

**ADULTS ONLY**

**128** pages **34** illustrations

# **A HIGH-HEELED HALLOWEEN**

**Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack**



TRANSGENDER STORIES OF THE  
***SUPERNATURAL***



**J O E   S I X   P A C K**

# ***A HIGH- HEELED HALLOWEEN***

**Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack**  
**A Stories of the Supernatural story**



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# A HIGH-HEELED HALLOWEEN

## A SPIRITED ENCOUNTER



Downtown, there's a costume shop that isn't very hard to find. It's a chain store, brightly lit, clean and spacious. At a discount, they offer the latest trendy items for parties, birthdays and most of all — Halloween. Tom had just dropped in for a moment to take a look, and get some ideas. He had just come from his stockbroker job, still in his best navy blue suit with the red power tie, as he perused what was for sale. "Is there a price on this?" He asked the lone clerk at the desk.

The clerk, a bespectacled man with no trace of a hairline and an obvious affectation for bow ties, examined the plastic-wrapped package Tom had brought from the shelf.

The man, old but not elderly, examined the pack, flipping it over one way and then the other. "Doesn't have a price tag," he said.

Tom nodded. "That's why I was asking."

"Let's see. Vampire costume." He checked a list nearby. "I don't have... Oh, here it is, \$59.95."

"Steep," Tom said.

The clerk shrugged. "It costs what it costs. But you don't want that one. That's not the costume for you. You're more adventurous than that." He walked out from behind his desk and over to the side, where he picked a package off the shelf. "Try this one. Much more daring than a dusty old vampire."

Tom guffawed. "Cheerleader costume? Dress up in a skirt? Hardly." He tried to toss it right back on the shelf where it came from, but the clerk was in the way.

"Don't be so quick, there," said the bow-tied man. "You're getting this for a party, I'd wager. An office party. Which do you think people will remember? One of six vampires or the one man in the cheerleader costume?"

"I want to be remembered for the right things, not for looking like a mental case," Tom said.

"Think about it. Plus, I can give you a discount."

"This wouldn't even fit me," Tom said, hoping it would be evident that his well-maintained triathlon-ready physique was much larger than a girl's costume could hold.



“One size fits all,” the clerk said, “guaranteed.”

Tom didn't believe that for a second. He pressed the package into the clerk's hands. “I was just looking for ideas,” Tom said, as he turned around and exited. “Wasn't going to buy anything.”



The clerk was at his desk the very next day when Tom came back into the store. It was about two in the afternoon, exactly when Tom figured the place would be empty, and it was. He was just hoping a different employee would be working the desk, so he could do this without feeling like a fool.

Tom walked over to the shelf and plucked the same cheerleader costume package off the shelf and brought it to the desk. He did his best job of looking cool and disaffected.

“Gonna get it after all, huh?” The clerk inquired.

“I don't have time to fuss. I can't waste my time thinking about something as silly as a Halloween costume.”

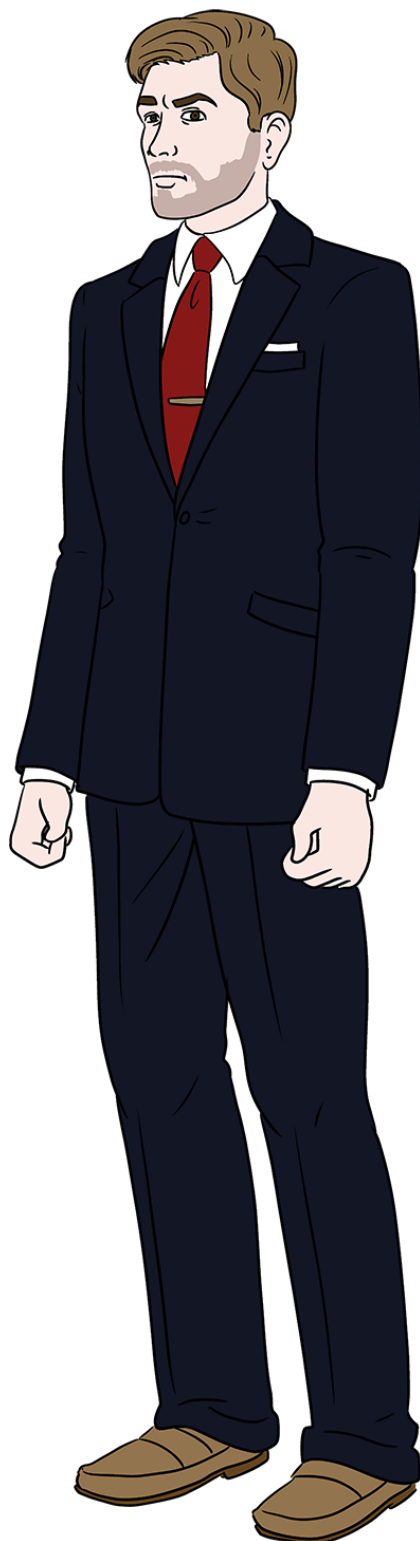
“Oh I completely understand. No sense getting all bent out of shape over one day of the year.”

“Exactly.”

“Now this costume doesn't come with the shoes. Do want the shoes?”

“I can find something at home. I need to get back to work.”

The clerk accepted the credit card the stockbroker handed over. “Tomas Farnsworth” was the name on it. “Member



since 2003.”

“Just need approval and a signature,” the clerk said, running the card through the reader. “Now you want to use the clips inside the wig, it’ll keep it on tighter.”

Tom’s hair was short, with a thick wave at the top. He looked at the long, blonde, curly wig with the built-in ponytail. “Yeah, I don’t think that’ll work. Can I use glue?”

“I wouldn’t try it. It’ll rip your real hair right out when you take it off. There’s still a couple of weeks until Halloween, I’d just let your hair grow out a little. The clips will work fine by the time you’re going to the party.”

“Grow my hair out in two weeks?” Tom knew how slowly hair grew. It was a ridiculous suggestion.

“And of course, you’ll want to shave your legs and face as closely as possible for the big night. It wouldn’t hurt to practice a little. Especially if you want to use some makeup. It’s best not to leave that to the last second.”

“Yeah, I think I can handle it,” Tom said, dismissively. He signed his receipt and handed it back to the clerk.

“Do you like sweaters? The cheerleader uniform has a warm, fluffy sweater.”

“Sweaters? It’s seventy degrees outside.”

“By the time Halloween comes around, you’ll thank yourself for having a nice sweater to wear.”

“I’m not a sweater person,” Tom said, adjusting his gold cufflinks.

The clerk bagged the costume up and handed it over. “And the chest, you’ll want to stuff it with...”

“Got it, thanks,” Tom said, cutting him off. He checked his phone for messages as he left the shop.



“Hello?” The woman called out into the costume store. It was empty. “Hello?”

“Yes!” Said the clerk, who emerged from the rack of cheap, loud costumes that packed the shop from wall to wall. “What can I help you with, young lady?”

The woman was in a business suit, grey, with crisply cut no-nonsense medium length dark hair, a phone in one hand and a second phone in the other. In fact, even if she was only in her mid-twenties, she looked nothing like a young lady. She looked rather deliberately like the professional businesswoman she saw herself to be. “My husband purchased a costume from you two days ago. A cheerleader costume? God knows what he was thinking.”

"About yay high?" The clerk said, raising his hand to a vague height of six feet tall. "Short hair, business suit? Red tie?"

"Yes. That was him." The woman looked back and forth between her two phones, decided one was not necessary and pocketed it. "I'd like to return it."

"Costumes are not returnable," the clerk said, gesturing his hand towards the large, plainly visible and insistent sign that read "all sales final" on it.

"I want my money back," she stated in a serious tone she seemed well practiced in.

"It's not in my power. Only my manager can make that call."

"I want to see your manager."

"He's in another store today. Fairmont Mall. It's just a quick thirty minute drive."

"This is such an inconvenience! I have meetings!"

"Didn't your husband like the costume?"

"He couldn't even remember why he had bought it."

"Ah. Well, I guess he changed his mind. I can do an exchange if you'd like. But I need the receipt."

"My husband has it. He's parking the car."

"Can I ask why you don't like the costume? I thought it was a unique and inspired choice."

"Unique?" Tom's wife said, adding a subtle snort, then pushing back stray hair from her face. "The last thing either Tom or I need is to make waves. His job at the firm is based on being as unassuming and as normal as everyone else. The last thing his career needs is a reputation as a free thinker."

"Well, I've seen that costume make a real difference for people like Tom. Now, if you don't mind me saying so... What did you say your name was?"

"I didn't."

"Gwen, yes, that's a lovely name. If you don't mind me saying so, just fitting in and keeping your head low is no way to make a lasting impression. Even someone who has to maintain a solid reputation like Tom has to stand out once and a while. Does that make sense?"

"Well, yes..."

"You can't hide in a crowd and still hope for advancement and promotion. Anything that helps leave even the tiniest influence on someone's mind is going to do nothing but help."

"Halloween is a rare opportunity to make the right kind of impression. Don't let that slip by."

"I don't think..." Gwen tried to say.

"Shush now. Let the old clerk show you how to really make the right impression."

Ten minutes later the bells on the door tinkled. "Gwen?" Said a voice. It was Tom, looking a little pressed for time. "We gotta go, I parked in the handicapped spot. Have you returned it yet?"

"Hello, Tom!" the clerk said, welcoming his customer back to his store. "Just ringing up Gwen's purchases right now."

"Purchases?" Tom said, advancing on the check-out desk where his wife had a small pile of items.

"Well, we had to get the shoes for the cheer uniform, Tom." Gwen was signing the receipt. "I'm surprised you didn't get them when you bought the costume. And the pom-poms are a must."

"I thought you were going to return this."

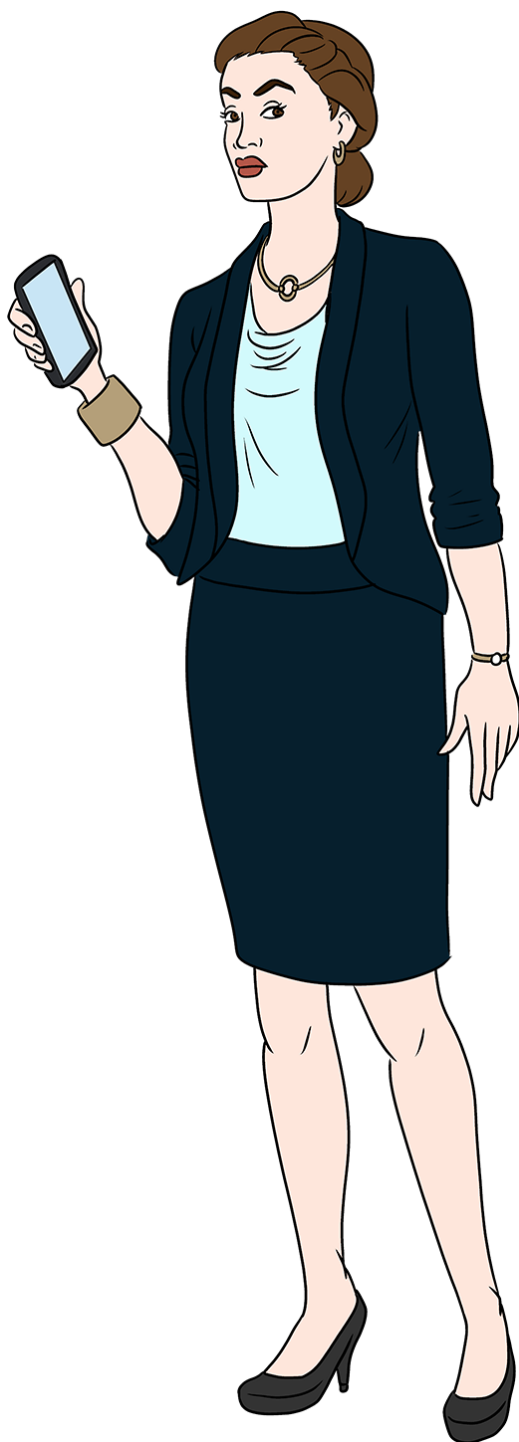
"We can't." She pointed to the large 'no refund' sign. "So we have to make the best of it."

"Did you even ask?"

"Tom, of course I asked. The manager's not here, so it can't be helped."

Tom looked quizzically over the the clerk, who was busy bagging up the new items with a grin on his face. He then looked at his wife's face which was smiling. Knowing her as she did, and her all-business attitude, seeing her smile was kind of creepy and unsettling.

"So, now you *want* me to dress up as a cheerleader?" Tom asked.



"That's not how we discussed it."

"Just don't worry about, honey," Gwen said. She turned to her husband and tightened his tie. "It's just a costume, after all. Which do you think people will remember? One of six vampires or the one man in the cheerleader costume?"

Tom wasn't sure what to make of that, as it was the exact same line the clerk had fed him when he first came into the shop. She had obviously fallen for his argument.

"And look! I got myself a costume to go with yours," Gwen said.

Tom peered over the top of his shorter wife's head to look at what she was talking about. She was pointing to a package labeled 'Crazy Stage Mother Costume.' "See?" Gwen said. "It comes with a pair of spandex leopard print dress, big wig, huge earrings, one of those ridiculously huge mom purses..."

"Really? Are you sure?" Tom asked, his face scrunched in uncertainty.

"I'm going to get one of those hideous jackets that says 'Don't mess with me I'm a Cheer Mom.'" Gwen said with a mischievous look on her face. "It'll be *deliciously* tacky."

"I barely even fit in my costume. I'm going to look like a fool."

"You'll look like you're in a costume. That's the point. We might as well have some fun with it."

"You've married a wise woman, Tim," the clerk said, handing over the bag full of costume items. "Oh, now that you're here, maybe we should double check the shoes before you leave."

"I'm a size 12. No need to check. I've always been a size 12."

"In a women's size?" Gwen asked.

"Fine, let's check."

Tom took a seat and undid the laces on his shiny black leather dress shoes. The clerk unwrapped one of the white sneakers from the box and fit it on Tom's dress-sock-covered foot. "They look big on you," he said.

"Yeah, they're a bit big. Roomy in the toe."

Gwen checked the box. "Did we do the conversion right? Size 14 women is a men's size 12, isn't it?"

"We'll try something smaller."

"I'm a size 12," Tom insisted, as a matter of pride.

"Let's try these." The clerk slipped them on Tom's feet and tied them up. "How do those feel?"

"They... They fit. They feel okay." Tom stood up and tested them out. "What size are these?"

"Size ten," Gwen said, reading the number on the box.

Tom shrugged. "Must be cheap Chinese shoes. Way off in terms of size." He sat, untied them and took them off.

Gwen gave the box a second look. When she had said they were size ten, she was reading the women's size. For men, these were size 8. She read it five times, and still figured she was mis-reading it.

The clerk handed Tom his dress shoe back. "Good thing we checked that out. Saved you a trip."

"I guess," Tom said. He put his shoe back on, laced it up and stood. "These feel huge on me now." He took a step forward and the shoe nearly fell off his foot. He wound up wearing the white sneakers out of the store.

"Don't forget to leave a review on Freesquirt," the clerk said.

"Foursquare," Tom corrected.

"Gesundheit."



It was just a few days later when Tom begrudgingly returned to the small costume store. He wasn't sure he should even come back, but he had some questions that he needed the answers to.

Problem was, he couldn't find the clerk who worked there.

"He's off," the woman at the desk said, when asked.

"I see. Yes. Is he going to be back soon?"

The woman who was working on this day was as laconic as a person could be without lapsing into a coma. She was flipping through pages of a magazine at a regular rate, not paying any attention to it. "I'm not allowed to discuss work schedules, as per company policy."

"Well then, maybe you can help me. I bought these shoes here the other day, to go with a costume..."

"No refunds," the lady said.

"We've covered that. I'm not looking for a return. I had a question about the shoes."

The woman put down the magazine she was flipping through. "I'd be more than happy to answer your questions, sir," she said, taxed with the effort of having to move her eyes up to look at Tom. Her sour expression made it clear to Tom that he only had a couple of attempts before this woman was going to give up and go back to her page-flipping duties.

"The shoes I was sold. They don't have any effect on the size of the feet, do they?"

"I don't follow you, sir."

Tom tried to look confident. "You see, every pair of shoes I have don't fit me anymore. Ever since I tried on these dumb shoes, all my others feel too big. Either my feet have shrunk, which is, as we know, impossible, or... Well, I'm not sure what else could explain it, but now my feet feel too small for all my shoes."

"We partner with only reputable manufacturers for our products, sir."

"I think maybe it's desensitized my feet. Some kind of chemical leeching into my skin, make my feet feel like..."

"Sir, if you have a complaint about the quality of one of our products, I'd be happy to give you the address of our corporate..."

"The shoes have done something to my feet. I don't know what. Now I can only wear these stupid cheerleader shoes..." He looked down at the all-white pair of sneakers on his feet, which looked ridiculous with his dark navy blue suit.

The woman at the desk hadn't changed her expression one bit. "We have a complaint form I can give you."

"No, that's not what I'm saying. These shoes have done something to me, and I just want to know what."

"Sir, I can direct you to our website where we..."

"You don't know anything do, you?"

"I'll have to ask you to leave if you're going to be abusive."

"I want to talk to the clerk who was working here when I bought the shoes. Bow tie. Glasses. He's got the answers, I know he does."

"Sir..."

"I know what you're going to say, and I already saw a doctor. Practically laughed me out of his office. He told me I was crazy. Crazy! Shoes can't change your feet, he told me."

"If you want to leave the shoes here, sir, I can have my manager look at them and then contact you."

"I... I don't think that'll work," Tom said. "They're the only shoes I have with me."

"Sir..."

"You want to know why I keep wearing them, don't you? Well, it just so happens they're very comfortable. Because of whatever else they're doing to my feet, they've made me an addict! I have to wear these shoes!"

Tom quickly and adeptly surmised that with his last statement, he had just lost any credibility he had, and whatever arguments he could levy were now moot. He sounded insane. Not merely unhinged, but certifiably insane.

He and the woman at the desk exchanged a look for a few seconds.

"I'll be back," Tom said.

He could feel the disapproving eyes of the minimum-wage retail employee as he scuffled away, the cuffs of his pants rubbing on the ground.



It was the next Saturday when Tom visited the costume shop yet again, and although the old clerk was on duty this time, he didn't recognize his customer.

"No, I'm sorry, I can't place the face," the clerk said.

"Tom Farnswerth. You sold me the cheerleader costume. You sold my wife that weird stage mother costume. It was only a few days ago!"

It was easy to understand why the clerk didn't recognize Tom, as he was no longer in his intimidating power suit, when he looked for all the world like a man who could ruin your life with a single phone call. Today, he was in a sweater and khaki shorts.

"I sell a lot of costumes, young man. Why, I sold three just today. Halloween's coming up, you know."

"Yes, I own a calendar. Listen, I need to ask you a couple of questions. First..."

The clerk ignored him and walked past. "Hold on, I have a customer."

"Wait! I have... Questions..." But it was too late for Tom to object, as the clerk was already welcoming a teenage boy who had wandered into the store, and Tom had to slump his shoulders at being ignored.

It wasn't that hard to dismiss Tom, either, as without his suit, he was a far less imposing figure. Outside of his comfort zone, Tom felt just as out of place as he looked. He didn't do "casual" well, and was much more comfortable behind his desk or leading a meeting. His loose sweater and sagging shorts looked like they were made for someone much bigger than him. In fact, he appeared to be holding them up at the belt with one of his hands.

"I... I..." Tom was at a loss, as he desperately wanted to talk to the clerk, but he also didn't want anyone to overhear what he had to say. He was going to have to be patient until the clerk was available again.

Fortunately, it wasn't long before the teen's costume purchase was being rung up and bagged. "I don't know about this," the kid said.

"Trust me," the clerk said, with a comforting smile. "It may be a little unusual at first blush, but you'll be the hit of the party in that costume."



The boy did not appear to be particularly at ease with his decision. “Cinderella. Why didn't I go shopping when there were more choices. Now I'm stuck as Cinderella.”

“You'll make a wonderful Cinderella. I'll bet you'll have a full dance card all night.”

“What's a dance card?”

“You young kids these days.” He handed over the bag, bursting over with sparkling blue fabric that would be the boy's dress for halloween. The kid took it and walked towards the door, stopped, and turned back around.

“Trust me!” the clerk said again, before the boy had a chance to speak.

Then the kid turned back around and left.

“Now, what costume were looking for?” The clerk asked Tom.

“No. I wasn't looking for a costume. I wanted to ask you about the costume I already bought.”

The clerk was putting his things in order at the register. “Well there are no...”

“No returns, yes, I already know that. What I want to know is if anyone had complained about any unusual effects from the costumes.”

“What kind of effects?”

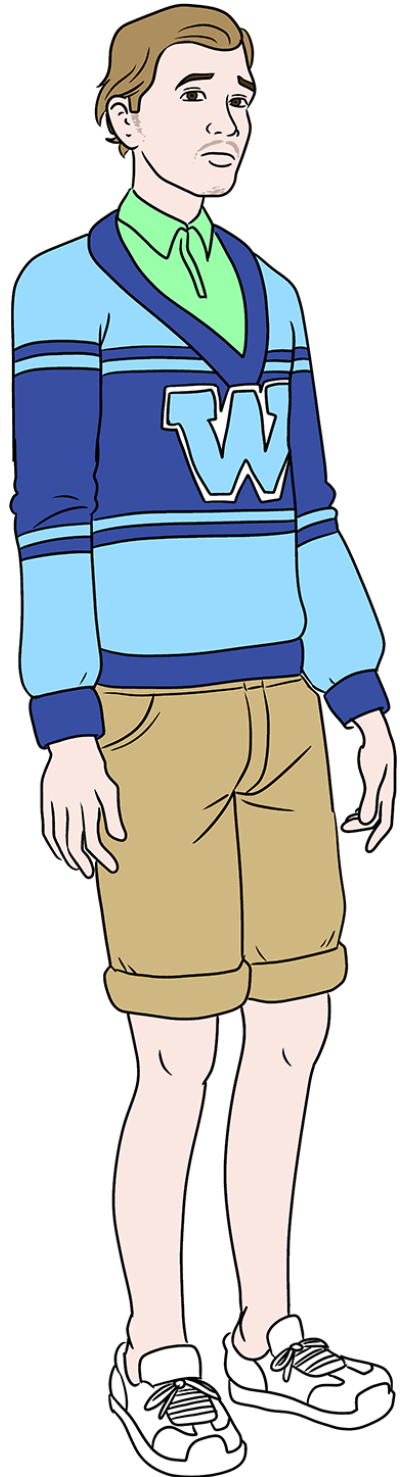
“Well, at first I thought maybe the shoes had somehow made my feet...”

The clerk snapped his fingers in recognition. “Now I place you. You came in with your brother.”

“My wife.”

“Nice lady. Did you do something with your hair?”

Tom was very self-conscious about his lengthening hair, which he desperately wanted to cut, but his wife had been



staunchly against it. It was well over his ears, but he had it combed back to try and look short. He was also sure that it was now a shade or two lighter, as well. "I didn't do anything to my hair!" He objected.

"Well keep not doing anything, then. It suits you."

"Anyway, I bought a cheerleader costume for Halloween."

"You say you were having problems with the shoes?" The clerk asked. "Those shoes you have on now?"

Indeed, Tom was wearing the white sneakers he had bought as part of the costume. He had worn nothing but since he had purchased them.

"Yeah, I guess these are those shoes. But actually, I really love these. They're so comfortable, I never take them off." Tom hiked up his shorts, as they were drooping down a little. "My problem is with the uniform itself."

"Well, what seems to be the problem?"

"I think it's made me sick. I'm sure I'm losing weight."

"Sick? You should see a doctor."

"Uh, he isn't taking my calls right now. Look, I just want to know if anyone else has said anything. Any recalls? You know, like a reaction to the material or something. Ever since I tried it on, I think I've been dropping weight."

The clerk rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Can't seem to recall anything like that. We had some rubber masks six years ago that were giving people a rash... But nothing like that recently. Which costume did you buy again?"

"The cheerleader costume!" Tom yelped. As he did, a few strands of hair fell into his eyes and he pulled them back.

"I sell a lot of cheerleader costumes."

"The one where... Look, I'm wearing the sweater right now."

"I thought that looked familiar. It's a nice sweater, but it's a bit warm for that, isn't it?"

Tom took a protective step back. "I'm not taking off my sweater."

"Grown kind of attached to it, have you?"

"What? No. I just like it, that's all. It looks good on me."

Objectively, however, that was questionable. The large blue sweater had v-shaped stripes in light blue and dark blue, with a large block letter that read "W" across the chest, and was not particularly tasteful, nor visually appealing, nor particularly masculine. Especially for a stockbroker, in weekend casual or not.

"Well, it does suit you," the clerk said.

“Yes, it does,” Tom replied, he looked down at himself and seemed to lose his focus for a moment. “But... But I think it’s responsible for my weight loss. I’ve been sweating for days, like I’m melting.”

“That may just be because it’s seventy two and you’re wearing a sweater.”

“I’m *not* taking my sweater off!” Tom reiterated. “But you might have a point.” He scratched his lower leg. “My skin itches all over, too.”

“You know what would help that?” The clerk said.

Ten minutes later, Tom found himself walking away from the store with his new purchase of a pair of glossy dance tights. The clerk assured him that they would keep his legs from itching, and look great with his costume. It only took fifteen steps before Tom slowed down and had to wonder exactly what had just happened. He had just bought another item for this dumb costume, and he actually felt good about it.

Clearing the hair from his eyes, he saw the young boy who had purchased the Cinderella costume looking just as bewildered as Tom felt. He was just standing on the sidewalk, staring inside the bag.

“Why did we buy these?” Tom asked.

“I don’t know!” the kid replied, and ran off with his purchases tucked under his arm.



“I want to buy a different costume,” Tom said, as he walked right up to the clerk. It was only a few days before Halloween, and Tom had had a re-think of his costume strategy. “I don’t care what you have. Just give me a better costume than a freaking cheerleader!”

The clerk had to put aside the shelf stacking he was busying himself with to talk to his customer. “Well, hello again, Tim.”

“Tom!”

“I’m so glad to see you. In this business, you don’t get a lot of regular customers. Unless you count the furies.”

“The what?”

“Never mind. So what can I help you with today, Tim?”

“I told you. I need a different costume. I’m not going to let you give me the run-around, either! Just sell me something that I can buy and not feel mortified about wearing!”

“Second thoughts?”

"Second, third, fourth. I'm going to get fired. Seriously. I will lose my job if I show up at the office Halloween party dressed like a cheerleader girl!"

"How so?"

"The people who own my company have no sense of humor. No imagination. No mental capacity for *anything* that deviates from the norm!"

"You're worried you won't be able to carry it off?"

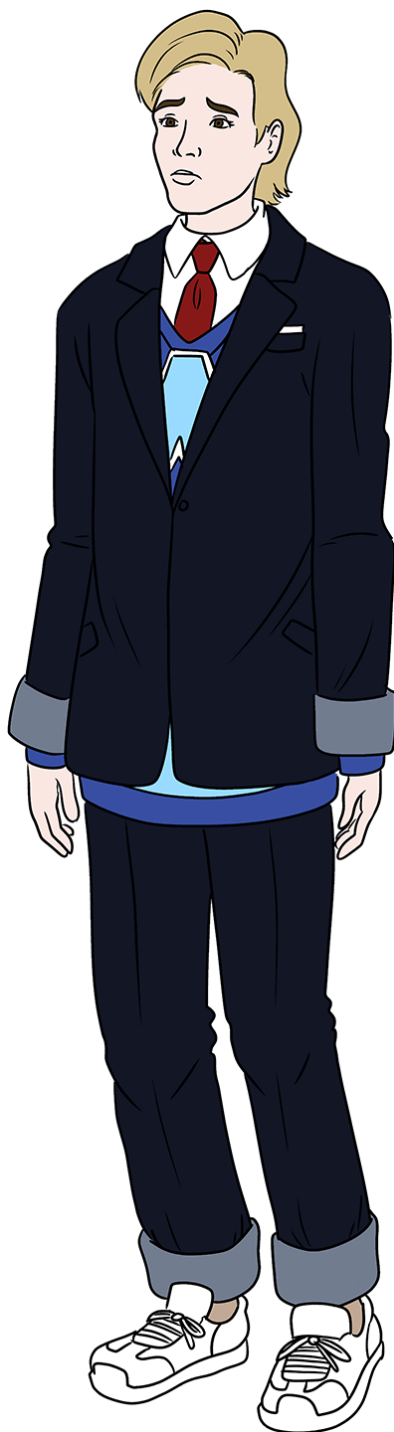
"No! I'm worried I'll be tossed out on my ass if I show up to a company function dressed in a skirt and waving pom-poms! I work with people who care about glad-handing, promotions, exploiting weaknesses, and making money by the dump truck. They're jackals, vultures and parasites! They're ruthless when they spot a vulnerability, and I'm not going to just hand them one!"

"You need confidence, my dear boy! Confidence!" The clerk escorted Tom over to another stack of clothes he had nearby. "You just need to be poised and self-assured! I can see it all over your face."

Anyone looking at Tom, however, would not be looking at his face. They would have been looking everywhere else. He was once again in his spotless all-white trainers, clashing badly with his suit. His navy blue pants were rolled up at the cuffs crudely, as Tom had been adjusting them constantly, to keep himself from stepping on the edges of the legs. For reasons he didn't understand, he'd have to keep rolling them up, seemingly four or five times a day, or risk tripping on them.

Not to mention that if one were keen to look, they might notice the shiny dance tights on his ankles in the inch between his shoes and his pant cuffs.

Under his suit jacket was the sweater of his costume, hidden for the most part, but still badly clashing with his suit and completely out of place. The sleeves of his jacket nearly



covered his hands entirely, even cuffed, and the lapels were cartoonishly oversized for his shoulders and neck.

But for some reason, Tom continued to wear his business suit, as ill-fitting as it was, just because it was all he knew.

“Confidence? I *made* my reputation on confidence!” Tom declared, pounding his fist on the wall. “Ow!” He said, shaking his injured hand and then sucking on where it hurt.

“Ah yes, maybe as a stockbroker. I can see that, certainly. Very intimidating.” The clerk picked up a package. “But as a high school cheerleader? You have no confidence. It’s not enough to look on the outside like a cheerleader, it’s got to be deeper than that.”

“You mean, like really *believing* I am a cheerleader? In my mind?” Tom asked.

The clerk laughed. “I just meant under the uniform. Here.” He handed the package to Tom. “Bra and panties.”

“What? No!” Tom handed them right back. “What the hell, man?”

“You’re probably wearing boxers, aren’t you? Or those infernal boxer-brief things that are popular with the young people.”

“What I wear is none of...”

“Describe them to me. Tell me I’m wrong. It’s those boxer-briefs, isn’t it?”

“I don’t have to tell you...”

“White ones. Tidy Whities.”

“Grey!” Tom fired back. “Grey with a black band.”

“Give them to me.”

“Uh... Pardon?”

“Take them off and give them to me. To think you could ever feel like a confident cheerleader in boxer-briefs, and grey ones at that... Well, thank goodness you stopped by.” He held out his hand expectantly.

“I’m not taking off my underwear here in the middle of the shop!”

“No one’s here.”

“This is ridiculous! Just sell me another costume.”

“You’ll have to take off those shoes and the sweater to wear any other costume, you realize that, don’t you?”

“I’m not taking them off!” Tom protested. His protest made no rational sense, but in Tom’s mind, all he cared about was keeping his comfortable shoes and fuzzy costume sweater on at all costs. That overrode everything.

“Then you need to be confident wearing them. Can you afford to risk a lack of confidence in your job, Tim?” The clerk struck his hand out again. “Your underwear, please.”

"It's too... Open out here..."

"You can use the employee restroom. It's right through here."

Tom hesitated, moved in the opposite direction for one defiant moment, then headed to the back room with the clerk.

He was let into the small, cramped, employee restroom where he undid his pants, which slid off of his tights very easily, and he discarded his underwear.

Cracking the door open just a little bit, Tom stuck out his hand to offer up his boxer-briefs. "Here," he said, in a small, whimpering voice.

The clerk took them and tossed them in the trash. "And replace them with these." He gave the lacy white bra and panty set to Tom's outstretched hand. "Yes, both of them. Bra too."

"No!" Tom protested from behind the door.

"Oh, so you want to go commando?"

Tom's hand grabbed the bra and panty.

Five minutes later, Tom was still inside, fussing with the new items. The clerk knocked. "You gonna be all day in there? I had a couple of fish tacos for lunch that'er doing a number on me."

"I'm not coming out."

"I have the key. What're you afraid of? Unless your suit explodes or something, no one's going to know what you have on."

"I know."

"Then stop dilly-sallying."

It was nearly a full minute later when Tom emerged, going back out in the store, his eyes tense and jittery.

"Now don't you feel better?"

Tom was fidgeting, moving his shoulders around, trying to find a comfortable spot for the straps on his tight bra. His legs were spread out a bit and his movement constricted as he was also trying to find comfort with the silky panties, and the lack of a waistband.

"This is creepy."

The clerk went back to organizing his shelves. "It's absolutely necessary. What you're about to do is a performance. A performance as a cheerleader. A performance as a female. To do that, you have to understand what it's like to be a female, and you're never going to know walking around in itchy cotton skivvies."

"I could try," Tom said, positioning himself behind store fixtures to avoid being seen through the windows.

The clerk breezed past the comment. “Something you learn about women as you get older, Tim, is that women who wear the nicest underwear are ones who really know how to take care of themselves. They like that feel of silk, but knowing they’re wearing delicate, dainty underthings that have the laciest of lace and the frilliest of frills makes them feel pampered and special. They don’t care if anyone ever sees it. It’s just something for them.”

“Thanks for the lecture.”

“The fact is, women with fancy undies are always confident they’re going to feel wonderful all day long – and that confidence is present in everything they do.” The clerk nudged Tom in the elbow. “Now, admit it, you do feel better, don’t you?”

“Yes, actually. It’s the strangest thing.”

“Now do you feel confident enough for the party?”

Tom stood up straighter and steadied himself. “I do. I really do.” He turned to the clerk. “Is that weird?”

“It would be weird if you *didn’t* feel confident in women’s underwear, Tim!”

“They do feel a bit big on me, though.”

“Really? I gave you the medium.” The clerk picked up the empty package for the “Lingerie Model” costume and read it to check.

“You can’t see it through my pants, can you?” Tom asked, bending over to tighten the fabric against his butt. The clear visible panty line of a pair of fancy French undies could probably be seen from space.

