

# Camera Shy



## Chapter 1

Washing his face before rubbing in some moisturizing cream Ari tilted his face this way and that to see if he had any blemishes. His pale skin was smooth and blemish free, but after bad acne as a teenager he was always paranoid of such things returning, despite his regiment. Running both hands through his too long ginger hair he smiled and gave himself a wink. "Looking good." He said hyping himself up, much like he did everyday. He didn't truly feel like he was looking good or even confident in looking okay, but the key to success was faking it or so his father told him.

He had an average height of five foot nine, shorter than his little sister two years his junior. Who stood two inches taller than him, and even though he knew for a fact she hated being tall she loved to tell him how he may be two years older, but she was taller making her the big sister and him the little brother.

He liked his baby blue eyes, but even that was just average. Pure blue, sapphire blue, sky blue those are eye colors that could get girls to notice him more. He did have one thing that was rare, his red hair. His mother told him how back in Italy less than one percent of people had his hair color and that even in America it was only around two percent. His hair was not his pride in joy, he was teased for it constantly as a child and while he tried to embrace it by growing it out and having it styled before his freshman year of college it had now long lost its style and had grown much longer than he would have liked. If money wasn't so tight he would consider having it cut, but a luxury like that could mean no groceries for a week to have it cut and styled like it was. He considered just having it all cut off for ten bucks at a barber, but thought that would lessen his chances with the fairer sex more than he had now. With a sigh he put on his black framed glasses and gave himself a nod for encouragement.

Today was one of the hottest days of summer, but in California that meant it was only in the mid eighties and a nice breeze kept even that from being an issue. Soon summer would be over and his sophomore year of classes would start up again. Then he would get back to work on his fine arts degree. When he decided to stay near campus for the summer, rather than go home and be back under the micromanaging control of his parents. They had told him how proud they were that he could stand on his own feet. It was their way of saying they wouldn't be paying for his stay over the summer. It made him kick himself for not taking a few summer courses to stay in their good graces and continue their patronage.

He was forced to get a job and ended up taking one at a clothing store that fancied itself as trendy with the name "The Hanger" in the local mall of all places. It was close enough to walk to and he could save a little time with the bus on days he felt lazy. Each day was the same, fold this, restock that, listening to women complain about how the sizes were wrong. By the end of each shift he wished more of his friends had stayed for the summer so he could have friendly faces to go party with, or even just spend time with, considering his luck with party invitations.. Most days ended up with him watching another movie in his tiny overpriced apartment..

He would often rewatch old movies, good ones and bad ones with a notebook in his lap as he took notes on what he would do differently if he directed it. Ari didn't just write notes on what he would change to make the movie better, he wrote down things he loved that worked just right. One day he would be the next Stanley Kubrick, a name that meant something in Hollywood. Though he often thought about changing his name before that, he was never a fan of his name.

Ariel Serra was no name for anyone masculine. He appreciated the idea of his name, it meant Lion of God and his mother said it was the name of an angel, but to him and anyone he knew it would just be associated with a red haired mermaid. His sister joked with his red hair he could dress up as her for halloween, he had told her to dress up as a rock because that was what she was as pretty as. A comment that got him in more than a little trouble. So he often went by Ari and had to make sure he spoke to any teachers before they did roll call to keep embarrassment at bay.

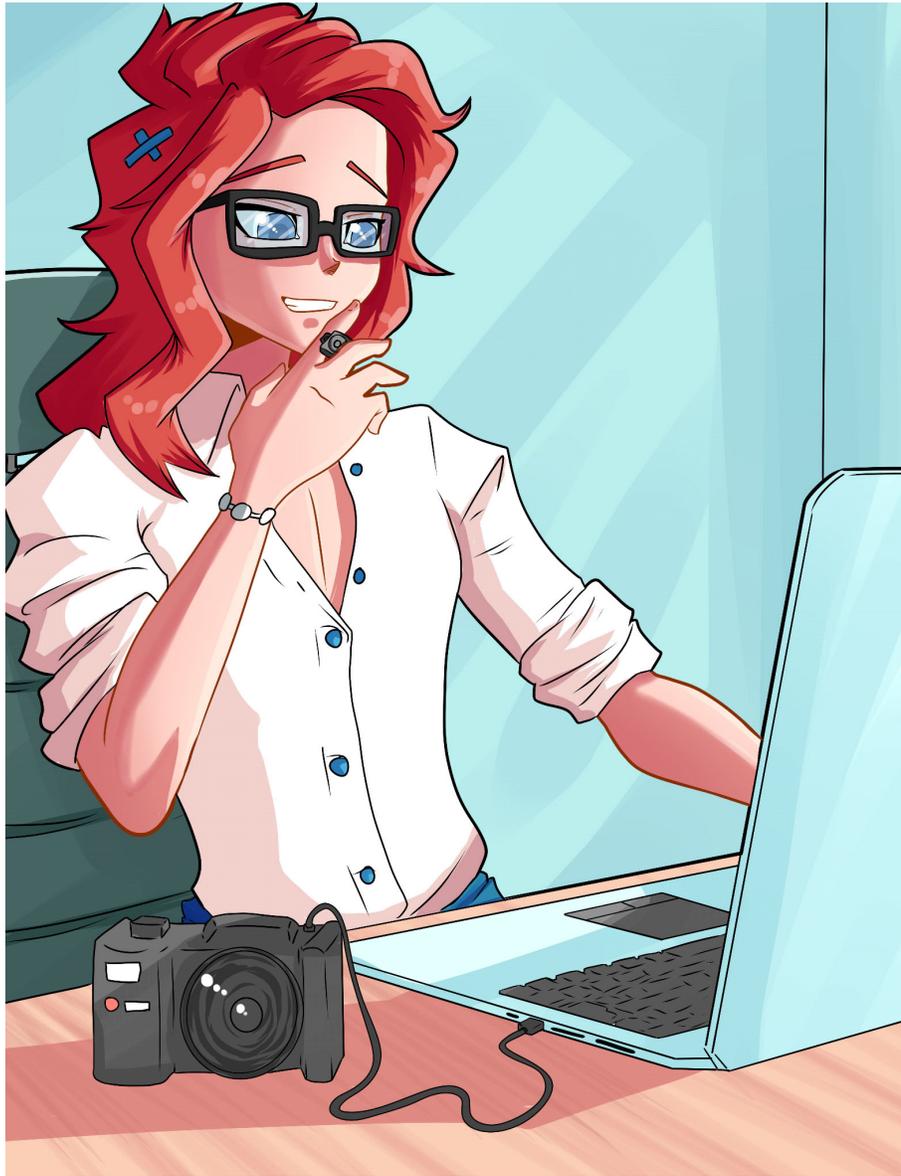
Having the last name Serra, that sounded like a girl's first name didn't help matters. If he did change his name he wasn't sure if he could look his mother in her eye again, it would break her heart. His father understood, but was powerless before the woman he loved. Even though it was two men and two women in the house Ari often found himself feeling ganged up on with his father always willing to listen, but never willing to side against his wife at least in front of her. So even with being poorer than poor and out on his own, he was at least free.

With school starting up more of his time would be taken up with classes, but with his parents money in his pocket once again he would be moving back into a dorm and could quit his job. The extra money from it would be nice, but he didn't think the hassle was worth it. Especially if his plan worked. He had been considering it for the last five weeks and knew with all the horny losers at school, that he often tried to pretend he was not one of, that he could make bank. He had skimped on the luxury of eating three meals a day for the last month to afford to carry out the plan.

He hadn't enjoyed the hunger, or that many of his clothes felt much looser on him than before, but it would all be worth it. In his backpack were two micro cameras he had bought and a third he had borrowed from the photography lab. He was going to set them

up in one of the girls' locker rooms tonight after work, he would sneak in before everything was locked up and hide. Once the doors were locked he would place the cameras and make sure he could connect to them remotely. He wasn't some sicko that wanted to get nude pictures of the campus hotties, he told himself. Just them in their underwear or tasteful shots where things were covered and he would sell the still shots to the horny and desperate. He wasn't sure on the price point just yet, he would have to figure out what the market could bear. Or bare, he laughed as he kept on walking to work. By this time tomorrow he would have everything set up and all he had to do was wait for the right pretty girls.

A few days later Ari was going through the video from the cameras at high speed, only slowing them down when his actresses as he thought of them came into view. He would take still shots from the video when things were just right and with how he set up the three hidden devices he could get multiple angles of the soon to be starlets. One of the beautiful young women he got more than a few shots of was Bianca Russo.



Keeping most of these photos for his private collection made those weeks of hunger more than worth it. Ari had the biggest crush on Bianca Russo since he realized that girls were pretty at a young age. The Russo and Serra family were long time friends, they saw each other at family gatherings, like they were family even though there was no relation. Bianca was two years older than him and he had dreamt of running his hands through her coffee colored dark hair as he held her in his arms, looked into her steel blue eyes before he kissed her.

Of course he never so much as asked her out, let alone kiss her. Once though when they were younger he remembered holding her hand as they ran through the field at a park and later taking a nap next to her under a quilt. It was a wonderful childhood memory and he was more than excited when he found out he would be going to the

same school as her and had even considered asking her out now that he was a grown man.

When he arranged for them to accidentally run into each other he was in heaven when she hugged him and introduced him to her friends. He only had eyes for her or he may have had enough brain power to work his way into her social circle. She was working on her degree in fashion photography and that meant some of their classes would overlap, something he made sure happened in the second semester.

She had even made an effort to include him in some outings, but when he found out she was already dating a man he pulled into himself, letting his naturally shy nature take control. The only party she got him to go to, by literally showing up at his dorm door and pulling him along he ended up sitting by himself and leaving early after he saw how handsome her boyfriend Erim was.

It had been a while since he really thought about Bianca, but he couldn't help wishing she had been single and not dating a man with a name that looked like he didn't know how to spell. When he got the stills of her, Ari was also able to grab some of her friend, a hottie by the name of Stephanie Evers. The girl had a few classes with Bianca with her fashion marketing degree and because of that marketing part for her degree she met and then introduced stupid Erim to Bianca.

Stephanie had always looked so put together, she was just an inch taller than him though from what he saw. The girl was always wearing heels and with a confidence that said it didn't matter to her if she was taller than men she was interested in. Her hair was a shade or two lighter red than his own and her eyes were an ice blue, it was easy to see why men would fawn over her. Though he was never one to ever try, even if she wasn't out of his league she was a rather bossy type A personality and the last thing he needed was to date someone that acted like his own mom.

He was more than sure photos of her alone would make him some good money and took the time to write down in one of his notebooks the time and date next to their names. He wanted to make sure he tracked things the best he could to make going back to get more images in slightly different poses easier and if his actresses had a pattern of when they would be in front of his camera that information would also help him. The cameras caught more than just the two shapely women and it was hard to contain his own arousal. By the time he was ready to sell his first round of photos he was happy to think he only jerked off twice, thinking most of the losers would be doing it constantly to his work.

## **Chapter 2**

Inside Erim's apartment Bianca threw the thin glass partially full of raki on the floor of her boyfriend's bedroom. "What the fuck is this!?" She yelled more than loud enough for his

neighbors to hear. Briskly walking into the room with a much emptier glass in hand Erim looked at his girl, taking a second to admire her in the throes of her anger, he loved it when she showed passion.

Looking to where she was pointing he saw the image of her on his laptop screen. "It is photo of you, you look beautiful."

Putting her fists to her hips Bianca turned her body to face the larger man. "I can see that, and don't be trying to get out of this with your flattery. You are always saying how pretty I am, or how my eyes remind you of the sea back home. That isn't going to work this time buster! Where did you get that photo of me?!" Raising both eyebrows as he looked at her Erim kept his smile on his face and glanced back at the photo like he needed reminding of what one she was talking about.

"But it is true, I look into your eyes and I think of the black sea on a clear day. Looking at you makes me feel like I am home, with you and your beauty I feel at home."

It was incredibly hard for Bianca to hold onto her anger when he spoke like that. He wasn't some slimeball that used lines, it always felt like he spoke from the heart. That did not change the fact that he had a photo of her wearing only panties in the locker room, luckily the shot had her covering the front of her breasts as she reached for something, though it still showed plenty of cleavage. Clenching her jaw she stepped closer to him and poked his chest with her pink nailed finger. "Tell me where you got this!" She said through clenched teeth, each word having a pause between them.

Tilting his head back and looking down at his girlfriend Erim gave a small shrug. "I bought it, you looked so pretty and you have never sent photos like this to me. At first I was upset you would have such photos done and what man you did this for, but.." Erim's voice trailed off for a second as he shrugged again. "No problem, I can forgive. You are with me now, before don't matter and I saw photo and wanted something of you when I left."

Bianca moved her jaw around like she was chewing on his words, just staring at him. "Where do you get off forgiving me!? Forgive me... it doesn't fucking matter what I did before we were together, but that!" She said pointing to his laptop screen once again as she stepped away from him. "That I didn't have done, that was fucking done to me.. You paid.. You paid for a sexualized photo of me so you could have something of me when you go back to Istanbul?"

She could see the confusion on his face as he gave a small nod of his head to her question. "And you forgive me because I am with you?" Again he nodded at her question, but put down his drink on the desk not completely sure what she meant by done to her, but he did know she was furious.

Bianca took a deep breath and closed her eyes, holding it in for a second before letting it out and looking back at him a little calmer as she tried to collect herself. He wasn't trying to be an asshole and it was feeling like she was kicking a puppy. It didn't matter if he was from another culture, who would think buying a picture like this was acceptable behavior, she couldn't do this anymore. She knew Erim would be going back home to Turkey sooner rather than later with his student visa expiring now that he was done with school and with no jobs in the area willing to sponsor him he had little choice. They both knew this, they would have to end and considering the scale of how bad this was this would easily be the best chance she had to break up with him. Easier to do it when she was so mad at him instead of when he said sweet things and made her a dewy-eyed schoolgirl.

"Who did you buy this from?" Erim pursed his lips as he thought and squinted one of his eyes trying to remember the guy's name. "Don't know name, was online. Name on email was Ari with one of those dashes then the word director. Was he not supposed to have your photo? Do I need to pay this man visit?" Rolling her eyes at his macho attitude, she did have to admit whoever the scum was that would take a photo of her in the locker room deserved more than a swift ass kicking she just didn't want to hear it from him right now. "Why would you even need a photo of me like this? Hell we have been dating for how long? You have seen me naked, you could have asked!"

She watched as Erim tilted his head from left to right for a second or two as he pursed his lips. Sometimes he did that to buy some time while he figured out the right English words to use, but she was sure others times it was just to buy time for him to figure out how to get himself out of trouble. "You know, look at you Bianca, you are beautiful. I would like to marry, but you say no. So I..." Erim's words trailed off as he made a motion with his hand indicating he jerked off. "With photo, you do this to me and if I ask you would say no."

Bianca's eyes grew hard at the idea that the man she had been dating for more than half a year would buy a photo of her online to jerk off to and not even tell her it existed. "You know what? Keep the photo, I hope you enjoy looking at it and the relationship with your hand. You and me.. "

Bianca thought for a second, she had been trying to learn Turkish, but couldn't remember the word for over or done. Her pause caused Erim to tilt his head a little to the left and lean forward as if moving his ear closer to hear would allow him to hear the rest of the sentence she hadn't said. "Forget it.. We are done."

Erim reached out for his girlfriend, taking her by the wrist and pulling her up against his chest. "No.. please, no." His words were not firm like a command, but soft and sad as he pleaded with her, yet his grip was firm and she couldn't pull free. "Let me go!" Bianca yelled as Erim shook his head.

“No, please, you stay. I do anything!” When Bianca tried to pull away again and had no luck she brought her knee up into his groin. The blow had the effect she was looking for and his grip on her was gone and he crumpled to his knees. “Word of advice for dating an American girl. When begging it is better to do it on your knees than holding her against her will.”



With that she turned on her heeled feet and started her way out the door, taking one last look at her now ex-boyfriend on his knees, holding his groin in both hands. “Orosput!” She heard him almost spit the word. It could mean a few things like whore, slut, bitch, all of them as an insult. She didn’t turn to him or respond in any way, maybe she deserved that for what she just did she reasoned. Though part of her thought he deserved much worse, he had always been very controlling and not taking no for an answer.

Thinking the word no just meant he had to try harder or that she would just give in. He still had a lot to learn still about dating an American girl, but it wasn’t like he would have much of a chance now. Stepping out of his apartment building she moved to her little yellow volkswagen beetle that had those fake eyelashes over the headlights she pulled out her phone from her purse. “Hey Steff, can I come by? Yeah I just need someone to talk to... I will tell you when I get there. Thank you.” The emotional weight of what had just happened settled on her. Her anger hadn’t cooled, but it seemed content with sharing headspace with numerous other feelings that threatened her with losing her ability to function and become a crying mess, she had to get to her friend sooner rather than later.

### **Chapter 3**

Stephanie sat behind Bianca, holding her and keeping them wrapped up in her green and white bedspread. The tv was on playing reruns of a home remodeling show on HGTV, the volume low as neither were really watching it. Bianca had cried all she could, at least for now and had told her story to her best friend and now she was enjoying their closeness as she ate the remains of the pint of rocky road ice cream she had in her freezer. The two had talked about Erim to death, how much she liked him, how she thought she might love him and how she hated him or at least wanted to hate him.

Stephanie was fully on board the hate him train and wished she hadn’t introduced the two so her friend wouldn’t be so hurt right now. He acted so kind, and had helped her a lot in Brand Strategy and Positioning, a class she was not doing rather well in. He was always full of compliments and the two had even kissed a few times when he walked her home, but the two would never work out. He wanted things done his way and she would absolutely be doing things the way she wanted them done, so she introduced him to her more laid back friend.

More of her thoughts were on the photo itself, Bianca I had said little about it other than it was her when she was in the girls locker room as she was taking her clothes off. As far as she knew Bianca never used the school's gym without her and that meant if they had photos of Bianca, they would have photos of her and countless girls. Luckily the main school year hadn’t started yet, so there would be less girls for whatever creep was doing this to exploit, not that it made it partially better.

“Bia you mentioned something about a website where he who won't be named got the

photo, do you know what it was?” Bianca turned her head and pulled her hair behind her ear so she could see her friend behind her out of the corner of her eye. “I think I umm might have seen the website on his laptop, but I’m not sure. I do know the email address with it though, or well the beginning of it. Not sure if it is gmail or what, ERIM... not he who won't be named he isn't some movie villain. He said it was Ari-Director and I'm not sure...” Bianca trailed off as she realized she knew the answer to who it was, it was so obvious and she hadn't realized it. It felt like someone asked her what color the sky was and she said she didn't know even though the answer was there if she just looked up. “THAT SON OF A BITCH!” Bianca proclaimed as she pulled away from her friend and turned around on her knees to face her.

“Just remember something Erim said or did?” Stephnaie asked, Bianca shook her scowling face hard enough for her hair to spill about. “I know who did this and so do you. Steff, do you remember my friend in film class I talked about, the one I grew up with?” Stephanie touched her bottom teeth to her upper lip for a second, a habit to give her a familiar feeling from before a dentist corrected her childhood underbite.

“The red haired kid, all shy and you said I should go talk to and how pretty our red haired babies would be? Is that the one you are saying took photos of people in our locker room?” Bianca's scowl faded and she looked sheepish.

If the situation hadn't been so serious she would have said No a different one. But this was not the time for such things, so instead she ignored the question and accusation. “Seems he didn't think things through very much when he tried to be nefarious with his skill set.” The red haired girl raised an eyebrow and shook her head only slightly. “Very much? I would say not at all, isn't his name Ari? What kind of dope uses their real name when selling what he has to know are illegal photos.” Bianca knew her friend had a point, she was wrong in a way, but still a point. “No his name isn't Ari, that is just what he goes by and he desperately wants to be a director. His name is Ariel, Ariel Serra.”

Hearing his name caused Stephanie to laugh. It started out light and blossomed into a full grown fall to her side, can't control herself laughing. Bianca couldn't help, but smile at her friend. She didn't get what was so funny about his name other than the obvious, it wasn't that funny and thought it might be because of how late it currently was and Steff was punch drunk.

“Bia... “ Stephanie started to explain herself, but had to stop to catch her breath and not go back into a laughter fit and when she tried again had to hold up her hand to indicate she needed a moment longer. “I don't see what is so funny, I know his parents and little sister. They are going to be devastated when he is kicked out of college.”

With one last breath the icy blue eyed girl gave a smile full of mischief. “Oh he deserves prison, not just being kicked out of school. Jessica Simmons goes to work out almost

every day at the gym and uses that locker room. She looks mature enough, but the girl is only sixteen. She graduated High School early and while she is too young to go off to college her family lives less than five miles from here. If he has even a single photo of her he is in much deeper trouble.”

Bianca’s jaw opened just a little bit, astounded by the revelation. “Oh my, that is so much worse. Way worse, why is that funny!?” Flicking some of her hair over her shoulder Stephanie looked into her friend's eyes. “It can be funny knowing a sleazebag is going to get what he deserves, but Bia I’m laughing because I have an idea where we can get to dish out the punishment and you won’t have to worry about this causing any turmoil between the two of your families.”

“The plan is simple, you get him to come out and join you for coffee where he will find both of us waiting. We give him an offer, do what we say then the school and the police don’t have to find out a thing. He takes down whatever it is he setup, destroys all the photos for a start and then he will get a turn on the other end of the camera.”

Bianca frowned at her friend and slapped the air rejecting the idea. “So what the idea is to make him embarrassed by taking photos of himself? He is shy and making him do stupid things hardly makes up for what he did. I don’t want him to go to jail, but it does seem like the right thing to do. His family can afford a lawyer I’m pretty sure and maybe he can get out of it.”

