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84 pages **16** illustrations

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE

Story by KK - Illustrations by Kannel



**TRANSGENDER
TALES OF**

Transformation



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A BLESSING IN DISGUISE

**Story by KK
Illustrations by Kannel
A Tales of Transformation Story**



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A BLESSING IN DISGUISE

Jay Turner's heart was about to burst out of his shirt as he huddled behind his car, his mind reduced to thoughts of survival, listening to the altercation happening on the other side in the otherwise empty parking garage. He wished, he prayed, that he hadn't stayed late to work on the story... That he hadn't caught the elevator at the last second... That his son Randy wasn't sleeping over at a friend's house... Basically, even the slightest change in his day that would have prevented him from being here in this abandoned parking garage at this exact moment. Jay clutched his keys tightly as the voices grew louder.

All he was trying to do was get in his car after another long day at the paper and leave. As he had been fumbling for his keys, he dropped them on the cold concrete. Bending over to grab them, a long, shiny black limousine had just pulled in. Momentarily hidden from sight, that was when he'd heard the sound, unmistakable from years of television cop shows, of a gun being cocked. That was promptly followed by a door swinging open, and someone being thrown out onto their knees to beg for their life.

"Is there someone else, you little prick?" boomed a powerful voice, trembling with rage. "Is there? Tell me!" Jay had squeezed his eyes shut, but the voice made him open them. It was familiar. He was sure he'd heard that voice before... but where? The same curiosity that had led him through the twists and turns of journalism school before landing a job at one of NYC's biggest papers was now gripping him. He had to look with his own eyes. *Don't do it, Jay, think about your boy. Think about Randy*, he told himself. But if the booming voice was who he thought it was, he was witnessing something bigger than every story he'd ever penned put together. If only he hadn't let his phone battery die this afternoon...

"I swear, Dominic, he doesn't mean anything to me!" wailed the other voice. That was the deciding factor. Jay wiped his sweating palms on his knees, pulled out his cellular phone, and inched his nose around the edge of his bumper to see the scene unfolding. It was all he could do not to gasp. "You're the only man for me!" The young man wailed.

The man stumbling from his limousine, handgun in one hand and an all-but-empty bottle of expensive whiskey in the other, was over six feet tall and well-built, with thick dark hair and chiseled features. Jay Turner would know that face anywhere: it was none other than Dominic Stone, the richest, most powerful man in New York and possibly the country, head of the world's shadiest pharmaceutical conglomerate and eternal target of most national intelligence agencies. Corrupt, ruthless, and egomaniacal – those words described Dominic Stone in a nutshell. Not to mention macho, manly, and lady-killer. He was al-

ways surrounded by beautiful girls and bounced from one supermodel trophy wife to the next.

Which was why this scene was particularly shocking: the man begging for his life, on his knees on the tarmac, was a handsome young man Jay recognized as Jason McKeevey. Jason was the son of Senator Bryce McKeevey, a crusading anti-crime politician who was being tipped for a presidential run. Almost unable to believe what he was seeing, Jay's hands shook as he took in the scene. Stone was waving his gun around, railing about infidelity, and tears were running down the young man's face. Then, before Jay could even blink, the handgun was suddenly pressed up against the young man's forehead.

"Cheaters never prosper, you little bastard," Stone snarled. "And to think how hard I worked to keep us hush-hush. I can't trust you anymore, and that means goodbye. God knows I'll miss that beautiful ass of yours in bed."

"No, Dominic! Please!"

The garage echoed the loud, sharp sound of a gunshot, bouncing off the grey concrete walls seemingly forever.

Jay's mouth fell open as he watched the young man keel over backward, blood gushing. He wanted to shout, to run for help, but... *What can I do against an angry drunk billionaire with a gun?* Jay wondered. *He would cut me down on the spot!* Jay stared helplessly as Stone staggered back into the limousine and it pulled away, out of the parking garage, leaving a corpse in a pool of blood. Jay felt sick to his stomach – the kid couldn't be more than eighteen, only four years older than his son Randy. He hadn't been able to save the poor guy's life, but at least he would be able to make sure Stone went away for it. As soon as the limousine was gone, Jay searched out the nearest pay phone, and, his fingers trembling in nerve-shattering fear, began to dial 9-1-1.

Six Months Later

Jay Turner's legs were as unsteady as a sailboat in a stormy ocean as he took to the witness stand. It was the way Stone kept smirking at him from his seat, sitting there casually in his designer suit and Italian leather shoes as if he was at a restaurant waiting for his supper rather than in a court-room waiting to discover if he was going away for murder. It gave Jay the unshakeable feeling that Stone knew something he didn't.

He quickly saw the game for Stone's legal team: they were presenting Jay as a hack journalist desperate for a story, desperate enough to inject Dominic Stone's presence into a tragic murder probably committed by gang members angry about the senator's proposed crackdown on drug trafficking. However, Jay was no slouch when it came to telling his side of the story. It certainly

helped things that Jay didn't look like a shady guy. He looked quite a bit younger than his thirty years, with an innocent fresh-faced appearance that played well for the cameras and for any female members of the jury. He was short and slight but quite good-looking in his own right, and he knew that would help his case. What's more, Randy, the son who he'd been raising on his own since his high school sweet-heart skipped out on him, was just as photogenic as he attentively watched his father take the stand.

The jury was more than ready to like Jay and believe Jay. So when he told his story, all about how he ended up in the wrong place at the wrong time and witnessed Dominic Stone shooting the senator's son at point-blank range, they were 'oohing' and 'aahing' in all the right places. Stone's smile, however, was still fixed in place and it sent shivers down Jay's spine. That man was a lunatic. Or, maybe even worse, he wasn't a lunatic. He was just that cold.

"And do you have any clues as to why this murder took place?" the lawyer prodded. Jay steeled his nerves. Now was the time. Stone was staring daggers at him, just daring him to come clean. Well, Jay was a journalist, and the truth was always his first priority.

"It was a crime of passion," Jay said, clearing his throat, and he began to explain exactly what he had heard. The look on Stone's face when Jay explained that it seemed the corrupt mogul was secretly a fairy, or homosexual, made his life flash before his eyes, but there was no turning back now. When he finished his testimony with the damning quote that Stone would 'miss his lover in bed,' the mogul snapped.

"I'll fucking kill you!" Stone howled, spittle flying from his mouth. He had crossed the courtroom in an instant, hands ready to throttle Jay's throat. "You're dead, you hear me? I'm going to make sure of it, your worthless little shit!"

The guards managed to restrain the enraged magnate, but only just. Jay's heart was beating like a drum, but he held it in as he was marched out of the courtroom. He found his son Randy waiting for him. Randy was fourteen years old and took after his dad, slender and dark-haired with fine facial features. Jay had done his best to raise him on his own, but of the several long-term girlfriends Jay had had, none had been much of a mother figure for Randy.

"See? Nothing to it," Jay said, slapping his son on the back. "He'll be behind bars in no time."

"You're not worried about what he said?" Randy demanded, fear in his eyes. "He said he's going to kill you!"

"He's a psycho," Jay admitted. "But we're going to have protection, Randy, don't worry."

"That's right, Jay," came a voice from the door. He turned his head and saw a professional-looking woman in dark sunglasses and pants suit. No doubt she'd be very attractive behind the severe pulled-back hair and deep frown. "Agent

Dee,” she said, offering her hand. “Pleasure to finally meet you. Testifying in there was a brave thing to do.”

“Jay Turner, but I guess you already know that,” Jay said, shaking hands and noticing a much taller male agent entering the room behind her. “And this is my son, Randy. What happened to the guy who was with us before?”

“That ‘guy’ was a police officer,” Agent Dee laughed. “I’m a little higher up the food chain. We’re in charge of your security from now on. I’m going to be in charge of witness protection for you and the boy. Let’s get moving. I guarantee Stone already has a hit out on you, and possibly on your son.”

Jay Turner stuck his hand protectively on his son’s shoulder. “Whoever it is would have to go through me first,” he said emphatically.

“And they would, quite easily,” Agent Dee said. She turned and started walking down the hallway, and Jay and Randy followed. She was looking left and right, scanning the way for any threats. “Which is why I’m afraid you’ll be taking separate paths, for now.”

“What?” Jay objected. “I’m not letting my son out of my sight!”

“We’ll reunite you later,” Agent Dee said, “but at the moment, Jay, you’re a much bigger target than your son is and having you together would only jeopardize his life. Understand?” Jay gulped. The last thing he wanted was to leave his son, but they couldn’t stay together if it was going to endanger him.

“I understand,” Jay said. “When will we be reunited?”

“At a safe and secure location,” Agent Dee said. “Within a few weeks’ time. I’m afraid I can’t give you any specifics.”

“A few weeks?” Jay demanded. He rubbed at his hair. “Okay,” he said, reluctantly. “Fine. Think of it as summer camp, okay, Randy? You go with the agent and do whatever she says, and I’ll see you before you know it.”

“Oh, he’s not coming with me,” Agent Dee interjected. “He’ll be with my partner, Agent Zed. I’m the top field agent we have, so I’ve been assigned to protect you.” On cue, another agent joined them, appearing from a connecting hallway.

“The pickup is secure,” he said. Jay looked to Agent Zed, a hulking African-American man, and back to Agent Dee, comparatively tiny.

“But you’re...”

“A woman?” Agent Dee suggested wryly. “I know. Now, you two better say your goodbyes, because there are cars waiting outside.” Jay nodded and turned to his son.

Jay wasn’t sure at all he was doing the right thing, but he couldn’t let his son see any doubt. Randy had to believe everything was going to be okay. “You’ve



got nothing to worry about,” he said to Randy. “Stone will come after me, not you, and I’ve got the best FBI agent in the business watching my back.”

“Okay, dad,” Randy said, slightly pale. “Good luck!” Jay put a hand on his son’s shoulder, and a moment later he was gone, following Agent Zed out the door. Agent Dee had them wait five minutes, then he followed her outside into a black car and they whisked away from the court-house through a back exit, far from the crowd of reporters and bystanders curious about the case.

As the car sped along at twice the legal limit, Agent Zed briefed Jay. “A surveillance team has been watching your house, and so far there’s nothing suspicious,” she said, as the car pulled up to his house. “I’ve got some people in there doing clean-up right now, making sure there’s nothing that could lead to any family members. Come on.” She got out of the car and marched up the lawn. Jay followed, and despite the situation he couldn’t help but notice that it was a hell of a rear view.

When they got inside, they were greeted by yet another federal agent. “I’m afraid this is probably the last time you’ll set foot in this house,” Agent Dee said, hurrying up the stairs. “Stone’s men will be tearing this place to shreds in a matter of hours, believe me. I have someone on your computer making it appear as though you bought plane tickets to the other side of the country, which may buy us some time, but if there’s anything of sentimental value to you, you have five minutes to pack a suitcase.”

Jay gritted his teeth. Five minutes? How was he supposed to prepare for a life on the run in only five minutes? He started pulling open his closet and throwing random clothes together, along with a watch given to him by his grandfather and a small photo album. As he was moving it all into the suitcase, a small stack of photos slipped free and floated to the floor. Agent Dee snatched one up as Jay lunged to grab it. "Don't!" He said, without any explanation. The photo showed an attractive – if nervous-looking – woman, dressed in a rather skimpy nurse costume for a Halloween party.

"Who is this?" Agent Dee asked. "Anyone who might... Wait. Is this...?"

"Yeah, it's me," Jay said, blushing a deep red. "So what? It was some stupid costume competition and my girlfriend at the time, well, I let her talk me into it."

"And are there any other pictures of this around the house?" Agent Dee asked, still staring at the photograph.

"Of course not," Jay said. "What are you implying? That's the only picture I let her take, and I would have tossed it out if I had known it was still in there. Besides, I really don't think this is the time to start reminiscing about Halloween parties!" He held his hand out for the picture, but Agent Dee had already slipped it inside her briefcase and was now giving him a long, hard, scrutinizing up-and-down gaze.

"Good," she said, in her clipped, professional tone. "Then I think we may have just found our angle."

"Our angle?" Jay echoed, zipping the suitcase shut.

"Don't worry about it," Agent Dee smiled mysteriously. "Time to get back in the car, Jay. Take Agent Johnson with you. I'm going to make a few phone calls."



Once she had finished her call to headquarters, Agent Dee hurried back to the black car and got into the backseat. Jay was almost relieved to see her. She clearly knew what she was doing, and that was comforting when his life was suddenly being threatened by the mob. She barked instructions to the driver and the car pulled away, Jay staring despondently out the window at the house he had worked so hard to keep.

"I'm going to lay out the facts for you, Jay," Agent Dee said. "You didn't just witness some mugging in an alley or something. You're a witness to a huge crime committed by an extremely dangerous individual. The FBI has been looking for a way to nail Stone for years, and if this is our chance, we'll take it. Stone's guys are going to be searching for you high and low to prevent you from

testifying further, and, of course, for revenge – you can't just drag a man like that out of the closet in front of the world and expect him to shake it off. You've not just framed Stone for murder, you've exposed him as a gay man. He'll spare no expense to get back at you."

"If you're trying to make me feel better, it's not working," Jay said, trying to get at least a grin out of the agent. Her sour expression didn't change. "Well, uh, where can we go where he can't find me?"

"It's not a question of where he'll look. It's a question of who he's looking for." She reached into her jacket. "Want to know who they won't be searching for?"

"Who?" Jay asked dully. He didn't exactly feel like playing guessing games as his life fell to pieces around him.

"A woman," Agent Dee said, holding the Halloween picture under his nose. "How does 'Julia' strike you?"

"Wait." Jay's head started spinning. "Are you suggesting...?"

"I think it's our best bet for the time being, until we get you to a safe house, yes," Agent Dee said, sitting back. "If I didn't believe it was in your best interests to disguise you as a woman, I would never suggest it. But as I said, I'm working with the facts. You're short. You're very slim. You look young for your age. And, if this picture is to be believed, you make a perfectly passable, and, dare I say it, attractive young woman. This is a one-in-a-thousand type situation, Jay. We don't do this all the time, but I think you're the perfect candidate for it. So, what do you say?"

"You want me to decide now?" Jay gasped.

"We're currently on our way to a pit stop where your disguise is being prepared as we speak," Agent Dee said. "So, yes."

"Look, I did it once for Halloween, but I'm not some kind of transvestite, okay?" Jay protested.

"It's only for a couple week's time, and I wouldn't suggest it if I didn't think it was our best option," Agent Dee said flatly. "What's more important? Pride or survival?"

"I can't just... Just *become* a woman, nobody would ever..." Jay trailed off helplessly.

"You'd be surprised how much we can do for you," Agent Dee said. "We're the very best in the business, after all. But I need your full cooperation, and I need it now. If it doesn't work, we scrap it and try something else. But I think this is our best shot."

"Alright," Jay said, taking a deep breath. "If this is what it takes, I don't really have a choice."

“No,” Agent Dee agreed sadly. “When something like this happens, you don’t.” The car continued on in silence, but Jay’s head was full of thoughts. Where was Randy right now? Were they cooking up some disguise of his own? Jay leaned back and shook his head. The whole situation was so crazy that he didn’t know if Agent Dee’s idea was a brilliant one or a terrible one. He had seen films about guys disguising themselves as girls, and they always looked ridiculous. Then again, every girl Jay had ever dated had remarked on how pretty his eyelashes were, and how he wasn’t like “most men.” He assumed that was because he had never been a particularly manly-looking guy. But could he pull off a convincing disguise? He decided he would have to just wait and see.



The “pit stop” was in a run-down apartment building, and as Agent Dee escorted him inside he noticed that she had a pistol strapped to her thigh. The seriousness of the situation, contrasted against the fact that he was to soon be trying on a dress or something, made the whole thing feel like a bizarre dream to Jay.

“Good, they’ve dropped everything off for us,” Agent Dee said briskly, after entering a code on the number pad and letting them into the last room on the right. There were no real furnishings aside from a large black sports bag sitting on the counter. Agent Dee immediately unzipped it and began pulling out various bottles.

“What are those?” Jay asked suspiciously.

“Remember,” she said, “Full cooperation. Take these with you into the shower. This one is for your hair, this one is for everywhere else. Understand?”

“I guess I could use a shower,” Jay muttered. “I was sweating like crazy in the courtroom, and it’s not every day a guy goes on the lam, right? A little nerve-racking.”

“We don’t have much time, Jay, so I’d appreciate it if you cut the chatter,” Agent Dee said severely. Jay shrugged and went into the bathroom. He talked when he was nervous, and he was definitely nervous at the moment. Jay was slightly surprised that the place even had running water, but before long the shower was nice and warm and he climbed in. It was relaxing, and considering the day he was having, he didn’t want to ever get out.

“Keep it together, Jay,” he muttered. “Don’t think about running from Stone’s goons in a dress. Just take things one step at a time.” The first step, he decided, was the shampoo. He rubbed it in, rinsed it out, and didn’t have any unpleasant surprises. The other bottle was a whole other story. Once he had slathered it all over his body, it started itching and burning in the worst way. The bottle instructed him to wait a full five minutes before he rinsed it off, and Jay didn’t

know if he had ever itched so bad in his life. Finally, at four minutes and fifty-nine seconds, he turned the nozzle all the way up. Along with the foam, a heap of thick dark hair was collecting on the bottom of the drain and... *Oh, jeez.* He ran his hands over his legs, his chest, his chin, under his arms, and finally his groin. His grimace could have cracked a mirror. All of his hair, apart from his eyebrows and the stuff on his head, was gone. He was smoother than a baby's bottom!

"Is this really necessary?" Jay demanded, coming out in a towel. "Come on, Dee, I've seen some hairy chicks in my time!"

"It is necessary," Agent Dee said sternly, "Precisely because you are a man trying to pass as a woman. Our only hope is to give you as feminine an appearance as possible, and that means certain female liberties of the 21st century are going to be revoked. In short, Jay, you are going to be the girliest girl possible."

Jay gulped. "Come on, now," he said. "I'll just end up looking ridiculous if you try to make me wear a miniskirt or something..."

"I will be the judge of that, Jay," Agent Dee said sharply. "Now. Undies." She pointed to what was laid out on the counter and Jay blanched. He would have loved to see the lacy black get-up on some hot chick, but now he was expected to wear the stuff? Thank God Randy wasn't here. He would never live down the experience of his only son seeing his dad wearing nylons. But if it was either this or getting murdered by Stone's thugs... lingerie it was. Jay turned away and quickly stepped into the panties. They rode higher up his butt crack than he would have liked, and the silky material was a little off-putting, but they weren't really that different from briefs.

The nylon stockings were finicky things, but with Agent Dee's help he managed to slip them all the way up his smooth legs without any tears. He had to admit it: with the nylons on and his hair gone, he had a nice pair of legs. If they had been on a girl, he might have even wolf-whistled.

"Uh, Dee..." Jay began, holding up the matching black bra.

"Agent Dee," the federal agent corrected him quickly.

"Agent Dee, I don't have breasts," Jay said. "What am I supposed to do with this?"

"Of course. I almost forgot." Agent Dee had a mischievous smile on her lips that made Jay gulp. She went back to the sports bag and came back with a box. Jay looked inside and nearly lost it. Two incredibly realistic disembodied knockers, and nice ones at that, were sitting there in the plastic molding.

"I'm going to wear these?" Jay asked, turning bright red.

"36 C-cup was all I could find," Agent Dee said. "But I think you can handle being a busty young woman for a little while. You've no doubt enjoyed them on other girls, maybe this way you'll be able to sympathize a little with having men

stare at your chest all day.” She shook a little bottle of adhesive and went to work on Jay’s bare chest.

He gritted his teeth and reminded himself that he had given her free reign, and if she thought he needed tits, it was a matter of survival. “This is the part where I have to trust you, right?”

“Hold those in place,” Agent Dee instructed.

“My pleasure,” Jay said weakly, trying to make light of the situation. These gorgeous knockers were going to be his own in a matter of minutes! While the adhesive set, Agent Dee opened up a huge makeup kit and set to work. Tweezers for his eyebrows, which hurt much more than he’d expected, and then what felt like a whole cosmetic store’s worth of products on his face. Agent Dee’s face was set in concentration, speaking only to tell him to look this way or that or close his eyes or purse his lips. She had a sort of focused and peculiar glee in her eyes that made Jay extremely nervous.

By the time the adhesive was set, Agent Dee had finished with the makeup and was rummaging around for a wig. Jay groaned when he saw that the one she had settled on was a bimbo bottle-blond color. Of course. She expertly pinned it and brushed it and hair-sprayed it to perfection, leaving loose blonde tendrils tickling Jay’s bare shoulders, then had him stand up. The change in equilibrium was immediate. With the large, firm breasts on his chest, Jay had to completely change his posture. His cheeks were brilliant pink as Agent Dee helped him fasten the matching bra. That helped a little, but he was still stunned by the weight and the way the breasts bobbed up and down with his breathing. This was the kind of rack he’d used to drool over – but now it was all his!

“How do I look?” Jay asked, fearing the answer. To his surprise, Agent Dee smiled a rare smile.

“I think you’ll be surprised,” she said. “We don’t have time to do your nails, that will have to come later. Now, let’s get you dressed.” Jay walked awkwardly over to the counter, trying to adjust to the new sensation of his sizable breasts cradled in the lacy cups of his black bra. He thought the little lace bow in the middle was a bit much, but had to admit that his new ‘acquisitions’ looked truly spectacular in those itty-bitty demi-cups.

The first item of clothing was not so much a garment as a torture device, a tiny waist-cincher that felt like it was cutting him in half as Agent Dee tightened the loops. Jay’s vision swam for a moment and he had to gasp for breath. By the time it was fully tightened, his waist was considerably smaller and he was taking quick, shallow breaths from his upper chest.

“Come on, what’s the point of hiding me from Stone’s guys if you’re going to kill me anyways?” Jay demanded, panting.

"You need a more feminine shape," Agent Dee said, shrugging her shoulders. "This is the best way to achieve that in the short term. Together with the falsies, you look quite realistic. However, you'll certainly never pass as a girl with your current voice and mannerisms. Have you ever acted, Jay?" Jay rolled his eyes, thinking back to his childhood.

"Well, yeah," he said. "I liked drama back in high school, I did a couple of musicals. But if you tell anyone that I'll have to..."

"Kill me?" Agent Dee snorted, but she seemed to appreciate the joke at least a little bit. "I'd like to see you try. Anyways, I want you to keep that in mind for later. This is acting. That's all. You need to act this part because it might just save your life, so forget about being Jay and concentrate on being... Julia. Now, clothes."