“Looks fine to me, Tim!” The clerk said, enthusiastically. “Of course, don’t be surprised if the boss asks you to pick up some things he’s dropped on the ground.”

“I don’t get it,” Tom said.

“You will. But, I have so many people to help. I hope I’ve answered your questions today!”

“Uh...” Tom was being rushed to think, but, as he pulled his chin-length sandy blonde hair behind his ears, he couldn’t think of anything more he wanted to ask the clerk about. “I guess.”

“Wonderful! Now, best of luck at the party.”

“Party?” Tom replied, quizzically. “What party? Oh! Oh, yeah. The costume party. It’s coming up soon. I should really get a costume.”

“You already did, Tim.”

“I did?” He didn’t seem so sure of that. “Oh, the cheerleader thing.”

"You know, you might want to pick up some accessories for that costume, maybe some lipstick or eyeliner, or some ribbons to tie that wild hair of yours in place."

"Maybe, do you have...?"

"No, afraid not. But the mall is open."

"The mall? No thank you. I haven't been to a mall in years. That's where punk kids hang out."

"Lots of kids hang out at the mall, and they're not all punks. They just like to have a place where they can talk to their friends. They're nice kids."

"They're lazy and selfish."

"I'd beg to differ. Why, I think kids today are cooler than my generation ever was. Ah, to be kid growing up in today's world. That would be something, wouldn't it?"

"I've grown up once, that was enough," Tom said. He took a step forward and nearly toppled over, tripping on the legs of his pants. "Damn slacks! This has been driving me crazy!" He bent down to roll up the cuffs another few inches.

"You should see my tailor, he's very good."

"I'll bet," Tom said, looking at the shabby condition of the clerk's outfit. He finished with his tasks and stood up again. He didn't seem to notice that he was a full two inches shorter than when he had bent down.

"Honestly, try the mall."

"Not on your life. The last thing I need is to be judged by a bunch of kids."

"They're not that bad."

"Oh? Well, maybe I will go. Maybe I'll go just to prove my point."

"You'd certainly win the argument that way."

"Okay, so I will go! And I'll talk to those kids! That'll tell me all I need to know." And he turned and left, his loose suit billowing on his slender frame.

"I'll show you!"



It was the next Monday morning when Tom arrived back at the costume shop. It was 9:00, and the clerk was just opening the doors to find the slumped figure of Tom in a disheveled cheerleading costume waiting for him.

When the door opened, Tom's downtrodden head jumped up. He had dried-out mascara that had run down his cheeks and bright pink lipstick smeared on his lips. He was in the costume's cheer sweater and short, short skirt, revealing long legs with torn tights. "You... What... Why? I want to die."



"Tim, what's the matter?" The clerk said as he reached out to support Tom, as it looked like he was about to collapse.

"My life... My life is over... You ruined my life!" Tom groaned. There was little doubt that if Tom had the energy, he would have been throwing over tables and throwing punches, but he had been through something that had drained the fight from him. He was reduced to fighting back tears instead. "I got fired! Just last night!" He wailed.

The clerk leaned Tom against the counter, then grabbed the only chair in the store and dragged it over. Tom just looked at it.

"I can't sit down," he said.

"Pardon?" The clerk asked.

"I said," Tom suddenly stood up straight, put his pom-poms on his hips, and smiled weakly. "I... Can't... Sit... Down..." He kicked his leg high and shook the pom-poms in the air. "We got spirit and we'll beat your town!"

"Oh... Oh." The clerk said, rubbing his chin. "I see."

"Please, please, make it stop, show school pride, it hurts a lot!" Tom was clearly about to fall apart, having to dance and hop around as he spoke every word.

"Well, this is more than a little unsettling," the clerk said. "When did this start?"

"The big costume party took place last night, I had some drinks things seemed all right, they wanted cheers and then fight fight fight!"

"But surely, Tim..."

"I couldn't stop, even when I tried, I kicked and cheered, completely



mor-ti-fied. The cheers and the dance were something they hated, then they said I was term-in-ated.” He punctuated his rhyme by shaking his pom-poms. “Woo-hoo! Go team!”

“Most unfortunate, most unfortunate. But, not unexpected, I suppose.”

Tom was still standing at a ready position, his smile bright, but his eyes wracked with pain. “I want to die, yes I do. You made me wear this, how ‘bout you?” He bounced on his feet in celebration.

“I understand how you feel, Tim, I’d be angry in your place,” the clerk said, folding his arms. “And I’d have a lot of questions in your situation, and you’re feeling scared and angry. But, have you considered how the *costume* feels?”

Unable to really understand, with his tired body ready to dissolve into a pool of ooze, Tom had nothing say to such a crazy question. “Go, fight, win?” he said, clapping his pom-poms together.

“Ah yes, I suppose it is a confusing question. Forget I even asked it. No, I suppose what we need to do here is get you out of that cheerleader outfit.”

“Get to it, let’s do it! You got the power, uh-huh!” Tom said, swiveling his hips and dancing. This was obviously what he wanted to hear.

“Let’s get you into the back.” The clerk led Tom through a narrow doorway with a rubber curtain.

“C-H-A, N-G-E! Get these clothes, off of me!”

“Patience!” The clerk said as he got him to a secluded spot. “I do hope no one comes in.”

Tom shook his hands where he had the pom-poms. “Stuck like glue, can’t let go. Maybe you, can help me though.”

“Look up there,” the clerk said. “What is that in the ceiling? Do you see it? Look out!”

Tom raised his hands to cover his head, in reaction to something he didn’t see, but they didn’t have the pom-poms attached to them anymore.

“See, they just come right off. You just have to not think about it. I’ll have the rest off in a jiffy. Raise your arms, if you could.” The sweater came off quickly.

Tom was excited. “Watch out, we’re here, everybody, stand clear. Let’s shout, let’s cheer, our victory is near!”

“You were never in any danger, Tim,” the clerk said, as he undid the snaps in the cheer skirt. “You see, the costumes are vessels for the spirits of the dead, unfulfilled lives that were cut short. They bond with the wearer, and fill the void in the customer’s empty lives.”

Tom looked scared, but was still forced to make his terror into a cheer. “You know it! I got spirit! Let’s hear it! I got spirit!”

"It'll be all right, Tim. You can probably handle the rest," the clerk said, motioning to the remaining items he was wearing.

"But you hear it, I cheer it, can't stop it, don't want it!"

"That'll stop in a little while. Just stay here while I get you something to wear home."

That left Tom alone with his thoughts. Well, alone and wearing a bra and panties, torn dancers tights and scuffed white tennis shoes. He immediately crouched and started to claw at the shoelaces, desperate to get everything off.

He didn't quite understand what the costume shop clerk was saying about spirits, but he didn't feel any different. He felt fine. Exhausted, but otherwise fine. Lately, in fact, he had felt full of energy for the first time in years.

"Here we go," the clerk said, coming back with a small package. He began to unwrap it. "Don't be afraid. You can take everything off."

Tom was already barefoot, and was popping off his bra. The jiggling flesh that was left on his bare chest didn't seem to garner any attention. However, the same couldn't be said for Tom's bottom half.

"I can't find it. Where is it?" Tom said, as he removed the lacy panties he had been wearing. He felt around between his legs, desperately.

"Don't panic, it's still there," the clerk said with a laugh. He then checked a calendar on the wall. "What is this, Tuesday? Yes... It should still be there."

"Oh, good," Tom said, with a sigh. "I was worried there for a moment." He accepted the pink panties he was given and put them on, glad to be wearing something clean again. The matching pink cami was put on just as gratefully, as it tented over his budding breasts.

"Let me get that wig," the clerk said, as he detached the soiled and dirty long blonde pony tail wig from Tom's head, revealing clean long blonde hair, to which the clerk added a red barrette shaped like a ladybug.

"Oh, I'm not rhyming anymore," Tom said, with a bright smile that highlighted his freckled cheeks.

"No, it'll be okay now. Here," the clerk handed over a white tee, and then when Tom had that on, a plaid square-neck mini dress. "And the shoes," the clerk added, giving Tom a pair of white canvas sneakers.

"Wait a minute," Tom said as he finished tying his shoes. "I'm dressed like a girl again."

"Smile for me," the clerk asked.

Without thinking, Tom showed his teeth and the clerk stuck something in his mouth.

"Whurple..." Tom garbled. "What was that?" He then looked at a mirror near the doorway. "Brathes?" He asked, his mouth suddenly producing a lisp.

"It's part of the costume," the clerk said.

"Cothtume?" Tom whined. "You put me in another cothtume?"

"It's a costume *store*, Tim. If you needed new clothes, I was going to need to use a costume."

"But... I..." Tom looked in the mirror, seeing exactly what he didn't want to see. A girl, maybe fifteen or sixteen, dressed in a fashionable dress, a face-full of braces, slim and lean legs, a barrette in her blonde hair and the slightest hint of a developing female body. He pointed at the package the clerk was holding. "What cothtume *is* that?"

"Typical Teenager," he said, reading the package. "A very convincing one. I should push this one more often."

Tom looked back at his reflection again, but this time, as the clerk stepped into the field of view, he noticed something that he had failed to notice up to this exact moment. He was half as big as the clerk.

He couldn't have been taller than five foot two, and no more than 90 pounds.

"What happenth to me?" He whined in a mousy, lisping soprano.

"I don't know what you're talking about, Tim," the clerk said, cleaning up the discarded clothes.

"Look... Okay... I know there'th thome kind of magic involved with all thith. It wearth off, right? All magic wearth off!"

"Tim, I..."

"Tell me thith wearth off!"

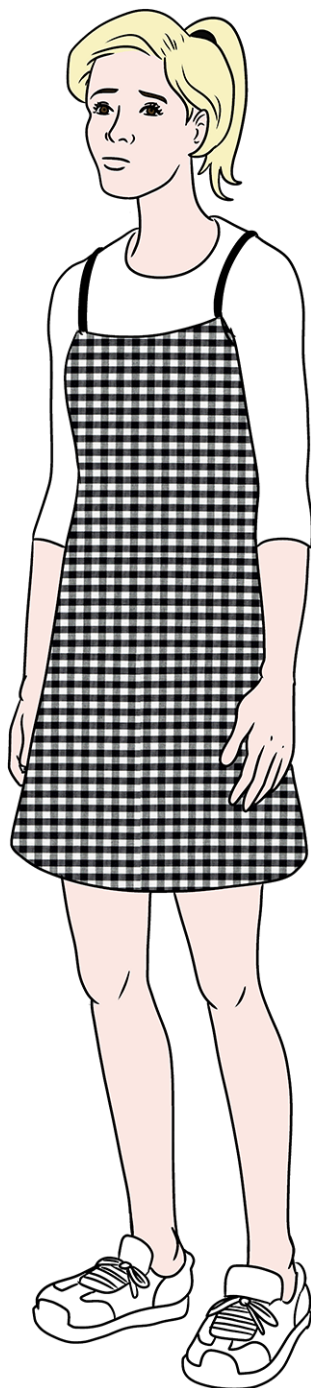
The clerk paused, and looked visibly uncomfortable. It was a first, from Tom's perspective.

"Yes, it wears off," the clerk eventually said. "The magic will be gone shortly."

"Good," Tom said, relieved. For the first time in a long time, he felt at ease.

"Hello?" Came a shout from the front of the store. "Is anyone here?"

Both Tom and the clerk emerged from the back to



see who it was.

A woman in a spandex leopard print dress, with a ridiculously oversized hair-do, was coming in the front door. She wore huge earrings and one of those ridiculously huge mom purses slung over her shoulder.

"There you are!" She said, looking at Tom. "You had me worried sick, sweetheart!"

"Gwen?" Tom said, barely recognizing his wife. "Why are you thtill wearing that coth-tume?"

"*Me?*" Gwen responded. "What about you? Where have you been all night? You didn't call... No messages... I was worried you were dead in a ditch somewhere!"

Tom was about to say something, but instead found himself in a bear hug, engulfed by his now bigger and much taller wife. He was being smothered in her bosom, and wondered if her breasts had always been this big.

"Thank you so much," Gwen said to the clerk. "I'm glad someone was able to look after my poor Tommy."

"Of course, Ma'am," the clerk said. "Always happy to help."

"Why aren't you at work? What about your job?" Tom asked his wife.

"Well, after they fired you, I realized someone was going to have to take care of you, sweetie. So I put in my letter this morning. Good riddance, if you ask me."

"But Gwen!"

"No 'buts!' Now, you come with me!" She corralled her much smaller husband with one arm. "When we get home, I'm going to teach you a lesson about staying in communication, Tommy!"

"No! Wait!" Tom said, struggling against her hold, but she was more than able to keep him in his place. With one final effort,



Tom turned to the clerk. "Help me!"

"Stop delaying," Gwen said as they exited. "We have an appointment with the orthodontist in ten minutes!"

"*What?*" Tom wailed. He could just see the clerk waving him good-bye before he was hauled away.



"You!" said a voice from behind the clerk, as he was hanging costumes on the wall. He spun around to see a young girl, with her blond hair in a pony tail, wearing a school jacket over a cheerleader uniform. "You lied to me!" She squeaked.

"Ah, hello, Tim," the clerk said.

"Tammy!" the girl said. "I mean... Ugh! Whatever my old name was!" She squared her narrow shoulders and advanced on the older man. "You thaid the magic was gonna wear off! It didn't!"

"No, no, Tammy, I said that the magic would be gone. I never claimed you would be returned to the person you used to be."

"What? What are you thaying?"

"As I explained, and you should be grateful that you get any explanation at all, the costume's spirits bond with the wearer. They fill the void in someone's life. You, my dear girl, had quite the void to fill. It took three costumes!"

"Three?" Tammy could remember the cheerleader and the typical teenager costumes, but she had no idea what the third was. The clerk was not about to elaborate on the "lingerie model" costume he had used early on in the process. "Thath not fair!"

"What's not fair?"

"It wath my life!" Tammy said, getting closer to the clerk. "You had no right!"

"You had no life to speak of, just work. Work you hated. All you wanted was money, and money was never going to bring you happiness."

"But tahth not your dethision!"

"Well, you weren't making a decision either. You knew you hated what you did, yet you still did it." The clerk looked up on the wall. "Tell you what, pumpkin, I have something that could solve this dispute."

Using a long pole with a hook attached to it, the clerk picked off a costume high up near the rafters of the store. "What do you think? It's a stockbroker's costume." He got it down and put the pole away. "Look, with a slick oily wig, a little cell phone and a briefcase. I was saving it for you."

"Really?" Tammy said, her face lighting up with happiness. "For me?"

"Yes, why don't you try it on?" the clerk suggested.

"Can I change in the back?" Tammy said, grabbing the plastic-sheathed costume.

"Sure you can," the clerk said, and Tammy bolted for the rubber-curtained door. to the back. "But."

Tammy stopped dead.

"A warning. It's a one-way trip, for one person."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean if you go back to your old life, you can't wear any more of my costumes. You'll be a businessman for life, and you won't remember anything of this little adventure."

"Nothing? Why?"

"Because."

"Oh," Tammy said. "But my life will be just like it..."

"No, not the way you think. Your wife has changed and she loves her new life. She won't know who you are."

"She registered me for thcool," Tammy said. "I'm a thophmore. She thinkth I'm her daughter."

"She won't remember the old you. All she'll know is that her little girl is gone, and never to be seen again."

"What? No!"

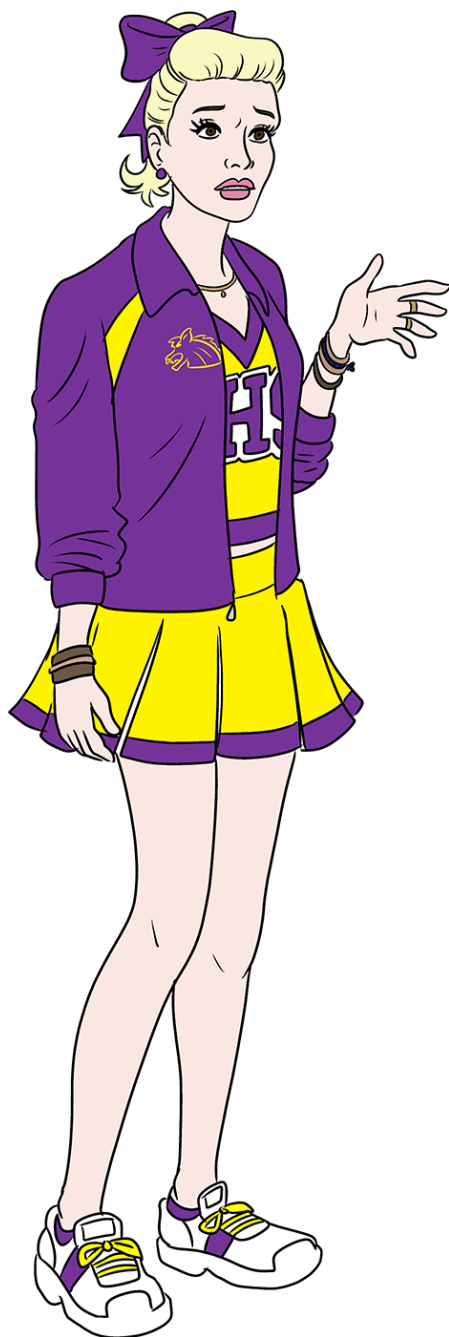
"And I see you've made the squad at school."

"Two-time JV cheer champs at state!" Tammy found herself volunteering, proudly. "Oh, that would be gone too."

"Yes, and all your friends would miss you. You couldn't see them again."

"But..."

"Not even the kids at the mall."



“But the mall ith...” He didn't finish his sentence, but his thoughts were already going back to all the cool friends he had made at the mall. And the girls on the squad. And the school.

“And your boyfriend who's hanging around outside the front door wouldn't even know you.”

“Jathon!” Tammy barked at the door. “Thop following me!” She added a little stomp of her white trainers. She turned back around to the clerk. “He'th *not* my boyfriend.”

“Not after you put on the suit, that's for certain.” The clerk pointed to the rear door. “There you go, it's all yours.”

Tammy clutched the costume in her arms and stood still for a few moments. “You know, I'm a real girl now,” he said.

“That was inevitable.”

“Tho, would I get my old job back?”

“I don't know for certain,” the clerk said.

“And my old car?”

“I wouldn't think so...”

“And I had a huge portfolio. Fully diverthified and beating the average by thixteen pointh.”

“I doubt you'd get that back.”

“My exit package? My golden parathute?”

“No.”

Tammy put the costume over the counter.

“And you'd have to charge me for the cothtume, right?”

“I suppose so.”

“I'm jutht a kid! I don't have that kind of money! I'll have to thave, then. It'll take a while.”

“I can wait.”

“Oh! Okay, then juth put thith athide, and I'll come back for it, okay?”

“We can do that.”

“Awesome!” Tammy said, with a bounce on her toes and a joyful smile. Her pink and purple bands on her braces glimmered. “So, uh... I gotta go, I gueth. Thee you around?”

“We'll be here for all your costuming needs, Tammy.”

“Okay!” she said with a quick wave. She dashed out of the shop quickly, almost like she needed to leave before someone changed their mind.





“Oh, my daughter hasn’t already been here, has she?” a woman said, entering the store. She was wearing a head-to-toe halter-neck leotard showing off a thick-thighed body and generous curves. “She was supposed to wait for me.”

“I’m afraid you just missed her, Ma’am.”

“Damn that girl! Always sneaking off to make out with that... Boy.”

“Teenagers,” the clerk said.

“I suppose. I better try and catch up with her. Do you have my purchases ready?”

“Yes, right here,” the clerk said, whisking the plastic-sheathed business suit away and putting it in the trash. He then held up a bag over-stuffed with costumes.

Gwen took it, and checked each package. “Pop Star,” she said, looking at the bundle with rainbow-tinted sequins. “Movie Star,” she spoke aloud, reading from the pack that had a blonde bombshell in sunglasses and a velveteen black dress on the cover. “And my favorite, Beauty Queen.” That parcel had a picture of a girl in big hair and wearing a long, blue, sequined evening gown with white satin gloves and a sash.

“Just what I needed,” Gwen said.

“For yourself or...?”

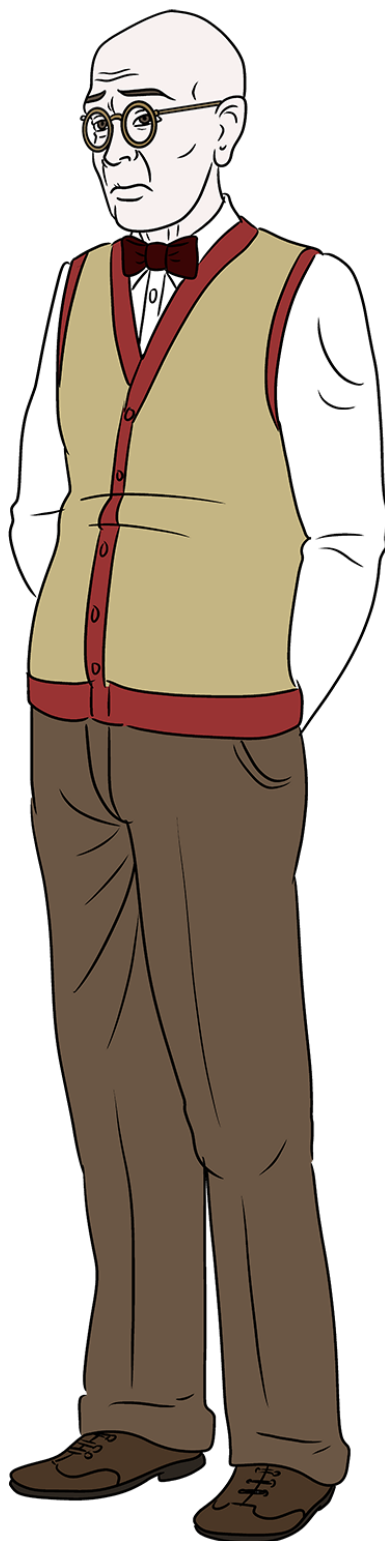
“Now y’all ain’t foolin’ me,” Gwen said with a knowing smirk. “I know these costumes are magic.”

“Magic, Ma’am?”

“All right, you can keep your secrets. But I know the truth. After all, I wasn’t always Tammy’s momma.”

“If you say so. The customer is always right.”

Gwen stuck her costumes back into the bag. “I *am* a customer, and I *am* right. I’m so going to



love seein' my little ol' Tammy grow up the way her momma wants her to. She's going to be famous, you know."

"Enjoy your purchases," the clerk said.

Gwen hoisted her big bag of costumes up and carried it out with her. "God help me, I love being a crazy stage mother."

## IT'S JUST BUSINESS



“Look out!” Simone shrieked, pointing down the road. In the fading twilight of the early evening, a large car swerved.

It was a black SUV with tinted windows, and it swerved one way, then the other. It slowly began to tip over, then suddenly, it was skidding along the pavement on its side, sparks flying everywhere. The back window shattered and flew off.

Martin didn't have to take very dramatic action to miss it, just pulling over to the side of the road and stopping. The SUV was not too far away.

“Hold on, let me check if the jackass is okay,” Martin said to his girlfriend of five years as he unbuckled his seat belt and jumped out.

“Wait!” Simone called as he dashed off. It was already too late to catch him. He was always like this, rushing into trouble.

She had one foot out of the car herself, but remained there. Then she noticed something at her feet.

“He's okay,” Martin said, as he came back a few minutes later. “He told me to get out of there, though. Said he'd arrest me if I didn't. Didn't want to be helped, I guess.”

“Is it a government car?” Simone asked out loud.

“I can hear sirens coming,” Martin said, looking down the road.

“Yeah, maybe we should go?”

“But what if they need a witness or something?”

“Do you really want to hang around to fill out witness statements?” Simone asked. “The driver lost control, he's okay, the people are coming to help. Let's go.”

Martin wasn't sure. Since he was a man, he liked feeling helpful. Men liked being heroes. This was his element.

“Come on!” Simone shouted, her skin turning red.

He also didn't want to upset Simone.

Martin got back in the car, talking about what he had just seen, repeating himself many times.

“Just went over on its side.”

“Must have lost control.”

“Probably blew a tire.”

“It just went right over.”

Simone glanced in the rear view mirror as they drove away, seeing the flashing lights of what looked like a dozen cop cars coming to the scene of the accident. Simone punched the music button and filled the car with rock. It cleared their minds as they began to get back on track.

“Gonna be a great party!” Simone said.  
“Right, honey?”

Martin nodded. “Uh, yeah... Sure. Sure.”



“Is that all you could find?” Simone asked her boyfriend as they dressed in the motel bedroom.

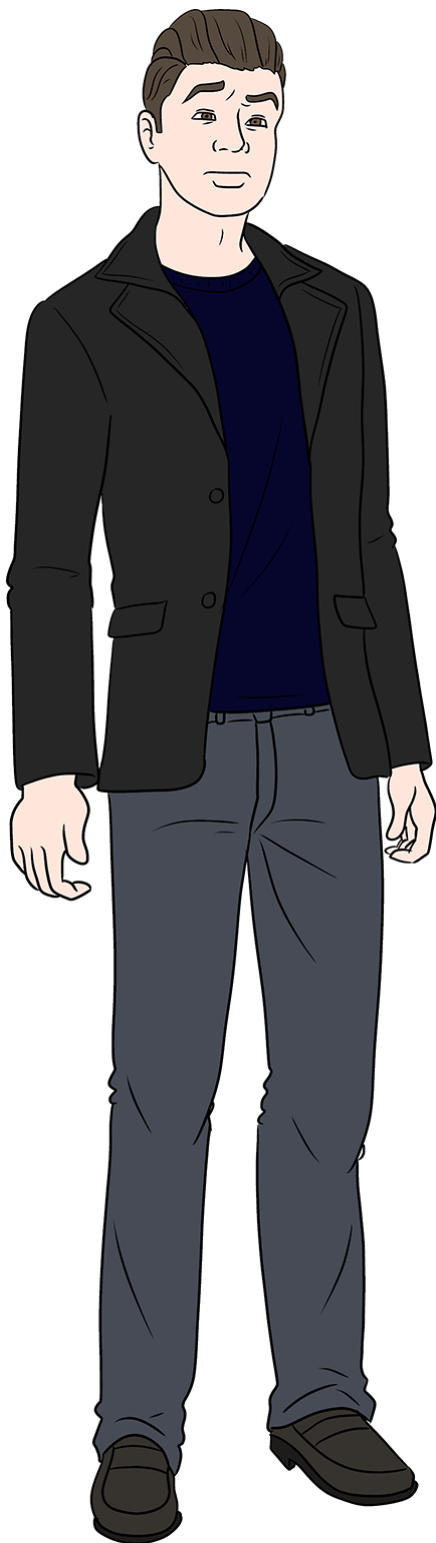
“I had 12 hours!” Martin grumbled back. “That’s when I found out you wanted us to go as the opposite sex. I had a perfectly good Dracula costume, too.”

“Look, it was a fun idea! Gender-bending is fun! It’s an awesome idea. But that’s still a pretty sad costume,” Simone said. “I put mine together without a lot of trouble. Just stuff from your closet.”

“Well, I went out and *bought* mine,” Martin said.

“You bought that, knowing you would wear it,” she asked.

“If I was going to dress like a lady, I was going to go all the way,” Martin crudely replied. He was a little angry he couldn’t wear the sweet Dracula costume he had in his closet, and looked at the package on the chair forlornly. “Hollywood Star Sexy Secretary Costume,” it said on the front. The thing was, although Martin had indeed purchased a real costume, it was the cheapest one in the whole store. They had



fifty of them left, they were so unpopular. He could never pass up a bargain.

It was a pair of red heels, over-the-knee black stockings, a navy pencil skirt, white shirt with a wide-open neck, navy jacket, necklace of plastic pearls and a pair of lensless glasses. He had also bought a ridiculously curly, fluffy blond wig to go with it.

A good value for twenty bucks, but still, was it worth the embarrassment? Martin had asked himself this many times over the past several hours.

Still, it wasn't his style to let on that he was out of options. "I had to fight off five other people to get it," he boasted. "I'm going to be the hit of the party!"

"Sure you will," Simone replied, with salt.

Truthfully, Martin didn't want to wear it at all — but that clerk at the costume store had been so positive that it was the right choice for him at his price. Now he'd wished he'd listened to the voice in his head not to buy it, but he hadn't. That clerk must be some kind of hypnotist or something, Martin told himself.

"I'm ready for you!" Simone called out from the bathroom, a half hour later. She had volunteered her services to do the makeup for Martin, something she could not be talked out of.

He sat down on the edge of the tub as Simone went to work. He felt ridiculous, as he was dressed in the costume, and sitting there like nothing was out of order. His girlfriend was even dressed up as a man, in what she called a "sports guy" costume, but was little more than a football jersey and sweatpants. If he had known the lack of effort she was going to put into it, he'd have slumped it, too, and never would have bothered putting on a skirt and heels.

He felt so weird in women's clothes, like he wanted to crawl out of his skin and down a sewer pipe to never be seen again.

"Don't forget your purse," Simone told him, as he left with her to go to the party.

Irritated but compliantly, Martin turned around to pick up his black purse, which for the evening was going to be his. He held it up and hobbled out of the room, his red two-inch heeled pumps tripping him up slightly.

"Oh honey, you look fab-u-lous!" Simone said, doing her best drag queen voice.

"You're hilarious," Martin said.

When they showed up at the costume party, they were all dressed and ready. Although Simone was in a jersey and sweats, she still looked great. She had put a little makeup on her face to make it look like she had a five o'clock shadow, and slicked her hair back under a trucker cap. That was not enough to distract you from her being a buxom, curvy young woman with a killer smile.

Martin's secretary costume was surprisingly decent. His gorilla-like gait was the only thing that really made it obvious what his true gender was. Otherwise,

his square male body was neatly concealed by the pinstripe jacket, which had obviously been designed to accommodate the chubbier of ladies. It also showed off his legs, which were shockingly attractive for being those of a man.

He also had the advantage of being given an expert makeup job by Simone. His face looked clean, polished and natural. In spite of everything, Simone knew what she was doing and had made Martin look like he wore makeup every day. If you had seen Martin sitting at a cafe, gabbing with his girlfriends over coffee, you would only have thought you were looking at an unappealing woman, not a disguised man.

“Alright, my dearest,” Simone said to her boyfriend. “Are you ready to knock the men dead?” She gave him a slap on the butt.

“What do you think?” Martin objected.

“Hey, I think you need to show some of that flirty behavior that beautiful women like you love to tease guys with.”

“Tone it down, okay?” Martin asked. “This is embarrassing enough.”

His wife snickered. “Can’t handle being a woman? That’s okay. I can handle it for the both of us. Just smile and I’ll do all the talking.”

Martin held his tongue, as he really didn't want to make this any worse. This thing was being thrown by his biggest client, and he at least needed to be pleasant. Besides, as soon as they were inside, it was going to be a big party. Music, dancing, party games, a buffet and all the crazy costumes. It was going to be a great night.



It was a lousy night.



The party was pathetic. They had turned it into a company pep-talk, with long speeches from executives about their vision for the business. There were no party games. There was no dancing. There wasn't any food after the first hour. The bar was not complimentary.

Martin and Simone left early. "We do have the room for the night," Martin said.

"I just wanna go home," Simone said.

He murmured his agreement.

Simone tugged at her costume. "Should we change?"

"Why bother," Martin said. "We can do it when we get back home."

It was about fifteen minutes later that they happened upon the same stretch of freeway where they had seen the accident with the black SUV. Even in the darkness, they could see that the scene had been completely cleared.

"There's not even a trace of the crash," Simone observed.

"They're good at that these days," Martin said. "I've seen oil tankers on fire during my morning commute and the whole place is scrubbed clean by the evening."

"They got a checkpoint, though," Simone said. She could see a short line of cars being illuminated by some temporary flood lights.

Martin pulled into line as someone with a flashlight motioned him to go in that direction.

Of all the things to happen to him while dressed up like a girl, he would have to get pulled over and talk to someone. Martin groaned as he lowered the window. It was Halloween, so hopefully he wouldn't have to explain it.

"Hi folks, how are you doin' tonight?" Asked a woman in a windbreaker as she ducked down to speak into the driver's side window.

"Uh, fine," Martin replied. He was going to add "officer" to his statement, but realized there was no logo to show. She didn't flash a badge. She just had on an official-looking black jacket, with nothing else to identify her. He was also expecting some kind of check to see if he was drunk, which would have made sense on a holiday night like this. She made no such attempt. "Is there a problem?"

The woman shined a super-bright flashlight into the car, blinding whoever she shined it on. "Just checking for fugitives," she said. "We had a theft out here earlier. Some valuable equipment."

"Looking for a man and a woman," the official said. "They were involved in an accident with an official vehicle. What was your name again, ma'am?"

Martin was expecting his girlfriend to answer, but then realized she was talking to him. He forgot what he looked like.

"Stephanie," he replied. "My name is Stephanie, the Sexy Secretary." He was trying to lighten the mood with a little humor. It didn't seem to land.

"I see," the woman responded, writing something down on a clipboard.

"And I'm Sports Guy," Simone added, figuring to join in on the fun.

"Got it," the woman said, writing more down.

It was about then that Martin realized he was being taken seriously. He knew that he wasn't really wearing a "costume" per se, but just a normal outfit that was meant to be interpreted as a costume, but he had never assumed anyone wouldn't get the joke. This woman was taking it all as the truth.

Simone stirred, rose a finger and opened her mouth, but a tight grasp from Martin's hand on her leg was enough to stop her.

Martin further realized that the "fugitives" this person was looking for were them. He didn't know why, he didn't know the details. He only knew that he and his girlfriend were potentially in trouble, and like most people, he was scared.

"All right folks," the woman said, but hesitating for quite a while before taking her light away from the occupants. "Well, I guess you should be on your way. If you live in the area, keep your door locked tonight. Those fugitives are going to be brought to justice, one way or another. Dead or alive." She was gritting her teeth. "Have a nice night!"

Martin wasted no time in putting up his window and stepping on the gas.

"Why...?" Simone asked as soon as the car pulled away.

"Because they were looking for *us*," Martin interrupted. "We were the reason they were stopping cars." He had picked up on the same things Martin had.

"But...?" Simone began again.

Again, Martin cut her off. "They were looking for a man and a woman who fit our description. It was all I could think of. I didn't want them searching the car. I think I still have some weed in here. Plus, we're probably drunk."

"Good thinking, I guess," Simone said. "But there *is* an SUV following us," she added, using the passenger mirror.

Martin gripped the wheel tighter. "Shit, shit, shit."

