

# *A Sexy Waitress For Halloween*



*A Spoiled Rich Kid Is Emasculated  
And Force Feminized By Hot Girls  
A Costume That Becomes A Career  
Plus an all new Bonus Sissy Story!*



*Mindi  
Harris*



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## Sneak Preview

Mike never suspected that I'd had anything to do with any of this. He accused his step mother Ingrid of in some way finding out about his life of leisure. He blamed her for his dad turning against him.

Halloween was coming up, and he was trying to save money. Still, he needed to find something fun to do to take his mind off of his financial woes. After he walked into my Hooters one early afternoon, he overheard some of the waitresses talking about the sexy costumes they'd decided to wear for the upcoming dress up days.

Eavesdropping Mike asked, "So, what's the buzz about these sexy costumes for dress up days?"

Brittany greeted him warmly. She was a 22 year old tall blonde girl with a shapely seductive body. Her sparkling blue eyes are always accentuated with a touch of shimmery eyeshadow. She has a friendly and bubbly personality, she said. "Oh, hi Mike, you're just in time! We were just discussing our sexy Halloween outfits!"

Emily, a 25-year-old Hooters girl with shoulder-length brunette hair that frames her face perfectly, said, "Yeah, we've got some seriously sexy costumes planned. It's going to be a showstopper!" Her hazel eyes are usually enhanced with a subtle winged eyeliner and a touch of rosy blush on her cheeks.

Mike said, "Well, don't keep me in suspense! What are you all going as?"

Megan, a 24-year-old Hooters girl with long, chestnut brown hair that she often styled in loose curls, said, "I'm going as a naughty nurse, complete with a short skirt and a stethoscope. Gotta keep those hearts racing!"

Jessica, a 23-year-old Hooters girl with fiery red hair that falls in loose waves around her shoulders said, "I'm going as a seductive vampire, with a plunging neckline and some killer fangs. I'm ready to

sink my teeth into the Halloween spirit!” Her emerald green eyes, accentuated with a smoky eye makeup look, gave her a sultry appearance.

Another girl said, “I’m going for a classic cat woman look, with a skin-tight bodysuit and a whip. Meow!”

Mike said, “Wow, you ladies really know how to turn up the heat! Any other jaw-dropping costumes?”

Justine said, “Well, I’m going as a sexy police officer, ready to arrest hearts left and right. Can’t wait to show off my handcuffs!”

“And I’m going as a sultry sailor, with a sailor hat and a short, sexy sailor dress that’ll make all the sailors blush!” Chenille said, “Anchors aweigh, boys!”

Mike grinned and replied “I must say, you ladies have outdone yourselves. I can’t wait to see the heads turning your way on Halloween night!”

Giggling, Brittany said, “I’m planning on going as a playboy bunny! Oh, Mike, you should join us! We’d love to see you in a sexy costume too!”

Emily laughed and said, “Yeah, come on, Mike! Join in with the fun! It’ll be a night to remember!”

Mike smiled at the laughing ladies and said, “Well, I’ll have to think about it. But I promise, if I decide to join in, I’ll make sure to bring the heat just like you all! Hey, I know!” he said turning his gaze to include all of the girls, “I can be Hugh Hefner and you can be my bunny, Brittany!”

This brought oohs and ahhs from the girls who giggled at him and rolled their eyes. After that Mike challenged, “Maybe with me dressed up as Hugh, all the rest of you can be my playboy bunnies? Not just Brittany but all of you!”

The girls all laughed at that, and a few of them slapped his arm playfully. When Mike mentioned his idea of dressing up as Hugh Hefner, Brittany's eyes lit up with excitement.

Always there for a joke, she suggested, "I'm taller than you are Mike! So maybe I should be Hugh Hefner and you can be my playboy bunny! You'll look so cute in my pretty pink bunny costume!"

## Forward by the Author

Halloween is a most wonderful holiday! You can set aside your identity, and masquerade as someone else. Someone stronger or sexier, someone with magical abilities or super powers. Many women and some men take advantage of this by choosing to flirt with a sluttier image.

This 13,000+ word book, with 11,000+ words of actual story content, tells the sexy, scintillating tale of a young man who, unlike everyone else, has a slutty identity forced upon him. Also unlike everyone else, his new identity as a sexy, seductive Hooters girl will last long after Halloween is over!

Warning! This kinky cross dressing tale features taboo themes: forced feminization, female domination, public humiliation, detailed emasculating makeovers, and a stunning lifestyle change from an ordinary young man into a “yassified” young girl! ***Please don't read this***

***xoxo book if you don't like such subjects!***

*Mindi*

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## **This Book Meets All Amazon/Kindle Standards**

All characters are of the legal age, and all are willing, consenting participants in all activities depicted, implied, and referenced. There are no sexual or other intimate relations or actions between or involving blood relations, minors, etc. There are no depictions, references to, or implications of any illegal, unethical, immoral, criminal, violent, non-consensual, abusive or other improper or wrongful activity, contact, nor conduct; nor is any objectionable behavior promoted, advocated for, nor implied.

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## Content Warning And Disclaimers

**Warning, Reader Discretion Advised!** This is a forced feminization fantasy. It involves kinky, taboo themes like naked man and fully-clothed women, female domination, small penis humiliation, mockery, detailed and embarrassing emasculating makeovers, BDSM, power exchange, lifestyle change from an ordinary young man into a “yassified” young girl, and more! ***Do not read this book if any of these or similar themes offend you!***

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None of the characters, entities, names, events, locations, or any other details refer to anyone or anything in reality. Any resemblance to any person living or dead is unintended and coincidental. This story is fantasy and for personal entertainment only. ***Do not try this at home!***

**Beware!** This book describes a character helplessly transformed in body and mind from a normal male into a sexy feminized sissy! **Don't Read This Book** unless you enjoy reading about a young man who is humiliated, emasculated, and feminized by dominating, sexy women!

**Warning!** This story contains kinky themes such as male-to-female, transgender, crossdressing erotica, featuring a conflicted / reluctant / defiant character's forced-feminization, humiliation, submission to female domination, public humiliation, emasculation, lifestyle change, and sissification. ***If these topics offend you, please stop reading.***

## **Chapter One: Meet Mike Henderson, Junior**

Oh, darling, you caught me! Yes, I am Elisa, the mischievous Hooters manager who orchestrated this whole delightful scheme. Allow me to regale you with the tale of how I cunningly tricked typical guy Mike Henderson into becoming a Hooters Girl.

Mike Henderson Junior was one of our “regulars” at Hooters. He’d stop in two or three times a week to watch sports, drink beer, and flirt with the sexy waitresses there. He was twenty three years old, stood about five foot seven, and weighed about one hundred and thirty pounds.

The first time I met him, back when I was still a Hooters girl, I noticed his long blonde hair and big bright sapphire blue eyes. He had fine features including a tiny button nose, full lips, and long luxurious eye lashes. I’d always been a great listener, and I made sure to be his Hooters girl whenever I could, both because he was never rude or abusive, and also because he was a very generous tipper.

As we got to know each other better, I probed Mike for information about his life. I learned quite a lot of the weeks and months before I opted to become a manager. I’d been away from that location, learning how to run a Hooters at various other stores, but recently I’d returned to manage at the location where I used to serve wearing the skimpy uniform.

Upon my return, I immediately struck up a conversation with Mike. I learned that he’d been a law student until very recently. He told me that this was mainly because his father, the sixty year old Mike Henderson Senior, was a very successful lawyer. He’d wanted his only son to follow in his footsteps, and eventually join his high powered prestigious firm. I had other ideas.

I asked Mike to tell me more about his dad, and he described the very wealthy and somewhat conservative man. He was a bit reticent at first, but once his got started, he shared all kinds of information. He told me all about the gruff, grey haired man who was paying for his son’s tuition and all of his living expenses.

I knew their kind well. Both the hard driving father and the soft, spoiled son were two of the typical types of men who'd I'd met countless times while waiting tables in my skimpy uniform. I knew that Mike had been striving to impress his old man with mixed success.

