stuck here in his house with a pair of gigantic boobs stuck to his chest.

That settled it. Ron was now prime suspect number one.

THE THIRD DAY OF CHRISTMAS

Monday morning rolled around, and Paul was absolutely not going to head in to work. When he heard the dreaded doorbell, he opened the door only a crack, in order to keep yesterday's "gift" out of sight. The delivery man didn't seem to notice, cheery as ever, and Paul let him babble about the weather while he signed for the parcel. In order to actually retrieve the box, though, Paul was forced to open the door a little more.

The FedEx delivery man's eyes went straight for his chest. Paul had done his best to conceal the boobs with a baggy sweater, but it clearly wasn't working.



He was way too skinny to have floppy pecs, so the fake tits stood out like sore thumbs. Paul met the man's gaze for a moment, cheeks flushed, then slammed the door shut.

The boobs bounced and jiggled all the way back to the living room. He was still nowhere near used to the sensation, or the way they seemed to constantly get in the way of everyday activities. One of them had nearly knocked over his coffee cup when he leaned over the counter this morning, bleary from a terrible night's sleep...for which, once again, he had the boobs to thank. They felt like big fleshy pillows strapped to his chest, and made it impossible for him to sleep in his normal position.

Paul slumped down onto the couch. His laptop was open on the coffee table, still displaying his three top suspects. He'd copied and pasted their photos from the company website. Number one was Ron, obviously, but beneath him Paul had added Mrs. Wilson, HR and party planner, who was always snooping into other people's business. Beneath her, he'd put Timothy White, a long-time accountant who never laughed at Paul's jokes and had an interest in photography.

Ron was the most likely, but it could be any of them, or even a combination. Paul just didn't know how he was going to prove it, and then turn the tables on them. He wasn't in the best frame of mind for planning, what with the enormous boobs and the psychological toll of being blackmailed. Case in point, he could barely bring himself to open the latest package. After yesterday, he was absolutely dreading what might be contained within the unwrapped cardboard box — so it was a relief when he opened it and found only a card.

Maybe the blackmailer had run out of stupid Christmas puns and humiliating ideas, and had instead finally decided to get to brass tacks and demand the hush money. Paul opened the card, which was in the shape of a Christmas tree, and read the message inside.

ON THE THIRD DAY OF CHRISTMAS, MY TRUE
LOVE GAVE TO ME...FREE FRENCH MANI-
CURES! BELLA'S BEAUTY SALON, TEN AM
SHARP. SHOW UP, OR ELSE.

Paul narrowed his eyes. So much for his hopes of no more puns, yet maybe this was the meet-up he'd been waiting for. From television he knew such meetings usually took place in deserted parking lots, not beauty salons, but it made sense for his particular blackmailer to pick somewhere public, seeing as they were an amateur and not a hardened criminal.

Alternatively, they really were just setting him up to get a manicure, as yet another attempt to humiliate him. But honestly, that didn't sound too terrible. He knew some of the execs went to a Vietnamese spa to get their hands and feet pampered, so it wasn't out of the question for a man to show up to a salon these days.

The only issue was that he would have to show up to the salon with boobs. He'd tried everything in his closet, but nothing seemed to be baggy enough to conceal them, and there was no way he was going out in public looking like some kind of freak with twin peaks...

Peaks! A light-bulb went off in his head, and Paul hurried to his storage room, boobs swaying distractingly. He'd vowed to climb Everest before the age of twenty-five, and in a fit of inspiration had purchased all the mountaineering gear he would possibly need. For the moment he was more than happy climbing the corporate ladder instead, so all the cold-weather clothing and equipment had been stuffed into storage.

"You brilliant bastard, Paul," he muttered to himself. "You've done it again."



Paul's enormous bright orange parka drew some stares as he walked through the mall to Bella's Beauty Salon, especially since he was sweltering in the heated interior of the building, but it was much, much better than the alternative. When he walked through the sliding doors and approached the front desk, the girl at the front gave him a puzzled look.

"I might have an appointment for ten o'clock," Paul said brusquely. He lowered his voice, glancing around. "And I might be meeting someone here."

The girl stared at him in confusion. "You might have an appointment?" she echoed. "Er, okay. Let me just..." She tapped away at her keyboard, then looked up, eyebrows raised higher than ever. "You're...Polly?" she asked hesitantly.

Paul flushed, remembering the stupid nickname the blackmailer had saddled him with in their messages. But it was probably for the best that they didn't have his real name on file. "Yeah," he grunted. "Can you just remind me who booked the appointment for me? I'm not sure if it was my secretary, or my assistant, or..."

The girl frowned. "Um, I remember it was a really weird call," she said. "Their voice sounded like they were using one of those filter things, so I thought it was a prank at first, to be honest. They didn't give their name."

Paul bit his lip. "Did they tell you anything besides the appointment time?" he demanded. "Anything at all?"

"They did," the girl admitted. "They said we're supposed to give you a clue afterwards." She blinked innocently. "Are you two doing some kind of role-playing mystery game, or something?"

"Sure," Paul grimaced. "You could call it that. So what's the clue?"

The girl wagged her finger. “Ah-ah-ah. They said I can only tell you *after* you get the works.”

Paul sighed. He should have known the blackmailer wouldn't let him get out of this salon unscathed, but a manicure wasn't the end of the world. “Fine,” he said. “But let's make it quick.”

The girl beamed. “Right this way!” she chirped, then stood up and led the way to the back of the salon, where a trio of beauticians was waiting for him. They all looked slightly surprised to see their mysterious ten o'clock customer was a man in a parka, but quickly donned professional smiles as they directed him to the chair.

“I'm not taking my coat off!” Paul barked, as one of the women reached for it. She pulled her hand back hastily.

“Right,” she said. “No problem.”

His bulky parka made it difficult to fit into the salon chair, and by the time he was seated he was sweating more than ever, both from the exertion and from the embarrassment of being in this stupid situation in the first place.

“First time doing this?” one of the beauticians asked. “You seem a little nervous.”

“Stressful week,” Paul muttered. “Just get on with it, will you?”

“We do some minor cosmetic procedures here,” the beautician said. “So we're licensed to offer you a Valium for relaxation purposes, if you'd...”

“God, yes!” Paul exclaimed.

The beauticians giggled, and a moment later one of them presented him a pill and a glass of water. Paul had always preferred booze, but he figured this would be as good as a stiff drink to calm his nerves. He swallowed the pill and leaned back.

“Better already, I bet,” the beautician said. “Now, just relax and let us work our magic. You've got really nice cheekbones, you know...”

Paul didn't see what that had to do with anything, but he appreciated the compliment. He'd always managed to do alright with women, despite his small stature, and a big part of it was his boyish good looks. He grunted affirmative, then shut his eyes. The Valium was making him extremely drowsy, and he'd had such a miserable night... Maybe he could take a little nap while they gave him his manicure. No harm in that.



“Wake up, Sleeping Beauty!” chirped a voice in Paul's ear. “It's time to see the new you!”

Paul startled awake, and was immediately struck by several strange sensations. He knew he couldn't have been asleep for very long, but his eyelids felt oddly heavy and sticky. Even stranger, his lips were uncomfortably tingly, and his whole face seemed to be covered in some kind of gunk. As he opened his eyes, he could feel stiff, fan-like things fluttering up and down in front of them.

He was still in the salon chair, but they must have moved it while he was drifting in and out, because instead of a mirror he was looking at a television screen, which was clearly playing some kind of ad for the salon, depicting an extremely attractive, done-up woman in a pink smock, surrounded by smiling beauticians.

Still addled by the Valium pill, Paul took a moment to admire the model: she had dark, dramatic eye-makeup with long fluttery lashes, carefully contoured cheekbones, and a terrific pair of pouty dick-sucking lips painted a seductive red. Long brunette hair cascaded gracefully around her made-up face and onto her shoulders, and it looked like she had quite the rack underneath that smock of hers, too.

"So?" one of the beauticians demanded. "What do you think?"

Paul blinked, feeling his oddly long, stiff eyelashes flutter. The woman on the screen blinked, making her lashes do the same. As he finally put two and two together, his mouth fell open in utter shock. He was still in front of a mirror, and that meant the woman he'd been ogling was none other than...

"We took your parka off while you were asleep," another of the girls admitted. "It was getting in the way. Those boobs are amazing! Why were you covering them up?"

"You and your girlfriend must be into some seriously kinky stuff," the first beautician beamed. "I wish I could get my guy to experiment like that!"

Paul was in no state to set the record straight. He was hyperventilating, staring at his reflection in utter panic. He'd gone to sleep expecting a manicure, and woken up looking like some kind of pin-up! How on Earth had they made him look not just like a woman, but a stone cold fox? As he tried to formulate a sentence, he realized, to his horror, that his lips were every bit as puffy as they looked in the mirror.

"My wips?" he demanded, in a faint voice.

"Collagen fillers, hon!" the beautician smiled. "Aren't they hot?"

This was a nightmare. An absolute nightmare. Paul was about to start ranting and raving, yank the ridiculous wig off his head and demand that they get all this gunk off his face, when he remembered the promised clue.

"What was the clue?" he croaked. "The bastard who set this up left you a clue, you said! So what was it?"

"So this is you and your boyfriend's little game, huh?" The beautician blinked. "You totally had me fooled. You can play straight any day!"



“I *am* straight!” Paul hollered. “Now what was the clue?”

The beauticians looked at each other, then smiled. “Um, they said if you needed more convincing to get you in the chair, we should pretend they left a clue for you.”

Paul felt his eye begin to twitch.



After twenty minutes of ranting and raving, Paul finally calmed down enough to demand, coherently, that they undo their stupid “makeover.” The cowed beauticians divested him of his wig and removed the makeup, but claimed his eyelash extensions would have to just fall out on their own over the course of the next couple weeks — and that the collagen plumping his lips would get re-absorbed in about the same time frame.

Paul left the salon with his parka hood pulled up to cover his face, but even so, it felt like every passer by could see his big pouty lips and fluttery eyelashes. Still utterly furious with his blackmailer’s trickery, and feeling shaken by the experience of seeing himself as not just a woman, but a very attractive one, Paul ran two red lights on the way home and made a beeline directly for his liquor cabinet upon arrival.

He was intending to just have a few drinks to steady his nerves, but drowning his frustrations led to getting absolutely black-out drunk, so instead...

THE FOURTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS

...It meant that the next morning, the unwelcome sound of the doorbell woke him up to a terrible headache. Groaning, Paul struggled upright on his couch, trying to remember what on Earth had possessed him to get drunk on a Monday. All it took was one glimpse of his manicured hand to remind him. Despite all the extras they'd done, they had given him his French tips, too.

There was no way he was letting the delivery man see him like this, so he donned a pair of sunglasses, wrapped a scarf around his lower face, and wrestled his way back into the parka before he went to the door.

"Whoa," the FedEx guy grinned. "No central heating in there, or what?"

"Get lost, jack-ass," Paul said, and snatched the latest box out of his hands.

Paul walked back to the living room, still nursing a horrible headache, but knowing there was likely no time to waste, opened the blackmailer's present. He was met by the sight of several lacy bras in a variety of styles and colors. Flushing, he read the accompanying card.

ON THE FOURTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS, MY
TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME...FOUR SCALLOPED
BRAS. UNLESS YOU'RE STARTING TO LIKE
JIGGLING ALL OVER THE PLACE.

Paul grimaced, then opened his laptop to check on the web page. Once again, the countdown clock was back in action. The blackmailer, who he was now almost certain was Ron Parsons, was probably laughing himself sick about this. He was about to resign himself to this morning's fate and don the bra, when an idea struck him. An idea so simple, and so brilliant, it was a wonder that he hadn't thought of it before.

Whenever he uploaded his photo, the blackmailer's reply came almost instantly, which meant they were online, monitoring their website, and since it was a Tuesday, Ron Parsons was currently where Paul himself should have been — at work. If Ron had caught him in the act at last year's Christmas party, maybe Paul could catch Ron in the act right now.

Heart racing with excitement, Paul dialed reception and waited. As soon as Tabitha gave her usual perky greeting, he spoke, in an urgent whisper. "Tabitha, it's Paul Hartridge, and I need you to do something for me right now!"

"Oh, hi, Paul," Tabitha said. "Are you feeling better?"

"No time for that!" Paul snapped. "Look, I need you to spy on Ron for me."

"Sorry?"

Paul gritted his teeth, putting his phone to speaker while he took a frilly pink bra out of the box and removed his sweater, making his fake boobs jiggle entic-



ingly. “It’s for a Secret Santa thing,” he lied. “I need you to get a view of Ron’s cubicle, and look at his computer screen for me.”

“I thought you hated Ron!” Tabitha whispered.

“Just go look, would you!” Paul snapped, wrestling his way into the bra. “I’ll call you back in two seconds!”

He ended the call, using all his mental energy to figure out the finicky clasp of the brassiere and maneuver his bouncing bosom into the lacy cups.

To his humiliation, it did seem to help a little...he could feel his back straighten a bit as he hurried to the bathroom to take the photo. When he saw himself in the mirror, however, it became clear that the benefits of the bra were nothing compared to the drawbacks. The push-up style cups managed to make the fake boobs look even bigger than before, squeezing them together into an enticing valley of cleavage, and the scalloped lace was designed to tease more than conceal. Flushing bright red, Paul ensured his face was out of the frame, then snapped his selfie photo and uploaded it to the website. While it was loading, he called Tabitha once more.

“Well?” he demanded, as soon as she picked up. “Are you watching him?”

“I had to look all over for him,” Tabitha said, sounding slightly put-out. “But yes. He’s in the break room.”

Paul nodded. It made sense, that Ron would do his dirty deed in the break room, likely on his phone, rather than using his company computer and risking detection. Paul glanced at his laptop screen, where the humiliating photo of his lace-adorned cleavage had finished loading.

“And what’s he doing?” Paul demanded. “Is he in the corner on his phone?”

“No,” Tabitha said. “He’s just chatting with Tim. Neither of them have their phones out.”

Paul gritted his teeth. Timothy White, his number three suspect, and Ron Parsons, his number one suspect, in the same room? Maybe they really were in cahoots. If so, that meant he wasn’t going to get a response on the website until...

Ding!

Paul blinked, looking down at his laptop screen. Against all logic, the blackmailer’s reply had just appeared.

