

# **A DIFFERENT KIND OF MODEL**

**Story and Art by Melissa N.**

## A DIFFERENT KIND OF MODEL

Samuel met his girlfriend, Francesca, when the Italian girl was on vacation in the USA, where the guy lived. He wasn't the kind of manly man the girl used to date, but there was something about him that made her very interested, and they soon started dating.

The problem was that she couldn't stay in the USA for too long. She was about to start her third semester of law school in Milan, so she had to go back to Italy soon.

Samuel was eighteen years old, a year younger than her, so he hadn't yet entered college. He wanted to get a degree in architecture, and his classes would start next fall. However, as expected, he was sad at being forced to stay away from his new girlfriend.

Then, he decided to try something. After some research, he discovered that a university in Milan was offering scholarships to foreigners, and he signed up for that. The guy didn't think he had much chance to get it, but who knows...

Sometime later, to his amazement, he found out that he had been selected! It was amazing. He wouldn't only be able to stay close to Francesca but would also study in a very well-regarded university... for free! This was almost too good to be true...

Samuel's first semester in Italy was fantastic. He and Francesca were getting more and more in love, and the guy really was enjoying the experience of living in a foreign country. He was a quick learner, so he was already being able to communicate in Italian, and he also liked his classes at college.



However, everything changed during the winter break. First, Francesca told him that her family was going through a difficult time, and so she needed to spend some time at home helping to get things sorted out. The problem was that her family lived in Naples, far from Milan! She would need to take a break from college, staying there a whole semester.

And then, when Samuel went to college to renew his tuition, he found out that some idiot had messed up his file. Now, instead of Samuel Edward Thomas, the American student with a scholarship was registered as Samantha Ellen Thomas, and even the gender had been changed to female!

That was something absurd and completely unacceptable, as Samuel told the woman responsible for the enrollment. She agreed with him and apologized but said that until the issue was investigated and solved he wouldn't be able to get enrolled for the next semester, and the process could take several months! And worse of all: without his scholarship allowance, he just couldn't stay in Milan.

Samuel and Francesca tried hard to find a solution. First, she thought of taking him with her to Naples, but that really wasn't the right time for him to meet her family. Also, he would hardly be able to make some money there. He then thought of returning to the USA, but that would be bad too. They didn't want to stay so far away, and Samuel wouldn't be in Milan when he was called by the people who were investigating his issue at college. That really was a tough situation...

Then, a few days later, Francesca came up with the *perfect solution*. Some of her friends, who attended a fashion design college, needed a male model for their current project, which would last the whole following semester. They said that Samuel was exactly the kind of guy they were looking for, and he would be paid for that!

Samuel knew who these girls were, and he wasn't so excited about this idea. He thought they were futile girls who only thought of fashion and makeup, although he had never said that to Francesca because he knew it could hurt her.

However, when he learned how much money he would earn and that he would even have a place to stay at no cost, he immediately changed his mind. The opportunity was just too good! Okay, interacting with those girls on a regular basis wouldn't be that great (not to mention the fact that he would be some kind of model!), but he was sure this was worth it.

*Soon all this mess would be over, and everything would return to normal*, he thought.

Oh, if he only knew...

The next day, Francesca took Samuel to meet with Greta and Mia, her friends. The two girls were very pretty and hot, and dressed very well, which was expected since they attended a fashion design college.

They once again said that Samuel was exactly the person they were looking for, although the guy didn't quite understand what they meant by that. Besides, the way they looked at him and then giggled made him feel uncomfortable.

"Umm... Francesca told me that you girls know of a place where I can stay," he said, trying to change the subject.

"That's right, Sam," Greta said. "I can call you Sam, can't I?"

"Well, actually..."

"Great! So it's Sam from now on!" The girl stated, not paying attention to what he was trying to say. "You'll stay with us."

"W-what?"

"That's right, silly!" Mia said. "This way you'll be able to try our creations right away!" she giggled again.

"Are you okay with that?" Samuel asked Francesca, hoping his girlfriend would say that this was unacceptable.

"Sure!" she said to the guy's disappointment. "I trust my friends and you, of course!"

Samuel moved the following week. The girls' apartment was well located and very feminine, including the bedroom where he would stay. The place had pink walls, lacy curtains, a fluffy white rug, and even a vanity full of makeup and other feminine products! The girls explained that previously that room had been occupied by another friend of them, and she had left some stuff behind.

"But you don't mind about that, right?" Greta asked.

"Umm... Of course not!" Samuel lied. What else could he say?

The room also had a bathroom and then he went to take a shower. There, he could only find some weird soaps and shampoos which smelled like flowers. He made a mental note to buy some new hygiene products when he got some money.

"Umm... Girls?" Samuel called out.

"Yes, Sam?" He heard Greta saying.

"I can't find my suitcase. Did you girls see it?"

"Oh, we stored it for you, don't worry," Mia said.

"What? But all my clothes are there!"

"Well, we would like you to start wearing the clothes we design all the time if you don't mind. This way, you can get used to it. The style is a bit different from what you're used to, but I'm sure you'll start loving it in no time! Our clothes are very fashionable. You can find an outfit on the bed."



When Samuel checked it, he got shocked. The clothes were very, very “peculiar”, to say the least. Still, either he wore them, or he would have to leave the room using only a towel! Without choice, he started getting dressed.

The gray boxer briefs seemed pretty normal, though they were softer than what Samuel was used to. What was that material? Silk? But he thought it wasn't bad at all. The shirt was purple and also very soft. In addition, it was very tight... Not so much as the jeans, though – It was almost impossible to put it on!

"Girls, I think the pants size is wrong!"

"Don't be silly!" Greta said. "The size is fine. This is how it was designed to be worn. Just try a little harder. If necessary, move your hips a little so it will be easier to put it on."

"O-okay..." Samuel said, thinking that all that was very strange...

"So, Sam, are you fully dressed?" Greta asked.

"Umm... yeah, I think so..."

"Great! So we're coming in..." Mia said. "Oh, you look fabulous!"

"Do you really think so?" Samuel asked, not so sure about that. Honestly, he thought that outfit was a bit effeminate.

"Sure!" Greta said. "But your shirt should be tucked in. Let me help you. "

And without waiting for a reply from Samuel, she stepped forward and began to straighten his shirt.

"You need to get used to it, Sam darling," she said, noticing his embarrassment. "You're our model now, so we'll help you to get dressed all the time, almost as if you were our doll!" she giggled. "Oh yeah, now it's much better!"



“Absolutely!” Mia agreed.

"I don't know, girls," Samuel said. "Don't you think these clothes, especially the pants, are too tight for a guy?"

"Don't be silly, Sam! We are designing modern men's clothing. You have been living in Milan for six months. Don't you see men wearing this kind of clothing everywhere?"

Samuel had to admit that she was right. Milan was a city that "breathed fashion", and so he could see men using "modern clothes," pretty often. Still, that didn't mean he would feel comfortable doing the same...

Samuel was forced to wear that outfit all day. The only good side, he thought, was that he didn't have to leave the apartment, so no one else saw him wearing those clothes.

At night, he saw that even his new pajamas looked a little weird. This consisted of a shirt and a pair of shorts, both white, which was similar to what he used to use before, it's true, but those pieces were also silky, and a bit too short and tight.

The next day, the girls said they would start teaching him how to pose as a model. Needless to say, Samuel wasn't exactly looking forward to it, but he had no choice since he was being paid very well to be their model. He then wore another outfit chosen by Greta and Mia – which once again seemed effeminate to him – and then followed them to a small photographic studio that they had set up in the apartment.

He spent the next hour struggling to do the poses the girls were trying to teach him. He definitely had no talent for it, and he was feeling embarrassed because he couldn't see himself as a "modern man," while doing those poses, but rather as a sissy. Still, he was trying hard because he really needed that job.

"That's a little better," Greta said at some point. "Just move your right leg a bit forward... Yeah, that's right! Now a smile would be nice too... Good, Sam, you're getting the hang of it!"

"True," Mia agreed. "But still... I don't know... There's something wrong about him..."

"Umm... I think I know what you mean. His hair doesn't fit the look we want..."

"M-my hair?" Samuel stammered.

"Don't worry, darling!" Mia said, cheerful. "We know a great salon! I'm sure you're going to love the place!"



The next day, Samuel was then forced to leave the apartment wearing his new clothes for the first time. That was another strange experience. Some people were staring at him along the way, and the guy wasn't used to drawing so much attention.

"Don't worry," Francesca said. "People are looking at you because you are looking great!"

"Do you really think so?" he asked, not so sure.

"Of course," Mia said. "I bet a lot of girls are thinking you're hot!" she giggled. "But I promise I won't tell this to your girlfriend!"

They then arrived at the beauty salon. The place was very feminine, and Samuel wondered what the hell he was doing there. At least it was completely empty since it was so early.

They were greeted by a young busty woman with long blond hair who was wearing a lilac dress and heels. After hugging the girls, she looked at Samuel from head to toe.

"So, is this the guy?" she asked.

"That's right," Greta said.

"He's cute... I can see a lot of potential, oh yeah..." the woman said smirking, and Samuel got very scared. "Come with me honey!" she added, grabbing his hand and dragging him around...

"So, my dear," said the hairdresser. "The girls told me that you want a new look. Something more stylish!"

"Well, in fact..."

"I think it's a great idea!" she continued before Samuel could finish his sentence. "And I know the perfect look for you! I'm Valentina, anyway."

"Nice to meet you, Valentina. I j-just don't want anything extreme, okay?"

"Relax, honey! I know exactly what I'm doing. You can thank me later!" she giggled. "First, we need to take care of your body."

"M-my body?!!!"

Samuel was taken to another room, where a new girl asked him to undress. He obeyed reluctantly, keeping only his underwear.

"Oh, you poor little thing! Your skin isn't in a good condition, I see... But that's why I'm here!"



She asked Samuel to lie down and spread a lot of creams all over his body. After some time, he was instructed to take a shower. Then, Samuel got completely shocked seeing that he was losing all his body hair! His skin was completely smooth, and that wasn't all - somehow it also looked clearer than before, almost pinkish.



"What the hell is going on?" he wondered, very worried.

After the shower, the girl handed a pink robe to Samuel, and then he was taken back to the salon's main area.

"Oh, your skin looks so much better now!" Valentina said. "But obviously it'll improve even more over the course of your treatment..."

"T-treatment?"

"Of course, dear. Don't you want to have nice skin? You'll need a few more sessions... Now let's take care of your hair!"

This took a lot of time, and Samuel had no idea what the woman was doing! In the end, he saw that his haircut had changed a bit. He now had longer bangs, and the sides of his hair were shorter.

But he only realized those things later. The first thing that caught his eye as he looked at the mirror horrified was the color of his hair.

"W-what? Am I blonde now?"



Despite all his protests, the girls reaffirmed to Samuel that his new look was perfect. He didn't think so, and he was very worried about what was happening.

He thought about giving up and called Francesca, his girlfriend. Unfortunately, the girl didn't answer the phone all day. Samuel was screwed. He had nowhere to go for now...

\* \* \*

The next day, wearing an even stranger outfit, he once again had to pose as a model.

"You look so much better, Sam!" Greta said, clapping. "I think we're getting there!"

"Now, put your hands on your hips as I taught you," Mia instructed him. Good boy! Oh, it's so precious!"

When Samuel finally got to talk to Francesca, she told him to relax. She knew her friends could be a little crazy sometimes, but in truth, they weren't so bad. Besides, Samuel needed that money and he had nowhere to go for now. "Everything will be fine, babe," she added.



However, as the days went on, Samuel noticed another troubling thing. He was losing a lot of weight! This was certainly due to the fact that he was being forced to follow that crazy diet of the girls.



They were forcing him to eat only vegetables and other healthy foods, saying that this way his body would look much more "elegant"... But the truth was that the guy, who had never been that muscular, was feeling very emasculated seeing how fragile his body looked now...

When Samuel told Greta and Mia his problem, the girls said he should start working out with them. Also, they gave him some "vitamins", saying that this way he would stay healthy.

Samuel then began to take the pink pills every morning. At first, he wasn't sure about that, but then he thought that the girls wouldn't give him something dangerous, right? They needed him, after all.

He also began working out with them. The problem was that he hadn't suitable outfits, so the girls handed him some clothes from their old roommate.

"I won't wear this!" Samuel protested. "These are girls' clothes!"

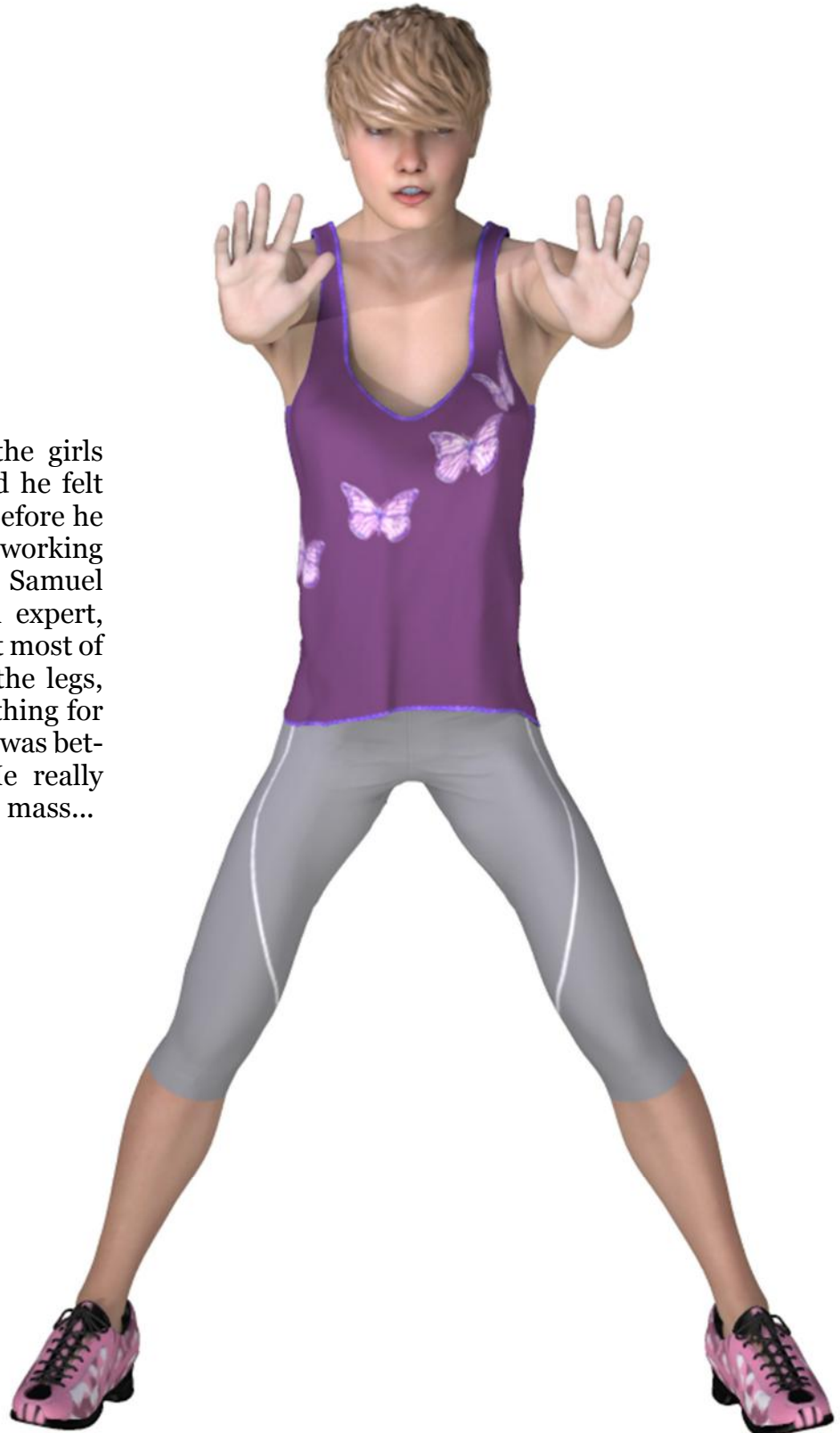
"Don't be silly, Sam!" Greta said. "We're going to work out at home, so no one else will see you dressed like that. And I promise I'll get new outfits for you as soon as possible."

Samuel couldn't believe it, but in the end, he was persuaded to wear those clothes. However, the pants were so tight that his cock was indecently visible through it. Mia then told him to "tuck it," between his legs.

"W-what?" he exclaimed.

"Just do as I say, Sam. Remember that this is a temporary situation."

Once he was finally ready, the girls said he was looking cute, and he felt extremely embarrassed. But before he could complain, they began working out. That wasn't exactly what Samuel was expecting. He wasn't an expert, but he had the impression that most of the exercises were aimed at the legs, hips, and belly. There was nothing for the arms and chest at all. That was better than nothing, though. He really needed to regain some muscle mass...



"Please, girls, I don't want to go out dressed like this!"

"Don't be silly, Sam, you look great!" Greta stated.

"But..." the guy tried to say.

"And you cannot stay home forever!" Mia said. "You need to get used to wearing your new clothes outside. Soon you'll have to start going to our college!"

"What? What do you mean?"

"We need to present our creations to our teachers, silly. And you're our model, remember?"

"But..."

"No buts! Today, we're just going to meet some friends at the mall, and they are dying to meet you!"

"That's right, Sam! Now, don't be a sissy! Let's go!"

With no choice, the poor guy was dragged out of the apartment...



At the mall, Samuel met Mia and Greta's friends. The three new girls were also very pretty and extremely girly, and the guy felt uncomfortable for being alone with five girls. Two of them were also fashion design students, while the third, called Chiara, was a model.

They were all very excited to meet Samuel and said he was looking great in that outfit. The group walked around the whole mall, and Samuel was forced to follow them into several women's shops.

At first, he tried to say that he would wait for them outside, but the girls said it was nonsense. "You're part of the gang now, Sam!" Chiara said, and Samuel shuddered. Inside the stores, he was even asked what he thought about the clothes the girls were trying! They were treating him like he was one of the girls. It was so humiliating!

After many hours, they started walking toward the exit of the mall and Samuel was relieved - that suffering was finally coming to an end. However, the poor guy would still have another nasty surprise... "Oh, look at those earrings!" Chiara cried when they passed in front of a jewelry counter. "Those red ones are 'so you', Sam! You didn't get anything today, so I'll buy them for you!"

"That's not necessary, Chiara!" Samuel said, desperate, looking at the girly earrings. "My ears aren't even pierced!"

"Don't worry, sweetie! I'm sure they can pierce them here. Isn't that perfect?"

"But... but..." Samuel tried to say no, but he was dragged by the five girls toward the counter. Not wanting to make a big scene at the crowded mall, he was forced to accept his fate.

"Oh, Sam, you looked good before but now you're, like, so precious!"

"Oh, g-god!" it was all that the guy could stammer when he saw his reflection...



"But there's still something wrong about you, Sam," Chiara said.

"W-what do you mean?"

"Umm... I see! It's your lips!"

"What's wrong with my lips?"

"Don't you see how dry they are? Sam, to be a model, you need to pay more attention to your appearance!"

"But..."

"Shhh... Fortunately, I have something here to help you."

"Wait! Isn't it a lipstick?"

"Of course not, silly!" she giggled. "This is just a colorless lip gloss. No one will notice that you are using this, and your lips will be moisturized."

"I don't think..."

"Just close your eyes and pout your lips!" she demanded.

Samuel didn't want to do so, but there were already some people watching the scene. He didn't want to draw even more attention.

"Fine!" he finally said, doing what the girl had said and feeling like a sissy.



"Now it's much better!" Chiara said at the end. "You can keep this lip gloss. And remember to use it all the time!"

"Umm... Thanks?" he stammered, and then they began to walk again. He could only hope the girl had told the truth when she said it was colorless...

\* \* \*

In the following days, Chiara began to visit Samuel pretty often, to give him some more advice on how to take care of "his image".

The guy said that wasn't necessary, but Greta and Mia said it was important for his training because he could learn valuable tips from an experienced model.

With Chiara always around, the guy was forced to actually use lip gloss the whole time. And then, one day, she said his nails were also in a terrible state, and she would take care of them.

"Don't worry, Sam! Just like the lip gloss, this nail polish is colorless so no one will notice it!"

Samuel didn't think so...



Chiara also began teaching Samuel how to properly pose as a model. That was another thing he hated a lot but couldn't avoid.

"Okay, Sam," she said in one of those classes. "At first, it may seem that the poses I am teaching you are a bit strange, but I need you to loosen up a bit. So we'll exaggerate at first, and then we'll refine everything, okay?"

"I t-think so," he said, not understanding very well.

"Fantastic!" she clapped. "So, let's start. First, bend your right leg and..."



Those classes were always very long, and Samuel thought Chiara was always making him pose like a sissy. Maybe it was just for him to 'loosen up a bit', as she had said, but still, it was very uncomfortable for him.

"That's better, Sam! You're getting the hang of it! Now, remember to smile subtly as I told you. That's it... Oh, you're looking so cute!"

That humiliation lasted for a long time. It seemed like Chiara wouldn't be satisfied until she turned Samuel into the biggest faggot ever.

"Now, put your right hand on your waist," she instructed him. "Good... And let your left wrist loose..."

"Umm... Chiara, sorry for asking that, but don't you think it's too much?"

"Of course not, sweetie! You look *sooo* lovely! Remember that I know what I'm doing..."



"Now lift up your right foot, and put your left hand behind your head," Chiara said.

"W-what?" Sam asked, confused. It was getting more and more complicated,

"Just pose like me, okay? I'll show you!"

When the guy saw the pose, he got shocked. There was no way a guy would accept to be photographed like that. That was so absurd... Still, seeing Chiara's impatient expression, he obeyed, trying his best to mimic her pose.

"Well, not perfect, but good enough," she said. "Now, smile a little, Sam. Just like if you were flirting with someone."

Samuel wondered who the hell he could flirt with posing like that...



"Now bend your back and keep your hands on your hips. Nice! Oh, and you can pout a little too!"

"What? Why?"

"Because you'll look hot, darling! Just do as I say!"

"Wait! Why did you get this camera? You didn't say you were going to take pictures of me!"

"How am I supposed to show you your mistakes if you can't see your own poses? It's for your own good, cutie! Just relax..."



"Lastly, let's try a sitting pose," Chiara said.

Samuel was so eager to finish that thing that he obeyed promptly, doing everything the girl wanted although that pose was also very girly.

Then, at the end, he could see the photographs the girl had taken. "Oh my..." he thought. It was even worse than he had expected.

Chiara, however, loved everything. "I see you have talent, Sam! After a few more lessons you'll be a great model!"

"Few more lessons? Will this happen again?"

"Of course, silly! I promised the girls I would come three times a week to help you. Isn't it great?"



Samuel kept working out with the girls and taking his vitamins, but still, he continued to lose weight. This made him very sad. He looked more effeminate every day.

In addition, he noticed some other changes, like the fact that his skin was getting more and more soft and smooth. This could be explained by the creams the girls were forcing him to spread in his body every night, but he wasn't so sure it was just that.

Also, he was very sensitive those days. He felt like crying pretty often, which was weird. That whole situation about being a model was very stressful for him, of course, but Samuel had never been such a "delicate person". Now, he could hardly think straight since he was always overwhelmed by his emotions.

But he only was absolutely sure that something really, really bad was happening a certain day when he looked in the mirror before the shower. He had been feeling discomfort in his chest for a few days, but he didn't pay much attention to that due to his other problems.

That day, however, he realized how much it was swollen. Even stranger, his areolas and nipples looked bigger than before!



"How is that possible?" he wondered, desperate.

Since Samuel was already in front of the mirror, he took the opportunity to carefully examine the other parts of his body. Maybe he was imagining things, but he thought that his waist looked a little smaller and his hips larger. Also, when he turned around, he got shocked seeing his butt. It definitely looked bigger and rounded now...

"Oh fuck! What the hell is wrong with me?"



"This is so wrong!" Sam complained. "Why the hell are you guys making me wear this?"

"Doctor's orders, silly!" Greta said.

"This is not exactly true, you know..."

A few days before, Samuel had mentioned his issue to Greta and Mia. They said he had been a fool for not telling them about it sooner as this could be some serious condition. They then promised to take him to a doctor they knew and trusted.

Dr. Alberta Bellini was a very beautiful middle-aged woman, with long red hair and huge breasts. Samuel was very embarrassed to undress in front of her, but he knew he had no choice.

"If it wasn't for this 'little detail' between your legs, I'd say you're a perfectly healthy girl going into puberty, my dear," she said, after examining his body carefully.

"W-what?"

"It seems you have a hormonal issue. For some reason, your body is developing female secondary sex characteristics."

"How is that even possible?!" the guy asked, distressed. This could only be a nightmare...

"You will need to undergo some tests so that I can find out the exact cause. But tell me, have you ingested anything different lately?"

"The vitamins!" Samuel exclaimed, after thinking for a while. "The girls are making me take them!"

"I thought Dr. Bellini could want to examine the pills, so I brought them with me," Mia said, handing the bottle.

"This is not the cause," the doctor lied, after looking at the pills that were, in fact, female hormones. "These are just regular vitamins."

"So what's wrong with me?" Samuel asked, almost crying. He was really sensitive those days...

"As I told, you, I'll know after the test results. Unfortunately, this may take a few weeks."

"Oh no! What will I do until then? My chest is killing me!"

"I know this may be hard for you, my dear, but for now I think you'll need some support for your chest."

"What you mean?"

"Something like a sports bra would be appropriate."

"A bra?!" he exclaimed, shocked.

"This is not as bad as it seems. No one other than your 'friends' will know you are wearing it, and your chest will be protected so it won't get so irritated. I also suggest you wear soft and delicate shirts."

"I don't know, doctor..."

"It's your choice, of course. But I need to warn you that if you don't that, your chest will get even sorer. I will also prescribe a cream that I want you to use three times per day, without exception!"

Later, Greta and Mia convinced Samuel to try what the doctor had recommended at least for a day to see if he would feel better. However, he refused to go to the mall with them to try on the bras. This way, the girls bought what they thought would be more appropriate...

"I'm not that stupid!" Samuel continued after the girls helped him put on the bra. "I know this is not a sports bra! No girl wears something like this to go to the gym..."

"We know that, silly," Mia said. "But trust us: this type of bra is much more comfortable."

"Yeah," Greta said. "Since your chest is sore, this bra will be much more effective than a sports one. You'll understand when you have more experience wearing lingerie!" she added, and the two girls giggled.