"I'll try," Jay promised. "Not making any promises." He was given a sheer white blouse with slightly puffy sleeves and buttons on the wrong side, followed by, of course, a tight black miniskirt. Jay felt himself blush furiously as he wiggled the feminine garment up his smooth legs and settled it on his hips. It was tight enough to restrict him to small, mincing steps, and the feel of his nylon-clad thighs rubbing together made his whole body tingle in a strange and, if he was being honest, not entirely unpleasant way. Agent Dee rummaged around in the sports bag again and produced a pair of sensible women's flats.

"What, no high heels?" Jay quipped.

"That will come later," Agent Dee said. "For now, I think it would do more harm than help. The skirt should help you adopt a more feminine gait, and hopefully stop you from clomping around like a sailor. You're not some no-nonsense hard-hitting journalist anymore. You're a delicate, feminine, refined young lady. Understand?"

"You got it," Jay muttered. To his credit he tried to use a slightly softer, higher voice as she had suggested. He slipped the shoes on and stood up to allow Agent Dee a final inspection. She adjusted his blouse and skirt here and there, then produced a pair of clip-on earrings that pinched far too much for Jay's taste. He was still grumbling and trying to brush the blonde hair out of his face as Agent Dee finally led him over to the mirror.

When Jay saw his reflection, he couldn't speak for a good minute. When he finally did, his first words were decidedly un-ladylike. To say the least, he did not look like a man dressed up as a woman or some exaggerated drag queen. Instead, he looked like one hot number. Even wearing flats, Jay's silky smooth legs looked about a mile long, slender, sexy, and all but naked under the tight, clingy miniskirt. The feminine blouse offered an enticing peek at the outline of the lacy black bra underneath, followed the now-girlish curves of his tiny waist, and was cut low enough to show off a truly gorgeous rack, where some kind of underwire trickery in the bra pushed the breasts – his breasts, Jay reminded



himself – up and together to form centerfold-grade cleavage. Blonde hair cascaded down onto his bare shoulders in tickly waves, and as for his face? Unrecognizable.

Whatever Agent Dee had done, she'd done away with any trace of masculinity Jay might have once held dear. Her brushes and powders had somehow narrowed his slightly-too-masculine nose to a delicate little ski-slope and softened his slightly-too-broad jaw, but the real magic was in what she'd accentuated. Jay's brows had been plucked into feminine arches and that, combined with layered eye shadow, coal-black liquid liner, and voluminous false lashes slathered in mascara, gave him the sort of eyes that could flutter once and stop a heart. As for his lips, well, they were the pouty pink pillows every guy fantasized about kissing – or getting a BJ from. Jay raised one finger and toyed with one of the large silver hoops in his ears, still slightly disbelieving. He was gorgeous.

FLASH!

The sound of Agent Dee snapping a picture distracted him momentarily from his reflection. He couldn't help but think, vaguely, that it wasn't a great idea to be taking a picture of someone in hiding, but he was still too stunned by his transformation to point that out.

"That's me?" Jay managed, in a high pitch that had nothing to do with trying to sound female.

"That's you, Julia," Agent Dee said. "Here, hold still." She leaned forward and fussed with his blouse again, unbuttoning the top button and pulling at it so it exposed an even more generous view of his cleavage and a hint of lacy black bra.

"Hey, come on," Jay complained, going bright red. "A lady shouldn't put it all out there right away, Agent Dee."

"Funny how many ideas men have about what ladies should and shouldn't do," Agent Dee remarked dryly. "To be frank, Julia, your breasts are one of your most eye-catching features. Putting them on display is the best way to avoid even a hint of suspicion. Most people know in theory that there are such things as false breasts, but no red-blooded man is going to be thinking about that when he gets a look at you. So, for now at least, Julia is going to be a bit of a tease. I think you'll finally get to experience what it feels like to have men talk to your chest instead of your face, as well."

"Don't make me out to be some kind of chauvinist," Jay frowned. "I respect girls, even after everything Randy's mother put me through. Heck, I love girls."

"And now you get to be one," Agent Dee smirked. "How fitting." Jay took as deep a breath as was possible with the waist cincher cutting him practically in half and readied himself to face the world – as a woman. Agent Dee spent the next hour drilling him on the specifics of how to walk, sit, and move like a girl.

Jay felt completely stupid letting his hips sway girlishly from side to side as he walked from one end of the room to the other, but the federal agent insisted it was necessary for his disguise and would become even more so when he was in heels.

“Body language,” she said. “It’s essential. You are a flirtatious, desirable young woman, and you have to move like one.” The agent checked her watch. “Unfortunately, we’re out of time. Here’s your purse.” She handed him a bag and showed him how to hold it properly, and then, before Jay knew what was happening, they were out of the apartment and into the sunlight. Jay thought he would freeze up immediately, but something deep within him kept him from panicking completely, even assaulted as he was by a dozen feminine sensations. The whisper of nylons as his smooth legs rubbed together, the constriction of his skirt, the jiggling of his breasts in their silky bra cups, the pressure of the waist cincher, the hair tickling his neck and the taste of lip gloss on his mouth... All combined, it was enough to make a guy seriously uncomfortable.

“Where’s the car?” Jay asked, barely raising his voice above a whisper.

“Better to keep quiet until we can work on your voice,” Agent Dee said. “We’re swapping it out for something a little less conspicuous. Here we are.” She arrived at the door of a small four-seater car and opened it. Jay stared dubiously at his own door, then opened it and practically toppled inside. He had never gotten into a vehicle while wearing a short, tight miniskirt before, and it showed. Agent Dee winced.

“Something else that we’ll have to work on,” she muttered. “Try again. Slide in like this.” She demonstrated on her side, keeping her knees together, and Jay, blushing furiously, did his best to imitate her. He felt like a damn fool.

“Better?” he grumbled, smoothing his skirt.

“Much,” she said. She started the car and they drove out of the apartment parking lot. Jay took another deep breath, as deep as he could manage with the darned waist cincher squeezing him in two, and tried to focus on the positives. They were getting further away from Stone, and closer to the safe house where he would be meeting up with his son. That was the positive. And the more he looked like a chick, the more likely he was to remain undiscovered.

The car stopped at a red light, and Jay got the creeping sensation that he was being stared at. He looked over through his window and saw a car full of college kids leering at him. His heart beat quickened. Why was he attracting so much attention? Did they somehow see through the clothes and the makeup and the fake boobs? Could they tell he was really a guy?

Just as he was about to turn to Agent Dee with his misgivings, the male driver wolf-whistled loudly and sped off just as the light turned green. Jay blushed furiously. The guys hadn’t been suspicious in the slightest – they had been checking him out!

"I see you're already making fans," Agent Dee said dryly.

"With a pair like this, who wouldn't be staring?" Jay reasoned, knowing full well that it wasn't just the breast forms that had attracted their attention. He looked like a foxy young lady from head to foot, and it was seriously messing with his mind! Agent Dee chose not to reply, and they drove in complete silence until the gas gauge began dinging loudly.

"Damn!" Agent Dee swore. "Of course they didn't fill up the tank beforehand. Idiots. We're going to have to make a stop, Julia." She immediately changed lanes and pulled into a small gas station.

"I thought a federal agent would be a little more prepared," Jay quipped, despite his nerves.

"Very funny," Agent Dee snapped. She got out of the car and went to the pump, just as her phone began to go off. She marched back to the window and poked her head in.

"Julia, can you watch the pump?" she asked. "Headquarters."

"Right," Jay said. "Sure." He got out of the car in a slightly-less-exhibitionist fashion and walked, hesitantly, to the pump. Agent Dee had disappeared inside the store, and now Jay was standing out in the open for the whole world to see dressed in a blouse and miniskirt. He kept his eye on the meter and nearly didn't notice when another car pulled up behind them and two very large men got out.

"Looks like he booked a flight out of here," one of them was saying. "Hell, I know I would have!"

"Could be a trick," the other one said. "Either way, he can't hide forever. That Turner is a dead man walking."

"Got that right... Hey, check out that ass!"

Jay froze to the spot. They were talking about him, and in more ways than one! He chanced a look over his shoulder and saw two pieces of hired muscle staring intently at a photograph – of him! Terrified, Jay yanked the pump free from the car, intent on screwing the cap back on and getting back inside the car as quickly as possible, but in haste he dropped the cap on the pavement. It rolled backward and, chuckling, one of Stone's goons picked it up. Jay's heart leapt into his throat.

"Having some trouble, darlin'?" the man asked smugly. "Here, let me help." Before Jay could say anything, he took the pump from Jay's hand and resettled it on the hook, then screwed the cap back on the gas intake and closed it firmly.

"Th-thank you," Jay whispered, still uncertain of his voice. If the man noticed anything amiss, he didn't show it. Instead, he casually put his beefy arm around Jay's constricted waist!



"Why don't you thank me with a little peck on the cheek?" the goon suggested, grinning. Jay pulled away reflexively but the man only tightened his grip, and as far as strength was concerned Jay was hopelessly outmatched. He looked around for some kind of escape route and found himself looking right into the eyes of Agent Dee, who had stopped in the doorway of the gas station. From the expression on her face, it was clear she knew whose men the two meatheads were. The goon leaned right in close, breath stinking of tobacco, and Jay's nose wrinkled. Slowly, Agent Dee nodded her head, and Jay realized with revulsion that she expected him to kiss this man! Feeling more emasculated than he ever had in his life, Jay delicately brushed his lips against the goon's stubbly cheek, grimacing.

"Wasn't so bad, was it, sugar?" the man leered. "If someone's polite to you, you need to be polite back." He gave Jay one last obvious up-and-down, lingering on his impressive cleavage, then smiled and swaggered after his companion into the store. Agent Dee was in the driver's seat in a flash, and Jay quickly followed, still shocked by the confrontation. Both of those men had been staring at a photo of him only seconds before the encounter, and neither had so much as blinked an eye! They had been completely fooled. Instead of feeling encouraged, Jay felt utterly ashamed. He had passed as a girl and kissed another man!

"Incredible," Agent Dee said. "Those two had absolutely no idea."

"I guess I should be grateful," Jay muttered.

"Grateful he didn't ask you on a date," Agent Dee said. Jay had the feeling she was kidding around, but he just glared at her and leaned back in the seat. After a few hours' driving, Jay had calmed down considerably from the trauma of his first kiss with a man. He was even starting to see the humor of the situation, though that could have been the giddy exhaustion from his first day on the run. His eyelids felt like 50-pound weights, and he was grateful when Agent Dee handed him a thermos of hot cocoa and a sleeping pill.

"We'll be driving through the night," she explained. "So you might want to get a few winks. Don't worry about me, I'm wired."

"Sounds good," Jay mumbled, trying to get comfortable in a miniskirt and nylons. He couldn't help but wonder what his son was doing right at this very moment. He took the pill and started sipping from the thermos, noticing the pink smudges left by his lip gloss on the brim. Before long, he was drifting in and out of consciousness.

"Well, what did I tell you?" came Agent Dee's voice, as if from far away. "He's gorgeous. You saw the picture, right? And he passed the eye test with flying colors, those two lumps had no idea." Jay realized she was on the phone again, probably with headquarters. He briefly considered telling her that he thought she was really something, but that was probably the pill talking and she proba-

bly wasn't going to have reciprocating feelings. "Time for phase two, then," Agent Dee's voice said hazily. "Tell them to start snapping on the gloves..."

Jay was too far gone to hear anything else, and the last thing he remembered was the bright lights of an oncoming semi truck...



Jay's head felt fuzzy and his mouth was parched dry when he came to with Agent Dee standing over him. His body ached all over, and for a moment he had no idea what was going on. Then everything came rushing back to him: the trial, the escape with Agent Dee of the FBI, the insane plan to disguise him as a woman...

"Can you hear me, Jay?" Agent Dee asked. Jay slowly nodded his head, as he did so realizing he was lying in some sort of hospital bed. "I'm not going to mince words," the FBI agent said. "Things have not gone according to plan. There was a car accident. Do you remember?" Jay racked his memory. He remembered the gas station, his ridiculous feminine get-up, driving at night... and then, those bright lights...

"In any case, it was a serious collision," Agent Dee continued. "I was fortunate enough to get away with only a concussion and some contusions, but you, on the other hand... Your injuries were more substantial. I was only partly-conscious when we were pulled from the wreckage, and I was forced to improvise a story on the fly to explain your lack of any identifying information and, um, your particular attire. I know that Stone has his fingers in the emergency services sector; traditional hospitals included, so I managed to have you taken to a much safer location. This is a private hospital that caters exclusively to transsexual clientele."

Jay's head was still all a muddle. Nothing Agent Dee was saying was quite making sense...

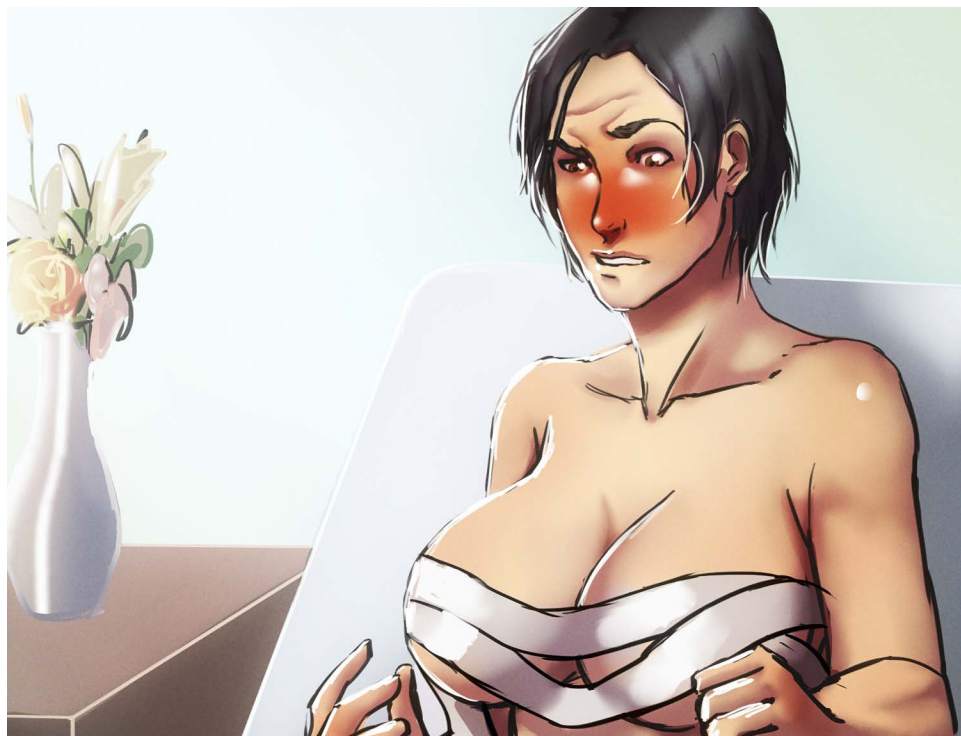
"You've been out for three days," Agent Dee said. "The injuries you sustained in the crash included damage to your pectorals, the fracturing of a floating rib..." A sudden cold fear went through Jay's spine. Hospital for transsexuals... Injuries sustained in the crash... He groped down towards his crotch with a weak hand, and to his relief Agent Dee laughed. "No, that's fully intact," she said. "But in order to maintain the believability of our story, you have had some... Reconstructive surgeries. The doctor's coming in now, so remember: you go by Julia, and you are a closeted transsexual woman. All you've ever wanted is to be a real woman, and this man has done work *pro bono* to help you achieve that dream following a tragic accident. Act grateful. I know this is overwhelming, but just... act grateful. Okay?"

Jay turned his head and saw a man in a surgical smock entering the room. Instantly, Agent Dee's voice changed from low and urgent to high and cheerful. "The surgeries were a complete success with next to no visible scarring, according to the doctor here. These new stem cell techniques are quite amazing – I have to say, Julia, I'm a little jealous!" At her words, Jay stared down the length of his body for the first time and found his view obstructed. What looked like two watermelons were sitting on his chest.

"Good morning, Julia. Glad to see you awake at last. It's time for the last bandages to come off," the doctor said, unwrapping him gently. Jay flinched, but he was too weak to pull away even if he wanted to. The bandages unravelled and he found himself staring down at a pair of truly magnificent breasts. The only problem was, they were now his! He shuddered and his head spun yet again. Maybe he was still asleep in the car... Maybe this was all some bizarre nightmare brought about by wearing lingerie and makeup... Agent Dee presented him with a cup of water and he quickly gulped it down, managing to spill a bit. The cold water trickled down into his new cleavage and he felt a strange sensation accompany it.

"Ready to see?" Agent Dee asked gently.

"I...I guess I'll have to at some point," Jay moaned. The doctor chuckled, slightly puzzled, then helped him out of the bed. Everything immediately felt wrong. The firm breasts hanging off his chest were warm, sensitive – a part of



him. Not just that, but as he walked slowly to the mirror, he felt a strange sensation in his ass, like his hips were moving of their own accord. When he saw his reflection, he gasped. From the neck-up, he looked like an average guy. From the neck down, it was a whole other story. He had the kind of rack that a Playboy bunny would envy, and below it a perfect hour glass figure complete with tiny, delicate waist and curvy hips. He made a slow circle and saw that he now had a perfect, pear-shaped ass as well. If it weren't for the manhood dangling between his legs, now looking hopelessly out of place, he would have thought he was looking at a naked chick built like a brick shit house. To his shame, he felt himself starting to get hard just from observing his naked reflection.

"What did you do to me?" he gasped. The doctor frowned, unsure of his patient's reaction.

"Well, we did move up a cup-size for your implants. You'll be wearing a 38 C cup bra, which is, admittedly, slightly on the busty side, but it was done to balance your frame. You have small shoulders for a man, but they are slightly on the broad side for a woman. While we were in there, we removed both floating ribs, since one was fractured anyway, and performed intensive liposuction on your waistline." The doctor smiled. "Some of that fat was then redistributed into your hips and buttocks to give you a feminine shape. I know that must sound extreme to someone unfamiliar with the world of plastic surgery, but I assure you it's not a dangerous procedure. You have a body that most super-models would envy now!"

"You're beautiful, Julia," Agent Dee said softly, putting her hand on his shoulder. "Doctor, she's just overwhelmed with happiness. Not to mention loopy from the medication. But you've done an amazing job, and I know she's going to be thrilled with the new her." Jay was in a state of slight shock as the doctor helped him back into a hospital gown and led him back to the bed. He was almost glad when they put more sedative into his IV. As he was drifting off he caught a few snatches of conversation.

"Good thing you didn't mention the full-body electrolysis," the doctor's voice said faintly. "That really would have sent him for a loop. Aren't you telling him this is all reversible? I don't understand why we have to put up this act."

"You're not being paid to talk, doctor," came Agent Dee's hazy reply. "This is for his own good. I'm willing to do whatever it takes to keep him safe. Understand?" Jay struggled to open his eyes, but was soon deeply asleep once more.



Jay may have now had the body of a supermodel, but he certainly didn't know how to move like one. That was why, as soon as he was strong enough to get out

of bed on his own, Agent Dee presented him with his first pair of heels. He groaned as he looked at the flimsy things dangling from her fingers.

"I guess I knew this was coming," he muttered.

"These are only two-and-a-half inches," Agent Dee said reassuringly. "But we will be swapping them out for progressively higher and narrower styles as you grow accustomed."

"Until what? I'm a stripper?" Jay asked glumly, sliding his feet inside the pumps.

"Until you are perfectly comfortable with any and all shoes befitting your new status as an attractive, ultra-feminine young woman," Agent Dee said sternly. "I won't let you give yourself away over something as basic as knowing how to manage heels." Jay grimaced imagining his son Randy watching his dad traipse around in high heels with a pair of gorgeous knockers jiggling in their bra cups with every mincing step. Talk about humiliating!

"How could you let him do this to me, Dee?" Jay asked hollowly. "I have boobs, for Christ's sake!"

"A very simple and easily reversible procedure," Agent Dee said. "Really, this worked out for the best. Before long, we'll be out of here with a disguise so perfect your own mother wouldn't recognize you, and getting to the safe house will be a cinch."

"But my son is going to see me – like this?" Jay whispered.

"Well, I suppose that will be up to you," Agent Dee said thoughtfully.

"What do you mean?" Jay asked.

"Now that your disguise has become so... *thorough*... it might be possible to keep Randy in a safe house while you keep a low profile in a different location entirely," Agent Dee said. "You know as well as I do that this trial could stretch on for months. Maybe it's for the best if you tell Randy that he'll be safest on his own. When things wrap up, we get you back into a private clinic, have your surgeries reversed, and he'll be none the wiser as to where his dad spent all that time." Jay weighed the options, staring down at his feet, so delicate and feminine-looking in their new attire. Could his masculine pride take the blow of his only son seeing him like this? He didn't think so, even if that meant spending more time away from Randy.

"Alright," he sighed. "If he's safe, and he's going to stay safe, then we'll stay split up. You promise he'll never hear a word of this? I want him to be able to respect me as a father."

"You don't think he'd respect your will to do whatever it takes to keep both of you safe, even if that means being 'Julia'?" Agent Dee probed.

Jay blushed. "He's a kid," he said. "All he'll know is that his daddy is some kind of perv, and that's the last thing I want! So, are you going to teach me how to wear heels, or what?"

"I intend to," Agent Dee said, raising one eyebrow. "And remember, Julia. I told you this was your best option to stay alive, and it is. I never told you it was the easiest. It should be safe enough to make one call to Randy from a burner phone, but after that, we get to work."



Telling his son that he wasn't going to be meeting him at a safe house was one of the toughest things Jay had ever done, and that was including wearing a waist cincher. His son had pleaded and argued, but Jay, though he had felt sick with shame, just couldn't face his son knowing the truth. Randy had relied on Jay as a lone father figure for fourteen years, and who knew what seeing "Julia" would do to his developing psyche? Jay told himself that it was for the best, and told the same to his son, and finally hung up the phone.

"That wasn't easy," Agent Dee remarked, looking somewhat more sympathetic than usual.

"No, it sure wasn't," Jay said mournfully. "I guess it's time to get to work."

"Correct," Agent Dee said, trying to lighten the mood with a devious smile. "Better brace yourself, Julia."

Truer words had never been spoken. Over the next few days, Jay was thrown head long into a crash course on femininity the likes of which he had never imagined in his wildest nightmares. The first lessons were in comportment: first they spent hours on correct posture, learning how to bend from the knees and cross one's legs, and next how to move with a graceful feminine stride. Jay felt like a complete sissy as she gave him instruction on how to tilt his pelvis, push back his shoulders, place each foot directly in front of the other, and properly allow his derriere to adopt a feminine sway, but with his newly-feminine body, it was far easier than he'd expected.