VA-VA-VOOM! I FIGURED YOU WOULD GO FOR
THE PINK, POLLY. SUCH A GIRLY-GIRL.

Paul’s mouth fell open. If it wasn’t Ron *or* Tim, that meant it could only be... “Mrs. Wilson!” he yelled. “Tabitha, go check on Mrs. Wilson!”

On the other end of the line, Tabitha gave an exasperated sigh. “Look, Paul, I know you’re the big boss now and everything, but I have six people on hold,” she whispered. “And honestly I feel a bit silly running around spying on everyone in the office. See you tomorrow, I hope? And at the Christmas party?” She paused, then giggled. “I found something really sexy to wear.”

Paul gulped, momentarily distracted from his current problems by the image of Midas Accounting’s hot blonde secretary all dolled up for him. But as soon as she hung up, the reality of his situation came crashing back to Earth. The blackmailer knew he was wearing the pink bra, so the reply couldn’t be auto-

mated. It had to have come from Mrs. Wilson, who was a notorious snoop and gossip-hound.

Somehow she had gotten wind of his little scheme last Christmas, and gotten photographic evidence of it, to boot. But what to do about it?



Paul called his boss to let him know he was going to be out all week, putting on a very good imitation of a hacking cough to ensure Midas Accounting thought he was practically on death's door and not just playing hookie. Then he started gathering all the information he could on a certain Marjorie Wilson. He'd always been wary of the HR head, since a poor guy could get into all kinds of trouble these days just for one off-color joke, but he'd never taken her for a diabolical blackmailer.

The more he thought about it, however, the more it made sense. As an HR type, Mrs. Wilson was definitely one of those bleeding heart SJW's, which meant she probably viewed her series of "gifts" as some kind of moral lesson. After all, there was definitely a theme developing. Paul grimaced as he scrolled through the photos on the website, past his embarrassing selfies, and back to the incriminating images.

No, they didn't show Paul Hartridge caught in the act of coitus with a co-worker, or prostitute, or anything so titillating. Instead, they showed him logging on to his boss's computer. Any hope of pretending he'd just been changing the wallpaper as a joke was immediately dashed by the final photo, which was a screenshot of a certain employee record, one Paul thought he had buried so deep in the system that nobody would ever find it.

All he'd wanted to do was make a little extra money, and now Mrs. Wilson was making him suffer one humiliation after another for it. But he couldn't confront her yet. Not until he was absolutely sure that she was the one behind all this.

THE FIFTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS

When Paul called Tabitha the next morning, hoping to play the same spy trick as yesterday, he was met with some news that all but confirmed his suspicions: Mrs. Wilson had decided to use her accumulated vacation days for an extended Christmas holiday, meaning she wasn't going to be at the office all week.

"That's why she dumped all the party planning stuff on me," Tabitha huffed. "So she's off in the Bahamas or something, while I'm stuck here arguing with caterers..."

"Yeah, whatever," Paul said. "Talk to you later."

He hung up, glaring suspiciously at his laptop. He seriously doubted that Mrs. Wilson had gone to the Bahamas, not when her blackmail scheme was in full swing. More likely she was just laying low here in the city, and focusing all her attention on coming up with truly awful puns and embarrassing scenarios.

Case in point, the latest present, which he'd already taken from the increasingly bemused Fed-Ex delivery man and opened on his coffee table. As on Monday, there had been nothing but a card in the box. But it was a card that Paul really, really didn't like the sound of:

ON THE FIFTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS, MY TRUE
LOVE GAVE TO ME...FIVE GOLDEN RINGS.
PATTI'S PIERCING EMPORIUM, NOON.

He'd searched the place up, and realized it was smack dab in the middle of a huge shopping center. This close to the big day, it was going to be absolutely packed with people — and he was supposed to show up looking like some kind of freak. He could hide the boobs under some sweaters, and sunglasses would conceal his eyelash extensions, but his puffy lips and French-tipped nails would be all too obvious to passers by.

The thought of someone he knew seeing him, and recognizing him, made him feel nauseous. It was a big city, but was he willing to take the chance? A crazy thought occurred to him: maybe he could disguise himself as a woman. After all, the face he'd seen in the mirror once the beauticians had finished with him on Monday had been disturbingly feminine, even attractive. With a wig, and a dress...

But that was ridiculous. There was no way he would be able to recreate the beauticians' elaborate makeup job on his own, and it would be playing right into the blackmailer's hands, besides. A place called Patti's Piercing Emporium probably got plenty of freaks. He would just keep his head down, do the deed, and get the hell back home, hopefully without anyone seeing him. This was nothing compared to the makeover at the salon. Plenty of manly men had pierced ears, after all.



“What do you mean, my belly-button?” Paul hollered.

The girl with the piercing gun winced. “That’s what you paid for, sir,” she said. “Double-pierced ears, and a belly-button ring.”

“But I’m a man!” Paul raged. “I can’t get my belly-button pierced!”

The girl blinked, looking skeptically at his puffy lips and French tip nails. “You’re going to lose your voice shouting like that, sir,” she said. “And if you’ve changed your mind, we’re obviously not going to *make* you get your belly-button pierced.”

Paul gritted his teeth. His ears were still stinging from the piercing gun, but that was nothing compared to the burning rage he felt now. For a second there, he’d thought he was going to get out of this piercing shop with his dignity intact. The girl hadn’t blinked an eye when he showed up in his sunglasses and parka, and the ear piercing had been quick, if not painless. But his blackmailer had a very specific idea of where the fifth golden ring needed to go — he should have known another humiliation was on the way.

“Damn you, Mrs. Wilson,” he hissed.

“Excuse me?” the girl demanded, frowning.

“Nothing,” Paul said. “I haven’t changed my mind. I...” He swallowed. “I *do* want my belly-button pierced.”

“Great,” the girl said. “So, uh, the jacket?”

Paul grimaced, then slowly, reluctantly unzipped it. He was wearing a baggy sweater underneath, but even so, the tents formed by his fake bosom were obvious. “It’s not what it looks like,” he muttered, flushing. “I, uh, lost a bet.”

The girl raised her eyebrows, but said nothing as Paul sat back in the chair and pulled his shirt up to expose his hairless stomach. “Okay, sir,” she said, swabbing him with an alcohol wipe. “This one is going to hurt a little bit more, so...”

“Just get it over with,” Paul snapped. “I’m a grown man. It can’t be any worse than...*Yowwww!*”

“Warned you,” the girl said, pulling the piercing gun away. “Let me get some ice.”



This torture had gone on long enough. The second Paul got home, he ran to the bathroom to take his usual selfie...the countdown on the website was tick-

ing...but this time, he also scribbled a note and held it up beside his freshly pierced belly-button. It was short, but to the point:

ENOUGH GAMES! WE NEED TO MEET AND
TALK THIS OUT IN PERSON. I'M WILLING TO
PAY.

As he uploaded the photo, glowering at the screen, he wondered if he should have told Mrs. Wilson he knew she was behind this whole thing, or maybe even contacted her directly...but no, it was better to maintain the element of surprise. He waited with bated breath for his blackmailer to see the photo and reply. When the bell sounded, he nearly jumped out of his skin.

TOMORROW'S YOUR LUCKY DAY, POLLY. I
KNOW A GREAT PLACE TO MEET INCOGNITO.

Paul felt his heartbeat speed up inside his chest. Finally, the bitch was willing to get down to brass tacks and discuss money. She probably thought that he would show up totally off-balance and flustered, terrified at the prospect of exposure and quailing under the accumulated weight of her little mind games.

However, he was still Paul Hartridge, even with fake boobs and a belly-button ring. He was going to retake control of the situation, just as he always did in the office, and weasel his way out from under her thumb. And when she was least suspecting it, he was going to make her rue the day she ever crossed him.

THE SIXTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS

The next morning, Paul was almost looking forward to his usual FedEx delivery — because today, at long last, he was going to get the chance to meet his blackmailer face to face, and get down to brass tacks. He'd always been great at closing deals, and he was sure he could run circles around Mrs. Wilson once she was out from behind her shield of dumb Christmas puns and anonymity.

Yet, when the doorbell rang, he was met with the sight of not one box, but several, some of them quite large. The delivery man was doing his best to balance them all on his hand-truck and hold out the clipboard at the same time.

“Popular guy, aren’t you?” he quipped.

“So what if I am, jack-ass?” Paul retorted — or rather, tried to retort. Screaming for his entire drive home from the piercing salon yesterday might have been therapeutic, but it had also decimated his voice almost entirely. All that got out was a hoarse whisper.

“What’s that?” the delivery man asked.

Paul shook his head, signed for the packages without deigning to respond, and began the process of carrying them into the living room. He felt a sinking sensation in his stomach as he did so. He should have known Mrs. Wilson was going to really up the ante on the last day of this charade. Finding the card first, he opened it, fumbling slightly thanks to his claw-like nails, and read the message.

ON THE SIXTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS, MY TRUE
LOVE GAVE TO ME...SIX QUEENS A-SLAYING.
COME TO CLUB MYSTIQUE AT 10:00 PM. WEAR
EVERYTHING, OR I WON'T SHOW UP.

Frowning, Paul searched for the name “Club Mystique” on his laptop. What he saw made him grimace. It was a gay bar, in a very gay-friendly neighborhood, and, just his luck, tonight was drag night. With a feeling of absolute dread, Paul started opening the boxes. With each item he discovered, his dread mounted. There was a bubble-gum pink wig, stockings and lingerie, some sort of padded underwear, and even what he was pretty sure was a corset. Worst of all, though, was the slinky silver evening gown and matching stiletto pumps.

There was no way he was going to be able to figure all this stuff out on his own, and even though every bit of male pride in his body rebelled at the idea, he knew his best chance of getting in and out of Club Mystique with minimal ruckus was by looking like he belonged. With that in mind, Paul found the number of Bella’s Salon, took a deep breath, and dialed...



It was ten minutes until ten PM, and Paul, after enduring several excruciating and expensive hours at the salon, was now in the back of a cab outside the very busy-looking Club Mystique, trying to prepare himself for what came next. At that moment, he would have preferred to be heading into a tiger pit. He could not *believe* he was doing this.

“This is the place, Miss,” the cab driver said, with a leering emphasis on the “Miss.”

“I know!” Paul snapped, or tried to snap. His voice was still gone, and the best he could manage was a husky whisper. “Just...just give me a minute.”

Mentally bracing himself for what came next, Paul took a deep, calming breath — which had the unfortunate side effect of making his décolletage quiver in a very eye-catching way. Yes, tonight, for the first time in his life, Paul Hartridge had cleavage, and he had a *lot* of it. As he glimpsed himself in the cabbie’s rear-view mirror, he couldn’t help but flush.

The girls at Bella’s Beauty Salon had really gone all out. Once he’d explained his plight, they had wasted no time getting him waxed, and he’d barely recovered from the process when he had to suffer the indignity of learning, with an audience, how “tucking” worked, in order to present a flat feminine profile. From there he’d wiggled his way into a padded panty, designed to give him a rounded, womanly backside, and nearly suffocated when they tightened the accompanying waist cinch.

His big fake boobs were bad enough on their own, but now, with his nipped-in waist and curvy hips and bottom, he had an hourglass figure that screamed “bombshell” — a figure which he was naturally expected to display in an incredibly tight, slinky lame evening gown. But first, he had to sit there in his underthings while the beauticians took their sweet time applying what felt like an entire cosmetics counter to his face, then fastening and styling the ridiculous bubble-gum pink wig onto his head.

Being awake this time, he’d watched with an increasing sense of dread as his familiar features disappeared under a pound of makeup, leaving with him a flawless complexion, carefully sculpted brows, pouty magenta lips, and dramatically seductive eyes adorned with mascara-coated eyelash extensions. If there was any advantage to it, it was that he was utterly unrecognizable as Paul Hartridge.

Once they’d pinned a silver bow to his wig as a finishing touch, the girls had helped him into his costume for the evening: not just the dress, but all the accompaniments, including sheer stockings decorated with snowflakes, elbow-length evening gloves, and the ridiculous six-inch stiletto pumps he could barely stand up in, let alone walk.

Glittery rhinestone bracelets, a matching collar, and dangly snowflake-shaped earrings hanging from his newly pierced lobes, completed the look. He'd still been pretty much in a state of shock when the beauticians handed him his fake fur and a clutch purse, before piling him into the cab. Now, however, he was fully aware of his surroundings...and of the fact that he was about to wobble his way inside a gay bar dressed like a freaking snow queen.

"The meter's still running, you know," the cab driver pointed out.

Flushing, Paul dug around inside his purse, paid the cabbie with a crumpled twenty-dollar-bill, and finally, reluctantly, opened his door. He had to clutch onto the handle for balance as he took his first teetering step onto the sidewalk. These damn shoes were going to be the death of him!



Even worse, each tiny, cautious step he took set off a chain reaction: his earrings danced against his cheeks, his bosom jiggled, and even his wig seemed to bounce. Everything about this get-up was designed to attract attention, and it was doing just that. As he joined the queue outside the night club, he got several curious, and some outright hostile, looks...which made no sense to Paul, seeing as half the people in line were wearing equally outrageous costumes.

“Oh my God, someone get this bitch training wheels,” one such individual said in a stage whisper. “She looks like she’s never worn stilettos in her life.”

“Typical fishy bitches, putting zero work in,” said their equally flamboyant companion. “Just because you look hot doesn’t mean you can strut!”

Paul had absolutely no idea what they were talking about — in fact, they might as well have been speaking Greek, as far as he was concerned — but it was obvious they weren’t being friendly. Normally he wouldn’t have given two figs what a pair of fruitcakes like this thought of him, but his usual Paul Hartridge confidence had taken an awful lot of hits in the past few days, and was currently at an all-time low. Rather than snapping or glaring at them, Paul just kept his head down and kept tottering along, clutching awkwardly at his fake fur against the cold.

He nearly slipped and broke his neck about a dozen times on his way to the front of the line, and when he finally arrived there, the bouncer held up his hand. “ID, please, Miss,” he boomed. Paul flushed. Everyone ahead of him had breezed right through! Where did this asshole get off, demanding ID from him?

“I’m twenty-five,” Paul whined, in the near whisper forced on him by his lost voice.

“ID,” the bouncer repeated skeptically.