"This is not funny!" Samuel protested, pouting. "Besides, why the hell did you make me wear these panties?"



"Because you look cute?" Mia said, and the two girls giggled again. "Now, now you don't need to be so sad, Sam. I'm just teasing you! We gave you the panties because it came along with the bra. This is a set, so the two pieces are supposed to be used together. What's the big deal, after all? It's just underwear! It's not like this is going to change your gender!"

"Yes, but these panties are really tight! I'm being crushed down there!"

In fact, it was even worse than that. The panties were so tight that Samuel had been forced to tuck his cock between his legs, just like when he was working out. However, there was no way he was going to tell that to the girls. This would be so humiliating.

"Don't be such a drama queen, Sam!" Greta said. "You'll get used to it in no time!"

Mia then picked up her phone and took a picture of him.

"Wait!" the guy said. "Why are you taking pictures of me?"

"I told you, silly. That's because you look cute! Now pose for me. I want to see how you look doing one of the poses Chiara taught you!"

"What?! No!"

"Sam, you need to relax," Greta said. "This will be good for your health. Just relax and play along... Or we'll need to force you! If you don't pose right now, we'll send this photo to your girlfriend!"

"Please, don't be that!" Samuel begged. He would die if Valentina saw him wearing that extremely girly lingerie.

"So, what are you waiting for? Be a good model and pose, sweetie! This is your job, after all!"





"You're doing great, Sam! You're looking sooo cute in the photos!" Greta said. "Now put one hand behind your head and the other on your hips."

"C'mon, girls!" Samuel complained. "Don't you think you've had enough fun already?"

"We're just getting started, silly!" Mia said, giggling. "And remember that this is for your own good! Do the pose now... Oh, and a seductive expression would be great too!"

"W-what!"

"Great idea!" Greta said, clapping. "Sam, let your eyes half-closed and your lips parted as if you were waiting to be kissed... Oh, you'll look so sexy!"

"Okay, now just one last pose!"

"Finally!" Samuel exclaimed, annoyed. "What do you want me to do now?"

"Oh, this will be the best of all!" Greta said. "Turn around and take off your bra."

"What?"

"Just obey, silly," Mia said. "We know what we're doing."

Extremely embarrassed, Samuel did as requested.

"Now, cover your boobs with your arms and look back," Greta instructed.

"My what? Wait a minute, I don't have boobs!"

"It seems like you have," Greta said, and the two girls giggled. "We're just teasing you again, Sam! It's so easy to do that! You know what Greta meant. Just put your arms over your chest!"

"That's it!" Greta said. "And don't forget your sexy look. Oh, Sam, you're getting so good at it! And now I see you have a cute butt too. How lovely!"



"Can we come in?" Mia asked the next morning, knocking on the door of Samuel's room, with Greta at her side.

"What do you want? It's too early!"

"We just want to talk, dear."

"Fine!" Samuel said, after a long silence.

When the girls entered the room, they saw that Samuel was already standing. He was still wearing the long pink shirt they had given him to sleep. The shirt was actually Mia's, but she said it would be perfect for Samuel since the doctor had told him to use delicate fabrics.

Looking at him now, she thought he looked freaking cute. The shirt almost looked like a dress, especially because his smooth legs were naked.

The guy seemed sad and his eyes were swollen. It was clear that he had been crying a lot.

"We want to apologize, Sam," Greta said.

"Oh really?"

"Yeah," Mia said. "I know we crossed the line last night... We can be savage sometimes. Valentina is already used to it, but we know you aren't."

"Anyway," Greta continued. "We didn't want to hurt or humiliate you. We were just, you know... Having fun!"

"Oh, that's great, I'm soo happy for you guys!" Samuel said, ironically. "Too bad I hated it all!"



"That's why we're apologizing. Can you forgive us?"

"I don't know... I realized this won't work. I've been thinking... I'm going back to the US."

"Oh, Sam you can't do that!" Mia said.

"We need you!" Greta said. "And furthermore Dr. Bellini hasn't yet solved your problem!"

"To compensate you for what has happened, we've decided to pay your first salary in advance, right now, actually! And also, we're going to pay you twice as much as we agreed."

"T-twice?" Samuel exclaimed.

"That's right, Sam. This way, by the end of the semester I'm sure you'll have money to support yourself for a long time. So, what do you say?"

Samuel accepted the proposal. It was too much money to refuse, and besides the girls promised that they wouldn't humiliate him that way again.

He called Valentina later that day and realized that his girlfriend was very sad. Whatever her family's issue was, it still seemed far from a solution.

Since the girl was already full of problems, the guy decided not to worry her even more. So, he didn't mention his hormonal condition and said that now he was getting along with Greta and Mia very well.

"Once you know them for real, they aren't so bad," he lied.

Valentina was glad to hear that and said she couldn't wait to meet Samuel again. The guy shuddered at this. How would his girlfriend react if she saw him now?

On Saturday, the girls "invited," him to go to the mall with them and their friends again. Samuel said he didn't want to go, but the girls insisted so much that he eventually gave in. He wanted to maintain a good relationship with them so as not to disappoint Valentina.

However, when he saw the outfit the girls had selected for him, he freaked out.

"C'mon, you can't be serious! How can I go out using these clothes?"

"What's the problem, Sam?" Mia asked.

"What's the problem? Umm... Let me see... Maybe it's because these are women's clothes!"

"Of course not!" Greta stated. "These clothes are part of the men's collection that we are creating. They aren't so different from the other outfits you have been wearing. Is that just because of the shorts? It's very hot out there today, so you'll feel uncomfortable wearing pants. Also, a lot of men wear shorts!"

"But..."

"No buts, Sam! You need to get dressed now or we'll be late! And best of all, this blouse is a little loose, so no one will notice your problem."

When Samuel got dressed, he wasn't so sure about that. He thought he could clearly see two bumps on his chest. He was wearing a bra, of course, since it diminished the discomfort he was feeling. For now, he just couldn't live without it, which was very humiliating.

"You're wrong," Mia said to the guy. "Your chest looks completely flat to me. Don't worry. Now, hold it."

"What? Now you want me to carry a purse?"

"It's not a purse, silly," Greta said. "It's a male bag. A lot of men are using it too. These shorts don't have pockets, so you'll need it to carry your stuff. Before we leave, pose for me. I'm sure our teacher will love this outfit!"



When they arrived at the mall, the other girls said that Samuel was looking great. They stated that they loved everything about his look, including his shorts and bag.

Without choice, Samuel just thanked them meekly, still feeling embarrassed.

As they walked around, he could see some people looking at him pointedly. What would they be thinking? "Probably that I'm a sissy," he thought, sad.

The group then went to the beauty salon. The girls there were also happy to see Samuel. His hair was dyed and cut again, his eyebrows were shaped and trimmed, and his nails toenails polished. This time, he saw that the girl used a pink nail polish! He tried to protest, but Mia said it wasn't a big deal.

"The nail polish is very light," she explained. "No one will notice it."

Another girl touched up his lip gloss, but she used a lip gloss that was also pink, and not colorless as he was used to.



When they left the salon, Chiara decided to buy more earrings for him. "You can't use the same pair forever, silly!"

A little later, Samuel not only had new earrings, but his ears had been pierced again!

And the new earrings... Oh, that was worse than Samuel had imagined possible. Now anyone who saw him would have no doubt that he was really a sissy...



The group kept walking around the mall for some hours. Like in the last time, the girls went into several stores to try on clothes, and Samuel was forced to follow them everywhere.

At some point, he said he needed to go to the bathroom. After doing his stuff, he approached the mirror to touch up his lip gloss...

For the past few weeks, Samuel had been relentlessly remembered by the girls that he needed to do this whenever he went to the bathroom or saw a mirror. After so much conditioning, it became something automatic for him.



He just realized what he was doing and how embarrassing it was when two other guys entered the bathroom.

"Hey, miss!" said one of them. I guess you went into the wrong door. This is the men's room!"

Samuel froze. Were these guys thinking he was a girl? oh, he was so screwed!

Without Samuel noticing it, a little earlier Chiara had replaced his old lip gloss with a pink one, identical to the one that the employee of the salon had put on him.

With his outfit, earrings, hairstyle, slim and hairless body, and pink lips, it wasn't surprising that those guys thought he was a girl.

He was wide-eyed, completely terrified. His hands were on His face, in a very feminine pose. The guy wasn't aware of that, but since he had started taking modeling lessons, his body language and mannerisms were changing drastically - not just when he was posing, but pretty much all the time. He just couldn't help it. He was always making girly poses and cute or seductive expressions.

"Umm... I a-am sorry..." he murmured, not knowing what to say next.

."Wait a minute!" said the second guy, approaching. "Your voice sounds weird, and also... Man, I think it's a faggot!" he told his friend.

"No fucking way!" said the first guy, coming close too. "Is that true? Are you a sissy?"

"I... Well..."

"Yes, you are! Now I see! Oh, fuck! And to think I thought you were a hot girl! Get out of here, freak! Get out before I beat the shit out of you!"

Without needing a second warning, Samuel ran out of the bathroom crying...



"Oh, Sam, we're so sorry!" Greta said when Samuel told the girls what had happened in the bathroom. "But don't pay attention to those jerks! They are just jealous because you look so handsome!"

"What?" Samuel exclaimed. "But first they thought I was a girl! And looking at my reflection, I really look quite feminine..."

"Don't say nonsense!" Mia said. "You don't look feminine... You just look 'stylish'! Those idiots were just trying to mess with you!"

"That's right!" Chiara stated. "If you didn't have a girlfriend, I could ask a cute guy like you out." "I don't know... Maybe..."

"Shhh... Just let it go, Sam," Greta said. "Trust us! And we have a gift for you that will surely cheer you up!"

"G-gift?" Sam asked, afraid. "Yes! Contact lenses!"

In the previous week, Samuel had been practically forced to stop wearing his glasses. The girls said that it just didn't match the style they had planned for him. However, the guy was always complaining that without his glasses he couldn't see very well.

"I got your prescription and took it to an optical shop some days ago. I was gonna give it to you tonight, but I think you kind of need it now."

Samuel had never worn contact lenses, so he needed help putting this in. At the end, he was relieved to realize he could properly see again.

However, when he saw his reflection, he noticed something wrong...



"My eyes are blue! Greta, you didn't tell me these lenses were colored!"

"Oh, I didn't know either... I think the people at the shop got confused..."

"Well, but I think you look great with blue eyes, Sam!" Mia said.

"Yes," Chiara said. "It really suits your blond hair!" "But I don't..."

"Why don't you keep those contacts for a few days?" Greta suggested. "If you don't get used to them, I promise I'll take you to the optical shop, and then you can get new ones..."

"Oh c'mon, Chiara! You can't be serious! Why the hell do I need to hear high heels?"



It was the next day, and once again Chiara was in the girls' apartment to give Samuel another modeling class.

"Now, now you can't talk like that, Sam! Dirty words don't suit someone as cute as you!" she giggled. "Oh, and you don't need to look angry, silly. I was just teasing you. Like I said before, I want you to use high heels during some classes just to improve your posture. Even as a male model, you need to learn how to walk in an elegant way, and there is nothing better for that than high heels!"

"I don't know, Chiara... I cannot even stand up using these things!"

"That's why I'm here, Sam. I'll teach all you need to know to walk gracefully..."



"But they are too high!" Samuel complained again after he stood up with Chiara's help, looking down at his feet.

"Nonsense, Sam! They are just beginners' shoes. When I'm done with you, you'll be able to walk confidently on sky-high heels! I assure you!"

"I really don't like it... And also this blouse ... the collar kept falling off my shoulder... It's so annoying!"

"This is meant to be used like that, silly!"

"Yeah, but this way you can see my..." Sam stopped suddenly when he was about to say, 'my bra'.

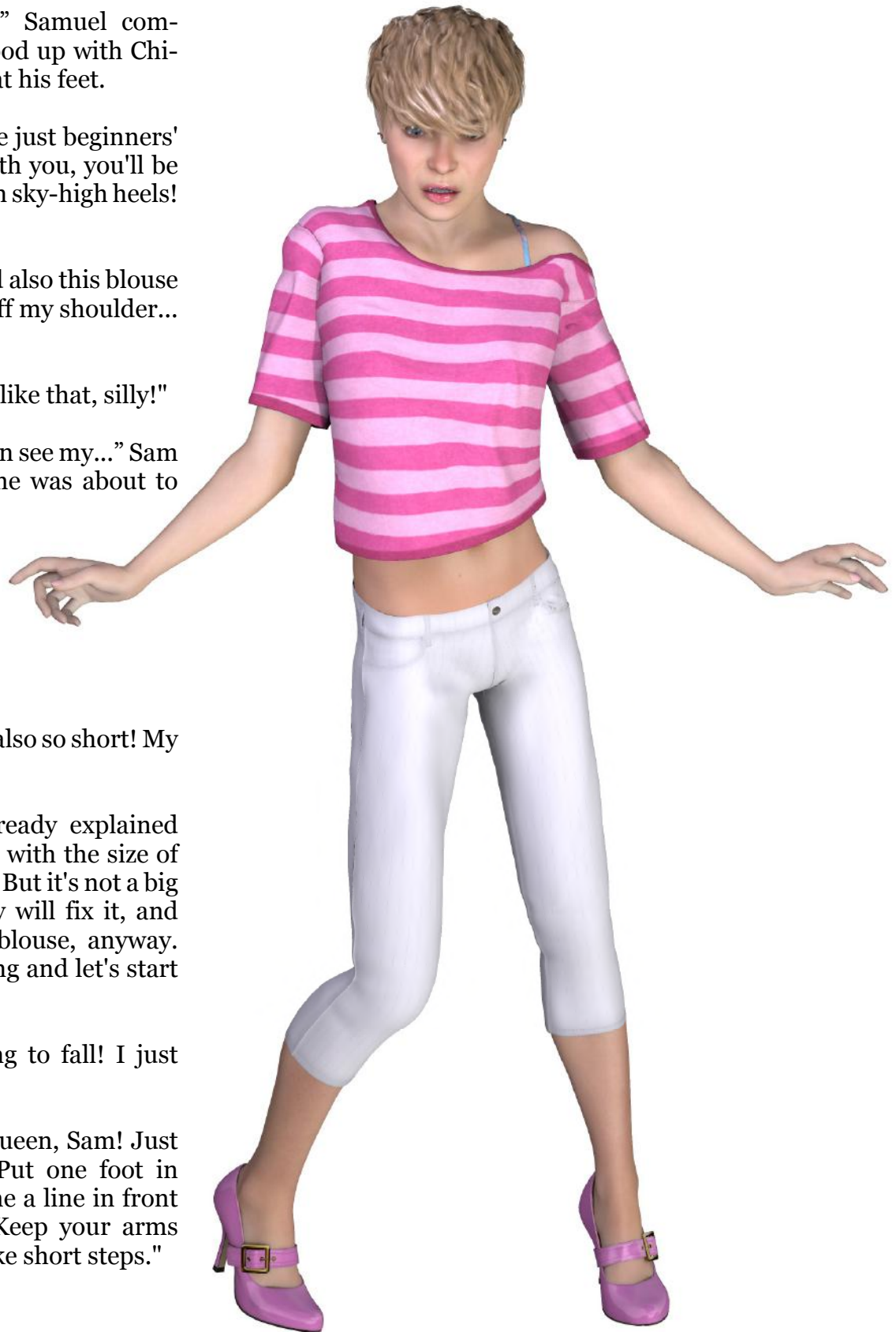
"Don't worry about that, sweetie. I know about your 'little issue', and I promise I won't mock you or something..."

"Okay... But the blouse is also so short! My belly is fully exposed!"

"Mia and Greta have already explained that they made a mistake with the size of some of your new clothes. But it's not a big deal. They promised they will fix it, and you look cute with this blouse, anyway. Now, no more complaining and let's start the lesson!"

"Chiara, I think I'm going to fall! I just can't do that!"

"Don't be such a drama queen, Sam! Just follow my instructions. Put one foot in front of the other. Imagine a line in front of you and walk on it. Keep your arms close to your body and take short steps."



Twenty minutes later, Samuel was starting to get the hang of it. However, he realized that by following Chiara's hints, he was moving his hips like a girl at every step. That was so humiliating!

"That's better, Sam! See? This is not so hard."

"Can I take off those shoes now?"

"What are you talking about, silly? We're just getting started! You need to stay with these heels for at least another hour."

"But my feet are killing me!"

"That's why you need to train more! Wearing high heels every day soon you'll be used to it..."

"Every day?!"

"Shhh... Just keep walking, sweetie!"

And then, trying to ignore the pain, Samuel kept walking on high heels for another two hours. He had to remind himself at all time that he was being paid very well to do that, but even so, it was so hard and humiliating...



A few weeks earlier, he would never have imagined that he would be in that situation now. There he was, parading around on heels, with one hand on his waist and swinging his hips at every step...

"Okay, Sam," Chiara said. "Now let's try a cute pose! Hold your right heel with your right hand and let your wrist loose."

"I can't do that, Chiara!"

"Of course, you can! You're already getting good at walking on heels. See, it wasn't so hard! Oh, Sam, you look so precious!"



"Now, let's try one last pose!"

Finally, Samuel thought, relieved. He didn't even complain about the extremely feminine pose in which he was photographed, sitting on the floor and staring at one of his pink shoes. At least he would be free after that.



"Oh, Sam, this photo is so great! You know what, I think I could get you a contract as a model for a high heels brand. It seems like you were born to wear pretty shoes!"

"W-what?" the poor guy exclaimed. "I'd never do that, Chiara!"

"Never say never, cutie!" she giggled. "But don't worry, I was just teasing again! Now come here to see your photos. You're going to *loove* them!"

The following week, Greta and Mia told Samuel that he had to go to their college with them. It was the beginning of the semester, and the students needed to present the outlines of their new projects.

When the guy saw the outfit the girls had selected for him to wear on the way, he gasped.

"Now don't start complaining, Sam!" Greta said. "We have already explained to you that our goal is to create a modern men's clothing line... Clothes for men who aren't afraid to dare, and who love fashion!"

"But people will laugh at me!" Samuel cried out, trying to bring the girls to their senses.

"No one will laugh at you. You're going to a fashion college, remember? You have no idea what crazy things people wear over there. Now get dressed!"

On the way to college, Samuel was relieved and also surprised to realize that people weren't paying much attention to him. It seemed the girls were right, after all, although he couldn't understand it.

\* \* \*

When they arrived, the guy was directly taken to a large dressing room where a lot of models were getting ready.

He was shocked to see a bunch of girls wearing only lingerie. A guy shouldn't be in that place, right? However, no one seemed to be bothered by his presence.

Then, a girl approached and greeted Greta and Mia.



"So, is this the new model of yours?" she asked, looking at Samuel. "Nice to meet you, Sam! I've heard about you, but you're even cuter than I thought."

"Umm... Thanks!" Samuel said, embarrassed.

"My name is Alma. I'm a hairdresser and makeup artist, and today I'll help you to get ready for the fashion show. Why do not you sit in that chair? I'll take care of you soon."

"Fine!" Samuel said, increasingly uncomfortable with the situation...

When Alma returned, she handed Sam a robe and slippers. "You'll feel more at ease wearing this while we take care of you," she explained.

"Okay... Where can I get changed?"

"Look around, my darling. Everybody is getting changed right here."

Samuel thought there was no way he could do that. He was wearing a bra, after all, because of his hormonal issue, and he just couldn't let all those girls discover it. That would be too humiliating.

Unfortunately, Greta and Mia had already left the dressing room, so he would have to get by on his own.

"I see..." he started. "But this is the first time I'm doing this kind of thing, you know... So I'd feel more comfortable if I could get changed this with some privacy."

"Oh, sweetie, if you really want to be a model you can't be so shy. But I'll help you this time. You can go to the bathroom in the back. But you have to be quick, okay? We don't have a lot of time!"

Samuel thanked her and walked to the indicated place. There he took off his clothes and wore the extremely feminine robe that Alma had given to him...



"It was about time, girl!" Alma said when Samuel returned. "Let's start working!"

The guy sat down again, and the girl began to analyze his hair closely. Only then, Samuel realized something... Had Alma just called him 'girl'? He got terrified. What if the girl - and everyone else around - were thinking he was a female? It made sense, after all... Maybe that was why no one had been bothered by his presence there.

*What should I do now?* He wondered, distressed.

His first impulse was to say he actually was a man, but he didn't have the guts to do so. Again, it would be too humiliating. The girls would surely think he was a sissy, and such a revelation would cause a great commotion.

He concluded that his best option would be to let Alma think he was a girl. Oh god, he just wanted to get out of that place as soon as possible...

"Your boyish haircut isn't bad..." the hairdresser said. "But I think I know something that will suit you better."

Samuel swallowed hard. "Please, I don't want any extreme change!" he said, now trying to sound like a girl to keep the charade.

"Don't worry, Sam. I know what I'm doing, and I'm sure you're going to love it!"



Not long after, another girl came to take care of his nails. Samuel was so scared that he didn't pay attention to what they were doing. When the manicure said she had finished, the guy saw that he now had long, shiny pink nails!



"I thought you could like some extensions," the girl said, smiling. "Don't your hands look much more elegant and feminine now? And best of all is that these extensions can last for many weeks!"

Many weeks?! Samuel got even more desperate. There was no way he could live with those nails for so long! He would remove the extensions as soon as he had a chance! But what about his hair? Would he be able to undo whatever Alma was doing?

\* \* \*

"All done!" Alma said when she finally finished her work on Sam's hair. "What do you think, cutie?"

When the poor guy looked at the mirror, his jaw dropped. "I... I c-can't believe it!" he stammered. "I look so different... So feminine..."



"I know, right?" Alma said, smiling. Apparently, she had concluded that Samuel was so dumbfounded because he had liked his new look. "I told you I knew what I was doing."

"H-how is that even possible?"

"Oh, sweetie, it wasn't that hard! I just straightened your hair, dyed it, and gave you a new haircut, more suitable for a pretty girl like you!"

*Pretty girl...* Samuel felt sick for being called a pretty girl! It was insane! However, he had to admit that he really looked like an attractive female, which made him even more distressed.

And his makeover wasn't even over yet...

"Now it's time for your makeup!" Alma announced, jubilant.

"M-makeup?!!"

"Of course, silly! You cannot parade around without your face being perfectly made-up! Oh, you're going to look so glamorous!"

Completely helpless, Samuel then had his face fully made up for the first time. That was a very strange and distressing experience. Again, he had no idea about what Alma was doing, and he feared how he would look at the end.

"Now spread your lips a little, sweetie!" Alma said sometime later, with a tube of pink lipstick in hand. She had already worked on the guy's skin, cheekbones, eyes, had put on false eyelashes on him before the mascara, and even plucked his eyebrows, which were now two elegant and feminine bows.

Samuel obeyed and then felt the texture and the sweet taste of the lipstick on his lips.

"Oh, Sam! You just won't believe how amazing you look!" Alma said, extremely excited. "Take a look, doll!"

When Samuel saw his reflection, he had another shock - even stronger than when he had seen his new haircut. He not only looked like a girl but as a *stunning* one!



"I-is this really me?" he asked weakly, with tear-filled eyes.

"Of course it's you, silly! Oh, I'm glad you're so happy! But don't go crying, okay? Or you'll ruin it all. Now you're almost ready or the show!"

The show! Samuel almost fainted. How could he stand in front of people looking that way? Oh, that could only be a nightmare...

"Now, before your outfit, you need some accessories," Alma said. "I think I have some stuff here that is just perfect for you!"

Samuel was so defeated that he had no more strength to fight. Docilely, he allowed Alma to put big pink hoop earrings in his ears, a matching bracelet on his left wrist, and some rings.

A little later, he noticed that the top of his robe was open now, revealing his *lacy purple bra*. It didn't matter anymore, though - everyone was already thinking that he was a girl.



"You know, sweetie," Alma said, as she touched up Samuel's lipstick one last time. "You're already very pretty, don't get me wrong! But I think your jaw is a bit too angular. If you really want to be a model, maybe you should fix that. I know a wonderful plastic surgeon. I had some work done with him and I couldn't be happier with the result! I'll give you his business card in case you're interested."

"W-what?!! No, I don't want plastic surgery!"

"That's okay, Sam. I know it's your call. But here's his card, anyway. Who knows...? Maybe you change your mind... Now let's get you dressed!"

\* \* \*

"What the hell! Sam, is it really you?" Mia asked when she and Greta saw the feminized guy again.

"What do you think?" he asked, annoyed, still using a high-pitched voice. He was so distressed that he had forgotten to speak like a man again.

"Your hair, nails, and makeup... Wow, Sam, you look so great!" Greta said. "But also so... feminine. How did this happen?"

"It was Alma, that crazy friend of yours! She thought I was a girl and then..." Samuel stopped talking, struggling not to cry.

"That's okay, honey," Mia hugged him. "But why didn't you tell her the truth? Why didn't you say you're a guy?"

"I... I don't know..." Samuel admitted, feeling like a fool. "I guess it was because I was too embarrassed."

"Oh, this is kind of bad, isn't it?" Greta said. "Even your body looks different."

It was true. While Alma and the other girls were helping Samuel to get dressed, they thought that his figure needed some improvement, so they used shapewear to compress the guy's abdomen. Also, Alma positioned his bra so that the bumps on his chest looked bigger and were clearly visible.

Since the outfit that Mia and Greta had designed was already very androgynous - to say the least - Samuel looked like a girl from the feet to the head. His long pink sweater seemed more like a dress, and his black pants were so tight that it was as if he were wearing thick and opaque pantyhose.



"Oh, Sam, unfortunately, we don't have time to fix it now," Mia said. "The fashion show will start at any moment."

"B-but I can't do it looking this way!" Samuel said. "Please, girls, I just can't!"

"Of course you can, sweetie," Greta said. "Just remember your training and you'll be fine! You just need to parade around and pose a little and then it will be over!"

"B-but!"

"No more buts, Sam!" Mia said. "You know you have to do it!"

When Samuel stepped on the catwalk, his whole body was shaking. He could feel all the eyes on him, and he had to fight the urge to run away from there.

It wasn't as crowded as a professional fashion show, but he was sure that at least fifty people were there.

He then took a deep breath, put a hand on his hips, and began to cross the catwalk, trying not to think about what he was doing.