That wasn’t going to happen Stephanie knew that and she was sure that Bianca knew that too. “He is going to go away as a pedophile, it may not have been his intent and maybe he will get a lighter sentence because of that fact alone. I doubt people on the inside will care about the distinction though and when he gets out he will forever be on one of those lists. He has royally fucked up his life, and I am not suggesting we embarrass him a little. I am saying we embarrass him so much we destroy his ego and whatever else makes him think it is okay to exploit others.”

Stephanie leaned closer to her darker haired friend. “What I’m saying is we use Ariel as one of our models for our portfolio.” She could see she hadn’t gotten her point across yet. “She could fit into some of my clothes, and the rest can come from the wardrobe we use at school.”

Bianca became doe-eyed and stopped moving for the most part, her wide eyes told Stephanie she understood what she was suggesting and the smile that was slowly growing told her that the idea was one she liked. “We can do better than that.” Bianca said, getting to her feet and pacing around the room almost skipping with excitement. “This will teach him, oh my yes this is so good.” Bianca spun on the ball of her bare foot, the other one in the air as she turned. Both her hands balled into fists touching her jaw and a massive smile on her face. “It isn’t too late to change his classes for the upcoming

semester, I'm betting we could move his field of study into fashion with us. He could get a degree in fashion photography like me. Or... he is always writing things down in notebooks, always has one nearby to write his thoughts in. He could do fashion journalism! I mean for at least a year or so." This time with Stephanie started to laugh uncontrollably Bianca joined her in the revelry.

#### **Chapter 4**

Swaying in her seat Bianca moved to the low music playing over the speakers at the local coffee shop. "Can you please take this seriously?" turning her head to the side Bianca brushed some of her hair to the side as she opened just one eye as if taking just a peek at her friend. "Relax Steff, we don't want to scare him away before we get to talk with him. No need to be so anal."

Stephanie narrowed her eyes and set her jaw at the comment. "I am not uptight." Giving her friend her full attention now Bianca leaned forward on the wire mesh table and put her pink nailed index finger on top of the manilla folder. "You have a folder with images that I am sure you have organized in some way. Maybe by date, I don't know, but I do know they have a specific order don't they?"

Stephanie looked at the folder between her hands as she pursed her lips. "We need to show proof that we know it is him, and they are ordered by date. We need them if we are going to blackmail him." Bianca gave a small shrug before nodding as she conceded the point. "Can we not call it blackmail? Makes me feel like I'm the bad guy." Bianca asked.

Opening the folder just a little, Stephanie glanced at one of the photos before looking back to her friend. "It is blackmail, and I can assure you he is the villain of this little story. If it makes you feel better though, how about we say we are offering him an alternative punishment." She said as she closed the folder and ran a hand over it like she was smoothing out a crease only she could see. "Oh here he is now, I will be right back." Bianca jumped out of her seat, moving quickly to intercept her old family friend.

"Ari there you are, I feel like I haven't seen you in forever!" Ari felt the gorgeous girl wrap her arms around him as she lunged enthusiastically in an over the top way. It felt like a wonderful dream. He wasn't the strongest guy around, but when a woman tries to jump into your arms you do your best to wrap your arms around her and catch her. With the momentum he spun around once before putting her down.

Seeing she was only slightly shorter than him instead of her normal four inches he looked down to see her wearing chunky heeled ankle boots. He had only seen her wear heels once back home and that was for Prom, but since she came to college he wasn't sure if she even owned anything without them. "You look wonderful, and thank you for inviting me out. I am sorry to hear you broke up with your boyfriend and you're right it is nice to start the school year out making sure we don't let our friendship drift apart." Ari

said with a large hopeful smile.

“Oh speaking of forever, I hope you don’t mind I brought my bestie along.” She said thumbing over her shoulder. “Stephanie has been wanting to talk with you and has been rather intense.” Leaning forward just a little she gave a small smile just barely showing some teeth. “I think I’m not the only one who wants to spend some time with you this semester.” He had only enough time to look over Bianca’s shoulder, let alone respond to her before he was grabbed by the wrist and pulled over to their table. “Stephanie this is Ariel, Ariel, this is Stephanie. I know you have met before, but I don’t think you were ever introduced. Now you two talk I will be right back with something to drink for the three of us.” Bianca gave Ari a quick hug and a smile that made him feel like he could melt. “So glad you could come, things would get so much worse if we couldn’t get together.”

Running his fingers through his long red hair Ari watched Bianca go for just a second before turning back to the girl sitting in front of him. He wasn’t sure what Bianca meant by the last comment, but he did know he could get used to her hugging him like that. Taking a seat, Ari gave the pretty young woman a small smile. Seeing her up close and hearing she was actually interested in him had Ari rethinking his previous opinion of not wanting to date her.

“Would you mind just calling me Ari, not sure why she introduced me like that. She knows I don’t like to be called Ariel.” Just him saying his own name gave him an internal shiver, he had never told a girl his name was Ariel before. Plenty of girls found out growing up and teased him mercilessly about it.

Taking one hand off the folder in front of her Stephanie put it on top of one of his hands. “I can understand why, you are one of the few people that could understand the teasing I got for my hair as a child. Bia says you want to be a director one day, is that true?” She was touching him and hadn’t moved her hand away, it was no accident. Ari was able to keep his composure and not blush from a simple lingering touch, but it took effort.

“I will be a director one day, being around cameras makes me feel comfortable. Like I can shape the world in some small way. I hope that doesn’t make me sound foolish.” Ari glanced down at his hand as he felt the pretty girl run her thumb across the top of his hand and then wrap her hand in his.

“Not at all, it sounds like you have a passion. Something not everyone has and with being a director you have to think of everything. How people should stand, how you want the male actors to show strength and how you want an actress to be demure and sweet. An actor just has to think of themselves, but you as the director have to be able to put yourself in everyone’s shoes. It sounds like you don’t have any of that macho bullshit most of these fraternity boys have.” Nodding along with her Ari couldn’t help but feel happy that she was holding hands with him and giving him attention. “Can I ask you a

favor?" He had no idea what she could ask him, but he was sure he wanted to do it. "Of course, anything."

Watching as she threw her head back as she laughed, it wasn't like how Bianca laughed. She more often giggled, while Stephanie's laugh was a bigger thing. For as serious as she thought she was, when she laughed she did so with her full body and he adored it. "You shouldn't say things like you would do anything. What would you do if I asked you to jump off a cliff?" Tapping the side of his left thumb to his lips Ari thought for a second, not willing to let go of her hand with his right.

"I would pack a parachute and ask you where and when." He watched as both of her eyebrows went up, widening her ice blue eyes. "Well that is quick thinking and still doing what I want, well done. Lucky for you I would never ask you to do something like that, I was hoping you would let me call you Ariel."

The request had him stunned, he wasn't sure what to make of such a request and when he didn't answer her right away Stephanie continued. "It is a pretty name and I looked it up the other day. Lion of God, mine means crown. What girl doesn't want to be a princess or a queen, but still I think we can both agree that the Lion of God beats that hands down. I'm so happy you aren't like other men so stuck on trying to prove you are a man, I had a boy and yes I think of him as a boy. His first name was Lauren and he went by his middle name, well a shortened version of it anyhow. Trav, ugg how frat boy can you be. But you don't mind me calling you my Lion of God do you? Ari blinked at the girl, he didn't want her to think he was a boy, but he also really didn't want her calling him Ariel in front of others. He never felt like any type of Lion and yet he hesitated between his own embarrassment and how he wanted this woman to think of him.

The moment was broken when Bianca put three lidded cups on the table. "Steff you can get me back next time, Ari this one is one me." Picking up her own cup Bianca looked down at the two holding hands like she hadn't noticed it before. "You two look cozy, talking about anything good?" She asked as if she had just heard the tail end of a conspiracy.

Running her thumb on the back of his hand Stephanie smiled at him, not looking over to her friend. "He was just telling me how he is different from the other male population here and didn't believe in that macho bullshit and even said we could call him Ariel. Did you know it means Lion of God?" Her attention moved to Bianca when she asked the question, but Bianca was looking to her childhood friend.

"Oh my, yes! Ariel, you have no idea how happy that makes me feel. I know how you felt about your name growing up and now you are making it your own, that is incredible! Ari opened his mouth to speak, but said nothing. He hadn't agreed to any such thing, he absolutely needed to stop this, put his foot down. The problem was he didn't know how

to do it without making himself look bad in front of the two girls. Stephanie was holding his hand and Bianca now had her hand on his shoulder as she smiled at him.

“That’s me always trying to grow.” He was sure he wasn’t keeping the blush from his cheeks at their combined attention and them both using his real name. “Say Ariel, what do you think about coming back to Stephanie’s place at her dorm? I was thinking we could talk here for this coffee date, but I never imagined it would go this well and thought we could go someplace more private.”

Looking at Bianca he started to nod numbly and as he looked at Stephanie she had her head tilted slightly to the side. “Would you?” His slow numb nod came more quickly. “Yes I would love that... I mean that sounds nice.” With that he found himself standing between the two beautiful young women with each of their elbows interlocked for the ten minute walk to the one of the girls' dorms.

Stephanie was surprised, she was confident the lovey dovey act wouldn’t hold out and she would get to use her evidence to convince him to come back with them, but Bianca was right. The emotional manipulation was the way to go with him, well at first she amended. She couldn’t imagine some light touches, a little pleading or even a kiss getting him to put on woman’s clothing. No matter how they stroked his ego by saying he wasn’t like the other men with not being macho. It didn’t matter either way she supposed, when he was there in the heart of her power he wouldn’t have much of a choice to comply.

## **Chapter 5**

The three sat on the floor in front of the rounded metal bed of Stephanie's room while the tv across from them on the dresser was ignored. Ari sat between the two, feeling their warmth, enjoying their touches as they talked. Bianca had noticed how he shivered more than once in pleasure; she ran her fingers across his scalp and through his hair. She considered having Steff put on a movie and she would climb onto the bed above him and style his hair while the movie and her friend distracted him. She could push a little at a time, luring him step by step into femininity and then close the trap when she was done. It would be like building a prison block by block and then locking the door before even knowing it was built around him, but each step would require them to be nicer and nicer to him. She never thought of him in a sexual way, but considering the photos they had found she knew how he thought of women. She had no intention of making promises of anything sexual, or even touching him in that way, but there was a chance that would be the only way he would be distracted enough for that prison to be built. She had seen Steff look over to her folder more than once, and knew she wasn’t thrilled with going with this approach. “Ariel, do you remember when I was twelve? That fourth of July party we had at the park.”

She was holding his forearm in both of her hands and held it to her bosom, it was

wonderful. As was his left side with Stephanie resting her head on his shoulder, leaning into him. They had been sharing stories, talking about what they had been up to since they had last seen one another, while Stephanie was quiet and seemed content to listen and be close to him. It had made him wonder what life was going to be like this semester and felt guilty about taking video and selling images of the two.

He hadn't quit his job yet and with the extra income things had been nice. Ari had even considered keeping his job and just lowering his hours to be able to afford to take Stephanie out on dates. She seemed to be very into him, though Bianca was acting similarly. If he asked out Bianca and she said no, would it ruin his chances with Stephanie? He felt like it would and was so unsure about how she felt that he thought if he dated Stephanie he could at least still be friends with Bianca, the two were best friends after all.

Leaning his head to the left he rested his head atop Bianca's as he listened to her question. He vaguely remembered catching fireflies at the park that year or he could be thinking of another year. It had been ten years since he was ten years old and many of his memories blurred together. "A little." He answered as honestly as he could.

"It had rained that morning and the field had more than a few puddles. All of us came back for lunch, filthy as can be. Do you remember that?" Ari could feel both the woman's chests move with each breath they took and if he concentrated Ari knew he would know the rhythm of their hearts. Everyone knows magic isn't real, but in moments like this when you are a twenty year old virgin he knew magic was real and he was living through it. No man could experience a dream in the waking world and think otherwise. "Was that the year we couldn't do fireworks, but we ended up being allowed because of the rain?"

"Look at me for a second." Ari hated to move, but he complied with the request with hope this waking dream would get better and the talk of fireworks would lead to something more. When he looked at her face he didn't see a happy look, but one of disapproval. "That was the year my Mama took me home early because you pushed me into one of the puddles. It was all over me, in my hair, on my yellow summer dress my Nonna had just given me and it covered me under it too." Ari shook his head, he didn't remember doing that at all, he would never be mean to her.

"Wait, you pushed her in the mud? That wasn't nice." Now Stephanie was no longer resting her head on him, but scowling in his direction. "Look I'm sorry, I don't remember doing that, but I'm sure it was an accident. You said we were playing tag, maybe I was just trying to tag you." He saw Bianca raise an eyebrow, questioning him like she didn't believe he didn't remember, while he wasn't sure why she was bringing up something like this from ten years ago, they were having such a good time.

"Unless you played tag differently than others all you had to do is touch her, shoving is

not touching. Sounds like you might have been a little shit.” Licking his lips Ari tried to think of what to say, he could just apologize though if there was more to this story that he didn’t remember she might be mad that he didn’t know what he was apologizing for. He hadn’t ever had a girlfriend, but he had heard more than a few of his friends talk about their girls being mad and not accepting an apology when they didn’t think he meant it and them not knowing what they were apologizing for to really mean it.

“Geez, I’m sorry Bianca, I really don’t remember doing that. But I am sorry that I made that day even a little bad for you. I guess I was a little shit sometimes, is there anything I can do to make it up to you ?” He said scratching the back of his head. His voice was full of honesty, and was willing to take some self depreciation, his mind was more than willing to accept with his levels of self esteem, an apology and offer to make amends felt like a perfect answer to this.

Seeing Bianca motion with her eyes to the folder Stephanie gave a wolfish smile as she stood up. Ari could only afford to give her a glance, trying to make amends with Bianca; his focus had to be on Bianca. Stephanie had thought how she would put down one photo in front of him and then another as she outlined what a piece of shit he was, but this situation seemed to call for more drama, a spike of it instead of slowly building. So she tossed the folder to the young man’s lap, causing the printed photos to spill everywhere. “You were a little shit?! Looks like you grew to be a big one. Are you sorry for all this? Would you do something to make amends for this act? Would you do anything we ask?”

Ari looked on in horror at what he was seeing, not one, not two, but twelve of the twenty photos he had sold were printed out and scattered in his lap and on the floor around him. They knew what he did and in the photos were the ones he had sold of each of them and one of the printed pieces of paper was a copy of an email he sent to confirm a purchase. He wanted to deny it, they had proof it was done, but not that he had done it. That was when Bianca reached into her large purse and pulled out three mini recording devices and let them fall one at a time on top of the photos in his lap. The last one had a label on it saying “Property of Photo Lab”.

His mouth went dry as he looked at everything then at each of the women, Bianca was no longer up against him, but still on the floor near him, while Stephanie stood over him. She was already slightly taller than him, but in her four inch wedges she stood much taller than his five foot nine. While like most males he would rather have a girl shorter than him, he had given zero thought to her shoes height before now, other than to enjoy the effect they had on her legs and rear end, but now as she stood over him it felt like a giantess looking down at an ant she was about to squish.

The light came through the window in such a way to give Stephanie an almost halo like effect, a detached part of his mind thought how it would be a perfect shot of her. Her

arms crossed under her chest causing them to stand out more and her pursed lips made it look like she was being haughty. His mind told him it would truly be a perfect shot of her. Ari's attention was pulled away when he felt something being tapped on his lap, it was Bianca tapping the camera he had gotten from the photo lab.

"Wireless mini camera with remote monitoring, ten eighty HD resolution with one hundred and twenty eight gigs of memory. Checked out to one Ariel Serra from the photo lab." That was it then, she... they knew and he was fucked. He didn't want to look at them, especially not Bianca, he had never considered getting caught and the idea that Bianca the woman he had a crush on for so long being the one to do it was so much worse, so he hung his head and looked down at everything scattered about instead. "Yes... I am sorry and I will make it up to both of you." His voice was small, barely enough to contend with the tv that was on low volume in the otherwise silent room.

"I believe you are sorry that you got caught, but looking like a kicked puppy isn't going to save you. Bia, show him the photo of Jessica." His head still down he watched as Bianca's small slender fingers pulled one of the photos up from the file and held it over his lap for a moment before letting it drop atop the three cameras.

"That is Jessica Simmons, one of the girls you violated and when I spoke earlier about the difference between boys and men I was being figurative. Right now when I say girl I mean just that, she isn't even eighteen. Congratulations you have sold explicit images of a minor, I went and looked it up for you. Twenty five thousand dollars in fines, five years in prison and you get to be known as a peddophile. Do not pass go, do not collect two hundred dollars... Though I do suppose you collected something for it you piece of garbage, you will get to go directly to jail. If you thought you would be kicked from school, that would just be a slap on the wrists. You are going to be headed to pound you in the ass prison." Ari had gone pale as he looked at the image, and then at Stephanie. "With you locked up this world might be better off, well at least this campus."

His life was over, this day went from a waking dream to living in a nightmare. They were going to report him to the police or campus security and he was going to be expelled. He wouldn't even be around to tell his parents, they would send a letter while he sat in prison. His father might fly out to talk to him, but when he told him it was all true he wasn't even sure he would pay his bail let alone hire him a decent lawyer. Ari held his balled fists to his mouth, breathing heavily into them as he rocked forwards and backwards.

"Ariel, there is an alternative to the police." Bianca could see his eyes welling up like he wanted to cry, but was holding it in as best he could as he looked at her, a small glimmer of hope in him. The two hadn't planned on playing good cop and bad cop, but the roles seemed to fit well. "You can live the life you have now earned for yourself or you could make amends. You are going to do everything we say, you will hate it as we destroy

your male ego that made you think it was okay to treat women this way. As we bring you low we will push you up another path, you my dear Ariel of the rare opportunity of becoming the model for our portfolio for our fashion courses. You will join us in them as we make you look and feel like the perfect coed model.” Bianca didn’t give a wolfish smile like Stephanie, hers was small and subtle. She was offering a life line that would take him from a prison of stone and metal to one of clothes, makeup and pure femininity and she loved seeing his baby blue eyes go wide. She ran her fingers through the side of his hair, pushing it behind his ear on his left side. “So tell me Ariel, should we call nine one one, or would you like to look like a girl?”

## **Chapter 6**

Having only two real options before him, Ari knew he wasn’t spoiled with choices. He didn’t want to look like a girl, he didn’t want anything to do with it even as a kid. He remembered being on vacation at the beach and his little sister tapping him on the shoulder, and as he turned around to face her and his parents sitting in their chairs under an umbrella she pressed two sea shells to his chest. “Ma’ look, Ariel has a seashell bra!” He had pushed her down and ran into the ocean to run away. That had gotten him no dessert for the entire trip, and right now he knew pushing the girls and running wasn’t going to solve this problem and if he tried he would get worse than no dessert. That is how he ended up walking with his now captors back to his tiny apartment. No longer was he held between them with a joy in his heart, they each walked beside him, but it felt like he was being led by a chain he had forged.

Inside his alcove studio the girls looked around at his lack of furniture. “Well, at least you keep a tidy home Ariel.” Said Stephanie looking in the kitchenette and at the rack of drying dishes that consisted of a single plate, bowl and a few pieces of silverware. “It is easy to keep things clean when you don’t have much.” Ari said with a little shrug.

“You would be surprised at some of the boy’s places I have seen, trust me Ariel you do a good job. In fact if you wanted to earn some extra income you could dress up all pretty and do some maid work for them. It would be a much better way to make money than selling dirty pictures.” Bianca said a little before walking around the single wall inside the studio to look at the bedroom. “Say where are you keeping the photos? Is it on your laptop?” Ari heard her elevated voice clearly, the single internal wall never had much insulation.

From the corner of his eye he could see Stephanie giving him a hard look like he wasn’t going to give them up without a fight. “Yeah, bring it out here and I will let you in.” With a heavy sigh he plopped down on the second hand couch that was one of the two pieces of furniture he had outside the doorless bedroom. When Bianca came out and handed over the laptop he put it on the coffee table and logged in, opened up the file folder with all the images and videos. Bianca sat down next to him, while Stephanie remained standing, but did put down the duffle bag she had been carrying.

“You have a lot more notebooks in your room than I would have expected, how many of those are full?” Giving a small shrug Ari glanced at Bianca and then back to the screen. “Most of them.” Bianca looked back to her friend motioning with one hand toward Ari. “See I told you he writes a lot.” With a roll of her eyes and a small shake of her head Stephanie corrected her friend. “I think you meant to say he wrote a lot, I expect she will write a great deal. She has a lot of new experiences ahead of her. Now delete all that, so we can begin.”

She, Her, those words directed at him felt so wrong on a level that they were an attack. If they wanted to dress him up like a girl and take photos to embarrass him it was going to be dreadful, but a thousand times better than going to jail. He just hoped they wouldn't share them or at least people would believe him when he said he did it because he lost a bet. He watched as Bianca dragged the folder full of his work and dropped it in the trash and then deleted it from there. “And done, no more illicit photos!” Bianca said with a nod of her head.

“What's first? Body hair?” Grimacing at the idea of losing his body hair Ari stood up from the couch and stepped around the table so that he could look at both women at the same time. “Do we really need to get rid of my body hair? What will the guys think when they see me all clean shaven when I have to go to the locker room or go swimming when school starts up. I mean dressing up for you two today is one thing, but I don't want people thinking I'm a sissy or something.”