Mornings and afternoons passed in a flurry of feminine activity, and a skimpy lunch was eaten only with Agent Dee's sharp eyes critiquing every bite and sip. Jay was on an extreme diet in order to shed weight, despite the fact that he had never been told to lose weight in his life.

By the end of each session, Jay was completely exhausted. He had spent hours upon hours traipsing back and forth in the heels, not only trying just to mange them, but to look casual and confident.

He spent hours on such things as learning proper etiquette. He was reminded endlessly to keep his knees together when seated, what to do with his hands

without pockets, managing a skirt when taking a seat, and most importantly of all, how to smile and look pretty.

Just when he thought he had it all covered, Agent Dee had him learning how to quickly throw together an outfit, how to plan for days' worth of looks, what dressing for the occasion meant, and how to accessorize and match everything in his wardrobe. Agent Dee had provided a room absolutely loaded with clothes, all in his new size, and to his chagrin there were not a single pair of pants to be found – nothing but short skirts and flirty dresses!

“Come on, Agent Dee,” Jay sighed as he slipped a feminine summer dress over his matching lingerie, “You’re a woman and you don’t have to dress this way!”

“Exactly that,” Agent Dee said. “I’m a woman. You’re not. For that reason, we have to make you as feminine as possible. Don’t you understand that by now?”

“I suppose,” Jay grumbled. “It doesn’t mean I’m going to start liking all this frilly stuff!”

“We’ll see,” Agent Dee said with a smile. Jay sighed and adjusted his dress in the mirror. He hated seeing his short-haired male face atop what was clearly a female body.

“I look hopelessly absurd,” Jay said. “Like Frankenstein or something.”

Agent Dee assured him that wouldn’t last long. “There’s a little touch-up procedure we have scheduled tomorrow evening,” she explained. “Just a little tweak.”



When Jay woke up on the hospital bed again it was with a sense of resignation. “What’s the damage?” he asked in a croaky voice. Agent Dee helped him sit up – the sway of his breasts was still disconcerting – and he realized that his hair was tickling his shoulders. He gasped and touched a hand to his new dark locks. This was no wig, it was the real thing!

“Hair transplant,” the surgeon explained. “Both to reshape your hairline and to create a suitable length. You should thank us, you were heading towards a receding hairline. Balding men all across the globe pay top dollar for this procedure, so consider yourself lucky. Of course, they usually wouldn’t want this much of it...”

“Thank you, doctor, that will be all,” Agent Dee said sternly. The surgeon nodded and headed off, leaving Jay alone with Agent Dee. She handed him a small mirror and he looked at his reflection. He now had long, raven-dark tresses flowing in gentle waves to frame his face, gleaming like something out

of a shampoo commercial. He teased a strand of hair with his fingers and realized that they now had long, french-tipped nails.

"I got a little bored," Agent Dee admitted with an apologetic smile. "It was about time we did something about those nails."

"Yeah, I guess," Jay said faintly, looking at himself in the mirror. It was still him, but with this hair and these nails and his eyebrows plucked into dainty arches, not to mention his hairless, femininely-contoured body, it was getting easier and easier to see a young woman, not a man.

"You can rest for the remainder of the day," Agent Dee said. "But there's still plenty more work to do." She put her hand briefly on his, maybe as a gesture of kindness? And then walked out of the room. Jay set the mirror aside and dropped back onto the pillows, feeling that his masculinity had slipped even further away from him.

It wasn't long before they were back at it, training as hard as ever. Each day's lessons were more grueling than the last. Hair care, nail care, skin care, makeup and comportment – it was almost enough to drive a man insane. Jay's feet and ankles were killing him after practicing walking in a series of progressively higher heels, and he had learned more than he ever wanted to know about all aspects of feminine behavior.

After a particularly grueling session with his first pair of stilettos, Jay was massaging his ankles while Agent Dee gave a run-down on where he still needed improvement.

"Overall, though, you're doing remarkably well," she said. "It's almost as if you were born to wear heels. Most women take considerably longer to learn what you have in only a few weeks."

"Just what every guy longs to hear," Jay said sarcastically. He sighed. "So, how did you end up being an FBI agent? If you don't mind my asking."

"It was set out for me long in advance," Agent Dee said, looking distant. "My brother pulled some strings to get me the job, and I'm good at it. I've been doing it ever since. It makes for an... *interesting*... life."

"Boy, you got that right," Jay murmured.

"Vocabulary, Julia!" Agent Dee chided. Jay sighed and tried again.

"Gosh, are you ever right about that," he said. "Better?"

"Much," Agent Dee laughed.

"You should laugh more often, Agent Dee," Jay said suddenly. "Even if it's at me. It sounds nice, you know?"

"No one's ever told me that," Agent Dee said, looking surprised. She stood up, but before she turned to go she paused. "Just call me Dee. I only call you Julia, after all."

“Okay, Dee,” Jay said. “What’s next?”

“It’s almost over,” Dee said. “I promise.”



When Jay woke up in the recovery room for the third time, he felt like his throat was on fire. Dee was there with the water again, but he managed to spill most of it. He opened his mouth to swear, but couldn’t speak!

“Just whisper for now,” the surgeon suggested. “You’re still healing. We shaved down your Adam’s apple and tightened your vocal cords, remember?” Jay nodded glumly and set his head back down on the pillow with a sinking feeling in his stomach. He remembered that, and he remembered that that wasn’t all they’d done...

“The swelling’s practically gone,” Dee added. She was toying with the small mirror in her hands and her expression was slightly uncomfortable. “Would you like to see?” Jay hesitated for a moment, then slowly nodded his head. Dee handed him the mirror, and as Jay took it he realized that if he hadn’t already been mute from the procedure, seeing his reflection would have struck him speechless anyways.

Jay Turner was gone. His formerly straight nose had been replaced by a cute little ski-slope model straight out of a celebrity catalogue, and his jaw had been shaved down to more delicate proportions and his cheekbones had been brought to prominence. Permanent thick eyelashes fluttered in a sultry fashion around his wide eyes, and his lips had been shaped and plumped with collagen to form a perfect cupid’s bow pout. To his horror, he saw those lips begin to tremble and tears forming in the corners of the beautiful eyes. This was reversible? He didn’t look like the same person anymore!

“If I might say so,” the surgeon began. “I believe this is some of the finest work I’ve ever done.” Jay gulped and nodded dumbly. The face in the mirror was gorgeous, alluring, an angel and a vixen wrapped into one – and it was him! He fluttered his eyelashes and turned his head from side to side, observing his new appearance. He was equally beautiful from every angle. If the whole point of this was to hide him, why turn him into a girl who could stop traffic? Because between this face and the killer curves of his feminized body, he knew he would be receiving more than his fair share of male attention. Just the thought made his stomach turn.

“You’re... Well, you’re gorgeous,” Dee said, taking the mirror back. She shook her head slightly and Jay thought he saw a blush climbing her cheeks. “I had no idea you’d be so beautiful.”

“Why me?” Jay whispered miserably. “Why did it have to be this way?”

"You were the perfect candidate for it," Dee said, looking away. "And you'll be safe. This will keep you alive, Julia, I promise you that."

Alive, but at what price? Jay wondered. How long would he have to carry out this charade? How long before he could see his son again? Feeling overwhelmed, Jay was surprised but grateful when Dee laid her hand on his. She gave him a hesitant smile, and after a little while Jay managed to return it. "Just be Julia," she reminded him. "Think of it all as a big play. You're in the leading role, and you're a beautiful woman. Think like one, talk like one, act like one, and everything will turn out okay."



Jay knew that in a twisted way, Dee was right. He couldn't be a man anymore, at least not for a while, and the only thing he could do was try to be as passable and realistic a young woman as possible. During the final weeks he threw himself into his lessons on hairstyling, comportment, and makeup, trying to learn as much as he could. He now wore a gaffe at all times to tuck his manhood away and out of sight, giving him a smooth feminine profile, and sometimes he even forgot it was there, forgot that he wasn't really a sexy young woman with a gorgeous face and perfect body.

His lessons in clothing, accessorizing, and hygiene picked up as Dee sensed his new drive to perfect his disguise, and as his voice gradually returned as a breathy, feminine soprano, it matched 'Julia' to perfection. He felt a deep shame at his growing femininity, but if this was what it took to stay alive until he could see his son again, this was what he was going to do. By the end of his tenure at the clinic, Jay was well-versed in fashion, cosmetics, and feminine comportment. He walked comfortably in four-inch stilettos and could manage

even the shortest, tightest skirts as he coquettishly crossed his legs, tossed his hair, and gesticulated with his long, painted nails.

One day, after a particularly grueling lesson on the finer points of evening makeup, Jay returned to his room to find that it had been cleared of its clothes. He had grown used to the expansive wardrobe of feminine garments, and now that the closets and dressers were empty the room seemed much larger. Frowning, he turned gracefully on his heels.

“What’s this?” he asked Dee, puzzled.

“It’s high time you left the clinic,” Dee explained. “I did some poking around in the official records last night, and now, officially, you were never here. And the chief surgeons have all been well-paid to keep their mouths shut.”

“So now what?” Jay asked, frowning. “After all this work turning me into a woman, what happens?”

“We set you up with a new identity and a new apartment in the city,” Dee said. “Right under Stone’s nose, so to speak. It usually ends up being the best option. New York is one of the best places in the world to get lost in the crowd, after all.”

“And Randy?” Jay asked. “Have you still been sending him my letters?”

“Yes, against my better judgement,” Dee admitted. “I’ve managed to get him a few of them. He’s still safe. Stone might be ruthless, but he’ll search high and low for you before he stoops to going after a kid. Believe me, he has at least that much character.”

“I doubt it,” Jay muttered. “You’d better be doing everything in your power to keep him safe, alright?”

“I am,” Dee said. “But just as important is keeping you safe. Under ideal conditions, we would pair you with a combat-trained male agent to play the role of your boyfriend...”

“Boyfriend?” Jay squeaked.

“Of course,” Dee sighed. “Would you really expect a girl like Julia to remain single for long?” She put her hands on Jay’s delicate shoulders and pointed him towards the mirror. He blushed a deep red as he realized she was right. A sexy little thing like her – like *him* – wouldn’t stay on the market for long! “But for now, I don’t think two young women rooming together in the city will raise any eyebrows,” Dee continued.

“You mean you and I are going to be living together?” Jay asked, surprised.

“For the first few weeks, at least,” Dee said. “Just until you have the hang of living as a woman, full-time.”

The words sent a tingle of fear down Jay’s back, but he pursed his lips together and nodded. He reminded himself that this was why he had come to the clinic

in the first place – to create a disguise so perfect, nobody would ever be able to see through it. If living as a woman would keep him, and by proxy, his son safe, then he was going to be the best woman possible.

If Jay had expected to say goodbye to the surgical team that had turned him into a wet dream, he was to be disappointed. The clinic was suddenly totally empty. He walked alone through the hallway, heels clicking noisily on the tiles, to where Dee was waiting at the back doors where he had arrived two months ago, though it seemed like far longer now. When he had come to the clinic it had been as a man, albeit one dressed up as a woman, but now... Now he was leaving as a brunette bombshell in short skirts and high heels, with a small secret tucked up between her legs.

Jay took a deep breath as he paused at the door. This place really had done a number on him, and with the extensive feminine training from Dee, it would be hard for anyone to believe that this gorgeous creature reflected in the glass door had ever been a guy, especially in this outfit! His deep red halter top fit snugly, flattering his trim waist, and left most of his lower back totally exposed while also showing a teasing hint of cleavage. The ruffled black miniskirt that accompanied it was embarrassingly short and rustled around his thighs with every step he took in the black, four-inch stiletto heels Dee had picked out for him.

“Okay, Julia,” he murmured in his newly soft, feminine soprano. “Time to face the world.” He pouted his coral lips and touched his hand nervously to his hair, brushing one silver hoop earring against his cheek. Then, smoothing his skirt with his sweating palms, chest out and chin high, he gracefully minced out to the car where Dee was loading the last bit of luggage with his hips swaying sexily from side to side in a very feminine, eye-catching way. She stopped when she saw him, and Jay realized that her mouth was open slightly.

“Um, are we ready to leave?” Jay asked breathily.

“Yes,” Dee said, shaking herself. “Yes, we are. Get in, Julia.” Jay pouted slightly at her tone, and the fact that she opened the car door for him, but slid in as gracefully as any movie starlet. He settled his manicured hands in his lap as Dee came around to the other side. Nothing could have been more different from their first drive together. Jay might have been dressed as a woman before, but now nobody would ever believe he had once been a man!

Dee was silent as they drove into New York City. Jay knew they were driving back to the city he had called home his entire life, but it was to be a brand new life now, as a woman. He could only hope that Randy, wherever he was, was adjusting to life in hiding without his father. What on Earth would he think if he could see Jay now? Dee had told him every procedure was reversible, but even so...

The small apartment they arrived at was well-furnished, and modestly spacious considering it was New York, after all. Jay wondered how long he would be expected to live there as “Julia.” He fervently wished, not for the first time, that he had never witnessed the murder. Porters began moving his luggage up the stairs and Jay realized he was not supposed to help them when Dee chided him for grabbing a suitcase. “You’ll break a nail,” she snapped. “Besides, you can hardly lift that!” Jay flushed, embarrassed, but it was true that he had lost a whole lot of muscle mass and the suitcase did seem a lot heavier than he had expected.

“What now?” Jay asked, once all of their things had been unloaded and put into place.

“Now it’s time for your first day as a woman,” Dee said. “Starting at the salon. My treat.”

“A salon? Come on, Dee,” Jay whined. “I know how to do my own makeup now.”

“Trust me,” Dee smiled. “Julia is the kind of girl who spends a lot of time and money getting pampered at the salon so she can always look her feminine best. So, that’s where we’re going.”

“Alright,” Jay sighed nervously. “I suppose you know best!” He freshened his makeup and adjusted his clothes in front of the mirror for several minutes before Dee finally dragged him out the door. He was going to a public place dressed entirely as a woman, but he also knew that nobody would be able to peg him as anything but. It was a bizarre feeling, as if he had become a different person entirely: Julia. Dee was more casual and friendly than she’d ever seemed before, and as they drove she struck up a conversation. Jay had the impression that she was trying to stave off his nerves, but he appreciated the effort none the less.

As promised, none of the cosmeticians at the salon seemed to notice anything was amiss when Jay and Dee had a pedicure / manicure. In fact, Jay received more than his share of compliments on his appearance and style! The manicure gave him long French tips, shiny white and undeniably feminine, but Jay had to admit it was a relaxing experience. The same could not be said for what was coming next!

“Shopping?” Jay groaned. “Dee, I already have too many clothes!”

“Now there’s something *Julia* would never say,” Dee said dryly. “Half the fun of clothes shopping is trying outfits on, not necessarily making purchases. You still have a few things to learn about sizes, styles, fabrics... Consider this part of your education. And, of course, you need to get used to male attention.”

Jay gulped, but knew she was right. Almost as soon as Dee steered him out of the salon, adjusting the way he held his purse on his shoulder, he knew he was getting attention. They walked into the main part of the mall, although Jay felt

like he was floating more than walking. His femininely-styled hair brushing against his neck, the earrings swinging from his earlobes, the waxy taste of lipstick on his mouth, the cool air slipping up his skirt – he couldn't believe he was doing this! It was all he could do to keep his manicured hand from shaking as he settled the purse on his shoulder. The sound of his stilettos clicking on the tiles seemed unbearably loud.

Jay had never felt so exposed in his life, especially as they passed a group of college-age guys who couldn't take their eyes off of him. He blushed, totally humiliated when he noticed their gaze lingering on his exposed legs and the swell of his breasts. He had always loved ogling attractive women in public, but now the high heel was on the other foot – his! The sway of his hips forced on him by the sexy stilettos, his short ruffled miniskirt and backless top, flirty black lashes and kissable gloss-covered lips were all like magnets for male attention. By the time they had walked out of the food court, half a dozen different guys had wolf-whistled at him!

"It looks as though you're quite a hit with the boys, Julia," Dee smiled. "Any one of those young men back there would have killed for your phone number." Jay flushed. He was very, very conscious of how many guys were ogling him. The four-inch heels gave him a very feminine posture, exaggerating the camber of his back and pushing out his chest – when boys saw an attractive girl dressed like this, they would naturally assume that she liked the attention! He wished the ruffy skirt didn't swish so much with his hips when he walked, because it seemed to turn every male head in the mall, watching him flounce past in his stilettos and admire his butt.

Dee was quite the looker herself, but she was wearing jeans, flats, and her hair was back in a ponytail. It was as if she wanted him to get all the attention. Jay was almost quite when Dee directed him into a women's clothing store – better than the lustful looks he was getting outside. She put him through his paces in a dozen different clothing stores all day, making him try on a few dozen outfits and model them for her in each one. Jay occasionally found himself glancing longingly at the mens' section, or even the girls' jeans would be better than nothing, but the closest he got to jeans was a cute denim miniskirt. At least Dee seemed to be enjoying herself for once, and the way she kept stealing glances at him as he changed was interesting, to say the least.

In an expensive boutique, Dee pointed out a scandalously figure-hugging evening gown on the mannequin with thigh-high slits and a plunging neckline that would show off quite a bit of cleavage, to boot. "What do you think of that one?" she suggested.

"Simply divine," Jay cooed, dripping sarcasm.

"Then it's yours," Dee said slyly. "I think our government can afford one more expense, don't you?"

"If you insist," Jay sighed. "But I think at this point I would rather get a drink."

"We can do both," Dee assured him. "Once we get your new purchases home."

After buying the dress, they went into a lounge of Dee's choice and ordered two glasses of white wine. Jay noticed more than a few guys checking them out as he minced in the door, and a lot of them were sneaking looks at his cleavage, and some weren't even bothering with being sneaky. Before long, a couple of guys who had been eyeing them up from the bar offered to buy them drinks. Dee, of course, accepted.

"You knew this was coming," she said. "Remember. Just be Julia." One of them, a handsome man in his late twenties, offered a hand to help Jay up. He took it nervously, embarrassed to see how small and feminine his manicured and moisturized digits looked in comparison, and let himself be led up to the bar.

The man pulled out his stool for him and he perched daintily on the edge, crossing his shapely legs and inadvertently letting his little black miniskirt ride up even higher. He noticed the man, who introduced himself as Henry, struggling to keep his eyes off of his smooth thighs. Jay blushed and wriggled a little on his seat, trying to tug down the hem of his mini, but leaning forward only gave Henry a perfect view of his new cleavage.

"And what's your name, gorgeous?" Henry asked, sliding the drink over.

"Julia," Jay said, humiliated at the way this man was obviously hitting on him. Lisa caught his eye and smiled teasingly. Jay had never felt so completely helpless and feminine, sitting daintily on the stool with his long, smooth legs totally exposed, a girly drink in his manicured fingers with an obvious lipstick mark on the brim, and a handsome man trying to stealthily look down his shirt at the perfect breasts rising and falling gently on his chest.

There was the usual flirty small-talk, but now, of course, Jay was on the other side of things. With Dee cajoling him and egging him on, he managed to half-way overcome his terror and ease into the conversation, smiling at Henry's jokes and making small remarks. When they had finally finished their drinks and extricated themselves, Dee surprised Jay by suggesting they head back to the apartment. Here he'd thought she was intent on getting him a boyfriend! Relieved, Jay acquiesced and they headed back towards the car, shopping bags in hand.

"The way he was looking at your chest," Dee laughed.

"Who can blame him?" Jay said bracingly, despite his cheeks blushing.

"I can't," Dee said, and she gave him a sly smile. Jay felt his heart thudding behind his breasts and wondered just what she had meant by that. When they returned to the new apartment, Dee produced a bottle of champagne from the

refrigerator and told him they needed to christen their new place. Jay was more than happy to kick back with a flute of champagne after a day in stilettos.

“So, what do you think?” Dee asked at last. “It’s not so bad, is it? Being a woman?”

“It’s exhausting,” Jay muttered. “And I’m scared I’m going to lose my mind.”

“You’re very good at it,” Dee said. “Most real women would kill to look the way you do. And you’ve picked up feminine mannerisms incredibly quickly. You probably could have been a talented actor had you been given any training.”

“Just high school drama,” Jay shrugged. “And a few dance lessons.”

“Dance lessons, hmm?” Dee chuckled. “You didn’t seem like the type.”

“It was just to pick up chicks,” Jay defended, then blushed, realizing how silly he sounded. To his surprise, Dee got up and offered him her hand.

“That’s one thing I forgot about,” she admitted. “Dance lessons. You’re going to have to relearn dancing in heels and a skirt. And following a lead, of course.”

“Come on, Dee,” Jay pleaded. “Now? My feet are killing me.”

“You’ll have to learn eventually,” Dee said firmly. “It may as well be now.” Jay groaned, but stood up, placing his hand in hers. Dee adjusted him until he was standing with his right hand clasped by her left and his other hand resting on her shoulder. Hers’, meanwhile, was around his waist. It felt strange dancing in reverse, but he certainly didn’t mind getting closer to Dee’s shapely body. Her hand encircled his small waist and they began a slow waltz.

“Not bad,” Dee remarked. “I thought you’d have a bit more trouble with those heels.”

“Piece of cake,” Jay said through gritted teeth. “I’m being extra careful not to spear your foot.” Dee tugged him closer, making him stumble on his sky-high stilettos.

“You want to be nice and close,” she whispered. “Especially if your dance partner is good-looking. Just melt into me and follow my movements, okay?” They started to move around the room, Jay occasionally grimacing and looking down at his feet. It wasn’t the heels that were throwing him off-balance at this point – it was his proximity to Dee.

“You’re not bad yourself,” Jay said. To his horror, he felt himself slowly getting hard. He hadn’t had a decent erection in weeks with all the feminine hormones they had been pumping through his body, but now there was a definite stirring in his gaffe-smoothed panties.

“It’s an important skill,” Dee shrugged. “It took me year and years of lessons, though. I’d say you’re a natural.” She smiled. “For a slow song, your partner might want to put both arms around your waist,” Dee said, demonstrating. “So

you put your hands around my neck.” Jay blushed again as he adopted the feminine position with his manicured fingers laced behind Dee’s neck. Her arms were surprisingly sturdy around his waist, and he felt almost like he was floating as they revolved slowly in the center of the room. When she leaned in and kissed him, Jay kissed back with equal fierceness.

“I’ve been wanting to do that for a while,” Dee said breathlessly, when they broke apart.

“Me too,” Jay grinned weakly, “I just... didn’t think I would be wearing a skirt and heels when it happened.” Dee blushed at that remark, and Jay quickly realized why.