I'd encountered this dynamic more times than I could count. A spoiled rich kid driven to becoming an overachiever, only to burn out in their earlier twenties. This syndrome afflicted a lot of young people, mainly sons of nearly narcissistic fathers who overly identified with their kid. Very often the poor rich boy was a junior, making their status as daddy's little mini me even more clear.

Mike had confided in me enough for me to know that he wanted to break out of his father's shadow, to shatter the confining mould his namesake sought to entrap him in. For one thing, he told me that he didn't really like law school much, and he hadn't been doing that well in his classes. Mainly Bs and Cs.

"Maybe I'm just not cut out to be a lawyer?" he sighed sadly. I just nodded. I could tell that he sought a whole different identity and a much different career path. I had the same things in mind, but the future I wanted for him wasn't anything he'd ever imagine in his wildest dreams—or most unnerving nightmares.

We did agree on one important thing: That Mike Henderson Junior wanted to break free from his father's stifling, suffocating expectations in the worst way. I could tell that he was both frustrated and bored by his legal studies. The box his dad had him stuck had become an oppressive prison that was afflicting his mind, and making happiness impossible.

So one fateful day in early October, I made a seemingly innocuous but ultimately momentous suggestion. "Mike," I said looking into his blood shot eyes, "why don't you just take a little break from law school? Recharge your batteries with some time off from school, and maybe, I don't know, explore other options?"

At first, he recoiled at the idea. As I gently rubbed his slim arm and smile at him, his expression softened into a gentle smile that lit up his face. I said, “There’s that cute look I love!” That made his smile broaden and the dim cloud in his eyes start to dissipate.

I could tell that her was taking my suggestions to heart, even though they thought clearly daunted him. When I hinted that he could do this without telling his father, it was as if an anchor or an anvil lifted from his slumped shoulders. This, because he knew that if he took even a brief break from the predetermined life path, Michael Senior would be disappointed in him.

Mike was afraid that his dad might stop paying all of his expenses if he found out, and was reluctant to follow my advice until I gave him that out. I also knew that he hated disappointing people, and wouldn’t take time off if that meant risking incurring his daddy’s disapproval.

I wondered whether perhaps this was a personality trait imbued into him by his difficult, relentlessly perfectionist father? Most likely, I guessed. In any case, I’d identified the young man as a people pleaser. I recognized that while that might make for a lousy lawyer, it was an important quality for an successful Hooters girl.

As expected, his dad quickly found out about Mike’s clandestine leave of absence. This, when the law school sent a letter to his family home, and the curious, intrusive older man opened it.

As an intensely demanding and more than somewhat suspicious man, discovering his son’s lack of candor made Michael Senior angry. It made him very very angry. So much so that, as also expected, he cut off all of his kid’s financial support, sending him out into cold world without daddy’s credit card or cash. That left the desperate young man without a job or any way to pay his already large and rapidly mounting bills.

Mike never suspected that I’d had anything to do with any of this. He accused his step mother Ingrid of in some way finding out about his life of leisure. He blamed her for his dad turning against him.

According to Mike, she was greedy divorcée and in his words “a gold digger.” She’d married Michael Henderson Senior barely a year earlier, and Mike distrusted her. A feeling she shared, as she considered him a spoiled aimless brat.

While planning an elaborate wedding and an expensive honeymoon, she’d moved into the large Henderson Estate with her daughter Natasha. Both of these women were beautiful, smart, and very commanding. They also shared physical characteristics including an unusually tall stature. Ingrid at five foot eight inches, and Natasha at six foot even.

They both towered over Mike, and he found them both intimidating. They both teased him mercilessly about his “petite” body and “girlish” looks. Before the wedding, Natasha mocked her soon to be step brother by suggesting that he should serve as one of the bride’s maids while she took his place as a groom’s man.

During one family dinner, she’d theatrically presented a bride’s maid’s dress and dyed to match high heels in his size, these from her cousin Delancey who’d planned to be in the wedding, but she had been forced to bow out at the last minute due to unanticipated work conflicts.

“You should definitely wear this to the wedding!” Natasha smirked, “After all, you’re a better fit for this pretty, elegant dress than for a tuxedo! In that penguin suit, everyone will take you for the ring bearer.”

Her mother laughed and said, “It’s either this or maybe you’d prefer to be the flower girl?”

Mike moaned at this pathetically, and looked to his father for help. The patriarch just shook his head. No son of his would run away from an argument with a couple of women! Much less hide behind him in fear. No, he was intent on making Junior stand up for himself. Mike looked from mother to daughter and back again, wondering how he should respond to these assaults on his manhood.

Ingrid, a stunning woman in her early forties, had long flowing blonde hair that cascaded down her back. She'd been a young mother, and had retained almost all of her youthfulness. She wore a form-fitting black dress that hugged her curves alluringly, accentuating her hourglass figure. Her makeup was flawless, with smoky eyes and a bold red lip. Ingrid exuded confidence and had a sarcastic personality that could cut through steel.

Natasha, much like her mom, was a tall and statuesque woman. She was in her early twenties. Her blonde hair was styled in a sleek, almost masculine bob that framed her striking features. She wore a tailored pantsuit in a vibrant shade of royal blue, which perfectly complemented her fair complexion. Her makeup was more subtle, with just a touch of pink on her lips and just a hint of shimmer on her eyelids. She had a mischievous personality and loved to push people's buttons.

As the four of them sat in the formal dining room at Château Henderson, Ingrid and Natasha couldn't help but giggle as they looked at Mike squirming as the younger woman held up the sumptuous dress next to him. He seemed visibly uncomfortable under their gaze.

Ingrid playfully nudged Natasha and whispered, "Look at him, Natasha. He's practically begging to be a bridesmaid!"

Natasha smirked and replied, "Oh, absolutely! I can already picture him in that stunning gown. It's a gorgeous shade of lavender, with intricate lace detailing and a flowing skirt that would make him look just like a princess."

Ingrid joined in, laughing, "And let's not forget the shoes! I found a pair of silver stilettos with sparkling rhinestones that would make his petite feet look absolutely adorable. Can you imagine him trying to walk in those?" They both burst into laughter, causing Mike to squirm even more helplessly in his seat.

Michael Senior, trying to hide his amusement, chimed in, "Come on, Mike. It would be a great opportunity for you to embrace your

feminine side. Plus, think of all the compliments you'd receive on how pretty you look!"

Mike, feeling the weight of their teasing, retorted, "You two, make that you three are relentless! I'm not wearing any dress, and I'm certainly not going to be a bridesmaid. Find someone else to torment!"

Ingrid and Natasha exchanged mischievous glances before bursting into laughter once again. "Oh, Mike, you're such a spoilsport," Tasha said, wiping away tears of laughter. "But seriously, just imagine how stunning you'd look, little Sis!

"They're not wrong, son!" Michael Sr. said thoughtfully before joining the women in raucous laughter.

Hearing even his father laughing along with, and even worse, actually pretending to consider the humiliating idea, Mike stormed off. Fleeing the loud laughter, he stomped up the fancy spiral staircase to the fourth floor, and slammed his bedroom door behind him.

Both his stepmother and her daughter resented him from the first. After the wedding, they often complained about his dad supporting him. They insisted that at his age, he should either be in school preparing to support himself, or else working to pay his own bills.

Nothing changed when he went off to law school in another part of the state. "He's too old to be living off of his daddy!" Ingrid often complained.

Before seeing the letter from the school, Michael Senior resisted their nagging. After he saw evidence that his son might be lazy and even worse taking advantage of him and lying or hiding things, the elder man began to listen to the two scheming women.

That was about two months ago. he had been living off of his savings since then, and He was nearly broke now. Moving back home wasn't an option. his step mother disliked him, and her daughter, his

stepsister, hated him. his only choice was to get a job that would pay enough to cover his rent and other expenses.

His rent for November would be due in a few weeks, and he knew that really needed to find a job before then or I'd be out on the streets! he was despondent. I'd been spoiled and supported by his father all of his life, and hadn't developed the survival skills he needed to fend for myself.