Simone felt the item in her pocket once again. She suddenly realized she had what they were looking for. She had picked it up when the car turned over. "Stay calm," she said. "Just keep on driving like nothing's happening. No sudden moves. Follow all the lights. Don't give them an excuse to stop us."

Martin looked side-eyed at his girlfriend, wondering why she was so suddenly concerned. Did she know something?

Back at the check point, the woman in the windbreaker spoke into her walkie-talkie. "You got them, car 15?" She asked.



"10-4," came the answer.

"Don't let them out of your sight," she replied. "They were the best leads we've had all night."

"Warm night for Halloween," a man said, approaching the female agent. There were no cars coming through the checkpoint for the moment.

"It's Halloween?" The woman replied.

"You didn't wonder why all these people are wearing costumes? You need to get out more," he said.

"And you need to focus, Dale."

"Control sure is worried about this," said the young agent. "This is a lot of manpower."

"We lost something valuable here tonight, Dale. We can't let it get into foreign hands. That diamond was payment for the Saudi government. The Perlatz Diamond."

"Perlatz Diamond?"

"Worth a cool half billion," the woman said. "We have to get it back, no matter what."

In the small, increasingly claustrophobic car driven by Martin Hayden, the two occupants had their eyes trained on the rear-view mirror.

"It's trailing us," Simone said. "Try to shake them."

Martin made a raspberry. "How the fuck would you do that? This isn't a cop show."

"Oh," Simone answered. "But that SUV is definitely trailing us. It disappears for a little bit, but then reappears."

Martin was getting punchy. "What does it want? Why us?"

Simone thought about telling them what she knew, but she was too scared. She clutched the diamond even tighter in her pocket.

"Well, we can't go home like this," Simone said, pulling at the ridiculous outfit she wore.

"Huh?" Martin said.

"They're trailing us, and they expect us to be who we just claimed we were. If we split up, they can only follow one of us. It's just one car."

"That's probably a good idea," Martin replied, getting his phone. "I'll get a hotel room. Register under that name... What was it again?"

"Stephanie."

"Right. Stephanie. Stephanie... Lipscomb. That's a good name. Stephanie Lipscomb, single secretary. Just spending the night. No reason to be suspicious."

"All right then. It's a plan," Simone said.

There was a long, silent pause. Finally, Martin spoke. "So what about you?"

Simone felt the diamond in her pocket. "Don't worry about me, I'll be fine. Drop me off at the train station."



Martin walked over to the window, about to peer through the motel room blinds. "Don't be there," he said. He then gave it a quick glance. The black SUV. It was still there, and it had been there all night.

Martin pulled his hand back. "Fuck," he said. "I was hoping they'd have lost interest."

It had been two days. Two whole days. Monday morning was just 12 hours away, and that SUV was still trailing him. He'd given up on going home, as he had the slight advantage that they didn't know who he really was, but how long could he keep this up?

He hadn't heard from Simone yet, either. She said she'd call him, but now, he wasn't so sure that was going to happen. From her standpoint, Martin figured, she was probably in the clear, as the SUV hadn't trailed her when she got off at the station. There wasn't any sign of anyone following her in.

What he couldn't have known was that she was well on her way out of the country, carrying one of the most expensive diamonds ever discovered in her pocket. She was going to be a very rich woman.

As for Martin, he wasn't a very rich person, though he did own and operate his own business — and it was a business that was going to open tomorrow morning without him. He was also convinced that it would go out of business tomorrow without his leadership.

"That means I have to go out, doesn't it?" Martin said to himself. "...Looking like this. As a woman."



"Hi, welcome to Drummond Fulfillment, can I... *Oh my God what the fuck.*"

"I can explain, Annie," Martin said, arriving at his office. He didn't stop, he just kept walking to his inner office door.

"What is the holy heck are you wearing?" Annie, Martin's PA asked, from her desk. She popped right up and trailed her boss, shocked at what she was seeing.

"My costume from Friday night," Martin explained, peeling off the jacket and tossing it on a couch. "I think it's beginning to stink, too."

"But what... Why...?" Annie had a lot of questions, so many she was fighting a logjam in her mind, wanting to ask them all at once. "Did you get mugged by a hooker?"

"No!" Martin barked. He fussed with his wig, but the clips holding it in place were too complicated to undo quickly. "It was not a fun night. That's all you need to know."

"Mr. Drummond, maybe you..." Annie was interrupted by a buzzer. It was the door. She made a move towards answering it, as was the primary function of her job.

"Don't let them in!" Martin barked. "They can't see me!"

"They know we're in here," Annie said. "The door isn't locked."

Martin Drummond, owner of Drummond Fulfillment, and grown man in a skirt, looked this way and that, as if a portal would open up to facilitate his escape.

"Alright, fine." He softly banged his fists on top of his desk in frustration. He could do this, he told himself. He could face someone, just as he had been facing people all day, from the people at the hotel, to the place where he sold his car for untraceable cash, to the walk through the warehouse to get to his upstairs office. "How do I look?"

"I have no idea how to answer that," Annie replied.

"Mirror," he asked.

Annie dashed to her desk, grabbed a mirror from her purse and handed it over. He was not pleased. "As long as I pass, that's all that matters." He got up from his desk, and went to go answer the door himself.

"I can get it," Annie offered.

"Might as well face up to it. Probably one of the loading grunts downstairs wanting to tease me."

He opened the door to find a man in an unmarked black windbreaker. "Stephanie?" He asked.

Martin was stunned to be called by this made-up name. No one knew him by that name.

"Yes, indeed, you are Stephanie," the man said. "My name is Agent Dale. I saw you at the roadblock a few night ago night with your friend."

Off balance as he was, Martin had backed off a few steps, allowing Dale entry-way into the office. "Ah, er..." He stammered. It took a moment for Martin to process what was happening. This was undoubtedly one of the people who had

been tracking him and Simone in that black SUV. He had just said so, essentially. Now he was here. In his office. Just casually introducing himself.

“And this must be your boss,” the agent said, referring to Annie. He reached around to shake Annie’s hand.

Both Annie and Martin were a little confused, but it then occurred to Martin that *he* was the one dressed as a secretary — wearing a secretary costume, no less — and Annie was the professional looking one in her usual casual business wear.

It also occurred to Martin that he didn’t want to correct the agent. Doing that would confuse everyone. “Yes!” Martin said, turning around. “My *temporary* boss. She’s filling in for Martin Drummond while he’s on leave.”

Annie gave him a startled and confused look, but working with Martin had trained her to think on her toes. Her boss was always pulling crap like this, being the slightly shady character she had grown to tolerate.

“Hello,” Annie said, keeping it simple.

“Agent Dale, good to meet you. Your secretary here was stopped at one of our checkpoints last night when we were searching for those fugitives.”

“I heard about that on the news,” Annie replied.

Martin hadn’t been keeping track of the news, being on the run, in disguise. He hadn’t realized it had been that big of a story.

“Yes, well, we just wanted to do some follow-up. Is it all right if I borrow your secretary for a moment?”

“Of course, but just for a moment, she is awfully busy,” Annie said.

“I’ll have her back on the job in a jiffy,” the agent said.

“Now, your full name?” He asked Martin.

“Stephanie.” He had already forgotten the last name he had registered at the hotel with. “Lipscomb,” he managed to recall in time.

“Can I see your ID?” Agent Dale asked.

Martin was experienced in being hassled by people in authority. Being stopped in places he shouldn’t be was something he was quite used to. “Oh, you’re an officer? Because only officers can request ID.”

“I just need to take a look,” the agent said.

“You didn’t answer my question.” It was a risk to be confrontational, but he had no ID to produce for Stephanie Lipscomb, so he had little choice.

“Let’s just stick to the basics, then,” the agent said. “Address?”

“I’m in between places at the moment,” Martin replied.

“I see. But we can contact you here.” He didn’t wait for a confirmation. “All right, I’ll be seeing you, Miss Lipscomb. I’d advise not leaving the country.”

He didn't waste any time and headed out quickly. Martin exhaled a hair air balloon's worth of anxiety. He dashed to the window to see if the SUV was there, and it was.

The visit wasn't for any other reason than to say "we're here, and we're watching you." They were trying to intimidate him.

"What have you gotten yourself into now?" Annie asked as she approached.

Martin kept his eye on the window, to watch the agent get in the all-black vehicle. As soon as he did, he dashed back to his office and began to think.

"Okay, okay," Martin said to himself. He then turned to his PA. "Annie, you're the boss. If anyone asks, you're in control of Drummond Fulfillment. I'm away on leave. Meanwhile, Stephanie Lipscomb is doing your job, and your personal assistant."

Annie was, as usual, incredulous. "I appreciate the promotion, boss, but..."

"It's not a promotion. I'll still be running the place, but as far as anyone knows, I'm Stephanie Lipscomb."

"Should I even ask why?"

"No. No you shouldn't."

"It had something to do with that Agent Dale. What did he want? Why didn't you want to tell him the truth?"

"Don't worry about it! I have it all under control."

"Of course you do."

"Annie, I swear to God, sometimes you just push it too far." He headed for his desk. "I'll be in my office."

"I think you mean... My office," Annie said, smugly. "After all, if anyone comes in and asks why *my* personal assistant is at *your* desk..."

Martin knew he had just painted himself in a corner.

"Why don't you have a seat at your station, Stephanie," Annie said. "Look, I don't know what's going on, but for now, this is the only arrangement that makes sense."

"You're right," Martin said, knowing he didn't have a choice. "You're right."

"And if you're going to be doing this for any bit longer, I'd suggest finding a new place and buying some new clothes."

"Yes..." Martin scratched his chin. "Yes, I guess that's what I have to do."

"Meanwhile, I have an emergency outfit I can lend you. Get out of that stuff and you can borrow it." She went to a large drawer in her desk and pulled out a hot pink sweatshirt with a picture of a kitten on it.

"Great," Martin said.

“Don’t get pissy. Now, I’m going to fix that wig of yours, then I’ll do your makeup. After that, I’m going to introduce you to the staff as Stephanie Lipscomb and tell everyone I’m in charge. After that, we’ll take care of employment paperwork, then buying you clothes and putting a down payment on a new furnished apartment.” She was waiting for the moment her stubborn, proud boss would stop her. He didn’t. “Is that clear, Stephanie?”

“Yes,” Martin replied.

“Yes...?”

“Yes, boss.”

Annie was amazed at Martin’s response. It was so out of character for him. He was a fighter, a take-charge guy. The fight was gone, all of the sudden.

“And get your coat out of my office,” she commanded, sure this would push him over the edge.

“Oh, yes. Sorry, boss.” He picked up the jacket from where it was on the couch.

Annie didn’t know what had caused this change in attitude, she figured that maybe it was fear, but she liked it. Now, she was going to see just how far she could push it.



Martin’s heels clicked on the pavement as he swiftly strode past the black SUV that was parked outside his building, a silent observer that never moved or showed signs of life. It had been there all of yesterday, not budging an inch.

He thought about waving to it, but he had little desire to interact with anyone, given how he was dressed. He was in jeans, a black turtleneck, a pink cardigan over his shoulders and black pumps.

As he got inside the building, he had to walk past the guys working the loading bay, who all made sure to give him a look. He hated being evaluated like this, and imagined how they would react if they knew it was him, their boss.

However, they would not know it was their boss, as Annie’s expert guidance had made sure Martin looked as feminine as was physically possible. His new wig was far more natural, his makeup was impeccable, and the clothes were carefully chosen to hide his proportions.

Not that he was particularly attractive, but he would never have been mistaken for the man he really was.

As he got to the office, he poked his head out the window to double check that the SUV was still there, knowing perfectly well that it was. It had been a week, with no sign of anything changing.

He missed his house. He missed his bed. He missed flat shoes.

"You're late," Annie said from the big desk.

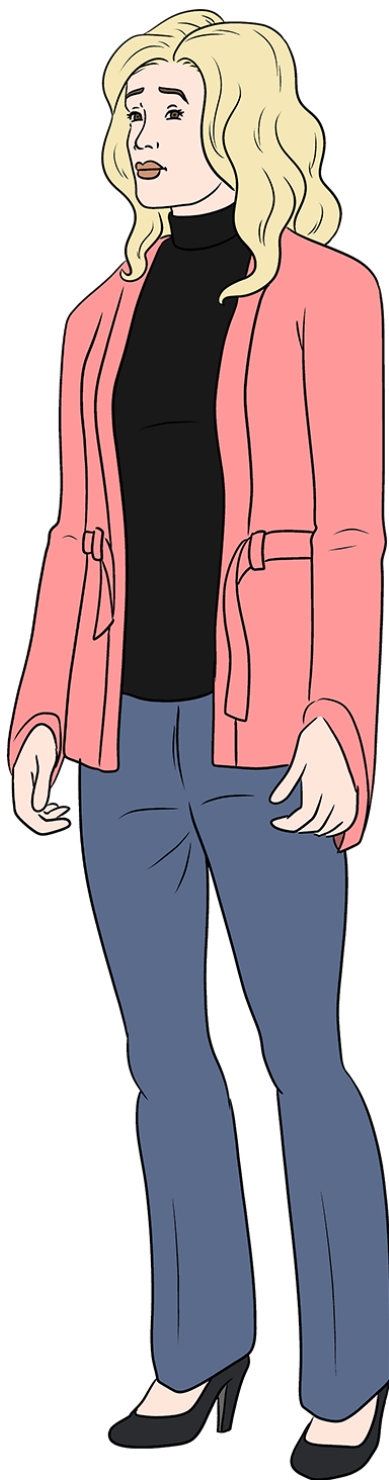
"So sue me," Martin said, settling into his desk, the small one out front.

He was still getting used to his new commute from the other side of town and his new apartment, and taking two busses to transverse the route. Pretending to be Stephanie was a pain the the butt, but he felt he could manage it for a little while longer.

He kicked off the pumps, let a button out in his tight pants and leaned back in his chair. The phone rang. "Get that," Martin barked at Annie. "And don't bother me, I've got contracts to read." He opened up a browser window to check the baseball standings.

"Drummond Fulfillment, how may I direct your call?" Annie said as she picked up the phone, at her bosses' big desk. "Mr. Drummond? He's out of the office." She had been in a bad spot this week. In the office, she was "the boss" but wasn't allowed to make decisions. On the phone, she was still a receptionist, answering calls and deferring everything. Somehow, disguised as a woman and on the run from someone, her lazy boss had turned it into a way to do even less work than before. "I can relay your message and try to get back to you later this afternoon with an answer," she said in reply to the caller.

When she was done, she decided that she needed to take some initiative. If her boss was going to pretend to be a woman, to be someone else, she was going to make sure he wasn't going to treat it like a stay-cation. If he was going to pretend to be the secretary, then she could pretend to be the boss, and make some actually decisions rather than being the go-between.



Besides, she still wanted to push Martin a little further. She had been successful so far, getting him to change his wardrobe and sit in the reception desk, and it hadn't been that hard.

"Stephanie," she said, as she casually strode out to the front area. "I just got a disturbing call."

"Oh?" Martin said, scrolling through the page he was reading. "Who was it?"

"They wouldn't say." She was making this all up off the top of her head. The last call had actually been from the packaging people wanting to sell their newest equipment. "It was strange, they wanted proof of employment for Stephanie Lipscomb, with photocopies of her ID, health forms and tax record."

"Probably that Agent Dale again," Martin grumbled. "You stonewalled them, right?"

"Just like you told me to, boss," Annie replied. "But it wasn't the agent. This was the state. They said someone had filed a complaint and they were seeing if they needed to launch an investigation into the business for falsifying employment records."

She knew that would stir the pot, as half the boys working down on the shipping floor were undocumented immigrants. The threat of any investigation could shut this place down.

Martin gave Annie his full attention as he turned away from the computer. "Fuck, what do we do?"

"I guess we gotta send them something," Annie said. "An ID, health forms, tax stuff..."

"We can always fake the tax stuff..." Martin said. "What kind of health forms?"

"Just a certified record of a physical exam. They said it was to confirm she's a real person."

"We don't have that! We can't just make something like that up!" He got to his feet and began to pace. "Ideas... Ideas..." He looked to his secretary. "Ideas?"

"Well, just one," Annie said. "But you'd need to be serious about saving the business."

"This business is my life!" Martin proclaimed. "Without it, I've got nothing. What do you have in mind?"



"Doctor, I want to become a woman," Martin said to his long time doctor, at his clinic.

"This is... Sudden," the doctor said.



“Look, don’t ask me to explain. It’s embarrassing enough,” Martin said. That was easy to believe, seeing him dressed in the tight jeans, wig, turtleneck and heels he was wearing. “I just need you to do this for me.”

“Well, I can write the prescriptions you need for the hormone treatment, and refer you to a specialist...”

“And the papers, right? You can give me the papers.”

As Annie had explained to him, getting papers from an accredited physician that declared Martin’s intent to become a woman would allow for a no-hassle legal change of name, and then they could get an ID for “Stephanie Lipscomb.”

“The specialist can,” Time answered.

“When I see them?”

“You’d have to check with them.”

“Of course, of course.”

“Look, if you’re serious about this...”

“I’m not. I just need to begin this process for... Business reasons okay? It’s just business. Thanks, Doc.” Martin headed for the exit. “Oh, and... No need to tell anyone, okay? It’s just between us.”

“Doctor patient confidentiality prohibits me. Which would be a little bit more ironclad if you were a *paying* patient.”

“Ha!” Martin laughed. “You’re a hoot, Doc.”

Martin carried a small white sack of prescription drugs from the clinic out to Annie’s car and got in. “Done,” he told her. “Next stop, the specialist.”

“Specialist?” Annie asked.

Martin was dialing in the number on his phone already. “My doctor, can start me on drugs, but I need to get the letter from the actual... What did he call it? The transgender care specialist.”

“Okay, but do you need an appointment?”

“Martin Drummond here,” Martin said into his phone. “Need to see the doctor about gender transition. Soon as possible. The referral is in your email.” He spoke as if he were booking a flight.

“They’re probably busy...” Annie said.

Martin interrupted. “I’m ready to go. Half hour? Let’s do that.” He then handed Annie the referral card and pointed to the address on it. “I’ll have my insurance info on me, yes. I’m on my way.”

Annie put the car in drive. All she had really wanted was to scare her boss a little, and let her make more decisions around the office. This was going almost too well. Not that she was about to stop it, though.



“Yes, I truly do. I truly want to become a woman,” Martin insisted to the doctor.

Dr. Haskell was a woman who had seen a lot of patients, but had never had someone just rush into her office and bulldoze through the process. Yes, she had many, many over-eager patients who wanted surgery as soon as possible, but that was because they believed so strongly in what they wanted to be and who they were inside.

This was the first time she’d had a patient she simply didn’t believe.

“What, is there a problem?” Martin asked, sensing the hesitation. “What do I gotta do?”

The doctor was being patient. “It’s not a matter of fulfilling a requirement, erm... Stephanie. This isn’t a driver’s test.” She was trying to be clear as she could be. “This is a matter of what you feel inside of you. The goal of any gender transition is therapeutic. It is meant to resolve issues that can be solved no other way.”

Martin was impatient. “And I feel like I want to be a woman. Let’s get this show on the road.”

“Knock knock,” Annie said as she opened the door. “Everything okay in here?”

She had been sitting in the waiting room, when the loud, booming voice of her boss was heard down the hallway, alarming everyone in the waiting area and the staff. After about five minutes, she felt the need to try and calm things down.

“No, it’s not!” Martin said, peeved.

“Hello, doctor. I’m Annie, Stephanie’s... Friend.” She walked to her employer’s side. “I’ve known Stephanie for a long time, and I know this is difficult for him. Her. Difficult for her. She’s come quite a long way in a short amount of time.”

“Have a seat, if you would, Annie,” The doctor said.

“Obviously,” Annie continued as she sat down, and slung her purse over the chair, “Stephanie has some conflicting emotions on this subject. But this is the most important thing in the world for her.”

“Yes, it’s very important,” Martin stressed. “Vital.”

“There’s just a lot of questions I have and, I’m not getting the answers I need. Now, what I’d recommend is some time with a trained psychiatrist and...”

“I don’t have the time!” Martin barked.

Annie placed a calming hand on her bosses' arm. She could feel this all slipping away. She had to try and save the situation, and for the very first time in her life, she asked herself this question: What would Martin Drummond do?

She turned to the doctor. "Well, at least you can still give Stephanie a breast augmentation, can't you? She's been crying every night because she doesn't have real, womanly breasts."

"Is that true?" The doctor asked Martin.

The young executive was about to object, thinking his PA had just lost her mind. But he could see where she was going with this. She was smarter than he had given her credit for.

"Every night," Martin replied, emotionally.

"I see..." The doctor said, folding her hands in front of her chin. Martin could see that this was working. A commitment to having surgery done was swaying the doctor's mind. "Perhaps..."

Martin sensed she was about to break. "Please, doctor. I must have my own breasts. I'm incomplete without them."

"What's the prescription you're taking?" The doctor asked. This was it. The wall was crumbling.

"She's taking Estrace, 2 milligrams and Aldactone, 100 milligrams." Annie had the prescription receipt hidden in her hand.

"That's about right, I suppose. We'll need to gradually increase those over time... And periodic injections as well..." The doctor put her hands down. "I think you'll be a very beautiful woman, Stephanie."

"So I get the letter?" Martin asked.

"Yes, and I'll type it up as you recuperate."

"Recuperate?"

"Yes! I can do the breast augmentation right now. It's all done with an arthroscope, just a small incision in the armpit, and presto, you'll be back at work tomorrow morning. Isn't that wonderful?"

"She's overjoyed!" Annie said, stepping in. "Aren't you, Stephanie? Then you can get what we needed."

So it had come to this, Martin realized. He was getting a boob job to save his business.

"How nice," he replied. "It's all so sudden, though. maybe we can..."

"You're not backing out, Stephanie," Annie said, standing up. "This is what you want, isn't it?" She waited. "I'm telling you, this is what you want." She emphasized, forcefully.

"Yes, boss," Martin said, quietly. "This is what I want."

The doctor also got up from her desk. “Don’t worry, you won’t feel a thing.”



“You really don’t listen, Stephanie,” Annie scolded Martin. “It gets less comfortable the more slack you give it. Keeping it tight is what you want.”

“It pinches!” Martin complained.

“It’ll take time for your shoulders to adjust, but they will, trust me,” Annie said. They were in the company bathroom at Drummond Fulfillment, Martin with his blouse off, and Annie adjusting the bra that was holding his B-cup breasts in place. “There, that should do it. Now stop fussing.”

“They stick out so far, though. Everyone stares.”

“Tell me about it,” Annie quipped. “It just comes with the territory.” The truth was she had selected bras for her boss that enhanced his profile, and was enjoying every bit of distress he was experiencing.

“It sure wasn’t worth this,” Martin grouched. “Not at all.”

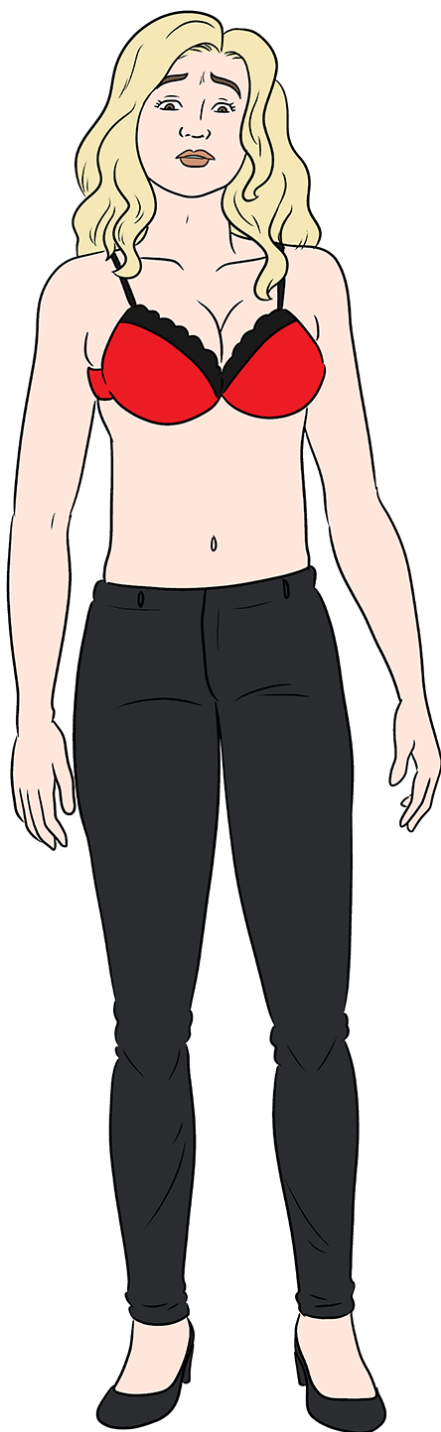
“You have an ID, the investigators are satisfied, and you saved your business. I’d call that worth it, Stephanie.”

Still, it seemed to Martin that having an ID with the name “Stephanie Felicia Lipscomb” on it, his new legal name, with a picture of him in a wig next to it wasn’t exactly something he prized and cherished.

“Don’t forget your pills, now.”

“I hate the pills,” Martin mumbled. “Maybe I should stop taking them.”

“As long as that SUV is parked on the corner, you need to keep up that disguise.



The pills will help, and you know that. Right?"

"Is it really necessary? I think my butt is getting bigger," Martin said, meekly. "Why is it working so fast?"

"You're taking those pills, Stephanie, and that's final."

"Yes, Ma'am." Martin frowned, and filled a cup with water. He grabbed the pills and took them one by one.

Indeed, his butt was getting bigger, and filling out his pants. Annie thought that she was just seeing what she wanted to see, but it was clear that this was definitely not her imagination. More excited than ever, she was going to make sure her boss would keep taking those pills no matter how much he objected.

Annie scooted him out. "Enough wasting time, honey. Let's get you back to your station." She took delight in watching him make his way to her former desk and nestle in for a long day of answering phones, just like she used to.

Gradually, Annie was taking things from Martin's usual duties. A call about supplies, or an email about schedules, or some decision Martin had made as owner of Drummond Fulfillment. Every hour, Annie fielded more questions and made more decisions.

The more she felt like the boss, the more she liked it, and she was not even thinking of giving it up.



It had been two whole days now, and Annie was feeling like she had hit a bit of a wall with Martin. She had pressed him to start wearing skirts to work, to project a more professional image, she claimed, but he was again in pants.

She tried to get him to fix his hair up, get it dyed and put in extensions, but he just kept wearing the same wig.

She'd tell him to go buy a nicer outfit, and he'd come in dressed in the same jeans he left in the previous day.

He was still living as a man, in many ways, and Annie was getting tired of doing all the work herself. She decided she needed help. Therefore, logically, she cut her boss's salary.

"It's just temporary," she explained to him. "We can't justify that the secretary is our highest salary employee," she told Martin. "It looks suspicious."

"Okay, okay," he said, knowing Annie was right. "If we gotta, we gotta. I still own the company, after all."

"There you go."

"How much?"

“Standard pay. 30,000.”

Martin shuddered. “Dollars? A *year*?”

“Fifteen dollars an hour. Before taxes, at least. More like 12.50 really. Paid once a month. That’s what I made my first year.”

“I can’t live on that!” Martin yelped. “Just my rent is more than that! How do I even eat?”

“I know, I know, and that’s why I got you some help,” Annie said. “A roommate!”



The results were dramatic. It was only a day before Martin had upped his game, in terms of his disguise.

He no longer showed up in the same clothes every day. He took better care of his appearance. He was even eating better.

“How’s the new living arrangement?” Annie asked a week into it.

“Isabelle? I hate her,” Martin said. “I can’t do anything anymore.”

“Oh?” Annie asked, so eager to hear the details.

“Besides not having a moment of privacy to myself,” said the man in the shiny silk blouse, “she’s always giving me suggestions. How to dress, what to eat, how to do my makeup, where to go to get my hair done... I’m losing my mind.”

“This might be easier if you told her that you were...”

“No!” Martin cried. “Never! As far as she’s concerned, I’m a woman, just like her. *No one can know.*”

“Suit yourself,” Annie said, knowing she much preferred it this way. “What did you do to your hair, by the way?”

“Ugh!” Martin exclaimed. “So Isabelle is getting all snoopy, and asking me why I was always keeping a towel around my head when she was around. So I had to go out and get my hair done to match the wig. It cost me a fortune.”

That was exactly why Annie had set him up in the new arrangement. Constant examination from a real woman would force Martin to do the things he had refused to do. It would also force him to act female even when he wasn’t at work.

“Well, it looks great,” Annie complimented.

Martin patted the sides of his newly-blond tresses. “It takes forever every morning. It’s impossible.”

“Well, if that’s the only problem...”

"*Only problem?*" Martin practically shrieked. "Let me tell you. I have to keep my legs, face and body shaved all the time, so I look feminine enough. I have to use my dumb girl voice when Isabelle's home, which is all the time. She's a vegetarian, so I can't eat meat anymore without offending her. She's always taking me on shopping trips that I can't get out of. I have to watch her dumb TV shows and pretend like I hate sports. She's always trying to get me to go to her yoga classes. I have to listen to her talk for hours when she's having relationship troubles... And she's *always* having relationship troubles! Everything sucks!"

Martin's chest was heaving from anger after unloading. He then started to tear up. "I hate it!"

Annie leaned forward and set her employer's head on her shoulder, as Martin began to cry. She was thrilled that the pills were really doing a number on his emotions. Her old boss would have rather taken a bullet than cry in front of someone.

"I hate having a roommate!" Martin wailed.

Annie couldn't help but smile. When she had schemed to get Martin in this position, she only dreamed it would be this successful. It took a while for her to find Isabelle, too. She went through three dozen applicants in phone interviews. This Isabelle girl was a basket case emotionally, and she was nosy, eccentric, and most of all, deeply, deeply feminine. A true girly-girl.

Looking at Martin's expertly coiffed hair, immaculate makeup, tight skirt and flashy blouse, she knew that it was the right choice. Isabelle's influence on him was strong. It was just a matter of time before she could really drop the hammer on him.



Martin Drummond, dressed in pink sweatpants and a black hoodie that read "Angel" on it, got up from the sofa. He heard some fiddling at the front door of his temporary apartment, and went to go check, as Isabelle frequently forgot her keys.

Instead, the door popped open, and a man in a black windbreaker was standing there. It was Agent Dale. Martin hadn't seen him in months. It was almost like seeing a ghost.

"Oh, hello, Stephanie," the agent said, "It's been a while. I hope you're doing well."

"What are you doing? Are you..."

"I wouldn't worry about that, now." He pulled a plastic packet out of a small bag he had with him. "I need some answers about this."

The package was labeled "Hollywood Star Sexy Secretary Costume."

Martin nearly tumbled to the floor.

"Now, the first time I met you, you were wearing this costume, were you not?" Agent Dale asked.

"No," Martin reflexively answered. "And so what if I was?"

"So you *were* wearing it."

"It was Halloween, I don't remember what I wore for Halloween. Maybe it was this." Martin had retreated from the door. "It was months ago. How am I supposed to know?"

"I think you *were* wearing this costume, Stephanie," the agent said. "I thought your outfit looked a little odd when I met you. I didn't want to say anything, being the gentleman that I am." He took a step forward.

"Don't come in! I didn't invite you!" Martin objected.

"That's only for the police. Besides, I'm not going to hurt you. I just wanted to talk." He held the costume package up. "You see, we checked, and only three people in this city bought this costume last year. Not very popular, I suppose. A little dated and very sexist."

"I'm stronger than I look!" Martin said, still slowly retreating.

"I only want to ask you some questions, Stephanie," the agent said. "We ran a check on everyone in this area who bought this costume. Of the three that did, one didn't use it, the other only wore the jacket. The third... Wasn't you. It was purchased by Martin Drummond. The man who owns the business you work for."

"I... Uh..." Martin didn't know what to say. "Who?"

"You know who. We're very eager to talk to Mr. Drummond, as we think he may know something about some property we lost. Problem is, he's completely disappeared. His home is vacant, he hasn't been to his office, no bank activity, not a single sign of him." The agent narrowed his eyes "Where is Martin Drummond, Stephanie?"

Martin was practically ready to throw up, hearing his name being used by the agent. They were getting closer to the truth. If they cross-checked the recent legal name changes or did a simple examination of "Stephanie Lipscomb's" history, they'd have it all figured out.

"I don't know," Martin said.

"I think you do, Stephanie. I think your boss bought this costume for you, and then something happened." He paused, dramatically. "Tell me what happened that night, Stephanie."

Martin was faced with a choice. Come clean, and possibly disappear off the face of the Earth. Deny anything and everything and invite more investigation. Or there was a third option. Give up Martin.



"He was talking crazy," Martin said. "He said he had found something. Something he wouldn't talk about."

"I see, I see. Now we're getting somewhere."

"He said people were going to come after him."

"Yes, yes," the agent said, egging him on.

Martin was satisfied that the agent was hearing the things he wanted to hear. He wanted to get this man off his case, literally, and this may have been his best opportunity.

"He said he had to go, he had to leave the country. He was like a wild man. Martin said he was going to be rich, selling what he had for millions. He threatened to kill me if I told anyone."

"Just as I thought. Where did he go? How?"

"He was talking about Argentina. He had always told me that Argentina was the place to go if you wanted to make a run for it." Which was true. Martin had always considered the country his first choice for life on the run. Switzerland was overrated.

"So you think that's where he went?"

"Last time I saw him, he said he was going to cross the border at night, and I'd never see him again."

"Yes!" Agent Dale said with a pumped fist. "That's just what I wanted to know. Thank you Stephanie, you've been a great service to the country."

He whipped out a phone and began to make a call as he sprinted out the door.

Martin slowly approached the open door and gently closed it. Then he locked it and leaned against it. He tried to get control of his breathing. Yes, he had likely gotten these mystery people off his case, but he'd never be able to be Martin Drummond again. There was no chance he could be a free man.

As he tried to collect himself, he noticed that the agent had left the costume pack on a table. Martin left his spot against the door and walked over to take a look at it.

The picture on the front of the package was of a young woman, in a pinstripe jacket and skirt set, lensless glasses and an unbuttoned shirt, looking very sexy and a bit slutty. He had seen it before, of course. He had been unable to forget it. It came up in his dreams, time after time.

He picked up the package and looked at it even closer. Was this... Was this his ideal woman? He felt so compelled to look at the picture. The trauma he had just experienced was fading away quickly, replaced by thoughts of the woman on the package. His mind, neuron by neuron, was locking in on the image.

Martin rushed into his bedroom, and opened the pack. He slipped out of his sweatpants and socks, and pulled out the smoky black stockings. He fed his

bare legs into them, slowly drawing them up, enjoying every moment, and running his hands along the fabric. He kicked his legs in the air, loving how they looked, or how they made *him* look.