Stephanie's expression was one similar to a cat that caught the canary. “I don't think he understood what is about to happen. Do you want to tell him or shall I?” Crossing her legs Bianca gave a toothless smile to her childhood friend. “Ariel this isn't just today, it isn't something we are going to do just for a few days. You are going to be going to school as a female for at least the next semester.” Ari's eyes darted back and forth between the two. “I didn't agree to that, you can't make me!”

His outburst was responded to with the same smile from Bianca, the type one might give to a partially slow child, while Stephanie laughed her full body laugh. He did not like that they didn't consider him having any agency at all, but knew one thing for sure. That they had just deleted the real source of their power over him, without that he could claim someone stole that camera he checked out from the school. “You both can go to hell if you think I am going to go along with that crazy idea. Fuck you can go to the police, you have what a few pieces of printed photos. None of that comes back to me now that you deleted the real evidence. I was going to play along for the sake of our friendship and suffer embarrassment for the day, but you both are out of your minds!” Ari started to stop his way towards his apartment door, Stephanie was in the way so he met her eyes as he set his jaw and clenched his fists. “Move or be moved.” Ari said with as much command in his voice as he could. He didn't notice Bianca lean forward and rest her head into her

hands as she put her elbows on his legs, happy to watch what was about to happen. Stephanie didn't move or say a single word, only raised an eyebrow at the shorter man.

Not wanting to actually hurt her by throwing a punch, Ari thrust forward with both his hands open to push her from his path. What he didn't know was that Stephanie had been taking martial art classes for years and went to the gym three times a week to stay in shape, while he had neither of these to lean on. Ari wasn't sure what exactly happened, he knew he hadn't made contact with her. He thought he recalled feeling a pressure on his right wrist for a second before his breath was knocked out of him as he fell to the carpeted floor and that now she held his right arm behind his back in a way that was incredibly painful. He gasped for breath trying to fill his lungs, a task that seemed much harder than it should have been.

Laying on the floor in front of him were his thick rimmed black glasses, leaving the world around him unfocused. He wasn't blind without his glasses, literally, though legally he was, without them it made life much more of a challenge. "Ariel, I would like you to apologize to me." The voice was a whisper in his ear, one he was not going to give in to. He didn't know how she got him on the ground, but he was not going to let her humiliate him. Ari tried to pull his arm free from her grasp as he pushed himself up, but both goals were beyond his ability when he felt a sharp pain from the arm she held as she moved it further up his back and a knee into his back.

"Ahhh! Get off of me you bitch!" The pain increased then and for a long moment he thought she was going to break his arm. "Say I'm sorry for acting like a child Miss Stephanie, please help me look pretty." The slack on his arm that lessened the pain was gone after she finished talking in his ear again, but it was only back for a second. "Please let go! It hurts! Bianca, help me please!" He struggled again, but made no progress, but at least she didn't threaten with ripping his arm from his socket again. "Awww Ariel, I intend to help you. I am going to make sure you are one of the prettiest girls on campus, you don't even have to ask. I'm going to help you because that is what friends do, but I do suggest you tell Miss Stephanie what she wants to hear. You two aren't friends yet after all."

After a few deep breaths Ari closed his eyes, not that he could see much anyhow. "I'm sorry for acting like a kid Miss Stephanie, please help me look pretty." With those words the tension and pressure on him was gone. "Ugg you can't even get that right, but I suppose it is close enough. Now get up and strip off all your clothes and I mean what I say girly, all of your clothes." Standing up Ari rubbed his sore arm and for just a second considered making a break for it past her, but the throbbing pain made him reconsider. He took a few steps towards his bedroom when he felt a hand on his shoulder. "Where are you going?" Looking over his shoulder at Stephanie he pointed towards his bedroom, but she shook her head. So wordlessly he complied with her order and got down to his tighty whities and socks before looking at each of them with a pleading look.

No words were exchanged, just Stephanie pointing to his underwear with a stern look as she tapped her foot impatiently.

That was how Ari found himself naked in front of a woman for the first time in his life. He wasn't sure if the blush in his cheeks spread to the rest of his body, but with the level of shame he felt he didn't think it was out of the question. "Aww look at how small you are. I think we are doing you a favor making you a girl, I mean you can hardly call yourself a man with that nub, not like it could please anyone." Ari moved his hand in front of his groin at her comment.

"Steff it isn't that small and I'm sure it gets bigger. Ariel it gets bigger right?" Happy to have Bianca defending him, even if it was a topic he didn't want to talk about. He knew he didn't have the largest member, he had seen other boys growing up, but he wasn't tiny or anything. "I get bigger." He said nodding, but keeping his baby blue eyes downcast. "Cocks do get bigger, Ariel do you like it when cocks are small or big?" Shaking his head, Ari didn't want to respond to that question.

"Who am I kidding, all girls like a big cock, Ariel tell us how you like big cocks." Stephanie pressed the long nail of her index finger into his chest and slid it painfully up till it was under his chin, once there she cupped her hand to hold his chin and brought his face up to look her in the eye. "I told you to tell me something girly." Swallowing his saliva Ari hated that she commanded him in a way not one of demanding like some drill sergeant, but with confidence. It was like she couldn't imagine a world that he simply didn't do as she said. "I like big cocks." When he said that both girls burst into a fit of laughter that lasted longer than he thought it should. "Okay, here take this bottle and rub the lotion all over your body. We will help with the spots you can't reach."

Taking the pink bottle of nair from Bianca he looked at it and then into her eyes. She was so pretty and as she nodded at him in encouragement he felt some of his deep love for her turn to loathing. True to their word both the girls had applied the cream to spots he couldn't reach with rubber gloves on their hands. They had him stand in the bathroom shower, where he remained for ten minutes in complete silence, except for the roaring of anger in his mind. Then the girls turned the water on, the blast of cold water from the shower head was horrible, but soon all of his body hair from below his neck was free of his body.

"You know Ariel, your skin is really smooth." He wasn't sure how he felt more naked than he had before, but without his hair it felt like a layer of protection had left him and a piece of his manhood. His eyes looked at the drain in the bleached white tub where it all went. He was sure the drain had a ton of hair in it and around it, but his poor vision didn't show it to him. "I moisturize." He said grumbling to her comment, he had been doing it to his body as long as he had his face. He had a few acne scars that had healed, they were just specks of whiter skin on his back and thighs now and he never wanted to live

through what caused them again. "You hear that Bia? She already has part of being a girl down, maybe she will take to this easier than we thought."

## **Chapter 7**

Bianca acted as happy as can be when he put on his very first pair of panties. They were a simple green cotton pair that felt way more comfortable than he would have liked to admit. He could honestly say he understood why girls liked their panties if this was how they all felt, not that he would admit such things. "Ariel, no that is not lady like!" Ari felt a sudden burst of pain as Stephanie slapped his dick. Ahhhh! Ow that hurts!" he cried holding one hand over his now injured member and looking at the cruel woman.

"Yeah well I don't like seeing you start to get hard in your panties, this is a punishment not some sexual thrill." Still in pain he shook his head to deny her accusation. It was just the soft material rubbing against him, he wasn't some pervert that got off on wearing girls underwear. "Oh my, I never knew you were like that. Guess that makes sense with you never having a girlfriend." Now even Bianca was saying such things, she knew better, he was sure of it. "Sissy, why don't you go sit down on your little coach and watch this video, maybe watch it a few times. It will teach you how to tuck that thing away. You better learn it, memorize it and live it. I do not want to see that thing." Stephanie said handing him back his phone that he had no idea she had in her possession or how she got it unlocked.

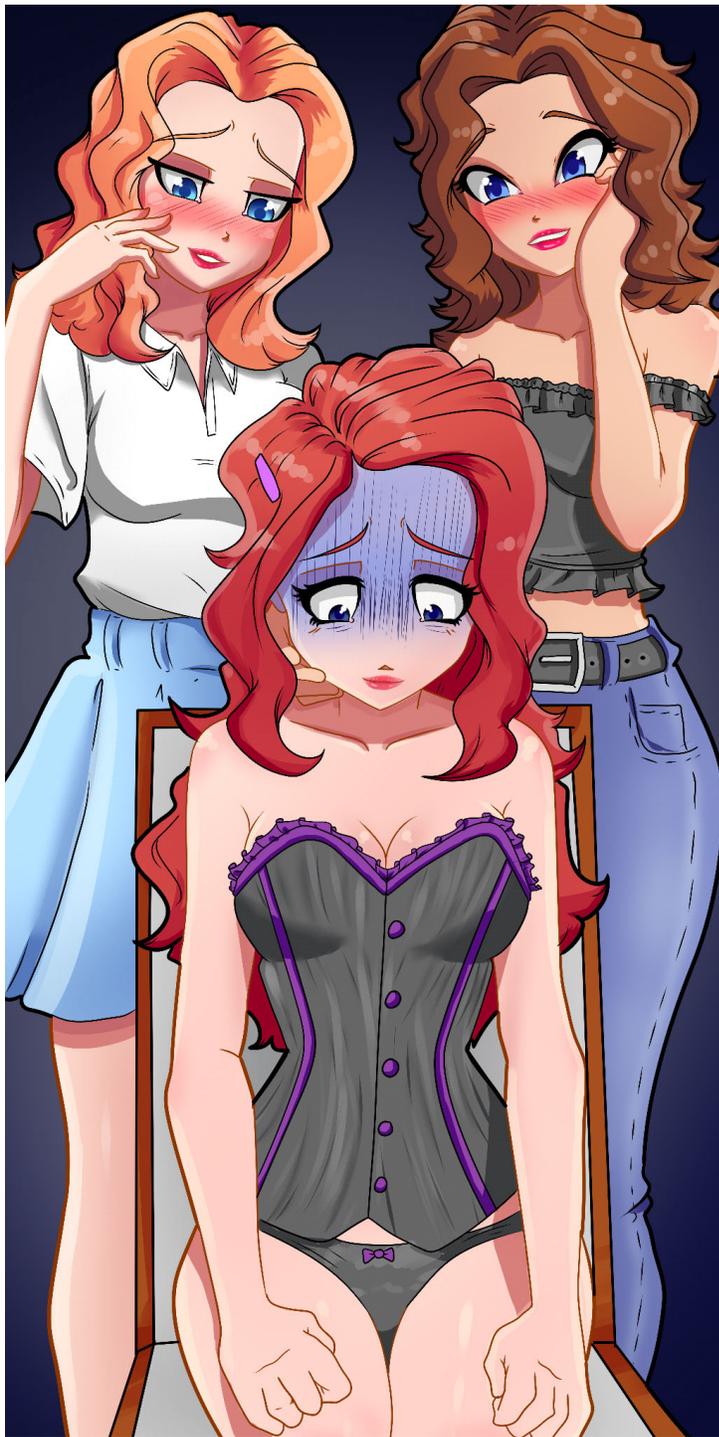
While he watched and rewatched the video of how he was to press his balls up into the cavity they came from and pull back his dick the girls had him put his feet up on his coffee table and began to paint them. It wasn't long before he was done with the videos and they had moved on to his fingers. His nails were filed, pushed back his cuticles and before he knew it all ten of his nails were painted with multiple coats of a matte rose red. "Stand up now Ariel and show us what you learned, and I don't want to see you playing with yourself just because you have pretty hands now." Ari stared daggers at Stephanie, she was horrible and Bianca was not much better. "Aww Steff she would never do that, there aren't any cute boys here for her to get off to." Bianca added with a fit of giggling. He felt like crying, but didn't dare give either of them the satisfaction. The teasing continued as they dressed him more and more, each piece of clothing making him feel more vulnerable. Somehow missing when he was naked as the day he was born in front of them.

From her duffle bag Stephanie had him step into a tight piece of clothing called a CoreSculpt as she called it. Bianca had been helpful enough to explain how it was made to be both a girdle and corset in one, to help shape his legs, ass, waist and bust and how he needed to be careful with it because that one had cost almost a hundred dollars. "You need something like this Ariel, you are skinny, but you need some shape to look pretty. Do you promise to take care of your clothes?" Stephanie used her words like a hammer, while Bianca asking questions like that felt like she was cutting him little by

little.

“I promise to take care of my clothes.” What surprised him the most about when he complied with Bianca was that she had given him another hug. A vast improvement from the icy glares from Stephanie. “You don’t have much of a bust, we can take care of that later. For now though I think we can get away with stuffing, it will look fine when we go out tonight.” They had said this was going to last a semester and he couldn’t wrap his head around that, like it was too large of a lie to have a chance of being true. Frightening, but like a dragon from mythology, but too far from the truth to consider. Her saying they were going out tonight was very believable. “Bianca, no we can’t go out, please!” The shorter woman patted his cheek twice and gave him a smile. “Don’t you fret Ariel, we will have you looking as pretty as a picture.”

It wasn’t long before Ari was fitted with a matching bra to his panties. “Time for your first dress!” Bianca said, clapping her hands and jumping up and down a few times. “She is going to look lovely in this, I know I get plenty of compliments in it.” Stephanie said, pressing a white lace summer dress to him. When he put it on the hem of the dress that ended in ruffles came just above his knees, the neckline was scooped but wouldn’t show the top of any breasts. His arms were bare, as it ended at his shoulders with more lace ruffles like at the bottom of the dress. The shaping device under the dress was kind of like wearing compression shorts so his legs didn’t feel completely bare, but seeing his legs coming out from the bottom of a thing of white lace had him feeling queasy as he looked at his matte red toe nailed feet.



“You look lovely Ariel!” Wearing the dress or maybe not fighting to put on the dress had earned him another hug and he wondered if she thought she could condition him. “Hair, makeup, shoes, accessories. We are almost done. Helping you bring out your beauty makes me wish I took a cosmetics course or two, but maybe you can take those for us and fill in the gaps we are missing Ariel. Doesn’t that sound fun?!”

Another question that cut him, Bianca must have taken the time to plan things to say to

make him feel like crawling into a hole, like how he planned different scenes for movies. “Sounds like a blast, but my schedule is already full.” Seeing the disappointment on Bianca’s face made him so happy for early enrollment for classes.

Ari wasn’t sure how long he sat letting Stephanie apply one brush or another to his face, he did know it started with her plucking his eyebrows and him hating every second of it. He wasn’t sure what Bianca was up to with him being forced to sit still, but when Stephanie had him look up as she stroked mascara across his eyelashes he caught a glimpse of her holding his Nikon D5600 camera and snapping pictures of the two of them. When he jerked away from Stephanie to tell her to stop and put down the camera, Stephanie grabbed him with one hand, her fingers pushing into his cheeks to hold him still. Bianca was just into camera as he was and she had to know how expensive it was. It was a Christmas gift last year and his most valuable possession.

“Sit still girly.” Stephanie said, locking her gaze with his. “Relax Ariel, just capturing this exciting time, you are going to love looking back on these one day.” He very much doubted Bianca’s words, but had little choice other than to sit still. When the redheaded girl was done with Ari’s makeup his eyebrows were thin and arched, his eyes were covered with a light turquoise color, his lashes were thick with mascara and his lips looked fuller and a deep red. His hair was brushed down, all the knots gone and had a small curl at the ends. The left side of his hair was pinned back with a small turquoise hair clip that matched the leather and turquoise pendant necklace. They had decided that while the shaper had done a great job on his waist Ariel needed a little something else, so they added a wide braided leather belt. The last piece for his outfit were some brown leather ankle boots with a three inch chunky heel.

When it was all done Stephanie stepped away and pulled Ari to his newly heeled feet. He was like a baby doe taking its first steps, ready to fall at any moment. Each of the women stood on opposite sides of the small apartment and had him walk from one to the other, giving out advice. “Heel, toe, heel, toe girly.” Stephanie started with, “Sway your hips a little more, you are clomping about, how would you feel if you walked like that and someone realized you are a man playing at being a woman? They each gave him some demonstrations, but the course on walking lasted long enough that they had to take a break.

“Ariel I think your problem is you keep thinking about how to pretend to be a woman, when you just need to acknowledge you are one.” He glared over at Bianca, pressing his lips that felt heavy and waxy together. He still had no idea what he looked like, they hadn’t let him go to the bathroom and that was the only mirror in the apartment. “Unless you are being very liberal with the word women to include men, then you are wrong.” Bianca scooted closer on the couch and showed him some of the photos on his Nikon camera. He could see himself sitting with Stephanie as she painted his face, some images of him walking.

“The only thing people are going to see is a hot little coed named Ariel.” Girls are going to compliment you on things like your shoes, and boys are going to focus their eyes on things like your rear end. Maybe one of them might even snap a picture of you to jerk off to later, who knows. Some boys do that sort of thing you know.” If it wasn’t for the concealer blended on his face she would have seen his face blanche at the idea of a man pleasuring himself to an image of him. He hadn’t enough focus with everything going on to mentally acknowledge she was referencing him and his recent crime.



“Time to head out baby girl.” Stephanie said standing up and stretching. Things felt so wrong for Ari, his face felt heavy, his eyelashes were literally in the way of seeing, at least the girls had given back his glasses when he started practice to get the perfect walk. They said it was okay, but not good enough for the runway and not enough wiggle to get men all hard and how he would have to work on it. His body felt compressed and yet exposed at the same time. “Can’t we stay here a little longer?” Bianca leaned into Ari and put her arm around his waist. “Don’t be afraid girlfriend, we will be right there with you as we do a photoshoot.” Bianca thought he looked so cute with his eyes going wide and just knew a look like that would drive men wild with desire and knew one pose she was going to have Ariel do.

“Please no more photos, each one you take makes me feel like I’m going to die.” Bianca shook her head and looked sadly at the feminized man. “Ariel you are pretty, we can work on your self esteem over this semester, but you are going to have to get over being camera shy. You have many photoshoots in your future.” Ari considered getting down on his knees to beg, they wanted to embarrass him, he was sure they would love that.

Still unfamiliar with the heels Ari worked his way down to his knees and looked at Stephanie, she was meaner and he thought she would enjoy demeaning him more. Miss Stephanie, please, please can we stay in tonight. Think of everything you still need to teach me, please I’m on my knees here!” Touching her bottom teeth to her upper lip for a second she considered the pleading man. “We do need to work on that voice of yours, though we don’t need you to talk for some photos. Hmmm, I will make you a deal Ariel. We can stay in tonight, but if we do we are going to create a dating profile for you and you are very much going to be the one typing out what we tell you to. After that I think you will write out a top ten list of hot men at our school, put them in order of whose cock you would like to suck on the most.” After what he did she reveled in the horror and disgust on his face as he looked up to her from his knees. “Don’t be mean Steff, Ariel is a virgin. I’m sure she thinks she will save herself for true love. So she can tell us who she wants to fall in love with and then we can teach her about how she can make them love her.” His eyes slowly peeled away from Stephanie over to Bianca, her suggestion was technically better. Like being shot in the gut was better than being shot in the chest, but either way you were still shot. “So what is it girly, photoshoot or staying in tonight?”

## **Chapter 8**

The sun was threatening to disappear over in the distance, within the next hour the colors of the sky would start to change to add oranges, pinks, then shift to black as the sun went away and the stars came out. Ariel couldn’t wait for the light of the day to go away, he felt so vulnerable, exposed as the three walked to the picnic area by the school. He was very aware of the click, clack, click, clack of his borrowed heels and how it was different from the sound of his two companions on this trek. Everyone they passed he was sure was staring at him, thinking how he was a sissy or some sort of fag. “Everyone is looking at me.” he said in a harsh whisper not directed at either of the two

girls in particular. "Can we just take the photos and go please." Ari felt Bianca bump her hip into his, causing him to put his hand atop Stephanie's shoulder to keep himself from falling.

"They are just checking out your legs girl, you are six feet tall now." Stephanie brushed his hand from her and rolled her eyes. "A girl for less than a day and you think Aphrodite born into mortal flesh. That is some arrogance, and something the Greek Gods will surely punish you for. If not them I sure will." Bianca reached around and gave her friend a light slap. "Stop that Steff, Ariel needs to know it is okay to know she is pretty. Can't have her looking the way she does and have low self esteem, that is how you end up with a man that doesn't treat you right or end up working the pole." Stephanie let out a throaty laugh that garnered a few looks that Ari wished weren't directed anywhere near him.

"True enough, but we both know Ariel will be working some lucky man or men's pole soon enough. The price a pretty coed like her has to pay to find true love." Bianca clasped her hands together, intertwining her fingers as she leaned closer to the newly feminized man, adding a little extra flare by batting her eyelashes. "Leave off.. I'm not going to be working any type of pole." Ari said with a harsh whisper. "Aww you don't have to be shy, there are plenty of videos online to show you how."

Jail would be better, bars locking me in a small room away and safe. Three meals a day, it would be better than dressed like a sissy and being teased about giving men blow jobs. Ari almost tumbled to the ground as he stepped on a piece of sidewalk just wrong, with the heel landing in the gap between segments. If it wasn't for his ever helpful companions on this trek he would have felt the concrete in a way that would be less than pleasant. "Fuck!" He said much louder than he would have liked, garnering a few glances that he beat himself up for. "She wasn't talking to you sleazeball." Stephanie said to a man in baggy clothing that like the man himself looked like he hadn't bathed in days.

"God, some people come to college to find themselves, looks like he found that he wants to be a bum." Stephanie said with disgust, wrinkling her nose like she could smell him from their distance. Ari's eyes went large when Stephanie very much drew attention to the trio with her outburst. Bianca saw the wide eyed look and where it was focused behind the black thick glasses. "Is that your type Ariel? Or do you see a boy you can fix and make better." Bianca shrugged a little at her own comment. "Some girls do like a fixer upper." The teasing just kept coming, more and more. Each time they did it he felt worse, not as emasculating as when he saw himself in the photo Bianca had taken with his own camera, but bad.