“I’m not attracted to men, Julia,” Dee admitted. “I never have been. Jay didn’t do much for me. But when I saw Julia, well. I think I fell for you.”

“I thought you might be lesbian,” Jay remarked. “So was this all some plan to turn me into a chick so we could be together?”

Dee’s mouth fell open and her face lost some of its color.

“I’m kidding,” Jay reassured her, and he kissed her on the lips. Her hands gripped his backside and soon they were both stumbling back to the couch. Jay lowered himself on top of her, feeling the strange sensation of their breasts crushed together, and smiled. Dee smiled back, wickedly.

“Oh, no,” she said. “I like girls, remember? Soft, pretty, submissive little tarts.” She rolled over so she was on top, straddling Jay. “Can you do that for me?” she



purred. "Can you be my sexy little slut?" At that moment, Jay was ready to be just about anything. He had been without sex for months on end, spent the last several being transformed into a woman, and now had a very attractive lesbian straddling him and asking for it. He wasn't about to say no!

"Anything," he said, then let out a soft moan as she began massaging his breasts. He had known they were becoming increasingly sensitive from experiences in the shower, but this was on a whole other level.

"Tell me," Dee said, kissing Jay's neck. "Tell me you'll be my good little girl." Jay squirmed underneath her, desperately trying to remove his gaffe and panties from under his skirt. As she groped him and another wave of pleasure hit him, he gave in.

"I'll be your good little girl," he said, blushing. "Just help me get this damn thing off. Please?"

"With pleasure," Dee purred.

After what was, without exaggeration, some of the best sex of Jay's life, the two of them ended up intertwined together on the couch under a blanket. It was definitely a strange experience being the woman, but Jay could hardly complain. Dee had been amazing.

"I shouldn't have done that," she sighed, kissing him gently on the lips.

"Why? Because of our professional relationship?" Jay asked. He suddenly thought of his son and felt instant guilt. Here he was getting laid in a swanky apartment when it was more than possible that Randy was scared, alone, and wishing to get his father back. Well, he would have to get rid of these breast implants before that could happen!

"It was wonderful," Dee said. "But the future... Maybe we can just live in the present for now. Just take things one day at a time?"

"But Randy..." Jay sighed.

"He's safe," Dee said. "I promise you that. For now, the important thing is you being as realistic a woman as possible."

"Well, you got an up close and personal inspection of the goods," Jay said, running his hands over his breasts. "What did you think?"

"Amazing," Dee admitted, grinning. "In fact, I think I'm ready for another round..."



Jay was entertaining the possibility that maybe, just maybe, he was in love, or at least lust. The days were spent in all manner of feminine activities, but the nights were always filled with passionate love-making with Dee. She sometimes

became extremely quiet and withdrawn, but at others she was happier than Jay had ever seen her. They went to clubs and bars and Jay hardly even minded when guys hit on him, simply because he knew he was going to end up back at the apartment with a slightly tipsy and always insatiable Dee. She taught him all sorts of tips and tricks for flirting back, but he was still extremely averse to using any of them.

At the end of the week, Dee received a phone call that she took in the bathroom, with the door closed, and emerged looking uncharacteristically upset. Jay was in the kitchen painting his nails when she walked in, noticing she was clearly disturbed by something. Such feminine beauty rituals were quickly becoming second nature to him, but he still stopped, embarrassed to be caught at it, when she entered.

“What is it?” he asked.

“Nothing,” she said. “It’s nothing. How would you like to go out to a fancy restaurant tonight? You know, to celebrate your first full week of womanhood.”

“On the government tab?” Jay asked playfully. Dee only shrugged.

“Wear the dress I bought you,” she said. “Please.” Jay blushed when he remembered how skimpy and revealing the little number was, but he nodded.

“I’ve already made reservations,” Dee said, still sounding strangely upset. “Do you need any help getting ready?”

“No, thanks though,” Jay said. “I should be just fine!” He was already thinking of what lingerie to wear underneath, and exactly how he was going to do his hair and makeup. Knowing he would need plenty of extra time to get prepared, he hurried into his room and began sussing out options. Whatever was bothering Dee, he knew that a fun evening out, even if it was in a dress, was the ideal way to bring her out of her funk. He decided he would try to look his absolute best and make her proud of all the hard work that had gone into his feminine guise.



Two hours later, his beauty routine was finally done. “I’m ready!” Jay called in a tremulous voice, giving his reflection one final inspection.

“Come on down,” Dee called back. Jay took a deep breath, manicured hand resting daintily on the bannister, and began to descend, gracefully managing both the slit of his dress and his towering stilettos. As he entered the room, Dee could only gasp at the vision of flawless femininity she was presented with.

The exhaustive months of training had finally come to fruition, and Jay was completely stunning. His pedicured feet and polished toenails were displayed in strappy silver stilettos with a daring four-inch spike heel that made his gor-

geous legs seem even longer and more curvaceous, exposed in tantalizing flashes by the sexy thigh-high slit of his gown.

The dress hugged him in all the right places, flattering the curve of his hips and his tiny waist, just perfect for a man to fit his hands around, with a backless, strapless bodice that pushed his 38 C cup breasts up and together to form truly enticing cleavage. Raven-dark hair fell in perfectly-coiffed waves over his shoulder in a sexy, elegant style, framing his expertly made-up face.

All the painstaking hours practicing in front of a vanity had paid off. Jay's wide, dark eyes were accentuated by liquid liner and softly-blended gray eye shadow, curtained by thick, gorgeous lashes that could stop a man's heart with one little flutter. His delicate nose, chin, and cheekbones all could have belonged on a fashion magazine, while his collagen-pumped lips were slathered in an enticing nude gloss, making them look wet and undeniably kissable.

Elegant chandelier earrings dangled from his ears, catching the light with every turn of his head, and a silver bracelet adorned his slim wrist. Jay was the perfect picture of a gorgeous young beauty dressed to the nines for an evening out, and Dee, despite her knowledge to the contrary, could hardly believe that this sexy, ultra-feminine creature was formerly a man.

"What do you think?" Jay asked anxiously, in a soft and melodic tone, touching his hair with one manicured hand. His silver bracelets clinked together.

"Julia, you're perfect," Dee said, smiling. "You're, well, you're ready..." She turned away and Jay thought he saw a flash of sadness in her eyes, but when she turned back she was all smiles once more. She gave him a dash of perfume to wear, an extremely flowery-smelling concoction that Jay submitted to without complaint, and then helped him into a small mink shawl.

As they took the elevator to the lobby, Dee marveled again at how natural and feminine Jay appeared, from the tiny adjustments he made to his clothes and hair in the shiny elevator door, to the coy smile he gave the leering bell boy who opened it, to the sensuous sway of his hips as he exited in his clicking sky-high stilettos and constricting dress. Dee felt a deep sense of pride, but even more guilt, as they hailed a cab outside the condominium.

"Wowzers," said the cab driver. "Not often I get to drive two gorgeous broads like yourselves. Where to? Upper west side?"

"Farini's Restaurant," Dee said, leaning forward. "We have a reservation, but they fill up awfully fast. I'd rather we arrive on time."

"I'll step on it," the cabbie promised, hopping out to open the door for them. Jay thanked him, subconsciously batting his lashes, and slid into the backseat as gracefully as any movie starlet, knees held tightly together. Dee got in beside him and watched him check his makeup in his small compact mirror, lips pouted in concentration. She couldn't stop glancing over at him as the taxi navigated New York traffic.

“What is it?” Jay finally asked, smiling hesitantly. He had crossed his slender legs, carefully managing the slit so as to not flash his lacy black panties, and had his hands folded daintily in his lap.

“Nothing,” Dee said. “It’s nothing. You’re just so beautiful, I can’t help but stare a little. When I think about when I first met you...” She trailed off again. Jay blushed, knowing what she meant. He had gone from an average joe to an absolute knock-out any guy would kill to have on his arm for a hot date.

“You’re the one who’s always telling me to forget all that,” Jay pointed out. “Just be Julia, remember?”

“Of course,” Dee said, smiling sadly. Jay was distracted from her strange mood when they arrived at the restaurant. It was a classiest joint than he had ever expected to be in, and he had certainly never expected to dine at a gourmet restaurant while wearing an evening gown, heels, and makeup.

Almost as soon as they entered, they were turning heads, and Jay wished again that stilettos didn’t make such a racket on tiled floor. Dee was beautiful in her own right, but with her simple black dress and pulled-back hair, she was practically invisible next to the beautiful creature beside her. Jay’s sexy, revealing dress, hourglass figure, dramatic makeup, and feminine grace drew men’s eyes like magnets and immediately earned the ire of every other woman in the restaurant.

He blushed slightly – he wasn’t sure he would ever get used to being ogled at like a slab of meat – as the waiter led them to their table. The young man pulled Jay’s chair out for him and took advantage of the opportunity to look down his dress as he did so! Normally Dee would have loved to see Jay squirming under the attentions of a handsome young man, but she still seemed distracted, even as they ordered their drinks.

“I need to use the ladies’ room,” Dee announced, once the server had departed.

“Oh!” Jay picked up his clutch purse. “Of course. I’ll come with you.”

“No,” Dee said, smiling despite herself. “This isn’t one of those times, Julia. I’ll be right back, all right?”

“Are you okay?” Jay asked, puzzled.

“Fine, fine,” Dee said distractedly. “Just wait right here.” She hesitated for a moment longer, then got up and made her way towards the back of the restaurant. Jay stared after her, still confused, and played with the stem of his glass. He noticed a table of men across the restaurant trying to catch his eye and he quickly looked down. He was wiping the pink lip gloss off the brim of his glass with a napkin when a deep voice startled him.

“Don’t I hate to see a gorgeous girl like you sitting all alone,” came a hard-edged and frighteningly familiar voice. Jay braced himself to politely reject the

man's advances and looked up. His lipsticked mouth fell open in utter shock. He looked as if he was seeing a ghost, but the truth was far worse. It was Dominic Stone, wearing one of his designer suits and looking far from a man still on trial for murder.

Jay's heart thumped wildly behind his perfect breasts. His head spun. How on Earth was Stone not at least under house arrest? How on Earth was he right here, in the very same restaurant? Logic aside, Jay was trying to hold back the terror that had seized every atom of his body.

He could not think of a more horrific set of circumstances. Here he was, sitting with his legs crossed seductively across the table from the man who wanted him dead, wearing a slinky evening gown and high heels that would make it nearly impossible to run away. He was vulnerable in every way possible. Stone gave him an obvious leering up-and-down, lingering on his cleavage, and smiled broadly. Jay realized with a start that he hadn't been recognized. Stone thought he was speaking to a beautiful girl and that was it!

"My friend is coming back soon," Jay said, voice trembling just slightly. He looked down at his glass again to avoid eye contact, unintentionally presenting a demure, flirtatious picture.

"I'll keep you company in the meantime, then," Stone said, settling into Dee's empty chair. "You're gorgeous, you know that? I could see us having a real good time, beautiful."

"I... I have a boyfriend," Jay stammered, blushing bright red at the lie.

"Oh? Does he have a nice big cock?" Stone asked, eyebrow raised. "A beautiful girl like you deserves to be satisfied by a real man, you know."

"I'm not interested," Jay said, looking desperately towards the bathrooms. Should he try to excuse himself and make a break for it?

"Well, that's a shame," Stone said, leaning back casually. "Because I'm not a guy people say no to, honey. I'm Dominic Stone. And if I go back there to my friends, well, that'll be sort of embarrassing for me, won't it? So how about a deal. One dance, and then I leave you alone forever. In fact, we're just about to leave."

"Dance?" Jay squeaked.

"Yeah, dance," Stone laughed. "You know, the music and the step here, step there thing?" His eyes narrowed suddenly. "You do know how to dance, right?"

"Okay," Jay said demurely, swallowing his bile, "One dance." Stone grinned at him and Jay didn't think he had ever felt so terrified in his life. The mogul put out his large hand and Jay, acquiescing, put his much smaller, daintier hand inside. Before he knew it, Jay was being led to the open dance floor where a live band was playing soft music and a few other couples were slowly revolving. He couldn't believe this was happening to him.

"I'm glad I got to you first," Stone said. "You're definitely breaking some necks, tonight, sweetheart. Those guys' eyes are falling out of their heads." Jay blushed. He couldn't help but notice Stone's lustful gaze, and it frightened him. Something about that didn't seem to click quite right, but Jay couldn't think of it as he began concentrating on the dance steps. Stone barely bothered to be subtle in peeking down the front of his dance partner's cleavage. Jay had once loved staring at girls' racks, but now other men were taking advantage of the opportunity to look at his!

"Thank you," Jay said meekly. "That's very sweet." In response to his words, Stone smiled smugly and drew him closer to his chest. Jay blushed yet again to see his attractive cleavage pushed up against Stone's flat, masculine chest. He knew his dance partner was enjoying the view! Jay tried not to think about that, or the fact that Stone's hands were slowly migrating down to his bottom, or the fact that



Stone would murder him on the spot if he knew his true identity, instead concentrating on managing his stilettos. He had to admit that the pharmaceutical kingpin was a very good dancer.

As the song slowed down, Stone put both his hands around Jay's delicate waist and pulled him tight, making him reciprocate by looping his slender arms around the taller man's neck. Jay batted his eyelashes nervously, unknowingly making a flirtatious gesture. His alluring perfume and the soft curves of his body were having a definite affect on his dance partner. Jay felt something hard grind against his hip and realized that it was Stone's manhood! He blushed furiously, thinking of his own member tucked up out of sight and powerless to respond.

What would his son think of him now, floating along in the arms of his nemesis while wearing the most luxurious, feminine lingerie, dancing gracefully in sky-high stilettos, and displaying his attractive figure to the fullest in a sexy, feminine evening gown. From his glossy tresses and dangling earrings to his painted toe-nails and waxed-smooth legs, he looked one-hundred percent a gorgeous, feminine young woman, and that was his only hope of survival!

Wait a minute. Something in Jay's mind was screaming at him, telling him this wasn't right. The dance ended and Jay's head buzzed with confusion. Of course Stone would want to make a show of picking up a beautiful girl in front of his friends, but he certainly couldn't fake a hard-on like that! Wasn't Stone gay? Wasn't that how this whole thing had started?

"I still can't believe the job she did on you," Stone chuckled.

"I, um, I need to go," Jay said, not quite understanding what he heard as he tried to pull away. Stone didn't let him budge.

"Oh, you're not going anywhere, Turner," Stone grinned. "Go ahead and scream if you want. I own this restaurant and half the people in it."

Jay gasped. Stone knew. Stone knew, and he was dead, or even worse! How had the mogul found out about his disguise? Surely he hadn't recognized him!

"Let's move this party somewhere a little more private," Stone suggested, pressing an automatic pistol in Jay's back. "The room upstairs, maybe. I think our last two guests should be along in a moment." He checked his watch, then nodded towards the door. "I think you've already met my sister, Dee?" Jay's mouth dropped open in shock, and not only at the revelation that Dee had betrayed him, but because as she re-entered the restaurant, she had Jay's son Randy by the shoulder.



Jay was almost paralyzed by the sickening change of events and didn't even think of putting up a fight as Stone directed him up the stairs and into an empty lounge. The thug crossed the room and poured himself a drink before reclining on an expensive couch, keeping his gun trained on Jay. Jay stood there quaking in his high heels, utterly terrified. His only coherent thought was how he had forgotten his purse downstairs, but that was hardly what he needed to be thinking about at the moment! Was there any way to escape this situation? Jay had never felt so helpless. For now, this was Stone's show, and there was nothing he could do about it.

"You wouldn't believe how much easier it is dodging the feds when your sister is in the FBI," Stone laughed. "She's done me a lot of favors over the years, but I tell you, I think this is the best one yet. Originally I was just going to have her kill you, you know? After searching your house for incriminating evidence against me, she was just going to drive you out into some field and waste you. But when she called me up with that crazy idea of hers, I had to listen! We both have the same twisted kind of mind, you see."

Stone got up and stalked across to him. Jay felt his knees tremble. He caught sight of his reflection in a wide wall-mirror and felt another rush of helplessness. Maybe he once would have tried to tackle Stone before he got his gun out, or tried to run, but now... Any strength he once had had been thoroughly moisturized and dieted away, and with this tight, slinky dress and sky-high heels, not to mention his hair falling across his eyes and breasts getting in the way, he didn't have a chance of running or overpowering his captor. He looked like a pretty, sexy woman, utterly powerless, and that had been exactly what Stone had wanted all along.

"I really didn't think it would work out," Stone continued. "But I told her hey, give it a shot. I have a thing for poetic justice, you know? She sent me this picture of you all dolled up in a blonde wig and miniskirt, and I thought, whoa. Maybe this could work out after all. So I set things up with a surgeon of mine. She sent me updates on all the operations and stuff, and damn, I started getting a little curious. A little optimistic." He chuckled. "I had some good laughs over that stuff sitting in my jail cell. Your eyes were as wide as dinner plates when she told you what cup size your implants were going to be. Oh, and you fell all over the place like an idiot the first time you wore heels."

Stone grinned. "But I can see you're used to showing off your tits in sexy low-cut dresses, and you work those heels as good as any girl I've ever seen. Tell you the truth, Jay – or can I just call you Julia? Tell you the truth, those pictures don't hold a candle to the finished product. Seeing you mince in here on high heels, wiggling that tight little ass and flirting with all the waiters, well... Who's the fairy now, huh?" Stone laughed cruelly, putting a possessive arm around Jay's slender shoulders and nodding towards the mirror. "That's what you said, isn't it?" he asked. "In court, all those months ago? Secretly a fairy? Well, look

at yourself now.” Jay stared helplessly at his sexy, feminine appearance. From his manicured toes to his salon-styled hair, every trace of masculinity had been totally eradicated. His cupid’s bow lips, delicate nose, tweezed brows, and doe eyes with their long, thick lashes were all undeniably female. He wanted to burst into tears.

Just then, the door opened, and Jay’s stomach dropped even further. Dee entered the room, and Randy was right there with her. He hadn’t been harmed, but he looked skinnier than he had when they parted ways outside the court room all those months ago, and he was in bad need of a hair cut. Jay stared at Dee, but she immediately looked away.



"Where's my dad?" Randy demanded. "You said I was going to see him tonight!"

"You will, kid," Stone said, letting Jay go. Jay trembled, looking at his son's uncomprehending stare. He didn't recognize his father, but who on Earth could blame him?

"Wait a minute," Randy exclaimed, turning to Dee. "Lady, that's the guy! That's the guy my dad testified against! Stone!"

"Yeah, real sharp," Stone laughed, pulling a handgun out of his pocket. "And where's your daddy now, kid? You don't think he's scared of me, do you? I think he's so scared he decided to dress up as a broad, get a boob job, and prance around in skirts and dresses so I wouldn't be able to find him." Jay felt physically ill as Stone slid an arm around his delicate waist.

"No way," Randy scoffed. "My dad would never do that!"

"No?" Stone chuckled. "Why don't you ask him? Because he's right here, kid. Your daddy is now my sexy little squeeze." Jay clenched his fists in helpless rage as his son looked at him for the first time.

"You're lying," Randy said, but he looked suddenly unsure.

"Tell him, Julia," Stone said. "Or I'll blow his head off." He leveled the gun.

"No, don't!" Jay wailed. He turned to his son. "It's... It's me, Randy." He stepped forward, head bowed, and blushed deeply as his son looked closer and finally recognized him. Jay was still the same height, though that was currently augmented by his spiked four-inch heels, but apart from that he had changed drastically. He had lost a lot of weight to slim down, and the muscles he'd once had were gone from his arms, leaving them slender and delicate-looking. The surgery on his ribs had given him a perfect hour-glass figure that real women could only envy, and to compliment his curves Jay now had the kind of rack guys drooled over on magazine covers. His face had changed, too, with a small nose replacing his old one and his once masculine jaw shaved down to a feminine profile, and with the hair and makeup and soprano voice Jay knew he would have never been recognized by his son at all had it not been pointed out to him.

"Give a little twirl," Stone suggested. "Let him see the new you, sweetheart." He gestured with the gun, and, utterly humiliated, Jay turned in a graceful circle on his stilettos, showing off his backless dress and long, toned legs. He looked at Dee again, but she was pointedly looking away. How could she have done this to him? He'd thought they were friends...more than friends...

"Very good," Stone chuckled. "Why don't you explain to your son exactly what's going on, Julia? It's all a little confusing, I'll admit it myself. I'm going to go fix myself another drink and give you a little mother-son time in privacy. Dee, one for you? You're looking a little pale, sis." Stone crossed the room to the drinks cabinet and Dee, still refusing to meet Jay's pleading gaze, followed

in silence. That left Jay with his son, who was looking, if possible, even more shell-shocked than Jay was.

"I can explain everything," Jay said, wishing he could sound reassuring. His voice, thanks to the surgeon's work, was permanently high and breathy. Perfect for a seductress, a giggling airhead, or an innocent flirt – had Stone specified that, too? But it was no voice for a father trying to comfort his son. Jay put his hand out, long polished nails gleaming in the light, but Randy shrank away.

"Don't touch me!" he snapped. "How could you let them turn you into a woman? Do you like dressing up like some kind of fag?" The words stung Jay like slaps across the face, but he knew he had only himself to blame. Wasn't he the one who had taught Randy what a real man did and did not do? And wasn't it his fault he had gotten into this mess in the first place? Jay's lower lip trembled and he realized he was close to tears. Determined not to break down and cry in front of his son like the sissy he had become, Jay blinked the tears away.

"I never wanted to do this, Randy!" Jay said. "Son, you have to believe me. They told me this disguise was my only option, and it was only going to be for a few months, and then they would reverse all the surgeries and I would finally get to see you again! I never, ever wanted you to see me like... like *this*!" He encompassed his feminized body and attire with a sweep of one manicured hand. "I thought Dee was with the FBI, but she's fooled everybody. She's working for Stone, and has been all along. This is his revenge on me for testifying... I'm..." Jay trailed off, blinking away tears once more. He had been utterly and completely feminized, and now he was at the mercy of the man whose reputation he had tarnished and who should have already been behind bars. Much worse, his son was in the same sinking boat! Jay vowed to do whatever it took, no matter the cost, to keep his son safe.

"Dad, I'm scared," Randy admitted, mask of indifference finally breaking down. "He's got a gun, and you said he shot that other guy in the head!" Seeing his son's vulnerability, Jay did something he had hardly ever done in his life: pulled him into a hug. Randy stiffened at the foreign sensation, what with the feminine-smelling perfume and long hair tickling his face, not to mention the firm breasts pushed against his chest, but then he gave in and hugged back.