His boots had low heels, so he was forced to swing his hips a little along the way, just as Chiara had taught him. Samuel couldn't understand why the girls had designed boots like those. Sure, he'd already seen some guys wearing similar shoes in Milan, but only a few, and Samuel was sure they were all gay. That was the only possible explanation!

He kept walking and finally reached the end of the catwalk. It didn't take more than thirty seconds, but for Samuel, it seemed like hours!

But his ordeal wasn't yet finished, oh no! Now it was time to pose...



Samuel was still very afraid that someone could find out he was in fact a guy, especially now that he was dressed like a girl from head to toe, with his face made-up, hair stylized, and nails polished. What if someone in the audience pointed at him and shouted: "Hey, this is a guy!" That would certainly be terrible

Thus, when it came the time to pose, Samuel did it in the most feminine and delicate way possible.

Mia and Greta were right in front of the catwalk, smiling nervously. Besides them, there was a very well dressed middle-aged woman.

"Girls, I thought this semester you would create a men's collection," she said, looking at Samuel with a critical eye. She was also thinking that the guy was a girl, and he didn't know if he should be happy or sad about that.

"Hmm ... we've changed our mind, Mrs. De Fiore," Mia said, hastily. "We decided to make a new women's collection."

"I see..." Mrs. De Fiore said, not looking so happy. "And what is the new concept you intend to work on?"

"Well, we want to create a collection for modern young women," Greta said, improvising desperately. "Women who like practicality, but also love to feel elegant and feminine!"

"That isn't the most original idea in the world, right?" Mrs. De Fiore snapped. "But what about your new model? There is something different about her..." and saying so, she looked at Samuel sharply, and the guy swallowed hard again...



"What's your name, girl?" Mrs. De Fiore asked Samuel.

"Samu... Samantha!" the guy stated, nervously.

"You have a kind of exotic beauty, Samantha, although your appearance still needs some improvement. And you don't seem to be a terrible model either... Are you Italian?"

"No. I'm from the United States."

"Interesting... why did you come to our country?"

"I got a scholarship to study architecture," he told the truth, but then he thought that maybe it wasn't girly enough, and he didn't want anyone suspecting that he was actually a guy. "But I'm thinking about changing my degree... I... Hmm... I've always liked fashion, and I'm *loving* to work with the girls. Maybe I should study fashion design too?"

"Well, maybe it's a bit late for that, don't you think? The semester started today, after all."

"Umm... Yeah... But I had a problem when I went to renew my enrollment. Something was wrong in my file and now I need to wait for a solution to this issue."

"What's your full name?"

Samuel didn't understand that question, but even so, he answered, saying the name that had mysteriously appeared on his file since it was the first one he could think of.

"Umm... I'm Samantha Ellen Thomas."

"I see..." Mrs. De Fiore said, writing in a notebook. "I look forward to seeing you modeling again, Ms. Thomas. About you two," she added, looking at Mia and Greta. "I expect a decent collection this semester. Now, where are the other students' models? I don't have all day!"

"What?! There is no way I'm going to do that!"



Some hours later, back home, Mia, Greta, and Samuel were talking about what had happened, and what they would have to do now.

Samuel was wearing another of his new *comfy shirts* and short shorts. Also, he was still using the pink hoop earrings since he had been unable to take them off because of his long nails. He had asked the girls to help him, but they said they would take care of that later because they had more important issues to deal with first, and then they told the guy about their new plan...



"We have no choice, Sam," Mia said. "And you know that."

"You can't be serious, girls! How can you expect me to pretend to be a girl?"

"Well, you had no trouble doing it today..." Greta said.

"Do you really think so? For your information, that was the most embarrassing moment of my life!"

"You'll get used to it, sweetie!"

"I don't think so! Moreover, I've been able to pass as a girl for a few minutes, sure, but now you're talking about a whole semester! Surely someone will find out the truth sooner or later!"

"Not if we teach you how to act like a *perfect girl* all the time," Mia said, and Samuel felt a shiver.

"B-but I don't want to do that, and you two can't force me!"

"You're right, Sam. We can't force you. But you know you're being unfair, right?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, it was all *your fault*, after all. Why the hell didn't you tell Alma that you were a guy? You let everyone think you were a girl, and now you want to harm us because of your own mistake. You saw how much Mrs. De Fiore liked you. If we go back there with a new model, we're screwed."

Samuel didn't know what to do. He definitely didn't want to pretend to be a girl for six months, but he was also feeling guilty.

"Even if I agreed to that, and I'm not saying that I do, this just wouldn't work, girls! This is just impossible!"

"Oh, honey!" Greta said, coming closer and stroking his hair. "Don't underestimate your abilities, okay? I'm sure you could do that! Also... you know money isn't a problem for us... If you help us, this time we're willing to pay you so well that you won't have to worry about money until your graduation! Don't you think it will be worth it? You just have to pretend to be a girl for a semester..."

That was indeed a tempting offer, but Samuel was still not sure.

"You know what?" Mia said, noticing the guy's reluctance. "Let's make a bet!"

"W-what bet?"

"We'll train you to act like a girl for a few days, and after that, we'll go out a few times. If someone finds out that you're a guy, you don't need to be our model anymore. You'll be free! But if everyone thinks that you really are a girl, you will keep working for us, and you will be very well paid for that. Don't you see? That's a win-win situation for you! What do you say, Sam?"

"C'mon, girls, why do I need to wear clothes like these?" Samuel complained.

"I can't see what's wrong," Mia said. "This is a perfect outfit for a girl to wear at home. So comfy and cute! And don't even think about saying you're not a girl, Samantha! You agreed to at least try to be one for a while."

"Yeah, but I'm already regretting it... Wait a minute... You called me what?!"

"She called you Samantha, silly," Greta said. "What's the problem? It was you who said that this was your name! Don't you remember? You said that to Mrs. De Fiore!" she giggled. "Now seriously, Samantha. If you're going to try to pass as a girl, you need to get used to being called this way. It needs to become something natural to you."

"I guess it makes sense... But it's very weird, you know?"

"Don't start whining, Sammie!" Mia said. "We have a lot to do in a short time. Let's start your training!"



Earlier that day, the girls had gone out and bought new stuff for Samuel's room, including a vanity and countless women's beauty products.

"Okay, Samantha, let's start with something basic, just so you can feel more feminine," Mia said. "Your fingernails already look nice, but I think your toenails need some care... It's time for you to learn how to polish them!"

"Oh, girls, is this really necessary?" Samuel whimpered.

"Of course, cutie!" Greta said. "And you'll see that this is so relaxing... Being a girl isn't as bad as you think! You should try a pink nail polish to match your fingernails. Oh, your feet are going to look so cute!"



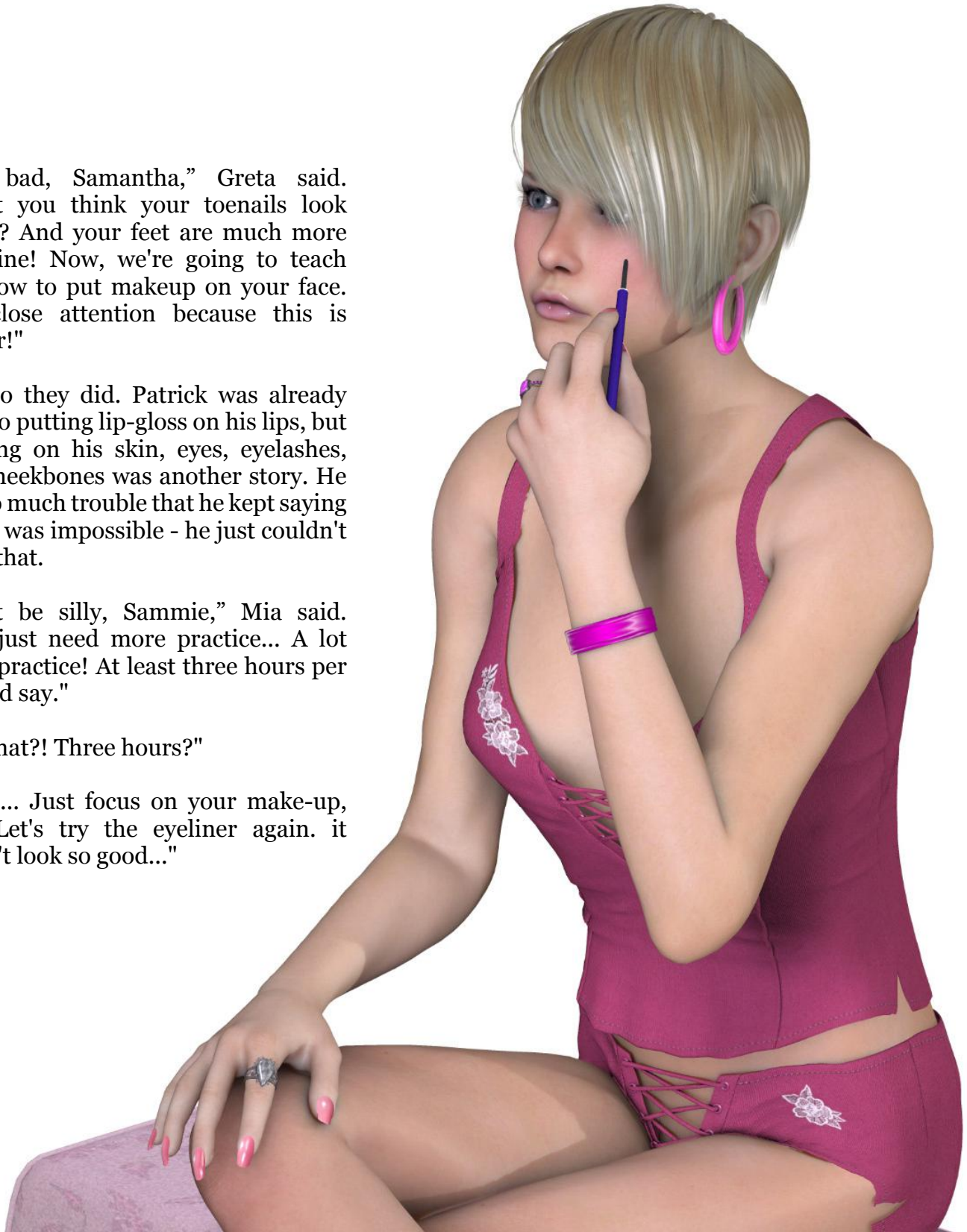
"Not bad, Samantha," Greta said. "Don't you think your toenails look pretty? And your feet are much more feminine! Now, we're going to teach you how to put makeup on your face. Pay close attention because this is harder!"

And so they did. Patrick was already used to putting lip-gloss on his lips, but working on his skin, eyes, eyelashes, and cheekbones was another story. He had so much trouble that he kept saying that it was impossible - he just couldn't learn that.

"Don't be silly, Sammie," Mia said. "You just need more practice... A lot more practice! At least three hours per day, I'd say."

"W-what?! Three hours?"

"Shhh... Just focus on your make-up, girl! Let's try the eyeliner again. it doesn't look so good..."



Chiara joined the party the next day and she was thrilled to know that Samuel was now supposed to be Samantha, a female model.

"Oh, honey, don't look so sad! I'm sure you're going to enjoy living like a girl for some time!"

Samuel thought she couldn't be more wrong, but he said nothing. He was feeling so humiliated that he could barely open his mouth.

"And your nails, hair, and makeup look so adorable! I love it!"

"Well, Samantha has been practicing relentlessly to look presentable, right, dear?"

"Y-yes," Samuel whispered, looking down.

"Great!" Chiara exclaimed. "Let's start working then! Since you're a girl now, we need to change the way you walk, sit, talk, gesture... basically, everything! Oh, and I think you're going to need a 'more appropriate' outfit for this..."

"I know exactly what you mean..." Mia said, and Samuel didn't like the way they smiled at all...

Half an hour later, he was wearing a hot pink cropped top, 3-inch high heels, and a skirt! he couldn't believe he was wearing a skirt. it was very short, with flowery lace in the hem.

Now there were no doubts anymore. If before his outfits were a bit androgynous, now he was dressing clothes that only a girl - and a very girly one - could wear...



"Chiara, I don't think I can walk on these high heels!"

"This talk again, Samantha? You said the same thing when you tried heels for the first time, and you did very well."

"But this time the shoes are much higher! Also, why do I have to wear such a short skirt?"

"Well, it's simple. If you get used to this one, you will have no trouble using any other skirt. Also, it will force you to pay attention to your posture and movements. You don't want anyone to see your pretty panties, do you?"

"O-of course not!" Samuel blushed. Did Chiara really need to mention the fact that he was wearing panties so often?

"Good girl! Then I'm sure you'll keep your legs together. Now let's start practicing. Remember to put one foot in front of the other and move your hips. That's it! See, you were worried for nothing! You're a natural, Samantha!"



"Now let's improve the way you sit, Samantha," Chiara said, and Samuel got genuinely relieved. After walking on high heels for so long, his feet were killing him. However, he soon discovered that sitting down as Chiara wanted him to do wasn't going to be a simple task.

"You need to be more delicate and graceful, sweetie! Let's try again, and this time remember to cross your legs as I showed you!"

It was extremely uncomfortable. With his legs crossed, the guy could feel his tucked cock being crushed between his legs. As he thought about it, he remembered something else...

Maybe it was just his imagination, but the guy believed that his cock looked smaller than before. Also, he was unable to get hard for many days. It could be due to the stress he was suffering, but what if this issue was also related to his mysterious hormonal problem? Fortunately, he would see Dr. Bellini again in a few days. He really needed some answers...



"Now let's try some poses!" Chiara continued. "Put a hand on your face and look seductively at the camera... Wow, that's a great expression, girl!"



Samuel's training continued in the following days. He was forced to spend almost the whole time learning how to walk, sit, gesticulate, and talk like a girl. Just when he was working out he didn't need to wear skirts and high heels, but it didn't mean that those moments were easier. The exercises he was doing were pretty tough now, and the girls were getting more and more demanding.

And worst of all, he always had to wear embarrassing outfits...



At the end of the week, as agreed, the girls said they would take Samuel to the mall again, this time fully dressed as a girl. As the guy was leaving the apartment, he felt his soft, silky legs trembling so hard that he thought he was going to fall to the ground - and it wasn't just because of the sky-high heels he was wearing, oh no!

The truth was that Samuel couldn't believe that this was really happening. There he was, stepping on the street wearing a crop top and a mini skirt, with his face immaculately made-up and his hair stylized. That could only be a nightmare!



"I... I don't think I can do this, girls!" he whispered, terrified.

"Don't be silly, Samantha!" Mia said. "You look stunning!"

"B-but... What if someone finds out the truth? What if someone realizes I'm a guy?"

"There's no way this is going to happen, doll!" Greta said. "And you know why? Because the truth is that you *'are'* a girl, at least for now... You have to believe this, Samantha!"

"I don't think..."

"Just say it, sweetie. Say it and you'll feel much safer and more relaxed. Say you are a girl..."

"I... I'm a girl," Samuel said, feeling defeated. What the hell was he doing?

"Good..." Mia said. "And your name is..."

"Samantha... I'm a girl, and my name is Samantha," he stated, with his new soft, high voice. After so much training, he now was able to speak this way naturally.

"Fantastic! Now stop being such a drama queen and let's enjoy the day. You'll see that going shopping will be so much fun now that you're one of us!"

Still feeling completely terrified, Samuel had no choice but to follow the girls to the mall. As absurd as it was, he was indeed trying to think of himself as a girl - in the hope to relax a little bit - but it wasn't working very well. He was absolutely sure that sooner or later someone would point at him and shout that he was a sissy.

As usual, the mall was very crowded. Samuel tried to hide behind Mia and Greta as they walked around, but the girls weren't happy about that. They then forced Samuel to walk in the center of the group and told him to keep his head up.

"Just remember your training, Samantha," Mia said. "You'll be fine!"

"But there are many people staring at me, especially the guys!" he complained. "I think they already the truth!"

"Oh, Sammie, you really are an innocent girl, aren't you? The guys are looking at you because they think you're a hottie!"

"W-what?" Samuel gasped. The girls could only be mocking him, right?

However, when he started to pay attention to the way the guys were looking at him, she saw that Mia and Greta were right. The men were checking his body out closely, and they all seemed very happy about what they were seeing.

"Now you see?" Mia asked, smiling. "You have no reason to worry, girl."

Samuel wasn't so sure. He definitely didn't know if being able to pass as a girl so well was something good. How was that even possible? He used to be a regular guy just a few months before! And his situation would get even worse a little later when they approached an exhaust fan...

Samuel, who was very stressed about the whole situation, didn't realize what was about to happen. Suddenly, he felt a strong gust of wind in his legs, and to his horror he saw that his mini skirt had been raised, exposing his lacy pink panties. At that very moment, three guys were walking behind him, and they whistled seeing that scene.

The feminized guy blushed furiously, trying to lower his skirt frantically.

"That's okay, sweetie," Greta said, trying to calm him down. "These things happen. That's why you need to wear skirts pretty often for now... This way you'll learn how to handle them perfectly and will avoid this type of incident. Now let's try some clothes. I saw a dress that will look wonderful on you..."

Mia and Greta stated that the shopping trip had been a complete success. No one had suspected that Samantha was anything but a girl, and it was clear that a lot of guys even thought she was a very pretty one.



They then said the next day they would go out again, and this time Samantha would be fully convinced that she could pass as a female in any situation.

"W-where are we going?" Samuel asked, afraid.

"That's a surprise, girl!" Mia said. "But I'm sure you're going to love it!"

When the next day finally arrived, Samuel was taken to the salon, where he was dolled up for many hours, which made him even more nervous. What were the girls planning?

When his hair, nails, and makeup were finally done, he was taken to another room to get dressed. There, he saw what he was expected to wear, and he almost fainted.

"That's a dress!" he exclaimed, horrified.

"Of course, it is!" Greta said. "And a very beautiful one, don't you think?"

"But why do I need to wear a dress?"

"Does a girl need a reason for that?" Mia giggled. "We just looove looking pretty! You'll see what I mean."

Fully dressed, Samuel got astonished at his appearance. He looked more feminine than ever! The dress wasn't particularly short, and it had long sleeves. Still, it was strange to be wearing something like that for the first time, and he felt even more emasculated.

"You look great, Sammie!" Greta said. "It's just a shame that your *boobs* are so small, you know... You'd look even better if..."

"Don't even say that!" Samuel cried out.

"I'm just teasing you, silly! Now let's go!"

"But where are we going, after all?"

"You'll see..."



When Samuel saw where the girls had taken him, the feminized guy thought it could only be some bizarre nightmare.

"T-this is a nightclub!" he stammered, freaking out.

"Exactly!" Mia exclaimed. "You deserve to have some fun, Samantha! All you've been doing lately is working... So tonight, we decided to fix it!"

"But I can't get into a nightclub dressed like that!"

"Why not?" Greta asked. "I think your outfit is very suitable for the occasion."

"Because I'm dressed like a girl!"

"That's because you *are* a girl, silly! At least for now... Just try to relax, okay? I assure you that if you do so you'll have a great time."

That was a trendy nightclub, and the place was completely packed. Samuel followed the girls closely, bothered by all the guys who were lusting after him along the way. He had never felt so vulnerable in his entire life...

"Girl, I think you definitely need a drink," Mia said, looking at Samuel. "You and Greta can look for a place to sit. I'll take care of the drinks this time."

"O-okay," Samuel said. He wasn't sure if he really should drink dressed like a chick, but he thought he wouldn't survive that night without it. "I'd like a beer."

"Beer? Ha, you're soo funny, Sammie! Don't worry, I'll get a proper drink for a girl like you."

Greta and Samuel sat at the back of the room, where there were some red sofas. Samuel had to cross his legs firmly, or otherwise, everyone would be able to see his panties. Greta smiled seeing how feminine and pretty he looked... Perhaps he was really meant to be a girl, after all...

"Here you go, girl!" said Mia when she returned, handing a light pink drink to Samuel.

"What's this?" he asked, annoyed. Why the hell even his drink had to be so girly?

"Just try it and tell me what you think."

Samuel obeyed, and realized that the drink was actually good. "Okay... It isn't that bad..." he said, seeing the stain of his lipstick on the glass.

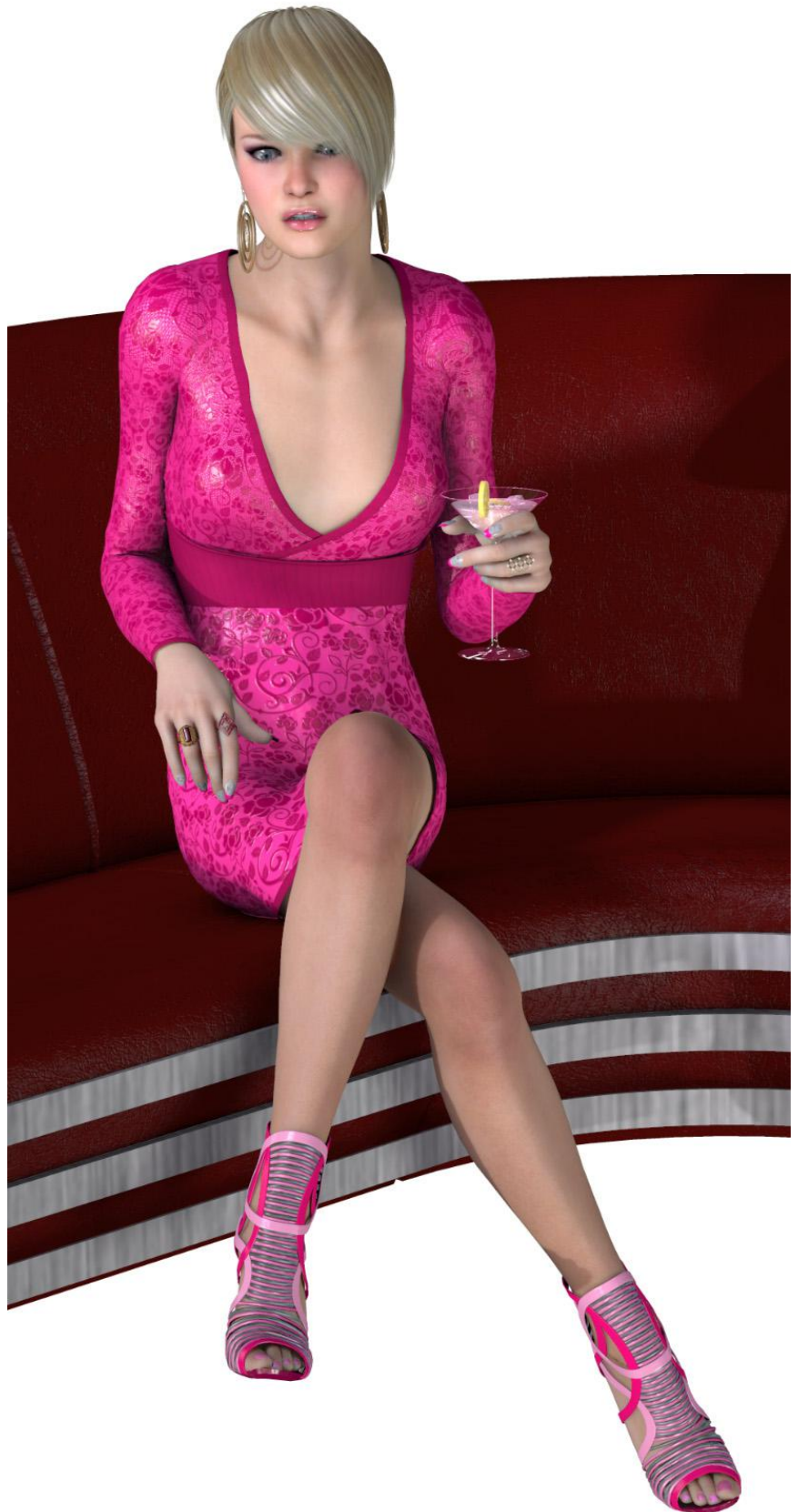
"Told you! Now drink a little more and relax... You have nothing to worry about, Sammie..."

Three or four drinks later, Samuel was much more relaxed. In fact, for some reason, he got drunk very quickly that night, as if he was drinking for the first time. He was even feeling a silly euphoria that he hadn't experienced since he was a teenager.

"How are you feeling, Samantha?" Mia asked.

"I'm *fiine!*" Samuel said, and then he let out an extremely girly laugh.

"What is so funny?"



"It's just that you girls keep calling me Samantha! Don't you see how funny this is?" and saying so, the feminized guy laughed again.

"Well, that's your name now, sweetie," Greta said. "Even your documents say so."

That wasn't a complete lie. Earlier that day, the girls had given him new documents, and those ones really stated that he was an American girl named Samantha. They explained that this way he wouldn't have any kind of legal problem while he was living as a female.

When Samuel saw the documents for the first time, he got very concerned. Now, however, remembering it just made him laugh even harder.

"Since you seem to be so happy, let's dance a little!" Mia said.

"W-what?" Samuel's eyes widened, and he seemed to sober up at once. "I don't know how to dance, especially now that I'm wearing high heels!"

"Just follow our steps, silly," Greta said. "C'mon!" Too weak to resist, Samuel was dragged to the dance floor, where the volume of the electronic song was deafening. He began to move his body shyly, but pretty soon the altered state of his mind took away his inhibitions. He then started to emulate the girls' dance steps, and to his own astonishment, he discovered that he was indeed having fun!

Instinctively, he moved his hips sensually, following the fast beat of the song. It was as if he were in a trance. All his fears and afflictions were gone, and the feminized guy really appreciated that sense of freedom.

Mia and Greta loved what they were seeing. Samuel was dancing like a pro now, and more than ever he looked like a girl, moving his body in a sexy and feminine way. It was clear... he - or rather she - was a natural...



Sometime later they decided to sit down again.

"Oh, Samantha, you were amazing!" Mia said, clapping. "I think you were the hottest girl on the dance floor! You drove all the guys crazy!"

After dancing so intensely, Samuel was more or less sober again, and he felt extremely embarrassed by what he had done. What the hell was he thinking? It was so wrong! But then... why had he had so much fun?

"I think we need to drink a little more to celebrate!" Greta said.

"Celebrate what?" Samuel asked.

"Isn't that obvious? Celebrate the beginning of your life as Samantha! You can't deny it now, doll. You not only can pass as a girl... but you're a sexy one! And you agreed that if no one found out who you are, or rather, *was a guy*, you would be our female model for the next six months!"

Samuel was desperate to hear that. How could he live as a girl for six months?