Blushing even more deeply, Paul reached into his purse and fumbled out his driver’s license. He was hoping he could get away with just flashing it briefly, but the bouncer plucked it from his grasp and held it up to peer at.

“Your name is Paul Hartridge?” the bouncer boomed, much too loudly for Paul’s taste.

Paul nodded reluctantly.

“Not tonight, you aren’t,” the bouncer said, suddenly beaming. “You look stunning, girl! Rawr! Don’t let these jealous old hags get you down, okay, queen?”

Paul’s mouth fell open, stunned by the sudden change in demeanor, and even more stunned that the big tough bouncer was almost definitely gay. “Uh, thanks,” he managed to whisper. He took his ID back, returned it to his purse, and teetered through the door. The club was still filling up, but Paul could already tell that the clientele was very, very different from any he was used to.



Normally he could tell men from women, but here, it seemed to be a total toss-up.

Knowing he was going to need a drink or two to get through this latest nightmare, Paul made a bee-line for the bar. His clumsy stomping drew several

skeptical glances on the way, but he managed to make it to a stool without falling on his face. Figuring out how to climb onto it in a tight dress and high heels was another challenge. He had just managed it when he heard a familiar voice from behind him, one that made his stomach turn.

“Now, what’s a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?”

Paul swiveled clumsily on his bar stool, and immediately froze. His first instinct had been right, after all. Standing there with one hand in the pocket of his tailored pants, leaning casually against the bar, wearing a smug grin on his face, was none other than Ron Parsons. Judging by the way Ron’s eyes were roving up and down his feminized form, he was relishing every bit of Paul’s humiliating circumstances.

“Struck speechless, huh?” Ron quipped, pulling up the stool beside him. “I have that effect on women.” He casually hailed the bar tender. “A whisky for me, and a white wine for the lady,” he said, sliding a crisp fifty dollar bill across the bar.

Paul flushed. It was bad enough that his tormentor had finally shown up in person to laugh at him, and there was no way he was going to let the twerp buy him a freaking drink, too. “Forget the wine!” he snapped, still in a throaty whisper. “Let’s just cut to the chase, already. What do you want?”

Ron looked genuinely surprised, which just went to show what a terrible blackmailer he was. What kind of idiot would do all this work, arrange a humiliating rendezvous with his victim, and show up without his list of demands ready to go? Then Ron swallowed, straightening his tie, and spoke in a slightly less suave voice.

“To have a drink with the most beautiful woman in the bar,” he said. “And then, uh, see where things go from there.”

Paul flushed even deeper. “I am *not* a freaking *woman*,” he growled, though his strained voice made it sound more like he was confiding a secret than proclaiming a simple fact.

To his confusion, now *Ron* was starting to blush. Paul had rarely seen his work rival flustered, but now, as their drinks arrived, Ron could barely manage to get his change into his pocket. He grabbed his whisky like a life preserver, draining it in one gulp, then, with an almost timid look in his eye, slid the glass of white wine over to Paul.

“Not *technically*,” Ron muttered, casting a glance at Paul’s bosom. “But I mean, just for tonight...I mean, you look so good, and I...uh...” He cleared his throat. “Let’s start over,” he said, holding out his hand. “I’m Ron.”

Paul’s eyes widened. Either Ron was secretly an incredibly gifted actor, and was doing this weird “strangers in a bar” bit for his own weird, pervy entertainment...or he genuinely hadn’t recognized him. But how could he not? After all, Ron was the one who’d picked out this humiliating outfit for him, the one



who'd brought him to this bar for a clandestine meeting, the one who'd been tormenting him all week long...

"Come on," Ron said, slightly pleading, still holding out his hand. "Just tell me your name."

“Oh, shit,” Paul whispered.

Ron was not the blackmailer. Him showing up to this drag show was a total fluke, which meant Ron had no idea who he was talking to, which meant Ron was clearly some kind of repressed fruitcake who went to things like this to pick up drag queens...but Paul realized that he wasn't in much of a position to question his workmate's masculinity at the moment, what with the fact he himself was currently all dolled up in a slinky, cleavage-baring silver dress.

“Oshit?” Ron asked, in a puzzled voice. “Is that, uh, foreign?”

All of Paul's rage, which had been directed at Ron just a moment earlier, suddenly turned into utter panic. Ron had no idea he was talking to Paul Hartridge right now, but one wrong move and the jig was up. Which meant the one thing Paul absolutely could not do was act like himself.

“Um, it's my drag name,” Paul said, trying to get his whispery voice to a higher pitch.

“Wait a second,” Ron said, eyes widening. “Paul?”

Paul gulped. “Huh?” he squeaked. “Who's Paul?”

But the jig was up. Something had finally set off a lightbulb in Ron's head, and now Paul's co-worker was looking him up and down with a mixture of shock and sheer delight. “This is incredible,” Ron said, grinning. “Holy cow, wait until I tell the guys at the office what macho man Paul Hartridge does on his days off...”

“You wouldn't dare!” Paul snapped. “Or I'll tell them you were here hitting on me!”

Ron flushed bright red, glancing nervously around the bar as though more of their co-workers from Midas Accounting might suddenly appear. “Okay, okay,” he said. “So, both of us obviously have a secret or two.” He gave Paul another lascivious up-and-down look. “Holy hell, Paul, how long have you been doing this? You look amazing.”

It was Paul's turn to blush. “I'm not ‘doing this’ on purpose!” he hissed. “I'm...I'm under duress.”

Ron frowned. “Like, you lost a bet, or something?” he asked.

Paul grimaced. The last person on Earth he wanted to confide in was Ron Parsons, but it wasn't like he had a lot of other options...and Ron wouldn't dare tell anyone about it, because then Paul could reveal Ron's pass-time of picking up drag queens.

“It's complicated,” Paul muttered, rummaging in his purse for money. “Keep an eye out for Mrs. Wilson, will you?”

Ron's eyes bulged. “From HR?” he demanded. “What the hell is going on?”

“Like I said, it’s complicated,” Paul sighed. “And I’m going to need another couple drinks before I explain.”



Mrs. Wilson was a no-show, and Paul figured there were two possible explanations. Either she’d poked her head in, recognized Ron, and decided not to incriminate herself in front of a co-worker, or she’d never intended to show up at all, and sending him to this drag club had just been yet another way to humiliate him.

But either way, she had unwittingly done him a favor. Ron Parsons was far from Paul’s first choice for an ally, but he was available...and now that Paul had dirt on *him*, they had at least some sort of power balance. With that in mind, and several whiskeys later, Paul decided to confess exactly what he’d done last Christmas.

“You know I was in charge of restructuring the health plan, right?” he said slurringly. “Well, I saw this big unused medical fund just going to waste. Did you know Midas Accounting pays for...” He glanced around the bar and lowered his voice even farther. “Sex changes?”

Ron blinked. “You mean, uh, they cover medical costs for transgender employees who need to transition for the sake of their own mental and physical well-being?” he asked. “Wow. That’s really progressive.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Paul muttered. “But it’s not like we have any of those people running around at Midas. So I figured, what’s the harm?”

Ron frowned. “Wait a second. You’re telling me you got rid of it?”

“Not exactly,” Paul said, wincing. “I stole the boss’s log-in, went into the system, and added a new, fake employee where nobody will ever find them — because they’re not getting a paycheck.” He paused, swirling his drink. “What they *are* getting is the full benefits of that healthcare provision. All the money allotted for boob jobs and sex changes and whatever. But it goes into my pocket instead.”

“So the company is paying for a non-existent transgender employee to have a non-existent transition?” Ron demanded. “Jesus, Paul! That’s...that’s...” He glanced around, and lowered his voice. “That’s actually pretty brilliant. But that doesn’t explain why you’re all gussied up like the snow queen.”

Paul flushed, adjusting his cleavage. “I’ve got Mrs. Wilson to thank for that,” he muttered. “She found out about it somehow, and now she’s trying to teach me some kind of lesson. If I don’t play along, I could be in serious legal trouble. As in, prison.”

“Have you tried offering her a slice of the action?” Ron asked.

“I thought that’s what was going to happen tonight,” Paul grumbled. “But she didn’t show. How am I supposed to negotiate with someone who won’t talk?”

Ron tapped his chin thoughtfully. “It’s a sticky situation,” he admitted. “But I have to say, it’s kind of nice to see the great Paul Hartridge brought down a peg.”

“It’s temporary,” Paul snapped. “I’m going to figure this thing out.” He drained his latest glass, then wiped his mouth, accidentally smudging his lipstick. “And you’re going to help me, Parsons.”

“What, out of the goodness of my own heart?” Ron smirked.

“Out of greed,” Paul said. “Since Mrs. Wilson doesn’t want a slice of the action, it’s all yours.”

“That is tempting,” Ron admitted, then snickered slightly. “So, if those things are stuck to you...I’m guessing you’re not coming to the company Christmas party this Saturday?”

“No shit,” Paul snapped. “As far as Midas Accounting knows, I’m deathly ill. And you’re going to keep it that way, or else the deal’s off the table. Oh, and everyone finds out you’re secretly gay.”

Ron flushed. “I’m not gay,” he muttered. “It’s...complicated.”

“Welcome to my life,” Paul said with a sigh.

THE SEVENTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS

Ding-Dong!

Paul startled awake at the sound of the doorbell, and instantly clutched his throbbing head...narrowly avoiding poking his own eyes out with his stupid manicure. His raging hangover was compounded by the fact that he was still trapped in last night's ridiculous get-up: the wig was falling into his eyes, some of his makeup was smeared all over his pillow-case but the rest was still on his face, and while he'd managed to slip the shoulder straps of the dress off, the finicky zipper had obviously defeated him in his drunken state, which meant he still had the corset and lingerie on.

At least he'd managed to get the stilettos off. As he stumbled out of bed, cursing mightily, he realized he was in no fit state to answer the door, even if he put his usual parka and sunglasses on. There was no way he was letting the delivery man see him in a wig and makeup, but there was also no way he could ignore the delivery without provoking his blackmailer's ire.

Ding-Dong!

"Coming!" Paul bellowed. "Give me a minute! Christ!"

He rushed out of his bedroom, stride still constricted by the hem of his slinky evening gown, and stopped dead. Ron Parsons, his biggest workplace rival at Midas Accounting, was currently snoring away on his couch. As the night came rushing back, Paul groaned. Ron had dropped his keys somewhere in the snow, and against Paul's better judgement, he'd agreed to let him crash here for the night.

Ding-Dong!

Well, at least he could be useful for a few minutes. Paul grabbed his co-worker by the arm and shook him awake. Ron sat upright groggily, rubbing his eyes. He blinked, hard, staring up at Paul's fake cleavage in confusion. It was only when his gaze moved upward that he seemed to remember what had happened the night before.

"Get the door," Paul hissed. "It's another 'present' from Mrs. Wilson. I can't go out there like this!"

Ron looked for a moment like he might start snickering, but then he shrugged and went off to get the door. By the time he came back with the latest package in tow, Paul had managed to free himself from the pink wig. For some reason, Ron looked slightly disappointed by that.

"So you've been getting one of these every day?" he demanded, hefting the box. "Wow. She's going through a lot of stamps."

"It's completely over the top," Paul agreed, now doing his best to wrestle out of the slinky silver dress. "There's a time limit, so open it up, will you?"

Ron acquiesced, tearing the wrapping paper off the box and breaking the tape. He pulled the card out first and read it aloud. "On the seventh day of Christmas, my true love gave to me...seven sexy swimsuits? Huh."

Paul flushed crimson, and then managed an even darker shade as Ron held up what was obviously the bottom piece of a pink string bikini. "Anything else?" he demanded.

"Yeah," Ron said, returning to the card. "It also says, 'Sorry to stand you up last night, Polly, but I'm sure a hottie like you had no trouble finding a date.'" Now it was Ron's turn to blush. "Shit," he muttered. "Do you think she saw us there? Like, together? Because if she did..."

Ron trailed off as he turned and caught sight of Paul, who had finally managed to divest himself of the dress. Paul glared back at him, less than pleased at the look of dazed delight on Ron's face. The boobs were realistic, sure, and the corset definitely gave him a figure to die for, but Paul couldn't believe his co-worker was still ogling him even with the wig off.

"If you like them so much, you can ask Mrs. Wilson for a set of your own," Paul snapped. "Help me out of this corset, will you?"

Ron startled to attention, clearly embarrassed. "Uh, right," he said. "Where's the zipper?"





Once Paul had finally managed to get out of the corset, and sent Ron off to work with instructions to search Mrs. Wilson's desk for any potentially incriminating material, he rushed to the bathroom and managed to wrestle his way into the pink bikini, and snap his usual photo, in the nick of time. He only let himself breathe once he saw the image uploading onto the private website, and Mrs. Wilson's response appeared at the top:

**BEACH BUNNY ALERT! DID YOU LOSE SOME
WEIGHT, POLLY?**

Paul grimaced, but as he looked at the photo, he realized his blackmailer was probably right. The week's stress had been getting to him, and he probably hadn't had a full meal since that first fateful present arrived. Even without the corset, his waist looked embarrassingly slim, and his arms were practically toothpicks.

His phone rang, and when he recognized Ron's number he grabbed it instantly. "Well?" he demanded. "Did you find anything?"

"I'm not even in the parking lot yet," Ron replied. "But, uh, are you sure it's Mrs. Wilson doing this?"

"It has to be," Paul scowled. "It's not you, it's not Tim..."

"Why on Earth would it be Tim?" Ron asked, flummoxed. "He's the nicest guy I've ever met."

"He doesn't laugh at my jokes," Paul muttered. "But I've already crossed him off the list. Why?"

"Because Mrs. Wilson is live-on-air-streaming her vacation from the Bahamas right now," Ron said. "She's on a jetski and everything."

Paul blinked in surprise, then immediately pulled up the HR manager's social media page. Sure enough, just as Ron had said, she looked to be having the time of her life out on the waves, clearly far, far away from New York City. Could she have set up an automated reply to his photo? Did she have someone helping her send the "gifts" while she was away?

"Maybe it's, uh, Photo Shop," Paul said.

"I don't think so, Paul," Ron said. "I'll still check out her desk, but...oh, hold on. I'm getting a buzz from Tabitha. Want me to tell her you're canceling on her for the Christmas party?"

"Shit," Paul groaned. "I completely forgot."

"Hey, maybe she'll take me instead," Ron said. "You snooze, you lose."