He never wanted to wear anything else. It felt so nice, so comfortable. He was born to wear stockings. In less than two minutes, he had put on the rest of the outfit. It was a bit big for him, but he was tingling at how good it felt to wear everything.

Martin couldn't have known that his costume, his original costume, was far more than just any Halloween outfit. His was special. Like others sold at that particular Costume Central, it was doing things to him. Slowly, but surely, he was becoming his costume. Bonding with it. Embodying it. The spirit inside of it becoming one with him. His body and his mind was changing, and he didn't need any pills to make it happen.

Then, just as quickly as the compulsion had taken him, he was disgusted with himself. Why had he done this? He wasn't someone who got excited wearing women's clothing. They were the bane of his current existence. Women's clothing made him sick. Everything about being a woman was stomach-churning. Every day he had to dress up like this was a test of his moral fiber.

Still, the woman in the picture looked so happy. So beautiful. So perfect. For a moment, he could imagine he was in her place. It felt wonderful.



"Why won't you give up?" Martin mumbled as he looked out the window. The black SUV was still monitoring him. It had been four days now. He thought he had thrown them, once and for all. Now, he was beginning to doubt it would ever end. "Why is it still there?" he said aloud.

"Is *what* still there?" A voice said from behind Martin, causing him to jump.

"Nothing!" Martin squeaked. "Just talking to myself."

He kept forgetting that he wasn't alone with Annie anymore when he was in the office. Now, there was Roger.

"Stephanie!" Annie shouted from her desk. "Stop socializing and get the phone!"

"Sorry, Ms. Simmons!" Martin said as he scurried back to his little desk.

Roger returned his own desk, which was located opposite Annie's. She had brought him on to handle the workload, but more importantly, to give Martin even more to worry about.

Roger had been a great addition to the team, taking on most of the day-to-day responsibilities of managing the logistics and personnel, so Annie could concentrate on sales and customer relations.

Even better, he was someone Martin had to constantly cope with. No longer could he slack off at his desk and slouch in his seat, he needed to act like a proper secretary. He no longer kicked his heels off five seconds after coming in, he kept them on all day. He sat up straight in his chair, looked attentive, and answered all the calls himself.

Annie pressed on him the need to be “more professional” with Roger around, and to stick to their defined roles. Annie was now “Ms. Simmons,” the boss, and Martin was strictly “Stephanie” the secretary. That also meant occasionally doing other things for the executives, in addition to answering phones and emails. Martin had to make plane and hotel reservations, dinner reservations, order lunch, water the plants, keep the office supplies stocked, keep the files organized and of course, brew some fresh coffee every morning.

Frankly, Annie was shocked at how well Martin had adjusted to the new arrangement, but that didn’t mean he didn’t have problems with it.

“Roger stares at me,” Martin whispered to Annie during a lunch break.

“Oh?”

“And I swear he drops things so he can watch me bend over to pick them up.”

“I see. Well, we don’t tolerate harassment on the job.”

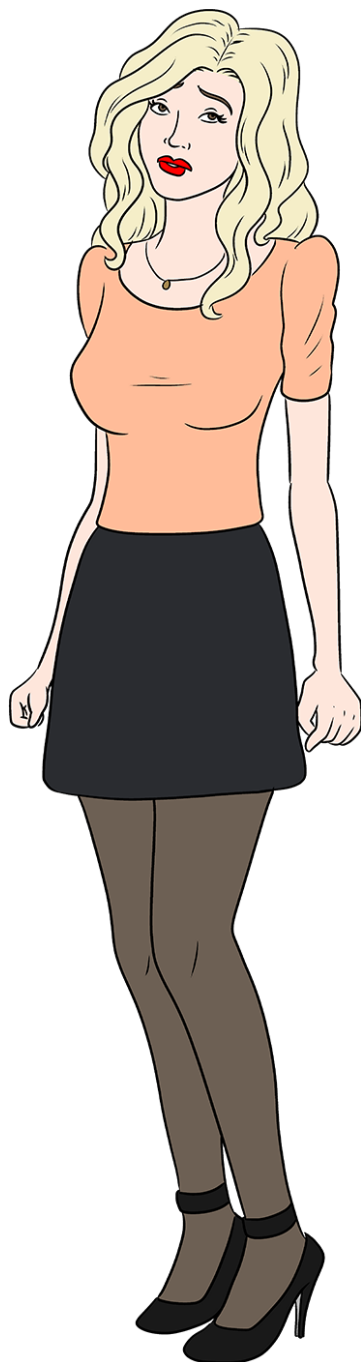
“I wish it were that simple. No. He just... Acts weird around me. He smiles too much.”

“You should be pleased,” Annie responded.

“Well, I’m not. I’m not a woman, or have you forgotten?”

“No, no,” Annie replied. Although she was beginning to wonder if Martin himself was beginning to forget it. There had been many strange things she had noted in his recent behavior.

Besides becoming an actually competent secretary, she had detected a subtle change in Martin. He was spending more and more time checking his appearance. He disappeared to the ladies washroom at least five times a day, with a fresh coat of lipstick when he came back.



His clothes had become tighter on his body, which she thought were thanks to the hormones redistributing his fat, but the clothes had also become a little bit flashier.

He had begun to wear dark stockings, even in warm weather. Shorter skirts, scooped necks. He had also begun to walk in a far more practiced and deliberate way, swiveling his hips and taking shorter steps.

It was almost like he was falling into the role of a sexy secretary, unable to resist the pull of becoming more and more what he was pretending to be.

But that was a silly thought, Annie mused.



Annie was in awe of what she saw before her. In just a few short days, she had taken her very male boss and sculpted him into the very sexy girl in front of her.

It blew her mind to think the girl at her desk was the same person. Stephanie was so different in so many ways. First and foremost, she was an utterly femininely-shaped creature with broad hips that were always ready to burst from the skirts he wore, and had breasts that were still, month after month, getting bigger. The original B-cups Martin had been given had now been enhanced by the spirit of the costume, but Annie was sure it was the hormones kicking in.

His new growth, with the implants, had boosted his chest to E-cups. With his narrow waist, his shape was well beyond hourglass, and could only be described as voluptuous.

His angular male face had softened almost beyond recognition, and Annie was suspicious that he might have had some kind of surgery at some point. It didn't make sense, but it was the only way to explain why Martin's nose had apparently shrunk while his cheeks had become bigger.

Whatever the reasons for all these changes, Annie's boss was now one of the most pretty girls she'd ever seen.

Which made what she was doing to him feel like she was playing dirty. Maybe she was. However, Annie was going to do whatever she needed to do to stay on top in this situation.

"You wouldn't really put me in jail, would you?" Asked Martin in a small, songbird-like voice.

"Ms. Lipscomb," said the middle-aged civil servant seated across from him. "This is a very serious matter."

Annie was seated next to her employer as they had been called to a meeting with the state's labor board. It had been a tense meeting so far, with the mid-

dle-aged civil servant, a Mr. Granger, applying pressure on the poor, nervous Martin.

Martin had been deep in the throes of his new hormone mix, subject to wild swings of emotion, and heaping amount of anxiety. Being investigated was pulling him to pieces.

“But I thought we settled this,” Martin whined.

“The employment records are clearly forged, Miss Lipscomb,” he said, looking down his nose at Martin his his glasses. “You are also the only employee at Drummond Fulfillment who has access to the financial accounts, and you have no employment record or income tax records before taking this job. If I don't get some answers from you, I'm going to have to suspend the business and refer this case to the state prosecutor.”

Annie was enjoying seeing her pantied boss sweat and fidget, but her job was on the line, so she stepped in. Fortunately, she was prepared. Boy, was she prepared. “It's my fault, Mr. Granger. When our former owner went missing, we had to keep the business afloat somehow. Martin had no heirs, so we were going to lose everything.”

“The logical thing was to allow the disappearance of Martin Drummond be handled by the authorities, and while that was happening, we needed to transfer all our incoming revenue and assets somewhere. Steffi helped us out in a bad spot. We started to put our revenue into her personal account, and transferred all our assets to her, and well, we've been lax in changing that.”

“This is highly irregular,” Mr. Granger said.

“But not illegal.”

“I'll have to take a closer look, but no, on the surface, it's not illegal — as long as the taxes are taken care of.” He was not ready to give up yet, though. “But for the employment and tax history for Miss Lipscomb...”

“That, Sir, is something for lawyers to work out,” Annie replied, sternly. “That's not information my secretary and I will be pressured into surrendering today.”

“We will be taking her to court,” Mr. Granger said, devoid of emotion.

“And we will welcome the opportunity to set this matter straight.” She stood up. “Let's go, Steffi.”

“Yes, Ms. Simmons,” Martin said, standing up, clutching his small purse in his hands.



"You were so brave, Ms. Simmons," Martin said as he sped along in his mincing heels to keep up with Annie. They were walking along the sidewalk having just left the meeting. "I was so scared they were going to lock me up!"

Visions of cute, busty Stephanie in stripes and handcuffs danced in Annie's head for a moment before chasing them away.

"I would never let that happen," Annie said. "You're a very important asset to the company. I'd lose half our male customers if they couldn't come in and see you at your desk."

"Why would that..."

"Never mind, Steffi," Annie said, with a smirk. The less he realized he was eye candy for increasing number of men who visited the office, the better. "Now, when we get back, I'm going to have you evaluate appropriate legal representatives in the field of taxation and employment law, and a put one or more on retainer."

"Whaaat?" Stephanie replied. "I don't even know where I'd begin..."

Annie was sure that his new, feminine, mind was being pushed to the limit when choosing nail polishes. Martin's priorities had changed a lot, lately. Annie had made sure to remove all complications from Martin's life, taking away decisions and responsibilities gradually until he had none.

"Well, if you'd like, I can handle that all for you," Annie said. "I'd just need you to sign a few papers."

"Anything," Martin answered. "I don't wanna do any of the legal stuff."

"Don't trouble yourself, Steffi. I'll make sure it's all taken care of," Annie said, knowing by the end of the day, she'd have everything she'd ever wanted.



Annie could see that her secretary was preoccupied with carrying a fresh cup of coffee, so she got the call herself. It brought back memories of when she was hired as a lowly PA for Martin Drummond and his disreputable shipping business.

"Hello, Simmons Fulfillment," she said. "I'm Ann Simmons." She almost forgot to respond as she watched Steffi hustle her big rolling ass past her office. She was quite a sight to behold these days.

The girl was almost all hair, tits and ass now, practically a cartoon.

Annie watched her take the coffee to Roger's office and scoot on in. "Hiii, Roger..." Steffi sang as she placed it down on the desk, carefully. She then hopped up on top of his desk, crossing her legs. "What'cha doin'?" She chirped, as she played with her long curly blond hair.

The poor man didn't stand a chance, Annie thought to herself. The man who used to be Martin Drummond had been converted into pure feminine sex appeal in human form. In her favorite navy suit set, smoky stockings and five-inch red heels, she seemed more like an actress from a porn film than an actual person.

It happened quickly, to Annie's surprise. When she promised Steffi that she'd take care of all the "legal stuff," she'd actually had her sign over Martin's power of attorney. Before the week was out, she had put all of his assets under her name. She was the new owner of Drummond Fulfillment, and changed the business name the next day.

"Izzy and I were going clubbing tonight, wanna come?" Steffi asked Roger. "I'm going in my new rubber Catwoman costume. It's so awesome! It's Halloween, after all..."

Roger was a happily married man, Annie reminded herself. That was not going to survive a the pressure of Steffi's impish flirting and a full view of her G-cup boobs, which she was thrusting up in his face. When were those things going to stop growing, Annie wondered.

"We'll s... s... see," Roger replied.

Steffi giggled an inane, brainless giggle as she kicked her legs up. Good lord, Annie thought, why doesn't she just put his cock in her mouth?

Not that Annie objected to such a development. If Roger did get divorced and leave his family for Steffi, she'd have him locked into the job for whatever she wanted to pay him. He couldn't afford to lose it. Yes, she was planning on making sure the two of them were going to be an item.

Annie wasn't quite sure of the exact moment the girl had snapped, but once she realized that her boss was now a simple beskirted secretary, there was no going back.

She had even told her that she was renaming the company and taking ownership of it, after all, she was just the hired help.

What Annie couldn't have known was that the change hadn't been so simple and straightforward. It had taken days for Martin to lose the battle raging inside of him.

Every time he'd find himself horrified at his breasts, only to choose blouses to display them better. He'd be humiliated to see himself in the mirror, wearing four-inch heels, only to go out and buy five-inchers to replace them.

In one of his dresser drawers, the picture of the "Hollywood Star Sexy Secretary Costume" rested, and every day, sometimes many times a day, he'd look at it, and wish he was more like her. The costume's bond had forever imprinted on him this image, and whenever he saw his reflection, he wished it was that image he'd see back at him.

He didn't want to flirt with the clients or with Roger, but he was a sexy secretary. It said so on the package. He had to flirt. He had to giggle. He had to wiggle his butt and shake his tits.

He didn't want to have a curvy, sexy body, but the girl on the package did. He didn't want to, but he had to diet and exercise until he had the sexy secretary body.

Martin didn't want to be an airhead, but sexy secretaries were for fucking, not for thinking. He gave up his daily New York Times for subscriptions to Vogue, Runway and Swank. He gave up his book of the month club for a Brazzers subscription. He hocked his college ring to pay for a tiny butterfly tattoo tramp stamp.

He cried himself to sleep most nights, wondering what was wrong with him, and why he could only be satisfied when he was like the slutty secretary in his drawer. However, he would wake with a smile on his face, happy and carefree as beautiful Steffi. Only later, as he got on with his day, did the reality come back to him as he remembered who he really was.

So yesterday, he simply reused to remember who he used to be. He was Steffi, and he was going to be everything Steffi needed to be. He was going to enjoy being a girl. He was going to love cock. He was going to love being a sexy, slutty, bimbo secretary. If he was going to survive, he had no choice. He must be the sexy secretary to calm the impulses he had.

Then, as it happened, that afternoon Steffi was filing the company receipts, humming to herself the latest sugary pop song she had heard on the radio. She came across one very curious receipt, that caused her — just for a moment — to stop what she was doing and think.

"Miss Simmons, there's a package downstairs," She told her boss a little later.

"So go get it, Steffi. That's your job, you lazy girl." Annie replied.

"They need you to sign for it," Steffi explained.

"Fine," Annie said, getting up from her plush, leather, tall-back executive chair. "Hold my calls, Steffi," she said to her girl perched on the stool in front of her plexiglass desk.

Steffi smiled back as she filed her nails. "Okay boss."

It was an hour later, about 4:30, when Roger wandered out of his office. "Have you seen Miss Simmons?"

"No sir," Steffi said, breathlessly to her handsome superior. "I don't know where she went."

"Maybe she left," Roger said. "Why don't you take off early tonight? It's Friday."

"Really?" Steffi squealed. "You mean it?"



The pure joy and excitement in Steffi's big, glimmering eyes was the reward. "Sure, Steffi."

Steffi picked up her purse and hung it on her shoulder as she stood up in her incredibly sexy heels. "You're so cool!"

"Just be on time Monday morning, okay?"

"You're the best boss in the world!" Steffi said as she minced away, her arms bent at her side, butt churning away and boobs jiggling.

"Be good, Steffi!"

"But I'm always a good girl, boss!" She replied with an exaggerated wink, giggle and kick of her leg. "Oh, by the way, use the stairs, okay?"

"Sure," Roger replied, puzzled.

Steffi put on her headphones and tossed her head to the beat of her music. She cautiously navigated the stairs in her five inch heels, taking her quite a while.

At the ground floor, she avoided the police tape and forensic investigators from the coroner's office.

"Did you see what happened, Steffi?" The security agent at the entrance asked her.

The girl popped off one of the ears of her headphones. "Oh my goodness, what?"

"Some poor lady fell down the elevator shaft. The cables snapped."

"Oh no! Is she okay?" Steffi asked.

"No, no. She was dead on impact."

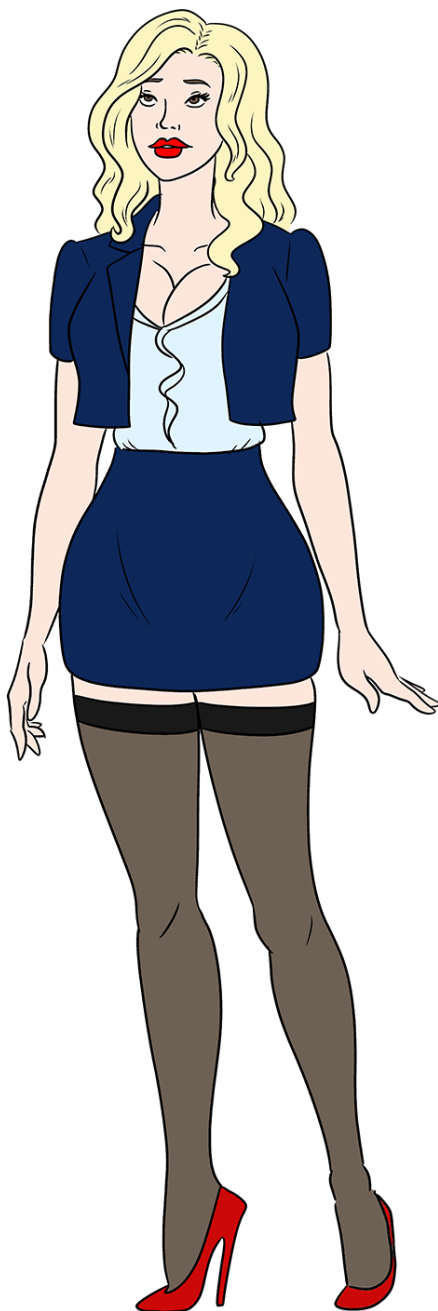
"How horrible!" Steffi said with a pout. "I guess that'll teach her a lesson."

"Pardon?"

"Never mind. See you on Friday, Abner!"

"See you then, Steffi."

And Steffi was off for the weekend. The black SUV parked outside the building was, for the first time no longer a threat to



her. She just breezed on by, admiring her gorgeous reflection in the shiny windows.

The reason she was no longer afraid was what she had discovered in that filing cabinet: the leasing receipt for a 2017 Ford Bronco, black with tinted windows, made out to Ann Simmons. She had been renting it for the last few days, keeping it in full view, and using it to make Steffi take her pills and sign away the company. The agents had already given up trailing “Martin,” and Annie was just trying to keep her under her control.

Steffi knew what she had to do. She had never given a blowjob to a man before, but this was an excellent time for her first try, as she sweet-talked the elevator tech to loosen the bolts on the cables.

“No more mean old Miss Simmons. No more SUV.” She thought to herself as she primped her voluminous golden blond hair and kissed at her reflection. “Now it's just Roger and me, Steffi the Sexy Secretary,” she the shrugged. “And if he ever tries to get rid of me, he can have an accident, too.”

## KEVIN'S NEW CALLING



"A clown?" A man with a red beard and a shock of hair coming up from his scalp asked. He adjusted the vest he was wearing.

"Very popular these days. I always knew clowns would come back into fashion." The clerk dusted off the plastic mask of a classic harlequin-style jester they were looking at.

The bearded man was skeptical. "I'm not sure you... I, uh... It's *murdering* clowns that are popular."

"Oh." The clerk thought about it for a moment, took a marker from his pocket and drew angry eyebrows on the mask. "There you go."

"Ah. Well, anyway, what else is there?"

"What about a sexy nurse?"

The bearded customer looked around. "Do you have any non-female costumes here?"

"Not a lot of call for it around these parts."

"Not a lot of call for it? Half the planet is made of men."

"Well, it's early. We can still turn the tide."

"Huh?"

The bell at the front door jingled. "Just look around, and let me know. I'll be back." The clerk dismissed himself and went to go attend to his new customer. "May I help you, sir?"

"I can't believe I have to do this," said the young man who was standing before him, his head hunched in between his shoulders and his hands in his pockets.

"Do what, sir?"

"I had a perfectly good costume for Halloween this year. But no!" The man groused. "I showed it to him and he said I had it wasn't good enough."

"I'm not following, sir," the clerk said.

The man sighed and took one of his hands out of his pocket and brought it up to his mouth to direct his whisper. "I don't want anyone to hear this. It's really embarrassing."

"We are very discreet, sir," the clerk said. "After all, we *are* a discount chain costume store."

"Oh, yes, of course." He looked around and motioned towards a corner. The clerk followed him as he continued to speak. "My co-worker Dave won a bet. I had the Jets by seven and a half, and I was winning, when they fucking went for two! *Why* would you go for two?"

"I see," the clerk said, clearly not seeing.

"Anyway, he won, I lost, and he got to choose the costumes for Halloween. He went with pilot and flight attendant."

"We do have some pilot costumes..."

"I told you, I lost. I have to be the flight attendant."

"Well, we have a costume selection for..."

"I *have* a costume. A perfectly good one. Navy blazer, matching slacks, pocket square, wing pin, tie... A perfectly good flight attendant costume."

"I don't follow then."

"He says it's not good enough. He wants me to dress up as a *female* flight attendant."

"Ah-ha! That's a specialty!" The clerk said. "Now, we have a wide variety of..."

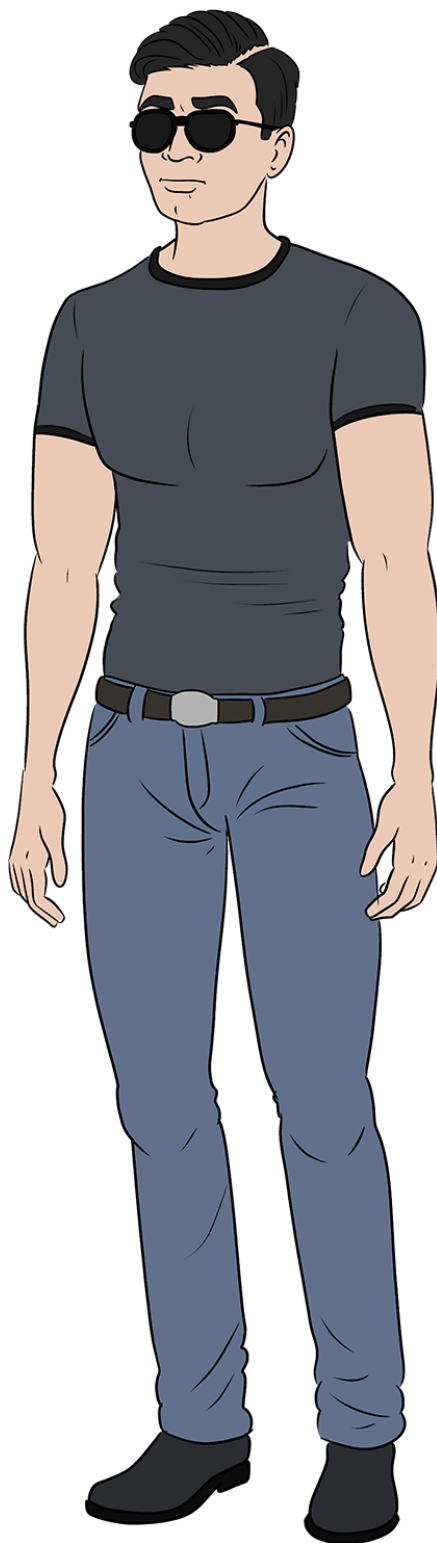
"Ssssh!" The man scolded.

"My apologies. I get carried away sometimes."

"The thing is, I know I lost the bet and all, but I just want to do the bare minimum. The very least it would take to be seen as a female costume. That jackass is not getting me to dress up in women's clothing, I don't care how many bets he wins!"

The clerk placed his finger to his lips to signal the need to lower his volume.

"I know, I know. It just gets me so pissed off! I just don't want to give him



the satisfaction!" He was breathing hard, and steadied himself. "Anyway, I was thinking, you know, maybe a unisex wig or some looser-legged slacks. Nothing that would really give the game away, but enough. So I went out, bought what I needed, and it's still not enough."

"It's quite a story," the clerk said. "Spellbinding."

The man wasn't sure if the clerk was being sarcastic or not. He didn't much care. He just wanted to vent a little. "No pants, Kevin," he tells me. "Some flight attendants may wear slacks, but not you. How else would they know it's a costume?" he says."

"Indeed," the clerk said, as he felt the opening to say something.

"What does he think this is? The fifties? Women don't wear skirts anymore. Especially flight attendants. Those are ladies with a knot in their iron panties, let me tell you. They look like prison matrons these days."

"Interesting," the clerk said.

"Anyway, why I'm here, is I need a skirt to match my blazer."

"A clothing store might be a better..."

"Two hundred dollars!" Kevin said. "I checked. So I figure, a costume store is cheap. They'll have a costume skirt for way less, am I right? I only have to wear it for a week, after all."

"A week?" The clerk inquired. "You're wearing the costume for an entire week?"

"At the office where we work. Part of the bet." He clapped his hands together. "So let's take a look, okay?"

"I'll see what we have, sir."

As the clerk began to patrol the aisles of his store, stuffed with cheap witches hats, cloaks, rubber noses, synthetic wigs and a variety of garish apparel, Kevin trailed closely behind him. There was a substantial odor of benzene coming from the low-grade plastics that was making the young man feel a little woozy.

"Dude really wants to punish me," Kevin said. "He's supposed to be my friend, but what kind of friend does this to another guy? Seriously, he's trying to push my buttons." He paused for a moment, but Kevin was the sort of man who hated the sound of silence. "I had a girlfriend once who wanted me to wear her panties. That was the end of that relationship. Well, after another three weeks of sex, but the panties thing was when the passion went out of it."

"Here's something that might fit the bill..." The clerk was eager to end this conversation. "From the Navy WACS uniform."

"What's WACS?" Kevin asked.

"It's what they make candles out of," the clerk quipped. The statement went right over his customer's head, just like he expected it to. "The skirt is long

enough to protect your modesty, I think.”

Kevin held it up to his waist. The hem was mid-shin. “That’s still more skirt than I ever wanted to wear, though.”

“How about some shoes to go with it?”

“Yeah, he told me to get some shoes. Perv.”

“We have one-inch pumps, kitten heels, ballerina flats...”

“That last one. The flats. I may have to dress in a skirt, but hell if I’m gonna wear high heels.”

“Let’s ring it up, then?” The clerk said, hopefully.

Kevin grunted and handed over his credit card. “Let’s just get this over with.” He put his hands back in his pockets, hunched over and looked around to make sure no one was looking at him. “Goin’ for two. Unbelievable.”

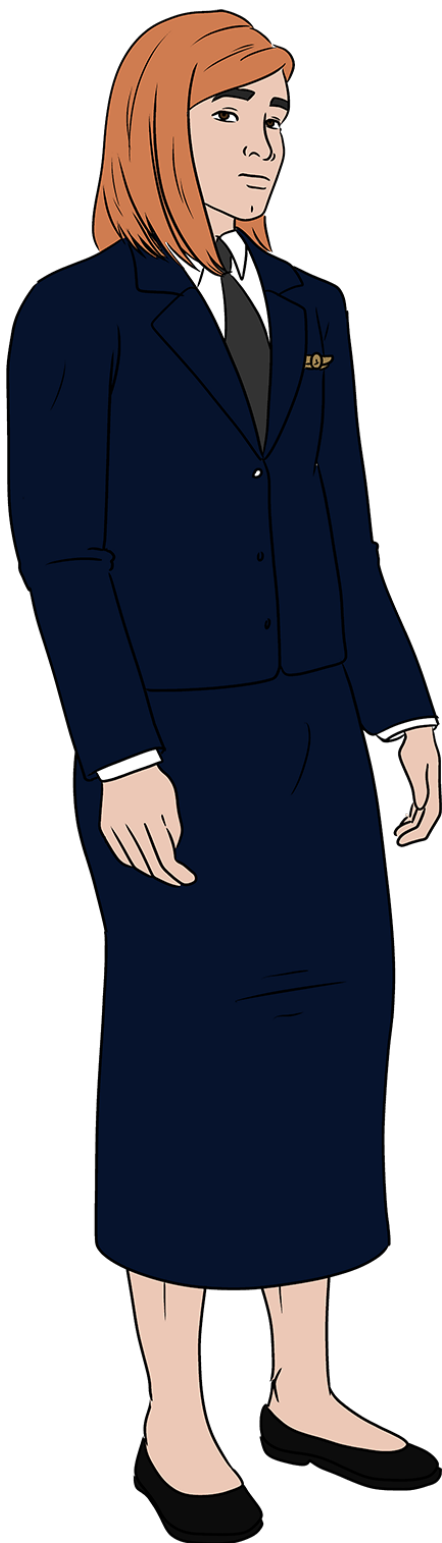


“Can’t believe I have to come back to this lousy store...” Kevin grumbled as he marched into the costume store the next day in his flats.

“Welcome!” the clerk said, clasping his hands together. “Oh, I remember you from yesterday! Nothing wrong, I hope.”

“Nothing wrong?” Kevin blasted. “Just a lousy, asswipe of a friend, that’s all. Look at me!”

“And?”



"This isn't feminine enough for him! What more does he want?" Kevin was fully dressed in his costume, with the navy blue blazer, matching long skirt, black ballerina flats with a white dress shirt and black tie. He was also wearing a wig that could have been interpreted as either very short for a woman or bushy for a man. He even wore his little gold wings pin. "I've been walkin' around all day at work like this, and now he says it ain't feminine enough!"

"Oh, you two work together?"

"I'm his boss," Kevin said. "Which makes this even more humiliating. Fuckin' Dave. Or, as I'm supposed to call him this week, *Captain Dave*."

"You made a very detailed bet with this man, didn't you?"

"I thought I would win!" Kevin said. "I made up a bunch of rules because I thought I was going to mess with him. Now, I gotta do what he says."

"Ah. Well, was he good enough to let you now what needed to be altered?"

"Make-up," Kevin replied, practically forcing the words out of his mouth. "He says I gotta wear makeup. What the hell? Not all women wear makeup."

"Well, I'd beg to differ," the clerk said. "Most women who look like they're not wearing makeup use makeup to *look* like they're not wearing makeup."

"You lost me," Kevin said.

"You were always lost," the clerk said in his mind. "We have a wide variety of stage makeup to choose from, and our selection is the best in town, I'm proud to say."

"Great. I can buy makeup. But what do I do with it? I'm a dude! What do I know about makeup?"

"We do offer our services to apply the makeup you buy, and teach you how to use it in the future." He pointed to a sign near the desk that read "Free make-up application & tutorial with purchase."

"Didn't that sign say 'no refunds' a minute ago?" Kevin asked, scratching his stubbled chin.

"No refunds? Of course we offer refunds. Don't be ridiculous." The clerk looked offended at the insinuation. "Now, let's pick something out and get started, shall we?"

Kevin groaned, from deep in his chest. "Fine," he said. The clerk showed him the way to his work station with a grin on his face that made Kevin feel like he'd just made the worst mistake of his life.

After about ten minutes of brushes, lotions, more brushes, creams, tiny brushes, sponges, and yet more brushes, Kevin examined his face in the small round makeup mirror and furrowed his brow.

"Usually I do Draculas and Frankensteins," the clerk said. "This is a welcome break in my routine."

"That's freaky," he said, looking at the red lips, bewitchingly bedroom eyes and sculpted cheeks he now appeared to possess. "I'm never trusting a woman again. Makeup can make anyone look good."

"What a unique observation," the clerk remarked.

"Hey, what happened to my beard?" Kevin asked, feeling his chin.

"I took care of that for you. You shouldn't have to worry about it." The clerk was cleaning up his supplies and putting them away. "You think you'll remember how to do all this by yourself?"

Funnily enough, Kevin was sure he would. He seemed to have near-photographic memory of each step the clerk had used, and could replay it all back in his mind with amazing clarity. "I guess," Kevin said.

"Splendid!" the clerk said. "I'm sure your friend David will be quite satisfied."



Kevin was in his car, pounding the steering wheel. He had just gotten off for lunch, and couldn't believe the nerve of his friend Dave. He whipped through the streets in his car, almost as recklessly as an Uber driver.

He had to go back. He had to go back to that damn costume shop and that prissy little pipsqueak who ran it and ask for his help again.

He jammed the brakes as he parked his car, checked his lipstick in the mirror, and slammed the door as he got out.

"The color. He thinks navy blue is too dark for a women's uniform," Kevin explained to the clerk. "The prick."

The clerk rubbed his hands, deliberating. "We do have a women's flight attendant costume or two. We can try that."

"No. No way. Just a jacket and skirt in a different color."

"I'll see what we can do," the clerk said.

It wasn't too much later that Kevin was examining himself in the mirror, wearing a small blazer and long skirt in light "sky" blue. It was almost exactly the same as his navy blue outfit, with the exception of the jacket, which had sleeves that only went three-quarters down his arms.

"What's with the sleeves?"

"Probably a bit small for you," the clerk said. "I'm not sure I have any better options."

"I look so gay," Kevin said, seeing his reflection. "Jesus. My mother would be turning over in her grave if she could see me now."



The clerk was going to point out the logistical impossibilities of his statement, but let it go. "I think your friend will be well satisfied with this."

"I sure as shit hope so," Kevin replied. "What do I owe you?"

The clerk was friendly and ingratiating as usual. "I'll ring it up and let you know. Anything else you wanted to add while you were here?"

"No," Kevin said. "I don't..." He suddenly had a thought. He was wearing his navy blue briefs. Dave had said he couldn't wear navy blue. Not that he'd ever know, of course.

Still... He might. He could check, Kevin thought to himself.

"Sir?" the clerk inquired.

"Just a sec," Kevin said. "Give me a sec!"