"And now it's your turn to get the drinks, Sammie," Mia said.

"W-what? Do you want me to go to the bar by myself?"

"Oh, c'mon! You're a big girl! Also, you didn't seem so shy on the dance floor..."

With no choice, Samuel got up and started to cross the place, moving his hips along the way. When he finally got to the bar and was about to order the drinks, he felt a large hand on his waist, and heard a manly voice say in his ear: "Hey, *ragazza*, how you doing?"



Samuel got so frightened that he even jumped a little and let out a high-pitched shriek.

"I'm so sorry," said the guy who had put a hand on Samuel's waist. He was very tall and muscular; had a manly, handsome face, and short black hair. He was wearing a white dress shirt, and black pants and shoes.

"My name is Paolo, by the way. What about you?"

"S-samantha," Samuel stammered.

"What a beautiful name! And your accent ... It's pretty! Are you a foreigner?"

"Y-yes, I'm American."

"Nice! So, are you on vacation in Italy?"

"Not exactly... I'm studying, and also working here."

"What do you do?"

"I'm... well... I'm a model," Samuel said, embarrassed.

"A model?! Wow, that's fantastic! And I have to say that I couldn't think of a job more suitable for you... You're a very, very beautiful woman, Samantha..."

"Hmm... Thanks?" Samuel said, nervously. Then, before he realized what was happening, Paolo wrapped the feminized man's small waist with his big hands, and soon their bodies were stuck together.

Samuel felt very emasculated again. Paolo was so strong, while his body was now delicate and feminine; even wearing sky-high heels, he had to look up to see the other guy's face.

Slowly, one of Paolo's hands came down until it reached Samuel's butt! Samuel couldn't believe it. There was a guy touching his butt... his butt! He wanted more than everything to run away, but at the same time, he didn't want to make a big scene. What would a real girl do in a situation like that?

"I think that after having scared you so much, the least I can do is pay you a drink," Paolo said.

"T-thank you, but it isn't necessary," Samuel said, wishing to get away from that guy as quickly as possible.

"You're right... I guess we can skip this part and do something more fun..."



Then, to Samuel's total horror, Paolo approached his face, and before the feminized man could react the Italian guy kissed him!



Samuel tried to push him away, but obviously, he couldn't do that since he was much weaker. Completely helpless, he felt Paolo's harsh lips touching his soft mouth, while his beard was scratching Samuel's smooth face. He was being kissed by a guy! Could that get any worse? Samuel wondered, and pretty soon he would find out the answer was yes...

He tried to tell Paolo to stop that, but as soon as he spread his lips a little bit the Italian guy took the opportunity to stick his tongue inside Samuel's mouth. Now any hope of saying anything was lost. Paolo started kissing the feminized man deeply, and all Samuel could make were muffled groans. It just made Paolo think that *Samantha* was enjoying what was going on, and he kissed *her* even more intensely, at the same time that he rubbed *her* whole body.

Then, suddenly, something even more terrifying happened. Samuel realized that, apparently, his body was indeed enjoying that kiss... He could feel his nipples getting hard, and his legs trembling. He was aroused! How was that even possible? He had never been attracted to guys before!

He was then feeling confused, lost, humiliated, and horny, all at the same time. It was more than he could handle, so he decided not to think about anything for a moment. That wasn't a good decision, though. Pretty soon his urges dominated him, and he started kissing Paolo back, as desperately as if his life depended on it.

Maybe it was just because he had been feeling lonely and vulnerable since Francesca, his girlfriend, had left Milan; or due that intense and traumatic process of feminization; or maybe it was just the effect of alcohol... Samuel didn't know, but it was so good... When he realized it, he had wrapped Paolo's neck with his delicate hands, accepting his fate submissively, while the Italian guy explored his whole mouth...

"Ahem!" Samuel suddenly heard, and then he finally managed to break the kiss. When he opened his eyes, he saw that Mia and Greta were right next to him and were smiling widely. It was clear that they had seen everything!

Samuel got so shocked that he had no reaction. He just stood there, with his hands still around Paolo's neck, looking at the girls with his mouth open...

"Samantha, you naughty girl," Mia said, maliciously. "You left us waiting for our drinks while you were here hunting for hot guys!"

"W-what?!!" Samuel exclaimed. "I wasn't..."

"Well, at least she found a very handsome one," Greta giggled. "Samantha, dear, why don't you introduce us to your new boyfriend?"

"M-my boyfriend?!! He isn't my..."



"Nice to meet you, ladies," Paolo said before Samuel could finish the sentence. At this point, he was hugging the feminized guy from behind. Samuel could feel the Italian guy's erection against his butt, and he seemed to have a very big dick. Samuel felt even more humiliated thinking about how his own cock looked ridiculously small now. Compared to Paolo, he thought there was no way he could be considered a man.

"I'm Paolo," the Italian man continued. "So, this stunning girl is a friend of yours?"

"More than that..." Mia said. "It's almost like she's our little sister, you know, so we are very protective."

"That's right," Greta agreed. "Samantha is such an innocent girl, who is still discovering her femininity. Can you believe that until recently she used to be a tomboy?"

"This is hard to imagine," Paolo said, hugging Samuel even tighter. The feminized man couldn't believe that was happening. They were talking about him as if he wasn't even there!

"Now, how about we all sit down together so we can get to know you better, Paolo?" Greta suggested. "We have to know if you're the right guy for our precious Samantha, after all," she giggled again.

*No way!* Samuel thought, desperate. He wanted to get rid of Paolo as quickly as possible, but the girls were making it impossible.

"That's a great idea!" Paolo said, smiling.

Without choice, Samuel was escorted back to the sofa after the group had ordered a new round of drinks. Paolo sat beside him and began to stroke his smooth legs, which made Samuel feel a shiver. Why was his body reacting like that?

*Oh god, can this night get even worse?* he wondered, completely distressed.

The next morning, Samuel woke up with a terrible hangover. What had happened the night before? He couldn't remember very well. He saw that he was wearing a nightie - it was pink and very sexy, with lots of lace and bows. As much as he wanted to deny it, the soft fabric felt good against his body and made him feel so feminine and hot...



Feminine and hot... Suddenly, these words reminded him of the night before. He had kissed a guy! Oh, God, how could he have let that happen?

Mia and Greta had seen the whole scene and then invited the guy - called Paolo - to sit with them. The group talked for over two hours, drinking a lot, and from time to time Paolo kissed Samuel again. The feminized guy had never felt so humiliated, but at the same time... his body was really enjoying that!

When the girls finally said they needed to go, Paolo was a bit disappointed, and kissed Samuel one last time - more deeply than ever - and said he had loved to know "her".

"You're an amazing woman, Samantha. I'd love to see you again," he said. "Could you give me your phone number?"

At least Samuel was smart enough to say a fake number, but the memories of that night were still tormenting him. He felt sick, ashamed, defeated, and just couldn't see himself as a man anymore. Not after what he had done.

"I have to get away from here," he concluded. It no longer mattered what he had promised the girls. There was no way he could live as a female for six months. He needed to go back to being a man right away. There was no alternative if he wanted to recover his male ego.

Decided to tell this to the girls, he got up and left his bedroom...

Before leaving the bedroom, without even thinking about what he was doing, Samuel slipped on a pair of 4-inch mules, as he had been forced to do every morning for the last few weeks. After so many times doing so, it had become natural to him.

Then he went to the kitchen - unconsciously moving his hips along the way - where he found Mia and Greta having breakfast.

"Good morning, princess!" Mia said before the feminized man could open his mouth. "Did you sleep well?"

"Umm... Yeah..." Samuel stammered. "Look, girls, there's something I need..."

"Well, after last night I'm sure she slept like a baby," Greta giggled. "You had a great time, didn't you, Samantha?"

"W-what do you mean?"

"Oh, don't play dumb, girl! I'm talking about Paolo, *your new boyfriend!*"

"He... He isn't my boyfriend!" Samuel protested in a squeaky voice.

"That's good to know, sweetie," Mia said. "I mean, at least in theory you still are in a relationship with Francesca, our friend... So, if you want to keep kissing cute guys, you should talk to her first."

"I didn't plan to kiss anyone!" Samuel stamped his high-heeled foot. "Paolo kissed me by surprise, and I hated that!"

"Oh, C'mon, girl! You hated it? Really? You were even wrapping your hands around his neck when we got there. It was clear you were loving being kissed by him!"

Samuel didn't know what to say next. That conversation wasn't going as he had planned, that's for sure! Then, suddenly, they heard the doorbell ringing.

"I ... I'll see who's at the door..." Samuel said, just to get away from the girls. He was so stunned that he needed some time alone.

"Wait, Samantha, you can't..." Mia started saying, but Samuel was no longer paying attention. He approached the door and heard the doorbell again.

"I'm coming!" he said in his new girly voice. At that hour of the morning, he imagined that this would be a deliveryman or something. However, when he opened the door, he saw two middle-aged men in elegant suits.

"Good morning, Miss. Umm... I guess we came at an inappropriate moment," said one of them, clearly astonished.

Only then Samuel remembered what he was dressing. That was unbelievable! There he was, wearing only a sexy nightie, lace panties, and mules, in front of two unknown men.

"Oh my gosh!" the feminized guy squealed, wondering if that succession of embarrassing situations would come to an end at some point...

"Are you Samantha Ellen Thomas?" asked one of the men.

"Y-yes!" Samuel gasped.

"Great!" the other man said. "We have an important matter to discuss with you, Miss."

"Sure! Could you just wait a moment for me to..."

"What's going on, Samantha?" Mia asked while she and Greta entered the living room. "Who's at the door?"

"I... I don't know yet... I need..."

"Sammie, darling," Greta said. "You shouldn't welcome two gentlemen wearing only a nightie and your pretty panties! What will they think about you?"

"I know!" Samuel said through gritted teeth. "That's why I was going to get changed!"

"Umm... If you are feeling comfortable, you don't need to do that just because of us," said the first man. He was trying to disguise this, but it was clear he was enjoying the vision of the 'girl' wearing only 'her' sexy lingerie. "Anyway, we're here on behalf of the University of Milan. I'm Benito, and this is Fausto. We came to help you solve the little problem you had when you tried to renew your enrollment."



"What?!" Samuel exclaimed. "I can't believe the University sent two people to my house just to help me. Why that?"

"Well, let's say you've become the protégé of someone very influential in the institution. Do you remember Mrs. De Fiore?"

"Of course," Samuel said. How could he forget her? Mrs. De Fiore was one of Mia and Greta's teachers, and on the day Samuel had met her his life as a girl had begun.

"Very well... Mrs. De Fiore isn't just a teacher but also one of the members of the University Council, and she wants your issue to be solved as soon as possible. Isn't that great?"

"I... I guess so?"

"Amazing! Now, our record says you claimed that you're a man named Samuel Edward Thomas, but this is clearly some kind of misunderstanding, right?" Benito said, discreetly checking Samuel's body.

"Umm... Yeah, absolutely," Samuel stated, feeling deeply humiliated. But how could he say he was a guy dressed like that? He had no choice.

"I believe this was the cause of your problem, and we're really sorry about that. Clearly, some University employee made a big mistake," Fausto said. "But we're here to fix that, okay? Don't worry! Now, we just need to see your I.D."

"Oh, I know where it is," Mia said quickly. "I'll get this right now."

When she returned, she handed the men Samuel's fake I.D., the one that stated he was a female.

"Perfect!" Fausto said, filling some papers. "Now Mrs. De Fiore also said you want to change your degree. You want to study fashion design, right?"

"W-what? Umm... Yeah, that's true as well!" Samuel stammered, remembering that he had indeed told this to the woman, just so she would be totally convinced that he was a girl.

"We can do that too!" Benito said, radiant. "Just sign here, please."

And so, Samuel did, hardly believing that was really happening. He felt a shiver as he signed 'Samantha Ellen Thomas'. It was too weird... Fortunately, he would soon be far from that city so it wouldn't matter at all...

"Just one last thing...." Benito said. "It's really, really strange, but it seems that there is an issue about your identity at the American Embassy too. But again, you don't need to worry about that! Since you're a scholarship student at the University of Milan, we'll send them copies of your 'real' documents."

"T-this isn't necessary!" Samuel said, desperate. What could happen if the American Embassy thought he was a girl? Would he be able to return to the United States as Samuel?

"That's okay, Miss Thomas! This isn't hard, at all, and Mrs. De Fiore could kill us if we don't solve this problem completely. Well, I think that's all. Have a nice day, ladies!"

"Good morning, Samuel. It's nice to see you again," said Dr. Bellini. Samuel and the girls were finally back to her office. "Wow, I have to say that you look quite different, my dear!"

"I know, doctor," Samuel said, embarrassed. "Hmm... Do you have the results of my exams?"

"Yes, I do. But before we discuss this, would you mind explaining to me what's going on? Did you decide to live like a girl? Is that what you want now?"

"W-what? No! I mean... Yes, I've been pretending to be a girl, but it's not because I want it!"

Samuel then briefly explained what had happened. Now that the university and his embassy were sure he was a girl, he had no choice but to keep the charade, at least for now.

"I'm sorry to hear about that, my dear," Dr. Bellini said. "Anyway, yes, I have your exam results. As I suspected, there is a big hormonal imbalance in your body, with an unusual concentration of female hormones."

"C-can you solve it?" Samuel asked, distressed.

"Of course I can! However, due to your current situation..."

"What are you talking about, Dr. Bellini?"

"Well, from what I understand, you'll have to live as a girl for the next few months, isn't that correct? In this case, I don't know if this treatment would be good for you, because you would look less feminine, so to speak, and people might discover your true gender. You don't want it, do you?"

"Of course not! But then... Are you suggesting that I do nothing about my hormonal issue?"

"Not exactly... Maybe we can do something to help you in your disguise..."

"What do you mean?"

"Instead of male hormones, I could inject female ones into your body."



"What?! Why would you do that, doctor?"

"Just think, Samuel... or should I say, Samantha? An even greater concentration of female hormones would make you look even more feminine, so you wouldn't have to worry about being uncovered. This way you could avoid huge legal complications."

"But wouldn't that be dangerous?"

"As long as you follow my recommendations to the letter, this is totally safe. Then, when you can be a man again, we would do the reverse treatment, and before long you would look normal again. All of your female secondary sex characteristics would disappear. I assure you that."

"I see, doctor... But I don't know..."

\* \* \*

"Samantha, aren't you ready yet?" Mia asked, knocking at the feminized guy's bedroom door. "We're going to be late for college!"

"Just a minute!" Samuel cried out, with his eyes fixed on the mirror. He was wearing only a pair of black lace panties, and once again he got stunned seeing how fast his body was changing.

Just a month taking female hormones, and now he arguably had boobs. They were small, sure, but it didn't change the fact that they were boobs. The area was very sensitive and sore too, and his areolas and nipples were way bigger.

And it wasn't all, oh no! He also noticed that his skin was softer, his waist smaller, his hips and butt bigger, and his legs looked more elegant and feminine. Finally, he had no doubt that his dick and balls were smaller now, and he was completely unable to get hard.

Dr. Bellini explained to him that all this was expected, but he didn't need to worry because his body would return to normal when he stopped taking hormones. Still, Samuel was very apprehensive about everything that was going on, and he had been crying a lot. Was that due to the hormones as well? He wasn't sure, but he was definitely being controlled by his emotions these days...



"... and here we have a classy dress for summer," Mia explained while Samuel paraded around. "As you can see, it's very chic, but not extravagant - just perfect for a casual event. Besides that..."

After a whole month doing that, being a model was no longer so hard for the feminized man - and he wasn't sure if that was a bad or good thing. Now Samuel could cross the walkway confidently and gracefully, no matter how high were the shoes he was wearing.

However, now he wasn't just a model, oh no! Now Samuel was also a fashion design student, and it was being a terrible experience. He had to attend classes such as fashion history, modeling techniques, and confection, and since he had no knowledge of fashion, he had to study a lot to keep up with the other students.

Even when he was at home, he had no choice but to keep reading books and magazines about fashion, pretty much all the time. He couldn't believe it was happening! He should be studying to be an architect, and not learning about dresses, skirts, shoes, and purses...

The only good news was that all of his classmates were girls or gay men, so he didn't have to worry about male attention during classes. Since that traumatic night at the nightclub, Samuel had refused to go out with the girls again. Just remembering what had happened made him feel sick... But would he be able to avoid issues with guys until the end of the semester?



At the end of the catwalk, as usual, Samuel posed for long minutes while some students photographed him, and Mia and Greta continued to explain the concept of the outfit.

During all this time, Ms. De Fiore kept her eyes fixed on the feminized man. "Not bad, girls," she said to Mia and Greta. I can definitely see some improvement in your work, although it isn't anything extraordinary. And obviously, your model helps so much... You really have a lot of potential, Samantha, my dear."

"Umm... Thanks, Ma'am," Samuel said, looking down. The obsession of that woman about him freaked him out. Could the feminized guy be that good as a model? Why did she like him so much, when it was clear she didn't seem particularly impressed by anyone else?

"You're welcome, girl," the teacher continued. "But you know what... You already look very beautiful, of course, but I think you could look even better after a makeover. I know a fabulous salon... The girls there really know what they're doing. If you don't mind, I can schedule an appointment for you."

"W-what? T-thank you very much, Ms. De Fiore, but I don't want to bother you!"

"Oh, that wouldn't be a bother, at all, my dear. Just wait! You're going to love how you'll look when you leave that place!"



"Nice to meet you, Samantha! We're very glad you're here. I'm Giovanna, by the way. Ms. De Fiore spoke very highly of you!" said one of the salon's hairdressers when Patrick arrived at the place.

As usual, the feminized guy felt very intimidated by being in a salon. This time, however, it was even worse since Mia and Greta weren't with him because they needed to finish a dress that afternoon. That was the first time he went out by himself as a girl.

He then sat down in a hairdresser's chair while Giovanna studied his appearance closely. "You know, you look cute with short hair," she started saying, "But I think you can look way better with a new look. You're a model, aren't you?"

"Y-yes," Samuel stammered.

"So I think you need something glamorous!"

"A-are you sure? Maybe we could just..."

"Of course I'm sure, honey! Don't you trust Ms. De Fiore? She sent you to me because she knows what I can do. Modesty aside, you will look stunning when I'm done with you!"

Samuel was so nervous that he didn't argue. He submissively accepted what was about to happen, telling himself that in the worst-case scenario he would just need to shave his head when he was a man again.

Without wasting time, Giovanna started working, washing, and dyeing the feminized guy's hair. After that, Samuel felt something being attached to his head.

"What is that?" he asked.

"Hair extensions. The best available. No one will be able to say that this isn't your real hair!"

Samuel swallowed hard. Pretty soon he would have long hair! How those people would expect him to get used to having long hair?



When Giovanna finally finished her work, Samuel realized how heavy his hair was, and he could also feel it brushing his shoulders and back, which was very annoying.

But the worst of it was yet to come. When he looked at the mirror, his jaw dropped. He not only had long hair, but it was also platinum blonde, almost white! Under the strong light of the salon, it shone like the sun.



Giovanna wasn't lying when she said that Samuel's hair would look glamorous. It was voluminous and slightly wavy, and it definitely made him look very different.

"So, what do you think?" the hairdresser asked.

"Oh, thank you so much! I love it!" Samuel lied.

"I'm glad to hear that, honey! Obviously, your new hair will require a lot of care, but this is a small price to pay for beauty. I'll tell you everything while the other girls do your manicure and makeup..."

Giovanna then walked away for a moment to pick up some stuff while the other girls approached.

"Oh, I love your haircut! Isn't Giovanna amazing?" said the makeup artist. "And you have a very beautiful face, too!"

"Thanks!"

"But if you don't mind me saying so, I think you would look even prettier if your lips looked a little bigger and plumper... yeah... I can see that... I'd help you in this regard if you want to."

"Umm... Okay," Samuel said, thinking she was talking about lipstick. He knew lipstick could make someone's lips look bigger, after all.

"Fantastic! I promise you won't regret it!"

Giovanna then returned and started telling Samuel about all the products he would need to use in his hair from now on. He was so distracted by that that he only realized that something very, very wrong was going on when he felt a sting in his lips.

He tried to ask what that was, but the makeup artist stopped him. "Don't talk now, darling! The needle is inside your lips. It won't take long, I promise!"

"Oh, so she decided to have some lip filling?" Giovanna asked, excited. "That's Great!"

Samuel's eyes widened. Lip filling?! What did that mean? He had thought the girl would just put lipstick on his lips!

"Okay, your face is done!" the makeup artist said, twenty minutes later. "You can look now."

For the second time that day, Samuel was shocked to see his reflection. His lips were huge! And with his makeup and new hairstyle, he had to admit that he looked sexy... a sexy woman! The only thing minimally manly on his face was his jaw. However, it was hard to pay attention to it with those lips around. They looked so seductive and tempting... Samuel just hoped that the procedure wasn't permanent!



"C'mon, girls, I can't go out like this!" Samuel complained, although it was difficult to understand what he was saying. His lips were still numb after the lip filling.

"Why not, Samantha?" Mia said. "You look fantastic!"

"That's true!" Greta agreed. "Oh, girl, you are such a hottie now! I still can't believe how great you look after your makeover... And wearing this dress... wow, I can't take my eyes off you! Just imagine how men will react!"

"That's the problem!" Samuel whined. "I don't want to be the center of attention!"

"Well, you have no choice," Mia said. "You're a model, after all. You need to get used to the spotlight. Now, before we go, make some poses so I can shoot you!"

"W-what? Why?"

"Again, because you're a model! We just finished this dress and we need a good picture of it!"

Without choice, Samuel then made several sexy poses - as the girls were directing him to do - which made him feel extremely embarrassed.

"Amazing!" Greta exclaimed. "No let's go or we'll be late!" she added, dragging Samuel out of the apartment...



Earlier that day, when Samuel arrived home after leaving the beauty salon, the girls praised him excitedly, saying how stunning he looked. Then, they informed him that they were going out that night.

"No way!" the feminized guy said. "I told you girls already! Nightclubs are out of the question!"

"We're not going to a club, silly," Mia said. "Ms. De Fiore called us earlier and said she's hosting a small party at her house tonight, and she insists on our presence. Well, in fact, we know she only invited Greta and me because of you, but we're not complaining."

"Why does she want me there?"

"How can I know? But we can't let her down, right? She's our teacher and you know she can turn our lives into hell. Don't look so sad, though, sweetie. You're going to love the dress we made for you today. We didn't expect you to wear it so soon, but it will be perfect! The dress definitely suits your new look..."

Once Samuel was fully dressed (besides the dress, he was wearing black lace push-up bra and a matching thong, and 4-inch black heels), he sat at his vanity to do his makeup. After so much training, now he was able to do it like a pro.

The girls told him that for that night he needed a dramatic look, with smokey eyes and red lipstick. At first, the feminized guy thought of ignoring the *girls' suggestions* and doing something more discreet. However, he knew this would be a futile effort - Mia and Greta would simply say that wasn't good enough, and he would have to start it all over again.

He then did it as he had been told to do. Foundation, eyeshadow, mascara, eyeliner, blush, lipstick, lip gloss... Samuel felt even more emasculated doing his makeup himself. It was as if he had simply given up his masculinity. And why did he have to be so good at it? But the worse, at least from his point of view, was his final look. He looked so feminine and hot! His makeup was flawless, and his huge lips looked even bigger with red lipstick and wet lip gloss. Those lips were so sensual... They were just begging to be kissed, and perhaps even something else...



"Which guy wouldn't love to have his dick sucked by these lips?" Samuel wondered pouting, and then shortly afterward he got horrified. "What the hell am I thinking? I'd never... ever... God, I don't know what's wrong with me! I must have thought that just because this feminine creature I see in the mirror looks so sexy. I'd like someone like her sucked my dick. That's all... isn't it?"

Then, while he was trying to push all that mess out of his mind, he heard his cellphone ringing. His new ringtone was a girly song from Rihanna. It had been chosen by Mia, who said that this would make Samuel's disguise even more believable. The feminized guy could see her logic, but it didn't mean he liked to hear that every time his phone was ringing. It was like everything in his life, even the smallest details, screamed "girl". He felt there was nothing left of his old self, which was very scary.

He then looked at the screen and saw who was calling him. "Oh really?" he sighed. "Did you really have to call me now? What should I do? What should I do?" he wondered, distressed...

"H-hello," the feminized man answered the phone in a weak voice.

"Umm... Hi! I'd like to talk to Samuel. Is this his phone?"

"Francesca, this is me!"

"Samuel?!" his girlfriend exclaimed, confused. "Your voice sounds different. Is everything okay?"

Samuel's eyes widened. Talking like a female had become something so natural for him that he had just spoken to his girlfriend using his girly voice without even realizing it!

"Umm... Year, I'm fine," he said, now trying to use his old voice, but for some reason, he sounded like a silly girl trying to emulate a man. "I just got a cold, that's all," he lied. "This is why my voice is a little weird. Nothing to worry about!"

"I see..." Francesca said, not so convinced. Her boyfriend's voice not only was higher than before, but his diction was very bad too as if he had something in his mouth. Obviously, she had no idea that this was happening because he had had his lips filled earlier that day and they were still numb. "So, how are you doing, honey? Are Mia and Greta still driving you crazy?"

"Oh, no! Now we're... umm... getting along much better, you know... They aren't that bad!"

"That's good to know... And do you know what's even better? I think we'll be able to solve our family issues here sooner than I expected. There is a possibility that pretty soon I'll be back in Milan..."

"No!" Samuel cried out, shrilly. Just the thought of his girlfriend seeing him as he looked now was too disturbing to the poor guy.

"What?! Don't you want me to come back? What's going on, Samuel? Is it really you? You're acting so weird!"

"Of course I want you to come back, babe! I'm dying to see you again. It's just that... well... I don't want you to hurry because of me. Your family must be your priority now!"

"Oh, how sweet!" Francesca said, although she was still feeling that there was something wrong. "Well, things are much better here now, and soon everything will be fine. And you know... I even talked to my folks about you. They can hardly wait to meet you!"



Samuel looked at the mirror and swallowed hard. The *stunning girl* who looked back at him definitely couldn't be anyone's *boyfriend*. She looked more like the hot girlfriend of some handsome man. How would Francesca's parents react if they discovered that their daughter was dating a "*so-called guy*" who was pretending to be a sexy female model?

"T-that's great, babe," he said. "I'm also eager to..."