Halloween was coming up, and he was trying to save money. Still, he needed to find something fun to do to take his mind off of his financial woes. After he walked into my Hooters one early afternoon, he overheard some of the waitresses talking about the sexy costumes they'd decided to wear for the upcoming dress up days.

Eavesdropping Mike asked, "So, what's the buzz about these sexy costumes for dress up days?"

Brittany greeted him warmly. She was a 22 year old tall blonde girl with a shapely seductive body. Her sparkling blue eyes are always accentuated with a touch of shimmery eyeshadow. She has a friendly and bubbly personality, she said. "Oh, hi Mike, you're just in time! We were just discussing our sexy Halloween outfits!"

Emily, a 25-year-old Hooters girl with shoulder-length brunette hair that frames her face perfectly, said, "Yeah, we've got some seriously sexy costumes planned. It's going to be a showstopper!" Her hazel eyes are usually enhanced with a subtle winged eyeliner and a touch of rosy blush on her cheeks.

Mike said, "Well, don't keep me in suspense! What are you all going as?"

Megan, a 24-year-old Hooters girl with long, chestnut brown hair that she often styled in loose curls, said, "I'm going as a naughty nurse, complete with a short skirt and a stethoscope. Gotta keep those hearts racing!"

Jessica, a 23-year-old Hooters girl with fiery red hair that falls in loose waves around her shoulders said, "I'm going as a seductive vampire, with a plunging neckline and some killer fangs. I'm ready to sink my teeth into the Halloween spirit!" Her emerald green eyes, accentuated with a smoky eye makeup look, gave her a sultry appearance.

Another girl said, "I'm going for a classic cat woman look, with a skin-tight bodysuit and a whip. Meow!"

Mike said, "Wow, you ladies really know how to turn up the heat! Any other jaw-dropping costumes?"

Justine said, "Well, I'm going as a sexy police officer, ready to arrest hearts left and right. Can't wait to show off my handcuffs!"

"And I'm going as a sultry sailor, with a sailor hat and a short, sexy sailor dress that'll make all the sailors blush!" Chenille said, "Anchors aweigh, boys!"

Mike grinned and replied "I must say, you ladies have outdone yourselves. I can't wait to see the heads turning your way on Halloween night!"

Giggling, Brittany said, "I'm planning on going as a playboy bunny! Oh, Mike, you should join us! We'd love to see you in a sexy costume too!"

Emily laughed and said, "Yeah, come on, Mike! Join in with the fun! It'll be a night to remember!"

## Chapter Two: Mike And His Big Mouth

Mike smiled at the laughing ladies and said, “Well, I'll have to think about it. But I promise, if I decide to join in, I'll make sure to bring the heat just like you all! Hey, I know!” he said turning his gaze to include all of the girls, “I can be Hugh Hefner and you can be my bunny, Brittany!”

This brought oohs and ahhs from the girls who giggled at him and rolled their eyes. After that Mike challenged, “Maybe with me dressed up as Hugh, all the rest of you can be my playboy bunnies? Not just Brittany but all of you!”

The girls all laughed at that, and a few of them slapped his arm playfully. When Mike mentioned his idea of dressing up as Hugh Hefner, Brittany's eyes lit up with excitement.

Always there for a joke, she suggested, “I'm taller than you are Mike! So maybe I should be Hugh Hefner and you can be my playboy bunny! You'll look so cute in my pretty pink bunny costume!”

The rest of the girls joined in teasing him about that. Emily laughed so hard she snorted. She has a warm and approachable personality, making everyone feel comfortable around her.

She was intrigued by Brittany's suggestion, and she couldn't help but imagine how he would look as a bunny! She said, “Or maybe you should come in wearing a Hooters girl costume!” She playfully nudged him, encouraging him to embrace the idea and join in on the Halloween fun.

Hearing that, all of the other girls burst into loud laughter and eagerly joined in on the fun. Jessica giggled at the suggestion of Mike wearing a Hooters girl outfit. Her sassy and confident personality made her a favorite among the customers, and I appreciated that she was always ready to take charge.

When Brittany and then Emily mentioned their ideas to feminize Mike, Jessica raised an eyebrow and smirked at him. She giggled and started teasing him about how he might actually enjoy wearing the Hooters girl costume.

She playfully challenged him to step out of his comfort zone and embrace the Halloween spirit. “Who knows? You might get a lot of tips from the guys!”

“Yeah, the guys will give him lots of tips!” Brittany said giggling, “and maybe even some gratuities too!”

Mike gulped but summoned his swagger saying, “Challenge accepted, ladies. Let's make this Halloween one for the books!”

Megan nodded enthusiastically. Her deep brown eyes were brought out and highlighted with a touch of golden eyeshadow, giving her a radiant look. She has a sweet and caring personality, always looking out for others.

When the girls mentioned their ideas to transform Mike, Megan's eyes widened with wild excitement. She giggled and playfully nudged him, encouraging him to embrace the opportunity to have fun and create unforgettable memories.

Ashley was one of the older Hooters girls, at 26 years of age. Her platinum blonde hair fell in sleek waves down her back. She adorned her piercing blue eyes with a bold smokey eye look and cat eye eyeliner. She also chose a soft pink lip color that made her look like she was about to kiss someone passionately.

She has a confident and outgoing personality, always ready to take on new adventures. She wrapped her arm around Mike's shoulders and said, “So it's decided! You're going to come in as a Hooters girl next week on the first day of Halloween dress up!”

“And the next day, you'll be my playboy bunny!” Brittany said with mock severity before bursting into a giggle fit.

As the manager, I passed by and listened in to what they were saying. Like I said, was a former Hooters girl. I was twenty four years old with strikingly bright blue eyes and long auburn hair—gorgeous if I say so myself.

“We’re gonna hold you to this, Missy!” I said looking him right in the eyes.

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On Halloween, Mike appeared at Hooters without a costume on. That disappointed me and all of the girls who’d expected him to show up dressed as a Hooters girl. He’d promised us that he would, but said that he’d only meant it as a joke.

I told him, “Hey you little coward! The girls and I had taken you seriously, and we’re all very sad and even a bit angry with you that you chickened out!”

“Baww bark baww!” all of the girls shouted, half kidding but also quite peeved.

Mike just shrugged. With his bank account almost empty and his prospects dim, he just didn’t feel like going outside his comfort zone, much less risking ridicule by appearing in public wearing the sexy Hooters uniform. “Oh well! Too late now!” he said, shrugging again.

The girls all were moping and complaining that they’d been looking forward to seeing him in the cute little uniform. He was mumbling something about there not being a uniform big enough to fit him, that his body was all hairy, and so on.

As I listened in on the conversation between the Hooters girls and Mike, I couldn't resist joining in on the fun. With a twinkle in my bright blue eyes and my trademarked mischievous smile, I suggested that I had everything needed to transform him into a Hooters girl.

I laughed and said, “Oh you think so? I was worried you might pussy out so I have everything we need to transform you into a Hooters girl!”

“Yeah right?” he said, “look at me! There’s no way you can make me look like—”

“That’s no problem. No problem at all!” I interrupted, “We have uniforms and shoes in the store room that will fit you. There’s pantyhose in your size in the vending machine, and I even brought a bra and thong you can wear!”

I giggled as the girls gave each other high fives, joining me in laughter at Mike’s ashen face. He was obviously still very reluctant, but the sexy seductive girls surrounded him and pleaded with him to give it a try.

They were all wearing very revealing costumes, and they complained it was unfair that he was just dressed as his boring ordinary self. A few of them even hinted that they’d “make it worth his while” if he agreed to dress up as one of them.

“Besides, it’s all just in fun!” I assured him. Little did he know what he was getting himself into!

The seven Hooters girls, each with her own unique charm and beauty, surrounded him, their sexy Halloween costumes leaving little to the imagination. Let me introduce you to these vivacious ladies. Tiffany, a twenty-two-year-old bombshell with flowing blonde hair and piercing green eyes. She was dressed as a sexy nurse, her makeup accentuating her flawless features.