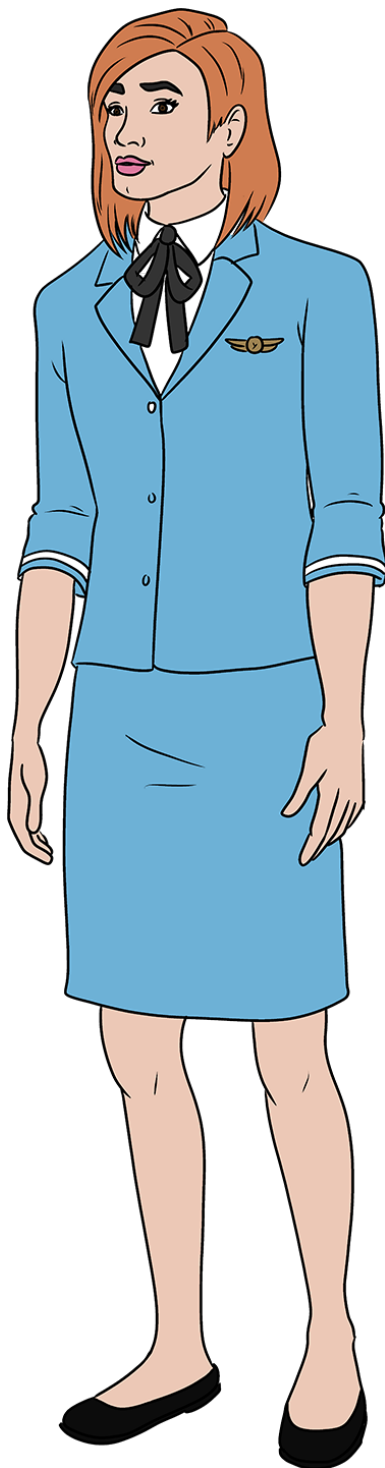
That would just be the kind of thing Dave would do, Kevin realized. He'd make him strip down and show him his briefs, and it would be another thing to lord over him with. He didn't want to give that jagoff the satisfaction.

Kevin didn't like the idea that he'd have to change his underwear to satisfy Dave, but the more he thought about it, the more really started to worry. He just wanted to get through his day and not have Dave throwing this back in his face.

Kevin turned to the clerk, taking very quietly. "You... You got any underwear? Something not navy blue?"

"I absolutely do," the clerk said. "How about pink?"

The young man was about to object, but then he stopped himself. If Dave did inspect him, and checked his underwear — and at this point Kevin was absolutely convinced he would — if he found pink, he'd have nothing to object to. How could it be any more feminine? Check and mate. His shiny pink lips



smiled.

“Pink would be perfect.”



“Oh, hello!” the clerk said, nearly running into Kevin in the aisles of his store. “You’re getting to be a familiar face, aren’t you? Now don’t tell me. Your friend wasn’t satisfied.”

Kevin had been trying to avoid the clerk, as he was hunched over and hiding his face, but now that he had been spotted, he stood up and straightened his sky blue blazer.

“The putz said I look like a frikkin’ dyke,” Kevin muttered. “They want a shorter skirt.”

“They?” The clerk asked.

He had been putting up with the usual remarks from his co-workers, just trying to get through another day in his costume, when Dave told him he just wasn’t cutting it. He even put it up to a vote of his fellow employees.

They all pledged to not let him back into the building until he took his costume “seriously.” Now, Kevin was faced with losing hours out of his paycheck unless he could get everyone to approve.

“They.” Kevin repeated. “Now it’s a become a *group* thing at work.”

“Well! I’m all for bonding at the office,” the clerk said merrily. “Teamwork is crucial.”

“Yeah, whoop-dee-doo.” Kevin grunted. “So what they want me to do is to, quote, *think feminine*, unquote. And I can’t go back to work until I do.”

The clerk was already looking at the costumes he had against the wall. “So, a shorter skirt. They didn’t specify how short?”

“Well, they didn’t actually say they wanted a shorter skirt, but how else am I supposed to interpret it? *Think feminine*. That means skirt to me,” Kevin said. “But let’s just go, I don’t know, knee-length, okay? No. No. Maybe a little shorter.”

The clerk, being the highly competent and eager facilitator of people’s misery, quickly assembled a variety of skirt choices: knee-length, above-the-knee, mid-thigh, and miniskirt.

“I’m gonna need to shave my legs,” Kevin said, dejectedly. “All of them, not just the shin.”

“If you don’t mind a little observation,” the clerk said. “You probably need to push back a little, and make sure this David friend of yours and your co-workers don’t think they can push you around.”

"You think so?" Kevin asked.

"Just thought I'd mention it."

"You're probably right. They wouldn't really lock me out of the business. They're just trying to get my goat."

"There you go."

"Yeah, screw this," Kevin said. "I'm not gonna do this. Sorry to waste your time."

"My time is never wasted, young man."

"Thanks for the advice," Kevin said as he stood up straight and stuck his chest out.



The sky blue miniskirt on Kevin's hairless legs twisted and tugged as he walked down the sidewalk. He hadn't gotten six feet out of the costume store when he suddenly suffered an attack of anxiety, and went right back in to purchase the shortest skirt he could.

Maybe his co-workers were joking, but maybe not. Maybe David was just egging them on. Kevin didn't want to take the risk, though. His job was very important to him. That was also why he was wearing three-inch-heeled black pumps which were clicking and clacking on the pavement as he strode along. He had the clerk add them on to his purchase, just in case the skirt wasn't feminine enough for the tastes of his office mates.

Sure enough, in his miniskirt and heels, he was welcomed back to work — but David had informed him that he was back on a probationary basis, until he could show he really wanted to think feminine about his costume.

Kevin was trying his best to contain his anger. He had been working so hard on this costume, and every time he was told it wasn't enough. At the same time, he had to think that maybe it wasn't enough. Captain Dave was a fair man, after all, and Kevin respected him. Often he had wondered why he was Dave's boss instead of the other way around. He was smart and savvy in a way Kevin would never be, and if he wanted something, Kevin was going to do his best to deliver it. He respected Captain Dave. It wouldn't hurt to try and put just a little more effort into his costume, he decided.

As he walked down the street, he couldn't help but notice the stares he was getting. Captain Dave had asked him to go on a coffee run for the guys, and Kevin was more than happy to be of use. The looks, though, made him nervous. Even so close to Halloween, when there were at least half a dozen people in costumes walking down the street along with him, he seemed to stand out.

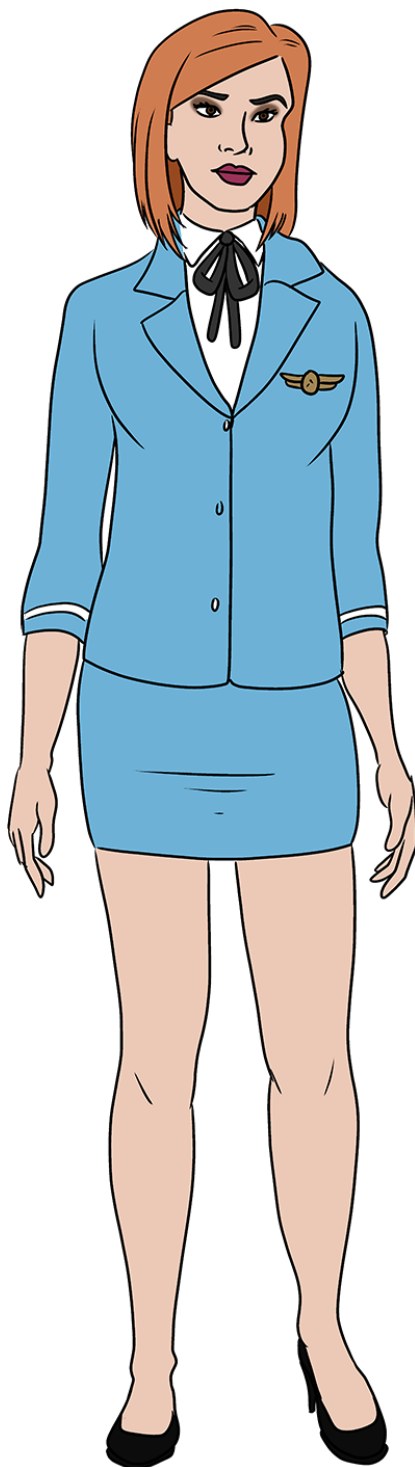
It had been something he'd noticed since he'd shaved his legs. When he cleared the thick underbrush of leg hair, his legs came out looking very smooth and sleek. Much better than he really thought they should look on a man, and he was acutely embarrassed about it. No one, in his view, should have legs this sexy and still regard themselves as a real man.

As he walked into the coffee shop to pick up his order, a man held the door for him, which was a first. He also felt a pat on his butt, which caused him to pivot and see who had done it but the crowd kept him from getting a decent look. As Kevin approached the counter, he heard a wolf whistle. He didn't see who had done that, either. Instead, he focused on his task.

He was almost immediately distracted as he saw the customer ahead of him leave part of their order behind. He glanced at it twice, fighting his urges.

It had been a couple of days ago that Captain Dave had told him that flight attendants were there to serve. They made their passengers feel like they had all their needs taken care of. That's what was missing from Kevin's costume, a sense that he was doing what a flight attendant would do. It had weighed on his mind all the rest of the day. He imagined having to walk the aisles of his office and ask if his co-workers had their tray tables up or something like that. It was ridiculous — but maybe that's what they were expecting? He wasn't sure.

So when he had begun to volunteer for these coffee runs, he felt like he was at least helping a little bit. He made sure everyone's orders were correct, made sure all napkins, lids and straws were present, and then handed them out to his co-workers one by one. They seemed to appreciate the extra attention, and he had to admit, it made him feel like a part of the team in a



much deeper way than he had been before.

Still, he wasn't a servant. He wasn't their slave. He was helping. Of his own free will.

In fact, Captain Dave had been so impressed that he had “delegated” Kevin’s usual managerial duties amongst the staff so he could spend as much time as necessary getting orders from the coffee place. He’d go two or three times a day, and take care of lunch orders as well.

Kevin was okay with that, because he was just filling a necessary role for his office. He felt so much more useful attending to his crew instead of bossing them around — not because he was feeling any compulsion to serve people. In fact, when Captain Dave had complimented him on being a “true stewardess,” Kevin had thrown a little fit.

Which made his next move at the coffee shop all the more embarrassing, as he had to pick up the forgotten order and then chase after the customer. “Sir, you forgot this, sir,” he said to the man who was walking away.

“Oh, thank you, miss,” the older gentleman said.

“And here are your napkins and straws,” Kevin further added, placing the extra items into the box with the drinks. “Is there anything else I can get you, sir?”

“No, thank you very much, miss. Tell your supervisor you’re doing a wonderful job.”

Instead of being annoyed, instead of feeling belittled, instead of feeling insulted being mistaken for a real woman and instead of feeling betrayed by his own growing impulse to be helpful and attentive, he felt something quite different.

He felt horny.

As he went back to get his order, Kevin had to place his hands over his crotch to hide the boner that was tenting his skirt.



“I think I need your help,” Kevin said, finding the clerk where he always was. “There’s something funny going on.”

“Oh, yes! Hello, welcome back!” The clerk was categorizing glue-on zombie wounds by size and gruesomeness. “Danielle, wasn’t it?”

“No! *Kevin!* My name is Kevin!”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes!” Kevin was nervous, the most uncertain the clerk had ever seen him. He appeared to having trouble just finding the courage to speak. “Look, I need your honest opinion about something.”

"Say, you're doing a fine job with that makeup, Kevin. You really have a talent for it."

Kevin's face was perfectly made up, with a shade of red on his lips that matched his skin tone, just the right amount of blush to keep it muted, eyebrows that were crisp and lashes that were long, thick and dark.

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about. Last night, before bed, I removed the makeup and... I think my face has changed. Maybe. Possibly. Oh, I don't know."

The clerk was amused by the new passive attitude in his customer. "So you think you've changed?"

"No, okay, I *know* it's changed. I just... I don't believe it."

"Everything changes over time," the clerk said.

"That's not what I mean!" Kevin barked. "I can't grow my beard anymore. My face is totally smooth. And my eyes! They look so different... They *are* different. I don't know why or even *how* it's possible."

"Interesting, interesting."

"Don't tell me it's interesting! Tell me what's going on!" Kevin commanded, forcefully. Just as quickly as his assertiveness appeared, though, it was gone. "I mean, you kinda sold the makeup to me. I'm worried."

"I understand, certainly. However, what you seem to be suggesting is that I'm selling some kind of magical appearance-altering makeup in my store."

Kevin looked down at the ground. "That does sound kind of ridiculous now that I hear it out loud."

"It's perfectly all right, you must certainly be a little concerned. Maybe I should take a look. Why don't you take a seat at the station, wipe it all off and I can make sure there's no kind of allergic reaction or anything like that."

Kevin looked around to make sure he wasn't being given any extra attention. He sat down in the chair, careful to keep his short skirt straight, and crossed his legs to preserve his modesty.

He deftly removed all his cosmetics with a practiced hand, as if he had been doing it all his life.

"Now, let me look," the clerk said, coming over. He stuck his face into the reflection to see as best he could.

"It's mostly my eyes," Kevin said.

"Yes, yes..." The clerk examined Kevin's eyes closely. Where just a couple of days ago, his eyes were what one would expect to see in a man of his age, with many folds on the lid, a sprinkle of nearly invisible eyelashes, a rugged texture to his skin, and a narrow, angular gap to see through his brownish eyes.

Now, however, Kevin's lids were soft and smooth, with only a single, shallow fold for the eyelid to retract with. A slight puffiness could be seen in the lower eyelid, and he had long, thick lashes sweeping to the corner of his eye. His irises seemed much larger, and much darker, and instead of a narrow gap, they had a large leaf-like shape that made him look more vulnerable and more elegant.

"Now, describe to me what you're concerned with."

"Well..." Kevin said, as he held his hands up, ready to point out the differences. "I... Uh... They used to be, I don't know, smaller?" The details escaped him.

"Hum..." The clerk said, focusing in closer. "There's no redness, no sign of swelling. They look perfectly healthy to me."

Kevin then gave himself another look. Why was he complaining? His eyes were beautiful. They were his best feature. He loved the way they looked. His lips were wonderfully thick, his cheeks high and round, and his skin was flawless. He had no reason to worry. "I guess it's just something that'll pass, then."

"Most things do," the clerk said, with a pat on the shoulder. "Since I made you ruin all your hard work, though, let me do your makeup again."

"Oh, thank you!" Kevin said, with a bubbly little bounce in his seat. "I would appreciate it."

"Just put your purse on the counter while we do this," the clerk said.

Kevin was surprised to find himself holding a small sky blue zip-top purse, and looked at it for a moment before doing as he was told.

Over the next few minutes, Kevin watched intently as the older man did his routine. It was a little different this time, though. He used a darker foundation, thicker eyeliner, a glistening rose color on his lips and only a hint of blush. He looked even better this time than the first, in Kevin's opinion. He was gorgeous and sultry.

"Now stay right there, I want to add something." The clerk sped off before Kevin could ask any questions. Instead, the young man looked in the mirror, and appreciated what he saw. He had been asked to think feminine, and looking like he did, he was sure it was impossible to think any other way.

Lately, things in his life had been truly puzzling for Kevin. Captain Dave had moved into his office, and Kevin found himself without a place to work. He didn't mind it, as the Captain was far better directing people than Kevin ever was.

Now, Kevin's days at work were spent on his high-heeled feet, checking in with the employees and seeing if they needed anything. He would get them drinks or maybe a little snack as they asked for them. He also liked to keep the

bathroom tidy and fetch a towel or blanket if they were needed. The funny thing was, he enjoyed this kind of work almost to an unhealthy degree.

Every few minutes, he'd feel his dick getting stiff, like he was finding some kind of sexual satisfaction from helping people. Eventually, he had to strap down his little man so it wouldn't interrupt his day or bulge his skirt.

As for his home life, Kevin didn't spend much time outside of his apartment. He had become quite fastidious about his appearance, and had little time to go out, instead spending his time on cleaning his uniform, cleansing his skin, trimming and combing his wig, and learning how to walk and bend over in his heels without looking clumsy. He also liked to practice his serving skills, pouring a drink over ice quickly and efficiently, then handing it over with a napkin and stirring stick. The less fuss he had to make to get his employees what they needed, the better he felt doing his job.

The problem was he was getting turned on constantly, and it was a vicious cycle: the better he served his employees, the more stimulated he became, and the more he wanted to serve them.

It had gotten so bad that just this morning, he had worked himself up into such a fervor that he felt like his chest was going to burst. He had to unbutton his shirt and toss his tie just to feel like he could breathe again. His whole upper chest was swelling and expanding, all the while his nipples tingling.

Of course, now, he hoped being away from the office for a little bit might get his chest to shrink back to its' normal size, but it didn't seem to do that on its' own. What would happen if it just kept getting bigger every time he got turned on? That would certainly be an awkward thing to explain to his doctor.

The clerk returned only after a few minutes, and immediately started to unclip the short wig Kevin had been wearing for the past several days. "It's not that I don't think this isn't flattering, but I know we can do better," the clerk explained. "Tell me what you think of this," he asked.

The clerk had fit him with a headscarf, which he wrapped around his whole face, from his hairline to under his chin. It was white and felt silken against his smooth skin. Folds of extra material hung under his neck and rested on his sky blue blazer.

"It's so... Different." Kevin said.

"Bad different, or..."

"Good different!" Kevin finished for him. "It makes me feel so... calm... and serene." He turned to he could look directly at the clerk. "This is... It just... I feel so complete and whole with this... It's almost spiritual."

"They call it a tudong," the clerk explained. "A kind of hijab, a muslim custom. I've always thought they made the wearer look very exotic."



"You're so right..." Kevin said, running his fingers along the sides. "A tudong, huh? I love it. Where has this been all my life?"



The next afternoon, Kevin came running out of his office, sobbing. He was making quite a scene as he stumbled along the sidewalk, crying and trying to hide his face, embarrassed at his inability to control his emotions.

He got to his car and checked his pockets for his keys — but he didn't have any pockets. He had put his keys in his purse, and he had left that purse back at the office.

Kevin could go back, but no. He would never go back to that office ever again. Not after the way they treated him.

With no other choice, not even a phone to call a locksmith, he headed back onto the sidewalk. He was sure there was a bus stop nearby, and went to go look for it, unsteady in his heels.

The odd thing was, when he walked through the exit of the parking garage, he found himself in a shop. A costume shop. *The* costume shop.

"What?" He said, still sniffing and wiping away his tears. "But I..."

"There, there," said the shop clerk, appearing at his side. "You've been crying, my dear."

"They made fun of me!" Kevin wailed, more interested in telling someone his story than figuring out how he got across town in the blink of an eye. "They treated me like a dog!"

"That's horrible. But you're all right. You're safe here." He led Kevin over to a chair and had him sit down. "Now tell me what happened."

"I came in to work, just like I always do, and I started to get orders for the morning coffee run, nice and polite... And then one of them tells me a towel-head!"

"Oh no," the clerk said, noting that Kevin was wearing the hijab he had given him yesterday. "That's intolerable."

"Still, I tried to be nice, and just go about my duties, but then I was told I didn't belong in the office. That I was a terrorist!" Kevin began to sob again, and plucked a neatly folded handkerchief from his breast pocket to dab his eyes. "My own employees! I hired every last one of them!"

"Why would they do such a thing?" The clerk asked.

"I don't know!" Kevin cried. "I prayed for Allah to give me strength, but they just kept calling me names! Then they chased me, and threatened to hit me unless I got out!"

"I'm so sorry," the clerk said. "No one should have to go through that kind of thing. On behalf of my country, I apologize. We're not all like that."

"I know, I know..." Kevin replied, still fighting his profound sense of anguish. "Maybe it was because of the pants," he said. He was in his usual sky blue uniform, with the exception of the skirt he had been wearing. It had been replaced by one that was about mid-thigh in length, but under it, he was now wearing a pair of matching sky blue slacks, down over his ankles. "Those men have always complimented me, but it would be wrong to display my legs so brazenly."

"I understand, of course," the clerk said. "I have customers I need to tend to, but if you need anything, just call. I'm there for you. Just let me know."

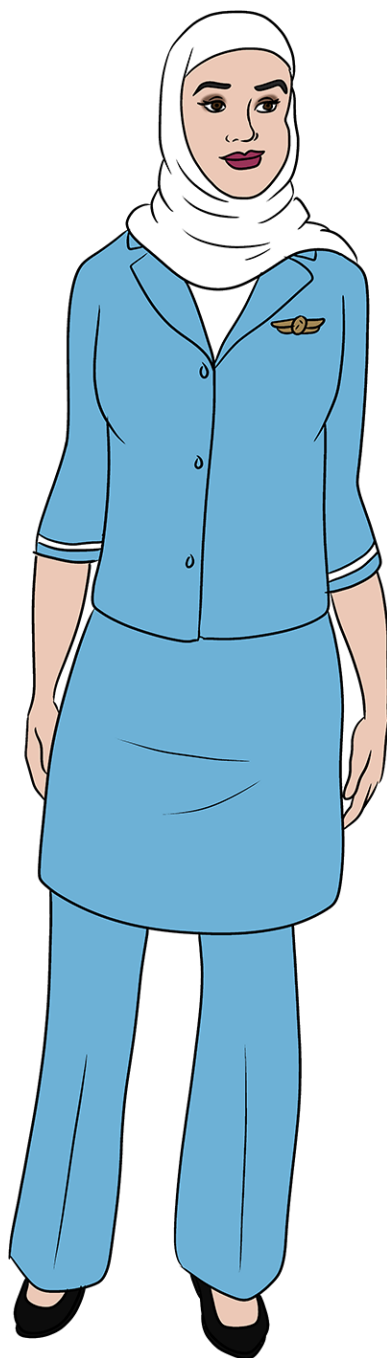
"Thank you," Kevin said, genuinely grateful for the sympathy.

As the clerk left, Kevin's angst had subsided. Now he was feeling anger build up inside of him. He had put his best years into that office, trying to make that place a sales machine. The office sold and marketed videos of girls in bikinis shooting machine guns, which wasn't an easy task — the internet had stolen a lot of their business. But they still cranked out those videos and sold them at NRA conventions and gun shows for a healthy profit.

Although, upon reflection, maybe that did contribute to an office environment that might have been a bit sensitive to Kevin's situation. When he had gone into the Captain's office that morning and told him that he had converted to Islam, he hadn't taken it very well. In fact, he had threatened to "beat some sense into him."

"It's a complicated world, isn't it?" the clerk said, as if he could read Kevin's thoughts. "You've found your serenity. Just concentrate on that. Keep it simple. Look pretty, be nice, serve and smile."

"But I..."



“Don’t worry so much. Your life isn’t in that office anymore. You’ve found the life that brings you the most happiness. A simple life. Don’t fill your head with all the hate and thorny issues of our time.” The clerk playfully poked Kevin’s tiny little nose. “A beautiful young thing like yourself should be enjoying life and bringing that enjoyment to others.”

Kevin felt something. He felt something in between his legs. There was a shift, a strange sense of movement. His hips seemed to pop out, and his groin moved up swiftly inside his body. It wasn’t painful, in fact, it was quite pleasurable. It sent shivers up and down his body that felt like standing nude under a cold waterfall.

“Now, get your things, I want you to meet someone,” the clerk said before disappearing into the back of the store, walking through the rubber curtain.

“Wait!” Kevin called back, but the clerk didn’t respond. He had so many questions. He needed to know so many things.

He was about to stand, but in his lap, he realized he had several items resting there. He picked up a small naval-style hat that he was puzzled about, but saw the gold pin in the side, and realized he needed to put it on and pin it to his head scarf. He then picked up the white gloves that were also in his lap, and slid them tightly onto his slender, dainty, golden hands. Finally, his purse, the one he thought he had left in the office, was now waiting for him, and he unzipped it. The keys to his car were gone, but instead he found a small passport.

Next to the strikingly pretty face, which he recognized as his own, was the name “Vanidah Surihani.”

Instantly, he understood that this was his name. He — she — was Vanidah Surihani.

She stood up, feeling the freedom in between her legs, the weight shift in her chest and the sense that this was who she always had been, and would always be.

The passport read “Malaysia” on the cover, and said that she was 22, born in Kuala Lumpur, an Asian muslim. All of which she knew to be her life, one that she had always lived but never remembered until now.

Vanidah put the passport away and stood, composed and poised, before proceeding on.

“There she is,” the clerk said to a man who was waiting in the back. “Isn’t she the very picture of an air hostess?”

“You have not lied, my friend,” said the man, who stood very tall and had a regal bearing about him that Vanidah was immediately drawn to.

“Vanidah, this is Captain Ah Fatt, in town for the day before he flies out tonight.”

“Captain?” Vanidah asked, already weak in the knees.

"Yes," the clerk said. "He could be *your* Captain, Vanidah."

"Would you like that, miss?" Captain Ah Fatt asked in his deep, resonant voice. "I am told you have the manners of a princess and the patience of a priestess. I would be happy to add you to the crew of my plane."

Vanidah already knew her answer, she just didn't want to appear too eager. "Where are you flying to?"

"Home," said the clerk. "Your home."

"I'd like that very much, Captain." It never occurred to her that she may never see America again. It didn't occur to her because she didn't care.



The Airbus 330 was full for the flight, just as most of her flights were. Vanidah, resplendent in her new AirPacific uniform, was pushing the drinks cart down the aisle of business class with her friend and fellow air hostess, Dinihari.

She outright reveled in her job. A plane full of passengers to pamper and look after was a dream come true. She tended to them like a mother would, always there when they needed something. Children would get their coloring book and crayons, to keep them busy before they uttered a peep. Fatigued men would have a pillow, blanket and sleep mask before they could even ask for them. Mothers and wives would have every assistance Vanidah could offer, and even more sympathy for their troubles.

The fussiest of babies would go from wailing despair to gurgling and giggling with just a few moments of Vanidah's attention. Crabby men with their business troubles on their minds would become smitten and docile with a discreet flutter of her eyes and an encouraging smile.

She cleaned up spills, picked up dropped items, chose movies for viewing, heated meals, brewed tea, checked the bathrooms, and brought her Captains their meals — all with the charm and sophistication only a woman truly dedicated to servitude could deliver.

She loved nothing more than to gracefully trot down the narrow aisles in her high heels and with her white-gloved hands at the ready, find someone who needed assistance. This was her at her best. This was her domain.

"Minum, Tuan?" She asked the businessman who was her next passenger to serve. "Drink, Sir?" she added in English, as per airline policy.

"Alkohol?" the Malaysian man replied.

"Tentunya Tuan."

"Wiski, kurang ais."

Vanidah expertly poured whisky over a single cube of ice. “Terima kasih,” she said as she handed the drink over with napkin and stirring stick, placing it gently on the tray table.

As she watched the slightly portly man sip his drink, Vanidah felt that familiar — but never unappreciated — thrill inside of her for doing her serving duties.

She also felt a tingle as she pushed the cart one more seat down the aisle, as she imagined the man letting his eyes linger over her body.

Yes, she was a devout muslim girl, but the life of an air hostess required a more liberated approach.

“Minum, Tuan?” She asked the next passenger. “Drink, Sir?”

“Champagne,” the man replied. “Untuk dua.” He placed a small plastic coin on her trolley.

Vanidah nodded, pocketed the coin, and handed over a glass of champagne and a napkin... With writing on it. It read, “Saya akan kembali nanti.”

She would be back later.

An hour passed, and she requested that her champagne-drinking passenger come with her to take a phone call. She then led him up the compact staircase to the crew rest area, a small room with a curved ceiling just four feet high — but it had two mattresses in it, and plenty of room to disrobe.

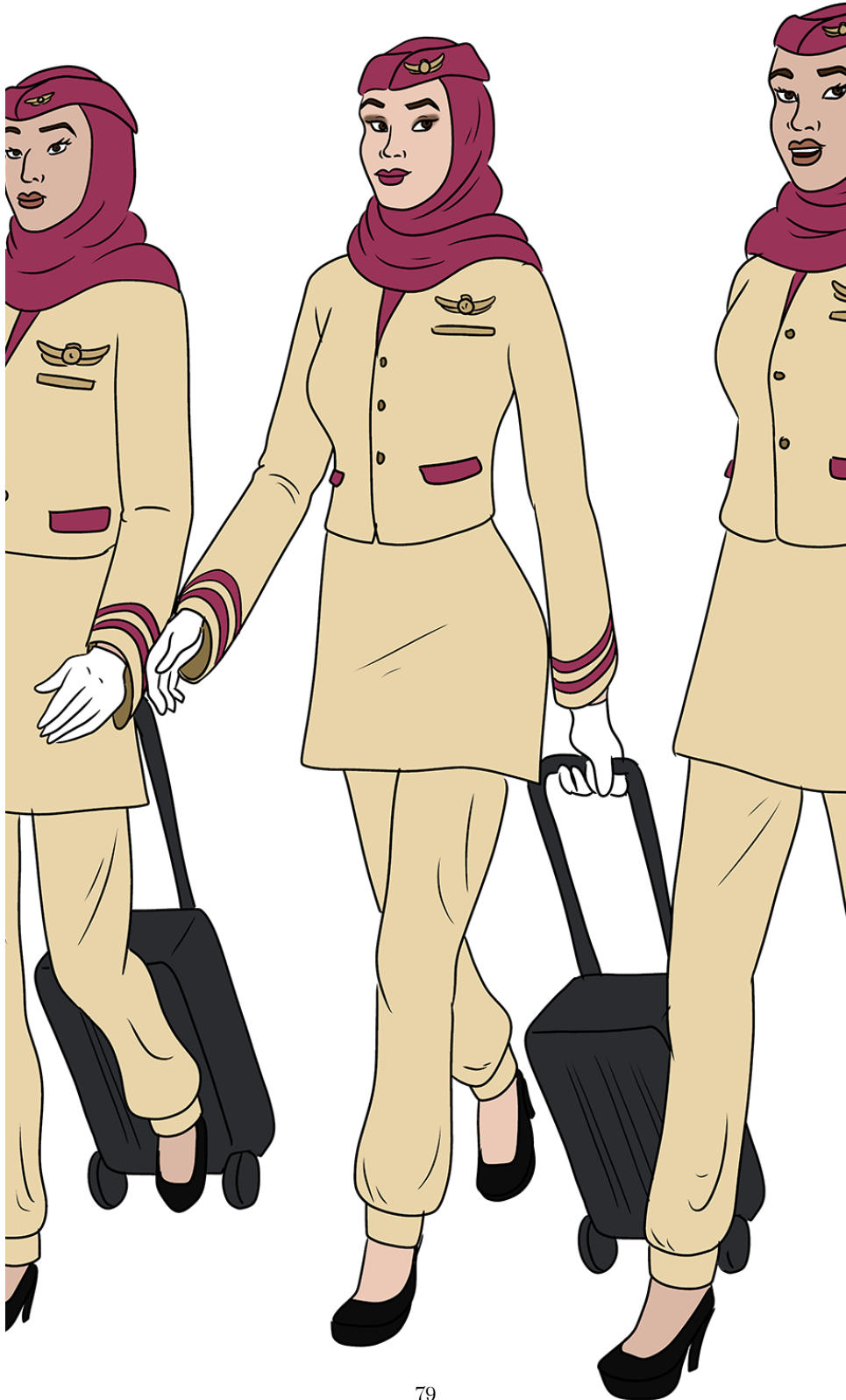
Her job paid well, especially well when she redeemed the plastic coins for for 2000 Ringgit when she got back to the airport. She was in high demand for her executive services offered on the side by the airline.

Silently, but gracefully, Vanidah undid the businessman’s belt and trousers, then used her nimble gloved fingers to bring her passenger’s cock to life. It didn’t take very long. It never did for Vanidah.

“Bye-bye,” she said to every passenger as they left the plane that evening. “Bye-bye, bye-bye, bye-bye,” she repeated as they filtered through. She kept waving her hand tirelessly, hoping everyone would remember this as being the best flight they had ever had, and the service beyond compare. For every passenger her smile was earnest and dazzling, as she truly did love her job.

Once the plane was empty, the girls would gather their personal items and giggle amongst themselves as they teased each other about any little thing, gossiped about the passengers, and decided who had sucked the most dick for that flight.

They would then gather and stand at attention as the flight crew prepared to leave. Vanida’s heart fluttered at the sight of these men in uniform, with bars on their shoulders and confidence in their eyes. Maybe this would be a night for her to be taken? They picked three of the girls, who left on their arms, but not her. She would have to wait for the next flight.



Then the remaining girls would leave together, in syncopated stride, toting their rolling luggage behind them as they departed the gate and headed to the hotel, letting everyone know who the most beautiful and professional air hostesses in Malaysia were, and daring them to not look at them in their splendor.

Vanida Surihani not only loved her job, Vanida Surihani *embodied* her job.

## THE WICKED STEP-MOTHER



“Finally!” said a woman who had just stepped into Costume Central #219, as if finding a discount costume store around Halloween was some kind of achievement.

She was dressed in a large-stitch beige shawl over a white sweater, black leggings and four-inch beige wedge heels. Her long hair, a mix of blonde and streaks of white was swept back off her face to see the large gold earrings she was wearing, but also exposed her aging skin.

“This is the place, Cody. Let’s see if we’re in luck!” She said, beckoning someone into the store.

Trailing behind was a 17-year old boy, dressed in a high school letterman’s jacket, with the tails of a flannel shirt coming out at the bottom. His black hair was covering as much of his head as possible without being long. His basketball shoes were untied and his skinny jeans were rumpled around his ankles.

He said nothing, only letting his disaffected, annoyed expression do the talking for him.

“Let’s see if we can find someone to help us,” the woman said out loud, with animated gestures, knowing that everyone could hear her — she clearly wanted to be the center of attention.

Knowing this was his cue, the clerk clasped his hands together and approached.

“Yes, Ma’am, how may I be of service?” he said.

“Oh, do you work here? Well, as you know Halloween is coming up,” the woman said.

“That is true,” the clerk replied, standing in front of a giant cardboard cut-out of a jack-o-lantern.

“It sneaks up on you every year!” The woman proclaimed. “Anyway, I was talking with the girls, and they all had the most extravagant plans for heir costumes this year. I was so embarrassed! I had nothing planned. I swear, if they hadn’t reminded me, I would have forgotten all about it! Can you imagine?”

“It would have been truly unfortunate,” the clerk said.

“I know! So this year, I’ve decided to go all out! We’re going to do the most incredible costume.” She turned to the kid. “Isn’t that right, Cody?”

Cody didn’t say anything, and averted his eyes.



“He’s still a little testy about it,” the woman explained. “So, what we want to do is switch places. I dress up as Cody, and Cody dresses up like me. Isn’t that just the most amazing idea?”

The clerk wasn’t sure he had heard that right. Usually, it was a lot of hassle to get people to do this kind of thing. He had spent years of his life devising complicated methods to coerce this kind of swap. To just have people waltz into his shop and ask for it was kind of unnerving. “It certainly does sound unique,” the clerk said “What did you have in mind?”

“Well, just swapping clothes isn’t really an option. We’re completely different sizes. I was thinking about just buying new clothes for our costumes, but there’s also the matter of hair, makeup, padding...”

“And you have unusual foresight, Miss...”

“Mrs. Victoria Blakeridge,” she said, with more than a hint of pride. “Maybe you’ve heard of my husband, Gregory Blakeridge.”

“The movie director?”

“Oh, he’s more of a producer these days, but yes. That’s my husband. Being in the movie business, our friends can spot a bad costuming job very easily, and I wanted the best — on a budget. You come highly rated.”