It wasn't a long walk before the girls had taken Ari to their destination, a stone table with stone benches that were just a yard or two from a fountain. The area had matching

benches at each cardinal direction and was a popular area to take lunches or study outside. "Time for your first modeling assignment Ariel. Awww, don't be nervous. I promise you will look gorgeous so long as you follow our directions." Bianca could see her old friend's eyes darting around, trying to see everyone in the area at once.

"Here hold this." Bianca said, handing Ariel an open compact mirror. "And this." The next item Bianca gave Ariel was a tube of lipstick. In his left hand was the open compact mirror and the other a still capped tube of lipstick, his eyes drifting up from them to the two girls, giving them a perplexed look. When Bianca backed up and held his camera up to her face is when it dawned on him. "No..., no I am not going to put on makeup." Bianca snapped a few photos in quick succession, in the shot Ariel still held the compact open with the mirror facing him, but was pointing the capped tube of lipstick like it was a weapon. "I'm sure Bia loves the fierce look you are giving off, but raising your voice isn't going to have the effect you want I imagine." Ari's jaw clamped shut, he had raised his voice and there was no way people wouldn't notice his very male voice even if they were fooled by how he looked.

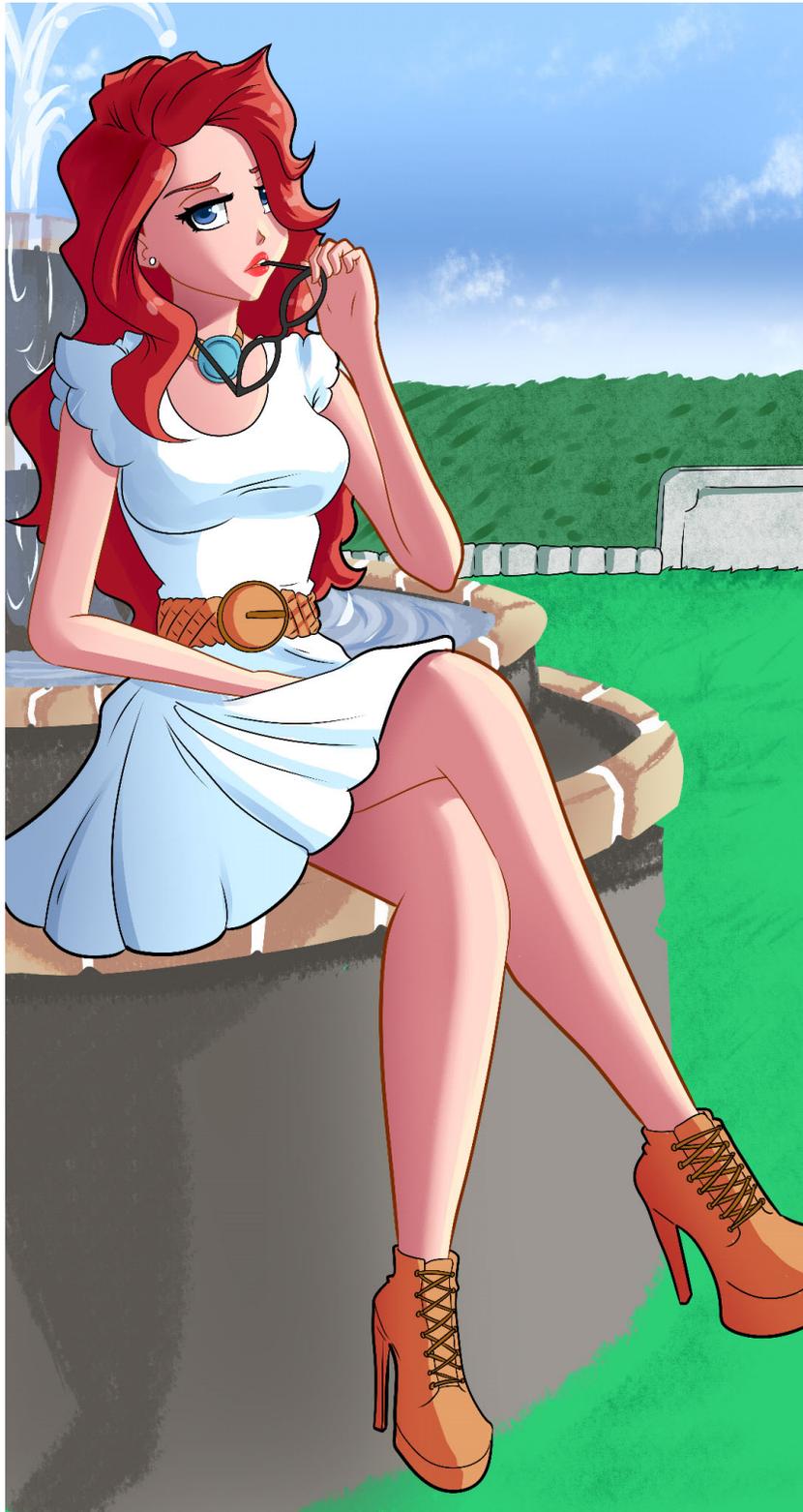
"Ariel, you are already wearing makeup, now uncap the lipstick and put it on. The sooner you follow directions the faster we get to leave and I swear if you raise your voice to me again I will take you over my lap and spank you right here in the courtyard for all to see." She could see the rebuttal, the flash of anger in his mascara covered eyes. "Think for a second little girl, think about what happened when you tried to get past me in your apartment. What will it be, makeup or a spanking?" Stephanie was still standing close though not close enough to be in the tight shots. Ari didn't want to admit defeat even if he clearly was and had no idea how to get out of this just yet. So instead of saying a word he looked into the little mirror after he uncapped the lipstick and began touching the waxy substance to his lips. Stephanie walked over to her friend's side and snickered a little. "The photos are going to be precious with how she is concentrating." Bianca stopped taking shots and looked at Ariel with amusement. "Steph, can you fix her for the next shots?"

The next shot was much more embarrassing for Ariel with him facing one of the stone benches, palms flat on the surface, and far enough back from it that he had to bend over to do it. The girls stood behind their model having him look over his shoulder at them. They had him looking coy, and one looking afraid as a male student gave a wolf whistle, seeing Ariel's eyes go big with fright in the vulnerable position was exactly what Stephanie wanted. The last pose had Ari sitting on the edge of the fountain, legs crossed at the knee.

"Ariel, take off your glasses." Ari didn't move for a moment, just looking at Stephanie who had been acting as the coordinator for this absurd punishment. "I can't see anything without them." He said afraid she was thinking of running off with his glasses and leaving him out here just before nightfall in the middle of campus dressed up in drag. "Ariel, I do

not need to explain myself for you to listen, but I'm going to have you bite the rim of your glasses for the pose." During the exchange Bianca had gotten a perfect shot of Ari crossing his arms under his chest and while he was trying to look defiant it just looked like a pretty girl pouting.

"Do it now." Stephanie said, taking a step closer, the threat being clear. When he complied Bianca got the last of the shots they wanted with Ari in that outfit and called it a wrap. "Ariel if you weren't such a bitch you would be a perfect model." Stephanie said laughing. "Most of our models can be massive bitches, she will fit right in. Now let's head back to Ariel's place. We can go over her photos."



Some people use the phrase back in the comfort of home, but Ari thought about the most he could say was he was back at home as his two tormentors continued his lessons on walking and how to properly sit and didn't seem to give a damn how

uncomfortable it was to sit with his legs crossed. "Perfect, now uncross your legs and cross them again the other way." Ari let out a groan at Bianca's command and while he complied Stephanie looked none too happy with him, not that he cared about her being happy the bitch. "Can I at least take these shoes off, my feet are killing me." When Stephanie shook her head he looked at Bianca trying to look miserable, not difficult considering that was his current mood.

"Ariel, you are going to have to get used to wearing shoes like this, I don't know if a pair of flats are in your future. Besides those boots are so cute, you should thank Steph for letting you borrow them. Now come sit between us." Bianca patted the couch between her and Stephanie. Ari frowned and fumed, his feet and calves were throbbing and it wasn't like he could run anywhere, they were at his place and he couldn't imagine showing up at any of his friend's doors looking like this.

"Ariel I told you to do something." Ari blinked at her in confusion, she had told him no and to sit, but... his mind reeled screaming FOR FUCKS SAKE! They forced him to dress up like this and wanted him to thank them for it. Both the girls could see his hands clenched into fists, like he was building up the courage to rebel on them again, but it didn't come much to their surprise. Ari decided there was no need for it, soon enough they would leave and this could all be over as a plan started to form in his mind. "Miss Stephanie, thank you for letting me borrow these cute shoes." Ariel then came and sat down between them, smoothing his skirt out as he did and crossing his legs as instructed.

Bianca leaned forward to see around Ariel. "Miss Stephanie, I haven't gotten a Miss yet." Stephanie shrugged and put one arm around Ari's shoulder as if to claim the feminized male as her own. "I think it is because she knows that she will have to stay on my good side to have access to my closet." Stephanie's gaze shifted to Ariel, who stiffened when she put her arm on him. "You can keep those panties by the way, we will get you your own tomorrow." Ari just gave her a forced smile, trying to think over how to get out of all this mess. "Well while I would love to be called Miss Bianca, I don't think it is good for her, Ariel needs to get more confidence in herself and she won't do that if she has to see us as superior instead of peers." Ariel zoned out, ignoring the two talking over him about how she... how he, it was so annoying that they only referred to him as a female. They went over how he needed to know they were in charge and how he needed to start thinking like every other coed.

"We can talk about this some more later, for now let's go over the photos!" Bianca said with much more excitement than he felt. Bianca got up and returned a few seconds later with his laptop and plugged the camera into it. "Ariel, you know you should really put a password on your laptop, you wouldn't want it falling into the wrong hands. Here let me set one for you." Ari clasped his hands in his lap and bit his tongue as he watched her add the password to login to his laptop. "Fashion girl, with both words capitalized and

the S as a dollar sign. I think that fits you perfectly.” Bianca gave a large smile to both people to her right before opening up the photos.

“Now imagine for a second you were a boy, what photo or photos do you think you would want to look at the most?” Imagine I was a boy, those words stung, it wasn’t new with how they were treating him, but the constant reminder didn’t do much for him. He hated to admit it, but the girl in the photos was hot and it was him. This morning he was thinking about how he hated being so average, wishing he was better looking so he could have the confidence he needed to ask a girl out, specifically have the courage to ask Bianca out. This was not the direction he could have imagined his day going even if he had a thousand guesses. Stephanie squeezed his shoulder a little when he didn’t respond to her teasing.

“I... I don’t know.” Ariel was completely shocked to feel Bianca kiss him on the cheek, when he looked at her in astonishment, she gave him a wink that brought a blush to his cheeks. “It’s good you can’t imagine yourself as a boy, no one who sees a sexy thing like you will be able to.” The kiss had made him lose his guard, for just a split second Ari was reveling in being kissed by Bianca, only to be sucker punched. “That’s okay, I think the one with you biting your glasses is my favorite. You bending over is sexy and I’m sure the boys would agree, but I don’t want anyone thinking you’re easy.” Stephanie laughed at that. “We could call her Easy Ariel or Easy A at the sorority, it would be a hoot, but I suppose we can hold off on that. Hard to call a girl that is a virgin easy, but don’t worry girl, we will help you find a man to take your V card from you.”

They spent the next hour going over the photos and some different pose ideas, making Ariel participate, but soon enough it was getting late. Bianca opened up several tabs with youtube videos on it, unplugged the camera before sliding the laptop closer to Ariel. “Those are videos that will help you find the perfect feminine voice. I don’t expect you to be perfect by tomorrow, but I do expect progress. Now the two of us have to get going, but first we need to get you into some pajamas.” Ariel didn’t find them and before he knew it was wearing a dark red teddy that looked wrong with his flat chest, the removal of the heels felt incredible. He pressed his toes into the carpeted floor popping them and just enjoying being free, but was not prepared for what they did next. From that same horrible duffle bag Stephanie pulled out a pair of strappy sandals with what looked like a six inch heel.

“No, not going to happen!” His ass was hardly covered and gave easy access for Bianca to slap him hard across one cheek. “OW!” Stephanie stepped closer, the heels dangling from her fingers, while Bianca had her hand raised to spank him again. He never been spanked in his life and the threat of it earlier seemed much more like a tactic to scare him with more public shame, never, never in a million years did he think it would come to pass.

Ari gave Bianca, the girl he pined for a dirty look he couldn't bring himself to punch her but he did consider pushing her away, that was the best he could muster for thought in his rage. His hand hadn't even reached her when felt another hand struck him, this one on his cheek and from Stephanie. The blow staggered him and caused tears to well up in his eyes, regaining his footing Ari had forgotten about Bianca. Stephanie was someone he absolutely would hit and when he pulled his fist back Stephanie quickly dropped her shoes to intercept his arm. For the second time today Ari felt all the air in his lungs leave him and found himself laying on his back wheezing for air.

"Want some more or are you ready to put on some cute shoes?" Even though it was Stephanie that had thrown him to the floor it was Bianca that stood over him looking down. She held out a hand for Ari to take, his pride was more than wounded and couldn't bring himself to take her pity so he ignored her hand and went to his unsteady feet himself. "Ariel, don't be a bitch. When a friend offers you a hand up, you take it." He didn't want to argue and moved to sit at the edge of his small bed. Ariel didn't say a word as she clasped the tiny buckle of the heels onto his feet, but she did have a large smirk as she added a tiny padlock to each one.

"We figured if you sleep in these walking around in heels all day wouldn't bother you so much. YOUR WELCOME!" Bianca said as she plopped down on the bed next to him and bumped his shoulder with her own. The two girls started to leave when Stephanie looked back at him, seeing him just staring down at his feet. "Careful not to let any boy seeing you wear heels to bed, it will give them ideas." Bianca slapped Stephanie on the shoulder playfully. "Stop, she isn't having any boys over tonight, she has studying to do. OH I almost forgot!" Bianca fled the room quickly and came back with a package of wipes. "Use these to remove your makeup, and make sure you study tonight Ariel. We will see you tomorrow!"

Just like that he was alone, sitting in bed wearing girls panties, a red teddy and the type of heels that he would have thought screamed come fuck me on anyone wearing them. "Okay, okay... none of that was ideal. Fuck, it was a goddamned nightmare, but it is over." Ariel stood up and tried to walk to the bathroom with the makeup removing wipes in hand when he fell to the floor. "FUCK!" He screamed out loud enough that someone pounded on the wall and he could hear a muffled "Shut up" coming from another room. Ariel fell one more time on his short trek to the bathroom before just giving up and crawling the next few feet.

When he looked in the mirror holding up a wipe he let it slip from his fingers as he slid down back to the floor, pulling his knees to his chest and just crying. Today was too much for him and he held back crying more than once, he couldn't let them see him like this. He planned to get up early tomorrow and head to the dean's office, he was going to tell him how he caught on to the girls plan to sell photos of themselves and when he confronted them they blackmailed him and said they would make it look like he did it.

The photos had been deleted, no one could prove it was him and Bianca could have easily wrote his name down to check out the camera. Heck, having the cameras now would help him prove he was telling the truth, it would be the cruelest thing he had ever done to get the girls expelled, but it was them or him and he was not going to let them out play him. They were pretty, violent and popular, but he knew he was smarter than them so he would get out of this and the locked on heels would just help prove his story. Yet still he sat there on the floor of his tiny bathroom and cried, something was taken from him today and it felt like it would take a long time to recover.

## **Chapter 9**

The sound of his phone buzzing and vibrating woke Ari from his restless sleep. Opening his eyes the world was all dark and a blur. Sleep had not been easy to find with the six inch heels and even harder to hold on to. Instead of getting out of his bed Ari sat up and crawled to the end so he could reach for his phone, not wanting to risk falling yet again. Taking the phone in hand to turn off the early alarm he set, he was surprised in a bad way with what he saw on the screen. It was Bianca calling him and the time read five in the morning, a full hour before he had set his alarm. "Sorry, not answering that call... but I'm already up so might as well get ready before they decide to come over." He knew that no one would be in the dean's office for three more hours and hated the idea of being out on campus wearing these heels, but it was a hundred percent better than what he would end up wearing if he wasn't out the door before the girls got here. Putting the phone down as it started to buzz once again from her calling a second time Ari got out of bed carefully. Taking a few steps, heel toe, heel toe he thought to himself with each step closer to the bathroom. The phone continued to vibrate when a knocking came at his front door that made Ari freeze like a deer in headlights. No one could see him through the front door or the wall to his bedroom, but the idea of someone seeing him like this caused him to stop moving.

Some part of his brain told him if he didn't move no one would know he was home, as flawed as the logic was at the early hour his brain wasn't firing on all cylinders with it being so early and getting less than quality sleep. His fright turned into full panic and he dashed into the bathroom, having kept himself from falling only because he was able to grab onto the sink as the front door opened. "Ariel! Time to get up girlfriend! Hope you don't mind us borrowing your key last night." Ari slammed the bathroom door closed after hearing Bianca's voice call out through his dark apartment.

"Shit, shit shit, what do I do?" He asked himself looking in the mirror as he held onto the sink. He hadn't turned the light on before closing the door and even if it was on without his glasses he wouldn't be able to make out his own face without his glasses. What he could easily see though was the light being turned on in his bedroom from under the door. Then a light knocking came to the thin door. "Are you decent?" Came the voice of Bianca before the door swung open. The bright light coming from his ceiling fan

bothered Ari's eyes and without his glasses the most he could see was the vague shapes of his tormentors. "She is going to need some work before she can be considered decent." The blurs moved and he heard a light slap. "I told you to stop that Steph, just because she isn't put together doesn't mean she isn't pretty. Ariel I love what you chose to wear to bed, you are going to make the man you fall in love with very lucky one day." Ari let out an audible groan at Bianca's comment. They were here, they had even come before the sun came up, completely ruining his plans of escape. He would have to find a way to get away from the two girls so he could report them to the dean. There was nothing he could do about it now as he felt each grab him by the arm and pull him from the bathroom.

Little over an hour later Ari was sitting in his living room, legs crossed uncomfortably, wearing a new pair of panties, this time they were a lacy pink thing the girls called boyshorts. They had provided him with a matching bra that they stuffed with rolled up pantyhose with the promise to find something better for him later. Ari thought the white pleated short skirt would be next, but instead they wrapped what he knew was a corset around his waist. At first it wasn't so bad, it felt supportive, but as they kept tightening the thing it became worse and worse. "Stop your bitching Ariel, this will give you the look you want, trust me." He sure as hell didn't trust Stephanie and would be down right gleeful when he turned all this back on her.

"There that wasn't so bad, but I tell you from now on you are on a diet, ice cubes for lunch are in your future. You are way too fat." Stephanie said after finishing tying the laces of the waist control device. Knowing you are skinny and then having your waist pulled in a few inches and told he was fat was not the best start to his day. Bianca smiled in a way that Ari returned it in reflex. She of course was smiling at how Ari fit into the white skirt with his waist pulled in. They didn't pull out a blouse today, instead they acted like it was a kindness as they dug through his dresser to pull out one of his own shirts. It felt like an additional form of torture when they pulled one out, a black shirt that in white letters said "There are only 10 type of people in the world, those that understand binary and those who don't" Ari hated the way it looked on him, the bra making it look like a girl was wearing his shirt. It was a blessing when they removed the heels from his feet, Ari took a few minutes to stretch and move his feet around while Bianca worked on his face. She removed a few more hairs from his eyebrows and added makeup. She had removed his glasses to work on his face, so he wouldn't even have the pleasure of looking at her.

"I bet you can't wait to see how you look, but that will have to wait till we get your shoes on. Now don't move a muscle." Bianca said not handing back his glasses, giving him little choice. When she returned he felt her put his feet into some heeled sandals with something wrapping around his ankles.

"She does look good, Ariel, are you ready to hit the campus?" They still hadn't given him

back his glasses, but it was easy to tell Stephanie's voice after yesterday. "I didn't watch those videos last night, how about we do that instead." Ariel said losing his nerve to go out now that he was dressed once more as a girl. "Ariel you are a smart girl, no need to be acting like a ditz and forgetting to do your homework. Here put on your glasses." The world came into focus once more and Ari could see what new torture awaited his feet for the day. They had given him what looked like white heeled gladiator sandals with white ribbon cloth wrapped around his lower calf. His toes were still painted from the previous day and he hated admitting his feet looked cute. Not cute on him, but in a more abstract way and these heels had the much added bonus of being three inches shorter than the ones he wore to bed the previous night.

"Okay, we still have some time, so we will do some more walking drills and then we can work on your voice." Bianca said, looking at her watch. Looking at her right now was the first time Ari paid attention to how the two were dressed. He couldn't see them without his glasses and when he did have them on he was more focused on himself, but both of them looked well put together. Bianca had a slight curl to her dark hair, she wore a light blue sundress with brown leather sandals. While Stephanie had on a tight blue jeans that looked to be painted on that stopped before her ankle, a white thick cotton sleeveless shirt that exposed her stomach, a thick gold chain necklace and a pair of ankle strap heels. "Wow, you two look real nice." Stephanie gave him a small smile, not expecting to get anything close to civility from him let alone a compliment.

"Today we are getting our photos taken for our student IDs, that is why we all have to look our best. You know Ariel, I like this version of you, I expected you to be a whiny bitch today and I was not in the mood for that after having to get up early to help you get ready." Ari wished they hadn't gotten here so early, and really didn't want to accompany them to get new student identification. "I won't be whining." I will be getting even he added mentally. Stephanie crossed her arms, still keeping that same smile on her face.