Just then the door of Samuel's room suddenly opened, and Mia came in. "Why are you taking so long, Samantha? We're going to be late!"

Samuel got so frightened that he even jumped a little.

"I... I gotta go, babe! Sorry!" he told his girlfriend.

"Who is there with you?"

"Oh, this is just Mia!"

"Did she call you Samantha?"

"Samantha?! No, of course not! She called me Samuel, obviously! But... Umm... I really need to go now... I've some modeling stuff to do... But as I was saying, please do not rush because of me... Take your time to support your family... Love you!"

He then hung up the phone, realizing that he was more screwed than ever...

\* \* \*

"Wow, now this is a big house!" Samuel exclaimed when he and the girls arrived at their destination. Ms. De Fiore lived in a beautiful mansion located in an upscale district. Next to a sumptuous garden, there was a large patio where several luxury cars were parked. Samuel thought there was no way that event was just a small party as the girls had said, and this realization made him even more nervous.

As soon as they stepped inside the stunning house, Ms. De Fiore approached, smiling.

"Samantha, my darling, I'm glad you could come! And don't you look amazing tonight? I told you the girls at that salon know how to do their job!"

"Yeah, Ma'am! They are amazing. I love my new look!" he lied.

"I'm so happy to hear that. Oh, and I'm glad to see you two as well, girls," she said to Mia and Greta, although she didn't seem so excited. "Please, be at ease, all of you. I hope you enjoy the night," and saying so, she moved away.

Samuel and the girls then started walking around, and he kept wondering why he had been invited to that party.

"Oh my gosh, I can't believe it!" Mia said. "It seems that everyone who is relevant in the Italian fashion industry is here! Stylists, agents, models... everyone!"

"I know, right?" Greta said. "Well, Ms. De Fiore isn't just a teacher. She has worked in the industry all her life, and she is very influential."

Hearing all this, Samuel felt an urge to run out of that house. He couldn't believe he was surrounded by those people dressed that way. Back in America, when he was just a nerd guy, he would have laughed if someone had told him that pretty soon he would be in a fancy party wearing a short red dress and heels, with his hair bleached and his face perfectly made-up.

Maybe it was just because of his nervousness, but he had the feeling everyone was staring at him. Some men were clearly lusting after him, while a lot of stunning women, probably models, were checking out his hair and outfit closely.

In the past, before he met Francesca, Samuel would have given an arm to be able to draw so much attention from women... But under different circumstances, of course! That night, he was just another girl...

"Good evening, Ma'am," said someone behind him, startling the feminized man. Turning around, he was it was just a waiter. "I'm sorry if I scared you," he said. "Would you like a glass of champagne?"

On the way to the party, Samuel had told himself he couldn't drink that night... Not even a drop! After the nightclub experience, he knew it was too dangerous. However, he just couldn't resist when he saw the champagne... He was so distressed... He just needed a glass to relax a bit, that was all... just a little glass...

He felt amazing when he tasted the drink. That was some really good stuff - the kind of drink he had never been able to afford.



Pretty soon, the first glass turned into a second, and then a third. He felt much more relaxed, and he kept telling himself that he was in control of everything. He was sure he was far away from being drunk or something.

Following Mia and Greta, he also was forced to interact with some people, but he pretty much just listened and giggled occasionally. Not even realizing that he was acting like some blonde bimbo girl.

At this point, all the looks he was getting were no longer bothering him. In fact, he kind of felt... good about it. As a bland guy, Samuel had never been the center of attention. Therefore, this new situation was thrilling for him.

"I guess I'm much more popular as a girl," he thought, giggling. "Well, is it so bad being a hot woman?"

He got shocked by that thought and realized that he had drunk enough. It was time to leave the party before something terrible happened. He was about to say that to Mia and Greta when he heard someone calling his female name.

"Samantha, honey, here you are!" said Ms. De Fiore. "I was looking for you all over the place!"

"Umm... Hi again, Ma'am!"

"Could you come with me for a moment, my dear? There is someone I want you to meet."

Samuel tried to think of some good excuse, but nothing came to his mind.

"S-sure, Ma'am," he was then forced to say.

"I promise this won't take long. This way, please."

The feminized man began to follow the older woman, wondering who was this mysterious person that Ms. De Fiore wanted to introduce to him...

Samuel followed Mrs. De Fiore through many corridors inside the mansion until the older woman finally stopped in front of a wide door.

"Let's get inside, my dear," Mrs. D Fiore said. "Don't be afraid. This is just my office."

The place was elegant and spacious, with antique furniture and classy paintings. However, Samuel only noticed all that later because the first thing that caught his eye when he walked into the office was the fact that someone was already there.

"Samantha, this is Marco Abano, a dear friend of mine. He was eager to finally meet you!"

"N-nice to meet you, sir," Samuel said, extending his delicate hand to the man.

Marco was in his early thirties. He was very tall and had a fit body. His hair was dark brown, and his face was very manly, with deep green eyes and an angular jaw. he was wearing a posh navy-blue suit.

"The pleasure is all mine, Miss Samantha," he said, kissing Samuel's hand to the surprise of the feminized man. "But please, you don't need to call me sir. I like to think that I still am a young man."

"Okay, sir! I mean... Marco! In this case, you can just call me Samantha, as well," Samuel said, smiling nervously and unconsciously batting her eyelashes.

"Oh, you two are great together!" Mrs. De Fiore said, in one of the rare moments when Samuel saw her smiling. "But remember you're not here to flirt with my beautiful pupil, Marco! At least not right now..."

"Umm... I still don't understand what's going on, Ma'am," Samuel said, desperately trying to change the subject, and also bothered by the fact and that Marco was still holding his hand.

"I'll explain in a minute, my darling. But first, let's drink something."

She then picked up a bottle of wine that looked very expensive. Marco approached immediately, helping her to open the bottle and then served three glasses.

"Thank you, Ma'am, but I think I've already drunk enough tonight," Samuel said.

"Don't be shy, my dear. Just one glass won't hurt you. And this wine is superb! You just have to try it!"

Without choice, Samuel sipped the drink, fearful, but he had to admit that the woman was right. The wine was truly wonderful.

"Now let's sit down a talk a little, shall we? Well, Samantha, Marco here is the owner of one of the country's most famous clothing brands, and he's about to launch a new collection. He told me that he was looking for a model with very specific characteristics for the collection, but he wasn't having any luck in his search. When he told me what he needed, I immediately thought of you. Then, I showed him some of your pictures... And let's say he got very excited about what he saw."



"That's absolutely true, Samantha," Marco said. "I can see that you're a very, very talented model! Also, you have the kind of mysterious and exotic beauty I'm looking for. I liked you so much that after seeing your photos I stooped my searches right away. You're the perfect girl for my collection, and I would like to make you a job offer!"

Samuel looked at Marco and Mrs. De Fiore completely astonished. Was that really happening? He was used to being a model in college, sure, but now this was completely different... Marco wanted him to be a professional model, and his face, his feminized face, would probably be known across the country! Was Samuel that good? He didn't know, but it didn't matter. There was no way he was going to take that job, of course. It was too much! But how was he going to say that to Mrs. De Fiore and Marco? He wondered, distressed...

"Marco," Samuel started, trying to sound as polite and sweet as possible. "I really appreciate your offer - really, I'm deeply flattered - but I can't accept it."

"Would you mind if I ask why not?"

Samuel took a large sip of wine before answering. "Umm... The thing is, I'm just an amateur model. I don't think I'm ready for such a huge opportunity, and I don't want to disappoint you later when you realize that."

Marco didn't say anything. Instead, he looked at Mrs. De Fiore, and the two began to smile... Soon, they were laughing.

"What? What's so funny?" Samuel asked, annoyed.

"I'll explain, my dear," Mrs. De Fiore said. "But let me fill your glass first," and so she did before the feminized guy could complain.

"Now pay attention to me," she continued. "Both me and Marco have a lot of experience in the fashion industry. At this point, we are rarely mistaken about someone's talent. You say that you're just an amateur model, but we can see in you a future top model. This is what's funny. You're completely clueless about that. Marco wouldn't want to work with you if he wasn't sure that you're so good! Oh, and have I mentioned that I want to be your agent?"

"M-my agent?! But..."

"Mrs. De Fiore is right, Samantha!" Marco said. "You're beautiful, sexy, feminine, and has the potential to be a big star!"

Hearing this, all that Samuel could do was to drink more wine. He was so nervous! That conversation definitely wasn't going as he had planned. Still, he couldn't deny he had loved to hear all those compliments. This was something he wasn't used to, and he realized it was kind of addictive... He definitely had to put an end to it before it was too late.

"I really appreciate everything you two are saying, but..."

"Just tell me something, my dear," Mrs. De Fiore interrupted him. "Deep down, do you want to try that? Do you want to be a famous model?"

"Y-yes?" Samuel said, knowing that he had to keep his disguise, and feeling even more trapped. "This is, like, my biggest dream! I'd love to be a famous model!" he stated, thinking that perhaps he had exaggerated a bit.

Also, he sounded so sincere that he himself got surprised by that supposed act...

"That's settled then!" Marco said triumphantly. "You just need a little more confidence, and we'll help you with that!" he added, smirking in a way that made Samuel shiver. "And obviously you'll be paid very well for your work. I'm willing to offer you \$200,000, and this is just an initial contract!" Samuel's eyes widened. "This is very generous, Marco, but still..."

"How about \$500,000?"

"Marco, I just think that..."

"Oh, you really are a difficult girl, aren't you? Let's say then... A million dollars, and this is my final offer!"

Samuel choked on his wine upon hearing that. A million dollars?! Was this man crazy? The feminized guy then drank all his wine at once, and without much thought, he said: "Okay, Marco, I accept your offer!"

"Fantastic! You see? I just don't take no for an answer," he said, blinking. "Let me get the contract then. I was so excited about you that I even brought one with me. I'll just have to change the values and some other details, but this will be quick..."

A million dollars... It was worth posing for a professional photo shoot, there was no doubt about that! With that money, Samuel could buy a good house or even set up his own architecture when he graduated from college...

He still couldn't understand how Marco could make such an offer... Maybe he was just a rich eccentric, willing to spend any amount to get what he wanted. The feminized guy just didn't care. He was so intoxicated by the expectation of making so much money - and also by the alcohol - to think deeply about it.

All this time, Marco was still talking, but Samuel was no longer paying attention - and he would regret it a lot in the future...

"... Of course, in face of the agreed amount, it won't be just about this collection... you'll have to be the model of my brand for a whole year... But I'm sure you're going to love that! This is your biggest dream, after all..." he then printed the papers and approached Samuel. "Just sign here, please. Tomorrow morning I'm going to validate the contract." And so, Samuel did, without even reading the document, and not realizing all the trouble he was getting into...



"What's wrong, Samantha? You look frightened," said Mia. She and Greta had just left a class and found Samuel wandering down a hallway, stunned.

"G-girls," the feminized the guy stammered. "I made a huge mistake and I'm completely screwed!"

"Calm down, honey," Greta said, hugging him. "Now tell us what's going on."

"Well, last night when we got home, we were all so tired and sleepy that I didn't have the opportunity to tell you girls what happened after Mrs. De Fiore asked me to follow her to meet someone..."

"That's right," Mia said. "And now that you mentioned it, I'm dying to know who this person was."

"Well, it was a man called Marco Abano."

"Wait a minute! Are you talking about *'the Marco Abano'*? The owner of one of the most important brands in the fashion industry?"

"Exactly. And he wanted me to be the model for his new collection... And Mrs. De Fiore also said that she wants to be my agent!"

"No way!" Greta exclaimed. "This is so amazing, Samantha!"

"Amazing? Are you kidding me? This is terrible!"

"Then I guess you refused his offer..."

"No, that's the problem. I accepted it."

"But you just said..."

"I know, I know... But I was so drunk, and he was so insistent... Oh, and there's also the fact that he offered me a million dollars."

"A million dollars?" Mia said. "For just a collection?"



"That's what I thought when I signed the contract. Can you believe he had a contract with him? However, this morning Mrs. De Fiore called me to her office to discuss the details of my first photo shoot. That was when I found out that I'll have to work for Marco Abano for a whole year! She said the man made it clear last night, although I don't remember, and it was even set out in the final version of the contract!"

"Haven't you read the document before you signed it?"

"No! As I said, I wasn't thinking straight... But what am I going to do now? I can't be a model and live as a girl for a whole year! How will I explain this to my girlfriend? Also... Mrs. De Fiore said that in my first photo shoot I'll be wearing swimsuits! I know how to hide my private parts using dresses, skirts, and even tight pants like this one, but I don't think this is going to work with a bikini! What if everybody finds out that I'm actually a guy during the photo shoot? This is a nightmare! I need to find a way to cancel that contract!"

"Samantha, you're getting hysterical again," Mia said. "You need to calm down, girl!"

"How can I calm down? Did you hear what I just said?"

"Let's focus on one problem at a time, okay? I don't think you'll be able to cancel this contract, at least for now. From what you said, it seems that Mr. Abano is very excited about you. Now that you've signed the document, he won't give up on you so easily."

"Besides that," Greta said, "I'm pretty sure you'll have to pay a huge fine if you fail to comply with the contract."



"What am I going to do then?" Samuel cried out, desperate.

"Like I said, one problem at a time..." Mia started. "We'll find some excuse to keep Francesca, your girlfriend, away for longer, so she won't see you as a girl. Then, we need to think of a way to hide your *little thing* so well that it won't be seen even when you're wearing a bikini."

"M-my what?!!" Samuel exclaimed, outraged.

"Focus, girl! We have a big problem to solve here!"

"Well, I think we'll need some professional help in this matter," Greta said. "Maybe a doctor?"

"Umm... That's actually a good idea..." Mia pondered. "I'm sure a plastic surgeon would be able to help us..."

"Wait a minute!" Samuel said. "Don't you think you're going too far? I don't want to have anything cut down there!"

"Don't be silly, Samantha. We're not talking about *this kind* of solution... The doctor could just use surgical glue or something! So now we need a plastic surgeon..."

"This is so, so insane... I don't know, girls..."

"What choice do you have? Would you rather show everyone that you are a pretty girl with *something extra* between your legs?"

"O-f course not..." Samuel shuddered at the thought. "Well, maybe I can see a doctor just to see what idea he has, but I'm not promising anything! And now that you're talking about it, I remembered that Alma, that hairdresser who works here at the university, gave me the business card of a plastic surgeon during my first makeover when she thought I was a girl. I think I still had it in my wallet," The feminized man then opened his pink purse and grabbed his wallet. "Yeah, it's here!"

"Dr. Segreti... Umm.... Good, I've heard good things about him... That's it then, Samantha! I'm going to make an appointment so you can see the plastic surgeon!"

"Well, well, well, may I ask why you want to consult with a plastic surgeon, my darling?" someone asked behind them, making Samuel and the girls jump a little. They were so absorbed that they didn't realize that someone was approaching. When Samuel turned around, his heart missed a beat.



"Mrs. De Fiore?!!"

"So, honey, tell me. Why do you want to see a plastic surgeon?"

"T-that's nothing important, Mrs. De Fiore..." Samuel said, distressed.

"Nothing important? Did you forget that I'm your agent now? Everything related to your body is *very important* to me."

"B-but it was just a silly idea that crossed my mind. I'm not even sure I really want to do that."

"Well, but what were you thinking of changing in your appearance?"

Not knowing what to say, Samuel looked at Greta and Mia with pleading eyes for help.

"Umm... Samantha never liked the way that jaw looks!" Mia improvised, thinking of the part of Samuel's face that looked less feminine. "She thinks this is too angular and she has always hated it."

"Yeah..." Greta agreed, thinking she should also say something to make the story more believable. "Besides that... Umm... She feels very embarrassed because her breasts are too small! She would love to make them bigger!"

Samuel looked at Greta outraged, but he knew he couldn't complain since Mrs. De Fiore was there.

"I see..." Mrs. De Fiore said and then began to examine Samuel's face and body closely. "You're right, Samantha, my dear. You could look even more beautiful with those small changes. And I'm happy to see that you're so keen to look at your best to start your career as a model. Let me see that business card... So, you are planning to consult with Dr. Segreti. That's a wonderful choice. I know him very well. This is decided then."

"W-what is decided, Ma'am?"

"Isn't it obvious? You'll get those procedures done! I'll call Dr. Segreti personally and tell him that you're going to his office... let's say... is this afternoon good for you?"

"This afternoon?!! But Mrs. De Fiore, as I said, I'm not even sure that I really want to do that!"

"Don't be silly, my dear. I heard how excited you sounded when you showed the doctor's card to your friends! And I don't want you to feel ashamed of any part of your body. To be a good model, you need to feel like the most beautiful and feminine woman in the world, after all..."

Feeling extremely nervous, Samuel entered the doctor's office following the helpful and smiling secretary.

"Dr. Segreti, your patient is here," she said, announcing Samuel's presence.

"Oh, that's great! Nice to meet you, Miss Thomas. Please, take a seat!"

"N-nice to meet you too, doctor!" Samuel said, straightening his dress and sitting down gently, like a perfect lady.

"So, you're working for Mrs. De Fiore," Dr. Segreti started after the secretary left the office. "She's an old friend of mine, and she sounded very excited about you! If I remember her words on the phone correctly, she said that you're going to be a star and that she would kill me if I did something that could harm your appearance!" he laughed, and Samuel felt compelled to do the same, covering her mouth gracefully with her manicured hands.

"Yes, Mrs. De Fiore has been very kind to me," Samuel said.

"Well, if I may say so, this is something new! People generally don't consider her kind if you know what I mean. At least the people who work with her. You must be really special... So, I heard that you're thinking about having some work done on your jaw and breasts. Is that correct?"

"Actually..." Samuel took a deep breath, preparing himself for what he needed to say next. He had rehearsed that speech with Mia and Greta several times. That would be difficult, but he knew he had no choice. "The main reason why I'm here isn't because of my jaw and breasts. There's something about me that very few people know, and Mrs. De Fiore is not one of them... And I would like to keep it a secret."

"Whatever that is, you can tell me, Miss Thomas. The doctor-patient relationship prevents me from telling anyone what we discuss here."



"I'm relieved to hear that, Dr. Segreti - very relieved. You see... the thing is... I... I'm transgender!"



"A transgender?! God, I would never have guessed!" the doctor exclaimed. "I'm sorry about that, Miss. It's just that you look so feminine..."

"Umm... That's okay, Dr. Segreti. Thank you," Samuel said, feeling even more emasculated after hearing that. "As I said, I'd like to keep this a secret."

"Don't worry! No one will hear about this from me. But if you want my advice, I think you shouldn't hide something like that from Mrs. De Fiore. If she finds out about it somehow..."

"I know, doctor! I'll tell her! But... Umm... I'm not ready yet."

"Well, that's your call, of course."

"The problem is that I have a photo shoot coming up, and I'll have to wear bikinis... So I need... Umm... I need to find an effective way to hide my genitals," Samuel said, blushing furiously. He had to fight the urge to run out of there immediately. "Some friends said that maybe a plastic surgeon could help me. Perhaps using surgical glue or something..."

"Maybe..." the doctor said, scratching his chin. "What method have you been using so far? I mean, to hide your private parts."

"I... I've been tucking it between my legs," Samuel confessed, looking down.

"That's okay, Miss Thomas. You don't need to feel embarrassed. I'm a doctor, remember? Now, could you take off your clothes, please?"

"T-take off my clothes?"

"Of course, Miss. To know if I can help you in this regard, I need to examine your body, after all."

Feeling embarrassed, Samuel got naked as Dr. Segreti had requested. The doctor then put on a pair of latex gloves and approached.

"I see that you are already undergoing hormonal treatment," he said. "You're developing female secondary sex characteristics, and the size of your penis and scrotum seems greatly reduced."

For the past few weeks, Samuel had been so distracted by everything that was going on that he had forgotten to check his own body. But now that the doctor had mentioned it, he could see that the man was right. His penis looked ridiculously small, almost like a child's one.

As if that were possible, that realization made him feel even less like a man. Even if he were able to get hard, how could he satisfy his girlfriend with a dick that size? Dr. Bellini, the doctor who was prescribing him female hormones, had said that his body would return to normal when he stopped the treatment. He hoped that this would also include his private parts!

Dr. Segreti then began to feel Samuel's cock and the balls, making the feminized man grind his teeth in discomfort.

The doctor thought that his patient's genitalia couldn't be in such a reduced size just because of the hormones. The fact that *Samantha* had been tucking *her* penis for so long was certainly helping to atrophy it, and this situation would get even worse if he actually used surgical glue to hide *her* male parts. Thank God *she* was a transgender woman! At that point, Dr. Segreti thought that condition was irreversible. He doubted *her* penis would ever be functional again.

"Okay, Miss Thomas, good news! I believe I can do the procedure you want."

"Oh, that's wonderful! Thank you very much, Dr. Segreti!"



"I can even use some skin of your scrotum to make it looks like you truly have a vagina. But this won't be functional, of course! I bet you can hardly wait for your real sex reassignment surgery!"

"S-sex reassignment surgery?!!"

"Yes, I'm sure the doctor who's helping you in your transition has already discussed this issue with you."

"Umm... Sure! Yeah, I can't... can't wait for that..." Samuel hated to say it, but what choice did he have? He had to convince Dr. Segreti that he really was a transgender woman. "B-but Sr. Bellini said this can't happen anytime soon!" he added before Dr. Segreti started having weird ideas.

"I see... This isn't my area of expertise, of course, but I can tell you that your penis is so small now that it won't be possible to build a vaginal canal from it. There are other methods, fortunately. I can refer you to a specialist if you want to..."

"Umm... O-okay... Thanks, doctor," Samuel said, once again unable to think straight after hearing one more time how tiny his dick looked.

"Now let's discuss the other procedures you are interested in..."

"T-the other procedures?" Samuel stammered. "Umm... Actually, doctor, I don't know if this is the right time to talk about them. I mean, I really want to change some things about my body, so I can... Hmm... look more feminine...But..."

"What's the problem, Miss Thomas?"

"Well, as you know, I'm just a student. I haven't started working as a professional model yet, so right now I have very little money. Besides, I have to attend college every day, so I wouldn't have time to recover from the surgery. Thus, I think it's best to discuss this issue at the end of the semester," the feminized guy finished, proud of himself. After so much rehearsal, he had been able to say that perfectly. He knew his excuse was perfect...

"I fully understand you," Dr. Segreti started. "But tell me something. Are you absolutely sure that you want to undergo those surgical procedures?"

Samuel got nervous again. Was the doctor suspicious of something? He needed to be even more emphatic... If Dr. Segreti found out that he was lying it could get very bad...

"Of course, doctor! This... This is my biggest dream! Since I was young I wanted to be a girl, and I hated it when puberty made my body masculine... Now that I'm having the chance to be who I've always been deep down, I want to look as feminine as possible. I'm so looking forward to the end of the semester... After those procedures, I'm sure I won't feel ashamed of my body anymore..."

"I see. This was very beautiful, Miss Thomas. So, I assume that if time and money weren't a problem you would be willing to undergo the surgeries right now..."

"O-of course, Dr. Segreti. So sad it isn't possible..."

"That's true. But since you're already here, I think we should discuss the procedures right away, so you can have an idea of what's going to happen. What do you think?"

"Umm... Sure, doctor! That would be great!" Samuel said, although what he really wanted was to get out of there as quickly as possible.

Dr. Segreti then began to touch his torso, and soon his hands made contact with Samuel's small boobs. The doctor squeezed them gently, and the feminized man let out a soft moan - unlike his tiny cock, his boobs were now very sensitive to touch.

"Given your body structure, I think D-cup breasts would be your best choice. I'm sure they would look very natural. Unless you want something bigger, of course..."

"No, doctor!" Samuel gasped. "D-cups would be perfect!"

"Good. But since you are under hormonal treatment, your breasts will still grow a little more naturally, so I would start with C-cups implants."

"Sounds nice..." Samuel said through gritted teeth, as the other man continued to grope his boobs. His nipples were so hard now that it was almost painful. He was hating that experience, but he had no choice but to stand still while Dr. Segreti did his job. The fact that his body was reacting that way when touched by a man was very embarrassing to him.



"Now about your jawline..."

Dr. Segreti continued to speak for a long time, not only about Samuel's jaw but also suggesting other improvements to him. The feminized man was feeling so troubled that he couldn't concentrate on any of that. He just agreed with what the doctor was saying from time to time. That didn't matter, after all. It wasn't like he would actually return at the end of the semester to have his body drastically changed.

"Okay, I think that's all. Now we can start the procedure to hide your male parts."

"What? Right now?"

"Sure! It won't take long, and I have some free time. I just need you to sign some papers before... Just bureaucracy, you know..."

\* \* \*

Samuel awoke suddenly, feeling his whole body aching as if he had been hit by a truck. He thought that was very strange. Dr. Segreti was supposed to work only on Samuel's groin, after all.

The feminized guy was lying on a bed in what appeared to be a hospital room, but he had no idea how he had gotten there. The last thing he remembered was being in Dr. Segreti's operating room. The doctor then gave him what he called a *mild anesthetic*, and soon Samuel lost consciousness.

He had the feeling that he had been asleep for a very long time, maybe hours, which was strange too. A simple procedure to hide his penis between his legs shouldn't be so time-consuming, right?

Still confused, he tried to get up, but he felt something heavy on his chest. Looking down his body, he let out a moan of dread.

"What the hell is going on?" He wondered.

The only thing he could see were two big mounds on his chest covered by a hospital gown. Samuel touched them slowly as if they could bite him, and then he felt a sense of fear rising in his heart.

"No, no, this can't be happening! It must be a bad dream!" he cried out.