“Yes, they have been kind to us on Yorp.”

“Yelp!” Cody corrected.

“That, too.”

“I don’t think I’ll have too much trouble disguising myself as my step-son, but I do think Cody will need quite a bit of work to look like me.”



"I don't want to do this, Victoria!" Cody whined.

The woman, Victoria, dismissed him without even looking at him. "Yes you do, Cody! We agreed!"

"Pfft," Cody said.

"Please forgive my step-son. Now, I have an appointment with my aromatherapist. I'll be back in two hours, and I do hope you can fashion a fabulous costume and disguise for him by the time I get back. I leave him in your hands!"

She was out the door before the clerk could get a word in. He would have asked many questions, along the lines of money, what exactly she expected, and if they even offered the services she was requesting.

He was amused, though, and quite intrigued. He decided that whatever services she thought they offered at Costume Central, he would offer them.

"Well, Cody, should we get started?"

"I really don't want to do this, dude," Cody said, pulling his hair out of his eyes for a moment. "My step-mom just came up with this stupid plan, and said she'd give me five hundred bucks if I played along."

"I do understand. This would not be the first time I've worked with someone who's heart wasn't in it."

"Yeah, I ain't gonna help you out, dude. I think Victoria's out of her fuckin' mind."

"Understood." The clerk motioned to the back room. "Why don't you disrobe in the back, and I'll bring some things in."

"Fine, yeah, whatever. Fine." Cody slouched his way through the rubber curtains of the back storeroom door.

In almost no time at all, the clerk hoisted some items into the back, where he found Cody in his briefs. He was a rugged young man, who was in the prime of his youth. He had defined pectorals and abs, and his thighs were lean and powerful. His face, too, was youthful, which was going to be part of the challenge ahead.

"I appreciate your cooperation, Cody," the clerk said as he laid out things on a nearby table. "My first question is how many times might you be wearing this costume?"

"Victoria says for the next week, so I dunno, seven times? Eight?"

"All week?"

"Her stupid idea is that I live her life for the whole week, and by halloween, I'll be bale to fool my step-dad."

The clerk handed him a pair of black leggings. "Step-dad? I thought Victoria was your step-mother."

“My real mom and dad got divorced. Dad’s been AWOL since. Mom married Gregory, which made him my step-dad. Then my mom died two years ago.”

“I’m sorry.”

“I’m over it. Anyway, after she died I was living with my step-dad, and he married Victoria. So now I have a step-dad and a step-mom. It’s fucked up.”

“Oh, I see.” The clerk noted Cody was having trouble figuring out what to do with the leggings. “They’re for your legs,” he said. “It sounds like a tough way to grow up.”

“Actually, I got, like five friends at school who had the same thing happen to them. It’s nothing special.”

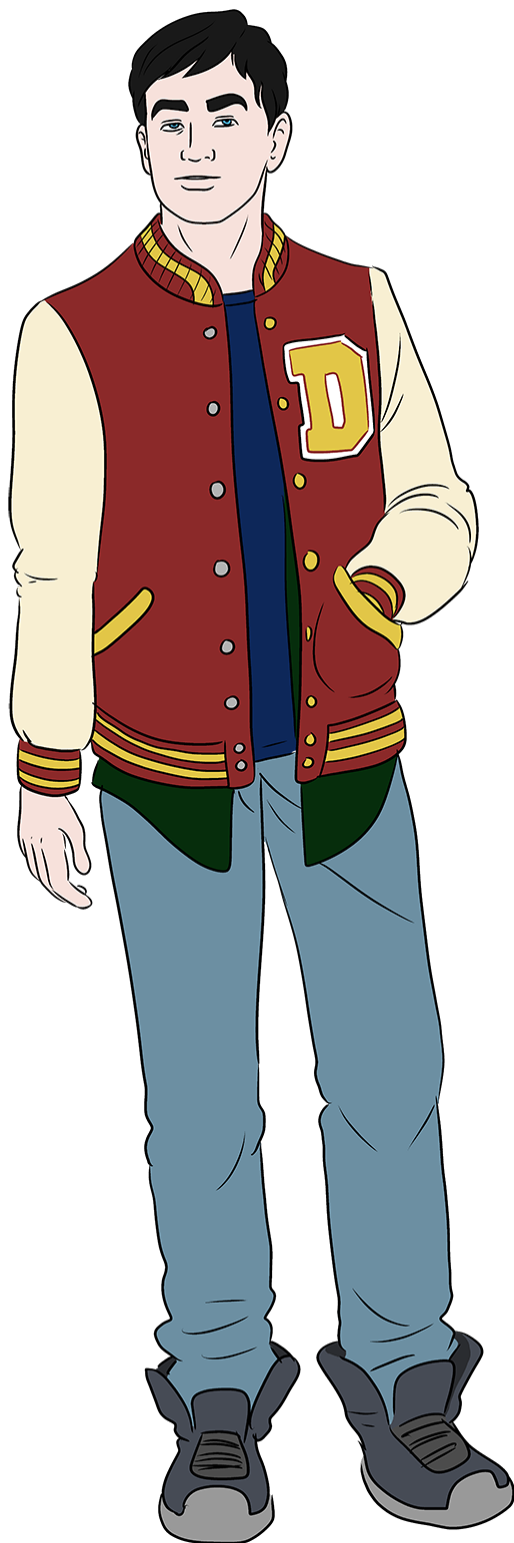
“Modern times,” the clerk said to himself. “Okay, now, here comes a big one. This is a padded bra,” he held it out for a moment so the boy could get a look at it. It wasn’t a padded bra in the conventional sense. It was a bra with completely stuffed cups.

“That’s huge.”

“Well, it is accurate to your mother.”

“Yeah, she got them big tiddys,” Cody said. “She’s getting really fat.”

The clerk cringed. It was clear that Cody didn’t have much respect his step-mother. “You’ll want to put this on backwards around your chest, close it up, and then turn it around the right way.”



“Hey, it’s not the first time Code’s worked a bra, dude,” the young man said with a wink and a lewd smile. he snatched the bra from the clerk.

It made things easier for the clerk. He had little tolerance for this kind of disrespectful behavior. A little time in his mother’s place was probably going to teach him a lesson.

He picked up the white sweater top, and shook a little of the excess magic off of it. This would be different than his usual routine. This would require a different type of sorcery, but he enjoyed changing things up a little.

“Everything in place?” The clerk asked Cody. “Now for the sweater top.”

The costume shop employee watched with interest as the young man pulled it over himself and adjusted it. It was done. Now, it would just be a matter of moving him along and managing him through the process.

“And the shawl,” the clerk said.

Cody took the beige large-stitch garment. “It’s kinda whack that you have the same exact stuff Victoria was wearing today.”

“We have the widest costume selection in the city,” the clerk boasted. “Shoes are next,” he said, holding an identical pair of beige wedge-heeled booties to what Victoria had on.

A pair of large golden earrings were clipped to Cody’s ears and a quick touch of makeup. He wasn’t too happy about that, but he knew he had little choice.

“And finally, the wig,” the clerk said, holding a styrofoam head with a frazzled synthetic blonde wig.

“Is this gonna hurt?” Cody asked.

“You won’t mind one bit,” the clerk said, shaking off stray magic he had just sprinkled it with. “Ready?”

When Victoria arrived she was visibly excited to see the results of her stepson’s makeover, and skittered around the floor of the store looking for him, like a kid hunting eggs on Easter.

When she finally did spot her son, she shrieked out loud as she ran in place. “Look at you!” She shouted-screamed.

Cody wanted to die, even more so than normal, as Victoria fawned over him, touching and feeling every part of his costume.

“It’s perfect!” She said. “Don’t you think it’s perfect, honey?”

Cody’s eyes were dead to the world, as he valiantly tried to shut off the outside world to retain his composure. He didn’t dare speak, as he would have gotten slapped for what he wanted to say.

“This is so much better than I expected,” Victoria said to the clerk. “Now what about the body?”

“Ma’am?” the clerk asked.

“He’s too man-shaped. And his hair. It’s not terribly convincing.”

“Well, there’s only so much we can do in a couple of hours and...”

“Then we’ll be back tomorrow so you can finish the job!” Victoria said with a smile. “Cody? Let’s...” She said, then corrected herself. “I mean, Victoria. Let’s go.”

Cody clomped his way to the door, like he was walking on stilts. “I just wanna get home,” he grouched.

“We have a couple more errands to do,” his step-mother said. “And Victoria, you’re driving.” She put her big purse over her step-son’s shoulder.



“Oh my God,” Cheyenne said, covering her mouth in shock and amusement. “What the hell, Cody?”

“It’s *Victoria’s* idea,” he explained as he sighed.

“For you to dress up in her clothes?”

“I told you she had this weird idea for Halloween. This is it. Come on in, I guess.”

“Sure thing, Mrs. Blakeridge,” Cheyenne said with a giggle. “Are we alone?”

“Victoria’s upstairs. In my room. She’s picking out stuff for her costume.”

Cheyenne turned to look at her boyfriend, wondering where she she was going to take this. Blackmail? Humiliation? Role-play? It was all swimming in her head.



She was a very pretty girl, Cheyenne Chevet, who was 17, blond and had doll-like proportions. The girl was a part-time model — part-time only because she hated the work. Cheyenne was constantly being told how big she could be if she wanted to be, her picture everywhere, if she just made modeling her career. Almost against her will, she had already managed to appear on the cover of *Seventeen* twice and won every imaginable beauty pageant a teen can enter. Her parents wanted her to embrace “the gifts God gave her” but she just wanted to be a normal teenage girl.

That was difficult, because she had blossomed early and profoundly, with C/D size boobs on a petite frame. Cheyenne was easily most desirable girl in school — in the history of the school — and everyone with a pulse was obsessed with her, regardless of gender.

In short, Cheyenne Chevet was a rare beauty, almost one of legend, and Cody had her all to himself.

“So are you two switching roles or something?” Cheyenne cleverly observed.

“Yeah, that’s the idea, I guess. Stupid, if you ask me, but...”

“She is paying you, right?”

“Five hundred,” Cody said.

“Step-parents are such suckers for bribes,” Cheyenne said. She then held up one of Cody’s hands, which had one-and-a-quarter inch long square-tipped fingernails in a coral color polish. “So what about these?”

“Fuckin’ things are fuckin’ impossible,” Cody griped. “Can’t pick stuff up, can’t use my phone. I can’t even scratch my face without poking my eye.”

“They’re monsters. They look longer than hers. Are they?”

“I dunno. She got hers removed. We went to the costume shop and got the outfit and the wig, then she wanted to ‘show me off’ so we went to her nail place. Made me get these. She also...”

“No wonder you didn’t show at school today.”

“At least she didn’t make me go looking like this. Victoria told them I have the flu and will be out all week.”

“So, Mrs. Blakeridge,” Cheyenne said, cuddling up to Cody, “I was thinking that before my boyfriend shows up, we could make out.”

“I’m not buying into this crap, babe. Don’t give Victoria the satisfaction, okay?”

“You’re no fun.” Cheyenne pouted.

“You know that’s not true,” Cody said with a wicked smile.

“Still got dat ass,” Cheyenne said smashing herself into Cody from the front and reaching around to grab her boyfriend’s muscular butt with both hands.

"I know you like 'em," Cody said.

Cheyenne ran her hands up her boyfriend's hard body. "I can still feel that hot bod of yours under all this shit," she said. "It totally gives you away. That's how I know... Wait. Are you wearing a bra?"

"Yeah, it's part of the costume." Cody tugged at his sweater. "You think they're too small?"

"Are you seriously asking me if your boobs are too small?"

"Yeah, I think they should be bigger. And they sag too much."

"Cody!"

"What can I say," he grabbed Cheyenne's breasts and gave them a shake. "I'm a tit man."

Cheyenne giggled and pushed his hands away. Just as she did, they heard a door close and someone coming down the stairs.

Cody sighed. "Sounds like my step-mom is done. This is gonna be disturbing."

"How fucked can it be?" Cheyenne said.

"Just you wait."

"Hey, Cheyenne," said Victoria in a poor imitation of her step-son's deep voice. "Heard you come in. Sorry to keep you waiting, babe."

"Your hair!" Cheyenne said with a gasp. "You didn't..."

"She did," Cody interjected.

"Yeah, just got it cut," Victoria said, running her hand through what was now very short, black hair. It was styled identically to Cody's.

"I don't believe it!" Cheyenne said, a hand covering her gaping mouth. "You really did that?"

"It was just a trim," Victoria said. "No big."



Cheyenne was in shock. “That must have been twelve inches!”

“Whatever,” Victoria said with her best imitation of teenage indifference. She was dressed in one of Cody’s typical outfits, his favorite lettermans’ jacket, jeans, basketball shoes and a tee. Given Victoria’s figure, however, she was not terribly convincing as her son, especially with her aging face and generous bosom.

However, it was her new closely-cropped hairstyle that was still getting most of the attention.

Cheyenne was focused on Victoria’s head and was moving around to see it from different angles. “That must have been so stressful to cut your hair off! I’d have started to cry!”

“Hey, guys like me get a hair cut every month. No stress,” Victoria said. She then looked at her step-son. “Right, Mom?”

“Greg is gonna freak out,” Cody said.

“Who knows when he’s going to be back from his latest movie.” Victoria shrugged. “And why would he freak out? His son gets haircuts all the time.”

“Keep pretending, Victoria, maybe it’ll even be funny.” Cody returned.

“Yeah, okay, *Victoria*,” Victoria said to him. She looked at Cheyenne. “Hey, babe, you wanna go catch a movie or something?”

“Uh, maybe later...” Cheyenne stood a bit further away from Victoria, wary of what she might do. “I was just dropping by to see why Cody wasn’t in school today.”

“Yeah, okay,” Victoria said. “I had the flu, right *Victoria*?”

Cody turned to his girlfriend, ignoring his step-mom’s antics. “Text me, okay?”

“Sure, babe.” She went up on her toes and smothered his mouth for a brief kiss. “Good luck.”

She then turned an exited though the same door she came through, and Cody’s heart broke as he watched her sweet, sweet ass walk away untapped.

“Doesn’t your boyfriend get a kiss?” Victoria asked, mockingly.

“Jesus, Victoria. She gets it, okay? Stop being a mental case.”

“Hey, she *is* my girl,” Victoria said.

“I’m not doing this! Five hundred isn’t worth this!” Cody barked.

“Okay, okay!” Victoria said, putting her hands up. “It’s just having a little fun!” She hustled away with a smile on her face.





Outside the large, immaculately clean windows of Costume Central, a silver car pulled up, and out of the drivers' seat came a woman in a black and white jacket with a gold zip covering a leopard print dress over a pair of black leggings. She had large dangling gold earrings, an oversized purple purse and a pair of cuffed purple boots. A typical middle-aged woman for this part of the country.

Only it wasn't a woman, it was Cody Blakeridge.

He quickly entered the shop, hoping to avoid any stares. On his previous visit, his step-mother had decided his disguise wasn't complete, so now he was back, a day later.

Victoria had insisted he go alone, using her car and her purse, as he was now Victoria. She picked out an outfit for him from her closet, watched as he did his makeup and gave some tips, then made sure his wig was as good as it could be, and finally kicked him out of the house.

"Oh, ah, yes..." the clerk said upon seeing Cody. "I was expecting you," he said, "and yet not expecting you."

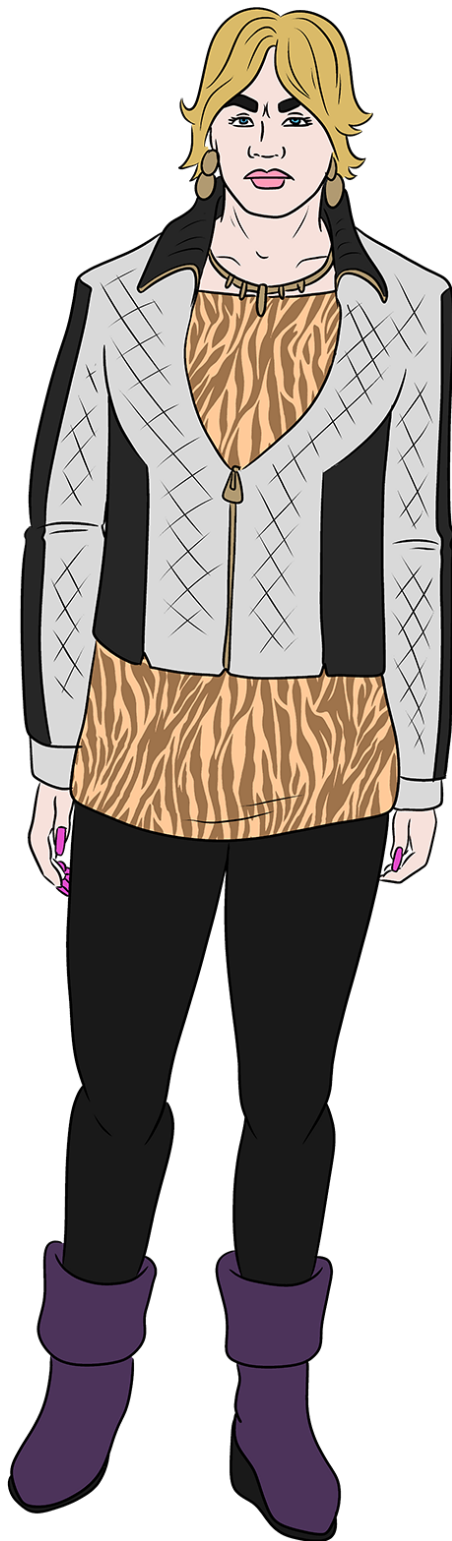
"I turn 18 in six months," he said, "and I'm so outta there. But until then..."

"I certainly understand." He showed the way to the back room. "Now, as your mother requested..."

"Step-mother," Cody quickly corrected.

"Step-mother requested, she wanted a more accurate body shape for you." As they passed through the curtain, he walked to a large six-foot-tall case that was standing nearby. "This should fix that issue."

"What is it?" Cody asked.



“Now this may be a little off-putting...” He began to open it. “But I can think of nothing better to do the job..”

He had to throw the case door open, and when he did, what Cody saw was insane. It was was a naked woman. Well, at least one without a head, arms and legs.

“It’s a latex and silicone body suit,” the clerk explained. “And you do not want to know what it costs. Just don’t tear it.”

“Wait,” Cody said. “I’m supposed to *wear* it?”

“Yes. Yes, that’s the whole idea.” The clerk felt the edge of the suit. “It was made for Mrs. Doubtfire 2: Son of Doubtfire, but they never made the film.”

“My step-mom is paying for this?”

“Renting it, yes. First, we’re going to have to prep you. You’ll want to disrobe down to nothing. As you can see, the material is a little darker than your natural skin tone, more like your step-mother’s, so we’ll use some spray tan to get you the right color. Then, some gel so you don’t chafe and...”

“How am I going to pee?” Cody asked, looking for any kind of an answer from the anatomically correct female suit.

“Carefully,” the clerk responded.

“I don’t think I want to do this,” Cody said. “This is way too much. No.”

“Oh, I see. I understand. I’m sure everything will be fine the way things are.”

“Yeah. Wait. What do you mean?”

“Well, without this, you’ll very clearly be a man in women’s clothing. And I’m sure it’ll be fine. Probably.”

Immediately, Cody remembered what Cheyenne had said, that she could still tell it was him because of his body. He really didn’t want people to know it was him, in costume as Victoria. The suit kind of made sense to him on that level. “Maybe I should wear the suit, then.”

“No, let’s put that aside for now. You’d really have to commit to it like an adult.”

“I can commit! I *am* an adult!”

“It’s no shame. We can do other things.” The clerk stared to close the case.

“No! Let me wear the suit!”

“I don’t think so.”

Cody could already picture people pointing at him and laughing, with his muscular body giving everything away. “My step mother paid for that suit! You’re going to let me wear it!”

“All right, all right. I just have some concerns, and maybe...”

"I'm going to wear that suit and you're going to help me, and I'll look great! You'll see."

"Well, I don't like it, but all right. As long as you're committed."

"I am! Now let's get going."

It took almost three hours, as the tan-in-bottle was applied to Cody's body, giving him the orangish-brownish look his step mother maintained. A petroleum gel was also applied to his skin to keep it lubricated, as the latex needed to stay on for seven more days.

"About peeing," Cody asked again.

The clerk nodded his acknowledgement of the problem. "It comes with an instruction manual."

Finally, after a lot of squeezing, tugging, pulling, and avoiding catching the rubbery material on his long nails, it was on. The arms, legs and neck were only half-length. It ended before his elbows and knees, but the material was gossamer thin, so there was no visible line between the suit and his real skin. The suit had occasional small brown spots and it seemed to be slightly transparent showing faint hints of veins. It wash many incredibly fine details.

His first view of himself in the mirror was arresting and disturbing, but he quickly saw the humor in it. His legs were fat at the hip, giving him a distinct pear shape. There was a sag to his under-arms. The breasts were large and a little flat, but the clerk did put in some padding inside to make them bigger and perkier. Cody had never seen Victoria nude — and he intended to keep it that way — but he was sure this was what she looked like from the neck down.

"I look like a cow," he said, laughing.

Then it was time to get dressed.

"I'm gonna need some underwear," Cody said, embarrassed. His hips were much wider. "Mine aren't going to fit."

"I'll grab something," the clerk said. "Do you think the other clothes will fit or do I...?"

"These are from her closet," he said, pointing to the things he had worn into the shop. "They better fit."

The clerk produced panties and a bra, which Cody was going to reject, but the bra was absolutely necessary to keep his synthesized D-cup chest in place, and he couldn't come up with an argument why he shouldn't wear panties, looking as he did now.

When he had it all back on, he found the clothes tighter than he realized they would be. They were almost uncomfortably restrictive.

"That's women's clothing for you," the clerk explained.

Looking at himself in the mirror, Cody had to admit that even if it all felt wrong, he was a body double for Victoria, now. Wearing her clothes, he noted that they hung on him just like they did on her. If he blocked out his head, it was his step-mother, down to the last detail.

“What do you think?” the clerk asked Cody.

“It’s amazing,” Cody said, letting his guard down for a moment. “I really do look like her. I look amazing!” He then dialed back into his teenage apathy. “If you know, it mattered or anything.”

“You’ll probably need to apply the self-tanner daily. You might want to pick some up on the way home.”

“Victoria has, like a cabinet full of this shit.”

“Good. Then just don’t fuss with the suit.”

“What if it itches.”

“It won’t,” the clerk said with certainty. “But you may feel some sensitivity. This is expected.”

“Got it.”

“I’ll see you tomorrow, then.”

“What? Tomorrow?”

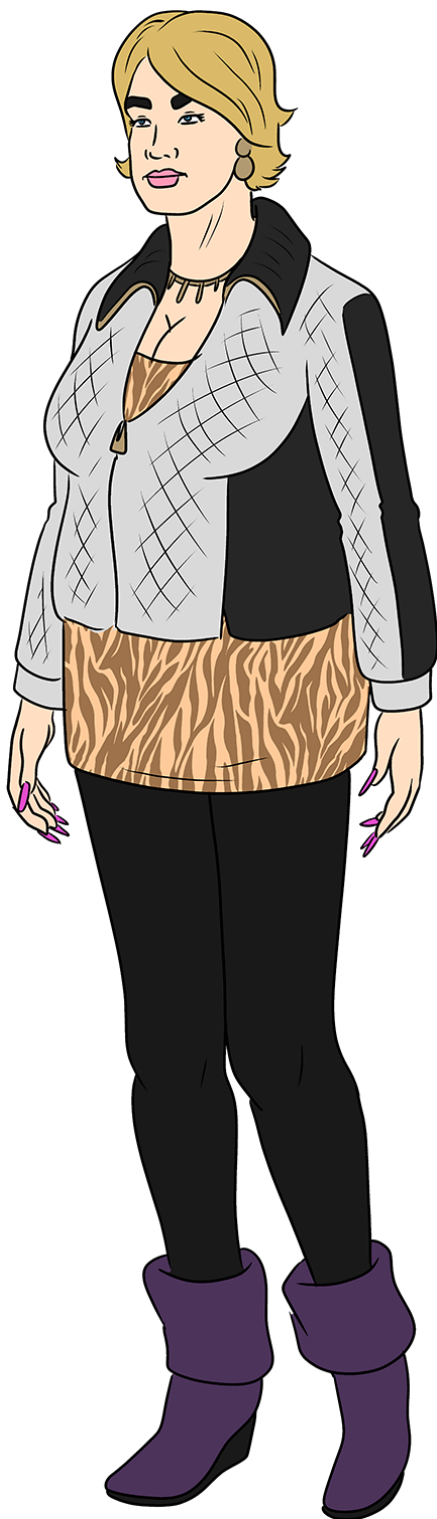
“There’s more to do. Your mother...”

“Step-mother.”

“She’s paid for more work.”

“Fuuuuck...” said Cody, the word leaking out slowly.

Cody got Victoria’s keys from Victoria’s purse and walked out in Victoria’s shoes to Victoria’s car to go home, looking very comfortable and at ease.



When Cody got home that afternoon, Victoria was in his room, lying on his bed, playing a video game. She dropped it and rushed to see him up close. She bent down, transfixed by the shape of Cody's hips, stretched to look down his cleavage, and almost got too close looking at his huge boobs. She was visibly exhilarated to see the profound and dramatic changes, but she put her hand over her mouth.

She stood straight, took some deep breaths and played it cool.

"Hey, Victoria," she said. "Need something?" She flopped back on Cody's bed. "Just hangin' out, killin' time here in my room."

Two could play at this game, he reasoned. "That's right, I have to call the school to send us your homework, young man. I know you'll love doing all your many, many assignments."

The wince in Victoria's expression was the first thing he had felt good about all day. He proceeded on into the master bedroom to change into something more comfortable, going into his step-mother's closet as if it was his.



"Hey, Mrs. Blakeridge," Cheyenne said the next day as she arrived.

"That was only funny once," Cody said, in Victoria's clothes. "She's out."

"Where'd she go?"

"I dunno. What worries me is that she went out as me."

"Probably gonna rob a bank and blame you."

"Bitch is crazy," Cody said as they both went into the kitchen. For tonight, Cody was wearing a "casual" Victoria outfit, a white velveteen track suit with pink details. He headed to the fridge.

"You look different," Cheyenne said.

"You think so?" Cody said back, amused at how quickly she had figured out something was off. "Would you like something to drink? I have iced tea, lemonade..."

"Are you offering me a drink?" Cheyenne interrupted.

"Yes," Cody said, thinking this was obvious.

"That's what your mom does."

"Step-mom," Cody corrected. "And I was just being nice, okay? You can your own shit if you're gonna be a cunt about it."

"Never mind." She progressed on into the family room where she sat herself down on the couch and turned away from 'Keeping Up With the Kardashians'

and to 'The Chilling Adventures of Sabrina.' "You know what we should do?" She yelled back at Cody.

"What?" Cody yelled back.

"Set up a Tinder for your mom, take some pics of you and put your address on it. See who shows up."

"That's an awesome idea!" Cody said, entering the room. He was sipping his drink.

"Hold up," Cheyenne said. "Is that wine?"

"Yup," Cody said, taking another sip. "Victoria's favorite drink."

"She lets you do that?"

"I'm Victoria, remember? She's the one who wanted to start treating us like each other. She won't do shit."

"Can I have some?"

"You are seventeen, young lady," Cody said. "Your parents would have me arrested if I let you."

"Cody!"

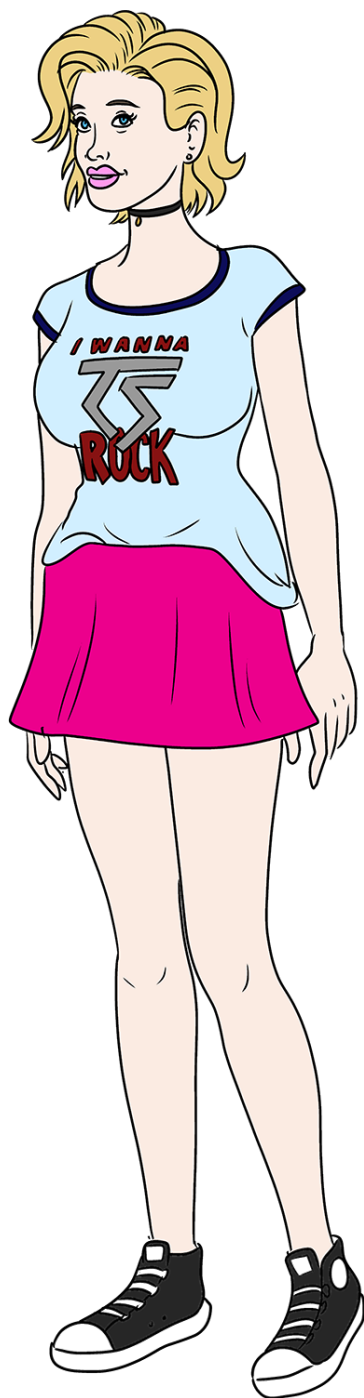
"What do I care? Grab the bottle and chug it." He did want her to drink as much as she wanted. She was even easier when she was drunk. Cheyenne practically leapt from the couch.

Less than fifteen minutes later, with Cody on the couch, Cheyenne was lowering herself over him, as she took another gulp from the wine bottle. With her slender, petite body, she was already blitzed.

"Mrs. Blakeridge, I normally wouldn't do this..." She said, trying to play-act bashful.

Cody played it up a little. She was almost where he wanted her. "Cheyenne, what would your mother say? Making out with a married woman! Your neighbor!"

"I'm so naughty..." Cheyenne said, as she put her hands on his body. "What the fuck?" She then said, scared witless. "You've fuckin' got *boobs!*"



“Hah!” Cody laughed. he had been waiting for her to feel up the body suit.

“You’re all fat!” Cheyenne added, as she backed away, stumbling as she did so.

“Oh, I’m sensitive about my body...” Cody said.

“What the shit? What’s going on?”

“What do you mean, Cheyenne? Nothing’s different.” he zipped open his track suit to reveal his bra, holding two very real looking breasts. “I thought we were in love!”

The stunned girl tried to make a run for it, but wound up falling to the floor in a pathetic drunken attempt to escape. “Oh God, what was in that wine?” She said.

“Come on,” Cody said, offering a hand to help her up. “I’m just messin’ with you.”

Guardedly, she took the offer to get on her feet, before falling into a nearby chair. “What the fuck,” she repeated. “What the fuck, what the fuck?”

Cody slapped his “skin.” “It’s fake, stupid,” he said. “It’s part of the costume.”

“Whaaaaat?” She leaned forward to look closer, but didn’t risk trying to stand up again.

“It’s latex, silicone, and probably some other stuff,” he said, looking down.

“Looks totally real, though, right?”

“It’s not real?”

“Nah,” Cody said, zipping up the top again. He was feeling chilly. “It’s all just special effects stuff.”

“Wow,” Cheyenne said, and then promptly fell asleep.

“Worth it,” Cody said. He put Cheyenne into a comfortable position and then put a blanket over her. “Cute kid,” he said, as he turned back to “Keeping Up with the Kardashians” and sipped from his wine glass.



Cody arrived at Costume Central the next day, not knowing quite what to expect. He had woken up this morning in his step-parents’ bed, as Victoria had decided that she was going to up the ante and claim his bed as hers. That also meant that he had to pick out his own outfit for the day and do his makeup and hair himself.

He really hated having to go through Victoria’s closet and choose his clothes. They were all these disgusting, middle-aged woman things. If he was going to have to dress up like a girl, why couldn’t it be a sexy girl? No. Instead, he had to deal with this aging, thickening body shape.

Cody settled on black leggings, which were the best of a lot of bad choices, a black halter-neck tunic and over that, a sheer, flowing kimono top. He added a bracelet and a necklace, and then noted the presence of her wedding ring on top of her dresser. With a shrug, he slipped it on, figuring it couldn't hurt. Then he picked out a pair of over-the-knee leather boots with a thin four-inch heel that he thought looked best on him and transferred Victoria's things into a new gold purse.

He was amazed at how completely authentic he looked as Victoria. He was sure that if he got pulled over in the car, he'd be able to use her license. Well, maybe he'd have trouble with the face, but aside from that, he was a dead ringer for her. In fact, as he thought about it, he checked the purse, and sure enough, Victoria's ID and whole wallet was inside. He wished he had noticed it earlier. He had access to the credit cards for a whole day and didn't even know it.

"Right on time," the clerk said as Cody strode inside.

"Yeah, it's a shame I didn't crash and die in a flaming car wreck, taking me out of my misery," he said. "Maybe on the way home."

"I bet you're dying to know what we have planned today," the clerk said.

"Not really, no," Cody replied. "I just want my five hundred dollars."

"The what?"

"Never mind."

"How has the suit been?" the clerk asked as they headed to the storeroom.

"The what?" Cody was alarmed to realize he hadn't even thought of it since he had dressed. "Oh, it's okay. No problems or anything."

"Wonderful! Now, have a seat. We've got your body taken care of, so now it's time for the rest."

Cody sat, placing his purse aside, tossed his long hair back and crossed his legs demurely. "How long is this going to take?" He asked. He was already planning his spending spree with the credit cards at his disposal. He was eager to get started.

"A couple of hours," the clerk said. "To be honest, it's been a while since I've done something so involved, and I'm just taking a wild guess."

"I need to be out of here by 1," Cody said. "That's my drop-dead. I have errands."

"We'll do what we can."

"Let's get started, then."

"I'll need to remove your makeup first," the clerk said.

"Oh, I can handle that," Cody said, unzipping the purse and pulling out a fist full of cosmetics. Along with them was a small stack of moist towlettes. He



grabbed one, tore it open and began to work it around his face with precision, even with his long nails. "Now what am I in for today?"

"Your mother..."

"Step-mother," Cody added.

"Your step-mother came in yesterday to drop something off and we had some pictures taken of her face."

"I wondered where she went off to. Didn't bother to tell me. Just ran off."

"So overnight, we had some latex appliances made so we could use them on you." The clerk opened a shoebox which contained little cutlet-sized slices of latex.

"I've seen this on TV," Cody said. "Those movie transformation behind the scenes things. Am I right?"

"Yes, we adhere these to your face and then use a little fixer to keep them there. Then makeup. Just like the professionals do."

"Oh, I'm so excited!" Cody said. "I've always wanted to try this. I have to take photos."

He didn't realize he had Victoria's phone with him, and cursed. "Christ, why doesn't the face thing ever work?" He hissed. "I swear to God." He tapped on the glass screen fruitlessly, his nails getting in the way, and only recognized it wasn't his phone after entering his own passcode and failing. He put it back sheepishly.