"We will see." She added not believing the feminized man could keep from such an action with what they had planned. "Ariel, let's get started with your lesions, we will watch a video or two and then do some walking while you try to find your new voice. The rest of the early morning was spent with Ari trying to soften his voice and practicing looking feminine as he walked, how to hold his hands, how to move his hips. The three inch heels gave him much less trouble than the boots did yesterday, he hadn't come close to falling. The girls kept giving Ari different phrases to say and trying to build a conversation around them, it was when they were doing this when he tried joking around adding a southern twang. "Well bless your heart, you are sure trying your hardest." Bianca's eyes went wide and she placed her hand over her mouth. "Ariel say something else like that!" Ari rolled his eyes and played along.

"As my Daddy always said, do what you can and try, try, try." The two girls' eyes met and even with Bianca covering part of her face it was clear they were thinking the same

thing. "I'm just playing around." Ari added in his normal male voice looking at the two odd reactions. Bianca came over and gave him a hug with a large smile on her face. "Girl that is your voice everyone is just going to love it!" Ari shook his head, there was no way she was serious. "We are from southern Cali, not exactly the south." Bianca only smiled at him, not saying a word as she gave him another hug. He wasn't going to complain about the physical attention. "Ariel I think all of us here can agree that little southern twang you have going on sounds perfect for you and after hearing your real voice like that, no one wants to hear you talk like you are pretending to be some boy. Ari pursed his lips, but bit his tongue thinking how it was only going to be a few more hours and he would be free of them and all this, instead of retorting to the red haired girl. "Now Ariel, I think it would be proper for you to thank us for helping you find the real you, don't you agree."

Stephanie was making it harder and harder to keep quiet, he wanted to tell her to go fuck herself and gloat about all of this is a momentary victory for them, but instead he took a deep breath, or did the best he could with the corset making the task more difficult. "Y'all said earlier how you had to get up early to come help me and I have to say I truly appreciate everything you two are doing to help me find my true self." That earned him another hug from Bianca, something he could really get used to and a genuine smile from Stephanie. He couldn't put it off any longer and the two brought him out into the early California morning and made their way to their destination on campus. Ari didn't feel any better on his second day out where everyone could see him, still thinking how at any moment someone was going to point him out as a drag queen. The girls never did let him see how he looked today, but any thoughts of how attractive he found himself in the photos the day before were forgotten the second he saw someone look at him with more than a passing glance.

"Everyone keeps staring." He whispered to his captors, who didn't seem to care much about his apprehension. "The way we are dressed it would be a problem if they didn't. Two leggy redheads and me, the prettiest of all of us should be getting more than a few looks." Stephanie's laugh felt jarring, he wasn't expecting it and knew it was the kind of sound that would attract even more male attention. "I don't know about prettiest, but maybe the biggest ego." Bianca gave a side-eyed glance to Stephanie and huffed a little before turning around and walking backwards to look at the two people with her.

"What do you say Ariel, which of us is the prettiest?" The question felt like a trap, if he said it was one of them the other would be upset or fake upset to punish him and if he didn't respond she might get some random guy to answer the question. "Me?" Ari said as he pointed at himself with hesitation, there didn't seem to be a way out of the question, Bianca kept trying to say how she was going to build his confidence so maybe that was the answer she wanted. Stephanie moved behind Ari and put both her hands on his shoulders to look at her friend. "Do you hear this bitch? She sounds like some of the models already. We made the absolute best call for you Ariel." Bianca gave a

tittering laugh and she spun around on the ball of her foot to face forward once again and now leading the trio to the administration office.

“Good morning Mrs. Hu!” Ari’s companions said in almost unison as they walked into the front office. “Good morning girl, ah sorry. Young ladies.” The small asian lady nodded with a smile after correcting herself. “What can I help you with today?” Stephanie put her arm around Ari’s waist and moved him up to the counter with her. “The three of us need to get our IDs done and Ariel here needs to fix her class schedule, she has decided to change her major.” The small woman behind the counter adjusted her glasses looking over the three before typing something into her computer.

“Classes are time sensitive, so let’s do that first. What is your full name?” She said pulling up the school’s roster to go through the students. “Ariel Serra.” Ari said in a small voice after Bianca pressed her elbow into his ribs. “Such a pretty name, and you don’t have to be shy, many students change their major. You are young, it is good to explore and learn who you are...” The woman’s voice trailed off as she looked at her screen then back at the red headed young woman in front of her. “Hmm seems we have a mistake in the system, can you believe someone put you down as a boy.” Ari’s gaze would have bore holes into the countertop with how hard he looked at it trying to look anywhere but at Mrs. Hu. Bianca made eye contact with Stephanie, leaving an unspoken question if they should just let her fix it. Stephanie shook her head slightly and leaned forward on the counter.

“Actually, that isn’t wrong... Well it kind of is. You see Ariel is transgender.” She looked side to side and lowered her voice on the last word like she was giving out a secret. Mrs. Hu’s eyes widened and she adjusted her glasses again, even though they hadn’t moved. “Well, hmm. Okay, Seems you have found yourself haven’t you!” She said with a large smile for tapping away on her keyboard. “Okay, system will show what you told me, but your ID will say female. Ariel, you look stunning. Now do you know what classes you want to try and take this semester?” Ari expected one of the girls to speak up, he had no idea what they were going to pull, but as the seconds dragged on he looked up at the woman and his tormentors. “Gah, why are you acting so shy today.”

Slapping down a piece of paper Stephanie slid it across the counter. “Here is the list of the classes she has picked out, she is going to be studying fashion with us and focusing on fashion journalism. Oh she knows that she is stunning, on the way here she was bragging about how pretty she was.” The older woman picked up the list and started to look at something on her computer. “So no more photography classes? That will make someone very happy, you dropping them means they have an opening now.” Ari felt his stomach acid churning, if they dropped his photography classes it would set him way back for his degree. “Yeah she decided it would be best if she wasn’t behind the camera any more. She even gave me her expensive camera to help me in those same classes she is dropping. Ariel is such a good friend.” Mrs. Hu smiled at the three. “It sounds like

all of you are good friends, helping one another. Now I never took classes on taking photos, but give me a little more time and I will get pretty photos of each of you on your IDs.

It wasn't long before the three stepped out of the administration office, on one hand Ari had his new class schedule, in the other his new ID showing him looking like a pretty coed smiling. He stared down at the items in his hands, seeing it now listed him as a female student. When they first went into the building he thought he might have been able to slip away saying he had to go to the bathroom and just slip out to go see the dean, but he hadn't been prepared mentally for the school he had chosen, the school his parents were paying for, to recognize him as a transgender student. Would the dean even listen that this was forced on him now? He hoped so, because if he didn't he wasn't sure what else he could do. The class schedule started to crumple in his hand as he tightened it into a fist.

"What was next on the agenda today? Wanna go get our nails done?" Stephanie smiled, she wasn't sure if her friend had forgotten that is what they were doing till they asked or saying that to mess with the disguised male. "Bia, that is a wonderful idea. Don't you think so Ariel?" The wicked grin on Stephanie's face gave Ari goosebumps and then he smacked the side of his head as an idea came to him. "As fun as that sounds I just can't." Stephanie crossed her arms over her chest as if to say she wasn't really asking. "I have work!" He quickly added focusing more towards Bianca. She knew he was working at the mall, even if he wasn't really scheduled today. He could use the excuse to slip away and get done what needed to be done. "I'm not buying it." Bianca pursed her lips and looked at her skeptical friend. "She works at that clothing store in the mall, The Hanger. We wouldn't be good friends to her if we made her lose her job just to get a little pampering."

Tapping her thumb to her lips for a moment Stephanie nodded. "Alright then, we got Ariel set for school, next we will help her get ready for work. I think I have the perfect outfit for you to wear when you come out to your boss." Ari's eyes got as big as saucers in fright at what she had just said. "No, no, no need for that. You already ruined my life at school, isn't that going too far?" Ari felt his shorter friend embrace him in a hug. "Aww, we aren't ruining anything. We are just showing the world the true you." Bianca said with a large smile hugging the feminized man. "If you like though we can stop all of this, I mean you know what would happen. How about the three of us go to the dean right now." That was exactly where he was planning on going, but things would be drastically different if he went with the two of them right now like Stephanie was suggesting. Looking back down to the crumpled piece of paper in one hand and the hard plastic ID of Ariel Serra in the other he swallowed hard. He could still get out of this, he just had to endure, if they went to the dean with him or on their own his life really would be ruined. His only hope was going there alone to tell his story un-interrupted. Ari imagined himself being put into the back of a police car with his hands cuffed looking the way he did and

being put into a cell with other men. “No, no I think you helping me get ready for work sounds like a great idea!” He said with false excitement in his voice, it was sure going to be better than the alternative.

## **Chapter 10**

The morning sun was almost blinding. Sitting in a white wooden chair with blue tulips hand painted onto it, Ari sat facing away from the makeup table, unable to see himself well without his glasses as Stephanie worked on his hair. While she did so, he fiddled with his glasses in his lap, only able to make out the beige color of the skirt she had put him in.

Stephanie broke the silence, “You know I considered letting you quit over the phone and just reapplying, I could just imagine you sitting through the interview hoping your boss doesn’t realize who you are, but two redheads with your name... There was no way he could be fooled right? However, Bia disagreed with me...”. Ari felt queasy, knowing David would recognize him. How could anyone not know who he was just because he wore some different clothes and wore makeup?

“... but since you decided to come out at school, why not work too, right?” She kept talking as Ariel could feel her applying a coat of lipstick to his lips.

What am I going to do? Fuck, fuck! I’m sitting in her dorm room being dolled up for work. Work! My feet are pointed at an odd angle in these heels, this skirt comes down to my calves and is far too tight for me to even take a regular step let alone run, if I even could in these shoes! Maybe I could do just what she said and quit over the phone... no she would still drag me there. He didn’t want to be seen like this, and certainly didn’t want his boss or coworkers to think he was transgender. He had to stop this, but couldn’t figure out how.

“Stand up for me.” Ari accepted the assistance to stand up and walk a few feet as she guided him. “Okay Ariel, put your glasses on and tell me what you think.”

Slipping his glasses on the world came into focus, and he wished the person in the mirror was just as blurry as before so he didn’t have to look at her... himself. The girl wore a pair of green three inch pointed toe pumps that had a double band that connected to itself around her ankle. He shifted uncomfortably in the heels, turning one of his feet to the side, wishing he wasn’t turned on by the sight of the girl's shapely legs that ended

in the green heels. She had a long khaki color skirt that was just barely too short to be considered a hobble skirt. Her long sleeved green blouse was tucked into the skirt, he hated the frilled front and the tight high collar. His hair had been brushed almost all over to the right side of his head and his makeup was mostly natural colors, just enough to highlight his features he was told, but what she went a little extra on was the mascara on his eye lashes.

“I hate it and I hate you.” A sharp pain came to life on his left ass cheek as the sound of someone being slapped came to his ears. “Owww!” He could see her in the mirror, but still turned to glare at Stephanie who had just assaulted him. It was often he actually felt small and weak, he knew he wasn’t ever going to be the tallest or strongest, but five foot nine wasn’t short and he wasn’t a wimp. Yet he knew the outcome if he tried to attack this girl and it wouldn’t change a thing if he wasn’t bound by his current clothes.

“That sounds like something a boy would say, not a pretty girl like you Ariel. Try again and remember your voice. If not...you know...that dating profile is still an option. Or I could just have you tied up with a ring gag and leave you at a frat house.” Stephanie said that last part as she looked up and away from the tormented Ariel as the idea struck her.

“Darlin, I believe I will be the most fetching sales girl on the floor. We should skedaddle, before I’m late though.” The sound of the sweet and slow talk of how Ariel imagined some southern bell sounding felt so odd coming out of his own mouth.

“Fetching, oh yes I would have to agree with you Ariel, you are fetching. We just have to add some perfume and we can be off. Oh, and since you will be on your own as you work today I would like to give you two pieces of advice and I suggest you follow them. When a male customer comes up to you, with someone on his arm or not you are to look him up and down before saying a word, and not only should you not be using curse words. They are not ladylike, but you should also act as if foul language offends you. It isn’t proper for men to talk in such a way in front of a proper lady like yourself. You never know when Bia or I will be watching girly, unless your goal is to earn some punishments.”

Punishments... like he wasn’t being punished now. This was beyond the pale of things acceptable, but he was not spoiled for choices at the second. It seemed he had no choice other than to come out to his boss, that was bad but fuck it. He could just quit, he hated working there anyhow. Once he was alone he could leave early, go home, get changed and then go see the Dean and turn the tables. A genuine smile came to his face as he was lost in thought, his plan coming together. “Aww, Ariel you have such a pretty smile. A girl like you should always be smiling. You are pretty, and get to be around clothes and shoes all day. Other than finding yourself a husband, what else could a girl like you ask for?” His smile faded as she ruined the moment, but a light

smack on the same spot she hit before brought it back. "There you go, just like that."

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Walking around the mall felt worse than around campus. He could see boys and men checking him out, between the heels and the tight skirt he knew they were enjoying the view from behind and the way they restricted his movements made it so he couldn't take anything, but the most girlish steps, while he heard the click, clack, click, clack sound of his and Stephanie's heels on the mall's tiles floor. He was sure she was wearing jeans just to mess with him, though hers ended at the bottom of her calves and were incredibly tight, but still they were jeans. Her casual outfit of tight jeans, white heels, a scoop necked white shirt that showed off her stomach made him wish things were different and they were here on a date.

There was no way he could keep seeing someone as cruel as her, but that would be leagues better than what was currently happening. Ari felt a tightness in his chest as The Hanger came into sight, he stopped looking at the sign like it was a signal of his doom. "Why did you stop Ariel? Oh, I get it. What boy are you checking out?" He only gave her two quick shakes of his head as a reply, feeling the pendant earrings move with his head, before he continued forward. He could just imagine her calling some boy over to watch what would unfold. Walking in the store Ari glanced at one of the other employees as she folded clothes that a customer messed up on a display and hoped she didn't recognize him, and was thankful she didn't give the pair a second thought as she worked.

"Hello, we would like to please talk to your manager about a job." Stephanie said as she came up to the checkout counter and gave him a hard look. "Yes, y'all have a darlin store, and I would just cherish working here." The pimply face boy behind the counter smiled at the two of them. "Both of you? I will get the manager, and I just love your accent. My name is Max by the way!" A small blush came to Ari's cheeks from embarrassment, Max was a sixteen year old part timer and while it was good he didn't know who he was, being hit on was not something he was going to ever enjoy or get used to. "Just my friend here I'm afraid Max. Would you mind getting your manager, Ariel here is nervous about being interviewed." The teenager nodded, still smiling as he looked between the two. "Yeah, yeah, yeah, I will go get him and." Max took a second to swallow as he looked at Ariel.

"No need to be nervous, David is a great guy. Just tell him how you promise him the store will make more money with you here, than without you." With that he was off into the back room. "I think Max is going to love working with Ariel, but I didn't notice you running your eyes over him." Ari shook his head, not only had he not wanted to do that, but she had said to do that to customers. "But, you said..." Stephanie leaned in close, her one inch advantage in height wasn't much, but she knew Ari wouldn't see it that way

now. "Are you getting sick? Your voice sounds off Ariel." Her voice was laced with concern, but he wasn't sure if it wasn't also a threat. Would she spank him right here in front of everyone? He wasn't sure and did not want to find out. "Stephanie, darlin. I thought I was to do that to customers."

Touching her index finger to her chin Stephanie thought for a second, then pointed that same finger at the feminized man. "That is what I said, good catch Ariel, but I think a boy crazy girl like you would be doing that to every prospective boyfriend." His mouth hung open just a little as his eyes grew wider. "With Max? He is a child." Stephanie shrugged her shoulders giving Ariel a cruel look, but then looked back toward the door the teenager disappeared behind. Looking back to Ariel she tilted her head a little. "Fine, you don't have to check out people like max. I don't want you to be seen as some sicko, even if..." Her voice trailed off, the unsaid words of "You are" were left for Ariel to decipher.

"Now, I'm giving you a little there, so I think you can give me something. When your manager comes out I think you should call him things like honey and sugar, play up those southern charms of yours." He knew he had no charms, southern or otherwise. If he had he would have a steady girlfriend and not be in this mess and yet he was about to force himself to flirt with a man, one who was about to find out who he really was. A few moments later Max came out from the back room with David, a six foot five blonde man in his thirties. He wore dark jeans, a black polo with The Hanger's logo, small and pink over the left side shift. His blonde hair was swept back and it was clear to both girls he checked them out as he walked up. Ari just hoped he didn't pick up how he looked the man up and down, it felt wrong to be sizing another man up, especially while having to smile. "I understand one of you is looking to work at my store?"

Not wanting to discuss this upfront Ari knew he needed to speak up and get this interaction to be more private. "Shugah, I think this store is just adorable. It would be delightful if we could maybe talk about this in your office?" Ari could feel a drop of sweat forming at his hairline, he was so nervous. If he said no would he have to say who he was out here? "Sure, why not. Follow me." Stephanie smirked as the store's manager opened the door to the back room for them. The choice of words Ariel was choosing to use were wonderful, and she wondered if the film nerd had watched movies like *Gone With the Wind* one too many times. "I can have you fill out an application for a position back here." David looked over his shoulder at the two redheads and focused his eyes on the girl with a more orange cast to her hair.

"You sure you wouldn't want to fill out an application too? With school starting up we will have a few positions." Coming into his office Stephanie looked at the small room that had a solid wood desk, neat stacks of paperwork and a laptop open. Most of the room was taken up with cracks of clothing that Ariel knew were things being pulled for being last season. "Actually I'm just here for moral support. My friend here was nervous to

come talk to you.” She could see the look of confusion on his face with a hint of worry. “Go ahead Ariel, tell him.” Reaching up he ran his fingers through his long hair twice, trying not to look his boss in the eyes. His hand stopped the fidgeting as he rested his right hand on his left elbow. “Shugah... David. I already work here.” David’s head rocked back, it took a few seconds for his mind to get to the end of the small mental maze. He had an Ariel working here that everyone knew as Ari and this pretty redhead, the same shade as his. The voice was different and she was taller... no she was wearing heels. He was wearing heels. Taking a step back David looked the person in front of him up and down, his hand coming to his jaw. “I’m, I’m..” Stephanie put her hand on Ariel’s shoulder, like she was comforting her friend to give her strength. “She wanted you to know she is transgender and would like to continue working here. It is hard for her to do this as you can imagine, especially with how she feels about you.”



"This, you. WOW!" David clenched his fists, bending his elbows in an almost boxer-like move as he brought them to his chest as he mentally celebrated. He spun around and dropped his hands, his smile growing larger as he looked at his employee. "Of course you can keep working here Ariel! You have no idea how happy this makes me!" Ari dared a look up to his face before dropping his gaze again as his anger and embarrassment flared. He was forced to look like this and he was so excited you would have thought corporate said he got to keep his employees sales bonuses, and what was this BS about feelings toward him? "Everyone is always talking about in meetings about how we need to be diverse. You are just perfect Ariel, our stores first transgender employee. I know some other places are close minded about this sort of thing, but you don't have to worry about that here, or with me. Though, I do have to say I am flattered by your thoughts of me, nothing can happen between us. I am happily married, but if I was not I would do my best to sweep you off your heeled feet. And thank you, that is a confidence boost and it explains why I would see you looking at me when I came out of my office."

I was looking at you because I knew I had to look busy when you are around you dumbass! Ariel screamed in his mind, while on the outside he tried to look happy about the news. Now, how about we hire you like new, get you a name badge that reflects who you really are. Everyone who starts is at twelve dollars an hour before sales as you know, but I think I can move that up to thirteen." Twelve! I was earning nine dollars an hour? What the hell David! Was I being underpaid before or did something change? "I thought everyone on the sales floor made nine an hour?" David looked at Ariel perplexed. "No, was that was you were earning before? Geez that must have been a mistake. Yeah we really can't use your old employee file, no one is going to accept you getting a three dollar an hour raise, but I can hire you a proper pay. Wow, this is going to be a feather in my cap. Here, let's take a selfie together!"

Stephanie took a few photos of the two of them looking happy together. As they were asked to sit while Ariel filled out paperwork, she was told to mark down female. That the only people that really needed to know were in HR and he didn't want some assistant floating manager to give her a hard time if he looked at peoples paperwork. It amazed Stephanie that doing this was actually really helping the pervert. "I have to say you look so... passable, is that wrong to say? You are a beautiful woman Ariel, lets leave it at that. I saw you just a few days ago, just wow." Looking over the disguised man Stephanie was proud of what she accomplished, the bones were already there, but he really did make a good looking woman. With how excited the man was she wondered if would be willing to help the girl look her best.

"It can take a lot of work, even when she is naturally so pretty. Sadly it does get expensive to do things like get a new wardrobe, makeup and she wasn't even able to afford to go to the nail salon yet. Something every girl loves." She knew not every girl enjoyed getting their nails done, but she was sure he didn't know better. "I could imagine

that would be expensive, and if you were mistakenly making so little it would be a challenge. Hmmm.” David leaned back in his chair rubbing his chin. “You trusted me enough to come talk to me, so how about this. I let the two of you take what you need from last season's stock here in my office. That should help a little, heck I will even pay for you to get your nails, done so long as you come back and show me. I bet your delicate hands would look wonderful with them, what did my wife call it? The french tip with the white on her long nails? I think that is it. I would be happy to spoil you a little, if in return you come with me to a conference at the end of the month. Charles at corporate is just going to love this. How does that sound, do we have a deal?”