Sophia, a sassy twenty-five-year-old with fiery red hair and captivating hazel eyes. She rocked a seductive vampire costume, complete with blood-red lipstick and smoky eye makeup. Isabella, a stunning twenty-three-year-old with long, dark hair and mesmerizing brown eyes. She embodied the sultry cat woman, her makeup emphasizing her feline features.

Olivia, a playful twenty-one-year-old with short, platinum blonde hair and sparkling blue eyes. She donned a naughty schoolgirl outfit, her makeup giving her an innocent yet mischievous look. Ava, a confident twenty-four-year-old with cascading brunette locks and enchanting brown eyes. She exuded sexiness as a provocative police officer, her makeup enhancing her authoritative allure.

Chloe, a bubbly twenty-year-old with curly blonde hair and captivating blue eyes. She embraced her inner seductress as a flirty French maid, her makeup artfully applied and accentuating her European charm. Harper, a vivacious twenty-three-year-old with long, wavy black hair and alluring green eyes. She embodied the enchanting fairy princess look, her makeup adding an air of mystery to her already captivating presence.

These gorgeous ladies, with their teasing and playful personalities, pestered and nagged poor Mike until he finally agreed to let them dress him up as a Hooters girl. Their shrieks of delight and contagious giggles filled the air as we whisked him away to our "Divas" room. That was the secluded area where the girls usually dressed and did their makeup to get ready to work.

There, they all worked together to transform him into a Hooters girl. As soon as the seven Hooters girls pulled him back into the "Divas" room, they wasted no time in making Mike into one of them. They started by waxing his body, removing every trace of hair to ensure a smooth and feminine appearance.

I teased him, saying, "Don't worry, Mike, we'll make sure that your skin is all silky and smooth for your new role!"

Next, they expertly tucked him, ensuring that any trace of masculinity was hidden away even when he wore the tiny, tight short shorts that leave nothing to the imagination. I giggled mischievously, saying, "We're going to make you look so feminine, Mikey. You won't even recognize yourself!"

They the girls dressed him in a sexy white thong and a skin toned padded push-up bra with silicone bra inserts, enhancing his curves and giving him a much more voluptuous figure. The Hooters girls couldn't help but giggle and comment on his transformation.

One of them, a stunning girl named Amber who was dressed up as Barbie, exclaimed, "Wow, Mike, you're going to have all the guys drooling over you!"

With his body prepared, and his undies in place, the girls moved on to his makeup. They expertly applied foundation, blush, and eyeshadow, accentuating his already delicate facial features and giving him a text book Hooter girl glamorous look.

I playfully said, "We're going to make you the most stunning Hooters girl, Mike! Get ready to turn heads!"

Finally, the girls dressed him in the iconic Hooters girl uniform—a tight white tank top, orange shorts, little socks, and white sneakers.

We all stepped back, admiring their handiwork. "You look absolutely amazing, Mike," Harper said with a wink. "I think you might even outshine us!"

The Hooters girls cheered and clapped, thrilled with the transformation they had achieved. They surrounded Mike, complimenting his appearance and teasing him about how he looked even better than they did.

### **Chapter Three: Meet Mikayla Henderson, Hooters Girl**

I laughed and said, "Look at yourself, Mikayla! It's obvious that you were born to be a Hooters girl!"

"Mikayla?" he asked, his eyes wide with surprise.

"Yes 'Mikayla' is your new name, cutie!" I laughed, "we can't have a Hooters girl named Mike, can we?"

I made him stand next to me and look into the full length mirror. What he saw shocked him! There, reflected back at him was an exceptionally adorable little Hooters girl in all her glory.

Mikayla stood next to me, her eyes widening as she looked into the full-length mirror. The reflection that greeted her was nothing short of stunning. She had been transformed into an exceptionally adorable Hooters girl, exuding femininity and charm. Even her shape had been remade into a sexy, girlish figure with enhanced boobs bouncing with every step she'd take and every move she'd make.

Her once soft yet still somewhat masculine features had been further softened and enhanced, giving her a delicate and alluring appearance. Her face was flawlessly made up, with a touch of rosy blush on her cheeks, perfectly arched eyebrows, and long, fluttery lashes that framed her mesmerizing eyes.

Her lips were painted a glossy pink, inviting and kissable. Her hair, previously short and unremarkable, had been styled into luscious, flowing waves that cascaded down her shoulders. The vibrant auburn color complemented her fair complexion, adding a touch of allure to her overall look.

Dressed in the iconic Hooters girl uniform, Mikayla's figure was accentuated more than enough to make her look like a sexy girl. She wore a tight white tank top that hugged her curves, showcasing her feminine silhouette. The low-cut neckline revealed a hint of cleavage, teasingly drawing attention to her assets.

Her bottom half was adorned with a pair of orange short shorts that showcased her toned legs. The shorts were just the right length, leaving just enough to the imagination while still highlighting her shapely thighs. Completing the ensemble were a pair of white sneakers, adding a playful touch to her overall appearance.

To enhance her feminine figure, Mikayla wore a padded push-up bra with silicone inserts, giving her a subtle yet noticeable boost in her bust. The thong she wore accentuated her pert derriere, leaving little to the imagination.

As Mikayla stood there, taking in her transformed appearance, she couldn't help but feel a mix of surprise and fear. She looked undeniably cute and alluring in her Hooters girl attire, ready to captivate and charm anyone who crossed her path. I giggled at his reaction and said, "Now let's go show the world what you've got!"

It had taken longer than I expected, but the results were much more convincing than I could have imagined! The girls loved it! Even I was impressed. I teased him by pretending that he really was a Hooters girl, even telling him to take orders from a table of five young women. He laughed, but I insisted.

Again he laughed and refused until I told him that the women knew he wasn't really a girl, and that they'd asked for him specifically. Several of the Hooters girls giggled and encouraged him to do it. He shrugged and played along, cautiously approaching the table of laughing women.

I instructed him to greet the women and introduce himself as "Mikayla," blushing while telling them, "I'll be your Hooters girl today!"

The five young women customers looked at him with surprise and amusement. One of them, Sarah, smirked and said, "Well, aren't you a cute little Hooters girl?" They all burst into laughter, clearly enjoying the situation.

Embarrassed, he wrote down their orders on a little pink pad and then met me at the point of service terminal to input the women's orders.

He hissed, "I thought you said that they asked for me?"

I giggled and winked at his blushing face. Then, I sent him off to the bar to pick up his party's drink orders. There, the bartender Jasmine teased him about how cute he looked as a Hooters girl. A sassy and vivacious woman in her late twenties, Jazz had long flowing black hair that cascaded down her back.

Her eyes were a mesmerizing shade of emerald green, and her makeup was flawlessly done, accentuating her striking features. She wore a sexy Halloween costume, a black sexy witch outfit that hugged her curves in all the right places.

Her playful personality matched her appearance, and she couldn't help but tease the transformed customer. "Well, well, just look at you, Mikayla! You're quite the sexy little Hooters girl, aren't you?" she said with a mischievous grin. "I just wonder why you're in the regular uniform instead of a hot little costume?"

I'd followed her to the bar, and I played along with Jasmine, scolding Mikayla for wearing the usual uniform rather than a sexy costume like the other girls. Three of the other girls walked over and joined in teasing her for her lack of imagination.

She had a playful and confident demeanor that made her a natural fit for managing a place like Hooters. "Come on, Mikayla, where's your sense of adventure? You should have dressed up like the rest of us girls!" she said, playfully nudging me.

Elisa: Well, Mikayla, looks like you missed out on the fun of wearing a sexy costume like the other girls. Maybe next time we can find something extra special for you, hmm?

Samantha said, "Oh, Mikayla, you have no idea what you're missing! I came as a naughty nurse, and let me tell you, it drove the guys

wild!

Jessica added, “And I came as a sexy police officer! I had handcuffs and everything. You should have seen the looks I got.

Emily said, “Mikayla, I came as a seductive vampire. I had these fangs that were just to die for. You would have looked so cute as a vampire too!