"Don't you dare!" Paul snapped. "If you even think about asking her to the..."



Beeeeep

Ron had hung up on him. Paul gripped his phone so hard he nearly snapped it in half, still glaring at the footage of Mrs. Wilson on the jetski. How could she be directing all this from the Bahamas? Was her resort's internet package really that good? Or had he been barking up the wrong tree yet again?

THE EIGHTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS

Ron's investigation of Mrs. Wilson's desk came to nought, throwing Paul into doubt yet again. He spent a fruitless day and a nearly sleepless night trying to make sense of it all, and felt like he had only just drifted off when he heard the dreaded door bell the next morning. Resigned to yet another encounter with the hated Fed-Ex employee, he put on his parka and sunglasses, then went to the door.

"Wow, didn't expect to see you here," the delivery man joked, holding up yet another parcel. "This secret admirer of yours just won't quit, huh?"

"Unfortunately," Paul muttered.

"How's your boyfriend feel about it?" the delivery man asked casually.

"My *what*?" Paul sputtered, nearly dropping the pen.

"I met him the other day," the delivery man said. "He signed for the parcel, said you were still in bed."

Paul turned bright red as he realized what had happened: this idiot had thought Ron Parsons had been sleeping over because they were in some kind of gay relationship. Furious at the very thought, he grabbed the box from the delivery man and slammed the door. He carried it back to the living room, set it down on the coffee table, and slumped down across from it on the couch, glaring mightily.

"She must have set this all up in advance somehow," he reasoned aloud. "And then went off to the Bahamas to have plausible deniability. But I'm on to you, Mrs. Wilson."

He leaned forward and opened the box, and what he saw made his stomach turn. He snatched up the accompanying card and read the latest message.

ON THE EIGHTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS, MY
TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME...WELL, I COULD
ONLY AFFORD ONE MAID COSTUME. BE SURE
TO MILK IT FOR ALL IT'S WORTH, POLLY.

Paul stared down at the outfit in absolute rage. This was the last straw. He'd taken enough of Mrs. Wilson's bullshit. Even after he'd complied with all her demands, she hadn't even had the decency to show up to their clandestine meeting. The "gifts" were getting worse and worse, and he could only imagine what she might have planned for the final few days.

Well, screw that. It was time to go on the offensive.



Paul had texted Ron to come over immediately, to start strategizing, so he didn't have time to change out of his latest "gift" before his co-worker showed up...meaning Ron got a real eyeful when Paul opened the door. The maid cos-



tume had a daringly low-cut bodice and a tiny, ruffled skirt, and naturally it had come with sexy stockings and high heeled pumps, plus a long brunette wig and a tube of bright red lipstick. Since he didn't want to tip off his blackmailer, Paul had reluctantly done his best with every single item, and judging by the look on Ron's face, he'd done a little *too* well.

"Knock it off with the staring!" Paul growled. "It's me, remember?"

Ron grinned. "Hey, if you're going to show off the goods, you should get used to people looking."

Paul was in no mood for jokes. He stomped his way back to the living room, a task made much more difficult by his high heels, and flopped down on the couch. To his chagrin, he realized he would have to cross one leg over the other to prevent flashing his frilly panties at his co-worker, who seemed equally happy to take in the sight of Paul's smooth-shaven stocking clad legs.

"I've had enough of this," Paul said. "She has me in a freaking maid costume, and it's only day eight! Imagine what she might have cooked up for the next few days! Nine ladies dancing, that could be...I don't know...making me pole dance, or something!" He shuddered at the thought, oblivious to the intrigued look on Ron's face. "And ten lords-a-leaping, that could be..."

"Ten guys-a-peeping," Ron suggested. "Maybe she'll make you do a peep show!" Paul grimaced, even as Ron stared off into space with a slightly doopy expression on his face.

"That's it. Tomorrow, I'm going into the office myself!" Paul said, with conviction. "Before any of those dumb deliveries show up. I know someone at the office is doing this to me, and I'm going to catch them red-handed!"

Ron smirked. "Fine, if you don't trust me..."

"I trust you Ron, I just have to do this myself. I have too much at stake."

"How do you propose to get in?"

"Just tell them..." Paul sighed a very heavy sigh. "Just tell them I'm your girlfriend."

"Ooh la-la!"

"Don't get any ideas!" Paul fired back. "It's just an excuse. You give me a tour around the office about the time the packages are normally delivered. Then I can see what everyone is doing."

"Well, if you're up to it, I guess it's something I can do."

"Fine. Now I just need an outfit."

"That is, I can do it in exchange for..."

"You're in no position to bargain!"

Ron looked up and down at his co-worker decked out in a fetish maid costume. "I don't think I could be in a better position, really."

Paul threw up his arms in exasperation. “Fine. Okay. Great. What do you want me to do?”

“I think my place needs some dusting,” Ron said. “Why don’t you get in my car?”

THE NINTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS

Paul woke up extra early that morning, doing his very best to make himself look like a woman. He figured, and he wasn't wrong, that if he looked more like a woman, the less likely he was going to be spotted as Paul.

Overnight, he had called off this visit to his office once, then again, and then a third time, but finally convinced himself that his torture would never end until he could catch the blackmailer in the act. If he wanted to do that, he had to be there to do it.

It was the first time he'd really done a "complete" makeup job, and thanks to some YouTube tutorials, he had done reasonably good work. It also helped that he'd been forced to buy a complete makeover set from the salon by a very pushy salesgirl who threatened to let his identity slip.

He had raided a local store for an outfit late the previous night, and not knowing what to get, just bought everything off a mannequin that looked decent enough. Even though it shouldn't have worked, it did.

"Wow," Ron said as he picked him up that morning. "What did I ever do to get a smokin' hot girlfriend like you, toots?"

Paul was looking around, hoping no one was taking special notice of him as he was standing on the sidewalk. He felt practically naked, even if he was actually very well covered up. "Don't make this so difficult, Ron. I'm about to fall to pieces."

"Just fall into my arms, baby."

"Yick," Paul said as he clumsily negotiated his way into the passenger seat, unable to correctly manage his tight skirt very well.

"So what do I call you?" Ron asked.

Paul shrugged. "Polly is as good as anything, I guess."

So for the first time in over a week, Paul was back at the Midas Accounting office, not in his intimidating power suit, glowering at the peon underlings and smiling at his superiors, but decked out as "Polly," looking for all the world like any another professional business woman off to her job, dressed as he was in a stylish winter coat over an a chic a-line dress and a pair of leather high heeled boots.

He was attracting every male eye on the floor, just as he walked from the elevator to his office, creeping him out to a level he'd never known possible.

"Where are you headed there, sweetie?" Ron said, stopping Paul's progress down the hallway with a cradling arm around his boss's waist.

"To my office," he said, pushing the arm away.



“It’s not your office, *Polly*,” Ron said. “Now why don’t you come meet David, my cubicle mate. I really want to show you off to him.”

“I want to get out of here as soon as possible, Ron.”

“We have at least an hour before your package arrives.”

That was the plan. He could see on his shipping phone app that his package was to be delivered by 10:00 AM, and that it was on-time. So at ten, he’d try to

cover as much ground as possible, checking out every office he could in a whirlwind tour given by Ron.

“Yowza!” David said as Paul walked into the cubicle area at Ron’s side. “This is your girl, Ron? Nice work!”

“Meet Polly, David.” He put a controlling hand on Paul’s back and pointed to him with the other. “And she’s wild about me, too. Isn’t that right, sweetums?”

Paul very slowly turned to look at Ron, unable to believe he’d just set him up like that. Paul knew he couldn’t speak, using a voice that was far too deep for being in a skirt. He just nodded.

Ron put his arm back around Paul and this time he pulled him in close. “The silly little goose wanted to see where her big man works, so I brought her in.” Ron’s grip became tighter as Paul tried to subtly escape his clutches.

“You got a sister?” David asked Paul. “Are there more on the farm like you?”

Paul just tried to smile and let the comment go unanswered, hoping it was just rhetorical.

“Now,” Ron said, guiding Paul into his work space, “I’m going to just check my email and you can hop up on the desk there if you want to rest those tender little feet of yours, Polly.” He patted the top of the cubicle desk.

With little choice, he helped himself up onto the desktop, which was a bit higher than he expected, and was flashing his panties right at David, who was very interested. Paul crossed his legs at the thigh, and despite his intentions it was every bit as sexy as it he hoped it wouldn’t be.

He waited there, patiently, as the clock ticked away. By 9:45, Paul gave the back of Rons chair a not-so-subtle kick to get his attention. When Ron turned his head, Paul pointed to the watch that was not on his wrist.

“Just a sec. Let me reply to this...” Paul said.

Another kick reminded Ron that there was no time for that.

“All right, all right,” Ron said as he got up. “David, I’m gonna take my li’l love bug on a tour. I’ll be back in a few minutes.”

“I’m missing you already, Polly,” David said, dreamily.

“Delivery!” Said the tall man in the brown shorts that appeared in the doorway. “Envelope for Paul Hartridge?”

What? Paul froze in place. What was going on? Who could have known it was him? How had anyone known he was here?

“Uh... I’ll sign for that,” Ron said. “Paul’s out sick.”

“Right here,” said the deliveryman, providing a tablet pad. While he did that, Paul ripped into the slim envelope. Long nails at least had one advantage. Sure enough, there was another Christmas card inside, along with something wrapped in bubble wrap. The card read:

ON THE NINTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS, MY TRUE
LOVE GAVE TO ME...FINE LADIES TOUCHIN'.
YOU CAME TO WORK AND LOOK SO NICE, YOU
CAN'T LEAVE UNTIL YOU'VE TOUCHED EVERY
MAN IN THE OFFICE! AND YOU CAN'T USE
YOUR HANDS!

So whoever this was, they knew he was here, Paul realized. In a way, it 100% confirmed that it was someone in the office. In another way, it left him more confused than ever. It wasn't Mrs. Wilson after all. He picked up the bubble wrapped part and undid the plastic.

It was a bottle of perfume. A pink bottle. A note was attached.

BE SURE TO USE THIS, POLLY! YOU WANT TO
LET PEOPLE GET A GOOD WHIFF OF YOUR
FEMININE BOQUET! AND DON'T FORGET TO
TOUCH EVERYONE! I'LL BE WATCHING!

So they confirmed it. Maybe this was the break he'd been hoping for, though. Maybe he could spot who it was that would be watching him. They might have just given the game away. The only way to know for sure was to get on with it.

Dreading it, Paul spritzed himself with the perfume, which was just as flowery and sweet as he knew it would be. No one could smell this fragrance and not think the most girly of girly-girls would wear such a scent. He began to cough.

Ron slapped him on the back. "There you go, get it all out!" Ron said. Paul pushed him away, flailing his arms. He may have smelled like a sweet little thing, but he acted and coughed like a man. "Let's get you to the ladies room, hun-bun," Ron said, escorting Paul out. As soon as they were clear, Paul began to wheeze some questions.

"How did they know?" He asked. "How? And how did they send a package that arrived today, when I didn't even decide to do this until late last night?"

"Inter-office mail," Ron said. "It's coming from inside the building!" Despite thinking that was a clever joke, Paul just scowled back at him.

"Let's get going," Paul said. "I need to meet every man in this office and... Urgh... *Touch* them. No time to waste."

"Hey, there's a sight for sore eyes!" said Dan, the assistant marketing manager. He was the first person they encountered as Ron gave his "tour" or the office Paul already knew so well. "Look what the cat dragged in! What's your name, little lady?"

"She's got a little frog in the throat, Dan," Ron explained. "But meet Polly, my girlfriend."

Paul stepped close to Dan, hoping for an idle swipe of an arm or something else that would accidentally graze him, at the same time looking left and right

for anyone watching them to verify he had met the minimum requirements of this challenge.

Dan ignored him entirely, turning to address the man, Ron. “Is that right? How’d a mangy cur like you wind up with a tasty dish like her?”

Paul side-stepped to get back into Dan’s field of vision and make sure they’d bump in some way.

Dan then turned back the other way, looking at his computer, which had made a beeping noise. “Ah, I can ignore that,” he said. Paul then side-stepped once again to get in front of him, but by the time he’d pulled off that move, Dan was talking to Ron again. “You got yourself one fine-looking filly. Smells nice too. Like a woman should.”

Finally, Paul had to lean forward and push into Dan, his boobs being the first part of him to make contact. “Whoa!” Dan said. “She’s forward, isn’t she? I like ‘em that way. Look out, Ron! I might just steal this one away from you!”

Paul had the deepest sense of cringe he’d ever felt, and this was just the first man. He was not going to survive this. He couldn’t possibly.

“Lookie what we got here!” said Lyle, the next man in the office. “She’s a pretty one, Ron! Your sister?”

“Girlfriend,” Ron said, lasciviously. “We’re in *loooove*.”

THE TENTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS

Paul had been showering almost constantly since yesterday, trying to get the imaginary greasy remnants of 24 men's touches out of his skin. What it had done to his mind was something he'd never be able to scrub away. He'd had to practically push his boobs into men, brush up side-by-side against others, draw a leg across someone else's leg, and even in one case had to let a man touch his hair when everything else failed. Someone had even put their hand on his butt.

It was... degrading. The blackmailer had torn his pride to shreds, and surely gotten what they'd wanted all along.

The whole sordid sequence of events hadn't even paid off. He'd been unable to spot a single person looking on, observing these cursed interactions. Sure, there were some people who passed by, but they rarely seemed even slightly interested, and never the same person twice.

It had all been for nothing. Worse, he still smelled like that dumb perfume.

Sure enough, at the usual time, the doorbell rang and a package was waiting for him at the doorstep of Paul's apartment. Even the delivery guy couldn't stand to look at his humiliation anymore, Paul realized.

The box was surprisingly large, and there was an envelope affixed to the outside. He was about to open it when his phone rang.

"I guess we're havin' a big party tonight, huh?" Ron said, on the other end of the line.

"What are you talking about?" Paul replied.

"You haven't opened your package yet have you?"

"No, I just got it."

"I got an envelope, too. And... Well, you're not going to like it."

"Since when have I liked these?"

"I mean... You're *really* not going to like this one."

By this time, he'd opened up the envelope with the card. It was in the shape of a snow-bound house.