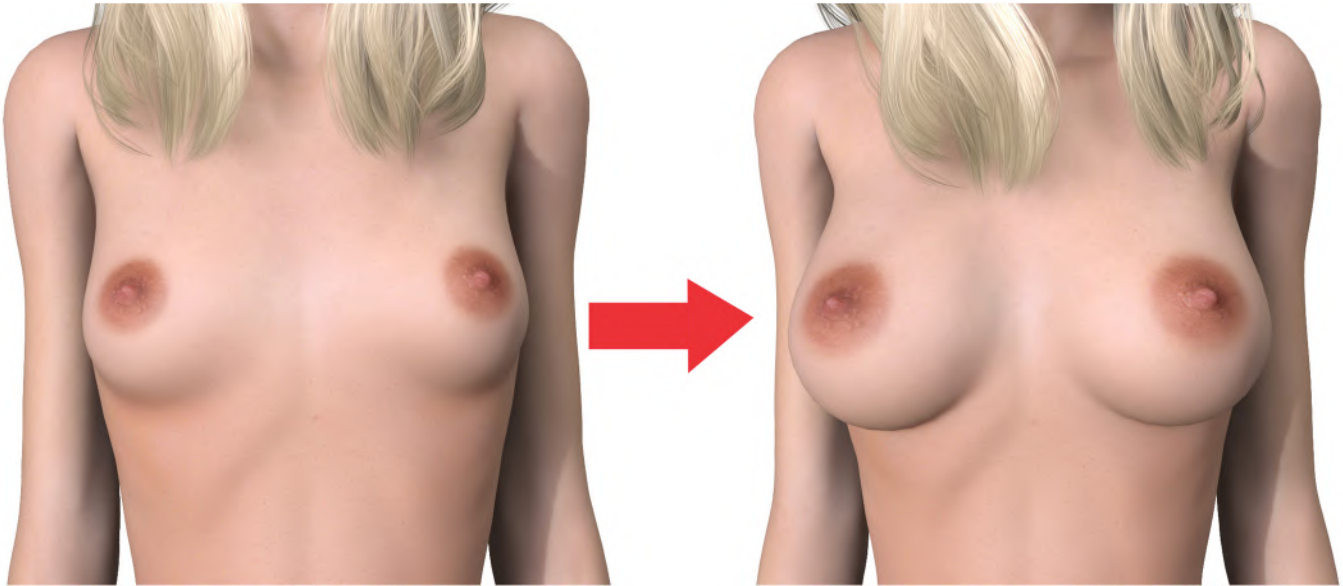
He finally managed to sit on the bed, still uncomfortable with the extra weight on his chest, and then he lowered the hospital gown behind his shoulders. He saw that he was wearing a big sports bra.

After so many months wearing bras, Samuel now knew how to take them off without any difficulty. At that moment, however, his hands were shaking so hard that it wasn't so simple. When he finally was able to do that, he had the shock of his life.

"Boobs, I have boobs!" he exclaimed stridently.



That was true. If before he had only small bumps on his chest, now he was the "*proud owner*," of a grown pair of breasts.



Without the bra, they seemed even heavier, and Samuel felt that he was about to freak out. He began to breathe faster and faster, watching those big breasts rise and fall every second.

He finally had the courage to touch them again and noticed that they were bigger than his hands. He tried to convince himself that they should be just breast forms or something, but deep down he knew he was lying to himself. He could feel every bit of the breasts, after all. There was no doubt that they were part of his body, just like his arms and legs.

"My boobs... They are my boobs," he said, realizing how strange this idea seemed. How could that have happened? He had gone to that clinic just wanting to hide his cock and balls, and now he had boobs!

Then, a scary idea crossed his mind... What if Dr. Segreti had performed other procedures to further feminize his body?

Samuel discovered that there was a bathroom attached to his room. He went there, with his boobs bouncing annoyingly at every step. Then, he saw a mirror that he could use to check his body.

"Oh my god!" he cried out after he got undressed.

His worst fears had become true. His whole body had been drastically modified, and now it looked completely feminine. Not only that... Samuel - or Samantha - looked very, very hot.



His waist was much smaller now and his hips were larger, giving his body a perfect hourglass shape. His butt was bigger, too, and round - the kind of butt that catches the attention of every man when a woman is passing by.

Samuel then realized that Dr. Segreti had also done something with his neck. It looked slender and elegant, and his little Adam's was completely gone. Then, he looked at his new boobs again. From that angle, they looked even more impressive. Samuel wondered if he'd ever seen a pair of breasts more beautiful than those ones, and once again he had a hard time dealing with the fact that those were *his* *boobs*.



Finally, his eyes moved to the middle of his legs. Horrified, he saw what appeared to be a pussy. But it couldn't be, right? Dr. Segreti couldn't have gone so far... He desperately hoped so!

He then touched himself down there and got immensely relieved realizing that it didn't feel like a pussy, at all. In fact, coming closer to the mirror, he could see the outline of his scrotum, which had been folded in a way to hide his dick and create something that looked like vaginal lips from a distance. Putting a finger inside the fake crack, Samuel could even feel the tip of his tiny dick.

"Thank god my cock is safe..." he sighed.

But his relief didn't last long. When his attention turned to his face, he noticed that things had changed there too...



"Gosh, I can't believe it!" Samuel said, touching his new face.



The first thing he noticed was that his lips were even bigger than before, which he once thought was impossible. They looked so sexy... Samuel would have loved to kiss lips like those when he was still an ordinary guy. He felt a shiver as he imagined how they would look with red wet lipstick. To his despair, the feminized guy was sure he would draw even more male attention now...

Next, he saw that his nose looked thinner and delicate, and his eyes were somehow a little bigger. The shape of his face looked very different, too. His jawline and chin were much smaller now, and his cheekbones seemed higher and more pronounced.

In short, any minimally male trait had been completely ripped off from his face. Even without any makeup, he looked completely feminine and pretty.

Still looking in the mirror, he tried to recognize any vestige of the face he used to have before all that madness started, but that was an effort in vain - The guy he used to be just wasn't there anymore.

He desperately hoped that all those changes were reversible. But what if that wasn't the case? Would he be forced to look like a woman forever? How would he be able to live as a male looking like that?

"Oh, it seems like my favorite patient is finally awake!" Samuel heard a voice coming from her room saying. "Is everything okay, Miss Thomas?"

It clearly was Dr. Segreti. Samuel thought that was good. He really wanted to have a serious talk with the doctor to understand what was going on. It was time to know the truth...

"Ok, Samantha dear, we're done here. What do you think about your new hairstyle and makeup?"

Looking at the mirror, Samuel once again had a shock at seeing his reflection. His transformation was unbelievable. He looked so hot... Thanks to Dr. Segreti, now he really had the face of a top model!



"Oh, I love how I look, Irene," he said to the hairdresser, one of the people who were helping him get ready for the photo shoot. "I look so glamorous! It's amazing!"

The truth was that Samuel didn't like anything of what he was seeing, but he had to stay in character. All those people believed he was a girly woman who dreamed of being a famous model, after all. He even smiled looking at the mirror, despite the fact that deep down he was freaking out.

Still examining his own face, he remembered his misadventures at Dr. Segreti's clinic. He had done this several times in the last month, always trying to think about what he could have done differently to prevent his appearance to be so drastically altered. This was a futile effort now, of course, but he just couldn't help it...



\* \* \*

"Dr. Segreti! W-what happened?!" Samuel said when he saw the doctor for the first time after his surgical procedures. "I thought you were just going to hide my male parts today!"

"Well, aren't you happy with your new look? Isn't that what you truly wanted?"

"Y-yes," Samuel lied. "But..."

"You told me the only factors that forced you to postpone your aesthetic procedures were time and money. Fortunately, those problems could be easily remedied."

"I... I don't understand."

"When Mrs. De Fiore called me talking about you, she made it clear that she wanted me to perform whatever procedure you wished, as long as it would make you look prettier. She said money wasn't a problem."

"Are you telling me she paid for all this?"

"Well, I think she considered it as an investment ... She is your agent now, isn't she? I'm sure she expects to recover those expenses by arranging lots of jobs as a model for you."

Samuel swallowed hard, realizing his critical situation. Now he was in debt to Mrs. De Fiore... There was no way he could return to being a man in the near future!

"B-but how could you perform all those procedures in just one day? And my body already seems completely recovered! How is that even possible?"

"One day? Oh no, my dear. You've been kept unconscious for a week."

"A week?!!"

"Yes. That way you were able to recover faster, so you wouldn't be forced to miss so many classes in college. Just yesterday I took off your bandages and I was happy to see that all swelling was already gone... Isn't it great?"

"O-of course, doctor..." Samuel said, feeling his body numb. He was completely screwed!

"Oh, and your lovely friends... Mia and Greta, isn't it? They stayed by your bed most of the time while you were unconscious. I believe they had to go to college this morning so that's why they're not here now."

"Yeah, they really are 'great' friends..." Samuel wondered what the girls were thinking about all that. He hoped they were also thinking of a plan to get him out of that situation. It was they who had persuaded him to go to Dr. Segreti's office, after all!

"Now if you don't mind, I'd like you to take off your robe so I can make sure that your body is really okay, and also explain to you everything that's been done. It won't take long, I promise..."

"F-fine, doctor," Samuel shuddered at the prospect of being naked in front of a man once again...

\* \* \*

"Oh, my, don't you look *fabulous!*" said Mrs. De Fiore, entering the dressing room. "Is her makeup done?"

"Yes, Ma'am," said Irene. "Our new star is ready to shine!"

"Good. Could you leave us alone for a moment? I would like to have a word with her before the photo shoot."

"Of course, Mrs. De Fiore! If you need me, I'll wait outside."

"So, how are you feeling, my dear?"

"I... I'm too nervous, Ma'am," Samuel said, trembling from head to toe. "I... I'm not sure I can do that!"

"Don't be silly, Samantha. It's normal to feel nervous at a time like this. But you look fantastic, and you're a very talented model. Just keep that in mind and you'll be fine, okay? And also remember that you're fulfilling your greatest dream... isn't that true?"

"O-of course, Mrs. De Fiore!" Samuel lied.

"Great. Let's go then. Everybody is just waiting for you to get it started."

Wearing a delicate white silk robe, Samuel followed Mrs. Fiore out of the dressing room with his sky-high heels clicking along the way.

They were in a large mansion, and the photo shoot would be held in the outside area of the property, next to a huge pool. Upon arriving there, Samuel saw about twenty people, among the photographer, assistants, makeup artists, hairdressers, and fashion stylists.

He felt even more nervous at the thought that he would have to get half-naked in front of so many people, but he knew that he had no choice now. Greta and Mia were there too, and they smiled at Samuel, trying to encourage him.

The girls had got very shocked at what had happened to him at the clinic and had promised that they would help him recover his old body. They said they would even pay for his future surgeries if that was necessary. However, for now, he had to keep pretending to be Samantha. He had signed a contract, after all.

The feminized guy was then greeted by the photographer, who said they could start whenever "Samantha," was ready. Samuel then took off his robe, revealing the extremely sexy red swimsuit he was wearing underneath. Without Dr. Segreti's help, there was no way he would be able to hide his dick - no matter how tiny it was now - while wearing something like that.

He had never felt so exposed before. That swimsuit didn't leave much to the imagination, and unfortunately for him, it made his body look even hotter.

He still couldn't believe that this was actually his body. The fact that he had been turned into such a sexy babe was so mind-blowing!

Samuel then did his best to hide his insecurity behind a seductive expression and made his first pose following the photographer's instructions...



"You're doing great, Samantha!" said the photographer, half an hour later. "People were right... You're very talented. Now let's try a side pose. Put a hand on your head and lightly lift your right leg... That's perfect!"

Samuel continued to follow the photographer's instructions, worried by the fact that the poses he had to do were getting sexier and sexier. He tried to forget that he was being watched by so many people, but that seemed simply impossible...



"Now try to do some poses by yourself. Follow your instincts, and just remember the concept of the photo shoot. You're supposed to be seducing a man you're in love with..."

Oh crap! The feminized guy thought. What am I going to do now? Did the photographer really need to mention that I'm supposed to pretend I'm seducing a man? Exactly when I thought this couldn't get more humiliating...

"Oh, that's amazing, girl! The camera really loves you!"

Samuel couldn't understand that. Why did everyone keep saying that he was so good as a female model? Had they all gone mad... Or were they right? He knew that now he had a very hot body, but that wasn't enough to be a great model, right? Of course, he had received some training, too, but he had the impression that he had learned all that a little too easy... Even now that the photographer had stopped directing him, he still knew very well what he needed to do to look good in the photos.

What if that was his true talent? What if he had always been a sexy female model hidden in the body of a nerdy guy?

"No! This is silly! I don't even know why I'm thinking something like that!" He tried to convince himself, but those doubts continued to torment him...



"Fantastic, Samantha! Let's use some of the props next to the pool now!"

Samuel went there and did another sensual pose with one leg bent over a high prop and a hand on his back near his butt.

"Very good, girl! Very, very good! Spread your lips slightly and put a finger in your mouth! Yeah, that's great!"

Samuel tried not to think that pretty soon his body would be exposed in magazines and other advertising materials... maybe even billboards! He wondered if those photos would keep haunting him when he was able to go back to be a man. If after a few years he opened an old magazine and spotted one of his photos as Samantha, how would he feel?

Most importantly, would he ever be able to heal his male ego, or was it permanently damaged by now?



"Oh, Sammie! You look stunning! Poor Mr. Abano... He won't stand a chance! If he was already in love with you before, after tonight he will do whatever you want!"

Samuel didn't say anything. He was so hypnotized by his reflection that it was like he had forgotten how to speak. Once again, he wondered how it was possible that he had been turned into such a stunner... And after hours in the salon, he looked even more dazzling.

The feminized guy was wearing an extremely sexy dress, which had been specially designed by Mia and Greta for that occasion. The dress was red and short, and so tight that it exposed all the curves of Sam's hot new body. It also had a low-cut neckline, highlighting his tempting big boobs. To complete the outfit, he was using 5-inch slingback heels, which made her killing legs look even more sensual.

His hair had been glamorously styled, and his makeup was flawless, with smokey eyes, false eye-lashes, and red lipstick.



"So, Sam, you still haven't said what you think about your look," Greta pointed out.

"Do you want to know what I think?" he finally cried out. "well, I think this is a huge mistake! I don't know what was wrong with me when I agreed with this crazy plan. But there's no way I can go on a date with Mr. Abano, especially looking like that!"

"Relax, sweetie," Mia said, patting his back gently. "It's too late to change your mind, and you'll be fine. I know this is very hard for you, but this is your best chance to be a guy again."

"B-but..."

"Shhh... Everything will be okay," Greta said, spreading a sweet and feminine perfume on Samuel's neck, fists, and even on his cleavage, which also annoyed him a lot. What was the need for that? "Just remember all our advice. Mr. Abano seems to be a true gentleman, so he won't try anything you don't want. You just need to play your cards right to get what you want, Samantha... Well, I think you're ready, dear. Good luck, girl! Don't look at me like that. Yes, tonight you have to believe that you are a woman. And who knows, maybe you'll even have some fun..."

\* \* \*

"Oh my... You look so amazing, Samantha!" Mr. Abano said when he arrived to get the feminized man. "I can't remember ever seeing a woman as beautiful as you look tonight!"

"Thank you, sir!" Samuel said, blushing. "That's very kind of you."

"I'm just telling you the truth, my dear. And please, remember that you do not need to call me sir, okay?"

"Alright, Paolo."

"Now this is much better," the Italian man said, kissing Samuel's hand gently, which made him feel a shiver. Why the hell had he accepted that invitation to go out with his boss? That could end so badly! But Mia and Greta were right. It was too late to back up. All he could try now was to make the best of that bad situation. If he could persuade Mr. Abano to cancel their contract it would be perfect. But he knew that his mission wouldn't be so simple....

The girls had made it clear that Mr. Abano needed to believe that Samantha was truly in love with him. Thus, Samuel should better start acting as friendly and flirty as possible...

"You look great, too, sir... I mean, Paolo," he giggled, trying to get into the character. "I love your suit!"

"Oh, really? I'm glad to know that," the man smiled, and Samuel did his best to smile back at him. "Shall we go now? I'm sure you're going to love what I planned for us tonight!"

"Oh, that sounds so exciting, Paolo!" Samuel cried out and clapped. "I can hardly wait!"

As they were leaving the building, Paolo placed a hand on Samuel's back, and more than ever the feminized man was sure that this would be a long, difficult night...

\* \* \*

"Oh my gosh, is this your car?" Samuel asked, excitedly, seeing the vehicle parked in front of the building.

"Yes," Mr. Abano said, smiling. "Do you like it?"

If I like this? the feminized guy thought, stunned. That was a freaking Ferrari! He found it was almost unbelievable that people actually had cars like that in real life.

Samuel had always been a car enthusiast, but the only vehicle he had ever owned had been an old Chevrolet that had once been his father's.

His father... That memory made Samuel wonder what his family would think if they saw how he looked now. This would certainly be a disaster, but he tried to push that idea away. Hopefully, he would be the old Samuel again when he returned to the USA. Besides, he was too excited to worry about it right now.

He wanted to ask how much horsepower the car had, how many seconds did it take to reach 100 miles per hour, among many other technical details. However, he realized that - as Samantha - he wasn't expected to ask such things. That would sound at the very least curious, not to say suspicious. Why would a girly girl who dreamed of being a model know so much about mechanics?



Therefore, he just said: "Yes, I love it, Paolo! This car is so pretty! And look, it even matches my dress!" he added, posing next to the car as if he were in a photo shoot. Samuel hated himself for doing so but seeing Mr. Abano's grin he knew it had been worth it.



*I need to be friendly and flirty toward him*, he remembered himself. That was a very dangerous game, sure, but it was his only chance to regain his manhood anytime soon.

"I'm glad you think so, my dear," Mr. Abano said, kissing Samuel's hand again. The feminized guy just smiled charmingly, doing his best to hide his distress.

As a true gentleman, the Italian man then opened the car door so that Samuel could get in. After so long living as a girl, he was able to sit down gracefully, without showing off his panties despite the extremely short dress he was wearing.

The leather seat felt wonderfully comfortable, and inside that car, Samuel almost believed he was in a 007 movie.

*But if that were true, he thought, checking his makeup on his compact mirror. Looking like that I could only be a "bond girl"...*



"Where are we going, Paolo?" Samuel asked sometime later, as the car headed towards the central area of Milan.

"That's a surprise!" the Italian man smiled. "But don't worry... I'm sure you're going to love it!"

Samuel wasn't so sure about that, but in response, he just smiled back and said he could hardly wait to get there. The feminized guy was having mixed feelings. He was very apprehensive about that whole situation, but on the other hand, he was loving the sensation of riding on a Ferrari.

He wanted more than anything to drive that car even if just a little bit... However, even if Paolo agreed to this, Samuel knew that it would be virtually impossible with those sky-high heels he was wearing.

Apart from some small talk, they didn't speak so much along the way. Samuel was focused on enjoying the experience of being in such a car as much as possible, while Paolo was paying attention to traffic. However, it didn't stop him from admiring Samantha's bare legs from time to time.

"Here we are!" he said about twenty minutes later. "What do you think?"

"Oh, Paolo, this place seems amazing!" Samuel cried out, seeing himself in front of an upscale restaurant. "But also looks very expensive..."

"This is not a problem, my dear," Paolo said, coming so close to Samuel that the feminized guy instinctively retreated a little. "Besides, nothing is too expensive when we're talking about you. You deserve only the best!"

"Why thank you, Paolo!" Samuel said, blushing and wondering if the Italian man would still think the same if he knew what that "*beautiful woman*," in front of him actually had between *her* legs.

The interior of the place was even more impressive. Samuel had definitely never been in a place as elegant as that one. As they were led to the booked table, Samuel noticed several men around lusting after him.

He was completely sure he would never get used to it. These days, wherever he went, he was always the center of attention. People always stopped whatever they were doing to look at him and this was even worse that night since he was dressed so provocatively.

Mr. Abano seemed to be the happiest man in the world to be by *Samantha's side*, smiling broadly as he crossed the place with a hand on *her* back. When they finally arrived at the table, he pulled out the chair for *her* to sit down.

Wasting no time, he then ordered some fancy wine. This made Samuel worried. He remembered very well what had happened the last two times he had drunk alcohol as Samantha. The first one he had been kissed by a guy in a nightclub, and on the second occasion, he had signed that damn contract that left him stuck as a female model. He just couldn't make that mistake once again.

"Umm... Paolo, I think I'll pass the wine," he said. "I have to finish an important college project tomorrow morning, so I don't want to be hungover."

"This is completely understandable, my dear," Mr. Abano said. "And I admire how committed you are to your duties. However, I insist that you drink just one glass. This won't warm you, I promise! This wine is a favorite of mine... You simply have to try it. I'm sure you won't regret it!"

Samuel felt he had no choice. He knew that saying no to the man so soon wouldn't be a good way to start that date.

"Okay, Paolo, but just one glass!" And only because it's you who is asking..." he smiled seductively, remembering himself for the thousandth time that he needed to be friendly and flirty that night.

"Perfect, Samantha! So I propose a toast to us, hoping that this is just the first of many wonderful nights that we'll spend together."

"To us," Samuel repeated, afraid of the implications of what the Italian man had just said. The feminized guy was supposed to start regaining his manhood that night, but in truth, at that moment he felt more trapped as Samantha than ever...



Determined to keep control of the situation, Samuel was drinking his glass of wine very slowly, avoiding at all costs getting drunk. Despite his distress, he had to admit that Mr. Abano was a good company. He was nice and funny, and did most of the talking at first, perhaps realizing how nervous his date was.

Samuel couldn't help it but thought that any woman would die to be in his place. Mr. Abano was a gentle, rich, relatively young (he appeared to be in his early thirties), and very handsome man, with a classic Italian beauty.

He could certainly date any woman he wanted, so Samuel couldn't understand why he was the one sitting at that table hearing the Italian man saying over and over again how pretty "*she*," was.

*I just can't believe how "lucky," I am, he thought cynically, though he kept smiling sweetly at Paolo. Why me? With so woman around, why did he have to fall in love with me?*

"Oh, as a good Italian person, I've been talking too much!" Mr. Abano stated at some point, smiling. "But now I'd like to know more about you, Samantha."

"Well, there's not much to tell..."

"Umm... A girl with secrets... I like that!" Paolo said, and the two of them laughed. "Now serious, don't be shy... I'm sure someone like you has a very interesting story. How did you start modeling, for instance?"

"I always dreamed of being a model," Samuel lied, "since I was a *young girl*... but honestly, I never thought it would come true... especially not so soon."

"That's hard to believe, my dear. You are so talented... It seems like you were born to be a model. Not to mention how beautiful you are..."

"Thank you, Paolo. You really know how to make a girl happy, don't you? But let's say my situation was very different not so long ago... I was just a plain girl back in America. I was neither popular nor praised for my looks if you know what I mean. I guess it started to change when I arrived in Italy. Then my *friends*, Mia e Greta, helped me to discover a side of me that I didn't know before... They gave me the confidence to start being a model. But this was supposed to be just a college thing... What's happening now, wow, I still can't believe it! And all thanks to you who trusted me..." Samuel finished, drinking a little more wine and hoping that his story had been convincing enough.

"I'm happy for helping you to fulfill your dream, my dear. But the merit is all yours. I wouldn't have hired you if I wasn't absolutely sure about your potential, no matter what! And you're telling me you were a plain girl? You?! I can't imagine that!" Mr. Abano laughed again. "I'd need to see some old photos to conceive this idea!"

Upon hearing that, Samuel got so frightened that he choked on the wine. What would happen if Mr. Abano saw some old photos of him and discovered that instead of a *plain girl*, he had in fact been an ordinary guy only a few months ago? Just the thought of having his secret exposed made the feminized man completely terrified. He'd be sued, that's for sure! And the story of a guy pretending to be a female model would certainly hit the news.



Seeing what was going on, Mr. Abano quickly got up. "Are you okay?" he asked, patting Samuel's back.

"Yes, I'm better now. I don't know what happened... I just choked on the wine and... Oh my gosh, I can't believe I'm embarrassing myself like that!"

"That's okay, my dear. There's nothing to be embarrassed of. These things happen, don't they?" Paolo said, gently, now stroking Samuel's back and shoulders, which made the feminized man feel chills. That dinner was being so stressful for him... And they hadn't even ordered the main course yet!

The dinner was finally over, and Samuel couldn't be happier. Not that he hadn't liked the food - It had been superb, in fact, and Samuel only lamented being forced to eat such small portions. He now was a model, after all, which meant he needed to live on constant diets.

The wine was delicious, too, and the feminized man drank three or four glasses along the night. This was much more than he had planned at first, but he was sure that he hadn't gotten drunk. He wasn't going to do something stupid again... Not that night.

Paolo had also proved to be an excellent company, and in the brief moments when Samuel was able to relax a little bit, he had actually enjoyed the time they were spending together.

The truth was that this would have been an amazing night had it not been for the fact that Samuel was dressing such a sexy dress and heels, pretending to be a woman. The experience had been very distressing. Almost for the entire dinner, he had a terrifying feeling that at any moment Mr. Abano would discover his secret, and then he would be exposed in front of everyone.

He knew that during all this time that he had been living like a woman this had never happened. No one had ever suspected that he was anything but a female, which he honestly didn't know whether it was good or bad news.

But that night it was different. He was on a date, for God's sakes! He had never spent so much time alone with a man, so he believed that the chances of him making some mistake that could reveal his true gender were greater. Still, he had survived, and now he was once again in Mr. Abano's car on the way home...

...Or at least he believed so.

"Umm... Paolo?" Samuel said, a few minutes later. "I may be wrong since I don't know the city as well as you do, but I don't think this is the way to my apartment."

, "You're not mistaken, my dear. I just want to show you another place before I take you home. But don't worry. This won't take long!"



"I... I'm not sure this is a good idea, Paolo. I mean..."

"Just relax, Samantha. Do you trust me?"

"O-of course! But..."

"Then this is what matters! I want our first date is truly special. You deserve that."

"T-thank you, Paolo," Samuel said as the car crossed streets he had never seen before, wondering once again how it was even possible that he had ended up in that situation.

"You're welcome, my dear. You always are. But you know, I've been thinking about something for some time now. When I asked you out, you said no at first, and later you changed your mind. I'm not complaining, of course, but I'd like to know what motivated this change of attitude."

That was it – the great chance Samuel had been waiting for. Now he just had to say that he really had been interested in Mr. Abano since the beginning but was afraid that people might think he had gotten that job as a model just because he was dating the owner of the brand. So, if Mr. Abano wanted them to keep dating, he had to agree to terminate Samuel's contract immediately.

He was about to pull those words out when something stopped him. He realized it was too early for an ultimatum like that. Mr. Abano truly seemed to be into *Samantha*, sure, but that kind of pressure could scare him, sounding as if *the woman* was already demanding a serious relationship. Samuel needed to be a little more patient. The right thing to do was to wait for Mr. Abano to make the first move in that regard.

"I bet you're curious, aren't you, Paolo?" the feminized man said, teasing playfully. "There's a good reason or that, and we'll discuss this issue... but only at the right time."

"Umm... A girl with secrets... Yes, I like that!" he said, and Samuel giggled.