Ashley said, “I went as a sultry cat woman, complete with a whip. Meow! You should have joined in on the feline fun, Mikayla.

Olivia said, “Mikayla, I came as a naughty schoolgirl. I had a plaid skirt that barely covered anything. You would have been the cutest schoolgirl ever!

I laughed along with the others. “See, Mikayla? You missed out on all the fun and excitement. But don't worry, we'll find something equally sexy for you next time.”

Then, I sent Mikayla back to her table where she gave the five young women their drink orders, only mixing up a lemonade and an Arnold Palmer, a mistake a lot of the girls make.

The women all teased her playfully about how she looked once again. Sarah, the ringleader of the group, couldn't contain her laughter as she said, "You're the sexiest girl here! No wonder you're not wearing a Halloween costume!"

The five young women each order salads and asked for refills on their waters. He wrote down their lunch orders on his little pink pad, and he met me at the point of service terminal once again to input the women's main course orders. Then, he approached the bar to pick up their refills. There, the bartender Jasmine teased him about how cute he looked as a Hooters girl.

I followed him to the bar, and played along with Jasmine scolding him for wearing the usual uniform rather than a sexy costume like the

other girls. Three of the other girls walked over and joined in teasing him for his lack of imagination.

He returned to his table and gave each of the five young women their drink orders. They all resumed teasing him playfully about how cute he looked. After watching from a short distance, I walked Mikayla to the kitchen window to pick up their orders.

As we crossed the floor, several other customers, mostly men, engaged her in conversation. The seven men and three women at different tables were quick to tease and make witty remarks.

First we walked by a table where the 35 year old John his companion, the younger Susan sat watching us as we approached. John, a charismatic man with a neatly trimmed beard and a mischievous twinkle in his hazel eyes, was wearing a plaid shirt and jeans. He playfully called out, "Well, well, look who's joined the Hooters team! You're certainly turning heads, my friend!"

Sarah, a sassy and confident woman with long blonde hair and smoky eye makeup, was wearing a stylish black dress. She smirked and said, "I must say, you make a stunning Hooters girl. Maybe you should consider a career change!"

One table over, Mark—a jovial man with a bald head and a friendly smile who was sporting a casual polo shirt and khaki pants chuckled. He looked Mikayla up and down and exclaimed, "I never thought I'd see the day when you'd be serving us wings, my friend! You're really embracing the Hooters spirit!"

Lisa, who looked about 25, giggled at Mikayla. A vibrant and outgoing woman with fiery red hair and equally bold red lipstick, was wearing a trendy crop top and high-waisted jeans. She winked and said, "Well, well, aren't you a sight for sore eyes! I must say, you're rocking that Hooters uniform!"

Her boyfriend David, a charming man with a stylish beard and piercing blue eyes, was dressed in a button-down shirt and dress pants.

He smirked and teased, "I never thought I'd see you in a Hooters outfit. You're really stepping way outside of your comfort zone!"

Emily, about Mikayla's age, was a bubbly and energetic woman with long brown hair and a natural makeup look. Wearing a cute sundress, she giggled and said, "Oh my goodness, you're absolutely adorable as a Hooters girl! I can't stop smiling!"

Richard, a witty and sarcastic man with a buzz cut and a playful glint in his green eyes, was dressed in a casual t-shirt and jeans. He smirked and said, "I don't have a Hooters girl yet, will you be mine?"

I grabbed the salads, handed them to Mikayla, and led her back to her table. Once more we interacted with several other customers along the way. I walk to the kitchen window to pick up their appetizer orders, as he crosses the floor, several other customers, mostly men, engage him in conversation.

As we walk across the restaurant dressed up as a Hooters girl, the customers can't help but be captivated by Mikayla's stunning appearance. The men, with their eyes wide open, try to strike up conversations with her, while the women exchange knowing glances.

One of the customers, a middle-aged man named Peter, with salt-and-pepper hair and a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, leans in and says, "Well, well, aren't you a cutie, you make quite the Hooters girl!"

A woman named Lisa, in her early thirties, with long flowing blonde hair and a bold red lipstick, playfully added, "Oh honey, you're stealing all the attention here! I might have to start dressing up as a Hooters girl too!"

The atmosphere is filled with laughter and teasing as the customers continue to engage her in conversation, unable to resist her charm. As she walks across the restaurant, the customers can't help but be drawn to his alluring presence. A group of men, led by a charismatic gentleman named Pedro, can't resist teasing her.

A man in his late twenties with a shaggy beard and dark brown eyes, smirks and says, "Well, well, look who's here! The prettiest Hooters girl in town! I must say, you're turning quite a few heads today, Señorita!"

A woman named Toni, with short brunette hair and a playful grin, chimed in, "Oh, don't mind them, sweetie. They're just jealous that you're stealing all the attention. You make a fabulous Hooters girl!"

The banter continued as the customers enjoy their time at the restaurant, relishing in the playful atmosphere created by her presence. When she arrives back to her table, she passed out the salads and took the ladies' lunch orders.

As she pretended to be a Hooters girl, the five young women at the table couldn't help but giggle at Mikayla and exchange smirks and glances. They playfully teased her as they gave her their lunch orders.

I notice the women watching every move Mikayla makes. They elbow each other as she approaches the table and offers to take their lunch orders. The five young women look interested and begin questioning Mikayla about her job and how she likes it at Hooters.

Mikayla tried to endure the ordeal, and even replied in the usual Hooters Girl style. The five young women begin teasing back Mikayla in a playful manner as well, and they all seem to be having a good time! I note their orders and enter them into the terminal, leaving the six women free to chat and banter back and forth with each other. "This is going even better than I'd imagined!" I think.

I overhear Mikayla playing along and flirting even more intensely with the young women. I snort hearing her, claiming that she absolutely loves it at Hooters and that she is grateful for the job opportunity. That got the young women excited and they begin teasing Mikayla in a more pointed manner.

## **Chapter Four: I Decide To Keep Mikayla As A Hooters Girl**

I slip over with the lunch orders in hand, and place them before each of the women. The conversation continues for a bit longer, as all the young women and Mikayla have fun and enjoy their Hooters experience! After playfully flirting with the women, Mikayla left them to finish their lunch.

She checked in with them every so often, and watches the table carefully to make sure that their soft drinks were refilled and asking, “Do you ladies need anything else?” They usually didn’t but they were happy to speak with her.

They five young women continued teasing Mikayla about how feminine and sexy she was in her adorable uniform. They’d make comments about how her hips looked amazing in the tight shorts, and how cute she looked with her bright red lipstick. Mikayla played along, flirting with the young women, saying that she felt so beautiful and feminine in the Hooters outfit.

Their conversation continued with even more teasing from the young women, making jokes about how Mikayla had "turned into such a pretty girl" and how they needed to take her shopping for panties and bras after the shift and maybe bring her with them to get their nails done over the weekend.

All of this went on for nearly an hour. After finishing their meals, the women declined Mikayla’s offer of dessert. “We’re all watching our girlish figures!” one of them said, “we know you know all about that!”

They paid their bills, and left her a generous tip. Looking over her shoulder, I said “You have the makings of a good Hooters girl!”

At that she blushed. Then, she told me, “I actually do need a job!”

I said, “Well we do have some openings, and I insist that you apply!” And so he did, right then and there. Well, after washing off his make up and changing back into his jeans. The second Mike applied to

work as a cook and we hired him on the spot. I scheduled him to work the next day.

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It was a busy afternoon at Hooters, and our five Hooters Girls were swamped taking orders from the customers when he showed up for work, arriving at 4:15 a bit early for the evening shift that would start at 4:30.

I took him aside told him, “We have too many cooks scheduled for the next shift, but we need another night shift waitress!” I added that I knew he could do the job, based on his performance the previous day.

When Mike objected, I explained, “This is an opportunity to explore a new side of yourself! Even though we know that you applied to work as a cook, by signing the Hooters application you agreed to fill in at other positions as needed for the good of the company. Well, we need you as a Hooters girl today!”

I could tell that he suspected none of this was an accident, and he feared that I might have decided he’d be a better fit in the Hooters Girl role than as a cook. Of course that was true.