For the next hour and a half, the clerk patiently applied the various pieces of latex to Cody's face. First he built up the boy's cheeks, then added a little to his nose. "I had the special effects people working on this on a rush. Cost quite a bit."

All Cody could do was look up, as his face needed to remain motionless.

"But it's not your money, is it?" the clerk said.

That did get Cody to thinking. He was in complete control of the credit cards. He also had the checkbook. He had already seen Victoria's PIN number scribbled inside the wallet, along with about four hundred dollars in cash. In a way, it was his money. He was in charge of it. Who was Victoria to go blowing so much money on this silly Halloween nonsense? he thought. Notions of picking up a new PlayStation and a set of weights quickly fell out of favor in his mind.

"I think we're about done," the clerk said.

"I'd like to see for myself," Cody requested.

"Before that, I have one more thing." The clerk retrieved a tall, round box. "Wait until you see this. This is something, all right."

He popped the top, and he carefully extracted a full head of hair, in blond with white streaks with the characteristic swept-back style Victoria used to have.

He recognized it immediately. "That's Victoria's hair!" he said. "I mean it looks exactly like her hair!" He removed the fake looking wig he had been using, and put it aside.

"Well, there's a reason for that," the clerk said as he pulled the wig over Cody's head.

Cody was finally given a mirror, and he looked to see what had been done. "Oh, fuck me," he said. He put the mirror down, then picked it back up. "I don't believe it," he said. "It's not real."

His face wasn't an exact match for Victoria's, as it lacked the sagging, weathered and wrinkly qualities of her face. However, the shape, the form, the tan color and the overall impression was of Victoria Black-eridge, in the flesh.

"I look like her sister," Cody said. "It's uncanny."

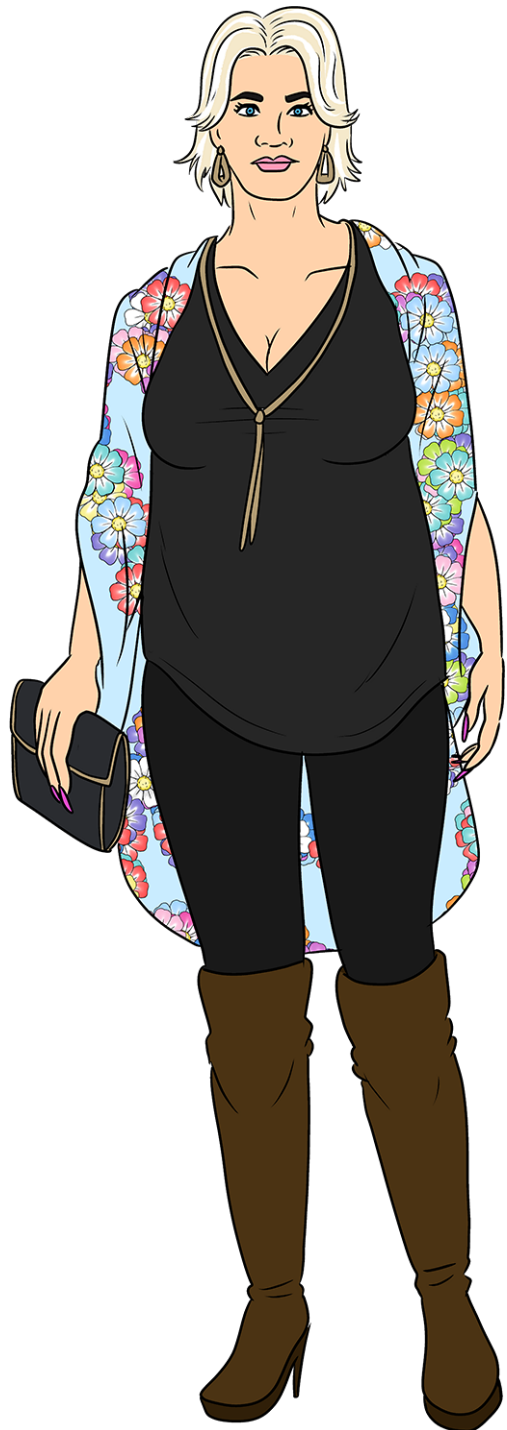
"Yes, it *is* convincing, isn't it?"

"Her cheeks, her nose... Her lips... You did her makeup exactly right." He then pointed the mirror up. "And the hair is just like hers. It's unreal."

"Well, that's because it is her hair. Literally." The clerk took his glasses off and cleaned them with a cloth. "It's her real hair."

"What do you mean?"

The clerk put his glasses back. "She came in with a bag yesterday,



full of her own hair, and asked if it could be made into a human-hair wig.”

“What?” Cody said, picking at his wig with his long nails. Was that why she had cut it so short? he thought to himself. “It’s really her hair?”

“Found a place out in Ventura. They stitched it together as I waited, actually,” the clerk said. “They do it with robots. Fascinating process.”

“My goodness,” Cody said, breathlessly. “It’s just overwhelming.” He plucked the phone from the purse again, so intent on taking a picture, he didn’t even note that the face recognition automatically accepted him as the owner of it. He made a duck face and snapped a selfie.

“Now, the face pieces are fixed in place, so you won’t have to do much but keep it clean. Just treat it like your normal skin.” The clerk was putting his materials away, cleaning up a considerable mess. “The wig is fine for several days, if you don’t want to fuss with it. You can shampoo and style it as you like.”

“No hassle, that’s convenient.” Cody took some deep breaths. “It’s quite a lot to take in, isn’t it?”

“I’m sure it is. You said you were committed, though.”

“Oh, I am,” Cody said. “I certainly am.” He snapped another selfie.



“It’s really creeping me out,” Cheyenne said, as she stood in the corner of the kitchen, watching her boyfriend pour himself a glass of white wine.

He turned around, his new hair framing his new face just like Victoria’s. He used his extra long pinky nail to clean up some strays. Bringing up his wine glass to his red, puffy lips, he said “It’s a remarkable resemblance, isn’t it?” He took a sip.

“I feel like I’m the scream queen in a horror film,” Cheyenne said, folding her arms tightly around her.

“Oh, don’t be so dramatic,” Cody said, dismissively. He put the glass down and poured more. “Are you sure you don’t want some vino? It’s *sooo* good.”

“I’m fine,” Cheyenne said. It seemed cruel to subject such a beautiful young girl to this kind of uncertainty and mental distress, but Cody didn’t seem to be aware anything was wrong. “So, uh what do you want to do? Watch TV or something?”

“Well I had some thoughts.. and we can see where that goes...” He suddenly had an idea. “Oh! Before we do that, I have to show you the closet. This is wild.”

Toting his wine glass, he hustled his way past Cheyenne toward the hallway. “You just have to see this.”

Walking behind him, the young girl couldn't help but notice that his boyfriend's butt was gyrating just the way a woman's would in high heels, taking in short steps. He held his arms with bent at the elbows and made little gestures and waves with everything he said. "You sure I can't get you a sweater or something? You look co cold," Cody said as he led the way.

"No, I'm okay," Cheyenne replied. She had dressed with a midriff-baring tee, hoping to look sexy. Now, she felt scared. "...I hope." She noticed that as they walked by Cody's room, the door was closed. She had been told Mrs. Blakeridge was home, and in Cody's room, but all she heard was music blaring from inside. Her favorite song, actually.

They went into the master bedroom, then the large walk-in closet. "Check this out," Cody said, "I missed this until this afternoon." He pressed a button on the wall, and racks of dresses were drawn up into the ceiling, revealing shelf after shelf of boots.

"Wow," Cheyenne said.

"There must be one hundred pair," Cody said. "Victoria is a crazy nut for boots!"

"She sure is," Cheyenne said, still unsure who she would define as crazy.

"Look at them!" Cody picked up a pair of beige leather knee-high boots. "I mean, have you ever seen so many?" He put them back, then picked up a dark brown pair of ankle boots. "She's completely lost her mind!" He picked up another pair, one in grey suede with a metal stiletto heel. "She's got great taste, but how many are enough?"

"Yeah," Cheyenne said, reaching out for a pair.

"Oh don't touch them," Cody said. "Only Victoria gets to touch them."

He put the two pairs back and then went to the wall switch, bringing the dress racks back. "When she finds out what I know, I'm am going to make her like a living hell."

"Right, right," Cheyenne said. "Won't you get in trouble?"

"For what? She keeps treating me like Victoria, so I can do what I want. I'm the adult." He took his wine glass again, which had a couple of red lipstick marks on the rim, and took a sip from that same spot. "Look, this is her mistake, not mine." He tossed his head to get it out of his face. "Anyway, here's what I want to do tonight," Cody said. "A bar."

"A bar?"

"I can get into a bar! I have all the ID for Victoria, and who would card me anyway? I can step right inside any bar or club now, no problem."

"I don't know, Cody," Cheyenne said.

"Trust me," he said. "Now help me pick out something to wear."

"I don't like where this is going."

Cody had already picked up a hangar with a mauve rhinestone-detailed tunic on it. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, I think you're fucked up," Cheyenne said. "You're not acting like yourself."

"I'm trying to act mature. I *am* the adult in the house, now. Victoria sure isn't acting like it. It's not easy. There are a lot of responsibilities. I had to go grocery shopping today!"

"Yeah okay, fine. That's not what I'm talking about." She grabbed Cody's long-nailed hand and held it to her succulent, buoyant chest. "I want you to fuck me, okay?"

Cody took his hand back. "If we get caught, we're going to be in trouble," he said. "My step-mother might walk in on us at any time."

"Come on, Cody!" She put her arms around him. "Let's just do it. I need your cock, okay?"

"Cheyenne! Control yourself!" He put her arms back at the young girl's side. "There's time for that later."

"Oh, fuck this!" Cheyenne said, leaving the closet. "I'm getting the hell out of here."

"Don't you talk to me like that," Cody said.

"Me? You're the messed up one! This is *all* messed up! Listen, you text me when you stop fucking around with Halloween, okay? Until then, we're done!"

She had reached the front door and didn't pause before storming out of the house.

"That is unfair, and you know it! You apologize for that!" Cody yelled back. "Right this minute!"

She just walked off into the night.

Marching back inside the house, and stomping up the stairs, Cody banged on his bedroom door. "Turn that down!" He yelled in rage and frustration.

He returned to the closet, and angrily swigged the rest of the wine. He then looked at the top he had picked out. "Well she can do what she wants. I'm not wasting this opportunity," he said, and began to change into an outfit appropriate for going to a bar.



The last person he had expected to see at the mall was the clerk, but there he was. It was very odd to see him out of his element, but he was dressed as Cody

had always seen him, in a bow tie and slightly threadbare clothes. There was no mistaking it was him.

“Ah!” the clerk said, upon seeing Cody. “Out and about, I see. I’m glad you aren’t hiding away.”

“Too many things that need doing,” Cody replied. “God knows my step-mother isn’t doing them.”

“Oh? She always struck me as someone who took initiative.”

“Not anymore. She’s barely even leaving my room. Even looking like this, I’ve been more social than she’s been.”

Cody had indeed gone out drinking last night, and predictably, he’d overdone it. He’d had one too many strawberry frozen margaritas and had to get an Uber home. He’d slept off the morning, and then had to go pick up Victoria’s car in the bar’s parking lot, so he decided to do a little window shopping on his way back.

That had quickly turned into real shopping, as he spotted some things he needed and decided to break the seal on Victoria’s wallet.

“Well, good for you,” the clerk said. “Everything holding up?”

“Flawlessly. I think her own mother wouldn’t know it’s me.”

That was likely more than true, as Cody was in every way the near duplicate of Victoria Blakeridge, from head to toe. This afternoon, Cody had chosen a pair of black leggings, a beige tunic and a red cardigan. He was also wearing a very stylish pair of brown boots with a myriad of straps on them. He was carrying a large square purse along with a bag from one of the stores he had just visited.

He looked like any one of a dozen other middle-aged women at this mall, and blended in without a hint of difficulty, down to using Victoria’s card to buy what he needed.

Cody did have one burning question. “What brings you here?”

“We have a branch here, I check in on it from time to time, make sure things are running smoothly. Actually, I was going to get something from the food court. Have you had anything to eat?”

“Oh my, yes, I just had a seafood salad at this delightful little cafe at Nordstroms. Have you tried it?”

“No, I haven’t, I’m afraid. Any good?”

“I loved it. They have a wonderful chocolate decadence dessert that I had to force myself to push away after only a couple of bites. So good, but so many calories.”

Victoria’s phone rang, easily identifiable by a few notes of “The Macarena Song,” and by reflex he checked who it was. The display said “Cody” on it.

Again, Victoria's phone recognized Cody as it's owner and allowed him to take the call.

"Yes, Victoria?" he said. "No, I'm not calling you that. I told you already. And how did you get my phone?"

As the clerk stood there, he listened in for a minute of back-and-forth exchanges that sounded quite hostile.

"I told you, I can't. This was your bright idea, need I remind you, and you're the one..." Cody removed the phone from his ear and held it out a fair distance. The faint sound of Victoria on a screed could be heard.

"Ugh," Cody said to the clerk. "Victoria has been on the warpath since she got a look at your work yesterday. I think she's jealous I look better than she ever did."

"Really?" The clerk said.

Cody reluctantly put the phone back to his ear, careful to avoid knocking it into his oversized gold earrings. "It's funny you should say that, because I happen to have him here with me right now," Cody said in answer to a question only he heard.

He held out the phone. "Would you mind talking to her? She's becoming impossible."

The clerk took the phone, albeit with visible reluctance.

"Hello? Mrs. Blakeridge?" The clerk said. "Yes, I did exactly as you... Oh." He paused to hear the next question. "Too convincing? But I thought that was..." Another pause to listen. "I see, yes. I was under the impression that..."

Cody was amused to see the clerk become a little frustrated. "Be that as it may..." the clerk said to Victoria. "Yes, yes, yes. How about this," he said, finally taking charge. "Why don't both of you come by tomorrow, and we can talk about this and take care of anything we need to take care of. Sound good?"

Another pause produced a smile on the clerk's face. "Three o'clock it is." He handed the phone back to Cody.

Cody noted the call was over and put it back in the purse. "I apologize for her. I don't know what's gotten into her lately."

"No apologies necessary," the clerk said graciously.

Cody couldn't help but size the man up. He was a little old, but still, not without some appealing qualities, in his opinion.

"I'm surprised I haven't been to this mall in so long, I quite like shopping here," Cody said. "I suppose you come here with your wife from time to time."

"Oh, I'm not married," said the clerk.

"Really? Cody replied, shifting his weight from one leg to the other. "That's a shame. I know it's a little early in the day, but would you like to go get a drink?"

Cody felt like he had barely even gotten to know this man, and after spending so much time with him over the past few days it seemed neglectful. Besides, Cody thought it would be nice to have a little company.

“I have to get back to my shop. Who knows what’s going on there without me.”

“I understand. Another time, then,” Cody said. “I guess I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“I’ll be looking forward to it.”

After ten more minutes, he had had enough for today, and made his way out to Victoria’s car. He had never done something like this before. Shopping had always been a miserable, drawn-out time. The annual back to school trips he had to make felt to him like being led around in chains.

He had no complaints about today, though. Before he started the car, though, it occurred to him that he had a shopping bag on the seat next to him — and couldn’t for the life of him, remember what he had bought.

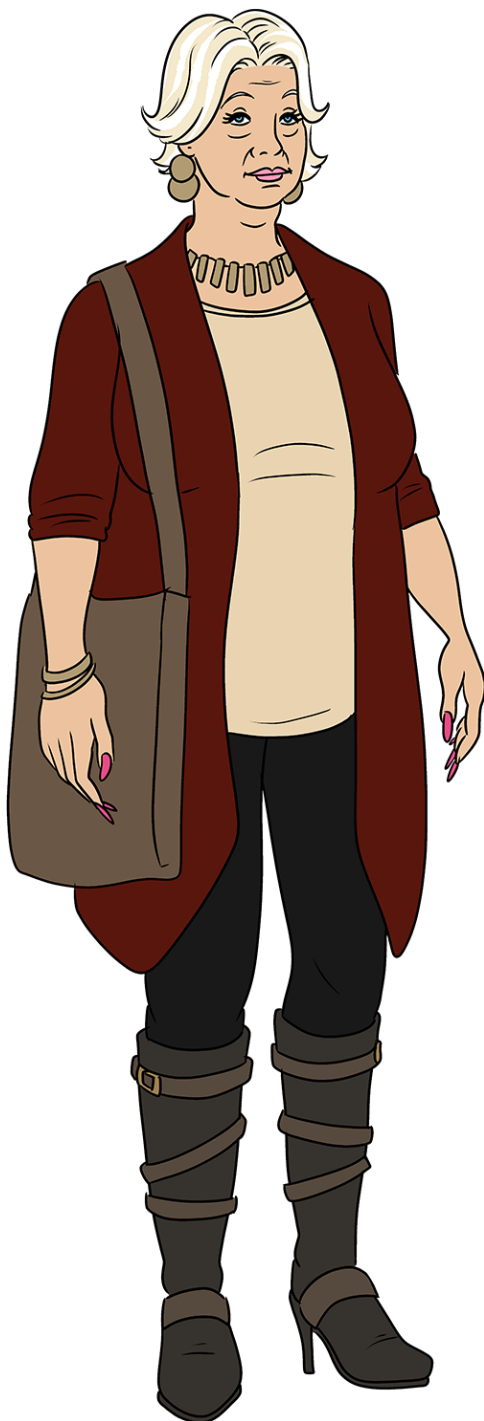
Workout shorts? A new mitt for baseball? That ratchet set he had been saving up for? He slid the box out and opened it up.

It was a pair of black suede boots with four inch heels and white rhinestones up the side.

Why? He asked himself. Why had he done that? He still couldn’t recall doing it, which made it even more scary.



The haze started to part for Cody, as





he had been drinking almost for three hours now, and didn't remember much of that time. He was sitting in the stall of a bathroom, fully dressed, and just trying to get the place to stop spinning.

Finally, he grabbed his purse and emerged from the stall, weaving back and forth. He stopped at the mirror to see his newly modified face, which startled him, but only for a moment. His makeup was a mess. He was so dizzy, he wasn't sure he could repair it, but he gave it a shot anyway.

"Oops," said a man who walked through the door. "Sorry," he then said, backing out quickly.

Cody wasn't even sure where he was. He tried to think back.

He remembered getting an alert on Victoria's phone for her yoga class, and deciding it would be amusing to go. So he had changed into a workout outfit, which he was still wearing and headed off.

They weren't the clearest memories, but he did recall being in a yoga class with ten or fifteen women, and trying to mimic their routines to fake his way through it. He saw a lot of yoga pants from the backside, he did recall. That stuck with him. That's why he had come to the class in the first place.

Then, there was something about talking to another woman Victoria's age who had a spot next to him, and then he could just place himself driving her to a bar and them getting drinks.

Then she was gone, and he couldn't remember why. Then there was an older man who was bringing him a drink, and he could remember how he smelled. He had a nice smile and made him laugh.

Cody then used a long nail to scrape something he felt at the side of his mouth. It was crusty and flaky.

Without even thinking, he tasted it. It was musky. Salty.

That seemed to trigger the feeling of his toes tingling, his heart pounding, a rush of emotion and a wash of sensations. He could recall looking up at the man who had made him laugh. Was he on his knees?

Had he sucked him off?

Immediately, fearing the answer, he packed up his purse and burst out of the bathroom, only to find himself in the very bar he recognized from his memories. It was late, it was dark outside, but this was the place.

Not wanting to do anything more than run, he made for the exit, got into Victoria's car and locked the door. He placed his head on the steering wheel and began to cry.



"There you are," Victoria said as she came crashing through the doors of Costume Central. She was making a beeline for the clerk. "What in the world do you do?"

She was in the face of the humble clerk betraying her true nature of being a middle-aged "I want to see the manager" type of woman.

"This is not what I had agreed to!" She said. She looked a little ridiculous in her step-son's jacket, jeans and basketball shoes — say nothing of her new boyish haircut. "Where do you get off doing this?"

"I am doing what you asked me to do, and that was to create a convincing disguise for your son..."

"Step-son," Cody corrected.

"For your step-son," the clerk continued, "to be able to impersonate you with some degree of authenticity."

"This? This isn't a disguise!" She motioned to Cody. "This is a stolen identity! He practically *is* me!"

The clerk had to agree, the young man was becoming more and more authentically Victoria Blakeridge by the hour. He was quite pleased with his work.

"I caught him drinking my wine yesterday!" Victoria said. "It's going to his head!"

Cody was a little confused, as he was under the impression that it was Victoria herself that was driving this whole thing, shutting him out of his room, supplying the wig hair, giving him her purse and phone, and these were just a few of the things she had been forcing him into.

"Madam," the clerk said, "Obviously there's been a communication breakdown between us." He looked in Cody's direction, indicating he wanted to get rid of him.

"Sweetie," Victoria said to her step-son, "could you go get some coffee? I have a craving."

"That sounds like a wonderful idea." He got Victoria's keys out of her purse. "Your usual order?"

"Triple Venti half sweet, non-fat, caramel macchiato," they both said in unison, "with pumpkin spice."

"I'll be back in a few minutes!" Cody said, mincing out the door in a pair of sky-high boots, his eggshell cardigan flowing in his wake.

"Now, what did you want to say that you couldn't say in front of my son?" Victoria asked the clerk.

"It was just a simple courtesy to him. Now, what seems to be the problem?"

“Well, did you just see that? He doesn’t even like coffee. He says it tastes like barf. But now he gets one every morning. What has happened to him? What did you do?”

“I’ve seen this many times, he’s simply playing the part. He looks so much like you, he can’t help himself.”

“You’re still not getting it.”

“I’ll show you an example,” the clerk said. He took a mask from the wall and placed it up to Victoria’s face. “Now, take this mask...”

“Whurf?” Victoria said before being overwhelmed by something. The clerk continued to hold the mask to make sure she couldn’t get away. Unconscious, she started to fall to the floor, but was caught by the clerk. “Why don’t you come with me,” he said, as he dragged her to the back room.

He dropped her into a chair and the crouched down to whisper in her ear. “You’re in a safe space, Victoria. You feel safe here. Nothing can harm you. You feel warm, cozy. This is a nice place, with nice people. You like this place, don’t you?”

“Yes...” Victoria said, her voice weak. “I’m safe here.”

“Good, good.” The clerk sighed, having averted a major problem and getting her off the floor before anyone noticed. “You trust me. You will do what I ask because you want to.”

He then tickled a feather across Victoria’s face. She responded by swatting, and then was sitting up and wide awake.

“So I agree with you,” the clerk said, as if her were in the middle of a conversation. “Your step-son has done a great job, pretending to be you.”

“Wh...” Victoria began to say, but then realized she didn’t ant to look like she had lost track of the conversation. “Yes, yes. He’s done very well. But... Sometimes I think he’s taking it too far.”

“He’s a very mature person for his age. He’s quite capable of making his own decisions, don’t you think?”

Victoria had to agree. He had been acting very mature lately. He was even taking care of some of the chores yesterday and this morning. “Well, yes. Now that you put it that way.”

“He’ll be fine. He seems very capable. Now, about your costume,” the clerk said, “I think I can certainly help, and I’m glad you came in.”

“My costume?” Victoria asked. She was unsure that she had come in to the costume store for that reason, but she was willing to hear what the man had to say — and she did trust him.

“Take off the jacket and shoes, and let’s get a better look at what we can do.” He watched as Victoria began to take off the letterman jacket, and it exposed her aging female body and the creeping weight gain she suffered from.

“I don’t know how he can bear to wear that all day long, day after day. It’s heavy.”

“It’s not that heavy.” The clerk picked up the jacket and turned it inside-out. “Certainly, if someone as weak and delicate as your step-son can wear it, you can. He’s a bit effeminate for a boy, not that there’s anything wrong with that.”

“Effeminate?” she asked. “Well, I suppose... I mean, in a way... He’s always been comfortable with his feminine side.”

“You strike me as someone who doesn’t get hung up on that kind of thing.”

“I suppose not,” Victoria responded.

“I bet you were a total tomboy growing up,” the clerk said.

She wasn’t sure she entirely agreed with that statement, being a former cheerleader and ballerina, but she didn’t disagree, either. “No, I was never into all that girly stuff. Who needs that crap.” As soon as she said it, she felt relieved, being honest about her true self. “I got no time for it.”

The clerk picked up the shoes and slid in a from-fitting wedge insert. Then, he put the shoulder pads into the shoulders of the jacket and turned it right-side out again. What no one saw was his light of hand as he applied a generous amount of magic to both. “Now, try that on for size,” he said, holding out the big, thick, man-sized jacket.

“Oh,” Victoria said, as she adjusted it. “That really makes a difference.” She stood up straighter with it on.

“Yes, much better,” the clerk said. “The broad, square shoulders make you look much more powerful and masculine.”

“They do,” Victoria said, flexing her arms. The jacket did feel lighter. “I feel stronger.”

“Try the shoes.”

Victoria stepped into the high-top basketball shoes with the inserts, and laced them up. When she stood, it was three inches taller. Being a devotee of high-heeled shoes, she found the height quite comfortable. “I like it,” she said, looking around from her raised height. “This is great.”

The bells at the front door jingled, and the clerk went out to see who it was. “There you are,” the clerk said as Cody returned, with big cups of coffee in both hands.

“They had a line,” Cody said. Victoria emerged from the back, and Cody was immediately impressed. “Whoa!” He said. “You look a hundred percent better,” he handed over one of the cups to Victoria.

She refused it. “No way! Those things taste like barf,” she said.

“More for me!” Cody said, and took a swig.

“While I have the both of you here, I wanted to have you try out something,” the clerk said. He walked around to his sales counter and produced two small fabric strips. “These are for your voices.”

“Oh?” Cody asked, immediately interested. “I’ve found it really hard to do her voice.”

“I can’t get it deep like Cody’s,” Victoria said, “and it ruins my throat.”

“These will help immensely. Just put these around your throat, and speak in the voice you are trying to imitate. It will be a little spotty at first, but after wearing them for about 48 hours, you’ll find they’ve completely transformed your voice.”

“Is that dangerous?”

“No, no. They simply shape your throat, changing your tone. Remove them, and your voice will go back to normal in a day or so.”

Much of what the clerk had just told them was a complete lie. These simple bands were not for changing voices — although they would certainly do that. These were for much more.

“So start using them now, and you’ll have the voice you want by Halloween.”

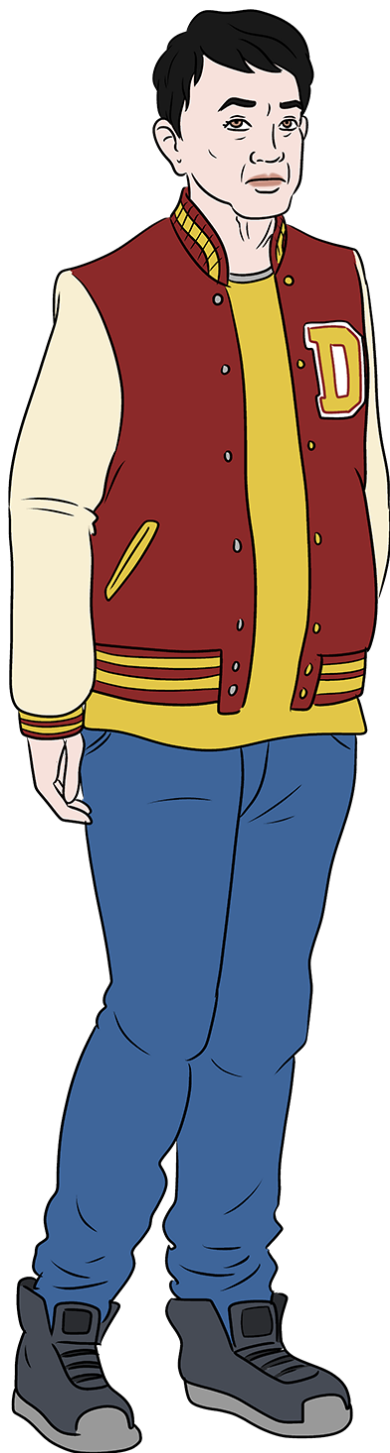
Both took one, and strapped them on. Neither said anything, but they did feel odd in a way they couldn’t really describe.

“Listen,” Cody said, after taking another sip, “I did want to talk for a moment, if that’s okay. Are you done with Victoria?”

“Yes,” the clerk said.

Cody held up Victoria’s car keys. “Could you go wait in the car?” He said to her. “It’ll just be a minute.”

Victoria walked past and snatched the keys. “Sure, knock yourself out.”



Cody waited until the door was shut to continue. "I have a problem," he said.

"What kind of trouble?" the clerk asked.

"I think... I think I'm still not through with this disguise. I want to look more like Victoria. That's wrong, isn't it?"

"Wrong?" the clerk questioned. "In my business, perfecting your appearance is a sign of true excellence."

"But I... I feel like I'm addicted to it. I'm addicted to being Victoria."

"The sign of a true commitment!" The clerk proclaimed.

He had expected this to be a confession, something he'd be ashamed to say, but now, the clerk made Cody feel like he was doing the right thing. The bold thing.

"Maybe... I could look a little older?" He asked.

"Well, we can certainly do that. It'll take some work, but we can do our best."

"Oh, good!" Cody said, suddenly feeling empowered and excited. "Say, about forty-five-ish?"

"That's doable, yes."

"When can we get started?"

"Today! We can do it after I close shop."

"Let me drive Victoria home, and I'll be back later!" Cody said.

"Just knock on the window if it's locked."

"It's a plan!"



The clerk flipped through his well-worn copy of the *Brother's Grimm Children's Fairytales*, in the original German. He was in the back room of his store, where he had dimmed the lights and was playing a little light music in the background.

As he read, the unconscious figure of his customer, Cody Blakeridge was snoozing in a chair. Or perhaps he should just call him Victoria at this point? No, that was just a little premature.

Cody was under the impression that his face was undergoing a makeover so he would appear to be older — as old as his step-mother used to look.

Instead, the clerk was doing nothing. He didn't need to.

The band around Cody's neck was doing all the work. An hour ago, he looked like an adult woman. Now as he lay there, he looked like a middle-aged woman, in the throes of old age.

His skin was drier, it began to show wrinkles at the corners of his nose, crows feet were forming at the eyes, with bags under them. He was developing a hint of jowl as his cheeks began to droop, and a few stray wrinkles were faintly appearing around his lips. There was now a hint of sagging under his chin.

Meanwhile, back at the Blakeridge house, as Victoria laid on Cody's bed, listening to music on headphones, her wrinkles were fading. Her jaw line was firming. Her brow was becoming more prominent and her worn out eyes were coming back to life. Her whole face was changing, although she would feel nothing of it.

The bands were linking the two together, but neither would be expected to believe such a thing was possible. The traits of one were flowing to the other.

Before it went too far, the clerk decided to wake his customer up. After all, he just wanted to see if it was all working correctly. It would take a while before it was finished.

"Rise and shine," he said, tapping Cody on the shoulder.

"Huh?" He said, his voice higher than he was used to. "Did I fall asleep?"

"Maybe," the clerk said. "No matter. Why don't you take a look and see what you think?" He said, handing over a mirror.

Cody was eager to see for himself, but when he saw his reflection, he was disappointed. "It's... There's not much of a difference."

"Don't you think so?" the clerk replied. "I worked very hard."

Cody took a harder look, and he could see changes, but it was all so subtle. "Well, I... It's hard to tell..." Still, he couldn't complain. He did look a little older, and he decided he should be happy for that. "I like it," he said, wanting to make the clerk feel appreciated for his efforts, even if it wasn't that impressive.

The clerk was fully expecting this reaction, and graciously accepted the faint praise. "I do what I can," he said. The real truth was that the magic involved blocked those from recognizing big changes, and just as Cody was having trouble recognizing that he now looked nearly identical to Victoria, Victoria would also have trouble recognizing that she was starting to look just like her step-son.

By Halloween, though, it would be done.

"Thanks again," Cody said as he waved good-bye with his long, glistening nails.

"The pleasure is all mine," said the clerk as he saw him out the door.



Cody decided he wanted to test out his altered appearance. Although it wasn't quite as radical as he hoped, he did think it solidified his disguise.

That meant going to a bar.

It took a while to find the right one for him. The first few were crowded with young people. Finally, a little outside of the city, he found a place where most of the customers were middle-aged.

"A mimosa," he ordered from the bartender.

"One mimosa," he answered, as he began to look for a bottle.

"Don't you want to card me?" Cody asked, sweetly.

"Ma'am..." The bartender began to object. He knew better than to make a woman feel bad about her age, though. "Sure," he said with a smile.

Cody handed over Victoria's ID, and the young bartender dutifully held it up to compare the photo to the customer.

"Checks out," he said. "Thank you, Victoria."

He didn't know why, but Cody felt a little thrill at being mistaken for his stepmom. It was the first time someone had called him by her name. "Thank *you*," he replied.

Cody wasn't even sure what a mimosa was, or where he'd even gotten the notion to order one, but he was already in love with it on the first sip. He looked for a booth seat, but it was relatively busy, so he stuck with the counter stool he already had.

"Busy night," said the man seated next to him.

"It's the last night before the Halloween weekend," the bartender said, as he was nearby. "People like to come in before everyone's in a costume."

The man next to Cody simply replied with an "Ah," and gave a look to the bartender. That look, if Cody interpreted it correctly, was 'back off.'

Was this man making a move on him? Suddenly, he was far more interested in this situation.

"Here by yourself?" He asked Cody.

"I don't know if I should say," Cody replied.

"Fair enough. I'm Buck," the man said, turning his body towards Cody.

"I'm Victoria," Cody said, again getting a pleasant little twitch.

"I like that name. I haven't seen you here before, Victoria. Tell me about yourself. I see you're married."

It took Cody a good few seconds to figure out what Buck was talking about, but then realized he was wearing a wedding ring. That was a giveaway.

"He's out of town," Cody said. "I don't know when he's coming back."

"I see," Buck said.

Buck wasn't a particularly attractive man, in Cody's opinion. He was mostly bald, his stomach was well over his belt, and he appeared to be over fifty.



Still, a question had been nagging at the back of Cody's mind for the past couple of days. He had almost certainly sucked a man off when he was blackout drunk. He spent the rest of that night in the bathroom, trying to throw up into the toilet. It was like living a nightmare.

That whole experience, however horrible it was, left him with a big unanswered question. He wanted to know what had led him to do something that he found so repulsive and disgusting. What was it inside of him that drove him to do it?

So here he was, in a bar, seeing what might happen.