"But what I can say right now," *Samantha* continued, "is that I couldn't be happier for changing my mind. I'm *looving* the time we're spending together. You're such a lovely man," *she* added, knowing that Mr. Abano would be delighted to hear that. However, his reaction was a little more enthusiastic than Samuel was expecting...

"Me too, Samantha. Me too," he said, placing his right hand on Samuel's left thighs, and starting to stroke it.

Samuel then held his breath, not knowing what to do. *Be careful with what you wish for*, he thought, terrified. But then, as if that situation couldn't get any worse, his own body betrayed him. Slowly he began to feel aroused by Mr. Abano's carelessness!

Perhaps that was just because Samuel hadn't had any kind of sexual relief for a very, very long time – added to the fact that he had drunk a few glasses of wine – but the thing was that he was undoubtedly getting hornier and hornier feeling Mr. Abano's big hand massaging his smooth leg.

At that point, they had already left the center of the city and were on some kind of motorway with very few curves, so Paolo technically didn't need both hands to drive. The car was getting faster and faster, and Samuel felt a rush of adrenaline. He liked sports cars, after all, and that was the first time ever he was in a Ferrari, feeling the wind against his face. Luckily, the hairdresser had used a lot of lacquer to hold his hair at the salon. Otherwise, it would be a mess now.

Maybe realizing how much his beautiful date was enjoying the experience, Paolo accelerated even more. Samuel got overwhelmed by his feelings and was unable to think straight. The car speed mixed with his horniness made him even more susceptible to Mr. Abano's advances. The Italian man's hand reached the inside of Samuel's leg, dangerously close to his groin. Unconsciously, Samuel pressed his legs together and closed his eyes. God, he was so turned on! He thought he could come at any moment now! But then, suddenly, everything stopped...

"Here we are, my dear," Paolo said, parking the car at the roadside. "I hope you've enjoyed the ride!" he smirked.

Trying to control his breathing, Samuel looked around. He couldn't see anything. They were still enveloped by the darkness of the road, with no building in sight.

"W-where are we, exactly?" he asked, nervous.

"You'll see in a minute. Let me help you get out of the car..."

Walking by the roadside, the only thing Samuel could hear was the clicks of his high heels. "Paolo, where are we going?" the feminized guy insisted.

"You'll see in a minute, my dear. Just trust me."

Samuel was more than aware that he was trapped in a very risky situation. If Mr. Abano intended to do him any harm, there was no way he could fight the man, who was obviously much stronger than him. He also doubted he could run while wearing that dress and shoes. Moreover, there was no one around to call for help.

Slowly, his eyes grew used to the dim light coming from the moon only, and he could see better the place where he was. The road lay in a mountainous area. On one side, there was a huge cliff, while on the other, just steep rocks covered by vegetation. Samuel simply couldn't understand what Mr. Abano wanted in a place like that. But then, suddenly, he saw something. Between the rocks, there was a kind of trail a little ahead that led God knows where.

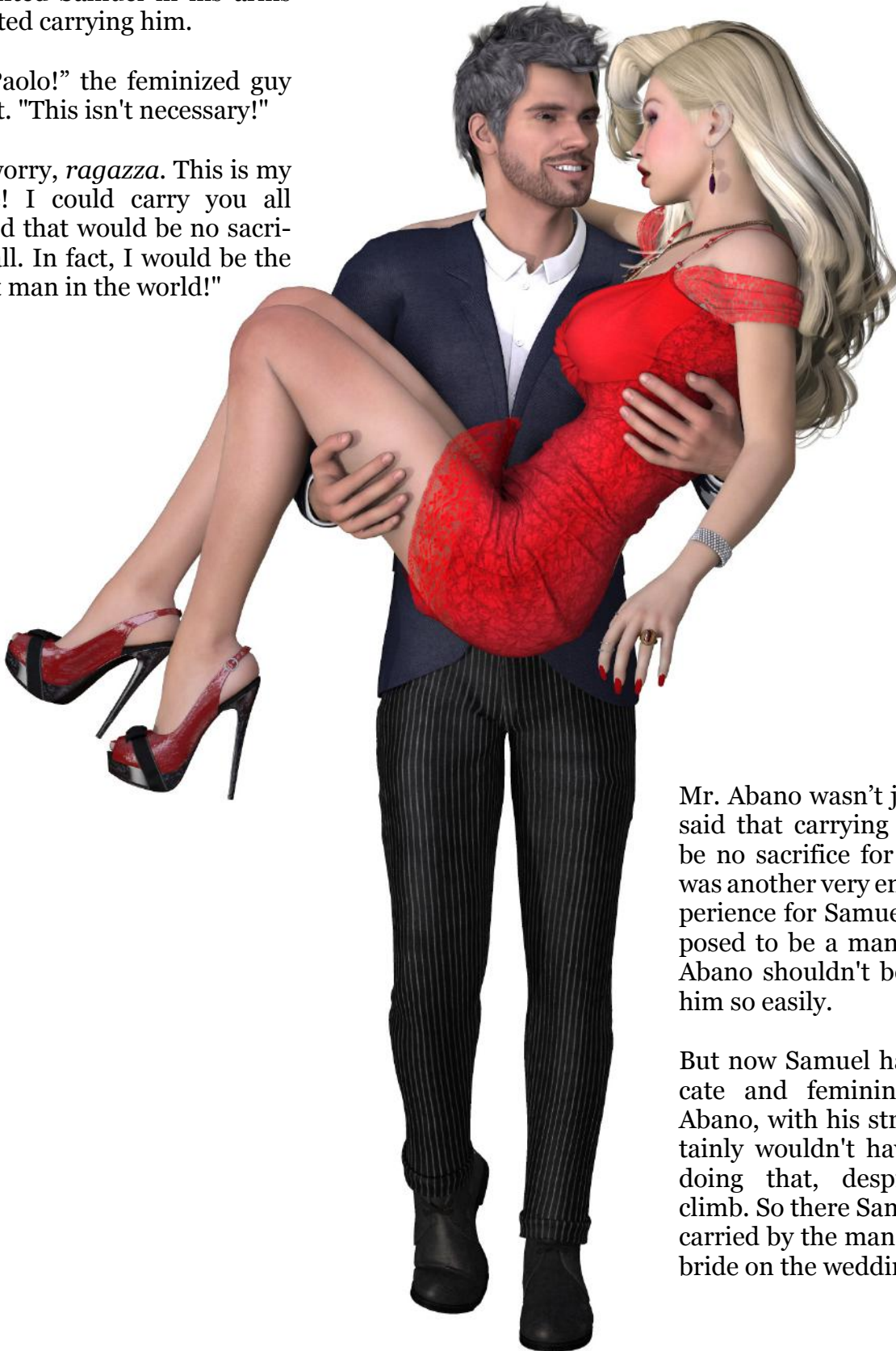
The trail was a steep climb "paved," by uneven rocks. Samuel realized that he wouldn't be able to walk through it with his heels. That was exactly what he told Mr. Abano, and then he added, "It's also getting late, Paolo, and as I told you I have to wake up early tomorrow. Perhaps we should finish this mysterious tour another day..."

"We can't give up now that we're so close, Samantha. But I understand your problem. Your legs look amazing with those heels, but they are definitely not suitable for this type of terrain. Don't worry, though. I have an idea!"

Then, without warning, Mr. Abano lifted Samuel in his arms and started carrying him.

"Wait, Paolo!" the feminized guy cried out. "This isn't necessary!"

"Don't worry, *ragazza*. This is my pleasure! I could carry you all night and that would be no sacrifice, at all. In fact, I would be the happiest man in the world!"



Mr. Abano wasn't joking when he said that carrying Samuel would be no sacrifice for him, and that was another very emasculating experience for Samuel. He was supposed to be a man, after all! Mr. Abano shouldn't be able to carry him so easily.

But now Samuel had such a delicate and feminine body... Mr. Abano, with his strong arms, certainly wouldn't have any trouble doing that, despite the steep climb. So there Samuel was, being carried by the man as if he were a bride on the wedding night...

About five minutes later, Samuel finally saw a spot of light ahead. It was getting bigger and bigger as they advanced, and then he finally could see the place where he was being taken.

"Here we are, my dear," Mr. Abano said when they got there. "Now tell me, what do you think?"

"What's this place?" Samuel asked, looking around dumbfounded. He found himself in a lookout with a splendid view of the city. The place was tastefully decorated with assorted flower arrangements, and the lighting was subtle and intimate. Walking around slowly, Samuel almost felt as if he were in some kind of magical garden. The complete silence and the starry sky reinforced this sensation strongly.

"Here, my dear," Mr. Abano said, handing Samuel a bouquet of flowers.

"Thank you, Paolo. They are so beautiful! But I still don't understand what's going on."

"Well, usually this is a public space. Let's say that I "booked," and decorated the area to make a surprise for you. As I said, I wanted this night to be special. I know this isn't much, but..."

"This isn't much? Are you kidding? Paolo, I can't believe you did all this just for me! This... Well... I don't know what to say."

"So you liked it?"

"Of course, silly! What girl wouldn't like a surprise like that?" Samuel added, keeping his acting, but part of him was genuinely flattered by that gesture. To think that someone like Mr. Abano could go out of his way and do something like that just to please him... It seemed that the Italian man wasn't joking when he said he was in love with *Samantha*.

Once again that night, Samuel was overwhelmed with conflicting emotions. He was touched by that surprise and worried about the fact that it would be very difficult to get away from Mr. Abano since it was easy to assume the man would do anything to find *Samantha* when *she* disappeared. Suddenly, Samuel felt like crying, but he wasn't sure if he was happy or sad... or maybe just relieved.

"Oh, Paolo, you evil man!" Samuel cried out, hitting the man's arm gently. "Why didn't you tell me that it was what you were planning all the way long?"

"This would spoil the whole idea!"

"Yeah, but for a moment I thought you were kidnapping me or something!"

"Really?" the Italian man laughed. "I'm sorry if I scared you, my dear. But like I said before, I would never do anything to harm you. I just want to make you happy..."

He then wrapped Samuel's thin waist with his strong arms, making their bodies stuck together. Samuel didn't know what to do. He felt vulnerable in that position, but at the same time protected. And worst of all, he was getting aroused again feeling Mr. Abano's muscular body against his delicate and feminine one.



"B-but how could you book a public place, anyway?" he asked, trying to distract Paolo – and himself.

"I have some influential friends in the city which made it possible. But the area will be open to the public tomorrow again, which means that unfortunately this decoration will have to go away."

"Oh, so sad! But I promise I'll keep this moment in my heart forever...,"

"I'm glad to know," Mr. Abano said, smiling. "At first I even considered buying a house in this area to make the surprise, but then I thought that this might give you the wrong idea of my intentions."

"Ha! Would you really buy a house just for this?"

"If that would please you..." he said, now stroking Samuel's hair.

"I don't think so. I'm not *this kind* of woman."

"I know, Samantha. And this is one of the reasons I like you so much. I've been in many relationships, but I was always been worried that the women were only interested in money or some kind of favor. You seem different, though. You even refused my invitation to go out at first, which was something new for me. You are so down-to-earth and hardworking... Not to mention how beautiful and charming you are. I think you are the most wonderful woman I've ever met."

"Paolo..." Samuel started in a weak voice.

"Shhh... Before you say anything, let me express more clearly how happy I am to be here with you tonight..."

...Then, without another word, Paolo kissed Samuel gently on the lips. The feminized guy almost freaked out and wanted to run away, but he knew it wasn't possible. He thought about asking Paolo to stop that, but his mind was so messed up that he couldn't think of a good excuse. He was supposed to be interested in the man, after all. This was a fundamental part of his whole plan.

"Gosh, *why did I allow it to get so far?*" he wondered, frustrated, feeling Paolo's beard tickling his soft skin as the kiss went on. Not long after, the Italian man's tongue invaded his mouth...

Samuel finally decided to say something, but it was too late. His muffled whispers sounded more like groans of *pleasure*, and Paolo felt compelled to kiss him even more deeply.

"*It can't go on!*" Samuel thought. "*It... It...*," But then, just like in the car, his body began to betray him. As much as he wanted to avoid it, he started to get *aroused... Very aroused.*

All the passion with which Paolo was kissing him... his big hands pressing the feminized man's delicate back and bubble butt... the whole carousel of emotions he had already experienced that night... All this was too much for Samuel – especially since he hadn't had any kind of sexual relief for so long – and he lost control of himself.

He started to kiss Paolo back eagerly, putting his manicured hands around the man's neck. It had been forever since he had had a kiss like that one. God, he had missed it so much... The only difference was that this time he was the *woman* being kissed.

He was too aroused to worry about that, though. His hard nipples were undeniable proof of that. Paolo was obviously enjoying their making out session pretty much, as well, as Samuel could tell from the fact that he could feel the man's massive erection pressing against his belly.

The feminized guy's mind began to ramble, and he felt foolish for the apprehension he had felt earlier that night. He had been so afraid about not being able to pass as a woman on a date... Now it was clear that this fear was totally unreasonable. He not only was able to pass as a woman, but *to be* a woman – a woman attractive enough to drive a man like Paolo Abano completely mad.

*Samantha* felt a huge sense of power. Now she knew for sure that she could actually do that. Embracing her female persona when necessary, she had the power to persuade Paolo to do whatever she wanted. When that damn contract was terminated, Samuel would be back. But for now, it was all about Samantha...



"Oh, look who's finally awake!" Mia said as Samuel entered the kitchen.

"It seems like you had a long night, honey. It's almost eleven in the morning! But I bet you had a lot of fun, didn't you?" Greta teased him, giggling.

"Don't be like that, Greta!" Mia exclaimed, but she giggled too. "Now sit down and have some breakfast, Sammie. I'll serve you."

Still sleepy, Samuel crossed the kitchen with his mule slippers clicking along the way and sat gently crossing his legs. He was wearing a sexy embroidered nightie, so short that it was almost impossible not to show his lace thong panties.

For some reason, that was the only kind of sleepwear he could find in his wardrobe these days. He always made mental notes to go out and buy some more modest pieces, but he never found the time to do so. Besides, it was hard to deny that it was very pleasant to sleep wearing those delicate and soft clothes...

His hair was tied in a loose bun, and there was no make-up on his face that morning. He was supposed to be a female model, after all, and the girls had stressed out countless times how bad it would be for his skin to sleep with make-up on.

But despite the lack of cosmetics, he knew he still looked completely feminine. His smooth skin, plump lips, delicate nose, and big blue eyes made sure of that. Even after so much time, Samuel still found it very weird to look into the mirror and see the reflection of a woman.

This morning, however, he tried to have a different attitude. As he had concluded the night before, he needed to believe he was Samantha, a young female model. That was the only way for him to be able to be Samuel again in the future.

"I'm Samantha," he told himself, in his best sweet female voice. "I'm Samantha and my biggest dream is to be a top model..." he added, feeling a shiver. God, that had been so damn convincing that he almost freaked out. Looking at that pretty face, it was almost impossible to believe that it was just an act...



Samuel was still thinking about that as he ate half an orange and drank his green juice. Yes, that was all he had for breakfast now. Once again, he was a model, which meant he needed to take care of his body and couldn't gain any weight at all.

"So, Sammie, what you are waiting to talk? How was your date?" Greta said, and Samuel shuddered. Did she really need to use the word "date," as she was talking about him going out with another man? He knew that technically she was right, but still...

"I'm dying to know about that, as well," Mia admitted. "It worked? Did you manage to persuade Mr. Abano to terminate the contract?"

"Well..." Samuel started, weakly, not sure what to say next. He definitely didn't want to have that conversation at that moment, especially considering how that night had ended...

"... Well, n-not yet..." Samuel stammered. "I couldn't discuss the contract with him last night, but I'm almost there!"

"What does that mean exactly?" Greta asked.

"I thought it was too early to talk about it," the feminized guy explained. "That was our first *meeting*, after all... This could sound strange and suspicious... I needed to test the waters first."

"So, you're going to go out with him again?" Mia asked.

"Of course!" Samuel exclaimed, maybe a little too fast, making the girls raise their eyebrows. "I mean... I have no choice, right?"

"I see..." Greta said, looking funny at Samuel. "But you still haven't told us what happened last night."

"Umm... It was... okay. He took me to a nice restaurant... we ate... we talked..."

"C'mon, Sammie! That's not how *we girls* talk about dates! We want details!"

Reluctantly, Samuel then told the girls everything about his experience at the restaurant. He felt especially embarrassed when he mentioned how many times Mr. Abano had said that he was such a *beautiful woman*.

"Oh, you're a lucky girl," Mia teased him. "I think he really is into you! But wait a minute... I saw the time you got home last night... It was pretty late. There's no way you two spent all that time in a restaurant. What are you trying to hide, sweetie?"

"Alright! H-he took me to another place after we left the restaurant!"

"Another place? Oh my gosh, is this a euphemism for a motel or something?"

"What?!!" Samuel cried out, stridently. "No, of course not! This was a kind of lookout..." He told them what had happened there, too, conveniently omitting how it had ended.

"Oh my, I'm almost jealous!" Mia giggled, thrilled. "I can't believe he did all this just to please you... so romantic! I think this is safe to assume that he really likes you... like, a lot! Now... when you two were there, alone at the lookout... Didn't he kiss you?"

"Kiss?! N-no, no kiss!" Samuel lied.

"Oh really?" Mia asked. "We know men, darling! Do you really want us to believe that he didn't even try to kiss you after all that? We're trying to help you here, but for this, you need to be honest with us."

In another situation, Samuel would have kept denying, but he was feeling so nervous and distressed because of that conversation that he eventually admitted the truth. "Okay... He kissed me... And I... Umm... I kissed him back... but that was only because I had no choice! I mean... He needs to believe that I like him back, right? Then I can persuade him to terminate the contract..."

The girls looked at him for endless seconds without saying a word, as if they just couldn't believe what they had just heard.

"Sammie... I need to ask you something," Mia finally started, slowly. "Are you sure that this is still all about regaining your manhood? Maybe you're starting to like being Samantha..."

"N-no way! You're completely wrong!" Samuel stated, feeling a shiver as deep down he considered that possibility. "How can you even ask me something like that? This is just an act because of that damn contract!"

"Fine, fine, you don't need to feel offended. I just needed to make sure," Mia said, not looking completely convinced. "But anyway, if that's the case, it would be good if you could speed things up a bit..."

"Why that?"

"I talked to Francesca, your girlfriend, yesterday... I was unable to make her change her mind once again. She's coming back to Milan."

"Oh, no! When?"

"Three weeks... at tops!"



"Are you ready, Samantha? Let's start then. Just do your magic..."

It was about a week later, and Samuel was back in the studio for a new photo shoot. This time, he would be modeling the new lingerie collection of Mr. Abano's brand. His hair had been glamorously stylized, and his face was dramatically made-up, with smokey eyeshadow, false eyelashes, and dark red lipstick. Now, wearing only a sexy set of black lingerie in front of at least fifteen people - including Mr. Abano himself - he was ready to start being photographed.

That situation was very stressful for Samuel, of course, but the photo shoot wasn't what was bothering him the most at that moment, far from that...

Mia's words on that fateful morning were still haunting the feminized guy: "Three weeks..." In three weeks, Francesca, Samuel's girlfriend, would be back. Two weeks now, since one week had already passed.

Samuel knew he had no chance to look like a man again in such a short time. His face and body had been too much altered for that. However, if he managed to terminate that damn contract, he could then disappear from the city for some time until he could sort out a way to recover his former male appearance.



It could take a very long time, maybe months, but he was sure that this was his best option. He simply couldn't accept the idea of his girlfriend seeing him as he looked now...



All this meant that Samuel needed to act fast. He had a new date with Mr. Abano the following Saturday, and he was determined to solve his problem on that occasion. He had no time to waste.

With this in mind, he was taking advantage of that photo shoot to further enchant Mr. Abano. Whenever *she* had a chance, *Samantha* looked seductively at the Italian man as *she* made another sexy pose wearing only *her* delicate lingerie.



*Yes, I'm sure he's enjoying this little show, Samuel thought, getting rid of his inhibitions and focusing on his goal. Saturday this craziness will be over, no matter what I have to do...*



*Samantha* left her bedroom with the certainty that she looked dazzling... even irresistible, she'd dare to say, feeling intoxicated by her growing femininity and attractiveness.

That was the night that she would solve all her problems, but for this to work, more than ever she needed to believe that she was a woman. Until she reached her goal, *Samantha* had to forget that *Samuel* even existed. Her male self had no use in that endeavor, and therefore it had to be locked up in the far corner of her mind.

*Samantha* was wearing a new *Mia* and *Greta*'s creation. She had made it clear that to her roommates that she needed something sexy for that occasion. However, when she saw the dress they had made, she almost thought the girls had gone too far. Apart from photo shoots, *Samantha* had never worn anything so revealing...

Despite that, she calmed her nerves and told herself that the dress was just perfect for what she intended. Seeing her dressed like that, the woman was sure *Mr. Abano* would be completely bewildered. It would be much easier for her to convince him to terminate that contract... The poor Italian man wouldn't stand a chance!

With that in mind, *Samantha* approached the living room, feeling her entire body compressed by the dress. Yes, it was very tight. So tight that despite the fact that she had been living on a constant diet of healthy and low-calorie food for so long, she still had a lot of trouble getting into it.



She had to admit that the effort was worth it, though. The red embroidered piece of clothing highlighted all the curves of her hot body, making her look sensual and elegant at the same time. It was long, but had a deep side slit that exposed her entire left leg, and low-cut, leaving a good portion of her tempting boobs on display. To complete the outfit, Samantha was using 5-inch pump heels and a chic jewelry set.

She had also spent many hours at the salon that afternoon getting her hair and make-up done. Her glamorous hairstyle was similar to the one she had used during her first photo shoot for Mr. Abano's brand – the day that, supposedly, the man had fallen for her. She thought it would be a nice touch to make him even crazier about her during that date.

"So, what do you think, girls?" she asked Mia and Greta as she finally reached the living room. "Do I look alright? Is there something wrong?" she added, posing and turning around so they could see the whole look.

"Holy crap!" Mia exclaimed. "'Alright?' No, this isn't the right word to describe you tonight, honey. Once again I have to say that you look so incredibly stunning! You know what, Sammie? If you wanted to, you could even be a movie star!"

"Mia is right," Greta said. "Girl, looking at you I even start to question my sexuality... You look so fucking hot!" she stated, and the three of them laughed.

Then, they heard the doorbell ringing. Mia got up to answer the door and Samantha smiled brightly, determined to make a good impression on Mr. Abano from the beginning. That night she really needed to act like a woman in love...



However, when she saw the person who entered the apartment, her smile immediately turned into a horrified expression. It wasn't Mr. Abano who was there as she was expecting, oh no... In fact, she saw the last person she wanted to see that evening...



"F-Francesca?!!" Samuel cried out, hardly believing his own eyes. There, right in front of him, was none other than his girlfriend.

"Umm... Hi," the young woman said, looking puzzled. "Sorry, but... do we know each other?"

Samuel couldn't believe that. His own girlfriend couldn't recognize him. But then, thinking about it for a second, he realized that he couldn't blame her. How could Francesca even suspect that the *femme fatale* she was seeing was in fact her boyfriend?

"I... Umm... W-well..." Samuel stammered, having no idea what to say next.

"Cesca, it's so good to see you again!" Greta intervened, realizing that Samuel was in trouble. She hugged her friend and added: "You came back a lot earlier than we were expecting..."

"I know! Luckily I was able to return two weeks before I was planning. Gosh, I missed the city and you girls so much... Not to mention Sam, of course! I'm also worried about him... He seemed a little weird the last time we talked on the phone. Is he at home?"

"Well..." Mia started. "He..."

"Wait a minute," Francesca said suddenly, looking directly at *Samantha* again. "You look kind of familiar..." she stated, and the feminized man almost fainted. "Yes, now I remember," without another word, she opened her purse and picked up a magazine. "Isn't this you?" she asked, pointing to an ad in which Samantha was posing sexily, wearing only a hot swimsuit.

"Yes," Samuel admitted, burning in shame. "T-this is me."

"Wow, that's great! And this is an Abano ad. I love this brand! What's your name, anyway?"

"Umm... S-Samantha. I'm Samantha."

"Samantha? That's funny... My boyfriend is called Samuel... Maybe you know him since it seems you're Mia and Greta's friend. Oh my gosh, don't tell me you live here too! I wouldn't want my boyfriend to have such a beautiful model as a roommate!" she giggled. "Oh, and I couldn't help but notice your accent... Are you a foreigner?"

"Y-yes..." Samuel said, feeling more and more cornered. "I... I'm from America."

"Really? Now, this is getting weird... My boyfriend is from America too. And you know... You still haven't explained how you already knew my name when I got here, Samantha..."

"I... Umm... Well..." Samuel stammered, feeling that this was the end of the line. He simply couldn't think of any convincing excuse to explain what Francesca had asked. Besides that, the idea of trying to fool his girlfriend was making him sick. He then decided to tell her the truth, even knowing it could end pretty badly. "Fine, Fran... I admit... This is me... Samuel."

The young woman said nothing for a moment. She just kept looking at the *other female* in front of her, and that suspense was driving Samuel crazy. When she finally reacted to that revelation, it was very different from what the feminized man was expecting...

Francesca started to laugh uncontrollably to the point where she almost ran out of air. "I knew it!" she cried out. "I knew you girls would try to prank me when I returned! Oh, Mia and Greta... Both of you are always trying stuff like that! But this time you went a bit too far. Did you really expect me to believe that this girl is my boyfriend?"

Mia, Greta, and Samuel exchanged exasperated looks. "Umm... I'm sorry, Cesca, but this isn't a joke, at all," Mia said. "Samantha... I mean... Samuel is telling you the truth."

"Ha! Very funny. Very funny indeed! You two never give up, do you?"

"Cesca, honey, come here for a moment," Greta said, taking her friend to the couch. Mia followed them, and Samuel just stood there, standing in the middle of the room as if he were frozen. That situation was simply too surreal...

"I think I know how to convince you," Greta continued. "Just wait a minute, please."

When she returned, she was carrying a large folder. Inside it, there were pictures of Samuel wearing all the clothes the girls had designed in the last few months, which made it possible to visualize his transformation over time.



"B-but it makes no sense," Francesca exclaimed, shocked. "I thought you girls wanted a male model!"

"That's right, dear," Mia said. "But at some point, things started to get out of control... Maybe Samantha... Samuel would like to explain this to you himself."