"There's got to be a way out of this," Jay whispered. "And we're going to find it..."

"Enough chatting," Stone announced, marching back with a second drink in hand. Dee had chosen to stay on the other side of the room, still silent. Jay pulled back, nervously fixing his long hair, and his bracelets jangled.

"Listen, you can do whatever you want to me, but let Randy go," Jay said, voice trembling.

"Really? After you've finally been reunited?" Stone laughed. "I bet you're wondering why I'm not wearing stripes right now. Well, I just so happen to

have the best legal team on the planet. That helped a lot. And when you mysteriously refused to appear in court again for further testimony, well. It was obvious you had made up the whole story.” He turned to Randy. “So, kid, you’re re-acquainted with your daddy now. What do you think? Is she a hot piece of tail or what? What are you wearing under that dress, Julia?” He put mocking emphasis on Jay’s feminine moniker. Jay looked at the gun in Stone’s free hand and knew that he would have to answer.

“Lingerie,” Jay said, blushing furiously.

“Color?” Stone demanded.

“B-black,” Jay stammered. “I’m wearing black panties with lace and a matching strapless demi-bra. Does that satisfy you... you *sicko*?”

“I’m the sicko?” Stone laughed, amused. “Wearing women’s panties seems a little on the perverted side, to me. I’m going to lay it all out for you, Julia. Humiliating you and eradicating your old identity were good enough reasons to do what I did. And believe me, those surgeons cost me a fortune. But there’s a third reason, too. I’m a pragmatic guy, as you know, and as you also know, I’m gay. I went to a lot of pains to hide that fact. Business has come a long way, but it’s still an old boy’s club in a lot of ways, and the international deals I’m doing with the Arabs... Let’s just say image is important to me. I’ve been through dozens of beards over the years, but even with threatening them and paying them off, I still worry about something getting out, you know? So your accusation, well, I couldn’t take that lying down.”

Stone stopped and finished his drink. “Where was I?” he mused. “Oh, right. Pragmatism. I thought Dee’s idea was ridiculous at first, but seeing you tonight, I’ve come all the way around. Some guys were just born to be babes, you know? That’s you. You should have been a chick all along, with legs like that. So you’re going to be my girl from now on.”

“Your *girl*?” Jay echoed, aghast.

“Correct,” Stone smiled. “I don’t think I’ll ever have to worry about blackmailing you, not when I’ve got your son here. You will be the perfect picture of an adoring little airhead trophy wife. I’ll be showing you off in slutty little skirts and high heels, dolling you up in sexy gowns, and parading you around on vacation in a cute little bikini. How does that sound? You will be completely feminine, completely submissive, and completely in love with me. If you ever slip up, well. Your son’s dead. That’s your only option, Julia. You’re going to be a trophy wife.” He shrugged his shoulders. “It could be worse, couldn’t it?” he suggested. “I could have murdered you, or tortured you, or made you work as a hooker. Instead, you’re going to be living quite comfortably.” He laughed. “Well, if those shoes can be called comfortable.”

“This is crazy!” Jay protested. “You seriously want me to... To become your wife?” His head was spinning. Of all the fates Stone could have concocted for

him, this certainly seemed the worst! He was going to become the mogul's pretty, sexy plaything... And if he refused, Randy's life was forfeit.

"I do," Stone grinned. "The thing is, pretty Julia, I'm not usually into girls, but the fact that you used to be a man, and that I've forced you to give up that manhood completely... Well, I'm sure you felt the effect you have on me when we were dancing." He winked and Jay felt sick to his stomach. "All I expect is that you look as ravishing as you do tonight whenever I so desire. You'll get to do all kinds of cultured things you never experienced as a man. Attending the opera, for instance. And judging by how natural you looked in the restaurant, I think you'll be secretly enjoying every second of the attention you get in your revealing outfits. So, what do you say? Which is more important to you, your manhood or your son's life?"

Jay was trembling with rage and humiliation, but there was nothing he could but accept. "I'll do it," he whispered. "Just don't hurt my son."

"Prove you're willing," Stone ordered. "Come over here, real slow, and kiss me like you want it. Understand?" Jay looked at Randy with tears smarting his eyes. His son had an expression of horror on his face.

"I have to," Jay whispered. "I'm sorry, Randy."

"Now or never!" Stone shouted. Jay wiped his sweating palms on the front of his dress and slowly walked to where Stone was waiting. Every click of his high heels on the floor seemed magnified in the air, and the sensuous sway of his hips was more obvious than ever as he approached his feminine fate. Stone put his hands around Jay's small waist and Jay reluctantly looked up at him, glossy lips parted submissively. Stone kissed him, tongue invading his mouth, and Jay's stomach clenched as Stone explored his mouth, claiming him as his own, while his hands roamed to massage Jay's breasts. An experience of intense pleasure hit Jay and he found himself swooning as the kiss ended, just like a girl. Slightly out of breath, he flushed. Had he enjoyed that? He shuddered.

"Oh, and about your son," Stone said. "Nobody's going to hurt him, I promise. But here's the thing. I'm an open-minded guy, and I could make an allowance for a gorgeous broad coming packaged with a kid she had a little too early. I mean, for a piece of ass like yours, who wouldn't? But I can't have her having a teenaged son who looks exactly like the missing son of a missing person of interest. Understand?" He turned his leering smirk on Randy. "I think 'Cindy' is a cute name. Don't you?"

The expression of fear on Jay's face revealed his quick comprehension of what Stone was suggesting. He wanted to throw himself at Stone, and do anything to save his sone, but the gun was pointed right at the boy.

Stone continued, smugly. "I have a feeling that with the right hormone treatments, she's going to take after her 'mother.' A real heart-breaker, going to be fighting off the boys with a stick, and all that. Maybe in a few years time, she'll

have a boyfriend. And a few years after that, maybe I'll marry her off to someone influential. Always nice to have family ties, isn't it?"

"I won't let you do this!" Jay snapped. "You may have turned me into a chick, Dee, but I won't let you do the same to my only son!"

"Oh, Dee's not going to have anything to do with it," Stone smiled. "She has to get back to work. Even FBI agents don't have free reign to disappear for months on end. No, I think you're perfectly qualified by this point to teach Cindy the ins-and-outs of being an attractive young lady. And if progress is not up to par, well. Would you rather see him in a dress? Or with a hole in his head?"

Jay turned to look at Agent Dee. "Dee?" he asked.

After a long, icy pause, he got his reply. "Do what you're told," she said.

"You heard the lady," Stone said with a self-satisfied smirk. "We're done." With that final resounding word, Stone snapped his fingers and two suited goons appeared to escort Jay and Randy out of the restaurant. Neither of them put up a fight, too shell-shocked by the sudden turn of events to even think of resisting as they were put into the back of a black limousine and driven away.



Jay had been picturing all kinds of horrible run-down dungeons where Stone might stick them for revenge, but true to the mogul's word, the limousine instead took them to a lavishly-furnished apartment building. The goons escorted them into the elevator and took them to the very top floor, the penthouse suite. It was spacious and expensive, using all the best materials available such as marble counter tops and oak furniture, but Jay knew it was a gilded cage.

"We'll be monitoring your door at all times," laughed one of Stone's men. "And the whole place is wired and loaded with cameras, so don't get any funny ideas. Got it?" With that, both men turned and walked out of the apartment, setting a heavy lock behind them. As soon as they were alone, Randy turned to his feminized father, still in shock.

"What's going to happen to us?" he asked faintly.

"I wish I knew," Jay sighed. "For now, all we can do is play along." He tried to comfort his son, but Randy shrank away.

"I can't believe you let him kiss you!" Randy snapped. "How could you do that? He's a man!"

"I had to," Jay said, voice trembling. "Randy, keeping you alive and safe is my number one priority, no matter what... *things*... Stone might make me do." His cheeks flushed as he envisioned his future as Stone's sexy trophy wife, being forced to parade around in the skimpiest lingerie and most revealing outfits to

please his man, giggling and simpering and playing the role of a flirtatious little bimbo, all the while with Stone smugly triumphant at the fact that his one-time accuser had been reduced to a powerless plaything swishing about in short skirts and stiletto heels.

“Maybe there’s an escape route,” Randy suggested, looking around the apartment. “I’m going to go look. You can stay here and do your makeup, but I’m getting out!” He stalked off into the next room and Jay suddenly heard a gasp of surprise. Jay followed as quickly as he could while managing a thigh-high slit and stilettos, and realized why Randy was so shocked. The room was stylishly furnished in a completely feminine style, everything in pastel pinks and purples, and the walls were covered with posters of cute boy bands. The closet, which Randy had evidently just opened, was stocked wall-to-wall with trendy, feminine clothing that any teenaged girl would love to own. All in all, the room would be a dream for any pretty, fashion-conscious fourteen-year-old girl – but to Randy, Jay knew it looked like his worst nightmare!

“I’m supposed to sleep in here?” Randy asked in disgust. “And why are there all these...” He trailed off and gained a look of utter fear as the conversation in the restaurant came back to him. “No way!” he shrieked. “They might have turned you into a sissy, but there’s no way they’ll get me into a dress! I’d rather they kill me!” Without thinking, Jay slapped his son across the face. He no longer had any sort of strength, but it was still enough to shock Randy into silence.

“Don’t you dare say that!” Jay hissed furiously. “I’m going to do whatever it takes for both of us to stay alive, and I expect you to do the same! So long as we’re alive, we have a hope of getting out of this mess. If you’re dead, it means you don’t have a chance.”

“You should never have let them turn you into a woman in the first place!” Randy spat angrily. “I can’t believe my own dad has tits like an underwear model!” But as he rubbed his smarting cheek, it was clear that he had been momentarily cowed.

“Do I have to sleep in here?” Randy asked miserably.

“No,” Jay decided, looking around the room. “You can bring some cushions off the couch into my room if you want.”

“I’m not scared of sleeping alone,” Randy protested, but then sighed. “Thanks,” he muttered. “I’d rather do that.” Jay nodded, feeling suddenly exhausted, and went to check out his own room. It was elegantly furnished and as he opened the large walk-in closet he had to admit that Stone had expensive tastes. Everything was extremely fashionable and pricey, but also, true to the mogul’s word, extremely feminine and revealing. Jay went flush imagining himself wearing these outfits for Stone at his beck and call.

Randy dragged cushions and blankets into Jay's room and watched with a mixture of fascination and revulsion as Jay prepared for bed with a series of feminine beauty rituals. Jay felt his cheeks burning at the feminine display, but also knew that he needed to maintain his pretty appearance, like his life depended on it. Because it did.

So he minced around the room in his skimpy negligee, removing his dangling earrings, applying his floral-scented lotions, and brushing out his hair, with his chin held high. Once he was thoroughly cleansed and moisturized with his makeup removed, Jay climbed into his bed.

"Dad?" Randy asked hesitantly, as the lights switched off. Jay was stunned, he had thought Randy might never refer to him as his father ever again!

"Yes, son?" Jay asked tremulously, well aware that it could possibly be the last time he was permitted to address Randy as his son and not 'Cindy,' his daughter.

"What's going to happen to us?" Randy asked.

"I don't know," Jay sighed. "But I promise you there's a way out of this. We just have to hold on until we find it." With all the worries floating around inside his head, Jay would have thought sleep would be next to impossible. To the contrary, all of the day's events hit him at once and he was too tired to keep his eyes open the moment his head hit the pillow.



Jay was awakened by a sharp pounding on the door of the apartment the next morning. He woke up groggily, and saw Randy emerging from his covers with a confused expression.

"Just stay there," Jay said. "I'll deal with... Whoever it is." He hurried out of bed, running his fingers through his long dark hair in an attempt to make himself halfway presentable, then answered the door dressed only in his lingerie and see-through negligee. Through the tiny crack, he saw one of Stone's goons awaiting him.

"Yes?" Jay asked anxiously. The big man wrested the door wide open and Jay took a step back, blushing furiously as he was ogled.

"You and 'Cindy' have a salon appointment at noon, which I'll be driving you to," the goon said, leering at Jay's barely-concealed curves and sexy lingerie. "And Stone expects his 'daughter' to be presentable, if you get my drift. Later on tonight you'll be going out with the boss, as well, and he expects you two look good. Got it?"

"Y-yes," Jay said, eager to close the door. "We'll be ready by noon."

“Good,” the man said, giving him one last leering up-and-down gaze, then shut the door. Jay let out a breath he didn’t realize he’d been holding and skittered back to the bedroom. He felt so vulnerable in his see-through garments, being ogled like a slab of meat by a man who could easily take advantage of him at any time! His only hope was that they wouldn’t dare risk offending Stone by hitting on his ‘girl.’

Realizing his son had drifted back to sleep, Jay set about preparing himself for the day. He showered, washed and conditioned his hair, moisturized, and set about finding an outfit. Stone had only provided the very skimpiest, sexiest intimates so Jay had to content himself with frilly, lacy red underwear. After blow-drying his hair and applying his makeup to perfection, Jay dressed in a short, ruffled black miniskirt and daringly low-cut top. Silver hoop earrings and open-toed wedge sandals completed his look, and he had to admit that he looked completely gorgeous. He pouted and primped in front of the mirror for a few more minutes, mostly to delay the inevitable, then walked out of the bathroom to wake up his son.

“Okay, time to get up,” Jay said. “We have a lot of work to do.”

“Work?” Randy asked, confused.

“Yes,” Jay sighed. “We have to turn you into Cindy.” The look on Randy’s face said it all: shock, horror, disgust, but also fear. And maybe, just maybe, a hint of curiosity? “We have to do what Stone wants,” Jay reiterated again. “For now, at least. Just...” He blushed. “Just think of it as a play, okay? You’re just play-acting that you’re a pretty young thing named Cindy.”

“I don’t want either of us to die,” Randy said in a small voice.

“Me either,” Jay said. “And we won’t. I promise. But you have to promise to do whatever I say, all right?” Randy bit his trembling lower lip.

“All right,” he groaned. “I will.” He was still having a hard time believing that this sexy, feminine lady was formerly his father, and he was terrified that he might be made to look equally attractive – after all, he had always taken after Jay in appearance.

“First things first,” Jay said, hand on his hip. “Hop in the bath and use the bottles I left in there, okay? One is shampoo, one is conditioner. And use the soap, too. Meanwhile, I’ll... I’ll find you something to wear.” He bit his lip and turned away, deeply ashamed of what was about to transpire. Not only had he let himself be turned into a woman, he was about to participate in the feminization of his only son!

While Randy went dejectedly to the bathroom, Jay went with equal trepidation to his new ‘daughter’s’ room to find an outfit. Just as he suspected, the only clothes Stone had provided were ultra-feminine and trendy – ‘Cindy’ was clearly intended to be quite the girly-girl. Sighing, Jay found a bra and panty in lacy pink and set it out on the bed, then went into the closet to search for

clothes. He found a flirty little summer dress and caught himself thinking that Randy would look cute in it. Further back, Jay also found a pair of tight white capri pants. He held the two hangers up side-by-side and wondered which would be more merciful: allowing Randy to ease into his new role as a daughter or plunging him headlong into femininity as had been done to his father?

Pursing his painted lips, Jay returned the dress to the closet just as Randy emerged, blushing, from the shower. He smelled sweet and flowery from the feminine-scented soaps and his dark hair, which had grown to his shoulders, had a luster it had previously lacked. Upon seeing the underwear set out for him on the bed, Randy lost his nerve entirely.

"Please don't make me do this," he begged. "I can't wear that girly stuff!"

"For the time being, you have to," Jay said. "It's only temporary, I promise!" But even as he made that promise, he remembered how Dee had fed him the exact same line! Miserable, Randy pulled the pink panties up his slim legs and allowed Jay to help him into the matching bra. Randy was very slender but not lanky or bony, and he cut quite a attractive figure in his underthings. There was, however, a problem.

"You're starting to grow leg hair," Jay said, frowning at the soft covering of hair on Randy's calves. "That won't do. Here, hold on." Jay minced into the bathroom and returned with a small pink razor and can of foam.

"Do I have to?" Randy asked in a strangled whisper.

"Only below the knee," Jay promised. "But a girl can't go out in public with hairy legs, it just isn't done!" With that, he set about guiding Randy through the feminine ritual, showing him how to avoid nicking his knees and using soft, gentle strokes. In a matter of minutes, his calves were as silky smooth as a baby's. Randy ran his hands over them, unused to the sensation, and blushed with embarrassment. Worse was yet to come.

Next, Jay sat him down in front of the vanity and gave his only son his first lesson on makeup application, how to use it in order to accent his prettiest features and cover up any blemishes that might occur. Randy watched glumly as his masculinity was slowly painted and powdered away with mascara, blusher, eyeshadow, liner, and lip gloss. After Jay had him wriggle into a pair of tight white capri pants, which conspicuously lacked both pockets and a fly, he put on a form-fitting pink T-shirt with the word 'Princess' across the chest in sparkly silver letters. Randy didn't know which was the worst part of it, the humiliating label, the utterly feminine color, the fact that his padded bra gave the illusion of small breasts, or the way it rode up to reveal a teasing strip of his bare stomach!

"I'm sorry," Jay said in a small voice. "It's really one of the plainer tops." Randy shuddered to think what else was in the closet if this was a conservative choice! Jay styled his hair next, pulling it back into a high, feminine pony tail, and hold-

ing it in place with a matching pink scrunchie. Simple ballerina flats completed his 'look,' and as Randy went to the full-length mirror to see the result he gasped.

Randy had always been a good-looking kid, maybe a little on the small and slim side for a boy, but definitely a boy...now, he definitely looked more like a pretty girl! He had nice legs even in the capri pants, slender and shapely, and his small waist was on display with the tight pink T-shirt along with what appeared to be his budding breasts. With his hair pulled back in a pony tail and his makeup done, he could barely reconcile his old appearance with this girl in the mirror.

"We're just in time," Jay said, fussing with his hair. "Here, Randy...Cindy, I mean. Use this purse, I've put a few things in it for you." He handed his son a small white purse and, grabbing his own off the counter, led him to the apartment door. Randy was trembling. Everything felt so wrong, from the bra straps digging into his shoulders to the taste of lip gloss on his lips to the pony tail bobbing in its scrunchie.

"Hello, ladies," grinned Stone's man as he opened the door. "All ready for some mother-daughter bonding at the salon? Heh." The huge man smiled at his supposed cleverness. "Follow me, and no funny business."

Jay fumed internally. *Funny business?* It wasn't as if he could make a break for it wearing a miniskirt and stiletto heels! But if Randy could somehow get away...

They were escorted down to the bottom floor where a limousine was waiting, and Randy's heart was beating a mile a minute behind the silky constriction of his bra. What if someone realized he was really a boy? The possibility was almost too horrible to consider! He kept his head down and his nervous body language ended up working to his advantage, giving him a demure, feminine appearance. As the limousine pulled away, Randy couldn't stop glancing over at the gorgeous woman beside him, formerly his father, and marveling at how feminine and natural he appeared to be. Was that going to happen to him, as well?

After a short but tense drive in which Stone's chauffeur ogled Jay's legs from the rear-view mirror at every stop, they arrived at an upscale salon and were escorted inside. *After all, only the best for Dominic Stone*, Jay thought grimly.

"The boss booked a private day, just for the two of you," the goon smirked. "Enjoy, ladies." He took a seat right outside the door, making it clear they wouldn't be escaping any time soon, and Jay and Randy walked inside of their own volition where they were greeted by a cosmetician.

"Julia Stone and daughter?" she asked. Jay blushed furiously, realizing that as Stone's 'wife' he now bore the man's last name instead of his own. "Yes, that's right," he said. "Cindy."

"Aren't you going to be the prettiest thing," the cosmetician smiled, looking at Randy. "Don't worry, honey, plenty of girls go through a tomboy phase at some point. I was told you're finally ready to leave all that boyish stuff behind and become a pretty young woman, isn't that right?"

"That's right," Jay said quickly, answering before Randy could explode. He laid a hand on his son's arm and gave a reassuring squeeze. "Just do whatever they tell you," he whispered. "It's our only option, all right?"

"And you're seeing the tattoo artist?" the cosmetician asked brightly, looking at her clipboard.

"Tattoo?" Jay squealed.

"Well, yes, that's what your appointment is for..." The cosmetician looked up, puzzled.

"Oh, of course," Jay scrambled. "I just wasn't sure I heard you correctly." Exchanging nervous glances with his son, Jay was led into the next room. Randy, meanwhile, was steered to the nearest green salon chair and told to strip down.

"Don't worry, honey, I've seen everything," the cosmetician smiled. "And we'll give you this little robe, see?" Remembering his father's instructions, Randy reluctantly peeled off his capri pants and T-shirt before exchanging them for a flimsy pink robe and climbing into the chair.

"You have the nicest features," the cosmetician gushed. "I bet the other girls at school are so jealous of you." Randy said nothing and could only watch glumly as she draped a plastic covering over his clothes and set to work on his hair. Two more beauticians entered, chatting gaily, and started giving him his first manicure and pedicure. While they buffed his ragged nails, filing and snipping and painting them with a bright pink polish, the first beautician was putting extensions in Randy's hair and styling it with a liberal helping of hair-spray and a hot iron. It was like nothing Randy had ever experienced before, being cooed and fussed over, and if he was honest with himself it wasn't one hundred percent horrible... Until the waxing.

"W-why do I need to wax?" he asked. "I barely grow hair on my legs or armpits!"

"I know, honey," the beautician said soothingly. "It's all part of the package. But girls have to get used to waxing, because sooner or later you'll be doing it quite often. Don't worry, it isn't as bad as they say!" They began spreading the warm wax up his bare legs, and then, to his horror, his bikini area. Randy had never hoped so fervently to avoid getting an erection. If they realized he was a boy, he would die from embarrassment! As soon as the first strip of wax came away, however, he realized there would be no worries on that front. It was far too painful to think of anything else! They did his legs and then his underarms and then his brows as well, shaping them into feminine arches.

Finally, they began to redo his makeup. Luxurious false lashes replaced his formerly boyish ones and a prick of collagen made his lips pouty and kissable. Then the beauticians set to work with their powders and paints, arguing about his complexion and which shades would work best for him. When they had finally finished and spun him towards the mirror, Randy could only gasp.

If he had looked feminine before, even pretty, now he looked absolutely gorgeous. His dark glossy hair was styled in a trendy side-bang fashion, framing his face in gentle waves, and beneath delicately arched brows his eyes had been accentuated with expertly-blended eye shadow and curtained by long, dark lashes that fluttered sensuously with the slightest blink, while expertly-applied lip gloss made his mouth glisten a tempting pink. He looked like a teenaged beauty queen! Randy was so stunned at his reflection that he didn't notice the piercing gun until it pinched his earlobe.