Unsure of himself Ari looked over at Stephanie who slowly gave a single nod of her head when they made eye contact. “Shugah, that just sounds like a swell deal. There is a famous line about the kindness of strangers, but I do declare it seems I can rely on the kindness of a bona-fide gentleman.” Who knew I would ever be using lines from *A Streetcar Named Desire* to play the role of a girl. I’m supposed to be a director, not an actor, let alone an actress. “How is your healthcare plan?” David looked at Stephanie about to shrug, it was okay, but then he followed her eyes toward Ariel and he realized why she was asking.

“Oh, umm I would have to talk to HR when I put in her paperwork, but I believe we will take care of our new girl here.” Ari could feel himself shaking he was so worried. David said it with zero malice, he honestly thought he was helping, but the idea of others helping him along this path terrified him. Swallowing he tried to build himself up so he could get Stephanie to leave, so he could work a few hours and bail himself. “So, tell me shugah, can I start making the store and myself some money now?” Picking up the paperwork in front of him David started to nod. “I love a girl excited to sell, but why don’t the two of you go get your nails done like we talked about. Come back here, show me and you get your pick of the clothes here in my office. I bet a free trip to the nail salon and free clothes sounds like a better day.” She wasn’t sure if Ariel was going to reply, but Stephanie put her hand atop Ariels.

“You have no idea what this means to us. You accepting Ariel with open arms and willing to help her. It is too bad you are taken or she might insist on coming over to sit in your lap while I go get a coffee.” David blushed at the idea of Ariel sitting in his lap, he knew it was a male, or she was a male? He wasn’t sure of the correct terms, but looking at the vibrant red head talking in that sweet as shugah... like she kept calling him. Every man loved a girl with an accent and he thought Ariel pulled it off and with how... she looked, it didn’t matter what was between her legs. Heck he might be considered more gay if he wasn’t attracted to her. “Let me walk the two of you over there so they know to charge my card, and to be clear I’m covering you too...” David trailed off realizing he never got the name of the other girl. “Stephanie, Stephanie Evers. A pleasure to make your acquaintance David, and again I am thrilled you are willing to help Ariel down this path she is going down. She told me to help her hold firm to it and how many girls in her

position don't follow through. Can you help her and me keep her being the best girl she can be?" His chest puffed up a little as his smile grew. "The two of you can count on me to help Ariel."

## **Chapter 11**

"So then he just walked you over and paid for you both to get your nails done?!"

Stephanie nodded to Bianca's question. The three were together again, this time sitting in Bianca's room. Stephanie sat on the stool in front of the vanity, while Bianca sat next to Ariel on the bed. Hearing a confirmation to her question Bianca turned to Ariel, mouth slightly open. The look turned into a stare, going on just long enough to make him feel uncomfortable. "Lucky, wish I was there instead of moving some of Ariel's things. Ari had mostly been sitting there, his feet held off to the side, still forced together from the tight long skirt. He had been listening to Stephanie recap the humiliating experience of making his boss, David think he was coming out as transgender, that he had a crush on the man and how not only was he excepted with open arms. But the man paid for the both of them to have their nails done and take home in his estimation six hundred dollars in clothing. When Bianca started to stare at him, he looked down to his hands in his lap, specifically the long nails. Touching them they felt odd, thick and smooth with the glossy surface. They looked like hands he would like to hold, or imagine doing other things, seeing the oval tipped long white tipped nails.

"You did what with my stuff? What things did you move?" Leaning over so her shoulder was touching Ariel's, Bianca smiled. "You are staying over in a spare room in our dorm. Some freshman girl was here decorating and then freaked out last night and said how she couldn't be away from home. Lots of tears, it was sad, but the room is paid for and no one is living there. So that means you can stay in there tonight instead of dragging all your new clothes back to your old icky apartment. Oh and Ariel, I think you know better than to talk like some boy." Staying here really didn't sound like a good idea.

"Honey, I would really, honestly just yearn to go home and get my beatify sleep on my own bed." Stephanie stood up and held out her hand for Ariel to take. He didn't need help standing up, but his feet were throbbing in the pointed toe green heels and wasn't going to turn it down. After a day like today it was nice Stephanie wasn't going to push him further like Bianca wanted to do and maybe it was because he had been good about his voice and the way he talked today, till he accidentally messed up just then. "Come on, we can show you your room. I already put your new outfits in there and I'm betting you will just love how the room was decorated." Bianca hopped to her feet with a big toothy smile.

"Plus this room has clean sheets, your room was so disgusting I had to throw away the ones on your bed." She shuddered a little thinking about them, the sheets were cheap and it looked like the obviously used mattress's stains bled through onto the sheets. "Darlin, you threw away my sheets? I only had the one set, tacky or not, what am I going

to sleep on now?" Stephanie was almost to the room's door when she turned around and raised an eyebrow at Ariel. "Worry about that later maybe, because tonight you have a clean bed to sleep in. You should absolutely be thanking us, besides you need to sleep close by tonight." A few days ago being offered to sleep closer to two hot girls on a floor full of girls would have been amazing, but right now he could only think what torture they had instore for him now. "One, you need to learn how to remove your makeup. Two, you need to learn your new nightly routine to keep your skin healthy. Three, you really, and Ariel, my friend, we need to show you how to properly take care of your hair." Bianca said each of those counting the one on her pinky, two on her ring finger and three on her middle finger before wagging the other two free ones. "And trust me girl, there are like a lot more than two more things you need to learn." Ari frowned at her. "A lot more? How lovely." She nodded wide eyed like to say you have no idea. "Two words, anal, douching." He shuddered as he was taken out of the room and across the hall.

The room across the hall had a simple but sturdy wood framed bed. A yellow comforter laid across it, with light yellow satin sheets along with four pillows. Two the same color yellow as the comforter and the other two a light gray. The girls were right about this bed looking much better than the one he had been sleeping on, but that is what you get for getting a mattress from the street someone was throwing away and some cheap sheets from a department store clearance rack. He just needed something till school started again, he wasn't really planning on staying in the place. It reminded him that he needed to get to the student housing department soon as he could to reserve a room. The window that looked down to the ground floor had some yellow and white lace curtains and the wall across the bed was a set of five frameless canvases. The center one was thin and long, set vertical with sunflowers on it that were larger than the canvas. The two adjacent were smaller, but continued the image showing multiple sunflowers. The last two were smaller still and center off the others showing that the grouping of sunflowers was part of a field. Below them was a gray loveseat with wire framed nightstands, that looked more like they were fold out tv trays. Atop one of those trays was his laptop, the other had a stack of books and a crumpled piece of paper he recognized as the class schedule the girls had him get this morning. "Are those the books for my classes?" Walking over and picking up the schedule and top book, Bianca showed him the cover for a book for one of his new fashion classes.

"Some of them are copies Steph and I had when we took the classes, and one of them is a new copy I got for you. I can't believe Professor Waters wrote her own book and is making students purchase it. I knew you were low on money and." Bianca shrugged a little chewing on her lip. "She and I both want to see you succeed Ariel, best foot forward and all that." Succeed, yeah he didn't buy that at all.

So in one corner of the room was the bed, across from it a two person sofa and a window on the wall between. The room had a small minifridge and hotplate on top of it, the closet had a set of double sliding doors with mirrors on them, that he hadn't seen in

Bianca's room. "You will want to hide or get rid of that hot plate, you will absolutely get in trouble for having one of those." Stephanie said hopefully. "Actually yeah, no problem, tomorrow I can take that back to my place, the stove hardly works, that would be a big help." He was examining the hotplate and didn't notice the girls exchanging a look at his comment. "Enough talk of tomorrow, Ariel we need to focus on tonight. Time for a training montage, that is what they do in the movies you like right?" Tilting his head and pursing his lips Ari glanced over at Bianca. "I consume and contemplate a lot of movies darlin, montages have nothing to do with it."

"Your hair has this slight natural curl to it, but we noticed you get frizz and that means you don't condition it properly. We are going to give you a deep conditioning tonight and after that you should only have to do it once, maybe twice a week with a regular wash, but no more than that. We do not want your hair looking oily, ick." Hair care and how much he should be brushing his hair out was the second lesson after how to remove his makeup. Something he was happy to learn how to do, and the only lesson that night he was glad to be part of. "This here is your face cleanser for mornings and this one is for night. Do not get them mixed up, and do not forget to use either of them and for heaven sakes do not use them anywhere else and do not use anything else on your face." Stephanie had said holding up to bottles, one had a moon, the other a sun on it. Then Bianca put a bottle in either of his hands.

"That one there is moisturizer for your face at night, it is heavier and the other is for the day and a little lighter, but you want to use this one here." She held up another bottle, this one bigger than the others. "For your body" He was used to using moisturizer for skin care for his face, but this was ridiculous.

When he sat on the edge of the bed, he hardly noticed how much higher in quality it was than his own bed. Ari mostly looked off into nothing, as he sat there in tiny cotton green shorts and a yellow camisole. Under it was a tight, corset that when it was put on he thought it was going to pinch him in half, but his mind was focused on nothing because of what he learned before for that as part of his girly lesson montage. They had filled up a bladder with warm water, perfume and some other solution, before bending him over the tub, ass in the air and inserting something... something horrible into him.

The girls giggled nonstop, telling him they were just lubing him up, but he had an idea of what it was. He never looked back, but he was pretty sure they had used a dildo. It wasn't like they fucked him with it, but something like that coming anywhere near him, let alone touching his skin or going in him at all was vile. He didn't know for sure and that maybe the only reason he was sane, or semi sane. After they had put the nozzle into him and lifted the bladder, hanging it from the shower curtain rod, letting its contents flow into him. His knees didn't feel comfortable on the tile floor and started to get sore, but that was nothing to the feeling of being filled up through his rear. More and more he felt bloated, like he had gas or worse had to take a massive wet shit, it was embarrassing

and uncomfortable.

It was worse when one of them squeezed the bladder forcing more into him faster. It was like someone came up and pressed on your stomach when you had to go to the bathroom really bad. When he was allowed to sit up and let it all out into the toilet, it was amazing. Like when he needed to go use the bathroom halfway through Lord of the Rings, but held it because didn't want to miss a second of it, and the pure relief when he was able to empty his tank when the movie was over. "That wasn't so bad was it?" Letting out a breath of air he nodded at Bianca, happy it was over. That was until he saw Stephanie filling the bladder again.

"Ready for round two?" Ari slowly shook his head looking between the two girls. "This was lovely, truly it was and I will cherish you girls being so kind to me, but I just don't have the gumption or even a little yearning to do that again." Bianca tilted her head from one side to the other before tapping her finger on Ari's nose. "I just love how you talk Ariel, but I'm sure you would just hate it if we did something half-assed." Finishing screwing the top onto the bladder Stephanie hung it back up on the shower curtain rod. "Ariel? Oh yeah, the Ariel I know doesn't do anything part way."

He needed to sleep, he was tired, so very tired. Part of his brain knew this was his chance to also try running away, but when the girls left they had also taken his glasses and even if he could see right now he was more focused on trying to not think about how clean his ass was, or how it smelled like flowers. His asshole smelled like flowers... No amount of focus he possessed was allowing him to think of anything but that. Not what he had been through with getting new classes, or with his boss, getting his nails done, no none of that. Just the douching and he was afraid he was going to relive it in his dreams. As he climbed into bed, turning off the little lamp, he at least got to enjoy how the satin sheets felt on his hairless body. It was like magic and if he had any brain power to consider it he could have actually enjoyed it, instead he went to sleep telling himself he wasn't going to cry.

## **Chapter 12**

"Pay attention Ariel, you need to know how to do this yourself. I can't be doing your makeup everyday, and seriously what self respecting girl taking fashion courses doesn't already know how to give herself a daytime flirty look to match her outfit." In the mirror Ari could see himself with his hair pulled into a high ponytail, held up by a forest green band and a little bit of hair up front was left loose to frame his face, or so Bianca said. She had used makeup to even out his features on his face, hiding a pimple and with simple eyeliner and makeup his eyes were transformed.

"Stop everything!" Stephanie burst into the room drawing both Ari's and Bianca's attention immediately. Stephanie held out a box in her hands and closed the door behind her with her foot before coming closer. "I had to agree to have a lunch date with Alan

from drama, but he has loaned us what we need for Ariel to properly feel like a proper girl." Pulling open the lid to the box Bianca stood up walking closer with his hands covering her mouth as Ari's eyes opened as wide as they could. Inside was a pair of life-like breasts, like some poor girl had her chest chopped off and Stephanie was holding them as a trophy.

"Didn't you say Al was cute and you wouldn't mind spending time with him?" Stephanie bit her bottom lip, touched her chin with the back of her left hand and looked away, forgetting she had told Bianca about that.

"Wait.. since when is it Al?" Holding the box in one hand Stephanie's other moved to her hip as she stared accusingly at her friend. When she was talking to him he had told her to call Al, all of his friends did and if Bianca called him that, then she had been talking to him.

"You are being super defensive and paranoid, don't give me that look. If it wasn't for our little Ariel here Al would have asked you out any day now, easier for a boy to work up the courage when someone's best friend has told him about how when she sees him she can't help but steal a glance or two."

"You didn't!?" Stephanie asked unsure if Bia was being serious or not. "Oh I did, he is cute and with how outgoing he is I bet he is so much fun, but that boy is thick. I doubt he would have asked you out without me helping."

"You bitch, you can't go and do that... but also thank you. Boys can truly be stupid sometimes. Right Ariel?" The entire time they were talking Ari's eyes had not left the breast forms in the box. As Stephanie moved they jiggled and the idea of those massive things on him gave him tunnel vision. "What? Oh ah, I agree boys can be thicker than honey at times." Stephanie burst out laughing at the thicker than honey comment.

"They really can Ariel, now why don't you get undressed so we can attach the little girls to your chest." Ari swallowed hard looking at them again, but didn't move to comply. "Attach? Little... those things look massive. Can't we just keep doing what we have been doing?"

"Those are just B cup forms, mine are a size bigger than that." Said the petite girl. They didn't look like a B cup to Ari, but he figured that was more because the longer he stared at them the bigger and bigger he imagined his chest was going to look with them on him. "You are going to have the same size chest as me, but if you want bigger you will have to grow your own, or pay for your own fake breasts and I don't think these things are cheap. Now stop stalling and get up, you will be much happier when you have these on. The glue only holds for up to a week unfortunately." A week, a full week with his own tits, it would be much, much harder to get away and go back to being himself with them on.

“No, no, I have put up with a lot, but I am not letting you girls attach those to me. It will be a cold day in Hell when I let you put those on me!” Much like the movie Cold Day in Hell Tremors having those forms stuck to him would be a bad time he thought. He had to stand up to them, after last night he had to show them he wouldn’t just do anything they said.

Ari wasn’t expecting Stephanie to hand Bianca the box, grab him by the wrist and yank him to his feet. “What are you...” His question cut off and transitioned into a yelp as he was then pushed face down onto the bed. He had just moved his arms to push himself up when he felt someone sit on his lower back. SMACK, SMACK, SMACK the sound filled his ears as three hard slaps were felt on his rear end. “OW, OW, GET OFF!” He yelled as he kicked his feet trying to find purchase on the ground and will himself to be strong enough to get up. In the movies the protagonist often did push ups with someone on their back, but right now he wasn’t sure how that was even possible. SMACK, SMACK, SMACK the sound came from three more slaps. “I SAID GET OFF ME YOU BITCH!”

“Bia, hand me that hair brush please and go get a bar of soap from the bathroom, Ariel has forgotten her place.” Ari was about to tell her to stop, not to hit him again and definitely for Bianca to not listen to the bitch assaulting him, but the hairbrush must have been in easy reach, because the next blows hurt much worse and he found the only words able to leave his mouth were grunts of pain and yelps. As he opened his lipstick covered lips to cry out again a thick bar of dove soap was shoved into his mouth. “I bet you will enjoy Dove soap a lot less than Dove chocolate, but looks like we should have cleaned your mouth out last night instead of just your rear.” Bianca said as Stephanie continued turning his ass cheeks red. Ari bit into the soap as the next strike came, the saliva from his mouth mixing with the soap. He held out for as long as he could, but was not able to physically stop her and the powerlessness made him start to cry. He hated crying, but this was too much.

He had just started to cry when the attack stopped, Stephanie was still sitting on him, but she had halted her aggressions. Ari had his eyes held tightly shut, not wanting them to see how weak he was. “Alright Ariel, get up now.” Bianca’s words were harsh and he wanted to tell her he couldn’t when the weight lifted from his back. While he struggled before he tried to take the bar out of his mouth but Bianca kept that from happening, so now he simply turned himself over and slowly stood up the white bar still firmly in his mouth.



“You may spit that out in the bathroom sink Ariel.” Ari sniffled as he shuffled his way into the small bathroom, the snuffle causing him to swallow more of his soapy saliva. In the mirror he could see his mascara had begun to run from his tears. A shiver ran up his spine as he saw Stephanie and Bianca come up behind him. “Do you remember who is in charge now?” Stephanie asked, looking at the puffy eyed Ariel in the mirror. He gave her a slow nod as he turned on the water wanting to rinse his mouth out. “Good, since you remembered that I hope you remember to talk like your proper self. Now tell me

Ariel, how cold is it in Hell?"

Moving the glass full of tap water to his lips Ariel swished the contents around in his mouth before spitting into the sink. "I might be embellishing just a tad, but it seems like a flawless winter day, snow in all." She wasn't threatening him, but he was sure he wouldn't be getting a warning if he didn't go along with having those things glued to him.

"You paint a wonderful picture Ariel, it reminds me of when my parents saved up so we could take a trip up to Breckendridge ski resort. It was such a wonderful trip." Ari remembered that year, he was fifteen. His parents were invited on the trip and tried to save up for it, a joint family vacation, but his mother's car died and with it dead so was the chance of affording to replace it and go on a vacation. He had dreamed of sitting by the fire at night, drinking hot cocoa with Bianca and somehow saying the magic words that would make her look at him the way he saw her. "Was it fun? I haven't been skiing before." Stephanie asked, her attention now fully pulled away from Ariel as the three still stood in the small bathroom.

"You would have loved it, so many cute boys and..." Bianca's voice trailed off as she thought back to her trip. "You actually look a lot like one of the ski instructors, though she was platinum blonde. I hated her, her tall model good look and how every male there would come running if she crooked her finger."

"Bia, believe it or not but I used to hate being five foot ten. In grade school they called me Ever Giant." Bianca gave her friend a sad look. "Aww, kids are so mean. They called me Baby Bianca and I swear I was like five foot even till my senior year, it was so hard to get boys to notice me." She said, exaggerating a bit.

"I noticed you." The two girls turned their heads towards Ariel, remembering the disguised male was in the room with them. "That's sweet Ariel, but I was talking about boys. Though you did dress like one back then didn't you? I'm so happy you are finally letting the real you out into the world." He wasn't thinking when he opened his mouth to speak, Bianca just seemed to be opening up about something hard in her life and he wanted to reassure her that she was noticed and that it was by him, but her reply brought everything back to the present.

"College and maturing is a wonderful thing, I'm happy with my model-like height." Stephanie gave a wink to Bianca when she said model-like. "Bianca is happy being one of the cutest girls on campus and Ariel is happy to have such wonderful friends to help her be who she wants to be." Stephanie laughed lightly as she walked out of the bathroom, Bianca quickly on her heels. "Cutest and hottest, Steph." She said with a raised voice despite both being in the same room. Ari gave himself one last look in the mirror and let out a sigh, knowing he couldn't hide in here.

The breast forms felt much heavier than Ari expected as he sat up on the bed. The girls had made sure the forms were even as he laid on his back and they glued them in place. "We need to use some waterproof concealing with her skin tone or those things are never going to look real. I'm going to run off to the store, while I'm gone. Do you think we can get her to do her own makeup for today?" Stephanie said, giving one of the forms a poke. Looking down at the forms Ari was happy that they looked so fake, though that didn't help the fact they were stuck to his chest and he could feel them jiggle and move with him.

"Absolutely! Ariel, I hope you were paying attention before, because we are removing your makeup and you are going to redo it yourself." Bianca said, taking his hand to lead him over to the vanity. It felt odd being in so little clothes, all he had on right now was a pair of cream colored lace panties that held back his penis. "Makeup, darlin, you just know how I yearn to make myself as enchanting as yourself."

"I don't know about all that, but I bet we can make you pretty enough to get some boys' attention." Bianca gave Stephanie a little wave before turning her full attention to helping Ariel.

### **Chapter 13**

Ari looked himself over in the full mirror that was the closet door in the room the girls had him stay in the previous night. It took a few tries, but his makeup was done to Bianca's liking and when Stephanie came back the fake looking forms became completely realistic with the skin toned concealer. He wore a forest green dress with a low neckline to show off his new assets, the sleeves came just a few inches below his elbows and the skirt came about four inches above his knee. The dress clung to him, showing off his thin waist thanks to the uncomfortable corset. He glanced down to his feet that were encased in a pair of pumps exactly like he wore the day before, but were white. In fact they were the same pumps Stephanie had worn yesterday. The green heels from yesterday would match the dress like they did the blouse he wore and he thought they would put him back in them, but that was not the case.

"Today we are going to be taking some more photos." Bianca held up his camera, though she had traded out the strap for one that was pink with a stripe of black. "Then we are off to get you your own shoes, maybe Stephanie can borrow them from you from time to time instead of you always borrowing hers."

"Would be a nice change of pace, I don't mind sharing Ariel, but your closet is seriously empty." Stephanie pulled open the mirrored door to show a closet about three quarters full of the things they took home yesterday from his work. "That isn't my closet and it looks a touch more than spartan."

"It has some clothes Ariel, but you are the only girl I have ever seen with zero shoes and

that has to change. We can use what is left in your bank account, I have a ten percent off coupon for any store in the mall... you are welcome by the way that I am using it on you and Happy Heels has a sale going on this week. Stephanie spotted it yesterday, buy one get forty percent off your next pair. Oh I just love a good bargain.”