ON THE TENTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS, MY TRUE
LOVE GAVE TO ME...TEN LORDS A LEAPIN'.
LEAPIN TO RON'S FOR A HOME-COOKED
CHRISTMAS MEAL! I'VE INVITED 10 OF RON'S
FRIENDS FROM THE OFFICE.

"What is *that* supposed to mean?"

"I think..." Ron said, "You're the host...*ess*."

Sure enough, in the large box was a dress, heels, apron, oven mitts, jewelry and a small stack of recipe cards to make a holiday feast for a large group.

HERE'S YOUR RECIPES, GIRL! JUST FOLLOW
THE INSTRUCTIONS! AND YOU BETTER BE
GOOD AT HOSTING A PARTY, POLLY! WHO
KNOWS? MAYBE I'LL BE THERE!

"Is this for real? I'm not doing this," Paul said. "Like hell I'm doing this."



That evening, Paul was dressed like a typical 50's housewife, wearing a flattering patterned dress that showed plenty of leg, perched on high heels, but not too high, a festive Christmas apron tied around his slim waist, and a warm smile on his red lips as he stood by Ron at his front door.

Their guests were arriving.

"Well, don't you two make a nice couple?" Said Lyle as he arrived, solo. He gave Paul the most lewd look. "Yes sir, pretty as a picture."

Once again, Ron had his arm around Paul's waist. "Glad to have you, Lyle. Sorry for the last minute invite."

"And how's the little lady?" Lyle asked Paul.

Paul just recoiled. "She's still having a little trouble with the throat," Ron explained.

"Ah, throat problems." He looked at Ron. "You have anything to do with that?" He elbowed his host.

"You never know," Ron replied with a grin.

"Just smell that aroma comin' from the kitchen," Lyle said. "Well, I sure am hungry!"

A bell rang out from inside. "Your cookies!" Ron said to Paul. Paul quickly dashed away and trotted back to the kitchen, unaware of how utterly wholesome and feminine he looked.



He had spent his whole day preparing, from making and shelving a morning grocery order to preparing a ham to be slow-roasted in the oven for six hours, to making stuffing, mashing potatoes and baking cookies for dessert. Paul had been practically tied to the kitchen all day long.

It hadn't helped that he didn't know where anything was in Ron's kitschy retro kitchen, and Ron himself was far more interested in watching football on TV than assisting him.

So instead, it was just him, trying not to chip a nail or crack an ankle as he flounced around the kitchen baking holiday treats.

Even now, as he was just finishing up a long, harrowing, draining day of kitchen work, he could hear the 10 guests, all of them bachelors, cheering on the game they were watching. With every cheer and shout, he was reminded of how miserable he was, attending to his recipes rather than relaxing with the guys watching what sounded like a good game.

By the time he had the table set, Paul was on the edge of exhaustion. He was just happy everything had turned out okay. It wasn't his first time making real food, but it had been a few years, and he had to do every step two or three times before he got it right.

He sat at the opposite end of the table from Ron, traditionally where the wife sat for big meals in most households, and he felt like resting his head in the potatoes.

"It all looks so good," Ron said, looking at the assortment of dishes in front of him.

"The ol' ball and chain did pretty well for herself!" the tiresome Dan said, who had also been invited.

"Hope she made enough!" another man said, literally licking his lips. "Get carving!"

"Comin' right up!" Ron said, whisking his two carving knife blades back and forth.

"I could use a refill," a guest said to Paul.

Paul just smiled back, wondering why he was telling him. It then occurred to him that he was supposed to do something about it. He considered just telling him to go get it himself, but what if this was the blackmailer? He had no idea who it was, and it literally could be anyone from the office. If he ignored the request, would the video be leaked? He couldn't take the chance.

"Oh, yes. I'll take care of that," Paul said rising to his tired feet.

"I dropped my fork," another man said.

"Do you have any extra napkins?"

"I'll take another glass of vino if you're getting something!"

"We're out of butter!"

So instead of sitting down for a nice meal he had slaved over a hot stove to make all day, Paul spent the duration of the meal waitressing for the loud and boisterous men at the dinner table. He noticed whenever he bent over, tehee



were stares right down the top of his dress, and the occasional attempt to look up the back of his skirt when he bent over too far.

It also appeared that he had developed a reputation as a “personal touch” kind of girl, as the men liked to brush up against him and put a hand on his shoulder or arm when they talked to him. He even had someone go for his butt again when he was spooning out a second helping of green beans.

When the men left the dining room, their stomachs filled to belt-busting proportions, the messy plates, dishes, glasses and utensils were like some kind of nightmare. Especially for Paul. “You’re going to help me with this, right, Ron?”

He looked around to see Ron had slipped out of the room to join his co-workers. “Great meal, Ron!” Someone said.

“As if he had anything to do with it,” Paul grumbled to himself. He gathered the dishes and piled them up in the kitchen. He had a choice. Either wash them or join the men in the living room and have everyone looking at him. He started in on the dishes.



“Take a break from that, hot cakes,” Ron said a half hour later, leading Paul out from the kitchen sink and into the living room. Paul really didn’t want to be out here. All these lonely men were staring at him like he was a twenty dollar bill on the floor of a crowded elevator. Ron sat down as he patted his leg. “Rest up and have a seat!” Ron wasn’t letting go of his arm, either.

Paul tried to back off anyway. “I have a lot of dishes...”

“They’ll still be there,” Ron said. He yanked forcefully on Paul’s arm, forcing him to sit.

Paul was sure he was too heavy for Ron to endure it for more than a couple of minutes, but he found himself trapped, sitting on Ron’s leg like an old-fashioned housewife, smiling and laughing at the dumb, mindless jokes the men were telling each other. Most of them were uncomfortably vulgar — and they had many, many of them to tell. In no time, he was blushing like a beacon.

An hour later, he was standing by Ron, smelling of lemon-fresh dish soap, as every man said their good-night’s and planted a kiss on Paul’s cheek before going to their cars.

“I think that went rather well, all things considered,” Ron said.

“If I didn’t need you to drive me home, I’d kill you with my bare hands.”

“Oh, I guess it is getting late. You better finish those dishes so we can go.”

THE ELEVENTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS

“It’s time to take charge!” Paul said to himself as he brewed his coffee the next morning. Each new day was more humiliating than the last, and the day spent as a doting housewife to Ron was the most shameful day of his life. “I’ve been letting her dictate the terms of the game for far too long, but no more! I know what I have to do. I’m a winner. I take charge of the situation. I’m an alpha male!” He took a deep breath, making his fake bosom heave.

“Ron,” he typed into his phone. “Get over here.”

“I have a job,” Ron replied. “Unlike you, I guess.”

“Just get over here.”

Ten o’clock passed, and no package had arrived. Paul didn’t find any relief in the lack of torture for the morning. He knew it was coming. It was just a matter of when. It was the 11th day, after all, and he knew it was all going to end in a bang tomorrow. That is, if he did nothing.

Once Ron arrived, nursing a hangover from drinking too much last night, Paul laid out what he had in mind.

“Tonight is the Christmas party,” he began, “so it’s the perfect opportunity for me to sneak back into the server room, while everyone’s busy getting drunk, and reboot the whole system I set up. It’ll mean no more free ride for me, but it will also eliminate all evidence of my crimes.”

“What about those photos taken during last year’s party?” Ron asked, frowning.

“All those photos prove is that I was sneaking around on the boss’s computer,” Paul said firmly. “Once I crash the system, it will be our word against theirs, and we can claim it was just some Christmas prank to change a screen-saver, or something. By the time anyone finds out what’s happened, it will be too late!”

Paul liked this plan, but he saw a problem. He couldn’t trust Ron to wipe the server properly, and he couldn’t possibly show up at Midas Accounting as Paul Hartridge. Not when he still had eyelash extensions and collagen-plumped lips, not to mention fake boobs stuck to his chest.

Paul blushed furiously. He knew he’d have to become Polly again. He’d have to endure the hands and eyes of the perverted male staff at Midas. He’d have to pretend to be the lovey-dovey girlfriend of Ron.

“I’m your plus-one for the party,” Paul told Ron.

“You mean my date?”

“Yes. Fine. Whatever you want to call it.” The very idea was nauseating, but if it was the only way he could get into Midas Accounting incognito, he supposed it made a twisted kind of sense to spend one more night as Paul’s girl.

“Uh, I told everyone I had a really hot date lined up for this year’s Christmas party. And I totally did, but things kind of fizzled out between us, and when I asked Tabitha she said no, too, so...”

“So, what’s the problem?”

“I also told everyone we were going in couples costumes.”

“Couples costumes?” Paul demanded. “It’s Christmas, not Halloween!”

“I know, I know,” Ron muttered. “But you made the Santa Claus thing look so fun last year...”



It took Paul the entire car ride to the party to make his decision, but by the time they arrived outside Midas Accounting, he was certain: this outfit was even worse than the ridiculous drag queen get-up he’d worn to Club Mystique. Worse than the French Maid costume. Worse than the Stepford Wife outfit. At least the evening gown had had straps! This dress was an off-the-shoulders style, meaning that despite the elastic and underwire support, he felt like it was constantly on the verge of slipping right down to expose his boobs. While the evening gown’s thigh-high slits had certainly been a pain in the ass, they were nowhere near as bad as this tiny micro mini-skirt that seemed determined to flip up and expose *his* ass to the world. The stockings did nothing to warm his shapely legs, the high-heeled boots pinched his feet horribly, and between the tight belt around his waist and the tight choker around his neck, he felt like he could hardly breathe. Oh, and he hated the hat, too.

Yes, whoever had invented the idea of a sexy Mrs. Claus costume definitely deserved jail time. Yet probably the worst part of the whole thing was how good he looked in it...the girls at Bella’s Salon had been overjoyed to see their “new favorite customer” again, and when he’d explained that he needed to go incognito for the night, they had risen to the challenge. Instead of doing him up like a ridiculous drag queen, they had used all their contouring tricks to subtly feminize his facial features, and outfitted him with an even more realistic and expensive brunette wig, before doing his nails and lips in a matching red.

Rather than looking like an over-the-top imitation of womanhood, Paul was disturbed to find that he looked like an actual woman — and an extremely attractive one, at that.

“Well, this is it!” Ron announced, putting on his fake Santa beard as they pulled up to the valet parking. “Now remember, I told everyone you’re stripping your way through medical school, so...”

“Great,” Paul muttered. “Just great.”

Ron winced. “Uh, you need to work on that voice. You can’t bluff your way through an entire party again. People are going to get suspicious.”

Paul flushed, but he knew his co-worker was correct. Gritting his teeth, he did his best to affect a higher, breathier register. “How’s this?” he asked.

Ron grinned. “Perfect,” he said. “Let me get the door for you, sweetheart.”

Paul flushed an even deeper shade of red as Ron came around to open the car door for him, gallantly offering his arm, but there was nothing he could do to stop feeling so degraded — he had to play the part until they were past security, at the very least. Paul laid his hand on Ron’s arm, wincing to see how feminine and delicate it looked with the bright red manicure, then climbed out of the car. As they walked toward the entrance, Paul put all his focus onto managing his high-heeled boots, inadvertently injecting a sexy swing to his hips as he did so.

“Ron Parsons, plus one,” Ron announced to the door man, grinning broadly as he flashed his company ID.

“Wow, you two really get into the Christmas spirit, huh?” the door man laughed, observing their matching costumes. “Cute.”

Paul gritted his teeth as the man’s eyes traveled up and down his body. He knew full well that the “cute” remark was intended for him, not Ron, but at least they had gotten through without a hitch. As they met a couple of co-workers waiting for the elevator, Paul kept his head down as much as possible, praying nobody would look too closely at his face. Luckily, his cleavage-baring costume helped in that department.

“This is my date, Polly,” Ron announced proudly. “She’s a doctor, and also a stripper, so...”

Their co-workers exchanged a knowing glance, and Paul saw one of them mouthing the word “hooker” to the other. He flushed furiously. Great. Thanks to Ron’s idiot cover story, and likely in part because of the revealing costume, those who he hadn’t already met as Ron’s girlfriend thought he was an escort. This was a far cry from last year’s Christmas party, that was for sure.



As he stepped inside the office, Paul instantly felt like all eyes were on him — which was the exact *opposite* of what a disguise was meant to do. He took a deep breath, inadvertently drawing even more attention, specifically to the chest area, and pasted a smile onto this face. Last year he had swaggered in, cracking jokes and flashing finger guns, but now he was mincing into the party clutching the arm of Ron Parsons, all dolled up in a sexy little dress. It was intolerable, and Paul felt a deep pang of longing when he caught sight of Tabitha setting out drinks. She was as stunning as ever, wearing a little black dress that

left little to the imagination, and by the look of things, she had come without a date.

For a moment, Paul allowed himself to fantasize about when all this was over with, and he finally returned to normal life. He would tell her he'd been death-



ly ill, and offer to make up for missing the Christmas party by taking her to a fancy restaurant instead, after which they would almost certainly end up back at his place making sweet love...

Paul shook himself. Now was not the time. He needed to focus on the plan.

Knowing they needed to circulate at least a little bit before they snuck away, Paul reluctantly let Ron steer him around the party. Everyone seemed to get a real kick out of the matching costumes, and luckily, nobody seemed to recognize “Mrs. Claus” as Paul Hartridge. Since it was only his voice that had given him away at the bar, Paul kept his speaking to a minimum, mostly nodding and smiling like some submissive bimbo. Out of the corner of his eye, Paul noticed Tabitha Potts across the room talking to one of the girls from finance. She was looking like a total smokeshow in her strapless little black dress.

As he turned and pretended to giggle at some stupid joke Ron had made, he sullenly thought how differently tonight might have turned out if not for this bizarre blackmailer. A few drinks, a little of his signature charm and maybe that little black dress Tabitha was wearing would have ended up on his bedroom floor tonight. As things stood, all he wanted now was to get his hands on the incriminating evidence, get home, kick off these stiletto boots and throw this ridiculous Mrs. Claus dress on to the bedroom floor before chucking it in the trash tomorrow and forgetting all about this last week!

As the liquor continued to flow, and his male co-workers got increasingly bold with their ogling, Paul decided it was time to act. He dug his elbow into Ron’s side and nodded his head toward the door. Ron looked confused for a moment, then seemed to remember the plan at last.

“My lovely date needs to visit the little princess’s room,” he announced proudly. “If you know what I mean. We’ll be *riiiiiight* back.”