"Ouch!" he exclaimed.

"It says here you wanted your ears pierced," the beautician explained. "Relax, it only stings for a second at most." She leaned him back and quickly pierced his other ear, leaving him with two small diamond studs. Randy touched one with his nail, which were now long and pink and adorned with French tips.

"Now, let's get you dressed again," the beautician smiled. "But before we do... Here's a little trick from an old pro. I remember before I filled out, it was sooo embarrassing being smaller than all the other girls..." Randy was confused as to what she meant until she produced two small gel inserts and slipped them into the lacy cups of his bra. Then, using blusher, she accented the shape of his 'breasts'!

"There," she smiled, slipping his shirt back over his head, careful not to muss his hair. "Isn't that much better?" Randy blushed furiously, looking at his reflection in the mirror. With the cut of the pink T-shirt, it now looked as if he was well on his way to developing cleavage of his own! "Within a year, I'm sure you'll be filling out a nice cup size all on your own," the beautician reassured him. "Especially if you take after your mother! Now there's a gorgeous figure." Randy's blush only deepened further as he imagined himself with breasts. Was that what would happen if he was forced to take hormones?

"And here's an adorable skirt to go with that top," the beautician said, producing a white denim miniskirt. Randy blanched.

"Wait a second," he said fearfully, "Can't I wear my pants?"

"And hide those pretty legs?" The beautician clucked her tongue. "Not a chance, honey! It says here that you're to wear a pretty skirt and heels, just like your mother. The guy who booked the salon was very insistent. Isn't that what you wanted?"

"Oh," Randy said in a tiny voice. "I... I guess so." He reluctantly slid off the salon chair and stepped into the tiny white skirt, tugging it up his smooth legs

until it was snug on his hips. It felt totally weird having his waxed-smooth legs rubbing against each other, sending a tingling sensation through his thighs. Next he slipped his feet into cork sandals with a two-inch wedge heel.

“Perfect for showing off your pretty toe nail polish!” the beautician beamed. “Haven’t worn heels very often, I see. Don’t worry, I’ll give you some pointers and you’ll be gliding along like a runway model in no time! Place one foot in front of the other like so, and hold your arms like this...”



Meanwhile, Jay was observing his new lower back tattoo in the mirror with a sense of heavy resignation. The tattoo artist had skillfully made a small pink bow with the name “Dominic” above it. Jay had never gotten a tattoo in his life, and now his first was another man’s name!

“Don’t you like it?” the artist asked, confused. “I thought it really turned out well!”

“Oh, yes, it’s... It’s very nice,” Jay said, trying to smile. After all, the girl probably thought it had been his own idea!

“Great,” the artist said. “Here, just take this receipt with you to the front.”

“Receipt?” Jay frowned, taking the slip of paper. “I’m sure everything’s been paid for.” When he looked down at it, his mouth fell open. There was a tiny message written in blue pen:

Don’t give up.

Jay immediately recognized Dee’s handwriting. “Who gave you this?” Jay whispered, but the tattoo artist shook her head, making it clear she wouldn’t say anything more. Jay slipped the note into his purse as he went back into the salon’s main room, but all thoughts of Dee and a possible escape were driven from his mind when he saw what had been done to his son... or rather, his daughter!

“Is that you?” Jay gasped, staring at the teenaged beauty in front of him. ‘Cindy’ was wearing open-toed sandals that showed off her shiny pink nail polish (matching that on her manicured fingers) and a sinfully short white denim miniskirt that exposed nearly all of her lithe, waxed-smooth legs. The accompanying pink top was still as form-fitting as ever, flattering a slender waist and small shoulders, but unless Jay’s eyes were mistaking him, now had a bit more to cover in the chest area. Pouty pink lips, dark doe eyes, perfectly-coiffed long hair and sparkling earrings completed the pretty picture. His son now looked like a future prom queen, and there was nothing he could do about it!

“Isn’t she hot?” the beautician smiled. “I’m sure she’ll have the boys all over her, isn’t that right, Cindy, honey?” Randy blushed, too humiliated to meet his

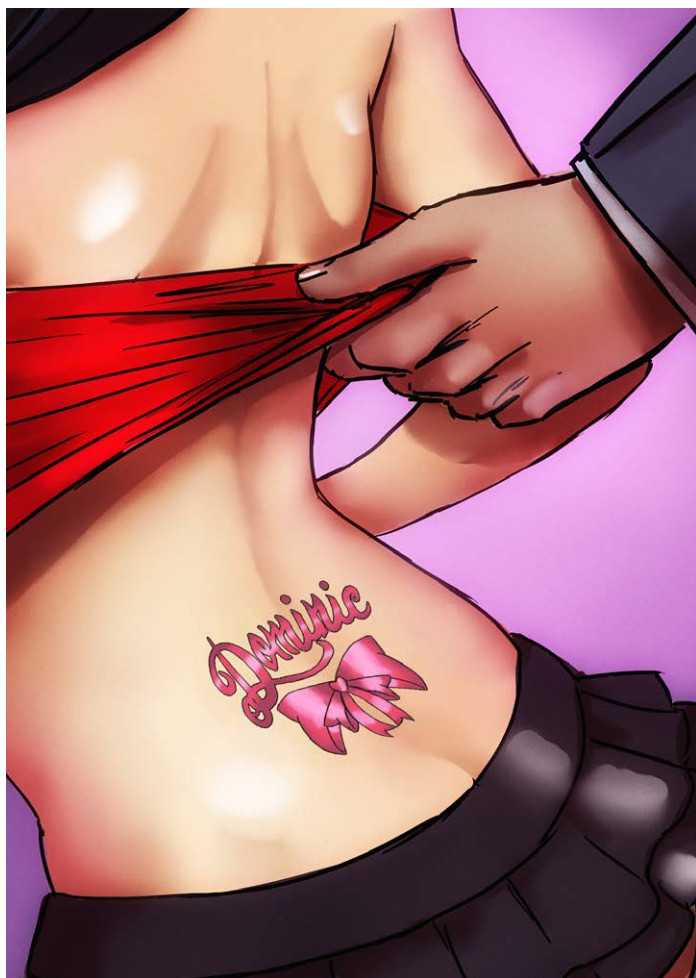


father's eye. Father and son had both been completely feminized – they now appeared for all the world to be an extremely attractive mother and daughter!

Just then, the door to the salon swung open and in swaggered Stone. He stopped at the sight of 'Cindy' and 'Julia' and clapped his hands together. "Well, I feel like the luckiest guy in the world to have such a knock-out wife and beautiful daughter," he chuckled. "Did I tell you, or what? I knew there was a pretty little girl hiding under that boyish exterior." Stone strode confidently over and gave Jay a deep kiss on the mouth. Jay felt his smooth knees knock together even as his stomach turned. Stone slid his arm around Jay's small waist, careful of the fresh tattoo, and lifted his top to inspect the artist's handiwork.

"Very nice," Stone grinned. "Just a little something to remind you that that cute little ass belongs to me. Why don't you show your daughter, doll?" Cringing, Jay turned and let Randy catch the briefest glimpse of the tattoo before tugging his top back down. "You're still too young for one of those," Stone said. "But I'm sure you'll be begging before long. I bet you want to be just as sexy as your mommy when you grow up, don't you? Why don't you give her a little kiss to thank her for the nice day at the salon?"

Jay watched with trepidation as his son's face turned red under its makeup. If Randy blew up now, there was no way of knowing how Stone would react. Instead of swearing and cursing, however, Jay was shocked and re-



lieved when Randy obediently minced over in his wedge heels and planted a small kiss on his cheek.

“Thank you for taking me to the salon,” he mumbled, eyes downcast.

“And now one for your daddy,” Stone said. “To thank me for paying for it.” Randy’s mascara’d eyes went wide and Jay blushed a brilliant red. This was the ultimate test of compliance—now that Jay had been relegated to Randy’s ‘mother,’ would his son be able to swallow his masculine pride and treat Stone as a girl would her father? To his relief, Randy submissively put his arms around Stone’s neck and gave him a tiny peck on the cheek.

“Th... Thank you, daddy,” he said in a whisper.

“No problem, sweetie,” Stone grinned. “Now, who’s hungry?”

They returned to the limousine and were driven to a nearby restaurant, Stone’s hand possessively stroking Jay’s smooth thigh the entire way, and then what followed was what Jay knew to be the most stressful lunch of Randy’s young life. From accidentally flashing his pink panties as he got out of the limousine to stumbling in his heels on the way inside the restaurant (“You’ll have to teach your daughter a little more grace,” Stone had frowned) it was one humiliating episode after another. Jay tried to subtly give hints and suggestions, but Randy was too shocked and withdrawn to hear much of anything, constantly looking around nervously, trying to keep his newly-long hair out of his face, and struggling to hold his cutlery with his long French tips.

“M... Mom,” Randy whispered, the unfamiliar term still sticking in his throat. “Those boys over there keep staring at me! Do you think... do they... can they tell I’m a...”

“Oh, honey.” Jay looked over to where the teenaged boys were clearly ogling ‘Cindy’s’ long sexy legs and pretty features. “No, they’re just boys being boys. They see a pretty girl and they can’t help but stare, that’s all. Don’t let it bother you, okay?”

Randy blushed furiously as Stone laughed. Once Randy had checked out cute girls in restaurants, but now it was happening to him! He had become a cute, sexy girl for real boys to admire, put on display in his short skirt, makeup, and heels. He finished his meager salad in miserable silence, trying in vain to tug down the hem of his miniskirt.

“I’ll have Bubba drive you two back to the penthouse,” Stone said, wiping his chin with a napkin. “And then you’d better start getting yourself all prettied up for your debut, gorgeous. I’m hitting the casino tonight. Feeling lucky.” He winked, then glanced over at Randy. “Of course, that’s no place for a young lady like Cindy. You can paint your toenails and watch a movie or something. But no funny business. Bubba’s going to be right outside the door, and the whole apartment is, of course, bugged with cameras and microphones.”

"I don't want to leave my so... my *daughter* alone with your men," Jay protested.

"Bubba knows his place," Stone said, seemingly offended. "If he takes one step into that apartment without needing to, I'll have his balls. Make you feel better? Jeeze, do you think I'm a complete monster?" He snapped his fingers for the check and in a matter of minutes they parted ways, Stone claiming Jay's pretty mouth with a passionate goodbye kiss. Jay gasped slightly as Stone let him go, bosom heaving and face flushed. Right in front of the entire restaurant, and even worse, right in front of Randy, who could only watch glumly as his formerly-macho father swished about in sexy, revealing outfits and was now kissed and manhandled by another guy!

Stone's goon escorted the feminized duo back to the limousine and Jay, still humiliated, did his best to repair his smeared lipstick in the mirror. Would this nightmare ever end? Judging by the look on Randy's prettily made-up face, he was wondering the exact same thing. When they arrived back at the apartment, Jay showed Randy how to exit the limousine gracefully with his knees held together. He could tell that the feminine action rankled, but it was also better than displaying his lacy pink underwear to the world. Randy was still struggling slightly with his heels as they walked to the elevator, but Jay could tell he was already improving – *like father, like son?* The thought made him blush.

Almost as soon as they were inside the apartment, however, Randy broke down completely. "I can't do it," he sobbed. "I can't become a girl! Please, don't let them do this!" He clumsily kicked off the shoes and put his face in his hands, weeping. With his mascara running and small shoulders shaking with sobs, Jay couldn't help but think that he looked like a pretty girl who had just been dumped by her boyfriend. He drew his feminized son into a hug and sighed.

"We just have to do what they want for now," he said. "There simply isn't another choice!" He considered telling Randy about the mysterious note from the salon, but remembered what Stone had said about the entire apartment being bugged. He just couldn't risk it.

"But I don't want to be a, a sissy," Randy moaned. Jay blushed furiously.

"Then don't be," he said. "Be Cindy. Here, let me help you fix your makeup." He took his new "daughter" into the bathroom and showed him how to repair his mascara and eye shadow, giving directions in a soothing voice. Even though Randy first appeared to hate what he was doing, he submitted to the instructions and fixed his makeup with a flair that surprised his feminized father.

"Does that look right?" he asked timidly.

"That looks beautiful, honey," Jay said. Randy was looking at his pretty reflection in the mirror with a confused sort of frown, far from the anger and disgust he had displayed earlier.

"I... I do look really pretty," Randy said meekly. "Don't I?" Jay's manicured brows raised slightly with surprise.

"Yes, you do," he said softly. "And if you have to be a girl, I suppose it's nice to at least be a pretty girl, right? Remember, it's only temporary." He sighed. "Now I'd better start getting ready..."



As he sashayed into the casino on Stone's arm, Jay felt every head in the place turn to stare at him, and it was hard to blame them! Jay had been squeezed into an incredibly sexy, revealing evening gown in lame silver with a daringly low-cut neckline that put his gorgeous cleavage on full display for anyone who wanted to look – which was every man in the room – and clung to his curves like a second skin before splitting into twin thigh-high slits intended to give tantalizing peeks of his long, sexy legs with every step. He was perched on a pair of sky-high open-toed stilettos that made them look even longer while also subtly changing his posture, thrusting his ass and tits out suggestively.

His hair was done in a sexy-messy style, with perfectly-coiffed waves falling elegantly over his naked shoulder, and his face was utterly gorgeous with pouty pink lips and dark, sultry eyes. Stone had ordered him to wear a pair of very expensive chandelier diamond earrings that twinkled with every slight turn of his head, but they were hopelessly outdone by the absolutely massive diamond that had recently been slipped onto his finger, for "realism" as Stone had said. All in all, Jay now knew exactly what being a "trophy wife" really felt like – every guy in the room was openly lusty after him, and every woman was shooting looks of catty jealousy!

"Remember what's at stake for you, Julia," Stone whispered in Jay's ear, pulling him close enough that his cologne was nearly overwhelming. "No slip-ups, darling." Jay shivered as Stone's breath tickled his ear. Swallowing, he nodded his pretty head. Stone tightened his grip around Jay's delicate waist and Jay, plastering a smile on his face despite the terrified thumping of his heart, allowed himself to be steered around the room as Stone greeted his influential "friends," most of whom seemed to be corrupt politicians.

Jay was forced to acquiesce to his new role as a sexy piece of eye-candy, smiling flirtatiously at the men and giggling at their compliments. He was forced to tell the story Stone had cooked up for them a few times, about how "Julia" was an up-and-coming swimsuit model and they had met at a hotel in the Bahamas during a photo shoot, but most of the men in the casino couldn't have cared less what was coming out of his mouth – they were far too busy fantasizing about what they could put in it!

“...And when I saw her in that tiny little bikini, I knew I had to have her,” Stone said, squeezing Jay’s ass suggestively. Jay, feeling sick, forced himself to smile up at his “husband” in feminine submission. Stone took the opportunity to plant a deep, lingering kiss on Jay’s mouth. Humiliated, Jay excused himself to the ladies’ room to repair his lipstick as Stone’s friends chuckled. He steadied himself at the mirror, observing his feminine appearance, his perfect cleavage and killer curves and beautiful face, and did his best not to break down crying. This was his fate? To mince about in high heels and slutty outfits, giggling and acting the part of a simpering bimbo?

Knowing Stone would be furious if he kept him waiting any longer, Jay freshened his makeup and returned to the casino to resume his place at his “husband’s” side. Stone was in a good mood, laughing and making bawdy jokes with every toss of the dice, and Jay was at least grateful that he didn’t have to do anything for a while but submit to his pawing hands and occasionally blow on the dice for luck. As Stone became more and more inebriated, however, he soon ended up pulling Jay into his lap, where an obvious hard-on poked at the satiny fabric of Jay’s dress. Blushing furiously, he submissively looped his arms around Stone’s neck and played the part of an adoring airhead, batting his eyelashes and squealing excitedly as Stone’s winnings mounted. The other players were getting drunk as well and were no longer being subtle in their flirtations. One man in particular had begun slyly copping a feel of Jay’s thigh under the table! Jay flushed, unsure what to do, and then...

“Hanson, what the fuck do you think you’re doing?” Stone demanded suddenly. The man’s hand immediately retracted.

“Uh, nothing, Dominic,” he muttered. “I just, uh, I’ve had a few too many...”

“You motherfucker, I should kill you right here.” Stone’s eyes were cold as ice. “You think you can touch my wife without asking?” There was an extremely tense moment, then Stone chuckled. “I don’t blame you. She’s a real fox, isn’t she?” Stone cupped Jay’s breasts from behind and Jay felt a shiver go down his spine. “In fact,” Stone said, “I don’t think I’m going to waste any more time with you ugly clowns that I could be using on her. Split my winnings, boys. Drinks on me.”

He got to his feet, slightly unsteady from the drinks, and wrapped his arm around Jay’s delicate waist once more. Jay’s thoughts were racing. Was Stone drunk enough to pass out? Could Jay possibly escape? But the thought of Randy alone in the apartment resurfaced and Jay knew he couldn’t risk it, not with his son’s life in the balance. Stone kissed him on the neck as they exited the casino, and Jay, fists clenched, steeled himself for whatever might happen next.

“You’re getting me so hot, baby,” Stone whispered in his ear. “In that slutty little number and fuck-me heels. I think I know exactly what you want, pretty Julia.”

Almost as soon as they were in the backseat of the limousine, Stone was all over him. Jay stiffened as Stone ran his fingers through his hair and played with the straps of his dress, trying to think of anything other than the fact that he was being kissed and felt up by a man, just like the gorgeous young woman he now appeared to be. But try as he might to discourage Stone's amorous advances, Jay couldn't help but swoon as Stone's mouth claimed his yet again and his hands massaged his breasts. By the time they arrived at Stone's mansion, Jay's small gasps of pleasure were no longer faked.

Nearly as soon as they were inside, Jay found himself thrown down on an expensive couch and closed his eyes in dread of what might happen next, knowing he was utterly helpless to stop it. Only a year ago he had been the one taking a date home and ravishing her, but now the stiletto was on the other foot and Jay had been utterly primped, plucked, and prettified in order to look sexy for his man. Now he was receiving the kind of attention such feminine beauty led to! Before he knew it, Stone had stripped off his dress, leaving him shivering in only his skimpy lingerie and high heels.

"Look at that," the mogul chuckled. "The best body money can buy. Those implants and surgeries didn't come cheap, doll. You should thank me." Jay blushed furiously but said nothing. His quick, shallow breathing was making his breasts bob up and down appealingly in their silky cups, and the cool air was tingling on his newly-sensitive nipples.

"Now dance for me, baby," Stone said, leaning back on the couch. "I want to see you shake that tight little ass and those expensive tits. Put on a show." Stone slapped Jay's ass and he stood up abruptly on his towering stilettos. Fighting back tears of rage and humiliation, he sashayed back and forth in front of his "husband," shaking his hips and trying to emulate the hundreds of strippers he had seen doing private dances.

"Come on, you call that working it?" Stone laughed cruelly.

"I... I don't know how," Jay said, blushing furiously. "I've never done this before."

"Don't worry, sweetie, I'll pay for some private lessons," Stone smirked. "Because that's what you really want, isn't it? You want to be sexy for your man and turn him on and please him, don't you? Tell me, Julia."

"Yes," Jay said, barely above a whisper. "I want to be sexy for you."

"Keep that in mind," Stone said. "Or I'll have sweet little Cindy in here decked out in frilly lingerie learning how to put on a striptease. You wouldn't want that, would you?"

"You wouldn't!" Jay gasped, horrified at the possibility.

"I might," Stone snapped. "Now get back over here, sweetie. Come sit on my lap." Trembling with both fear and embarrassment, Jay minced back to the couch and reluctantly settled onto Stone's lap, where his hard manhood was

waiting. As he cupped his breasts Jay couldn't help but let a small gasp escape his painted lips.

"Do you like that?" Stone asked huskily.

"N... No," Jay moaned. He was a guy! How was he becoming so turned on by a man?

"I think you do, pretty Julia," Stone whispered. "I think you always have. I think you're so, so grateful that I turned you into the pretty little bimbo you always were on the inside." He stroked Jay's smooth thigh, provoking a shiver. "Isn't that right?" he asked. "Every time you saw a beautiful woman, I know you were just wishing, wishing you could be the one wearing that exquisite lingerie, showing off your tits, doing your hair and makeup just right, swishing around in tight little skirts to put your legs on display for men to admire – and every time you fucked a woman, you were wishing you could be the one being held and caressed and then finally bent over. Isn't that right? Tell me, Julia."

"Yes," Jay said, humiliated beyond belief but knowing he had no choice but to answer in the affirmative. "Y... Yes, I've always... Wished that."

"Because you were never a real man," Stone continued. "You pretended, of course, but on the inside you desperately wanted to be the dainty, delicate bimbo you are now. You wanted a real man to put his arms around you, kiss you, protect you, pamper you. Well, aren't you lucky things turned out this way. And I know just how you can thank me." Stone unzipped his trousers and repositioned himself on the couch. "Come on, doll, don't be shy..."



By the time Stone had his chauffeur drive Jay back to the penthouse, it was extremely late. Jay minced past the leering doorman who was still standing guard, and heard the lock click behind him once more. He peeked into "Cindy's" room and saw that his son was fast asleep in a frilly pink baby-doll, and was extremely grateful. Jay didn't think he would have been able to bear his son seeing him with his mussed hair and smeared lipstick, evidence of what had gone on that evening. He stood at the door with a heavy heart, wondering what would happen to his son, and if there was any hope of escape.