Feeling a bitter taste in his mouth at the idea of spending what little money he had Ariel wanted to speak up, but bit back his initial reply. Not wanting anything close to a repeat of earlier this morning. “I love to open my pocketbook for a delightful sale like the next girl, but I do have rent to pay soon. So perhaps this can wait for another day?”

“That crummy place, ick, not sure why you would want to pay rent there. Didn’t you plan to move into the dorms?” Bianca made a gagging motion.

“Well yeah, but...” Ari looked around the girly dorm room. “I have had an absolutely lovely time with the two of you, but I would have to talk to someone in student housing and our days have been so full.” That and he couldn’t go in there looking this way or he wouldn’t be able to get into the men’s dorms for the semester.

“I am so thrilled to hear you say that, because yesterday while you were at work I took the liberty of doing just that for you and get this. I let your landlord know that you had already moved out, because I took care of all of that for you. Isn’t that great!” Ari’s jaw hung open, she had to be lying. No way would his landlord let someone just say one of your tenants has moved out without speaking to them and the student housing. There were forms to sign, money to put down, she couldn’t have done all that in someone else’s name.

“You.. you are a sweetie for thinking of me, and as delightful as that sounds I know you couldn’t have done any of that for me. Those are things that would require me to be there.” Bianca waved his words away as she got to her feet, giving a look to Stephanie. “Ariel, honey you have to understand that when we say men are thick, I mean they are truly thick. All I had to do was bat my eyes, flirt a little and tell them how my dear friend just couldn’t come herself because it was her time of the month. Every man wants to be flirted with by a pretty girl, and every man wants to avoid the topic of a girl period.”

“Where... where am I staying then?” He knew the answer, he was sure of the answer, but he was desperate for them to tell him something different.

“Ariel, you slept in your bed last night and all those clothes are in your closet.” His face fell as Stephanie said that, but was replaced with a wide grin and she made a motion for him to smile with index fingers to her own mouth. Soon as he did he heard the snapping of the camera in Bianca’s hands to capture the moment. “You will be right next door to me, isn’t that wonderful? I mean it is nice to have a friend so close. Bianca is in a different building, so the two of us get to be closer.”

“That sounds divine, what more could a girl like me ask for.” He said with a large, fake smile.

Pulling the camera away from her face Bianca smirked. “Careful Ariel, it looks like you are so happy you might cry. You don’t want to ruin your makeup.” Ari closed his eyes and counted to ten slowly to try and keep his emotions under control. “The lighting is so good out, let’s head over to the campus sign. We can get Ariel posing in front of it, so she can show how happy she is to be here for her fashion major.”

The three walked across campus, Ariel doing his best to not pay attention to how many people looked his way. He knew all the attention wasn’t directed at him, but every person was either looking at him because they were checking him out and everyone one had a chance of seeing past his disguise. No one had yet, but it was only a matter of time. On the side walk closer to the front of the campus there was a red bricked wall to an elevated section of campus. The campus sign was mounted to the wall and they were almost to it when someone called out to Bianca, causing the group to stop.

“Bianca, Bianca, my darlin. I was coming to see you and apologize for the other day.” Running up to them was a man about six foot tall, making Ari an inch taller than him with his current white four inch pumps. He had brown hair he kept swept back and a well groomed beard. His baby blue eyes only looked at Bianca. He wore a dark pair of jeans, an off white button up shirt with a light gray vest.

“Apology not accepted Erim, what you did was unacceptable.” Bianca crossed her arms and looked at the other two with her. “Girls, this is Erim Dal, my ex-boyfriend. Don’t worry he won’t be around much longer, now that he is done with school his visa will be expiring.” Erim took Bianca’s hand in his own.

“Bianca please, don’t speak this way. If I can find a position here, maybe I don’t have to go back to Istanbul.” Bianca yanked her hand away from him and caught the eye of Stephanie as she motioned with her head towards Ariel. “Erim coming to apologize to me or not it is rude of you to not even acknowledge my friends.” With a forced smile he inclined his head towards Stephanie.

“Sorry Erim looks like it wasn’t meant to be with Bianca or myself.” He gave her a sad nod of his head, feeling what she said to be true. “With you are I, meeting in the marketing class felt like this aligned, but it turned out it was like kissing one of my sisters.” Stephanie laughed remembering how awkward things got when there wasn’t a connection, but she liked him enough to introduce him to Bianca. “Who is... new friend?”

“This is our friend Ariel Serra, don’t mind her for being quiet she gets like that around guys she thinks are cute.” Stephanie said, giving Erim a wink. He raised his eyebrows to

ask nonverbally if that was true and Stephanie nodded. Stepping closer to her, Erim took Ariel's hand and kissed the back of it as he inclined his head. "A pleasure to meet another you Ariel. I had hoped Bianca would forgive me, but at least my heart can be lighter meeting you." A blush came to Ari's cheeks as he looked to the girls for help, but they both just smirked at him. Erim had gone from rejection to hitting on him right away after encouragement from Stephanie.

"You know Erim I should be mad you just hit on one of my friends in front of me after you were begging for another chance." He made a face that said oops as she continued. "But I think the two of you might just be a perfect fit. I know Ariel thinks you are cute, but what do you think of her?"

Erim hadn't let go of Ari's hand after kissing the back of it and was running his thumb across his knuckles as Bianca asked the question. "Her eyes match my own, and remind me of the skies back home and seeing her beauty makes me wish I was a poet so I could woo her with my words." Ari's entire body locked up. This guy was hitting on him and it sounded an awful lot like Bianca was trying to set him up on a date with her ex-boyfriend.



“I know for a fact you should try just that, Ariel is the type of girl who likes to be wooed, but I think you could start apologizing by taking the three of us out tonight for pizza. Well Ariel will be hitting the salad bar, she is on a strict diet. What do you say Erim?” Ari looked at the shorter girl, shaking his head ever so slightly, but he also caught the eye of Stephanie who was nodding and mouthing the words be happy and say yes.

Looking over the three beautiful creatures around him, Erim felt all the anxiety he had coming up to the group fade away completely, but before he could say he would do it, the pretty girl he had just met spoke up. “Shugah I would cherish an evening out, though I might have some of that pizza. I can get mighty peckish, but if you had other plans we would understand. No man could be expected to drop everything with no notice.”

“I would drop everything to just be close enough to hear you speak a few more words

Ariel. Your voice, with the accent is like.. What is the word, like a song that captivates. Yes, yes I would be happy to take the three of you out and would be better for it." Ari was really hoping he would have other plans, but if the situation was reversed he was pretty sure he would put himself in a tight financial spot for a chance to have dinner with three girls.

"It is settled then, how about we meet you there at six thirty tonight?" Stephanie said, pulling out her phone and looking at her calendar. "Tonight, yes this will be good."

The man was grinning like a fool and still rubbing his hand. Ari was afraid he wouldn't go away and if he didn't he was sure Bianca would pull him in for some photos. "It was lovely to meet you shugah, but we must skedaddle. Things to do and all that." Ari pulled his hand away from the man, happy he didn't stop him or come in for a hug as he said his goodbyes. As he left he turned on his heels almost too fast and almost lost his balance. "What... was... that...?"

Bianca threw her head back and just laughed and laughed for a moment. "That Ariel was us getting a free meal and you getting to know your future boyfriend."

"Oh, she is getting a boyfriend?" Stephanie asked in mock surprise.

"I do not want a boyfriend!" He declared tightening his hands into fists, but regretting it as he stabbed himself with his longer nails.

"You do indeed want a boyfriend, I know this because you had us working on a Tinder account for you. Now we can still go with that plan where you go on date after date, and I do plan to set you up on a date seven nights a week. The bright side is if we got that way you will get plenty of food, and a lot of cocks to suck. Not like you can pay your own way...Or you can go out with Erim and us tonight."

Stephanie turned her phone around to show Ari the unfinished Tinder account. He saw his profile picture, posing for the camera in a tight dress, and saw the interested in "men" "fwb" and could just imagine her pushing him out the door with guy after guy. Each date having a chance to find out who he really was and a chance to send him to the hospital. He absolutely had to take the safer option to bide his time so he could speak to the dean.

"Having a steady beau around sounds delightful, but we do have a lot to get done before tonight." His feet and calves hurt from the heels he was wearing and he knew he had so much more time on his feet before the day was out. Wouldn't his mother be proud of him now, making friends and expanding his wardrobe.

## **Chapter 14**

Holding out his hands Ari was handed one heel in each of them. In his left hand was a blue gladiator style sandal with a four inch stiletto heel and in the other was a black five inch heel that had a single strap that would leave his toes exposed and a thick strap with two buckles that would wrap around his ankle. "Now tell me Ariel, what pair do you like best and why?" Ari was sitting down on a bench in Happy Heels, the girls had already made him choose three pairs of heels for him to take home and he was hoping Bianca making him explain this choice would make it his last.

The blue heels on Bianca would bring her up to his height, wearing four inch heels now made him feel like a giraffe, and while one inch higher didn't sound like much the idea of wearing five inch heels wasn't something he wanted to do. Not that four inch ones were much better, but he was lacking for good choices. "While I yearn to take home both of these adorable shoes, I am loath to say my pocketbook can't take much more shopping today. If I had to choose just one I would pick the blue pair. The black pair would go with more outfits, but I do just love the pop of color."

The four inch heels he had been wearing were bad enough, the last thing he wanted was to be paraded around in a pair of come-fuck-me heels like some girl in heat. "Hmmm, Bia she does bring up a good point, I think we should get both of them and then we can pick a sixth pair to take advantage of the sale."

Ari looked between the two pairs of heels he still held up at Bianca, who was tapping her chin. She seemed to be the deciding vote if he had to not only purchase both of these shoes and deplete what little money he had left, and if this shopping trip wasn't over just yet. "Ariel, what is the first outfit that comes to mind to wear those blue heels, from what you got yesterday?" Bianca smirked, loving the idea of testing Ariel for some of her fashion knowledge. She was going to have to learn fast to keep up in her new classes.

The question threw him off, it was the first time they had asked him to coordinate an

outfit and he had hardly paid attention to all the clothes Stephanie had chosen yesterday. "I would loath to look tacky, and I know more than a few pieces we picked up were blue. So I would match them together, or I could use them to stand out. Like that bright enchanting yellow lace dress." Ari looked at the blue heels in his hand, imagining holding them up to the yellow dress that he really only recalled because Stephanie had held it up to him yesterday and made more than a few comments about how good it was going to look on him.

"That was well thought Ariel, let's get both pairs of heels and then pick up a sixth. Six pairs is a good start, next paycheck we can come back." Stephanie snapped her fingers and her face brightened at Bianca's comment.

"Payday can be Happy Heels day! You are brilliant Bia, we could even buy a bookshelf from Ikea for Ariel to keep them on. Some people blow all their money on drugs and alcohol, Ariel is just one of those girls that can't help but want more and more shoes." Bianca snickered thinking about one bookshelf full of heels turning into two so Ariel could have so many choices with her outfits.

Stephanie put her hand on Ariel's shoulder and smiled at the disguised male in the green dress. "Why don't you pick out the next pair all on your own Ariel and remember who you are. Can't have you slipping back into being a tomboy."

Getting up, Ari looked around the isles wishing they would have just picked something so he could go and how doing this himself was so much worse. "Just imagine you are picking something out for Bianca" he told himself when a pair caught his eye. They were a beige patent leather heel with a thin five inch heel and pointed toe. The thread work looked to have been done with gold thread. Picking up the box he brought it back to the girls with a smile on his lips. "I just found the most darlin pair of heels, what do you girls think?" He said thinking if he didn't play up the role they still might reject them because he just wasn't excited enough.

"Those look great, slip them on and tell us how they feel." He really didn't want to try on another pair of heels, let alone ones this high, but he had little choice other than to comply. Slipping them on, he took a few unsteady steps and gave them a forced smile. "Perfect fit! Now maybe we can skedaddle before I put myself into debt."

"Wait, hold on a second, Ariel. Go over to the end of that isle and hold onto the rail and kick back one of your feet and smile. Show us how much you love being here." Ari was sure Bianca was about to take another photo of him.

"Go into debt, you know that is a good idea! The store does have their own credit card you can apply for. Then you can just charge all these purchases and... oh Ariel you were planning to do that so you could get more today weren't you?"

“What! No, I mean I have never had a credit card. I surely doubt I could get one here.” Stephanie smiled thinking about how they were about to find out.

When they left the store, Ariel was now the owner of a pink credit card with his name on it, the logo of Happy Heels and ten new pairs. “Great, in a single day I now own more shoes than I have ever had at once.’

“What was that Ariel?” Stephanie asked, giving him a stern expression. “Oh Steph I was just saying how great it was that I have more shoes then I have ever had before.”

## **Chapter 15**

“Honey, I just adore this outfit, but was there something wrong with what I was wearing before?” Ari said looking into the mirror at himself wearing a canary yellow dress with a white checkered pattern. After the photos they had gone back to the room and had him try on multiple dresses before he had the privilege of deciding between the two last choices. His feet were back into the white heels he wore earlier. As Stephanie came up behind him, he lifted his arms so she could wrap a thin white leather belt around his waist. He didn’t understand the point of a belt on a dress, but he didn’t really understand fashion.

“Ariel you looked wonderful before, it definitely got Erim’s attention, but now that you got it, you are going to have to show him you are willing to put in the effort to look good for him. I promise he is the type to notice. He always noticed when I got my hair done or if I changed my nails. He has his flaws, but paying attention to how you look was something he has always been good at.” Ari bit the inside of his cheek, he didn’t want to put any effort in looking good for a man or trying to look good in a dress at all. The idea that the girl he liked was trying to give him advice on how to pick up her ex was something he could only imagine happening in some eighties movie.

“As much as I adore dressing up, shouldn’t I want to be with someone that appreciates me for my charms rather than just how fetching I am in an outfit?” Fetching, adore, honey, this was not how a real person talked, but every time he spoke in his imitation southern belle accent he couldn’t help of thinking of those old movies and when he didn’t talk like that... his mind went back to being spanked like he was a child, powerless to do anything other than feel pain. No, this was the right course of action.

Bianca picked up his phone from the dresser, clicking a few things before turning the screen around for him to see. She had pulled up a hookup dating app. “If someone like Erim who will appreciate you isn’t your speed, maybe I misjudged you Ariel. I thought you were a good girl, the type to try and date one man at a time, but if you are just looking for a good time we could still set you up on here. I can just imagine helping you find the right stud to fill those cravings of yours. Sending messages asking them how big

they are and when you can see it and feel it for yourself.

It wasn't what she said, but somehow he could just imagine Bianca and Stephanie dragging him into a bathroom with a hole in the wall and forcing him to take anything in his mouth that came through. It was clear they planned on this punishment not being a short term thing and with how brutal Stephanie could be if he didn't pursue the attentions of Erim she might take things in a much worse direction. "Silly me, even with it being the three of us with him, the idea of spending time with that charming man has left me feeling like butterflies are in my stomach."

"Perfectly normal Ariel, though it sounds like it might be love at first sight." He had little choice other than to grin and bear their teasing as they showed him how he was going to be styling his hair tonight. To say it took a few tries would be a massive understatement and he wasn't sure he could get it to look the same if he tried, but the girls assured him he would become a pro before long. With that he was off with the two of them for his first kind of date with another male. He was terrified he would get caught, that Erim would see through the disguise. He could just imagine him standing up and punching him hard enough that some teeth went flying, but he wasn't sure the idea of that man kissing him would be any better.

"Ladies, ladies you all look so lovely, but Ariel..." Ari had looked a girl up and down more than once in his day, but being on the receiving end made him feel like Erim was looking for something he wanted to buy and take home. "You are beautiful, and I do not mean you look beautiful. No, you just are and I hope you know that and see that every time you look in the mirror." Ari really didn't care to look in the mirror to see how he looked, it was a constant and he felt odd, bad, sad, angry, afraid every time he did.

"Shugah, stop, you are going to make me blush." Erim held out his hand palm up and Ari took it. He wasn't sure what to expect, but he wasn't expecting to be pulled into a hug. At least it wasn't a lingering one. "You say this knowing I have no intention of stopping, yes?"

"Erim you can woo the girl inside, you promised us dinner as an apology." Ari wasn't sure how upset Bianca really was, but the tone of her voice made it sound like she was still pissed at the man. That very man was still very much in his personal space as they went in and Ari was not comfortable at all with how he kept his hand on the small of his back, guiding him like he was his property.

When they sat down Ari ended up being guided to a booth seat, where Erim sat next to him and far too close. While the jailers sat in the seats across from him. Erim picked up his menu to look it over when Bianca reached across the table and yanked it from his hand. "Large pepperoni pizza, side order of alfredo sauce, garlic bread and one person for the salad bar." Erim blinked at the smaller girl across from him for a moment, not sure

what to make of what just happened. "I know you like to order, that is our order."

"Alfredo sauce and garlic bread sounds so good... we are really going to have to work that off tomorrow. Ariel, how do you have the willpower to stick to your diet, alfredo sauce is my kryptonite. I could never go for just the salad bar when I come to a place like this, let alone when someone else is paying." He had already been told, but that was definitely Stephanie's way of telling him he wasn't getting anything else other than the lettuce and such things over at the salad bar.

"I am mighty peckish and I do yearn for the delicious food you just described, but my Momma always said a lady who can't control herself, can't control her waistline, and won't be able to keep a man." Bianca squinted one eye at him and shook her head a little. "That is some old fashioned nonsense. A girl should be able to eat what she wants. We don't need to worry about looking good just for some man."

"Hey now, now. Bianca where this coming from, we all entitled to our own beliefs. You believe some, she believe in another. I for one think it okay how Ariel think."

"Yeah well you would like that... I just can't believe I heard that come from Ariel's mouth. Do you really believe that, Ariel?" Ari licked his lips, he wasn't trying to give them some deep information on his beliefs, he didn't think girls existed to just look pretty for men or anything.

"Come on Bia, it isn't that hard to believe. Ariel has always been the one dreaming of some big strong man to sweep her off her feet and marry her. I wouldn't be surprised if she got married before she graduated college."

Bianca tapped her finger to her lip and nodded as she looked Ariel in the eye. "I guess you are right Steph, though I even have money on her dropping out of college once she gets a ring on her finger."

"I will too graduate and I'm going to be a director!" The southern accent had slipped, but his voice didn't even try to go back to its normal register. Ari felt Erim's arm encircle his shoulder.

"Oh you want to be director? Like you want to do movies?"

"Ignore her Erim, she is taking fashion journalism. I bet she just didn't want you to think all of her day was thinking about clothes. Right, Ariel?" Ari glanced to the hand on his shoulder, feeling the arm going across his shoulders and then looked back to Stephanie and gave a small nod.

"Ah... Ariel, you need not worry. Beautiful girl like you, only normal to think of clothes

and such things. I'm sure if you tried to be director you would be good, but you should follow your passions. Bianca goes to school for taking photos and fashion and she loves it, no need to hide who you are." If fashion journalist Ariel wasn't a complete fiction the guy could be doing a good job, but it was all a lie and he just wished he would stop touching him.

"I am who I am, but sometimes I embellish just a tad." Erim pulled him closer into a side hug. "Embellish, yes I love the way you talk with your accent... oh yes waitress yes hello. Could we please have one large pizza with the pepperoni." He looked over to Stephanie. "Bowl of alfredo with garlic bread and my friend here will be using salad bar."

Through the dinner Ari tried to do his best to not be grumpy about eating a salad, not even a big salad but more of a side salad thanks to Bianca going up to the salad bar with him. Everyone was eating pizza, drizzling a little of the side sauce onto their slices, while he got lettuce, cherry tomatoes, cucumbers and sunflower seeds. Bianca had told him with a crash diet like he was under, of course Bianca had used the word she, was on cutting out dressing was also needed. He did get one bite, one delicious bite of pizza that he hated.

"Here, this is too good not to share. Diet can survive one bite, here you will like." Erim then proceeded to feed him a single bite of the pizza that he had cut off with a knife and fork. Ari hated being fed, it always made him feel like he was being treated like a baby. Still the bite of food was good, but it just made him want what they had more. "Mmmm, that is just divine."

"Would you like another bite?" Ari watched as he started to cut another piece off a slice of pepperoni pizza with some alfredo drizzled on it. "Oh honey no, I couldn't imbibe another bite."

That was when Ari felt his hand on his knee. Erim had put down the knife and slipped his hand under the table and placed it there. Feeling another man's hand touch him like that caused Ari's body to freeze up. He didn't even notice when the man leaned closer and gave him a kis on the cheek. "I could listen to you talk all night, tell me what is your phone number so we can plan the next time we go out?"

Ari didn't respond, his eyes just focused on the fall wall as Erim's thumb moved in slow small circles. A beep from his pocket pulled Erim's attention away and when he looked down at his phone, he quickly looked up to Bianca. "Now you have her contact information, look at what you are doing to that poor girl."

Erim took notice of how stiff she was and for a second he felt bad til he saw the deep blush on her cheeks. "Oh, oh, oh yes. Maybe not for public. My apologies Ariel, public signs of affection are normal in my culture."

Stephanie leaned closer and staged whispered. "She isn't embarrassed, she is turned on you doofus." The blush on Ari's cheeks grew deeper, very much from embarrassment. He wanted to chew his own leg off to get away, but that was extreme when he couldn't even manage to push the hand away. It should have been easy, it should have happened on instinct, but he was under instruction to try and make this man his boyfriend or he could end up on his knees every night they could find a date for him on the app. A hand on his leg or shoulder should have been nothing, but he was having an incredibly hard time.