Paul flushed as his male co-workers shot jealous looks in Ron’s direction. They all thought they were sneaking away to hook up in an empty office. Well, at least it was better than them knowing the truth. Paul flashed his fake smile again and let Ron lead him out into the hallway, at which point he instantly wriggled free.

“Okay,” he snapped. “Enough acting. Let’s just do this thing, put in one more appearance, and leave.”

“Hey, I thought we were having fun,” Ron said. “Man, did you see how jealous the guys are?”

“Don’t remind me,” Paul said, through gritted teeth. “Come on.” He hurried to the elevator, high heeled boots clicking, and pressed the down button. “I’ll use the boss’s log-in again,” he explained. “But I’ll put a delay on the whole thing, so when the crash happens you and I will already be back upstairs at the party. Got it?”

Ron gave an indifferent shrug. “Whatever you say, sweetheart.”

Paul scowled at his co-worker, vowing internally to get him fired somehow in the future. They rode the elevator down one level, then hurried to the server room. Paul's heart pounded with a sense of triumph. All his problems were about to go away...at least, the ones that didn't require solvent to come off. The mysterious systems crash would get chalked up to old equipment, and when it rebooted, nothing would seem amiss to the unwary eye.

Paul flung open the door, and stopped dead in his tracks. The server room was already occupied. He'd lost track of her upstairs at the party, but now, here she was: Paul was face to face with none other than Midas Accounting's ditzzy blonde receptionist, Tabitha Potts.

"Oh, h-hi!" Paul stammered, doing his best to affect a girly soprano. "We were just, um, looking for...the bathroom..."

Tabitha raised an eyebrow. "You know, Paul," she said, "It's bad manners to ask a woman to wear something sexy for you, then go and one-up her."

Paul gaped, unable to understand how she'd recognized him under all the makeup.

"I'm honestly a little bit relieved you jumped the gun on me," Tabitha continued silkily. "I was running out of Christmas puns. I mean, 'pipers piping?' What the hell can I do with that?"

Paul's mascara-laden eyes widened. "It was *you*?"

"Took you long enough," Tabitha snickered. "Of course it was me, Paul! Or should I say, Polly. You really thought Mrs. Wilson was doing all this from the Bahamas?"

Paul felt himself flush scarlet. "But why?" he demanded. "Why all this humiliation?"

"Humiliation?" Tabitha asked, rolling her eyes. "Don't be so dramatic, Polly. Women do this stuff all the time."

"Yeah, well, I'm not a woman!" Paul barked.

Tabitha smirked. "Not yet, you're not," she said. "But you know, Midas Accounting is a very welcoming, open-minded working environment. So that fake trans employee you came up with, to siphon money from the company? Well, we're going to make her real."

Paul goggled, unable to believe his ears. Was she proposing that all this "Polly" nonsense was only a preview for something more permanent? Was she trying to turn him into an actual woman?

"You're crazy!" he snapped. "I'm not some kind of tranny freak!"

"There it is," Tabitha said, with wry shake of the head. "You really haven't changed since business school, have you?"

"What are you talking about?" Paul demanded. "You didn't go to my school!"

“Well, I looked a little different back then,” Tabitha said coolly. “Since I was only just starting my transition.”

Paul’s mouth fell open, but he instantly remembered the scrawny, effeminate classmate that he and his buddies had always made fun of in lecture hall. Todd something. He didn’t recall the name. Staring at the blonde beauty before him now, he was utterly stunned. How was he to have known that same classmate would turn into a stone cold fox? Much less one with a taste for revenge?

“The way I see it, you’ve got two options,” Tabitha continued. “You can either agree to my terms, and become “Polly” full-time for the next year, or you can go to jail.”

Paul gulped. The idea of going to prison for fraud looking how he did now was a terrifying one, but there was still a way out of this crazy scheme. He looked over at Ron, who had been watching their exchange in wide-eyed silence. “Ron!” he barked. “We can still carry out our plan! It’s our word against a dumb blonde, for Christ’s sakes!”

“Sorry, Paul,” Ron said, blushing. “I was willing to help you, I really was. But Tabitha made me a better offer when she called me this morning.”

Paul’s mouth fell open. “What do you mean, a better offer?” he spluttered.

“Well, in order to focus on your transition, you’re going to be stepping down from your recent promotion,” Tabitha said, “and recommend Ron for the spot instead!”

“Like hell I will,” Paul growled. “This is ridiculous! You really expect me to go up there and tell everyone I’m transgender? They’ll never believe it!”

“Oh, but they will, Polly,” Tabitha said. “Because right now, they’re all watching *this*.”

She pulled out her phone and held it up, and as Paul saw what was on the screen, his face paled. She had put together a slideshow of all the photos he’d been taking during this entire miserable week, proudly showing off his lingerie, his piercings, his new swim-suit — Paul’s stomach dropped. All those photos he had been so foolishly uploading to the private website, day after day, were now going public!

“It’s a little bit risqué for the office, I know,” Tabitha said. “But you were always a show-off as a guy, so it only makes sense you’ll be a show-off as a woman.” She smirked. “Oh look, here are some you took, Ron.” On screen flashed pics of Paul in the French Maid outfit, the girlfriend outfit, and the housewife getup. “It’s not just photos, of course. There’s also a heartfelt explanation that you’re finally ‘living your truth,’ and you are so, so happy to be employed by a company that understands your specific needs.”

Paul’s knees started to shake. This was terrible. This was *beyond* terrible. Even if he denied the whole thing, he would be heading off to prison as a known cross-dresser, and that spelled disaster.

“Don’t worry, Polly,” Tabitha said. “I think this year is going to be really eye-opening for you, and everyone at Midas Accounting will be here helping you along.” She smiled. “The company’s also willing to pay for all sorts of cosmetic surgeries. Isn’t that terrific?”

“Come on, Ron,” Paul pleaded. “Don’t let her do this!”

Ron shrugged. “Hey, I can’t say no to my own office,” he said. “And besides, I think deep down you *like* swishing around dressed like a woman. So really, I’m doing you a favor.”



“You little twerp!” Paul raged. “How dare you!”

“Temper, temper, Polly,” Tabitha scolded. “Let’s go over it again, shall we? Either you go back upstairs with your date, with a big smile on your face, and tell everyone your “escort” cover story was just a little joke, and that you are so, so excited to share the real you at last... Or you go to prison. Your call.”

Paul was so furious he could barely see straight. This couldn’t be happening! He was Paul Hartridge, Midas Accounting’s rising star, not some busty brunette bimbo! But as his anger turned to fear, he was left with a chilling realization: Tabitha had played him like a flute, and her “choice” was no choice at all.

“Option one,” he said, through gritted teeth. “I pick option one.”

“I knew you’d see things my way,” Tabitha smiled. “Well, Mrs. Wilson really did book that stupid drummer corps before she went on vacation. Might as well go enjoy that.”

With that, she turned and strutted away, leaving a distraught Paul standing there with his one-time rival and current date for the evening.

“Come on,” Ron said. “It won’t be *that* bad. In fact, you got off easy.” He wrapped his arm around Paul’s nipped-in waist, and for the first time, Paul realized his co-worker was significantly taller and stronger than him — and worse, he now had the same lustful look in his eye that he’d had in the bar. “How about we go find some mistletoe, sweetheart?”

THE TWELFTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS

“And to think, this crazy plan actually worked,” Tabitha said, her smug face looking very satisfied with itself. “Too bad we didn’t have the eleventh, but at least we get to do the twelfth day of Christmas.” She held out a card.

Paul, who was outfitted in an ugly Christmas sweater dress that made his boobs look ridiculously round and large, took the Christmas card in his slim long-nailed fingers. They were back in the office, and Ron was biding his time, looking through a bookshelf on the wall.

“Go ahead, open it,” Tabitha said with a catty grin.

Paul slit open the envelope and extracted the card. It was a snowman. “Warmest Christmas Wishes to You!” it read. He opened it up.



ON THE TWELFTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS, MY
TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME...TWELVE DRUM-
MERS DRUMMIN. DRUMMIN UP MONEY FOR
YOUR SURGERIES!

Out of the card slipped a certificate for a plastic surgeon, good for \$20,000 in procedures. "From your trans-friendly family at Midas Accounting," was printed on it.

"No," Paul said, in a very small voice.

"No? You don't get to say no. Just so we understand things, sweetie," Tabitha said with that same smug expression. "Midas may pay you, but you work for me now." She flashed the whole plan on the iPad. It was all there, step by step. Implants, hormones, plastic surgery, voice lessons... Tabitha knew what she was doing.

Paul petulantly turned away.

"Now why don't you select your first present?" Tabitha said. "A gift from us to you."

With fear, Paul picked up one of the seven presents laid out before him and opened it up, very slowly.

"Snowflake earrings!" Tabitha said with delight. "Always to remind you that under all that bravado, you truly are a snowflake, sweetie."

"I like those," Ron said, walking over to look for himself. "They really look nice on you, buttercup."

"You're not going to really make me go through with this, are you?" Paul asked Tabitha.

"Choose your next present!" his ex-secretary said with glee.

Paul picked up a blue one, and undid the ribbon. Inside, he found a bottle of lubricant.

"That one's from me," Ron said.

"Never," Paul said. "Never in a million years."

"That's a long time."

"I give it six months," Tabitha said. "A year tops."

"I'll never give in," Paul said.

"I hope you never do," Tabitha replied. "I love that look of defiance in your eyes. It makes it all worthwhile." She checked her iPad again. "Well, let's get these presents open, girl. We still have to have you report to Mrs. Wilson for your new job as her secretary, Polly."

Of the five presents left, one was a pair of mirror red heels in his size, a bottle of fancy French skin creme, a navel ring, a new longer wig and a leash. Paul groaned louder with each reveal.

“What a lucky girl! So many presents! Now, let’s get a move on. Mrs. Wilson is very eager. She hasn’t even seen you since you came out!”

“Mark my words, Tabitha. I’ll...”

“That’s Ms. Potts to you, Polly. I’m your superior. Give me the respect I deserve. Only address me as Mrs. Potts.”

“I’d sooner die.”

ONE YEAR LATER

Tabitha smiled as she surveyed the view from her new office. Ron Parsons had recently made the leap to management, leaving a position to be filled, and he'd been all too happy to recommend Tabitha for the spot. It was a bit unusual, but then again, it had been a very unusual year at Midas Accounting. Case in point, the fact that *her* old job, as the company's receptionist, now belonged to none other than...

"Polly!" she called, placing her finger to the buzzer on her desk. "Would you come in here for a moment?"

"Coming, Ms. Potts!" squeaked a girlish voice on the other line.

Tabitha sat back in her chair, listening to the usual clatter of stilettos as Midas Accounting's new receptionist, and requisite eye-candy, came scurrying through the office. She couldn't help but smirk imagining how many lustful looks were being thrown in "Polly's" direction on the way. When the employee formerly known as Paul Hartridge entered her office, all decked out in a tight, sexy miniskirt, high heels, nylons, and a tight white shirt that clung to each curve, along with the cutest little black tie. Tabitha smirked at the thought that that tie could have been seen as a last tiny vestige of Paul's life as a man — after all he'd worn one almost every day of his professional life, but now just seemed to highlight Polly's new life as an attractive woman. As she often did, Tabitha had to take a moment to admire her own handiwork.

Paul had made a pretty convincing woman a year ago, but that was nothing compared to Polly today. She was at an altogether different level of womanhood now.

Tabitha wasn't sure if Paul had worked out that those "special health smoothies" she had been preparing for him over the last year he spent as her boss had been laced with powerful female hormones. It was the first step in her plan, designed to give Polly a little head start so that when she finally visited a specialist and was prescribed a proper regime of estrogen and testosterone blockers Paul was well on the way to womanhood. After that, and all the best cosmetic surgery Midas Accounting could pay for, he was an absolute knock-out. No more latex or padding; his curves were one-hundred percent him, from his curvaceous bottom, to his tiny waist, to the impressive D-cup breasts he'd protested against so vociferously a few months ago. By the time he'd had his first surgery, he'd already cultivated a healthy B-cup from the medication. To get him into the doctor's office, it only took the subtlest suggestion that if the truth were to come out now, and he ended up in jail for embezzlement, he would prove extremely popular on the cell block was enough to get him to agree to the surgery .



Tabitha did sometimes occasionally wonder if she'd done the right thing. After all, unwanted or not, Paul Hartridge had been given a gift that many actual transgender individuals would have fervently wished for. Why waste it on him? Then she would remind herself that Paul's chicanery with the health care fund showed just how callous he was when it came to the plight of those born in the wrong body. The fact that he now had to live as a woman, have society treat him as a female and face every day as the wrong gender, seemed a more than fitting punishment. He would be walking in the shoes of the trans community, it just so happened that those shoes would be a gorgeous pair of Louboutin stilettos!

Besides, apart from Ron and Polly, Tabitha's own past was completely unknown at Midas so Polly might become something of an inspiration to others — a trailblazer — showing just how supportive and welcoming the company could be to its trans employees, and just how successful the transition could be with the help of Midas' generous health plan.

Polly was a real bombshell, and she'd ensured he had the pretty face to match. Nothing radical had been necessary, just a bit of a brow and jawline shave, to give her a more feminine contour, and of course the lip fillers to ensure a sexy pout. Polly's outfits were notorious for stretching the limits of what could be called professional attire, but after Tabitha had made the case to HR that as a trans employee, exploring her new found femininity, it might be construed as discrimination if the company were to dictate what was appropriate for Polly to wear.

Since the world of womanhood was unknown territory for Midas Accounting's new receptionist, Tabitha was more than happy to serve as mentor, helping select outfits, picking out shoes and explaining that Polly was expected to wear only the highest of heels, the most feminine attire as well as full makeup every day. When it came to cosmetics, initially he had to rely on regular touch ups at the salon, but now Tabitha had to admit he was really getting quite good at applying it himself. Every time she caught Polly touching up mascara or lip gloss in her little compact mirror, she got a little thrill of delight.

"Yes, Ms. Potts?" he asked, holding his iPad in his manicured hands clasped demurely in front of himself. Despite the pretty white smile on his face, she could see the resentment still lurking in his eyes — which made it all the better.

"I just wanted to check in on you, dear," Tabitha said sweetly. "How are things with Ron?"