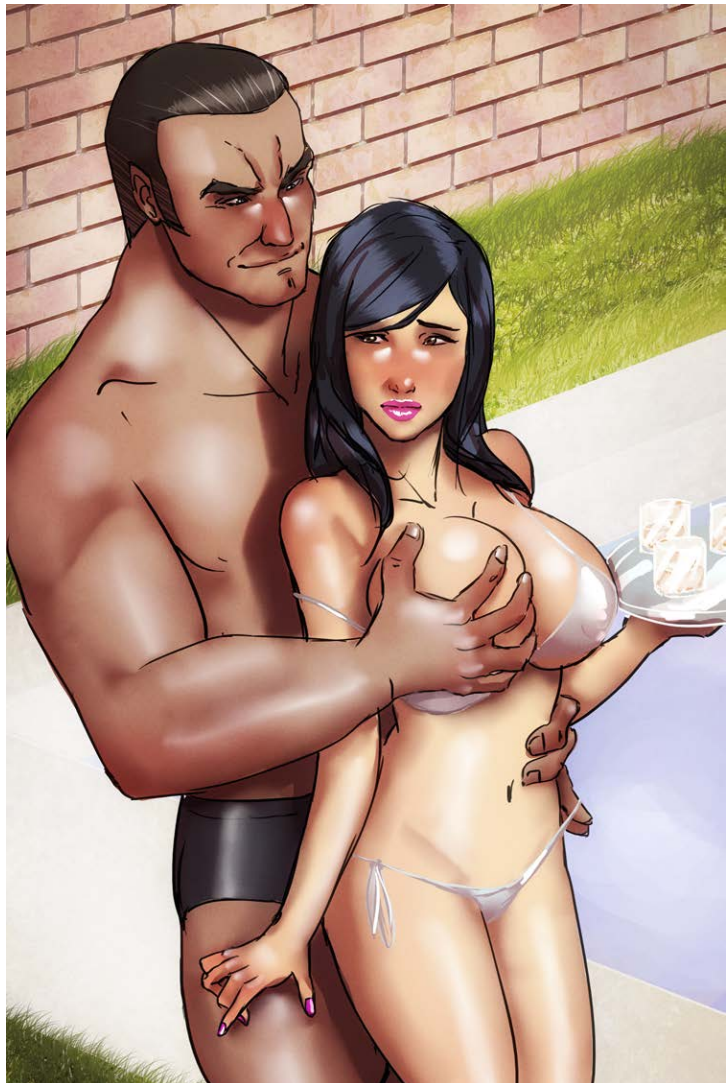
Over the course of the following week, both Jay and Randy became slowly resigned to their feminine fate. Jay was kept much too busy during the day to even think about the note he had been slipped, constantly being chauffeured from this salon to that one to have his hair done, his nails done, spa treatments, dress fittings, shopping excursions at designer boutiques in which he was

forced to buy only the frilliest, sexiest lingerie and most revealing fashions, an appointment with the jeweler, et cetera. He was being pampered and primped constantly, reinforcing his new role as a sexy, submissive trophy wife. The worst, of course, was accompanying Stone to all of his social functions, always dressed to the nines in provocative attire, so he could flirt and giggle and bat his eyelashes like a bimbo.

The most humiliating episode thus far was being made to serve Stone and his friends drinks at the pool while wearing a tiny silver bikini and high heels, but since the first night Stone had not forced himself on Jay apart from some groping and kissing, and for that Jay had to be grateful.

Randy was undergoing the same barrage of constant feminine activity, learning to walk, talk, and present himself as a cute teenaged co-ed. Stone had informed them that “Cindy” would be enrolled in a private school in the coming fall, and in doing so had found the one and only way to persuade Randy to acquiesce to his growing femininity. If he didn’t want to be discovered as some kind of freak, his only option was to be as realistic a girl as possible!

Jay took it upon himself to teach his son the art of makeup, clothing, hair-care, accessorizing, and everything

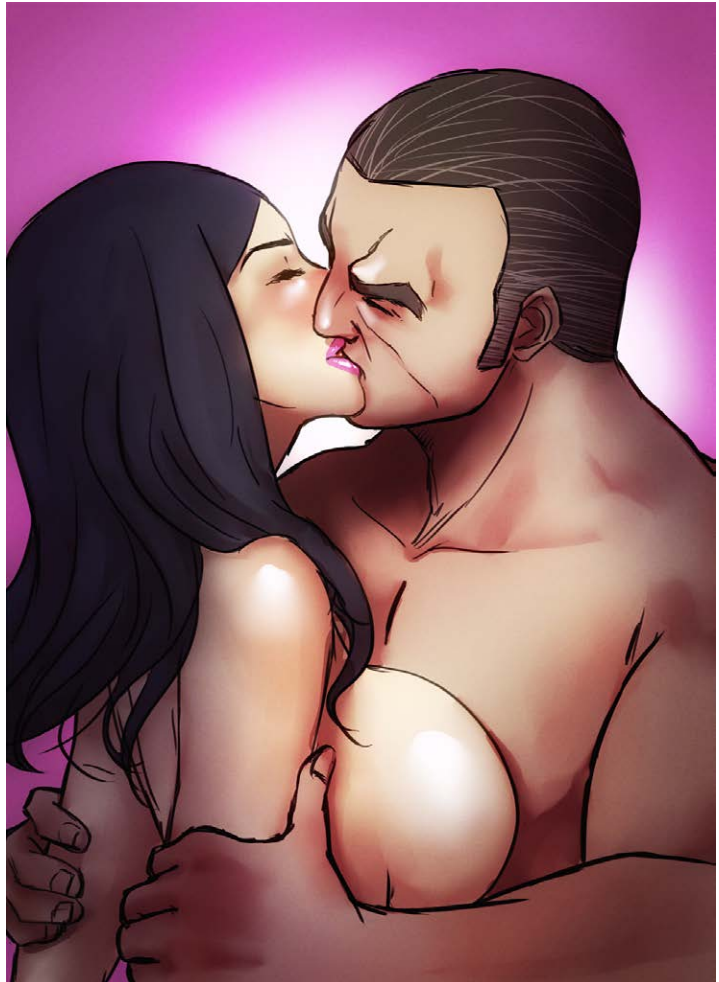


else that had been imprinted on him so thoroughly. Stone took great delight in watching a feminized father help transform his only son into a pretty, feminine daughter!

As Jay spent all of his free time training his son, “Cindy” grew more feminine with each passing day, now learning to walk properly in high heels and manage short, tight skirts that showed off ‘her’ slender legs. As bizarre as it was, making his son embrace and perfect his new role as Cindy was vitally important to keeping the both of them alive. He made sure that Randy became the best girl he could be. Intriguingly, Jay often saw his son practicing make-up techniques and hairstyles even when not asked to. It was almost as if he was beginning to truly accept his feminine appearance.

The nights with Stone had begun to blur together for Jay. He had grown used to being groped and fondled, even in public, and being shown off in sexy outfits. Drinking helped, dabbling in few recreational drugs helped, too. He grew adjusted to a new social set, as well. He was no longer welcome talking with the men about business, sports or politics. He was only allowed to chat with the girlfriends and wives, about petty little matters of hair-styles, hemlines and shopping. He had to endure the barbs of other more modestly dressed women, who saw him as a ditzy trophy wife at best and a gold-digging slut at worst, but that was far preferable to Stone’s company.

Night after night, it was the



same. There was always a party or dinner somewhere he was required to attend as the decoration on Stone's arm. Eventually, though Jay had to adjust.

"I'm home!" Randy called out, one evening, as he was escorted into the penthouse by a bodyguard.

"How was school?" Jay answered back, from his bedroom.

"Fine," Randy replied as he shed his backpack. He removed the navy blue blazer with his private school's crest embroidered upon it. He also untied the navy blue ribbon tied around the collar of his white school uniform blouse.

"Are you going out?"

"Yes, of course," Jay replied, fussing with putting an earring on. He was already dressed in a sparkling silver sequined minidress, strapless with strappy silver heels and evening makeup. He acted as if he didn't even notice the large man beside his son. He was so used to seeing the guards hovering around, they were almost in the background, now. "The cook will be here at six to make your dinner."

"Fine," Randy said, falling onto a plush sofa, his pleated tartan skirt fluttering as he landed. The bodyguard, satisfied that he had done his job, left through the front door. "When will you be home?"

"Who knows?" Jay leaned over and planted a motherly kiss on the top of his son's head. "Your father does like to talk."

"He's *not* my father," Randy replied.

Jay whispered into Randy's ear, so the microphones couldn't hear him. "You know what I mean." He went to back to his bedroom. "Don't stay up too late. You know you have choir in the morning."

"I hate choir," Randy said, pouting. It was getting harder and harder to tell him from a genuine teenage girl.

"I know, honey," Jay sympathized, as he walked over to the mirror by the front door. He checked his lipstick and fluffed his hair a little. "But your father gets what your father wants. And he wants you to take choir." Jay wasn't sure exactly when he had begun referring to Stone as Randy's father. Maybe it was about the same time he stopped flinching when he was called "Mrs. Stone" or when he started to just call his pretend husband Dominic. It had been nearly a year, after all.

He picked up a small silver clutch purse as he wrapped a white fur stole around his shoulders. Jay was breathtakingly gorgeous, just like he was every night for his 'husband.' "Now be good, and I'll see you soon, okay sweetie?"

"Okay, mom." Randy flopped over onto his stomach and turned on the TV. He had been obsessed with talent shows lately. He had even gotten in the habit of texting with his girlfriends at school about the contestants, and just like he'd

expect from a group of young girls, they seemed especially interested in the younger, cuter boys.

Jay sashayed to the front door and opened it up. "Is the limo ready?" he asked Bubba, the guard, who was standing outside.

"Yes, Mrs. Stone," he replied. "We'll be meeting your husband on the way."

"That'll be fine," he said, as if he had anything to say about it. He followed Bubba to the elevator as another guard took over the post at the door.

They picked up Stone at his office, located atop the tallest building in the city, and as soon as he was in the car, he was all over Jay. He simply gave way, letting Dominic do whatever he wanted to do. Jay was beyond making any attempt at objecting to his crude advances. Stone demanded that Jay at least pretend like he enjoyed it, and Jay made moaning and mewling noises that seemed to please him.

Like any real woman might, Jay had become an artist at faking an orgasm. Sometimes he was so good at it he could even convince himself he was enjoying himself.

By the time they arrived at the club, Jay had reassembled himself and put everything back in immaculate shape, just like Stone insisted.

Dinner was the usual monotony, with quick perfunctory introductions which Jay smiled and giggled through, and then the men were off in one direction, and the women off in another.

Though, it was never long before Dominic would be dragging Jay back in front of the men to be showcased like a shiny new car. He smiled, tittered and twirled for them, making sure his breasts were in full display. Dominic made sure he always showed off his tits for the men, enjoying the look of jealousy in the eyes of every male who saw Julia.

Jay was always grateful when the attention died down or the men just became too drunk to stop him from escaping their lecherous behavior. Tonight, it was three hours into the dinner when Jay finally had the opportunity to slip off to the bathroom and take as long as possible to repair his makeup. He always looked forward to whatever private time he could get in the ladies' room.

Not, however, when a male waiter followed him inside!

"Excuse me, I think you have the wrong room," Jay snapped at the young waiter. The last thing he needed was another love-struck man following him around with moon eyes – that had already happened more than a few times. Then, the waiter pulled off his mustache and Jay realized he was looking at Agent Dee!

"What's going on?" Jay demanded. He quickly gathered himself from the shock of seeing her again. "Why are you here? To gloat?"

"I'm here to help you," Dee said. "Please, just hear me out."

"Help me?" Jay shrieked. "Like you helped me before? You turned me into a woman and now I'm Stone's wife! And my son Randy has been forced to become a girl as well!"

"I couldn't do anything to stop that!" Dee objected.

"It's been a year, Dee! Where have you been? Why haven't I heard from you? Why wait until now?"

"I was suspended!" Dee explained. "They got suspicious of my ties to Dominic and I had to accept a year under probation. I've been cut off from active duty. I couldn't do anything without losing any chance of helping you!"

"I don't believe you!" Jay spat back.

"Just let me speak, Jay," Dee said. "Please." It had been so long since Jay had heard his real name rather than Julia that he fell silent. Dee sighed. "I really was meant to murder you, you know. Stone wanted a bullet in your head. But when I saw you with your son outside the court-room, and saw how much you cared about him, I just...I just couldn't do it. And then when I saw that picture of you from that Halloween party, how beautiful you looked..." She reached out and gently touched Jay's collagen-plumped lips and he felt himself tremble slightly. "You are so beautiful," Dee sighed. "So lovely. And I knew Stone would see it as the perfect act of revenge. It was the only way to save your life, Jay, as I kept telling you. It was that or death."

"You betrayed me," Jay whispered. "How can I trust you?"

"You can't," Dee said sadly. "I know I've lost that for good, the way I manipulated you. But I care about you, Julia. Jay, I mean. I'm going to help you two escape." She produced two plane tickets from under her folded napkin. "These are one-way tickets to California for 4 AM this morning," she said. "On the complete other side of the country is as far from Stone as I can get you. I've set up a new identity for you." She produced a small plastic bag and pulled out a California driver's license. Jay stared at the picture.

"Juliette Tournoir?" Jay read the name off the card, "But..." He looked up with a sinking realization.

"Yes," Dee said. "You can't go back to being a man, Jay. Look at you. Would anyone ever believe you if you told them you had once been a guy?"

"But the surgeries..." Jay trailed off.

"Out of the question," Dee said. "The first thing Stone will do is listen in on private clinics for any cases of male-to-female transsexuals having procedures reversed. It would be a dead give away if you were to have your breast implants removed, or face restructured, or voice lowered. I'm sorry, but that's the honest truth."

Jay stared down at the card, blinking back tears. The beautiful young woman in the photo was him, although with blonde hair, and he realized that he was

going to be her for the rest of his life! But if it got him and his son away from Stone, maybe at least that would make his sacrifice worth it.

"This isn't going to be easy," Dee said. "Stone must have somebody guarding your apartment day and night."

"That big stupid goon Bubba," Jay murmured.

"What's a goonbubba?"

"No, the guy's name is Bubba. He's always there, and there are cameras as well. Even if we managed to get past him, Stone would know immediately."

"He'll no doubt guess that you are heading to the airport," Dee said. "And he has people there who he'll contact immediately to head you off. That's where disguises will come in. I've got something planned, don't worry. I'll be meeting you at the airport."

"If this doesn't work... If he catches us..." Jay trailed off fearfully. He could only imagine what the retribution would be. "If Stone kills me, do whatever you can to keep Randy safe. Promise me."

"I promise," Dee assured him.

"But how am I supposed to get past Stone's goon?" Jay demanded, realizing the flaw in their plan. "He's five times my size!" Dee smiled and shook her head.

"Julia, honey, how do you *think*?" she said. "You're going to seduce him." She handed him a tiny vial of sleeping pills and Jay took it in his taloned fingers.

"S... Seduce him?" he asked fearfully, staring at the vial.

"Trust me," Dee said. "That will be the easy part. I have to go now, Jay. I'm sorry." As Dee stuck her mustache back on and hurried away, Jay was left standing there breathless. The tiny vial in his hand glinted with hope. He slid it into his cleavage to conceal it, then freshened his makeup. He then prepared himself to play the slutty trophy wife for Stone one final time, he hoped.

Jay knew he would have to be perfect and give him no reason to suspect anything was amiss. He adjusted his cleavage and fixed a pretty smile on his face as he exited the bathroom, heart still pounding in his chest.



It was well past midnight when Stone finally allowed Jay to return to the penthouse. As always, Bubba was guarding the door. Jay took a deep breath and walked forward, careful to put an extra bit of wiggle in his step as he did so, hips swaying sensuously from side to side with each high-heeled step. Bubba stared him up and down leeringly, as usual, but this time Jay fluttered his eyelashes demurely and gave him a shy smile as he was let inside. The goon's face

broke into a lecherous grin, and Jay shuddered as the door swung shut behind him. As soon as he heard the lock click, Jay hurried to Randy's room and woke him up.

"What is it?" Randy asked sleepily. With his smooth, hairless limbs, long hair, and cute face, he looked like a teenaged girl in her nightie even without any makeup on.

"You, um, you didn't manage to get all your makeup off," Jay said, thinking fast. "Come to the bathroom, I'll help you. It's terrible for your skin to sleep with it on."

"I thought I removed all of it," Randy said, puzzled, but he followed Jay into the bathroom. Immediately, Jay turned the faucets on as hot as they could go, hoping the noise and steam would confuse both the microphones and any possible cameras.

"We're getting out of here tonight," Jay said. "There's a red-eye plane leaving for California in two hours, and we're going to be on it!"

"But... How?" Randy demanded incredulously, wide-eyed.

"Don't worry about the how," Jay said. "What's important is that you stay calm and level-headed and do exactly as I say, okay?"

"Okay, mom," Randy said. He blushed, realizing he had naturally used the feminine pronoun. "But Bubba is still guarding the door..."

"I know," Jay said nervously. "That's why I'm going to use this." He held up the tiny vial of sleeping pills. "For now, stay in your bed and pretend to sleep. But as soon as I tell you, you have to be ready to move, and in a hurry!"

"How are you going to get him to take it?" Randy asked. Jay blushed furiously.

"Just stay in here, no matter what you might hear," he said tremulously. "And be ready when I call you!" He pulled his feminized son into a girlish embrace, then quickly exited the bathroom and went to his own room, opening his wardrobe. He knew he would only have one shot at this, and he had to do it perfectly! Jay quickly wriggled out of his tiny cocktail dress and matching bra and panties before selecting his frilliest, sexiest white lingerie in sheer lace and satin.

First he slid a wispy thin pair of lacy panties up his smooth legs, then wrestled his way into a merry-widow corset that hugged his tiny waist like a glove, along with squeezing his tits together and pushing his bountiful cleavage up and outward invitingly. Next, he carefully rolled a pair of shimmering sheer white stockings up his legs, attaching the flimsy white garters so they would strain tautly across his rounded derriere as he walked. Four-inch ankle-wrap stilettos were last, exaggerating the lean curve of his calves and making his legs look even longer and sexier than they had before.

Jay tottered daintily to his vanity and used a hot iron to put just a bit more body and wave in his hair, then added an additional coating of mascara and liquid eyeliner to his already stunning evening makeup, making him look almost unbearably sexy and slutty. A dripping wet pink gloss finished off his lips, making them glisten in the light, and he knew that there was no red-blooded man on earth who could resist the sultry vision of slutty femininity he had been turned into.

Jay looked at the tiny vial in his palm and took a bracing breath. If this didn't work, nothing would. He swished to the kitchen and carefully prepared two glasses of wine, then, trembling slightly with nervousness, went to the door and knocked.

"What?" came Bubba's gruff voice. A second later he unlocked the door and pulled it open, glaring, but his expression made a complete 180 when he saw "Julia" standing demurely in front of him in the sexiest, most feminine lingerie possible, eyelashes fluttering shyly.



"I... Dominic... I mean, Mr. Stone, he told me that I was to... thank you," Jay said tremulously. "For all your hard work keeping us s... safe." He stared down at the glasses in his hands as Bubba ogled him up and down, drinking in the sight of his barely-concealed curves. The goon grinned lasciviously as he imagined just how Stone had ordered his little trophy wife to "thank" him. The boss sure knew how to reward hard work!

Jay turned on his heel and flounced back into the apartment, ass swaying suggestively from side to side and stockings shimmering seductively. Bubba didn't need any further encouragement to follow him inside and onto the couch!

"Would you like a drink?" Jay asked nervously, crossing his long legs and offering one of the wine glasses. Bubba took it, but instead of drinking, clanked it down on the coffee table.

"Forget the drinks," he said. "I've got something better in mind, honey." Shaking, Jay reluctantly set his own wine glass down as Bubba ran his hand along his stocking-clad thigh.

"Are you sure you don't..." Jay's question was cut off as Bubba cupped his face and gave a fierce, bruising kiss. Jay felt the other man's tongue invade his mouth and let out a squeal of surprise. Bubba's hands began to knead his sensitive breasts, sending a tingle of pleasure down his spine. Jay counted down the seconds as he pulled away from the sloppy kiss and Bubba, breathing hard, swallowed.

"I can think of a better place for those lips, too," he growled, unzipping his pants. He fumbled with the zipper, frowning, and his face turned suddenly slack. The sleeping pill Jay had kept carefully tucked against his cheek, then pushed into Bubba's mouth during the kiss, took effect and the goon fell back, fast asleep. Jay breathed a sigh of relief that the plan had worked, then hurried to Randy's room. His feminized son was slightly taken aback at Jay's slutty attire, but as promised was ready for action.

"Time to cut that hair off," Jay said, hurriedly finding scissors in the bathroom. "Say goodbye to Cindy!" Jay couldn't help but notice that Randy hesitated a moment before he began to cut off his long extensions, but there was no time to make any remarks about it. Jay hurriedly slipped into tight, long-sleeved minidress that would keep him from having to change his lingerie, then went to where Bubba was passed out and quickly stripped off his shirt and pants. They were both far too large for Randy, but it was better than nothing. Once his son was dressed in male attire, though with his manicured nails, plucked eyebrows, and pierced ears he still looked more like a teenaged girl wearing her fat uncle's clothes, they both hurried out of the apartment and into the elevator.

"But how are we going to get on the plane?" Randy demanded, once they had managed to hail a cab. "Won't they be suspicious if we don't have any luggage?"

"I don't know," Jay admitted. "Dee said she has a plan to get us aboard without anyone noticing!"

"Dee? Agent Dee? The one who's responsible for all this in the first place?" Randy practically shrieked.

"I know it's crazy to trust her after all that's happened," Jay said, shaking his head, "But it's our only shot!"

"Okay," Randy muttered. "I don't know about her, but... I trust you, mom." He blushed. "I mean, dad! Sorry."

"No," Jay said sadly, thinking of the new identity awaiting him in California. "You don't have to call me that anymore," he said. "Dee made it clear that getting any surgeries to have things reversed will be dangerous," he explained. "Stone will have his ear to the ground listening for any such news, and he would know immediately where I was. I... I have to stay as a woman." He bowed his head, fighting back the tears he knew would ruin his mascara. To his surprise, Randy gave him a hug.

"Everything will work out," he said tremulously. "I trust you, and... I like having a mom. And maybe I... I like being a daughter, too." Jay was stunned. Was Randy really saying what he thought he was saying? "When we start over, maybe it could be with, with Cindy?" Randy asked nervously. "I never knew how to tell you this, dad, but ever since mom left... Well, I used to go into her room and try on her old clothes, just because I missed her, I told myself, but it was more than that, and, well..."

"Oh, honey," Jay sighed, suddenly putting together all the clues he had been too busy to notice. "I was never a perfect father to you, and maybe what you really needed all this time was a real mom. Maybe I can be a better mother for you than I could be a father."

"Are you... Are you saying you want to stay like this, too?" Randy gasped. Jay flushed.

"If it's what you want, it's what I want, too," he said firmly, pulling his son into another hug.

The moment ended as the cab pulled up to the airport. Jay could only imagine how strange a pair they made as they hurried inside, a beautiful woman in a sexy dress and sheer white stockings with dramatic evening makeup and four-inch stilettos – would someone mistake him for a call girl? – and an androgynous young teen in oversized shirt and pants.

Dee had better be there... Jay thought to himself as he as they entered the airport and looked about desperately. All he could see were tired passengers hurrying in all directions but nobody who looked even slightly like Agent Dee. For a moment he wondered if she had betrayed him yet again, if this was all a part of Stone's twisted game, giving them a false sense of hope only to crush it completely.