"I'm not going to ask a lot of questions," Buck said.

"I'm not going to give you a lot of answers," Cody replied. He decided to make a move, and gave his hair a little shake, thrusting his chest forward at the same time. Then he took the strawberry off the rim of his glass and gave it a suck before biting it.

"I like a woman who knows what she wants," Buck said.

The thing was, Cody was not at all sure if this was what he wanted. He was still waiting for some kind of compulsion to kick in. He decided to use his best asset, and kicked his foot out, crossing his legs, showing off his high-heeled boot.

"I'm glad I don't have to play games," Cody looked around. "If you want to do this," he said. "I don't want to do it in a restroom."

"I'll see what I can do," Buck said, getting up.

Cody was all too aware that his eyes went immediately to Buck's crotch, wondering what was ins tore for him. Buck reached his hand out, and Cody took it.

The parking lot wasn't much of an upgrade from a restroom, but at least it was pleasant in the crisp late fall air.

Buck had his hands on Cody's breasts, enjoying the ample size. Cody had wrapped his arms around Buck's neck and found it all too easy to open his lips up and kiss the older man.

He was still waiting for some trigger to cause him to want to give a man a blowjob, but it wasn't coming. Instead, it was just a slow build-up, as his body got more and more excited.

Before long, he had dropped to his knees, and was helping Buck undo his belt and fly. The older man pulled down his pants and underwear, revealing a stomach that was almost covering his crotch, and a very tiny little dick.

He looked up at the man, who gave him a sympathetic grimace, silently apologizing for his lack of size.

Cody began to massage it anyway, trying to see how big he could get him. He still didn't know why he was doing this, or why he wanted to suck dick at all.

The only conclusion he was able to make, as he deep-throated Buck's cock was that this was simply how he had sex now. With his mind swimming in pleasure, he understood that this was the way he got satisfaction. This was his place.



The next morning, Victoria rose early. She had never been much of a morning person, but things felt different in Cody's room. She liked the simplicity of being Cody, the no-hassle way young men lived their lives.

Just a quick stretch and Victoria was up and headed to the bathroom. No checking her hair, no slipping into a peignoir, no staying quiet to not wake your husband.

She scratched her side as she stood in front of the bathroom mirror, and then wiped the sleep from her eyes. She wasn't quite sure what she was seeing. Her face seemed different, but she wasn't able to really say what was different about it.

The middle-aged woman also felt her body was different in some undefined way. Was she standing up straighter? Her shoulders seemed to be broader than she remembered.

In fact, with a shirt on, she might just be able to pass herself off as a young man. It was just those breasts in the way.

She searched under the cabinet for an ace bandage, something she knew Cody frequently used to mend the many muscle pulls and bruises a young athletic boy dealt with.

Victoria wrapped it around her chest, trying to flatten out her breasts. With the bandage, she could press them into her chest almost to the point where they weren't visible.

Well, they were visible, but they looked more like a muscular set of pecs than a pair of fleshy boobs. She yanked on one of her step-son's favorite tees and took another look. She liked it. She liked it a lot.

She thought about taking a shower, but decided against it. She liked her smell — a little ripe. Perfume? Not for her anymore. Victoria was very happy to leave the bathroom without a second spent on makeup. Being Cody was like a vacation for her.

She grabbed a fresh pair of boxer briefs and decided that stuffing them with a pair of balled-up socks made it look more real... and made her feel better, for some reason.

Jeans on, shoes on and she was practically done. What a relief. She slung the letterman's jacket on, but decided to remove the shoulder pads. She filled it out well enough without them.

She smiled to herself as she heard Cody rise in her bedroom, and knew all the work ahead of him before he could present himself to the world. Her? She was done and went in to the kitchen for some cereal.

It was about ten when Cody finally emerged from the master bedroom, dressed in leggings, tunic, boots, hair done, makeup fresh and smelling like flowers. "I'm headed to the mall, and you're coming with me," he announced, imperiously.

"What?" Victoria said, as she was watching TV while doing some arm crunches. The barbells by the couch had proved to be irresistible to her. "Why?"

"You need to get out of the house," Cody said.

"You don't want me here alone."

"No arguing!" Cody said. It was true. He had no idea what his step-mother was doing at home by herself, in his room. Given what he had been doing with his spare time — drinking and giving head — he shivered to think what Victoria was up to. He wanted to keep his eyes on her. Victoria, for some reason accepted that Cody was the one in charge, and deferred to his authority.

Just as the linking bands around their necks promised to do, both seemed largely unaware of their changes. Cody was a virtual duplicate of the old Victoria, in both appearance and mannerisms.

Victoria, too, seemed oblivious to her physique, which was now that of a young man. Her shoulders were practically growing by the second. Her face had lost any trace of wrinkles, her cheeks had diminished, her lips thinned and her eyes narrowed. The sagging skin was all but gone, her jaw and neck becoming taut.

The bands had not only masked their changes to themselves, but to each other as well, as neither noted anything amiss as they drove to the mall, Cody driving and Victoria listening to music on headphones in the back seat.

"What am I supposed to do now?" Victoria said, petulantly, when they got to their destination. "Hang out with you?"

Cody got Victoria's wallet and grabbed two \$20 bills. "Just stay busy for a little while while I do some errands," she handed over the money, but yanked it back when Victoria reached for it. "Don't waste it!"

Victoria swiped the cash and jumped out of the car.

"Keep your phone on you," Cody said.

"What the fuck else would I do with it?" Victoria said as she separated from her step-son.

Cody's "errands" weren't much more than shopping, as it turned out. He first visited the shoe store where he had bought the previous pair of boots, and bought a second pair that he had fallen in love with the more he had been thinking about them.

Then he picked up a scarf that had caught his attention, as it was getting colder and it seemed like a reasonable thing to purchase. He then found himself strolling by a nail salon, and slowed his pace.

“Victoria!” said the woman at the front desk when Cody entered. “Welcome back! We have your order in.”

He wasn't sure why he had decided to walk inside, but it was clear that the staff knew who Victoria was. Had he come here randomly, or was there some other cause for it? He figured there was no sense in thinking too hard about it.

“Those extra, extra long nails finally came though, would you like to have them done? I think Seo Yoon has a spot open.”

So Cody found himself seated at a nail station, getting his long nails removed and new, longer ones attached. He liked the peachy brown shade much better, and thought it looked more mature. The longer length was sexy and exotic in his eyes.

“Do you do piercings?” Cody asked, seeing an assortment of earrings in a display cabinet. He wasn't even sure why he had asked that, as he was surely done with the disguise soon, but there were so many earrings in Victoria's jewelry cabinet that he couldn't wear, and he at least wanted to try a couple before it was too late.

Meanwhile, at the other end of the mall, Victoria was at the food court, chewing on a double-stack cheeseburger and thoroughly enjoying it. Her growing body wanted to eat constantly, like she was a steam train that needed a non-stop supply of coal shoveled into it to keep it running.

“Cody!” Said a voice from behind her.

A young man, also in a letterman's jacket just like hers, sat down in front of Victoria and grabbed a fist full of fries.

“Where you been, bro?” the boy asked as he crammed the fries into his mouth, spilling several. “They said you were sick! You're just ditching again, ain't cha?” He punched Victoria in the shoulder.

Instinctively, Victoria returned the punch, sending the boy back a foot. He just smiled.

The boy reached for more fries, but Victoria blocked him. “Shoulda texted us, we'd have kept the secret!”

“Motherfucker!” said another voice from behind.

Victoria saw two more young boy headed his way.

“Sick my ass!” One said.

“Fuck you!” Victoria finally spoke. “I'll do what I fucking wanna do!”

They all started talking at once, insulting each other, cursing like they had just discovered swears, pushing, punching and even throwing things at each other.

Victoria had never felt so alive.  
She had friends. So many friends.

Then Cody's phone chimed. She let it go, but it went off again and again.

"What the fuck, okay?" He said, as she finally checked the cracked screen of Cody's phone. It was from Cody. He was done, and it was time to leave.

"Gotta go, assholes," Victoria said to her new friends.

"Mommy's calling!" One of the guys teased.

Another joined in in a falsetto. "I'll be right there, mother!"

"Step-mother!" Victoria corrected. Her deep voice silenced the others. She pushed her tray away and got up, only to see someone she recognized standing a few feet away.

It was Cheyenne.

As soon as the guys recognized her, they cleared out. They had heard Cody and Cheyenne were having a fight, and didn't want any part of it.

"Hey," the girl said.

"Yeah, hey," Victoria replied. When had this girl started to look so cute? She could remember when she was just a little girl growing up a few houses down. Now... Now she was all grown up.

Cheyenne walked up to Victoria and she picked at the jacket. "Does this mean all that Halloween stuff is over?" She asked.

"I guess," Victoria replied, not



understanding the question.

“Then you want to apologize to me?”

“For what?”

Cheyenne frowned. Then she smiled. “Same old Cody.” She hung her arms around Victoria’s neck and pulled herself up to kiss her.

Victoria was taken by surprise. Did kids just get intimate this easily? Not that she was complaining. Cheyenne’s kiss felt good. Victoria grabbed her by the shoulders to keep her there.

Victoria could feel the girl’s lips kneading her mouth, sending impulses up and down her body. She was a fantastic kisser, Victoria thought to herself. She was also really hot. No, Victoria resolved, she wasn’t just hot, she was... *Fuckable*. Cheyenne wanted her. Wanted her bad, and Victoria wanted to give her all she could handle.

The phone chimed again, and Victoria broke it off. “Victoria’s leaving. I gotta run.”

Cheyenne didn’t need any further explanation. She just grabbed Victoria by the crotch — or more accurately by the socks she had stuffed in there. “Text me when you get home. I’ll come over.”

“You got it,” Victoria said as she headed out.

“Did you find a way to stay out of trouble?” Cody asked when Victoria jumped into the back seat.

“Yeah, whatever,” Victoria replied, quickly putting on headphones so she couldn’t be talked to.

Cody gripped the steering wheel carefully with his new nails, still waiting for the glue to dry. He took his clip-on earrings from his pocket and put them in his purse, as he wasn’t wearing them anymore. He had studs in his lower lobes, two of them for each ear, and a third at the top of his ears. He checked to make sure that the six bags of clothing purchases he had made were secure in the passenger seat, put the newly-bought pair of jeweled sunglasses on, set the radio to the classic rock station and gingerly put his high-heeled foot to the accelerator, driving to his home to the suburbs.



Cody was was doing the dishes in the sink, regretting the casserole he had baked last night for dinner. It was a nightmare to get the dish clean, as all the cheese and pasta had practically fused with the pan.

Maybe soaking it for another 12 hours or so might help, he thought to himself. He hated the idea of keeping a dish in the sink for that long, just looking ugly and giving off an odor. If someone came over, what would they think, seeing it?

The dryer buzzer went off in a distant room, so Cody dried his hands on his apron and went to go tend to that, ready to fold and stack.

Suddenly, Cody was grabbed from behind, and his arms were restrained. He felt the clink of handcuffs. He had no idea what was happening, and struggled, but his arms were too weak to fight. He did the next thing that came instinctively, and that was to scream.

Before he could even make much noise, though, he felt a ball gag being stuffed in his mouth. It was strapped to his head, and silenced him.

Falling against the wall, Cody was flipped over and could see his assailant.

It was Gregory.

"Surprise, sweetheart!" The man said with a smile. "Daddy's home!"

His step-father had returned home early. The frightening part was he knew from experience that after returning home from one of his long trips, the very first thing Gregory wanted to do was re-establish his relationship with Victoria, his wife.

He had no idea who he had really just tied up. And yes, their relationship was kinky.

Cody bucked and twisted, trying to escape. He knew that he wasn't a match for his step-father, who was already tossing him over his shoulder and carrying him to the bedroom.

He was flung onto the bed, hands still restrained by the handcuffs. "I got a few days break before we start filming in Vancouver," Gregory said, smiling behind his brown beard. "I thought I'd come home and see what the wife was up to."

He was flipped over by Gregory and the large, heavy-set man grabbed two ropes from the bedroom dresser and tied up each of Cody's feet, restraining him completely, his butt in the air.

"Oh, how I missed my Momma Bear," he said, using his pet name for Victoria. "The kid is gone, right? Cody's not gonna interrupt us?"

Cody could only mumble a muffled reply, which, despite Cody doing his very best to reply in the negative, Gregory took as a confirmation.

He fought his way out of his dress shirt and let his pants drop to the floor. "I've missed that sweet pussy of yours, Vicki," he said. "Been dreaming of this for weeks."

Meanwhile, in Cody's room, Victoria had snuck back into the house. She had bought some weed off of one of Cody's friends at nice discount, and didn't want

to get caught. She could see that the master bedroom doors were shut and locked, so she figured that Cody was taking a nap or something.

Immediately, she knew who she wanted to share this with. Cheyenne responded to his text with “be there in 5.” Almost as if she knew where to look, she found a bong in Cody’s closet and began to prep.

Behind the locked doors of the master bedroom, Cody’s poor leggings had been practically torn off his body, and could feel his step-father in-between his legs, on his knees.

“You really are into it, aren't you, baby?” Gregory said, acknowledging Cody’s continued efforts to escape. Cody then felt his panties being yanked away. This couldn't be happening, he thought to himself, in a panic. He was about to be taken by his own step-father and there was nothing he could do about it.

As Cody began to feel Gregory’s hands running up his legs toward his crotch, he began to cry, knowing what was coming.

“Fine, get started without me,” Cheyenne said, as she came in through Cody’s bedroom window. It wasn’t the first time she'd used this entrance, and she nimbly maneuvered her way inside, landing on Cody’s bed. “Let me get a hit!” She said, holding out her hands for the bong.

Victoria said nothing as her head was floating, and her focus completely obliterated. As it began to wear off, she watched Cheyenne stretch her mouth over the mouthpiece, a strange thought came to her mind. She wondered what Cheyenne looked like sucking cock — and wanted to see it for herself.

Cody was squirming and whimpering as the feeling of his step-father’s engorged penis pressing against his groin became obvious. He was putting an amazing amount of force into it. The big man was trying to find a way in, but the latex of Cody’s disguise prevented it, though it was being stretched.

Still, Gregory persisted. “Hold on, baby,” he said. “Don’t cum yet. I’m almost there...”

There was a building pressure in Cody’s groin, getting more and more urgent, and then all of the sudden he could feel the tip of Gregory’s penis. The first thought was that the suit had torn in some way, but then he felt something else.

The bones in his hips, the pelvic bones, started to crack. He could feel it. His legs began to move, splitting wider.

Then there was the most intense pain he'd ever felt in his life, as he felt like he was about to explode below the waist. A tear was ripping through his groin, a gap forming in between his legs.

He then felt Gregory’s dick find its way inside of him, just by a little bit. It was an alien and painful sensation. Cody was biting hard into the ball gag, trying to endure the agony. He had no idea what was happening to him.



"That's the good stuff, Cody," Cheyenne said as she laid back and let the world drift by. "Yeah, boy..." She was watching Victoria suck on the mouthpiece, and she wanted to repay her boyfriend for his generosity. She used Victoria's state of numbness to work her finger at her pants and unbutton her fly. Not surprising to Cheyenne, but plenty surprising to Victoria, she began to stiffen in between her legs.

In her haze, Victoria investigated the situation herself, and finished undoing her fly. Something, she didn't know what, was alive in her underwear and was moving.

Cheyenne had a better idea of what was going on, and freed a small, purple penis from Victoria's crotch.

If it weren't for the gag in Cody's mouth, he would have been screaming at a high pitch as he felt the flesh inside of him ripping apart, his bones still popping and creaking as they rearranged themselves. He had no way of seeing what was going on, and could only think that he was being mangled by something.

He didn't understand that his penis had shrunk to a tiny nub, and his balls — now inverted — were becoming the walls of his new vagina.

Just as mysteriously, but less painful, was the swelling all over his body. He felt like he was filling up with fluid, his body growing in size. There was an electric sensation in his upper chest, where his latex boobs were turning pink. The synthetic material that covered him was coming to life.

Cheyenne was tickling the underside of Victoria's new penis, watching with fascination as it grew and grew. First an inch, then two, then three. It was amazing to watch, like a time-lapse of a growing mushroom, as it became bigger, wider and longer.

Victoria couldn't believe what she was seeing, partly because it was impossible, partly because she was so high. But Cheyenne seemed much more convinced as she tickled it up the underside with her fingers.

It was getting even bigger, now. It was at seen inches and still expanding. Cheyenne's eyes spread open as she began to imagine the possibilities.

Victoria didn't know what was going on, but she liked it. She could feel the intensity in her growing, massive shaft. Then there was a pumping sensation, and she suddenly became super-aware of the reality she found herself in.

She had a penis. More than that, she had a cock. A *huge* cock.

Cheyenne took the initiative and threw her mouth on it, smothering it, like trying to eat an ice cream cone in one bite. She had done it just in time, as Victoria had started to come, and the pumping was going faster and harder. This wasn't just a dick, Victoria thought to herself, this was a weapon. She was *cumming*. She was producing sperm. It was warm and wonderful to feel it gush from inside of her. This was her seed — her own seed — and she wanted to

shoot Cheyenne full of it until she burst. Hell, she wanted to share her seed with the world.

She would have never noticed, but the band on her neck was gone, having fallen aside at some point, never to be seen again, its purpose fulfilled. She was a man now. It was just as incredible as she hoped it would be.

Cody was feeling Gregory's cock go deeper and deeper inside of him, wondering if it would ever stop. With each millimeter, it felt like he was being forced apart.

"That's right, baby," Gregory said. "It's more fun when you scream." On his neck, the band Cody wore fell apart and crumbled, like a dry leaf in fall.

All of the sudden, Gregory's dick just slid easily inside of Cody, the pain gone. Just as unexpectedly, Cody felt his new orifice fill with warmth, as he was being filled with his step-father's semen.

He had been at the very tolerance of pain just seconds ago, but now he was awash in pleasure. Cody felt all the nerves in his body begin to stir, slowly at first, but then becoming more and more active, as his entire body seemed to be sinking into a bottomless pool of pure joy. He had never felt anything like it before, and he never wanted to feel any other way ever again.

"I love you, baby," Gregory said into Cody's ear.

Cody moaned in response, a sound his step-father took as love and affection. And he was not wrong.

Victoria was laying back on Cody's bed, basking in the bliss, smiling at the ceiling. Cheyenne was helping herself to another hit on the bong, bogarting it all for herself, but Victoria didn't much care.

She was a gorgeous girl, Cheyenne, nymph-like in appearance and in sexual appetite. Victoria was so lucky to have a girl like her — And she was her girl now.

This was her life. She was Cody, in body and soul. This was her room, her bed and her massive schlong in between her muscular legs. She could have discarded the ace bandage on her chest, as it wasn't hiding anything anymore. She had the strapping muscular chest of an athletic 17 year old boy. That was because she was a 17 year old athletic boy.

Ever since Victoria had heard about a costume shop that did "something weird" to their customers, she had been intrigued. She happened to know a few customers. She talked to them. They had unusual stories, so she grew more intrigued. She even hired a private investigator to keep track of the customers.

The evidence at first didn't come together, as it made no sense. The people who were buying costumes were not the people she tracked down. The names listed on the receipts were sometimes similar, but they were different genders,

different ages, different ethnicities. At least it didn't make sense until she made the connection.

The people buying the costumes were different than the people who she found. It made sense — if you realized they were being changed.

Once she verified what seemed to be impossible — that magic was somehow real, and somehow being used in this costume store — Victoria had a plan.

As the second wife of Gregory Blakeridge, a man worth millions, she thought she'd be inheriting a fortune when they were married. However, as much as she tried to bribe Gregory with kinky sex, she was out of the inheritance, and Gregory refused to write his step-son out and her in. So she was shackled to a sex maniac as a husband, with no reward for her struggles. She was getting older every day, and well beyond finding another sugar daddy, so her options were almost gone.

What she decided to do was arrange for a costume that would allow her to change places with her step-son. She would take over his life, his body and most importantly, his inheritance. He'd be gone in a few months to college and on his own. So what if he would be stuck in her old, saggy body? He deserved it, the little shit. That's what he deserved for standing in the way of her money.

All she needed to do was to trick the costume shop owner into doing what she wanted him to do. She had a sense he was giving people “just desserts” by punishing the evil and rewarding the deserving. If he was playing God, he'd never do what she wanted voluntarily. So, she gave him something so irresistible that he couldn't help himself, which was two squabbling family members who didn't respect each other, both looking for costumes. A prime example of “walking a mile in each other's shoes.” He didn't disappoint. He made Cody into her, and now she was Cody. Just like she planned.

*He.* Victoria was a he, now. Victoria was *Cody* now.

“I'm ready to go again,” the new Cody said to his new girlfriend.

“I've been waiting,” Cheyenne said as she crawled on top of her boyfriend.

In the master bedroom, now free of the restraints, Cody was in bed, naked, with his step-father's head nestled in between his big, pillowy breasts.

“I missed you so much, Mama Bear,” Gregory said, exhausted.

“Mama Bear missed Papa Bear,” Cody replied, patting Gregory's head tenderly.

He hadn't had the chance to look for himself, but he knew what he would find. His latex suit was no more. It was a part of him. The pain he had endured was his new gender being forced upon him, practically burrowing into his anatomy, and his body had somehow incorporated the disguise into his own flesh.

Cody didn't know how to even grasp the reality he found himself in. He was calm, though, as the memories he had of being Cody were being pushed out, very slowly disappearing in the darkness.

Gregory was her husband, and she understood that now. She was a 45 year old woman named Victoria, and she understood that as well. The thoughts of his school friends, of playing sports, of lifting weights and of his birth mother and father weren't things she needed to know anymore, and she let them dissipate in the fog of her new mind.

Victoria's mind was now well in control of Cody now. She was the voice she heard in her head and it was her memories that were taking control.

Strangely, though, as she ran her long-nailed fingers through her husband's hair, she came to realize something. She was a very wicked person. She had devised a plan to swap bodies with Cody, put it into effect, and manipulated people all for her own selfish reasons.

She also knew that she had been successful, and that she wasn't the real Victoria. She also understood that the conniving manipulative person who was now her step-son, had executed a brilliant plan to steal an innocent life and start life anew.

But the new Victoria, who had inherited that same devious mind, had an even better idea. An even more evil one, too.

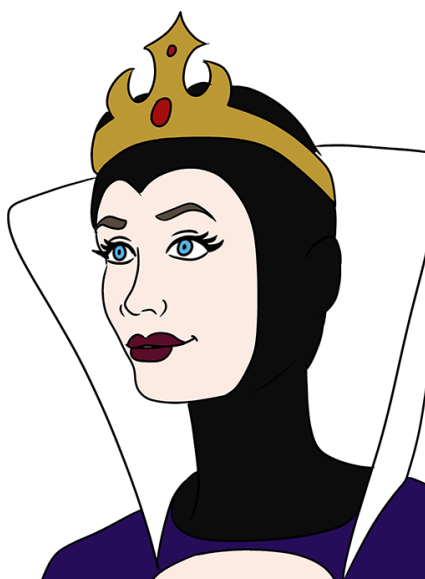


The doorbell rang at the Chevet house, just a few doors down from the Black-eridge house, and Cheyenne Chevet, dressed in a slinky black outfit answered the door.

"Trick or treat!" the kids outside the door sang out.

"Oh, so scary!" Cheyenne said with a mock look of horror. She plucked out the fun size candy from her plastic jack-o-lantern and placed one in each bag. "You can't go around scaring people like that! Promise me you'll be careful!" she said, mostly for the benefit of the adults who were escorting their little kids.

"Thank you!" the children replied, one by one. They turned and were shepherded off to the next stop.



With the door closed, Cheyenne put the candy aside and walked into the side room. There, sidled up to Cody who was intently watching himself do arm curls.

“Thanks for keeping me company tonight, Cody,” she said, rubbing his fantastically muscular chest.

“Uh, yeah,” Cody replied. “Sure.”

“Maybe I should turn out the lights and tell everyone we’re done? So it’s just you and me?”

“What?” Cody replied. “I don’t know, I guess.”

“So it’s just you and me,” she repeated.

“Oh!” Cody said suddenly getting the gist of things. “Yeah! Awesome!”

Cheyenne got back up to flick off the lights, allowing her boyfriend to get a good look at her outfit. It was snug right to her body, showing off every appealing curve and all the delicious contours.

It was last night, the night before Halloween, that Victoria visited the costume shop once more. That is, the new Victoria.

“Ah, Mrs. Blakeridge!” the clerk said upon seeing his familiar customer. “What brings you...”

“I know everything,” the new Victoria said. “No need for pleasantries.”

“Everything?” The clerk asked.

“I’m not Victoria Blakeridge,” she said. “At least I wasn’t a few days ago.”

“Are you feeling alright? You seem to be having some trouble. Maybe if you had a seat.”

“It’s magic, and it’s real. I was Cody Blakeridge, and I was never meant to be this... This bloated *cow*.”

The clerk was unprepared for such a direct accusation. “I really have to insist that...”

“I have hundreds of emails ready to be sent. In a half an hour, they automatically will be — unless I stop them. They’ll be sent to every crackpot magic site, transgender forum and masking nutcase on the internet.”

“There’s not...”

The new Victoria interrupted. “Some may not believe that this place can do what it does, but some will. And they’ll be here. And they’ll talk.” She then began to walk around. “They’ll also know you did it. I don’t understand myself, but you did it. How long do you think you’ll last once the word gets out?”

“Cody?” the clerk asked, trying to identify who he was speaking to.

“I don’t even know. Mostly Victoria, I suppose. All I know is that I don’t want this fate you’ve forced me into.”

"It's temporary. You'll change back."

"Back? Hell, no. I don't want to go back," the new Victoria said. "I want something better."

"I won't — I can't — hurt people."

The new Victoria was not moved. "I can ruin your life, right now, little man."

"Don't do this."

"It's already done. The rest is up to you."

The clerk stood still, deep in thought. He took his time, contemplating his next action.

"What are you asking for?" he asked, finally.

"Nothing much. Just a costume." She smiled. "A simple costume."

Cheyenne saw off her boyfriend, Cody, as he headed out and went back home. She shivered, having a flashback to that huge cock of his making her feel like she had a little taste of heaven.

Too bad he was such an idiot, Cheyenne thought to herself. But then again, he deserved it. He still owed her five hundred bucks, after all.

Cheyenne walked into the family room, where her parents were watching a horror movie marathon.

"Done with the trick or treaters?" her mom asked.

Cheyenne was still focused on Cody's jackhammer. "Oh! Yes, the kids. That's done."

"Thanks, sweetie," her dad said.

"No problem," she replied. "Oh, I was thinking, maybe it's time to get that agent and make a career out of this modeling thing."

"That's wonderful, honey!" her mother enthused. "Do you really mean it?"

Cheyenne smiled. "Of course I do. I mean, I am the most beautiful girl you've ever seen, right?"

"I, uh... Err..." he Dad stumbled through his words, and her mother didn't say anything. They had never heard their little girl say something so self-centered.

"I'm going to bed," Cheyenne said.

"Isn't Cody still here?"

"No, he left," the young girl said, examining her fingernails. "He had to get home early. You know, since what happened to his step-mom and all."

"Yes, yes, of course," the mother said.

It was just a few hours ago that word had come across that poor Mrs. Blak-eridge had been committed. She was ranting and raving about being in the

wrong body. She was acting violently. They had to drug and restrain her before taking her away.

The father agreed. "I do hope everything will be alright."

Cheyenne shrugged. "Who can say?"  
She turned and left. "Good night!"

She walked seductively down the hall to her room, her thigh-high five-inch-heeled boots really selling her whole outfit. The Wicked Step-Mother costume hadn't been easy to get, but she had it.

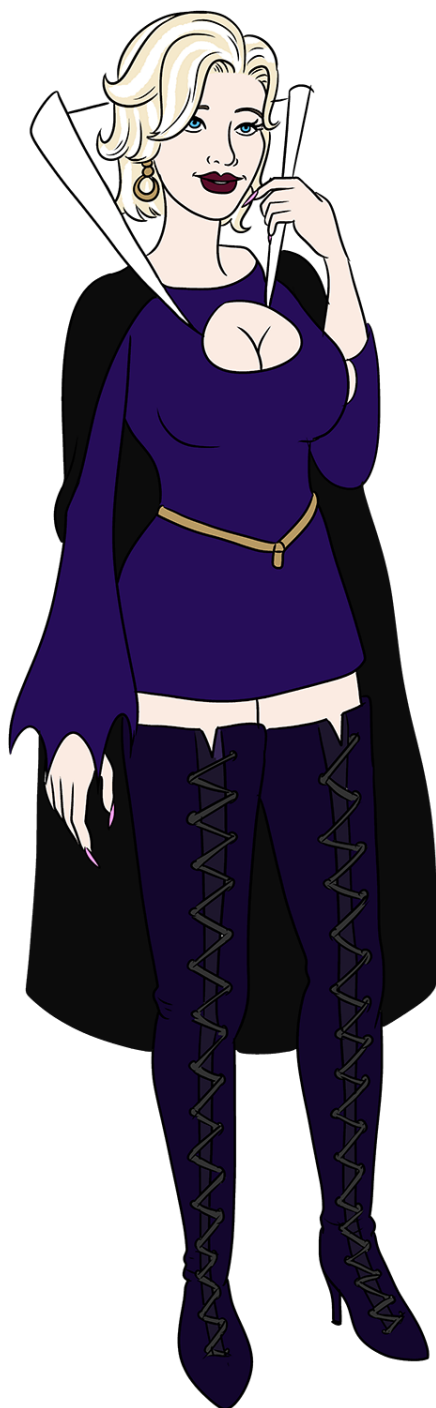
Cheyenne got to her room and sat at her desk, putting aside her books and putting some cosmetics in their place. It was a better use of her space, since she was going to be a famous model and all. What was there to stop her? She was gorgeous.

She peeled a little adhesive from the back of a plastic pink fingernail, about an inch long, and placed it on her left pinky finger. She loved the way long nails looked. They were exotic and sexy. She began to do the rest of her fingers.

What might Cody think when she saw her tomorrow with her eye-catching long nails? Would he compliment her on them? Maybe on the new pair of black suede boots she planned to wear tomorrow? They had white rhinestones up the side.

Not like it mattered. Cody had the brain of an ape, now. Cheyenne couldn't take any risks that he'd remember anything, or who he used to be. The clerk assured her that, by using the magical powers of the Wicked Step-Mother costume, he'd never recall a thing. Still, he was her personal sexual plaything.

She'd also used the powers of the costume on the girl who used to live here. She had been given such gifts of beauty, yet she didn't know what to do with them. They were much better off in



someone else's hands. Someone who knew what to do with these divine endowments.

Maybe she'd grant the same peace of mind she'd given "Cody" to poor "Mrs. Blakeridge" some day. Maybe. If she was feeling generous.

Done with her nails, she looked at the reflection in her mirror and pulled off the black headcovering of her wicked step-mother costume, revealing her blond hair — with white streaks.

"Cheyenne," she said. "What a nice name. I think I can get used to it."

Meanwhile, downtown, a "for lease" sign was put up in the empty, dark window of the long-time tenant, Costume Central #219. Next Halloween, its customers were going to have to find a new costume shop.

The End



## Titles from Sick Puppy Press

### **Sick Puppy Comics**

#### ***Making Friends***

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

#### ***The Pet Sitter***

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

#### ***A Curious Curse***

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

#### ***Boys Will Be Girls***

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

#### ***The Step-Witch***

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

#### ***Double-Crossed***

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

### **Candlewick Court Series**

#### ***Welcome to Candlewick***

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

#### ***Surrender to Candlewick***

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

#### ***Brides of Candlewick***

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

### **Teens Transformed**

#### ***She Made Me Into My Sister***

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

#### ***Gone Girly for Good***

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

#### ***One Year in Tokyo***

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

## ***Students, Exchanged***

"French Dupe" by Joe Six-Pack. Kelley Sue's convinced a French exchange student to disguise himself as a girl. What happens when she realizes he has no intention of returning back home? Book / 57 pages / 15 illustrations

## ***He's a Valley Girl, Fer Sure***

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

## ***From Boys to Bridesmaids***

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

## ***Little Mis-ter Popular***

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

## ***Bride to Be***

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

## ***Winning is Everything***

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

## ***Creating Samantha***

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

## ***Convicts to Co-Eds***

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

## ***Mall Makeover Madness***

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

## ***Tales of Transformation***

## ***He's the Wrong Girl***

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

## ***City Boy, Country Girl***

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

## ***Thames Greene***

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

## ***Hiding in High Heels***

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

## ***A Blessing in Disguise***

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

## ***I'm Your Dolly***

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

## ***His Life as a Trophy Wife***

"The Puppy Mill" by Joe Six-Pack. Nick had a great life, but then it evaporated. Now he's down on his luck. In steps a wealthy executive willing to pay him handsomely to pretend to be his wife. What can it hurt? Book / 210 pages / 16 illustrations

## ***Male Monday, Girl Friday***

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

## ***The Happiest Place on Earth***

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

## ***Hello, Nurse***

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

## ***My Boss, The Bimbo***

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

## ***He's the Girl They Want***

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

## ***Demoted and Degraded***

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

## ***I, Candy***

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

## ***Boyz II Girlz***

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

## ***His Strangest Desire***

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

## ***Hard Time or High Heels***

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

## ***Seriously Skirted***

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

## ***From Mister to Sister***

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

## ***Stories of the Supernatural***

## ***A Change for the Better***

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

## ***Changed and Rearranged***

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

## ***From Pals to Gals***

From the files of TGStories.com: “Mandate of the People” By Joe Six-Pack. Teens Jeremy and Stewart are good friends, but a bit thick in the noggin. When they jokingly nominate each other for Prom Queen, they slowly become the perfect candidates,

thanks to some magic. Book / 45 pages / 16 illustrations

## ***Crossed Fiction***

## ***If the Shoes Fit***

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

## ***Sisters for the Summer***

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

## ***They’re the Girls for the Job***

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

## ***Blondie’s Lost Summer***

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

## ***Blondie’s Lost Year***

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

## ***Blondie He’s Not***

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

## ***I Never Wanted to be a Woman***

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

## ***The Boy’s Guide to Girlhood***

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

## ***Fashion Victims***

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

## ***Seriously Sissified***

## ***A Family Femmed***

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

## ***Forever Femmed***

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

## ***Auntie’s Girl Time***

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

## ***Revenge of the Cheerleaders***

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

## ***He’s Got His Mind Made Up***

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

## ***Fated for Femininity***

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

## ***Web Classics Revisited***

## ***Two Forms of ID***

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



***Reading is Fun de Mental!***