Polly flushed furiously. "F-fine," he stammered. "Um, you know, he's awfully busy, with the new promotion and all."

“Well, remind him that new promotion means he can afford to spoil his girlfriend a bit,” Tabitha said. “Now that you two are an official couple, and all.”

Polly blushed even more deeply. When he’d “stepped away” from his position, the drop in salary had made his old place impossible to afford — and Ron had oh-so-generously offered to let him move in with him as a temporary solution. Tabitha had approved of the arrangement, insisted on it, in fact, and before Polly knew what was happening he’d been trapped not only as a woman, but as his rival’s live-in girlfriend.

“Well, when he sees the outfit you’ll be squeezed into at this year’s Christmas party,” Tabitha said mischievously, “he’ll remember what a lucky man he is to have a girl like you on his arm.”

Polly blanched momentarily beneath her makeup, then managed to smile. “Oh, thank you Ms. Potts,” she squeaked.

Tabitha couldn’t wait to see Polly decked out once again as sexy Mrs. Claus. This year she had gone out of her way to find a costume even more revealing than the one Paul had worn the previous Christmas. 5 Inch stiletto boots, a fur trimmed corset that was guaranteed to show off Polly’s breasts in spectacular fashion, dainty red gloves, and the cutest little hat to top it off. It might get a few jealous glares from the other girls in the office, but Polly had gotten used to that — and it was sure to be a big hit with Midas’ male employees.

“How’s the planning going, by the way?” Tabitha asked innocently. “Mrs. Wilson isn’t being too hard on you, is she?”

Polly blushed and shook her head, making her long brunette tresses which were piled on top of her head bounce slightly.

“Good,” Tabitha said. “Just remember to put up plenty of mistletoe. We want to make sure everyone has fun this year.”

Polly swallowed nervously. “Of course, Ms. Potts,” she said. “I’ll make sure of it.”

“Run along,” Tabitha said, waving a dismissive hand. Polly scurried away, hips swishing seductively from side to side. Honestly, she was better in stilettos than she was these days. Tabitha leaned back in her chair once more, smiling. She happened to know that Ron had big plans for the Christmas morning — now that he had a significantly higher salary, he was ready to take the next step, and make Polly an honest woman. Well, sort of.

Ron had come to her a few weeks ago to ask her advice on what to get Polly as a gift this year. She suggested a sexy Christmas elf costume she had considered for Polly’s Christmas party outfit before settling on ‘Stripper Mrs. Claus.’ And he should really insist that Polly model it for him Christmas morning. However,



Ron said he wanted to get something really special. Well, of course, Tabitha explained, every girl dreams of getting that special ring, especially at this time of the year. A Christmas engagement. So romantic! Tabitha couldn't wait to help Polly pick out a dress.

The End



POLLY'S VALENTINE



"Tabitha leaned back in her chair and congratulated herself, not for the first time at her skills at playing cupid.

"Hey, lovebirds! I know it's Valentine's day and all but some of us have work to do... why don't you go find a supply closet somewhere?"

As Ron led Polly out of the office she threw a glance back into the room and Tabitha wasn't quite sure what to make of it. Midas Accounting's luscious receptionist had been turning heads since the Christmas party but Ron had made it very clear to all the other guys in the office: Polly was off limits. And for her part, Polly seemed pleased to accept Ron's protective support. But of course, there had to be a certain quid pro quo... and it was Valentine's day after all.

Tabitha let out a sigh. It was all well and good playing matchmaker, but a girl had needs. She picked up the phone and dialed.

"Hi... its that I.T.? Oh Greg, I'm so glad it's you...I feel like such a ditz but I just can't seem to get my silly computer working," she purred, coiling a strand of blonde hair in her fingers. "Would you? Oh you're a life saver... I just can't get my head around the darned thing." She reached around to the power cord and yanked it out. "Maybe once you get it going you can eh...run me through the basics again. Just one more time. I get so confused. Hard drives and ram and bytes... how's a girl supposed to remember all that. Thanks babe. See you in five"

Tabitha replaced the receiver and smiled at the thought of Greg practically tripping over himself to get up to her office on the double. Men! So easy to get them to do what you want.

She unfastened one more button on her blouse and adjusted her cleavage to ensure the young technician got a good look at the hardware and could see just what the issue was, before grabbing a tube of lip gloss from her desk drawer and giving herself a touch up.

After all, it was Valentine's Day. Why should Polly have all the fun?"

A CHRISTMAS WEDDING



Tabitha looked across the aisle of the small chapel to where Ron Parsons stood, and couldn't help but think he looked a little nervous but quite dashing in his

traditional morning suit. Beside him stood his best man and former cubicle mate David, checking his watch for the third time.

The ceremony had been scheduled to begin a half hour ago, but after all, on her wedding day it was the bride's prerogative to keep her man waiting.

Besides, Tabitha was absolutely certain that when Ron saw Polly in the designer wedding gown they had picked out, he'd agree that it was well worth the wait. It had been great fun seeing Polly try on dress after dress until they finally hit on the perfect gown. Tabitha was a traditionalist when it came to weddings and had absolutely insisted that Polly stay with her on the night before their nuptials and that Ron was on no account to see his bride to be until she walked down the aisle.

Although she approved of the drama, she wasn't exactly sure what was holding Polly up. She'd left her two hours earlier at the hotel, her hair perfectly coiffured in an elegant up do, crowned by a sparkling tiara. Her make-up was flawless, ruby red lips and a smoky eye, accentuating Polly's delicate features. And looking as though she had been poured into the tight, shimmering white mermaid gown that had cost an obscene amount of money. But it was worth every penny. Polly had looked like she stepped out of a fairy tale.

Yes, there had been a few big day jitters but nothing that wasn't to be expected. And Mrs. Hartridge had been such a support, you could tell she was thrilled at the prospect of the daughter she'd always wanted having the wedding of her dreams. Mr. Hartridge, well he was a different matter.

As the maid of honour/only bridesmaid/wedding planner Tabitha surveyed the chapel with an appropriate sense of pride. No expense had been spared and it looked beautiful, with floral arrangements of green, white and red adding a festive flair to the proceedings. It was a Christmas themed wedding after all, taking place as it was on Dec 13th... 12 days before Dec 25th. Tabitha smiled at the cosmic synchronicity of it all, even though she could barely believe that it was coming up on a year since Ron had proposed to Polly and exactly two years to the

day since Polly's journey into womanhood had commenced.

She remembered that day one year before, how Polly had called her on Christmas morning in tears. Although she knew Ron planned to propose, and imagined they were tears of joy, Tabitha could barely make out what Polly was saying! One hour and a frantic cab ride later, Polly had rushed to Tabitha's apartment and sitting on the sofa. she explained when Ron had popped the question earlier that morning, she didn't know what to say and had told Ron that she needed to think. She then broke down into fitful sobs as Tabitha comforted her. These emotional outbursts had become par for the course over the past year and it was hardly surprising, as on any given day Polly was a seething cauldron of hormones. It wasn't the first time Polly had sought Tabitha's help, and the two had become close. After all Tabitha had been there for Polly and helped her through so many firsts... her first surgery, her first kiss, the first time she had shared Ron's bed. As Tabitha embraced her friend, feeling the brush of her ample bosom, she tried her best to sooth Polly and encourage her to talk about it until through stifled tears, Polly eventually confessed to Tabitha that she was totally confused!

Polly confessed that as difficult as it was to admit it, she liked Ron. Initially, they had grown to be friends, living together that previous year and like many other couples before them, the pair had grown from roommates, sharing a living space as a matter of convenience, to something more intimate. And just like Tabitha, Ron had been there through a very turbulent time in Polly's life, always supportive, always caring.

There had been a time when Polly had tentatively broached the idea of returning to her previous existence as Paul. After all, the terms of their agreement had been fulfilled. Paul had lived as Polly for a year, and had submitted to everything Tabitha had asked with (mostly) few complaints. But Tabitha had gently pointed out that a great deal of Midas' money had gone into helping Polly and it would take a great deal of money to bring Paul back. Added to that, Polly would have to move away... any attempts to de-transition would need to be done well away from Midas lest she open herself up any to legal action. And she'd need to find a

new job in order to start saving for the many painful surgeries involved. And she'd have to say goodbye to Ron. Possibly forever.

Ron had been a wildcard in Tabitha's initial plans but one that proved to be more vital than she could have imagined. Who could have known that he would become so smitten with Polly and who could have guessed that eventually, over time, as much as Polly might want to deny it, the feeling would become mutual.

Tabitha smiled as she remembered that after Polly had told her about Ron's proposal and her initial trepidation, and Tabitha had given her that little 'girl on girl' pep talk, Polly had pulled herself together, fixed her makeup, and called Ron to say yes, nothing would make her happier than becoming Mrs. Ron Parsons. Tabitha almost thought she could hear his whoops of joy from all the way across town. A Christmas engagement. And now a Christmas wedding! It was every girl's dream. And the ring was so beautiful. Tabitha was almost jealous. Ron was obviously head over heels for Polly. And why wouldn't he be. She was every guy's dream. Tabitha had made sure of that.

Suddenly the wedding march piped up and at the entrance of the chapel, looking resplendent in the gorgeous designer wedding gown that clung to every curve and showed off her cleavage to maximum effect, Polly appeared, arm in arm with her father, Ted Hartridge. Tabitha had never met the man before beginning to plan the wedding and she could see just where Paul had gotten some of his less enlightened views from. In fact, she could see right now from the look on his face that as far as Mr. Hartridge was concerned he would rather be having his toe nails removed one by one than walking his former son down the aisle. A former son who was wearing 6 inch satin high heels, a stunning strapless gown, and an almost sinful set of bridal lingerie beneath, which Tabitha herself had chosen with the specific aim of exciting Ron in the bridal suite and ensuring the happy couple had a wedding night to remember.

Thankfully Mrs. Hartridge was a different story. She had always wanted a daughter and was only delighted to discover that she now had one! And she

would not let her husband's narrow mindedness get in the way. She was adamant and had made it clear that if she thought for one single moment that her husband was anything other than supportive of Polly and her life choices, he could expect a visit to the divorce court and under the terms of their pre-nup, she would take him to the cleaners and leave him without even the shirt on his back.

There was a series of 'oohs' and a collective intake of breath as the gathered guests watched the stunning bride to be slowly walk down the aisle. As Polly's father handed her off to her future husband and took a step back, Tabitha smiled supportively as Polly glanced over before gently raising her bridal veil and revealing her face to Ron. Her expressive eyes were wide and filled with conflicting emotion. Happiness seemed to be the prevailing one but Tabitha was sure she could see a little trepidation there behind the mascaraed lashes. However as Ron's gazed down at the face of his soon to be bride, his eyes wide as saucers and brimming with love, any last minute nerves seemed to fade and soon Polly looked at her man with nothing but adoration. She had come a long way in a short time and not for the last time, Tabitha felt a tingle of pride.

The ceremony went by in what seemed like a blur and although she wasn't looking at him, Tabitha thought she could sense Mr. Hartridge shift uneasily in his seat at the part of the ceremony where they asked if anyone present objected to the union.

But as one, when the words , 'you may kiss the bride' were spoken and Ron took Polly in his arms in a passionate clench before planting a kiss worthy of those classic movies on his gorgeous new wife's waiting lips, the crowd rose to their feet and began clapping their approval. Tabitha also heard a few whoops and whistles from some of Midas Accounting's more rowdy male staff members.

Wiping a tear from her eye, Tabitha turned to look at the assembled guests. So many smiling faces, so many people happy to celebrate Ron and Polly's union. Ron's parents looked beside themselves with joy to see their son so happy and to welcome their new daughter-in-law into the family. Mrs. Hartridge dabbed at her

eyes and wiped away tears of happiness in the knowledge that her new daughter had found someone to care for her and protect her. Even the stoic faced Mr. Hartridge seemed to be repressing some pent up emotions at the sight of his only child locked in a passionate embrace.

Scanning the guests, Tabitha's eye fell onto Sebastian Peterson, the freckled, red headed new Midas intern. His dad had been one of her professors at business school. A life time ago, it was definitely fair to say. Peterson had been a real asshole to Tabitha, or Tad as she went by back then. Worse still, when she began to transition, his imperious and demeaning attitude only seemed to get worse. In fact she later found out that Professor Peterson had been instrumental her being dropped from a prestigious internship programme. 'Not the kind of person we want representing this institution'.

Sebastian was actually quite a sweet kid. He had none of the arrogance of his father. Or at least, she hadn't seen him display it. It would be such a shame if he grew into another example of that warped, chauvinistic sense of masculinity that still seemed to be so prevalent in the business world.

She had to admit she had been having a little fun with Sebastian in the office, flirting a little, maybe leading him on more than she should have. But it was all innocent enough. Now as the bright December sunlight streamed through the stained-glass window and fell over his delicate features, she was struck by his fine bone structure. He wore his hair long like a lot of young people these days. And with a little nudging in the right direction.... well, there was all that money in the health plan going to waste after all. Maybe she should take a more hands on role in teaching him the ropes at Midas. Maybe even convince HR she needed a personal assistant. She'd fudge the seating plan at the reception. Make sure they were sitting together. By the time the bride and groom were leaving for their honeymoon, Sebastian would be putty in her hands.

Sabrina Peterson. Yes. That had a nice ring to it. That sounded like a project worthy of the talents of Tabitha Potts.