“Over here,” came a familiar voice. Jay jumped, turning to see Agent Dee back in her usual professional pantsuit. She was holding a duffel bag and wearing a serious expression on her face. Jay didn’t think he had ever been happier to see her accustomed frown. “We need to hurry,” she said briskly. “By now my brother will have seen the footage of you two escaping the apartment and will have no doubt contacted his people in airport security. Quickly, into the bathroom.” She ushered them both into the women’s rest room, putting up an “out of order” sign behind them, then began opening her duffel bag.

“What’s the plan?” Jay asked, with his heart in his throat.

“Well, who did the camera record leaving the apartment?” Dee said, pulling a blonde wig out of the duffel bag. “You, and your fourteen-year-old son. So that can’t be who boards the plane.”

“I don’t think a simple change in hair color...” Jay began.

“It’s not for you,” Dee said, sounding slightly apologetic as she turned back to Randy. “It’s for Randy. The last thing Stone will expect is you boarding the plane as a girl, especially after watching you cut off your long hair. Do you understand?”

Randy looked to Jay, then nodded his head in submission as Dee began emptying her bag, pulling out clothing and a makeup kit.

“And what about me?” Jay asked hesitantly, “Do you think I can pass as a man if I wear Bubba’s shirt and pants?”

“Don’t be ridiculous,” Dee scoffed. “As if you could ever pass as a man with that sexy body and that pretty face. No, your disguise is much more suitable. A way for a beautiful young woman to blend in perfectly at an airport...” Jay flushed at the backhanded compliment as she handed him a skimpy stewardess’ uniform.

“I guess I don’t have much of a choice,” Jay said, looking at the costume.

“No you don’t,” Dee replied.

As Jay slipped out of his minidress and began peeling off his lingerie, Dee set to work on Randy. As instructed, he took off the oversized shirt, pants, and shoes, standing shivering in only a pair of powder blue panties.

“Have you worn breast forms?” Dee asked. Both Randy and Jay flushed at the question.

“Of course not!” Jay stammered. “She’s only fourteen. I mean... *he!*”

“I’ve only worn little gel inserts in my bra,” Randy added, blushing furiously.

“Well, we’re going to have to age you up a bit,” Dee said. “With the right enhancements, I think you can pass as a very stunning sixteen or seventeen-year-old young lady. Now, hold still.” Randy did his best not to squirm as Dee applied the glue to his chest and then took two 36-C cup breast forms out of the



duffel bag, the very same ones Jay had once used so long ago! Not wanting to add another witness to his son's obvious discomfort, Jay quietly traipsed into the stall and began to change. He could still hear her explaining what she was doing through the flimsy door, however.

"This is a push-up bra," Dee was saying. "Much like your, ah, your mother sometimes wears. It will help make your figure more noticeable."

"Do I want to be more noticeable?" Randy whimpered, feeling the heft of the breasts now cradled in their lacy bra cups. They felt massive on his slender frame.

"You do," Dee said. "Because it will help you look quite a bit more mature, with the added benefit of distracting any male airport staff from inspecting your face too closely." Randy blushed but bowed his head as Dee helped him adjust the bra. "I see you've already started waxing," she said. "You have nice smooth skin and a great complexion, you should be proud of that, sweetie. And your nails and ears are already done, that will save us time. Now sit back, I'm going to do your makeup."

Meanwhile, Jay had swapped his sheer white stockings for sheer black stockings and wriggled into a short navy skirt that barely covered his said stocking tops no matter how he tugged at it. He squeezed into a four-button blouse with a low-cut neckline designed to emphasize his cleavage, then put on dainty white gloves and tied the pretty blue scarf around his neck. His four-inch stilettos were swapped for a slightly more sensible pair of pumps. As the finishing

touch, he expertly pinned up his hair and perched the tiny pill box hat on top. As he minced out of the bathroom stall to inspect his appearance, he was stunned by the transformation that had taken place.

“Cindy” was no longer a beautiful young teenager on the verge of blossoming into a woman – now, she was a complete and utter temptress, a blonde bombshell who had clearly ‘blossomed’ in full. Dee had used dramatic makeup to “age up” his son’s pretty face, giving him dark bedroom eyes with luscious lashes and pouty nude lips, while the blonde wig fell in sexy waves around his perfect face and onto his bare shoulders. The true shock, however, was below the neck. “Cindy” was squeezed into a tiny pink minidress with a plunging V-neck intended to showcase as much cleavage as possible, and the incredibly realistic breast forms gave “her” a rack to die for! Together with his naturally small waist and a generously padded panty to give Randy an undeniably feminine shape in his hips and buttocks, it was an hourglass figure any woman would have envied.

His long, sexy legs were put on full display by the short hem, and he was wearing four-inch stilettos – the highest he had ever worn! Silver hoop earrings completed the picture. Jay could tell that Randy was equally stunned by his appearance. It was bad enough to be made over to look like a beautiful girl, but there was no doubt about it, he now looked like a young woman, and an incredibly gorgeous one with a killer figure to boot. “Cindy” adjusted her hair nervously in the mirror, shifting her weight from foot to foot and watching “her” breasts jiggle slightly in their silky cups with each movement. Jay detected just a hint of excitement on his feminized son’s pretty features as he inspected his new appearance.

“If anyone suspects her of being a fourteen-year-old boy, I’ll eat my hat,” Dee said in wonder, shaking her head. “She certainly takes after you.” Randy blushed, still watching himself in the mirror in amazement. Jay could only nod, still stunned, as Dee instructed Randy on exactly what to do as she handed him the ticket and a purse.

“You’ll be fine,” Dee reassured him. “Just act natural, and don’t speak unless you have to.”

“I’ll be right behind you,” Jay promised. He pulled his feminized son into a hug and felt the bizarre sensation of their breasts pushing together. Randy must have felt it, too, because he pulled away blushing.

“See you on the plane,” he whispered, then, straightening the hem of his dress and rolling his shoulders back so his chest was thrust out proudly, exited the bathroom, heels clicking and hips swaying seductively. Jay watched apprehensively. He felt like he was throwing his son to the lions in an outfit, and a figure, like that! What if some man tried to hit on him?

"As for you," Dee said. "Here." She pulled a carry-on from the bathroom stall and rolled it over to Jay. "The stewardesses are going to be heading onto the plane in a matter of minutes," she said. "With any luck, you'll blend right in."

"I sure hope so," Jay said. He paused. "Thank you."

"Don't thank me," Dee said, shaking her head. "Not after I've ruined your life. This is the only thing I can do to even slightly atone for my crime."

"I guess this means I will never see you again," Jay said, unsure of what he was feeling. Dee had betrayed him, turned him into a woman, strung him along for months... But for some reason, Jay knew he would miss her in some small way.

"I guess so," Dee said sadly. She walked up to Jay and grabbed him by the shoulders, pressing her face into his, with the lust and desire she had shown him when they first met. But Dee stopped herself, and stepped back, with a bemused expression. "I guess it's gone," she said.

Jay was confused. He wanted Dee to know he was grateful for this last attempt to help him, and wanted one last taste of the lust they used to share. He didn't understand why she had backed off. "What is?"

"The passion," Dee replied. "The love. I guess I just don't turn you on anymore."

Jay impulsively reached out, determined to prove that he still cared for her, but something in his heart told him she was right.

Dee turned her back and looked away. "Goodbye, and good luck," she said, all business.

Jay took hold of his carry-on and left the bathroom without looking back, joining a flock of attractive stewardesses wearing the very same uniform. As instructed, he told them he was replacing someone named Jessica for the flight to Los Angeles. They accepted it without argument.

As they made their way to the gate, chattering gaily, Jay caught sight of his son standing in the line, shifting nervously from foot to high-heeled foot as the man behind him did his best not to ogle the gorgeous young woman in front of him. Jay didn't dare risk waving and connecting the two of them, so he kept his head down and made his way onboard the plane without a hitch, or so he thought until a wolf-whistle made him turn around. A handsome, rugged-looking man wearing aviators and a captain's uniform had appeared.

"So you're Jessica's replacement, huh? You make that skirt look better than she ever did, gorgeous." The captain grinned. "How about you and me have a little private time once the drinks are all served? I can show you around the cockpit." With that last word, he gave Jay's backside a suggestive squeeze.

Jay blushed furiously, mouth falling open as he tried to think of what to say, when the other stewardess appeared.

“Okay, I’ll be doing the safety demonstration!” she smiled. “You just worry about getting the drinks trolley ready. Captain, this is Juliette Tournoir, our new stewardess. I see you’ve just gotten acquainted?”

The captain grinned sheepishly, removing his hand from Jay’s firm backside. “Sorry, ladies, I’ll leave you to it. See you later on, darling.” He retreated to the cockpit with one last longing gaze at Jay’s feminine charms.

“He’s insatiable,” the stewardess said, rolling her eyes. “But sooo handsome. Don’t you think?”

“Oh, yes,” Jay stammered. “He really is.” He was only half paying attention to the conversation as the passengers filed onboard. He breathed a huge sigh of relief when “Cindy” appeared, ticket clutched between two sparkly pink nails. His son looked terribly nervous but other than that was passing wonderfully as the gorgeous young thing he now appeared to be, at least if the way the male passengers were ogling was any indication. Jay gave him a reassuring but subtle nod as he minced past on his towering stilettos, still slightly off balance in them. He hoped that any inexperience would be taken simply as a young woman’s learning curve with such daring heels.

Jay felt an increasing sense of giddiness as the passengers all found their seats. In a matter of minutes, they would be rolling onto the runway, far from Stone’s reach. They were practically out of the woods! Jay stocked the drinks trolley as well as he could with his hands shaking from excitement and relief, occasionally peeking down the aisle to see Randy perched on the edge of his seat, nervously smoothing his dress.

Just then, Jay heard a voice he had hoped to never hear again: Stone’s.

“Check the back of the plane first, work your way to the front, idiot.” Jay stiffened and didn’t dare turn around. Instead, he looked at the reflection in the metal side of the trolley and saw someone he had hoped to never see again: Bubba, holding a walkie-talkie up to his ear and looking slightly sleepy but none the worse for wear. What kind of monster could shake off a sleeping pill in less than an hour? Jay felt icy fear grip him.

“Out of the way,” Bubba growled, and stalked past him. Jay kept his head carefully bowed and watched, heart thumping, as Bubba thumped down the aisle.

“Excuse me, sir, where is your ticket?” asked the other stewardess.

“It’s a matter of homeland security,” Bubba snarled, flashing what had to be a fake ID at her. “Two fugitives, a woman and a boy with dark hair. Are they on the plane or not?” Instead of waiting for a reply, he barreled past her. Jay held his breath, but Bubba walked past Randy without blinking an eye, save of course for a quick glance at his exposed cleavage. Jay watched Randy exhale in relief as Bubba passed him, but he realized that he himself was now in danger. As soon as Bubba came back to the front of the plane, he was sure to recognize him! Was there anywhere to hide? With the bathroom at the back of the plane,

Jay realized there was only one place left: the cockpit. He hurried up to the metal door and knocked twice.

“Captain?” he called. “I, um, can I come in for a moment? I have to see you.”

“Couldn’t wait, huh?” the captain laughed, sliding the door open. He gave Jay a lingering up-and-down gaze. “I understand, honey. And I think I have time for a quickie.” Without further ado, he unzipped his pants, revealing a very sizable package. Jay felt a blush creep to his cheeks, unable to tear his eyes away from the sight.

“That’s not what I, what I...” he stammered.

“Then why are you knocking on the cabin door instead of using the radio?” the captain chuckled. “Come on, I know you want it, babe.” Jay chanced one peek over his shoulder and saw Bubba heading back up the aisle, swearing angrily. With no other choice, Jay squeezed past the pilot into the cockpit and let him slide the door shut behind them. Almost as soon as he was inside, the captain’s experienced hands were unbuttoning his blouse. Jay could do nothing to stop



him as he was pushed back against the control panel. He felt the captain's warm tongue invade his mouth and swooned at the sensation.

"Please, I can't..."

The captain cut him off with another heavy kiss, already stripping him of his blouse. His bra came undone next, letting his breasts pop free of their constraints, and immediately the captain was playing with them. Jay could only gasp at the sensation. The captain's hands migrated down to his skirt and hiked it up to his waist in a matter of moments, probing his inner thighs. Jay slapped them away.

"What the hell?" the captain snapped.

"I, I can't do it that way," Jay said, trying to think of an excuse. "I'm on my period!"

"Well, why didn't you say so, doll?" The captain immediately flipped him around so he was bent over the control console and pulled his skimpy panties away from his ass. Jay gasped again, but he didn't dare cause a commotion, not when Bubba was right outside the...

"Whoever's in there, open up!" Bubba's voice came through the door. "It's a matter of homeland security!"

"You must be kidding," the captain groaned. The door slid open on its own and Bubba stepped in, only to see the captain divested of his pants with a pretty little stewardess bent over the control panel, breasts bared.

"Oh, shit," Bubba exclaimed. "Sorry, captain." He leaned into his radio. "They're not on this one, boss. No, I checked the whole plane. Stewardess didn't see them either." He gave Jay's bare ass a lecherous glance. Jay kept his face to the console, hoping against hope that Bubba wouldn't recognize him. After what seemed like an eternity of awkward silence, Bubba shrugged. "I'll leave you to it. My mistake."

"Don't worry about it," the captain said vaguely. Bubba slid the door shut and disappeared. Jay didn't breath until he heard the extendable corridor retracting. "Still got time," the captain grinned. "Come on, baby, you can't leave me all hard and horny like this." He grabbed one of Jay's breasts and squeezed, but this time Jay pulled away, blushing.

"As a matter of fact, I can," he said, picking up his panties and sliding them back up his legs, then fixing his nylons.

"What, that ruined the mood that badly for you?" the captain demanded. Jay didn't answer, instead retrieving his bra and re-buttoning his blouse.

"Have a good flight, captain," Jay said sweetly, then scurried out of the cockpit as quickly as he could. The other stewardess saw his disheveled hair and gave him a knowing smile, which he shakily returned, but Jay hardly cared about the captain's amorous advances now that the airplane's doors had closed. The plane

began to taxi onto the runway and Jay peered down the aisle to make sure Randy was all right. His feminized son was sitting with his slender legs daintily crossed, leafing through an in-flight-magazine with his long manicured nails, occasionally brushing a strand of beautiful blonde hair out of his pretty face.

Jay sighed a breath of relief, then stiffened again as a young man of seventeen or eighteen came and sat down right next to Randy. He watched Randy's cheeks flush under his makeup and had no doubt that the young man had given some sort of compliment. He offered his hand and, to Jay's surprise, Randy gently laid his smaller hand inside and smiled shyly. Curious, Jay watched as the young man began to flirt with what he obviously thought to be a gorgeous young blonde. Randy seemed to not only tolerate it, but respond as a girl would, batting his long eyelashes and giggling. Jay felt a small smile creep onto his lips as he returned to the drinks trolley. Like mother, like daughter? It seemed as though "Cindy" was going to be just fine for a flight.

As the plane taxied down the runway and finally lifted off, Jay couldn't help but wonder what would happen to Dee now that she had betrayed her brother. Would he hunt her down? Try to murder her, even? She might have done a terrible thing to Jay, and to his son, but she had certainly done her best to make amends. For that, Jay would be forever grateful.

One Year Later

Juilette Tournoir, formerly Jay Turner, brushed a wave of bleached blonde hair away from her face as she leaned back on her beach towel. She was decked out in a skimpy black bikini that left very little to the imagination, cradling her exquisite rack and baring her hourglass curves and long, sexy legs in a way that definitely turned heads, but Juilette wasn't concerned with all the men openly ogling her sun-kissed skin – instead, she was watching her daughter Cindy playing beach volleyball with her friends.

Cindy was a stunning teenaged beauty, blonde like her attractive mother, and after twelve months of hormones she was gaining a feminine figure as well. Juilette could see her growing breasts jiggling slightly in her pink string bikini as she bounced up and down, giggling, and she knew that Cindy was innocently unaware of the effect it was having on the handsome young man showing her how to serve a volleyball. Randy had once been a coordinated athlete, but Cindy squealed when the ball came near her face and spent more time primping and flirting than playing the game. With her cute, rounded derriere and firm breasts, you couldn't blame the other team's male members for being distracted!

It was hard to believe how well Cindy had adapted to girlhood, considering the circumstances under which it had come about, but when the feminized fa-

ther and son had arrived in California with only two suitcases full, as Juliette had suspected, of women's clothing. Randy had been eager to start a new life as Cindy. As mother and daughter, they had managed to find a small apartment by the beach and begin building a new life. Randy had been ecstatic to go on female hormones, and now he was close to filling out his first B-cup bra!

Juliette adjusted the strap of her bikini top, checking her tan-lines, and remembered how difficult it had been to make ends meet at first until she landed a job as a cocktail waitress at a very exclusive club. She had plenty of practice mincing around in skimpy outfits, and she quickly became a favorite for her gorgeous body, beautiful face, and undeniable femininity. Flirting with wealthy, powerful men while serving drinks was not what she had dreamed of doing as a boy, but it certainly pulled in a lot of money in tips! Juliette had even accepted a date from time to time with some of her richer and handsomer admirers – it was fun to get all dolled up for an evening out, even if it sometimes meant giving a few favors in return. That was over now, of course. She had found her new love.

“Can you get my back, honey?” Juliette asked sweetly, rolling over onto her flat, toned midriff. The tall, handsome man beside her obliged immediately with a grin, undoing her bikini and spreading suntan lotion with firm but gentle hands. Juliette moaned slightly with pleasure. Hans was a very tall, very handsome Norwegian businessman she'd met at the club. It had been a long courtship... Juliette had been forced to come to terms some time ago with the fact that her newly feminine body and hormones were definitely wired for a man's attentions, but giving in completely to the feminine role and becoming another man's girl felt like the point of no return. Her feelings for Hans had simultaneously frightened and repelled her, and in the end it was Cindy who helped her realize that she had been denying the fact that she was falling for Hans out of some final fragment of macho pride.

The night that Juliette finally gave in, agreeing to be Hans' submissive, loving wife, ended with a ring on her finger and her swooning in Hans' strong arms as they shared a passionate kiss. The fact that he was also filthy rich, had nothing to do with it, as Juliette so often blushingly insisted, but it certainly had its advantages.

“Mom?” Cindy had just sashayed up to where they were sunbathing, hands clasped nervously in front of her. “Um, Mike asked me to see a movie with him tonight, and I... I said yes! Is that okay?” She pouted her lips anxiously as Juliette and Hans exchanged a knowing smile.

“What do you think, darling?” Juliette asked.

“Mike? I guess he's a good kid,” Hans said. “I think he'll be a gentleman. So long as Cindy is a lady!” Cindy blushed furiously but smiled.

“Will you help me pick an outfit to wear?” she asked. “I want to look really cute and sexy for him, he’s such a *hunk!*”

“Don’t worry,” Juliette smiled. “I’ll find you something that will have him picking his jaw up off the floor, sweetie.”

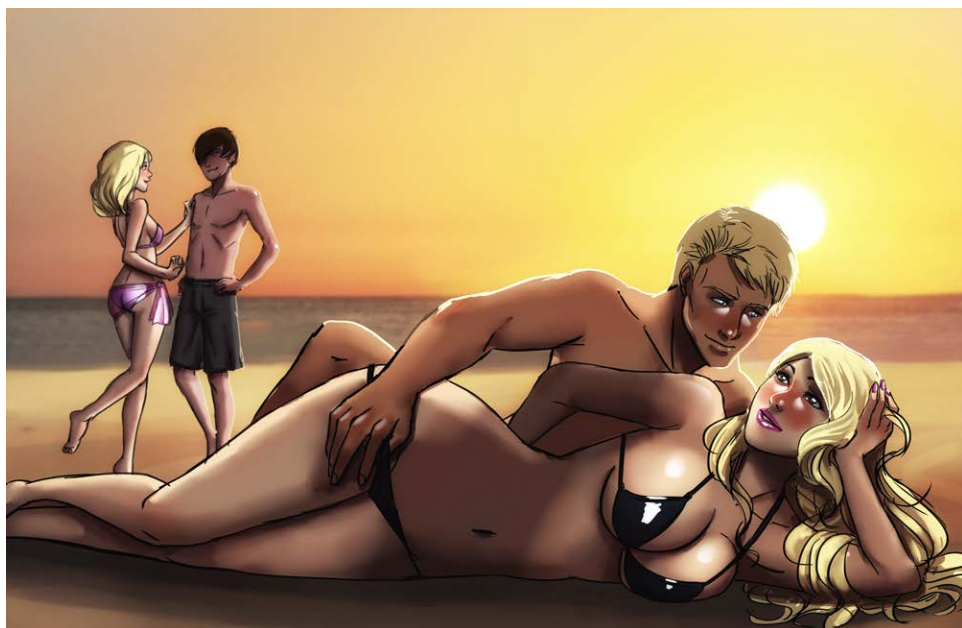
“I’ll tell him,” Cindy giggled. She founced back towards the volleyball game and Juliette shook her head, still slightly amazed at the transformation that had taken place in her former son.

“If Cindy is going on a date, that means we’ll have the place to ourselves,” Hans said suggestively. He took the heavy black automatic pistol he carried with him everywhere and discretely put it aside so he could get closer to his fiancée.

As Juliette watched him put the gun away, she smiled. She suspected Hans was involved in the drug trade, or some sort of illegal smuggling. The details weren’t important. She knew enough to not ask any questions about what her future husband did for a living. She was only certain that the thought that Hans was a powerful and dangerous criminal made her shiver with delight.

Maybe her time with Dominic had corrupted her, just a little. Maybe she just had gotten used to making love to a man who was ruthless, savage and vicious like Dominic. Maybe she had become addicted to a man with power. She didn’t really know.

Those thoughts were quickly driven from Juliette’s mind as she watched Hans play with the strings of her bikini bottom. Juliette let out a small gasp as his finger made its way towards her new womanhood – she’d known that there was



one bit of surgery that wouldn't be setting off any red flags in Stone's organization, and she'd gotten it!

"You, me, some wine?" Hans suggested. "The lights turned down and some candles?"

"I can't wait," Juilette giggled. She slipped her hand into Hans's and they watched the sun slowly set on the beach.

The End

Titles by 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

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

Students, Exchanged

"French Dupe" 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 / 57 pages / 15 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

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 long-forgotten aunt is sick, and he goes to care for her. His calls back home leave his wife Janice confused and unsure about his return. So she goes to find him. But is there much left to be found? Book / 64 pages / 25 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

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

"The Puppy Mill" 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? Book / 210 pages / 16 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 rock-etxpert. 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

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

Stories of the Supernatural

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

Crossed Fiction

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

Seriously Sissified

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

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



Reading is Fun de Mental!