With his legs trembling, Samuel approached slowly and then started the impressive narrative of all the misunderstandings that had led him to that situation. "...And that's how it all happened. Now I need to find a way to terminate that contract to go back to being the old me..."

"I... I can't believe it! Is this really you? Your voice, hair, face, body... For God's sake, you even have boobs! And they are bigger than mine!"

"I know Fran," Samuel said, blushing. "I-it's just..."

"I... I need to get out of here!"

"No, Fran, wait! Let's talk a little more and maybe..."

"Not now. I need to spend some time alone. Everything you three told me... It's too much!"

The young woman then got up and went towards the door. However, before she could reach it, all of them heard the doorbell ringing again...

Upon hearing the doorbell, Samuel got desperate. He had a feeling that that crazy and catastrophic situation could get even worse if Francesca opened the door. "Wait, Fran!" he begged, but it was already too late... A second later, his worst fears became true when he saw Mr. Abano entering the apartment.

"*Ciao, signorina!*" the man greeted Francesca, who looked at him puzzled. "I don't think we've ever been introduced... I'm Paolo Abano. Is Samantha at home? Oh, I see she's right there," the man smiled at his date. "I can't believe how fantastic you look, babe!"

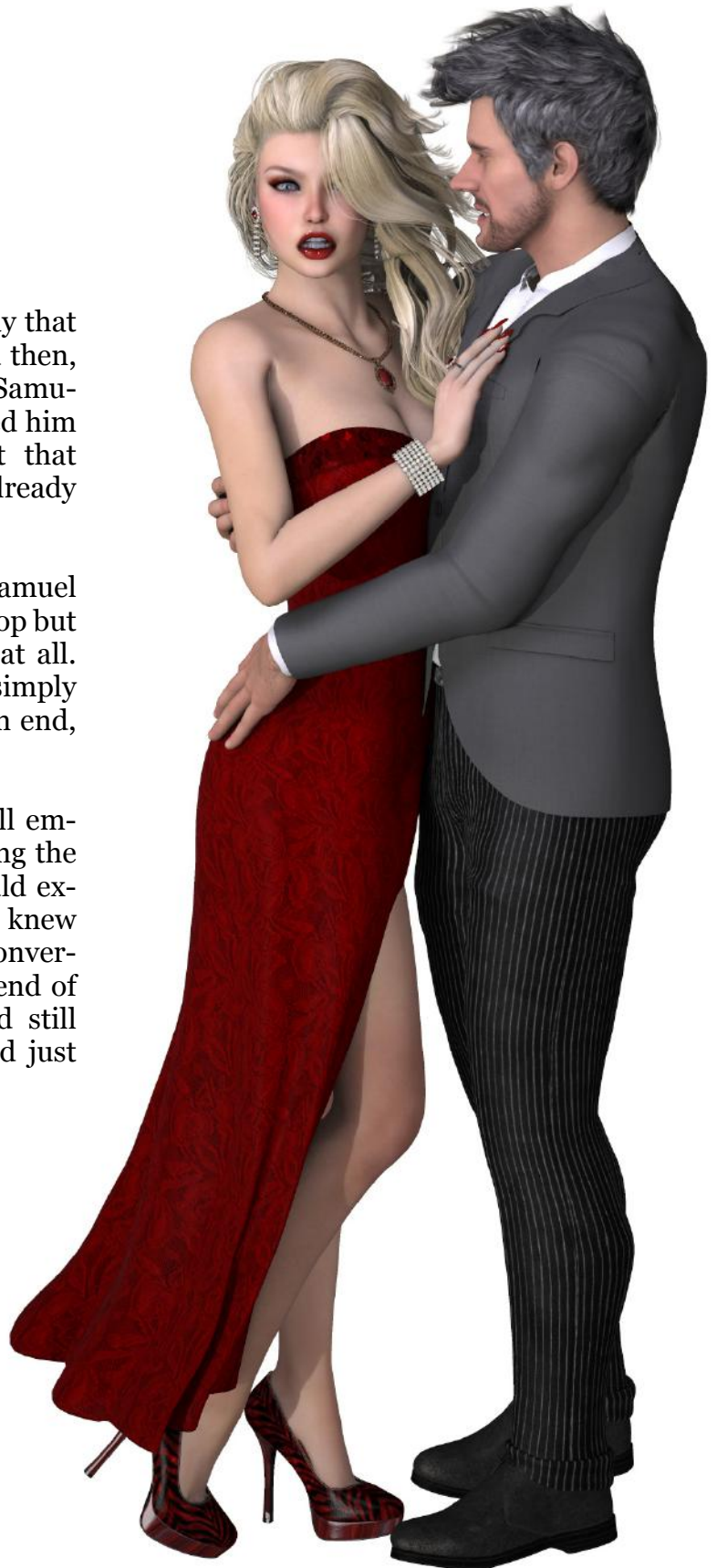
He then walked over and handed a bouquet of red roses to the feminized man.

"Umm... Thank you, Paolo," Samuel said, avoiding looking at his girlfriend. He couldn't believe he had just received flowers from another man in front of her. And worst of all... he had to pretend that he was happy about it. "The flowers are so beautiful!" he added, trying to sound as cheerful as he could.

"I'm glad you think so, dear. But I have to say that they aren't nearly as beautiful as you...," and then, without further notice, Mr. Abano wrapped Samuel's thin waist with his large hands, and kissed him passionately. Everything happened so fast that when Samuel realized it, Paolo's tongue was already deep inside his mouth.

*No, no, no! This can't be happening!* Samuel thought, mortified. He tried to tell Paolo to stop but his soft moans didn't sound like a protest, at all. Then, with no choice, the feminized man simply waited submissively until the kiss came to an end, which seemed to take forever.

When their lips finally parted, Samuel – still embraced by Paolo – looked at Francesca. Seeing the girl's horrified expression, he wished he could explain to her what was going on there, but he knew that it wasn't possible at that moment. That conversation would have to wait until at least the end of the night... assuming that Francesca would still want to listen to Samuel after what she had just seen, of course...



"Is everything okay, Samantha? Paolo asked when they were inside his car, on the way to their destination. "You're quiet tonight."

"Huh? Yes, everything is perfectly fine!" Samuel said, trying to sound as natural as possible. The truth was that he was still very disturbed by what had just happened, but he knew he couldn't let it affect him. If he did so, all his efforts until then would have been in vain. He needed to focus on his goal. In other words, He needed to start believing he was Samantha once again. "I'm just a little nervous, you know... I still can't believe you're taking me to this party."

"So this is it?" Paolo smiled. "Don't worry, honey! I'm sure everyone there will love you."

That night, Paolo and *Samantha* were going to a gala party where all leading designers, models, and brand owners of the Italian fashion industry would be present. That was why *the girl* was dressed so glamorously

"Oh, Paolo, I hope you're right... I'd hate to embarrass you!"

"Embarrass me? Oh, *ragazza*, your modesty is almost as captivating as your stunning beauty. I assure you that you'll be the most beautiful woman at the party. There is no doubt about this."

When they finally arrived, Paolo helped Samuel leave the car and then they crossed a long red carpet, where they were bombarded by countless flashes from the cameras of the photographers who were there. It was only then that the feminized man fully realized the magnitude of that event. He felt as if he was at the Oscar ceremony, and he was sure that those photos would be in various newspapers and magazines the next day.

Once inside the great hall, Samuel got stunned by the luxury and refinement of the place. As someone who had planned to study architecture in college, he couldn't help but admire the beauty of that building and feel happy to be there, despite the fact that he was all dolled up in his sexy dress and high heels.

With one hand on Samuel's slim waist, Paolo guided the feminized guy around the place, introducing him to a lot of people. Over time, Samuel began to relax a little bit thanks to the champagne he was drinking and also because that no one seemed to be surprised by his presence there, as he was irrationally dreading before. All that people could see by looking at him was a beautiful woman, and this realization made him more confident.

Sometime later, he excused himself to go to the toilet, where he approached the mirror to touch up his makeup. *I'm Samantha*, she told herself, seeing her reflection and feeling her femininity returns with full power. As she knew very well, to be able to be a man again she needed to get rid of her male self that night. This had become even more urgent now that Francesca had returned. *I'm Samantha and I love to be a pretty model... I'm so happy to have Paolo as my date tonight... He's so gentle, so handsome... So hot!*

Samantha got shocked by that thought and wondered where it had come from. But then she said firmly to herself that there was nothing wrong about that. She was a woman, after all... What was the problem of finding a man attractive?

"Here you are!" Mr. Abano said when Samantha finally left the bathroom. "I missed you so much, babe," he added, kissing her lightly on the lips.

"Paolo!" she protested, hitting his arm weakly. "I just touched up my makeup!"

"I'm sorry," he laughed. "But a woman like you doesn't need any makeup, at all!"

"You say that because you never saw me when I wake up," she pouted.

"Umm... Is that an invitation?"

"W-what? No! I didn't mean to imply... Oh my gosh!"

"That's okay, honey," Paolo smiled, stroking her back. "I was just teasing you. But I have to say you look so cute when you're shy..."

They then went back to walking around the place and meeting people. Samantha was so immersed in her female persona that even the way she dealt with *other women* had changed. She was introduced to some stunning female models, but instead of thinking about how beautiful these women were, she just paid attention to their outfits, hairstyles, and makeup, like any other female.

Samantha also realized that she was drawing a lot of male attention, which was good for her to gain even more confidence. She still thought it was almost impossible to believe that the brand guy she used to be had been turned into such a gorgeous woman, and she couldn't help but feel flattered by all that attention.

About half an hour later, they made their way to the area of the hall where there were several tables in front of a stage. From what Samantha could understand, some awards would be given that night. However, she was barely able to pay attention to what the host was saying because Mr. Abano kept her distracted the whole time...

As soon as they sat down, Paolo began to rub her legs under the table. Remembering to focus on her goal, Samantha didn't try to stop the man. In fact, she even encouraged him, pressing her legs against his hand. As his caresses grew bolder and bolder, the woman began to feel very aroused, and she had to bite her lips to keep from moaning as Paolo's hand moved closer to her crotch. Thank god all the lights were turned to the stage!

"Do you like this, honey?" the man whispered in her ear, making her feel a deep shiver.

"Y-yes," Samantha gasped, as she wondered if she was letting that situation go too far.

"Good... And this is just the beginning. I can make you so happy..." he said, kissing and nipping her neck. "Let's get out of here."

They arrived at Mr. Abano's house about one hour later. The place was spacious and modern, with a clean décor. But Samantha was too busy to notice any of that – As soon as they stepped inside the house, Paolo started kissing her hungrily, as if your life depended on it. The woman kissed him back with equal enthusiasm, and soon they were making out with such urgency that they were even bumping into the furniture.



Now that Samantha had freed her femme side, it seemed simply impossible to contain it again. She desperately needed to feel Paolo's strong, muscled body against her delicate, soft one; his beard brushing her slender neck; his big hands rubbing all over her body...

She couldn't remember the last time she'd had any sexual relief, and she felt she just couldn't wait any longer. It was as if that was the only way for her to get some relief after all the traumas of that night. She had never felt such a strong urge in her entire life...

Shortly after, Samantha was already in Mr. Abano's bedroom, without even realizing how she had gotten there. She was completely unable to think straight at that moment, such arousal she was feeling.

"Oh, Samantha... You're so beautiful... So hot..." Paolo whispered in her ear as he took off her dress, revealing her sexy red lingerie and her killer body. Her bra was soon thrown somewhere, as well, and the man looked at her breasts in wonder.

"Ahh..." Samantha shuddered as Paolo held her boobs with his big hands.

"Do you like it?" he asked, rubbing her nipples that were already very hard.

"Y-yeah..." she gasped, in ecstasy. God, her breasts were so sensitive... It felt so good to have them touched like that. She couldn't help it but thought it would be very difficult to get used to living without "her girls". Just thinking about that possibility made her deeply disturbed...

Paolo then started licking and nibbling her nipples and she almost passed out. At this point, she was already lying on the bed, with the man over her. He kept playing with her breasts for some time, until he decided to kiss her belly, getting closer and closer to her private parts. Paolo was already starting to take off her panties when Samantha realized she needed to stop him...

She had never felt as frustrated as in that moment, and she lamented immensely the fact that she didn't have a real vagina. She knew that however realistic her body looked down there, her prosthetic pussy couldn't be penetrated.

"Wait, Paolo," she asked.

"What's wrong, honey?"

"I'm sorry but... umm... I'm on my period," she improvised.

"Oh, I see," the man said, looking disappointed.

"But that doesn't mean I can't make you very happy tonight," Samantha stated, hardly believing in her own words. She knew very well what she had just insinuated, and seeing how happy Paolo had gotten with that suggestion, she knew it was too late to back down.

She reminded herself that it would be important for the man to believe that she was truly in love with him, but deep down she knew that this "extra incentive," wasn't even that necessary – she was sincerely

curious about how it might feel to suck a cock. This was almost unbelievable, but that idea didn't seem disgusting to her... In fact, she felt very thrilled.

When Paolo took off his underwear, though, Samantha almost lost her nerve. The thing is front of her was huge! She touched it slowly, almost as if she feared that his cock might bite her. Gaining a little confidence, she then wrapped the base of his dick with her small, delicate hand, feeling how warm and pulsating it was.



Little by little, Samantha's excitement returned with full force. That dick looked so wonderful, so hypnotizing... And she knew it was so hard because of her. She was *the woman* who was driving Paolo's crazy. Finally giving in to her urge, she opened her mouth and licked the tip of the cock...

Samantha thought it tasted very good - even better than she was expecting - and then she felt tempted to be even bolder. Remembering to keep eye contact with Paolo all the time, she opened her mouth wide and wrapped the man's cock with her fleshy lips, starting to suck it, slowly at first.

The girl thought it was almost unbelievable, but the truth was that she was doing it all as if she had years of experience. Judging by Paolo's enthusiastic reaction, it was like Samantha's tongue naturally

knew how to please a man, which made her even more confident. Shortly after, Paolo's cock was already reaching her throat, and she did her best to continue sucking it without choking, while she kept handling his balls with one of her hands.

"Oh, Samantha, you're so incredible!" Paolo cried out as his body started to contract, and he moaned louder and louder. "I... I'm almost coming, babe! If you want to get away, now is the time!"

Samantha thought that was very sweet of him. But the truth was she didn't want to get away, oh no! She was so aroused and so immersed in her feminine persona that she wanted to go all the way – the idea of swallowing every single drop of his male juice seemed irresistible to her.

Upon realizing Samantha's determination, Paolo got even more turned on. When he finally came, this was one of the most powerful orgasms he'd ever experienced. He screamed wildly and ejaculated lots and lots of cum inside Samantha's mouth and throat. After a slight moment of surprise, the girl worked deftly to swallow everything, savoring satisfied his semen.

"Oh, babe, it was... I have no words!" Paolo said, hugging Samantha tightly and kissing her gently. They then lay down again, cuddling each other. Samantha was feeling immensely happy to have pleased *her man* that way, but the truth was that she also had her needs... Her body was still clamoring for some sexual relief. Her arousal was so intense that she doubted she would be able to sleep like that.

"I hope you're not tired yet, big boy," she whispered sensuously, kissing Paolo's large chest and rubbing his penis. Noticing how quickly it got hard again, she already knew the answer.

"What do you have in mind now, babe?" the man asked, smiling broadly.

Samantha then took a deep breath and said what she was thinking before she lost her courage to do so. "Well, there's something I've never tried before... I've always been afraid of it... In fact, I still am a little afraid, but I trust you, Paolo... I want our first night to be special... I want to feel you inside me... But since I'm on my period, well, there's only one way to make it happen..."

The man kept looking at Samantha for some time, completely dumbfounded. It was clear that he simply couldn't believe how lucky he was. "Oh, honey, I love you so much!" he finally said. "I'm so glad you trust me... I also want tonight to be even more special, and I promise that I'll be gentle."

They started making out again, and this time when the man began to take off Samantha's panties, she didn't try to stop him. She still couldn't believe she really was about to do that. She couldn't deny that she was scared of Paolo's cock size, thinking that it would hurt a lot when he shoved it inside her. In addition, she feared that she might not be able to be a man again after an experience like that.

But despite all that, her lust was much stronger than any fear at that moment. She desperately needed it. She was dying to feel Paolo's cock inside her ass...

Once Samantha's panties were finally out of the way, Paolo positioned himself behind her, and started kissing the back of her neck, as he rubbed her boobs. The girl moaned loudly, already feeling Paolo's hard rock cock touching the cheeks of her butt. This went on for some time until Paolo suddenly got up from the bed.

"Hey, what's wrong?" Samantha asked, breathless. "You can't leave me now!"

"Just a minute. I had an idea," when he returned, Samantha saw that he was holding a small bottle. "Trust me, you'll appreciate this," he said, seeing her puzzled expression.

He then spread some cream in his hands and approached Samantha's back. Next, the girl felt something cold in her ass, as Paolo slipped a finger inside it.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, surprised.

"Just relax, babe," the man said. "You'll feel more comfortable with some lube."

Once again Samantha felt touched by how much Paolo seemed to care about her well-being. He truly was a gentleman, and it was almost impossible to resist his charm...

When he felt it was the right time, he shoved a second finger into Samantha's butt, and started a continuous movement... In and out... In and out... Samantha was already having a lot of fun with just that, and she was getting more and more curious about how the real thing would feel. Fortunately, she would find out soon enough...

"Are you ready, honey?" Paolo asked.

"Yes, dear... I want to feel you... Now!"

Upon hearing this, without wasting time, Paolo slipped the tip of his cock into Samantha's butt...

Despite Paolo's kindness and care, Samantha still felt a lot of pain as the tip of his cock came into her butt. The discomfort she felt as her virgin rear was being penetrated was so intense that she almost asked the man to stop it.

*No!* She told herself, firmly. *I've come too far to give up now... I'm sure it was worth it in the end... I just need to relax a little bit...*

The woman made an enormous effort to ignore the pain and truly *open herself* to that experience, and little by little it started to work. Samantha could feel her anal canal expanding, allowing Paolo's dick to slide more easily into her. It was already starting to feel good, but nothing compared to what was about to happen...

When the man's penis reached even deeper inside Samantha, she felt a shock of pleasure she had never experienced before. It was mind-blowing, to say the least. Samantha's best guess was that Paolo had reached *her prostate*, but at that moment she wasn't worried about *technical details*... In fact, for the first time in a long, she wasn't worried about anything...

"Oh my god!" she cried out, enjoying the indescribable pleasure she was feeling. "That's it, Paolo! Fuck me! Fuck me harder!"



Her words were more than enough to motivate Paolo to penetrate her even more vigorously. His cock was going deeper and deeper into Samantha's butt, to the point where he was able to stick his whole member inside her.

Samantha couldn't believe how amazing it felt. She was being fucked... She was truly being fucked... Some months ago, when she was still a guy, she would never have even thought something like this could happen. But now... Now she was sure that she had never experienced anything so wonderful.

"Harder, Paolo!" she begged once again, in ecstasy. "I'm almost... Oh... Oohhh... Oh my god... Yeah..." she moaned one last time, finally reaching orgasm after so many months. It was so powerful that for a moment the woman thought she would pass out.



Contrary to what she felt at the time she used to be a guy, it was as if the orgasm encompassed her entire body, in a way that she didn't think that was even possible. To her surprise, she also felt a substance dripping through her prosthetic pussy, even though during sex she hadn't felt any *life activity* in the area where she believed that her penis was stuck, and such fluid didn't look like male sperm.

She could also feel something dripping from her butt, but this – as she knew very well – was just Paolo's cum. She couldn't help it, but she thought it was very erotic to feel the man's warm cum still inside her as they cuddled each other fondly, after that intense sex session.

"I love you, Samantha," Paolo said, kissing her lips and stroking her face.

"I love you, too, Paolo," Samantha replied, not sure if she was still just acting or if that was a real feeling...

"Good morning, honey," Paolo said. "Did you sleep well?"

"Superbly!" Samantha replied, smiling. It was absolutely true. She simply couldn't remember the last time she'd slept so deep and sound.

Only then did she realize that her head was resting on the Italian man's chest, and his strong arms were wrapped around her body. Had they slept like that all night? She wasn't sure, but she couldn't deny that she was feeling very comfortable in that position...



"I'm glad to know, and I still can't believe this is really happening, you know... You and me, here together..."

"Why not?"

"It's just too perfect to be true," the man said, and then kissed her on the lips. "You're the woman I've always dreamed of finding."

"Oh, why do you always have to make me blush? I think... Wait a minute... Oh my gosh!"

"What's wrong?"

"You can't kiss me right now I still haven't brushed my teeth this morning. Also, I bet my makeup is a mess! I don't want you to see me looking *this bad!*" Samantha protested, trying to cover her face with her hands. Upon hearing this, Paolo couldn't help but began to laugh. "What's so funny?" the girl demanded to know.

"Sometimes you women are unbelievable," Paolo said, still laughing. "I can't believe you're worried about your makeup. Trust me, babe, you look indescribably beautiful this morning. I could keep looking at you all day long..." Paolo added, and then kissed her again, this time sticking his tongue into her mouth.

Samantha didn't even try to resist. Once again, she was completely bewitched by the man's charm. How could she not be? She had heard such beautiful things... And God, Paolo definitely knew how to kiss a woman...

"I'd like to ask you something," Paolo said when they broke the kiss. "Sometimes I can be a very old-fashioned man, so I like to make things official. Then here I go... Samantha, would you like to be my girlfriend?"

Samantha felt her heart racing. That was it. As absurd as it was, her crazy plan was actually working. However, she wasn't so sure if that really was the reason for her happiness. She thought that maybe... just maybe... a part of her would like to be Paolo's girlfriend for real...

"Umm... It'd be nice if you could say something..." the man commented, unaware of the intense conflict that was taking place in Samantha's mind. "I just wish I had a ring here with me... *Mamma mia*, I should have bought a ring for this occasion!"

"That's okay, Paolo!" the girl finally said, and now it was her turn to laugh. I don't need a ring... I have you, Right? This is all that what matters to me."

"So, is that a yes?"

"Of course, silly! After last night, did you really thought that my answer would be different? But..."

"But what?" Paolo asked, concerned.

"I love you, Paolo. I truly do! But to be your girlfriend, I need you to agree to something."

"Sure, whatever you want, honey!"

"Don't be so hasty, dear. You still don't know what I'm going to say. As you know, my modeling career is something very important to me. And I don't want people to think I got the job as your brand's main model just for being your girlfriend. It would tear me up inside. So, for this to work, we need to agree to terminate our contract."

"Terminate our contract? But, babe, it makes no sense! Anyone can see that you don't need any special favor to get a modeling job. You are so talented and beautiful..."

"Paolo," Samantha said in a serious tone. "This is very important to me. If we're going to be in a relationship, I need you to respect my will."

"Fine!" the man said, although it was clear that he wanted to argue more. "I still think this is not necessary, but if this is what you really want, I'm not going to try to convince you otherwise. I'll prepare the papers so that we can terminate the contract in the next few days."

"Thank you very much, dear!" Samantha said, putting her hands around his neck and kissing him. *Just a few more days and I'll be free*, she thought. No more makeup... No more high heels and sexy lingerie... No more feminine clothes and photo shoots... Her female persona would be gone for good... That was what she wanted... *Right?* However, even if that was true, things weren't going to be as simple as Samantha was expecting...

MEANWHILE, ACROSS THE CITY...

"Wait a minute, I'm coming! Why such a hurry, anyway?" Mia screamed, heading for the front door while the bell kept ringing incessantly. The girl was very angry. Why in the hell was someone making so much noise on a Sunday morning? She opened the door ready to curse the inconvenient person, but she changed her mind when she saw who was standing there. "Oh, Francesca, it's you! Please, come in, darling. How are you feeling today?"

"I need to talk to Samuel. Last night I just freaked out seeing... well... seeing his new look... But I think I need to give him a chance to explain to me better what's going on. Is he here?"

"Well, she... I mean, he hasn't returned home yet, I'm afraid. I'm sorry, dear."

"What do you mean he hasn't returned home yet? Where did he spend the night? Are you implying that he... he slept with that other man?"

"Look, Fran, I know that all this must be very confusing and shocking to you... Why don't we sit down and talk a little bit? I'll make some coffee."

Francesca followed Mia into the kitchen, and soon Greta had joined her.

"Here it is, Fran," Mia said, serving the coffee.

"Thank you. But now I want to know everything about Samuel, girls."

Mia and Greta looked at each other, nervous. "Okay, Fran, it won't be easy to hear, but you deserve to know the truth," Mia stated. "What Samantha... Samuel told you yesterday... That wasn't exactly the real story."

"What do you mean?"

"He told you that he's being forced to live like a girl because of a series of misunderstandings, but that's not how it all happened," Greta said. "He wanted it, Fran. He wanted to be Samantha."

"What?" Francesca cried out. "I don't believe it!"

"Just think about it for a moment, dear. Do you really think it's possible that he signed a contract as a female model by accident? God, he even got breast implants! Do you really believe he didn't know what was going on?"

Francesca seemed shaken by those questions. "I... I don't know what to think anymore..."

"It all started one day when we got home early and found him trying on one of the new dresses we had designed," Greta lied. "We confronted him, and he said he was just curious about how it would feel to wear a dress. He swore it wouldn't happen again. But despite his promise, we caught him trying female clothes many other times, until the point where he was forced to admit the truth – he just loved all that girly stuff and deep down he felt he was meant to be a woman."

"Since he wanted it so desperately, we allowed him to start working as our female personal model, and after that, his transformation progressed very fast. He started taking hormones and it was astonishing to see how good and natural he was as a girl..."

"The whole time we kept telling him he needed to tell you what was going on, but he always said he was waiting for the right time... that you had enough problems at the moment... I think he was actually scared of what your reaction would be... And he still is since he keeps denying the truth to you."

"And if you're still having trouble believing what we are telling you, I have something here that will convince you once and for all," Mia said, picking up her phone. She then showed Francesca some cleverly edited videos of Samuel's *feminization training*, in which it seemed clear that he actually was enjoying all that, and even stated that he loved being Samantha and that he dreamed of being a model. In fact, he had been forced to say all that as part of his training, but that wasn't the impression one had when watching the video.

"Oh my god!" Francesca exclaimed. "So this is true! My boyfriend... ex-boyfriend, I guess... really wants to be a female..." She then sank her face in her hands, and Mia and Greta ran to hug her, but not before they smiled at each other...