I more or less confirmed this by saying, “Why not take a chance and become a waitress? It could be a great way to gain new experiences and make some extra money in tips! After all? You did say you needed the money!”

Mike moaned and said, “You have got to be kidding me!” Embarrassed beyond belief, he asked, “How can he be a Hooters girl when I’m not even a girl?”

I waved away his protests, saying “You did a great job waiting on that table on yesterday! Anyway, we both know you have a serious talent for talking to people and interacting with the customers!”

“I really do need a job! My rent is due tomorrow, but I’m way too embarrassed about being seen and working dressed up as a girl?” he

whined, “isn’t there anything else I can do to make some money fast?”

I put my arm around his shoulders and said, “I understand that you might feel embarrassed about dressing up as a girl, but it's nothing to be embarrassed about! Stop whining about it. You did it just yesterday and you looked adorable!”

“But that was just for Halloween and you all talked me into it!” he pouted.

“True!” I admitted, “Then again, you said you really do need this job and you can’t deny that you’re very familiar with what it takes to be a great Hooters girl. Don't worry about what others might think.”

He rolled his eyes and said, “That’s easy for you to say! You’re not the one who—”

“Remember, you're just doing this to pay your bills!” I cut him off before adding, “Anyway, as your manager, I'm here to support you and guide you through this process. It’ll be great! You're going to be just fine, Mikayla believe me!”

He stood there gaping at me, his beautiful boss, unable to speak or move. He was paralyzed, so great was his astonishment. He obviously still couldn’t believe that I seriously expected him to work as a sexy, seductive Hooters girl!

I whistled, as this had all been planned in advance, and five Hooters girls quickly surrounded the stunned young man. They giggled delightedly as they pull him back into their “Divas” room. There, they all work together to transform him into a Hooters girl. They tease him and giggle dress him up and do his hair and makeup to get him ready to work.

The five Hooters Girls, Lisa, Amanda, Megan, Maria, and Jessica, are excited to dress Mike up as one of them. I hand them the outfit for him, and they strip off his jeans and sweatshirt, all the while describing

his “figure” and how the Hooters outfit would look particularly sexy on him.

They take turns saying fun things like “your legs will look great in the sun tan pantyhose” or “your boobs will look so sexy in that tank top” or “you could totally rock a sexy, sassy hair style.”

When he whined about all of that, Amanda said, “Don’t moan Mikayla, you know you’re going to make a lot money dressed up as a Hooters Girl!” Eventually they finished doing the elaborate “girl next door” makeup and hair. When they pulled their dress up doll out onto to floor, he was a she once more.

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I smiled and said, “WOW! You looked great on Halloween, but this time you look even sexier! You were born to be a Hooters girl, Mikayla! Here’s your name tag,” she said, pinning the plastic orange badge that read “Mikayla” onto his tight white tank top, just above his heart.

Looking at himself in the mirror, Mike shouted, “Hey! You already had this name tag ready for me! That means—”

“Yes, of course I planned this in advance,” I smiled, “after I saw you in action on Halloween, I knew you’d be one of my better Hooters girls. So I decided to make it happen. So sue me?” She laughed then added, “Oh right! You’re not a law student any more. You’re a Hooters girl now, and for the foreseeable future!”

“Elisa, you can’t expect me to—” he began, only to have her cut him off.

I laughed and said, “I can and do expect you to get your pretty little ass over to table 43 and do your job, Mikayla! Chop chop! Quick like a bunny!” Then, the manager slapped the embarrassed emasculated waitress on her cute little butt through her orange short shorts, sending her on her way.

Soon, our six Hooters Girls are taking orders from the customers. Our newest Hooters Girl, Mikayla, is in the process of serving lunch to five young women who have requested to be served by one of "Hooters' prettiest staff members."

As Mikayla approached their table, the five young women were staring at her. Smiling, she makes sure to flirt with the businesswomen and engage in playful banter. It's clear that the powerful ladies are all delighted to see her and are even more excited to be served by her.

They openly discuss how cute Mikayla looks in her orange shorts and white tank top, remarking on how her tight little body looks amazing, and how her hair and makeup add extra sexiness.

When she arrived she greeted them saying, "Hi! I'm Mikayla! I'll be your Hooters girl today! Can I get you started with some appetizers and drinks?"

In response, they all began laughing. Then, after they caught their breath, they started discussing her outfit in even greater detail. After that, they made her shudder by bringing up the possibility of dressing her up as a French maid.

They teased her in a playful manner, but suddenly got serious. The eldest among them took her arm and asked her, "What do you think about the idea of serving us at a party the next day as a maid?" Instead of answering, the emasculated former guy just blushed and rushed off to meet me at the terminal to enter their orders.

"So, you're working out quite well as a Hooters girl, Mikayla," I said, "let me show you how to input the orders step by step so you can start doing them yourself."

Sighing, the feminized young man watched me intently, nodding. "Do you really think I'll ever have to work another shift as a Hooters girl?" she asked.

“Of course! That’s your position, isn’t it, Mikayla?” I said with a tone of finality. “So as I was saying,” I continued, “watch me do this so you can learn.”

Mikayla had a stricken look as she understood that there’d be no opportunities here for her as a cook. She seemed almost dizzy, certainly quite disoriented to hear her only job was as a Hooters girl.

“Now as you know, usually, our new girls have to take some tests and shadow more experienced girls for a few days,” I explained, “but we’re really short handed today. We’ll catch you up on everything you need as we go along.”

Mikayla nodded again, almost robotically. Suddenly it was as if a light clicked on inside her pretty little head. She was definitely thinking something like, “I’ll work here a few hours, and then I’ll slip away and go home. I’ll call my dad and ask him for some money. Then, I’ll just go back to law school, back to my real life, and—”

I saw the emerging look of determination on Mikayla’s sexily made up face and noticed her handling her cell phone with intention. All of that signaled to me that she’d finally realized that she didn’t know how good she’d had it.

I could almost hear her saying that she couldn’t wait to go back to her previous life as a law student living off of her rich daddy’s money. Of course she was eager to get back on easy street and leave her pantyhose behind her. Too bad for her, that ship had already sailed. It had also hit an iceberg and sunk beneath the waves.

Yes, I knew all about this whole situation, more than enough to let me easily tell that the cute but reluctant little “breastaurant” waitress was now thinking about ways to escape from her emasculated role.

I quickly quashed all of her hopes by smiling and saying, “Oh by the way? Ingrid and Natasha say hi!” she giggled at his shocked expression.

“Wait what? You know my step mom and—” Mikayla gasped, her prettily made up eyes comically wide.

“Um, duh! What did I just say?” I laughed, “I met Natasha years ago at our all girls’ private school, and we quickly became close friends. I met her mom, your step mother, when she came to visit ‘Tasha!’”

Mikayla looked at me with shaken disbelief that slowly but steadily evolved into a suspicious stare. She didn’t say a word, so I just continued.

“I got to know Ingrid much better when she spoke at our school as an alumnae. You called her a ‘gold digger,’ but she’s a very successful business woman, you know! To tell you the truth, I sort of worship her!”

“Wait! You know them that well?” Mikayla gasped again, her mouth left gaping.

“Again, duh!” I mocked her, smiling and shaking my head I said, “they wanted me to tell you that they showed your father every single one of the videos I sent them of you as a Hooters girl. The ones from Halloween and the rest just now.”

“What!! Why would you do that!” the petulant former prince turned fallen princess shouted at me angrily.

“Because they asked me to?” I shrugged, giggling loudly, “and also because we can always use another girl.”

Her face twisted into a pained expression, her sense of base betrayal obvious as she blinked at me, still confused but beginning to figure it out. I ignored the pretty little thing’s ensuing, obscenity laced outburst.

I calmly said, “Your step mom wants you to know that your daddy is absolutely furious with you. She said to tell you that his exact words were, ‘Let him stay as a waitress! He’s no son of mine!’”