Titles from Sick Puppy Press

Sick Puppy Comics

Making Friends

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Three college students sign up for a six-month isolation experiment. Things start to get a little strange, and they begin to lose their masculinity day by day. Yet, they don't seem to even notice... Full Color Comic Book / 38 pages

The Pet Sitter

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Asked to look after a supermodel's pet for a while, James finds himself thrust out of his own apartment and into hers. Day by day, it seems like circumstances adapt James to become the resident of a supermodel's lifestyle. Full Color Comic Book / 29 pages

A Curious Curse

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. When teen goth Brandyn gets his drivers' license, he thinks it's a ticket to adulthood. Unfortunately, he's already cashed a ticket in the opposite direction. Full Color Comic Book / 27 pages

Boys Will Be Girls

Story & Art by Fraylim, Script by KK, Ink & Color by Joe Six-Pack. The "Summer Blossom" camp welcomes anew group of young men. But although it may be an all-boys camp when they arrive, it's girls-only when they leave. Full Color Comic Book / 100 pages

The Step-Witch

Story by Joe Six-Pack. Dillon has a new step-mother. Problem is that she and Dillon don't get along. More of a problem for Dillon is that she's a witch — and wants a daughter. Full Color Comic Book / 17 pages

Double-Crossed

Story & Art by Joe-Six Pack. Jesse is on the run from justice. When he finds an old friend who can help him, that old friend seems more interested in helping Jesse become a woman. Comic / 24 pages

The Charm

Story by Joe-Six Pack, art by Osoku WARUI. Gavin is a student who laments his boring life. Then he crosses paths with Krista. Things are about to change, and not necessarily for the better. Comic / 24 pages

Candlewick Court Series

Welcome to Candlewick

By Joe Six-Pack. Book 1 in a series. Candlewick Court is looking for new residents. Residents who will find new lives and new genders in a suburban paradise with a mysterious purpose. Book / 149 pages / 30 illustrations

Surrender to Candlewick

By Joe Six-Pack. Book 2 in a series. Candlewick Court has found it's first homeowners, and the kids need a school to attend. What kind of bizarre transformations await them? Book / 152 pages / 38 illustrations

Brides of Candlewick

By Joe Six-Pack. Book 3 in a series. The story of Colin and Elliot concludes as we welcome Candlewick Court's next homeowners. Book / 159 pages / 39 illustrations

Teens Transformed

She Made Me Into My Sister

"A Little Too Clever" by Joe Six-Pack. Wyatt wanted to help his girlfriend get revenge, but at what cost? As it turns out, a cost greater than any boy could have imagined. Book / 88 pages / 20 illustrations

Gone Girly for Good

"Big in Japan" by James J Craft. Mike and Ken were one-hit-wonder rock stars. Then they discovered they had fans in Japan, so they left to become famous. Then they discovered that the Japanese didn't know they were guys. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

One Year in Tokyo

By James J Craft, illustrations by Kwon Lee Tran. Mickey is forced to spend a year with his father in Japan. However things often get confused when words get translated from English to Japanese, as Mickey soon finds out... Book / 87 pages / 20 illustrations

Student Exchange

By Joe Six-Pack. Kelley Sue's convinced a French exchange student to disguise himself as a girl. What happens when she realizes he has no intention of returning back home? Book / 77 pages / 22 illustrations

He's a Valley Girl, Fer Sure

From the files of TGStories.com: "Corey Taylor's Big Bodacious Adventure" by Joe Six-Pack. For Corey, the only way he can get into college is to pretend to be a girl. But when does it stop being pretend? When he's cheerleader? A girlfriend? A beauty queen? Book / 78 pages / 17 illustrations

From Boys to Bridesmaids

"Always a Bridesmaid, Never a Groom" by James J Craft. Two spoiled and privileged boys are about to be put in their place by their new step-mother. And their place is by her side as her bridesmaids and daughters. Book / 77 Pages / 16 illustrations

Little Mis-ter Popular

"My Two Moms" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Thanks to his aunt's "Confidence Club," Leon will find a way to become popular, and to get over all his hang-ups... Including his masculinity. Book / 77 Pages / 17 illustrations

Bride to Be

By Joe Six-Pack. Derek and Cole grew up together as kids. One year, though, Cole has to start pitching in at the family wedding business. His life will never be the same. Book / 63 pages / 25 illustrations

Winning is Everything

"Costume drama" by Joe Six-Pack. Seth made a funny little bet for Halloween. He needed to pull off the impersonation of a Cheerleader for a party. What's at stake? 100 million dollars and his manhood. Book / 215 pages / 37 illustrations

Creating Samantha

Story by Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by The Might Fenek. Samuel was under the tutelage of his legal guardian, only his guardian had no intentions of letting him grow up male. Book / 70 pages / 16 illustrations

Convicts to Co-Eds

Story by Courtney Captisa & Claire Bear, illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Three teen boys are sent to a reform school. What they can't know is that they are about to be "reformed" all the way into skirts... And beyond. Book / 154 pages / 31 illustrations

Mall Makeover Madness

"A Day at the Mall" by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Four boys are going to have one weird day at the mall. By the time the day is over, it's four girls who leave the mall to begin their new lives. Book / 109 pages / 25 illustrations

Crosley High Chronicles

By Joe Six-Pack. River is coming to a new school, and trying to fit in. The problem is the only way he's going to fit in is in skirts and heels. Book / 217 pages / 75 illustrations

Tales of Transformation

He's the Wrong Girl

"Office Chemistry" by Joe Six-Pack. James had to fill in at the reception desk. Problem is, the business is a bio-genetics company. And all of the sudden the coffee tastes funny. Book / 53 pages / 14 illustrations

City Boy, Country Girl

By Joe Six-Pack. Richard's successful city life is interrupted when a sheep he wants to fleece needs urgent care out in the country. But instead of returning home, all Richard's wife hears are a series of suspicious excuses. Revised in 2019. Book / 92 pages / 34 illustrations

Thames Greene

By James J Craft. Ira wanted something better for his family. A new start. But in Thames Greene, everyone's getting a new start, whether they want it or not. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

Hiding in High Heels

"How Not to be a Sissy" By Joe Six-Pack. Vince was on the run from people who wanted their millions back. Howard was a friend with a funny little idea and a knack for making subliminal CDs. Mini-Pix / 48 pages / 15 illustrations

A Blessing in Disguise

By KK, illustrations by Kannel. Jay was a witness to a murder, and now he's the target of a vicious criminal. Resorting to a female disguise, he becomes trapped with no way out. Book / 84 pages / 16 illustrations

I'm Your Dolly

"Barbie-in-a-Box" By Joe Six-Pack. Tyler wasn't much of a boyfriend anymore. Jessica wanted to throw him out, but then a better idea came to her, in the form of the Barbie-in-a-Box service. Tyler better get used to pink. Book / 103 pages / 20 illustrations

His Life as a Trophy Wife

By Joe Six-Pack. Nick had a great life, but then it evaporated. Now he's down on his luck. In steps a wealthy executive willing to pay him handsomely to pretend to be his wife. What can it hurt?

Revised in 2018. Book / 256 pages / 39 illustrations

Male Monday, Girl Friday

"Hey, Cutie!" by James J Craft. Daniel is going to be promoted from his average life to an exciting executive position. At least, that's what his bosses are telling him. They may not be telling him everything. Book / 58 pages / 20 illustrations

The Happiest Place on Earth

From the files of TGStories.com: "The Fairest One of All" By Joe Six-Pack. Will is a kid looking for a job. He gets one, performing as Snow White at a theme park. For Will, he doesn't suspect that playing the role and wearing the costume is slowly changing him, day by day. Book / 51 pages / 21 illustrations

Hello, Nurse

From the files of TGStories.com: "Quality Health Care". Dane is filling in as a nurse for his pal Jimmy at his new office. Although both are doctors, Dane begins to take to his new role as a nurse. Soon, he feels compelled to be the ideal nurse. Book / 44 pages / 15 illustrations

My Boss, The Bimbo

"If I Were a Betting (Wo)Man" By James J Craft, illustrations by blackshirtboy. CEO Lucas has a superiority complex. When his long-suffering secretary is able to feed into Lucas' competitive nature, he'll make any bet to prove his dominance over women. Book / 38 pages / 10 illustrations

He's the Girl They Want

"Rallies" by Joe Six-Pack. Spencer has a great new executive job in the food service industry, but first he's got to learn the ropes of the business by waiting on tables. He just doesn't quite fit in with the cheerleader theme. Yet. Book / 63 pages / 22 illustrations

Demoted and Degraded

"Trixie the Secretary" by Angela J. Cindy didn't much like Tom Jones attitude and his advances, so when she has the opportunity to help take the wind out of his sails, she takes it. But she had no idea that it was all designed to make Tom into Trixie the secretary. Book / 87 pages / 17 illustrations

I, Candy

"Sissy Sweets" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Inheriting his family's bakery requires this young man to become the new face of the business. A female face. Book / 45 pages / 15 illustrations

Boyzz II Girlz

"The Making of the Ballroom Brats" by Joe Six-Pack. The Ballroom Brats become the newest worldwide celebrity sensation. How did four unsuspecting guys at a fast food joint become the hottest girl group in music? Book / 113 pages / 34 illustrations

His Strangest Desire

"Employee of the Month" by Joe Six-Pack. Mick is declared Employee of the Month, and he's going to find himself hurtling headlong into facing his weirdest inner desire. Book / 59 pages / 19 illustrations

Hard Time or High Heels

"I'm Turning into My Mother" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Colby got deep into debt to a local gangster. Before long, he's on the arm of that very same gangster as his reluctant girlfriend. Book / 75 pages / 20 illustrations

Seriously Skirted

"The Show Piece" by KK. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Mel finds work at a clinic as a secretary. He slowly begins to fit to role. Book / 75 pages / 19 illustrations

From Mister to Sister

Story by Melissa N., illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Dan just wanted to help guide his girlfriend's sister out of her depression. Instead, he's being guided out of his manhood. Book / 84 pages / 24 illustrations

The Russian Girl

Story by Melissa N., illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Casey's wife has had enough of watching him kill himself with work, so she forces him out of his comfort zone... Into the life of a female stripper. Book / 196 pages / 30 illustrations

Swindled into Skirts

"Beta Male" by Joe Six-Pack. Kyle inherited a multi-million dollar mansion in southern California. He begins to adjust to the Cali lifestyle, but his adjustments seems to have a decidedly feminine flavor to them. Book / 78 pages / 23 illustrations

Stories of the Supernatural

A Change for the Better

"Do-Overs" by Joe Six-Pack. Evan wants a chance to do over his biggest mistake. He gets the chance, but he keeps wanting his new life to be a little bit better than the last. Book / 59 pages / 18 color illustrations

Changed and Rearranged

"Wrongs Make Wright" By Joe Six-Pack. Chris and Matt were rivals. Then, Matt decided to show everyone how smart he truly was by impersonating a teacher. But the disguise becomes more and more real, much to Chris' dismay. Book / 74 pages / 19 illustrations

From Pals to Gals

From the files of TGStories.com: "Mandate of the People" By Joe Six-Pack. Teens Jeremy and Stewart are good friends, but a bit thick in the noggin. When they jokingly nominate each other for Prom Queen, they slowly become the perfect candidates, thanks to some magic. Book / 45 pages / 16 illustrations

A High-Heeled Halloween

Story & art by Joe Six-Pack. A costume shop has four spooky tales to tell this Halloween, where the price you pay for your costume is far more than money. Book / 128 pages / 34 illustrations

Crossed Fiction

If the Shoes Fit

"Hand Me Downs" By KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Sydney is a teen who is just trying to make it through the summer with no money. He finds himself wearing hand-me-downs from his sister, and that takes his life in a whole new direction. Book / 98 pages / 30 illustrations

Sisters for the Summer

"Camp Counseling" By Joe Six-Pack. Brock McCade always thought of himself as a real man, or at least he would be one, someday. After summer camp, he's no longer so sure. Book / 76 pages / 17 illustrations

They're the Girls for the Job

"Peace and Harmony" By James J Craft. Illustrations by blackshirtboy. Pete and Harmon need jobs bad. How far would they have to go to get them? Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

Blondie's Lost Summer

By KK. Illustrations by Fraylim. Carl's dream summer was about to become three months of dresses, heels and makeup. Book / 159 pages / 48 illustrations

Blondie's Lost Year

By KK. Illustrations by Fraylim. Book Two in the Blondie Series. Carl's trip to Florida has been horrible enough, trapped in dresses and makeup. Now, high school has presented a whole new level of humiliation for him. Book / 221 pages / 52 illustrations

Blondie He's Not

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Mark got a job at a salon, and fell in love with one of the customers. Problem was that customer was Candi "Blondie" Wethers, and what happened to Candi was about to happen to Mark. Book / 151 pages / 40 illustrations

I Never Wanted to be a Woman

"Politically Corrected" By Cheryl Lynn. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Michael's politically active mother has decided she's going to make her hippie son over into the daughter she always wanted. Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

The Boy's Guide to Girlhood

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Dweeb Kenny and cool Rex find themselves trapped in a Principal's twisted scheme, and only one of them is going to get out in tact. Book / 109 pages / 32 illustrations

Fashion Victims

Story by Lauren Bliss, illustrations by Fraylim. Teenage boy Jamie just needed clothes for school. Oh, he's going to get clothes for school. Just not male ones. Will he ever need male clothes again? Book / 67 pages / 26 illustrations

The Making of a Beach Bunny

Story by KK & Fraylim, illustrations by Fraylim. Before heading off to college, John wanted to spend his last normal summer at the old rental summer house with his friend Stanley. There was nothing about this summer that would be normal. Book / 134 pages / 58 illustrations

Seriously Sissified

A Family Femmed

"The Femmed Family Robinson" by James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by Sortimid. The Robinson boys all had dreams of their own, once. Now they have new ones, thanks to their stepmother. Book / 96 pages / 29 color illustrations



Forever Femmed

Story by James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by Sortimid. "A Family Femmed's" Deborah is still hard at work, flipping men into sissies and selling them to the highest bidder. But this time, there's a new wrinkle. Book / 108 pages / 28 illustrations

Auntie's Girl Time

By Cheryl Lynn. David was just a young teenage boy who wanted all the things in life a man could look forward to. His aunt, though, is going to make sure he never gets them. Book / 79 pages / 20 illustrations

Revenge of the Cheerleaders

"Pansy Cheers" By Angela J. Patrick Sears was a football player trying to sleep with every cheerleader at his small college. He'd have to pay for his conquests. Book / 116 pages / 19 illustrations

He's Got His Mind Made Up

By James J. Craft. Illustrations by kinkyrocket. Corey has just a sliver of a chance to get into college, but that chance involves becoming his stepmother's maid. And she wants him to fit both the role and the dress. Book / 68 pages / 16 illustrations

Fated for Femininity

Story by KK, illustrations by RocketXpert. When a web page shows Evan having sex with another boy, the poor kid is chased out of town — right into the arms of a gender therapist who has her own agenda. Book / 70 pages / 15 illustrations

Web Classics Revisited

Two Forms of ID

By Joe Six-Pack. Harvey had the unusual ability to convincingly imitate a teenage girl. In desperation, he has to use that talent to make some money. But when is enough enough? Paperback / 194 pages / text only