I smirked at her defeated expression and went on saying, “So I guess that means you’re stuck here as Hooters girl, Mikayla!” I laughed. “Now, go take care of that party of ten guys over there! Oh, and you’d better accept those ladies’ offer of serving as their French maid. They’re very good tippers!”

Just then Brittany arrived. I looked at Mikayla and watched as she noticed how the sexy girl was dressed. She was wearing a smoking jacket over her short shorts, with a pipe in her mouth. This, instead of the bunny costume she’d planned to wear before the teasing discussion a few days earlier.

Yes, she was wearing a sexy, feminine form of a Hugh Hefner costume. She also held a garment bag in her cutely manicured hands. I giggled when Mikayla’s eyes went wide as she realized what this meant.

Brittany spotted the feminized former guy and sauntered up to her, an enormous smile on her face. “Hey girl!” she said, “I brought your costume for today! Here it is!”

She unzipped the garment bag and, with a flourish, pulled out a neon pink satin playboy bunny outfit. Along with that, she showed the stunned Mikayla a pair of black fishnet stockings, the famous bunny ears and a big, fluffy cotton tail.

“Go get changed!” I commanded, and when she shook her head, “No,” I adopted a stern expression to impose my will on the reluctant girl. “I mean it!” I said in a low, threatening tone.

“Do you need help getting into it?” Brittany asked, smiling wickedly.

“Please no?” Mikayla whined, looking from me to Brittany and back to me again, obviously looking for mercy.

I could tell that she felt humiliated enough prancing around dressed as a Hooters girl. The prospect of serving leering men and mocking

women wearing a skin tight, bright pink body suit with bunny ears and a fluffy tail was more than she could endure. Too bad for her!

I smirked and crossed my arms, enjoying the power I had over Mikayla. "Oh, come on now, Mikayla," I said, my voice dripping with amusement. "You didn't think you could escape from wearing the bunny costume, did you? We all agreed on it, remember?"

The other Hooters girls on the clock at the time gathered around. They all giggled and nodded in agreement, clearly finding Mikayla's predicament highly entertaining. "We all agreed!" they all said, then they plunged into a variation of the Hooters birthday song, clapping and smiling.

*Hooters has a bunny girl! (Hooters has a bunny girl!)  
She's the cutest in the world! (She's the cutest in the world!)  
Dressed in pink with bunny tail! (Dressed in pink with bunny tail!)  
She makes guys hard, without fail! (She makes guys hard, without fail!)  
Sound off, slutty! Sound off, bunny! Slutty bunny, Mikayla!*

Brittany stepped closer, holding the pink satin playboy bunny outfit out towards Mikayla. "Don't worry, sweetie," she said, her tone teasing and her face smirking, "You'll look absolutely adorable in this and be a total cocktease. It's all part of the Hooters experience!"

Mikayla's terrified eyes darted between me and Brittany once again, abject pleading in her gaze. "Please, Elisa," she begged, her voice trembling. "I can't do this. It's too embarrassing."

My smile widened, relishing in Mikayla's vulnerability. "Oh, Mikayla," I said, my tone mockingly sympathetic. "You're already dressed as a Hooters girl. How much more embarrassing can it get? Besides, it's all in good fun. We're just having a little teasing and feminizing fun with you."

Brittany chimed in, her voice filled with mischief. "And trust me, Mikayla," she said, winking at her, "you'll have all the customers eating

out of the palm of your hand in that bunny outfit. It's irresistible!"

Mikayla sighed, defeated. She knew she had no choice but to comply. With a resigned expression, she took the playboy bunny outfit from Brittany's hands and retreated to the dressing room. The other Hooters girls exchanged excited whispers, eagerly anticipating helping Mikayla with her transformation.

As the Hooters girls surrounded Mikayla, they couldn't contain their excitement. I, as the manager, took charge and directed the transformation process. "Alright, ladies, let's get Mikayla all dolled up!" I exclaimed, my bright blue eyes sparkling mischievously. "We need to make sure she looks absolutely irresistible in her bunny suit!"

The girls giggled and nodded in agreement. They were all dressed in their own sexy Halloween costumes, each reflecting their unique, ebullient personalities. First, there was Madison, a twenty-two-year-old with long blonde hair and piercing green eyes. She was dressed as a seductive vampire, her makeup accentuating her alluring features.

She had a playful and flirty personality, always ready with a witty remark. She showed off her humorously teasing the humiliated former guy saying, "Ooh, Mikayla, you're going to look so cute in that bunny suit!" Madison teased, her voice dripping with mockery. "I can already picture all the guys' heads turning to follow you when you walk by!"

Next to Madison stood Sophia. She was a twenty-five-year-old brunette with mesmerizing brown eyes. She was dressed as a sultry cat, her makeup giving her an air of feline mystery. She had a confident and sassy personality, always ready to take charge. "Come on, Mikayla, let's get you into those thong panties!" she ordered, a mischievous grin on her face. "You'll be the sexiest bunny in town!"

Beside Sophia stood Emma, a twenty three year old redhead with captivating blue eyes. She was dressed as a naughty nurse, her sassy makeup highlighting her natural beauty. She had a caring and nurturing personality, and sought to reassure the trembling girl saying, "Don't worry, Mikayla, we'll make sure you're comfortable in that push-up bra!"

Emma reassured, her voice soothing. "You'll have all the guys drooling over you!"

Then there was Chloe, a twenty-one-year-old with short black hair and sparkling brown eyes. She was dressed as a fierce feminine pirate, her makeup giving her a bold and adventurous look. She was known for her feisty, energetic personality, and was always up for a good time.

"Hey, Mikayla, I bet you'll have all of the other girls jealous of your curves in that push-up bra!" Chloe exclaimed, a playful twinkle in her eye. "You'll be the talk of the town!"

Finally, there was Lily, a twenty-four-year-old with long brown hair and enchanting hazel eyes. She giggled loudly as she stuck the fluffy bunny tail onto Mikayla's butt. "There! The final touch!" she said.

After what felt like an eternity, Mikayla emerged from the dressing room, now fully transformed into a sexy playboy bunny. The bright pink satin hugged her curves, accentuating her feminine figure. The black fishnet stockings added a touch of seduction, and the bunny ears perched atop her head completed the look.

I clapped my hands in delight, my eyes gleaming with excitement. "Well, well, Mikayla," she said, her voice filled with amusement. "Look at you! You make one stunning playboy bunny. I'm sure the customers won't be able to resist you!"

To prove my point, I sent her back out onto the floor to greet some guests. As she took the drinks orders from six young men, they couldn't help but stare at the sexy little bunny and exchange mischievous glances. One of them, a tall gruff guy named John, leaned in and whispered, "Mikayla, you are just too adorable! I can't believe they convinced you to dress up again!"

She blushed, trying to maintain her composure. "Well, what can I say? I'm a sucker for a good prank," she replied, some how managing to punctuate that explanation with a playful wink.

The blond guy sitting across from John, named Tom, chimed in, "Oh, you're not just a pretty face. You've got a great sense of humor too!"

The other three men, Bill, Jeff, and Stan, joined in the laughter, their eyes twinkling with amusement. They couldn't resist teasing Mikayla about how cute she looked in the bunny costume, commenting on her feminine figure and how well she pulled off the whole look.

From the next table over, Sarah, a fiery redhead with a sassy attitude, playfully nudged her and said, "Mikayla, you're giving us girls a run for our money! I think you might steal all the attention from us tonight!"

She blushed even deeper, feeling profound embarrassment at this flattery. "Oh, come on now! I'm just here to make sure you all have a great time," she replied, trying to maintain her professional demeanor if not her self esteem.

The rest of the women sitting at Sarah's table burst into laughter, their infectious giggles filling the air. They continued to chat and joke with Mikayla throughout their meal, making her feel like a piece of meat. It was a profoundly emasculating experience for Mikayla, she was still adjusting to being on the other side of the Hooters girl dynamic.

As the evening went on, Mikayla felt more and more humiliated. Countless men and women pinched her ass and stared at her enhanced boobs. I couldn't help but feel a sense of camaraderie with the women and men as they objectified Mikayla. I encouraged them to take liberties with her. They were friendly, fun, and genuinely interested in getting to know her, fascinated by her transformation from a law student into a sexy bunny girl.

At the end of the shift, most of the men and all of the women gave Mikayla generous tips. She clearly felt humiliated, but as the evening went along, she slowly became less ill at ease. She looked so adorable doing her side work in the sexy little bunny outfit. Her cotton tail slipped a bit, and her cute little ears drooped as she mopped the floor. I burst out giggling watching her.,

As Mikayla walked out of the restaurant, I couldn't help but smile. I knew that I had her exactly where I wanted her. Despite her in reluctance to keep working as a Hooters girl, she had no choice.

I'd made her sign an iron clad binding personal services agreement her own father had drafted. It stated that she'd work as a Hooters girl until I decided otherwise, or else she'd be liable for hundreds of thousands of dollars in liquidated damages. This was far more money than she had, money that couldn't earn for several years if not decades. She'd either remain as a Hooters girl, or else face a life time of poverty, forced to live on the streets.

This because her father was fed up seeing her flouncing around as a Hooters girl. He had decided to leave her to her own devices. She desperately needed the money she was making. She was totally stuck in this most unexpected journey into the world of Hooters. A journey that was not going to end for many years to come.

## **Bonus Story: An Emasculating Wager**

*A bet with a sports bar waitress turns a typical young man into a flirty feminized plaything.*

“I bet you I can get this \$20 bill without touching the glass,” Gwendolyn Peters said. She was smiling widely as she brushed a long blonde lock of hair from her bright blue eyes. Eyes that were shining with amusement.

“Yeah? You’re on!” David Johnson the twenty something long dark haired customer said.

“Don’t you even want to know the stakes before you accept the bet?” Gwen asked, smirking.

“Why?” David asked, “I know it’s impossible.”

“Suit yourself,” said Gwen, “but FYI, if I win you have to switch clothes with me and finish up my shift. Oh, and I still get to keep all of the tips!”

David looked her up and down as she struck a seductive pose in her skimpy Tata Girl uniform. It consisted of a tiny pair of iridescent pink short shorts that looked painted on her, and an equally skin tight crop top with “How Do You Like My Tatas?” written across it in a matching hot pink flowing script.

These, along with suntan pantyhose and cute little pink socks and girlish pink athletic shoes. A pink name tag and a pink Tata Girl apron pouch completed the top layer of the ensemble.

“You’ll be wearing all of this when you lose,” she said, “along with my bra and thong underneath, of course. Plus makeup, nail polish, pierced earrings, and perfume.”

He gulped as he imagined himself attired in that flirty feminine outfit. His face blushed red as a ripe tomato when Gwen said, “You’d

look simply adorable in this!”

She swept her manicured hand along her shapely body for emphasis. The rest of the guys sitting at his table laughed loudly at that, making David blush even more.

“W-w-what do I get if I win?” he asked.

“You get a kiss from me,” Gwen shrugged, “but anyone who lifts the glass for me will get two kisses!”

Thom, one of David’s best friends, immediately grabbed and lifted the glass. That let Gwen effortlessly pick up the twenty, which she stuffed into her Tata Girl pouch that she wore at waist level. “I win!” she said with a giggle. David’s face registered sheer astonishment as a swarm of beautiful Tata Girls surrounded him. Their names were Emily, Olivia, Ava, Sophia, and Malika.

Emily was a stunningly beautiful 25 year old girl with flowing chestnut brown hair that cascaded down to her waist. Her eyes were a mesmerizing shade of hazel, that sparkled with humor, warmth, and charm. Standing at an elegant height of 5’8” she boasted a slender and graceful body, accentuated by her toned physique.

Olivia was another breathtaking young waitress with striking features. She twisted a lock of lustrous ebony black hair as she appraised the situation. Her silken locks fell in gentle waves around her shoulders, framing her flawless face. Her eyes, an alluring shade of deep brown, gazed intently at David as she giggled imagining him dressed as one of the sexy Tata Girls. She was even taller than Emily, a statuesque 5’10” with a long and lean figure. Her graceful posture revealed her talent as a former ballet dancer.

Ava, the third captivating waitress, possessed a radiant beauty that was impossible to ignore. Her mane of flaxen golden blonde hair cascaded down in loose curls, perfectly complementing her delicate features. Her eyes were an alluring shade of sapphire blue that twinkled with playfulness as she envisioned David as a Tata Girl. She was about

5'6" and her tight, skimpy uniform accentuated her curvaceous, elegant, and alluring body. She had just celebrated her twenty second birthday.

Sophia, another dazzling 20-something waitress, was also blessed with unique and striking features. She flaunted a head of fiery red hair that fell in beachy waves. Her nose piercing added a touch of boldness to her appearance. Her eyes were a breathtaking shade of emerald green, enhancing her natural beauty. Standing at a height of 5'7" she possessed an hourglass figure, with gentle curves that drew attention from men and women alike as she effortlessly strode behind David, taking his right arm in her hands.

Malika, yet another captivating Tata waitress, radiated beauty with her distinct features. She had shoulder-length dark chocolate brown hair that towered atop her head. Her exquisite makeup highlighted her natural glow and brought out her captivating deep brown eyes, which exuded warmth and kindness. About 5'5" in height, she possessed a strong, athletic body, with feline poise and grace. She grabbed David's other arm and, together with the other girls, began directing him toward the back of the restaurant.

Each of these stunning waitresses had a unique, enchanting look. Their beauty was captivating, as they worked together to capture the hapless petite young man. They quickly dragged him into their dressing room. There, they took several pictures showing him, obviously a man, invading the women's dressing room. Then, they stripped him naked, and handed Gwen his boxers, socks, shoes, t-shirt, and jeans.

She rapidly undressed, removing her cute little uniform and underthings. Then, just as quickly, she dressed herself in David's clothing. Meanwhile, the other girls took even more pictures of him with his face clearly showing, as he stood now naked inside the woman's intimate place.

"If you get any ideas about not living up to your obligations under the bet, I'm sure the police would have some strong opinions about you barging into our dressing room and standing around naked in here!" Ava warned David.

“Please no! That won’t be necessary. I’m a man of my word!”

Looking and pointing at his tiny manhood, Sophia laughed, “Not much of a man!”

“Yes, and not any kind of man much longer!” Gwen laughed now dressed in David’s clothing.

She carefully hung up her things, and waited. She laughed as the gorgeous girls spread a thick white cream all over David’s skin, numbed his earlobes with ice cubes, and triple pierced his ears.

Then, they glued long nails onto his fingers while they waited for the depilatory to finish doing its magic. After they wiped away the stinging lotion, his body was as smooth and hairless as the day he was born.

“Time to get out on the floor, Désiré, your admirers await!” Gwen said.

“Désiré?” David asked, shell shocked by his rapid emasculation.

“Yes, Désiré!” Gwen laughed, “it’s French for ‘desired’ and that’s your new name, girl!”

“It suits her,” Melissa said, “all the guys will desire her!”

“Right?” Sophia said, “after all, we can’t call a pretty girl ‘David!’”

“I know!” said Amelia, “she’s so beautiful she couldn’t possibly be a boy!”

“She isn’t a boy,” said the manager Kristin, who’d walked in on the impromptu makeover, “she never really was, and she certainly never will be again!”

## Afterward By The Author

I cannot thank you enough for reading my book! I hope you **try some of my other stories as well**. Some are even edgier while others are much sweeter and more sentimental than this one. **Please give them a look on Amazon: [www.amazon.com/Mindi-Harris/e/B00YYYY6NL8](http://www.amazon.com/Mindi-Harris/e/B00YYYY6NL8)**

I am fortunate to have so many kind, enthusiastic fans. I hope that you liked reading this book as much as I liked writing it! If so, and if you want me to keep writing more books like this, ***please give this book a 5 star rating and a great review***. Do so anonymously if you feel that's best. That would help me so much!

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Thank you again, Dear Reader! I love and need you! I couldn't and wouldn't write or publish anything without your kind support!

*xoxo*

*Mindi*