Ari wasn't sure how much time had passed, but before he knew it they were all standing in the night air, the girls telling Erim he isn't forgiven just yet, but this was a good start and then left him alone with the man. It all happened so fast, he thought they were talking about.. About something and then there was a hand wrapped around his waist, another behind his head and lips pressed to his own. Erim's face pivoted to kiss him deeper and Ari felt the beard scratching his face a contrast to his smooth skin. He was so shocked he had opened his mouth to take a deep breath, but then he only found the man's tongue in his mouth. He froze again for a second, but then tried to pull away, he even tried to push the man's tongue from his mouth with his own, but not only was that a losing battle it was one he should not have engaged in at all.

When the kiss was over he found himself walking slowly to Stephanie's car. The world felt silent except for the click, clack, click clack of his heels and the tingling feeling he felt on his lips. "Get it girl!" Bianca said as he got into the backseat. Ari gingerly touched two of his fingers to his lips, unable to believe he not only kissed another man, but he had made out with one.

## **Chapter 16**

Today he was going to do it, today he was going to speak with the dean about all of this, he had little choice. Classes were starting up today and if he didn't take care of this now he could end up being stuck with these classes and waste an entire semester. If he did that he wasn't sure his parents would be keen on continuing to pay for his education. Of course if they knew he was now taking fashion classes they might feel the same.

This morning his alarm went off and he not so happily followed the directions he was given the night before. Shower, shave, use the body lotion and then wait. When Stephanie came into the room it was the first time he had seen her without her looking put together, heck it was the first time he had seen her without makeup. "Let's get you ready for your first class and then I can go take a shower." The still groggy Stephanie looked Ariel over, he was wearing the black and white lace boyshort panties and a pushup bra. She wondered if the feminized boy knew it was a push up bra when he took it from his new dresser. It didn't look like he had tucked his member back and if she hadn't noticed that she would have no clue Ariel was a male by looking.

The first thing Stephanie did was wrap a corset around his waist while he placed his palms on the wall. "Enough, enough... can't breathe." Ari said with a strained voice as she pressed her knee into him as she pulled hard on the laces. "Suck it in girly, I want to get another two centimeters! By this time next week I plan to have you in a smaller corset." Ari really didn't like the sound of that, but he didn't have time to contemplate it either as the brute of a girl was trying to suffocate him.

"There, a nice waistline to help with your hourglass figure. I know how important your waist is so you can keep a man." Ari blushed a little, reminded of the comment he said the previous night and then thinking of that made his mind remind him that he had another man's tongue in his mouth. "Steph I didn't mean..."

"I know what you meant Ariel, and that is why we are going to work hard to get your body the way you want it." Ari swallowed hard, running his hand over the corset that was currently keeping him from breathing the way he would want. "I really like you in bright colors, but I just love this skirt." Stephanie held up a long skirt pleated checker patterned skirt that had mixes of cream, two different shades of gray and green that ran through it all separating some of the other colors.

Soon enough Ari was wearing stay up stockings, the skirt thankfully was long, coming down just below his knees. He wore a plain black blouse, with sheer sleeves and on his feet were the awful five inch stiletto heels he had picked up the day before. The corset made him feel like he was wearing a vice and the heels made it so so he was walking on stilts. Those were bad, but he knew what was in his closet and things could have been much worse. He shook his head hating the fact that this was his room, that was his closet and those were his dresses hanging in there.

"We need to get you your own jewelry, but for today I have a gold cross necklace, three rings, a bracelet and some earrings. It is a good thing you have a steady job, building up a full wardrobe is going to be expensive." The cross necklace was of a simple design on a thin gold chain, while some of the rings were more ornate. One was gold with a large flat surface with a black stone a little bigger than this thumb. That one went on his right index finger, while a gold wire wrap ring went on his right ring finger. The last was a gold thick gold ring with six tiny white flowers that went onto his left middle finger. He moved his left hand closer to look at the ring, seeing a diamond at the center of each flower. He felt like if he wasn't careful he could hurt himself or someone wearing a ring like this.

Stephanie held out the gold bracelet that was about two and a half inches wide with a flower design etched into it. "The stones are fake, you won't be getting rich off selling my jewelry." Ari shook his head, carefully taking the offered bracelet from her like one might from a wild animal you weren't sure if they were going to attack you. "Shugah, I would never even contemplate something like that." He said while now contemplating how

much he could actually get for the gold. Lastly he put on the gold earrings that looked like upside down exclamation marks to him. As he put them on he felt the weight and how they swung when he moved his head.

“You are looking good Ariel, today I am going to leave you to do your own makeup and hair, but if I see you around campus later and I don’t think you put enough effort in...” She didn’t finish her sentence, hoping their previous encounters informed him enough of what would happen. Also making the feminized boy imagine the worst seemed like so much better than telling him exactly what would happen. “Have fun in your classes, we will meet up later.”

Sitting down at the vanity Ari swept his skirt under him and then crossed his legs at the knee. He sat up straight thanks to the corset and he couldn’t even take a deep enough breath to let out a proper long sigh at his situation. His new class schedule sat off to the side, he still had an hour and a half to get to class, not that he wanted to actually wanted to attend Feminist Theory. The girls said they changed his classes for Fashion Journalism, but to him it looked more like he was on the path to getting a Women’s Studies major. He considered just brushing his hair out and then leaving, and going right to the dean, but he wasn’t sure if his jailer was going to catch him before he left the floor. So he went to work, sadly doing his best to look like the type of girl that would dress like this.

Smacking his lips together Ari wished the person in the mirror, him but as an attractive girl didn’t look so kissable. If this kept going on his mind was either going to start accepting that it is really him and how he should look or he was going to start fantasizing about himself and sounded horrible. Picking up his purse he put his class schedule in there and headed out the door, neglecting his class books. He gave the room one last look, hoping this would be the last time he had to be in there other than to retrieve what little possessions he really had in there. He truly didn’t want to see anyone looking like this, he really didn’t want to admit he was a guy to anyone looking like this, but telling the dean the girls were forcing him to do this would be more credible wearing this outfit.

Walking across campus hadn’t gotten any easier for him, today he had the added difficulting of the higher heels, but while he didn’t feel comfortable he could see and feel too many guys turning their head to watch him walk by. He had watched a girls ass when she was walking in heels or even just walking by plenty of times himself, and the way he was dressed he imagined some of the men thought he wanted the attention. Luckily he had no encounters on the way to the administration office and there was no line to talk to the plump elderly lady behind the counter.

“Good morning miss, how can I help you today?” Ari hand his hands clasped together in front of him, one of his fingers running over the surface of the flat black stone of the ring he wore. He had a decision to make right here, tell her everything or save it for the dean.

“Sweetheart, it is okay to be nervous. Are you a new freshman?” He had paused long enough that things were starting to get awkward, or at least for him. He imagined starting to tell his story and her throwing him out of the building thinking he was a pervert as she jumped to a conclusion before he finished telling her everything. Old people could be kind, but they also tended to stick to an old set of values. “Apologies, I am frightfully nervous yes. I was wondering if I could impose upon you to see if I could speak to the dean for just a few minutes?”

She gave him a small, but sweet smile, he was sure she thought he was some freshman girl with a tiny problem. “It is awfully important... It is about some things happening on campus, we have a problem with hooligans.” Jeez Ari... hooligans? Can’t you stop with the southern belle vocab for a second? He asked himself, while still very much talking with the southern twang in his voice.

“Hand me your student ID and I will see if I can squeeze you in.” Happily handing over the card he was directed to sit on the wooden bench while she look into the system. Without thinking about it Ari sat down much like he did this morning at his vanity, a smile on his ruby lips thinking about how the house of cards was about to come down and it wouldn’t be on him. A minute later Ari heard one of the side doors open and close and he looked up to see another student coming in. Most students would come into this room then filter off to the side rooms to talk to different departments and seeing another person wasn’t unexpected, but he did not expect to see Bianca coming in. If she had come in the front door it could mean she had been tailing him, but considering she came in from one of the side doors it meant she was already here before he arrived.

“Ariel?” Bianca was wearing wearing a azure blue short skirt, a white blouse that was sheer just above her breasts and a pair of sensible two inch blue pointed toe heels. She put one hand on her hip as she stood before him, looking none too happy. She was about to start interrogating Ariel as to why he was here, when the admin called out his name. “Ariel he said he can fit you in. I didn’t notice your friend there.” She adjusted her thick glasses. “Is she going in with you to see the dean?”

Bianca looked at Ariel for just half a second before plastering on a large smile on her face as she turned to the elderly woman. “I really am, and don’t worry about not noticing me. My father says with how petite and quite I am he wants to put a bell around my neck.”

Walking into the dean's office, or more like strutting with how he had to walk in the stilt like heels, Ari was surprised to see him already on his feet waiting. “Ariel Serra, I am glad I get to meet you. I was going to have a letter drafted welcoming you to the new school year, but seeing you in person will do much better.”

Bianca looked from the dean, then to Ariel trying to figure what was happening, but with Ariel blinking his mascara lengthen lashes and not responding she wasn't so sure he knew what was happening either. She thought he might have come here to try and talk his way out of trouble and if he was trying that it meant he was trying to incriminate herself and Steph and she was not going to let that happen, but with how the dean was talking there was a chance he asked to see him.

"As you know we pride ourselves on being accepting and open minded here. The future will be in this generation's hands before long and I want everyone to know we support you." Ari's eyes started to grow wider when he said support you. When they changed his information in the system they didn't lie and say he was a female and it needed to be correct in the system, no they had told the school he was transgender.

"Sir, I actually..." Ari glanced at Bianca and then back to the middle aged man. The dean was wearing a black suit, white shirt and a blood red tie, though his jacket was on the back of his chair. He was maybe somewhere in his fifties and he could tell the man was at one point in great shape, but age was starting to strip it away. His dark hair had small bits of gray coming in that he seemed to not mind.

"Miss Serra, I only really have a moment, but I did want to give you the phone number of someone I think could really help you. They can set you up with any counseling you might need and after a brief conversation with them I was informed you might qualify for a few scholarships or grants. Normally these are the types of things you would have to do before the semester started, but I know you have been going through a lot of changes and looking at you standing here today. I have to say I think you made the right call, you are a beautiful young woman."

When he held out his hand Ari was so mentally numb he didn't even think about it as he took his hand and shook it. "Alright then." The older man looked from one of the young woman in his office to the other. "I hope the two of you have a great day, first day of classes ya know. Try not to be late."

As they walked out Bianca took the business card Ariel was given from him.

"Scholarships! Grants! That is incredible! The first check my parents gave me for school ended up bouncing, they sent me another one just in time. If the school wasn't willing to work with me I might not have been able to actually attend this semester." Bianca shook her head. "You have no idea how worried I was, but wow. Ariel, do you know how lucky you are that you have the opportunity?!"

"But it is for..." Bianca hardly let him get a word out as she walked with him out of the administration building. "He was so nice he never even mentioned you were transgender." She leaned in closer and lowered her voice at the end of the sentence. "I bet you are excited, it isn't like either of our parents are made of money. Steph has it

better than us in that regard, and don't you dare tell her about the bounced check." Ari nodded, feeling as he followed her, not much paying attention to where they were going.

He felt the fake breasts sway as he walked on the side walk, one foot in front of the other, his his swaying from side to side. His toes were being pinched just slightly and the longer he was on his feet in these shoes the more they bothered him, but they were just one piece of everything going on. The morning air ran across his nyloned legs, the skirt kept gently touching them and with the soft lining it felt good, way better than he would ever admit to another living soul. His back was kept straight and his waist was uncomfortably compressed from the corset, while his purse and earrings moved as he did. If all of that wasn't enough to distract him, he was still lost in thought at how the dean of the school knew who he was and had welcomed him to the school with open arms now that he had apparently come out as transgender. He didn't even have a chance to tell him what had happened, he didn't even think he would have if Bianca wasn't there. It felt like their would be a very different meeting when he found out the truth.

"Here you are." Ari tilted his head to the side slightly, looking at Bianca with confusion. "Your first class silly, I took this course my freshman year. I think you will enjoy it, I know you will learn a lot." She didn't depart, just looked at him expectantly, so he stepped into Feminist Theory his first class of the semester. His plans for escape, thwarted.

## **Chapter 17**

Ari was reflecting on the last week, and the changes he had endured. An expanding wardrobe, a changed course schedule, being officially registered at the school as a transgender coed, and having a potential boyfriend now in his life. It was a lot to take in, and he knew it would be difficult to undo it all. But he was determined to find a way, he had to find a way.

Sitting inside Stephanie's room Ari did his best to enjoy the little foot spa she told him to use after his long day in those heels. His schedule was full. He went to Feminist Theory, Women in Literature, Creative Fashion Design and then he had to go off to work.

David had told him how it wasn't in dress code to wear five inch heels, but he also said that after praising him for how he looked as he added the name tag Ariel to his blouse. He hadn't even considered the dress code, only that the girls hadn't allowed him to change and Ari was thrilled to be able to tell them how he could only wear flats, but even that dream was crushed.

"I have great news for you Ariel." David said, pulling him into the back office an hour into his shift. It was nice that the old coworkers didn't recognize him, but he hardly recognized himself anymore. "I spoke with the corporate office and considering your circumstances you have been given permission to wear heels of that height. I told them how much it meant to you to show the world how feminine you were. So starting today not only can you wear five inch heels, but consider them part of your work uniform. Now you will get to wear what you love everyday at work! Oh and now that I have your sizes I put together some more clothes for you in the bag over there by the door. We will get a new line into the store in two weeks, at that point I can give you more from our current selection as we move them out of circulation."

"Aww David darlin you shouldn't have." His feet were throbbing and he couldn't imagine wearing heels like this everyday. Most of the shoes he got were four inches, still too tall, and here his boss was telling him that effectively he now had a uniform for his feet and while he would love to just show up in sneakers and let go, he was sure it was actually going to end up with him going back to Happy Heels.

"You know I have some cute flats or shoes with a lower heel that I can wear." Ari didn't feel too good about the question when he saw David shaking his head, even if he was still smiling. "I won't even hear it, I have been trying to do research and I understand how important things like this can be. I have your back Ariel and have let the suits know what to expect when they see you on the sales floor."

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Later that night, the girls chatted on about something while the news played on the little tv in the room that no one was paying attention to. Ari was ignoring them, thinking about his current life and how to escape like Frank Morris in the movie Escape from Alcatraz. Tomorrow was going to be another day and a bad one at that. He had given a lot of thought to escape all of this, but now that the dean was off the table he wasn't sure what to do at all. Tomorrow he had Fashion Visuals, Women's Health, Introduction to the Fashion Business. Some of the courses he was taking this semester only met once per week, some met every other day, but nowhere on his schedule was any of the core classes he would have expected.

"Hey umm.. I have a question?" Both Stephanie and Bianca stopped what they were talking about and looked over to Ariel who had his feet resting in the bubbling water. "Girls don't wear five inch heels often do they?"

Bianca shook her head, while Stephanie waved her hand back and forth like a sea-saw. "I have two pairs myself, and they are super cute, but shoes like that are more often a sitting shoes or a two hour shoe." Ari looked at her confused wondering what exactly a sitting shoe was or a two hour shoe.

“A two hour shoe is something that isn’t comfortable after about two hours and a sitting shoe is a pair of shoes you wear when you are expecting to spend most of your time sitting.” Stephanie cut in to both add to Bianca and dispute her. “It depends on the girl and what you are doing, for example you will find a handful of girls in the fashion classes wear them more often and if they are a model they might spend all day in them, but mostly. No, I don’t wear them often myself, but you looked great in yours today.”

“Oh...” Ari wasn’t looking forward to what he had to say next, but he could imagine Stephanie pulling his arm behind his back and hitting him with a hairbrush to punish him for being sent home early or being let go for not meeting the new dress code. “My boss told me how he told corporate that while heels like I wore today are against dress code, they would be what I wore from now on and they umm agreed because of who I am that it would be okay.”

“Oh my god! Really!? That is fantastic Ariel!” Bianca said looking genuinely happy to Ari.

“I recall David being sweet on you, considering how he sent you home with more clothes I’m willing to bet he just wanted to see you looking sexy around him every day.” Ari really didn’t like the idea of his boss ogling him, but he also wasn’t sure she was exactly wrong.

“You also told him how I had a crush on him.” Crossing his arms he gave Stephanie a stern look, but she only laughed. “I so did that and it is paying off in spades. You just better hope he stays faithful to his wife or he will have you bent over his desk in that back room, or even kneeling under it.”

“That is not going to happen!” Stephanie kept laughing, the idea becoming more and more hilarious to her.

Bianca smirked at her friend and then looked back at Ariel. “Then I suggest you convince Erim to be your boyfriend so you can show David a photo of the two of you. The more you gush about your man the less likely David will try anything.” She shrugged. “Or maybe not, I don’t know the man, but consider that me telling you what you will be doing with your boss. Unless of course despite your protests you do want him to man handle you?”

Ari shook his head and waved his arms back and forth. “No, no, honey please no.” Bianca’s smirk grew. “Alright, so long as you make things official with Erim. I doubt that will be difficult with how you were shoving your tongue down his throat the other night.”

Looking away from the petite brunette Ari blushed again in embarrassment, he felt so much shame for what had happened and for what the girls were making him do. “I will

certainly do my best to charm Erim.”

Wiping a tear from her eye, Stephanie did her best to get her laughter under control. I’m sure you will Ariel, I’m sure you will, but you don’t have to do it alone. Your best friends are here to help you snag your man.”

## Chapter 18

Stephanie was looking at her laptop screen and marking up the dress she saw there on a spiral notebook for one of her first projects. She needed to decide on fabrics for lower end retail and higher end boutiques. The professor had given them three thick catalogs to look through for pricing on different fabrics and some sectioned off what they would be at different times of the year for a base price, but didn’t go into inflation, supply and demand. With how much she had to look through she was thankful all three books were available online. Her attention was pulled away when her phone vibrated.

Bia: Ariel is touching himself again.

Steph: Herself

Bia: When Ariel is touching the DICK between HIS legs then Ariel is a HE!

Steph: You could stop watching the camera we installed in the room.

Steph: We put Ariel through a lot, a little privacy wouldn’t hurt.

Bia: It was his camera we are using, when he invaded our privacy

Bia: Besides you bought that thing to stop him, so I don’t want to hear the high horse talk.

Bia: Unless you have changed your mind?

Steph: If you were taller you wouldn’t think I was on a high horse

Steph: But no, I have the cage for his dick and will go put it on now.

Bia: Short jokes?! Bitch

Steph: With love

Bia: Short jokes with love?

Steph: Always <3

Bia: I get it. Bitch <3 <3

Putting her notebook aside, Stephanie pulled the pink metal device from a box, she had already removed it from the plastic wrapping when she first got it the day before. She still hadn’t decided on how to do it. Force him down and hold some ice to his pecker so that it shrank enough or hurt him, but Bia couldn’t help herself looking in on him every night and she was done listening to her complain about Ariel jerking off, it was what boys did, but Ariel needed to be more in line with her feminine image. Heading over her room she went next door and used her key to let herself into Ariel’s new room.

Ari sat up in the bed, pulling the covers over himself to hide his stiff member. “Darlin, what are you doing here at this hour? I do hope everything is peachy keen.” He said through a forced smile. She had the absolute worse timing and he wasn’t sure what

torture she would put him through if she caught him jerking off into some panties he found in the laundry room in the basement.

Coming up alongside the bed Stephanie sat down on the edge, wrapping one arm around Ariel's slim shoulders. "You know Ariel, you have been doing so well recently. You made out with Erim three nights ago, I was just so happy when I saw you melting into his arms. I thought I played match maker perfectly when I set Bia up with him, but I think the two of you could go the distance. I just wanted to reward you for being such a well behaved girl."

Ari couldn't believe what was happening, she was often the meaner of the two girls, but right now she was so close to him. One arm wrapped around him, the other running her nails between the fake breasts on his chest and around in a circle on his stomach. Her hand slipped under the negligee, her skin coming into contact with him as he face got closer and closer. He couldn't believe she was about to kiss him, but then her hand slide below his covers and wrapped around his dick. "Oh, talking about Erim seems to have got you all excited hasn't it Ariel." She whispered to him, still close enough that their lips almost touched when she talked.

"No, no.. it was you." If she pulled the blanket back he knew she would see the panties he was using and tried to scoot them under himself, but as he moved her lips turned upward into a smile and she moved her face to kiss him on the neck, while she still held his member in her hand. The kiss sent goosebumps through his body and she moved her lips to just touch his ear. Kissing it before whispering to him. "Pushing yourself into my hand, someone knows what she wants. If you tell me you wish Erim was kissing you right now and that you will be a good girl for me I might just help with this." She emphasized the sentence by giving a light squeeze to his dick.

His dick hardly fit in her hand, it wasn't the smallest dick she had ever seen, not like a micro dick or anything, but it was the smallest she had seen on someone that should be considered an adult. Instead of pain she had decided on a different method, she was going to give him a hand job and get him to admit he wanted all of this. The audio from the camera would be perfect to play back for him later the next time he tried to fight back. "I'm not going to say that!"

"Pity, I thought this could become a regular thing with you next door and everything." Stephanie let go of his hand, wondering if she was going to have to go get an ice pack to shrink his dick. Though after feeling it hard she wasn't positive she would need to do that when it wasn't hard. "No wait!"

Ari had little experience with girls like this and while Stephanie had been cruel to him, it felt so good to have her smooth hand around his dick. She was going to get him off and wanted to do this on the regular. He couldn't let an opportunity like that pass him by, at

least not till he buried her and got his freedom. "Erim is so dreamy, I wish he was here to hold me in his arms so we could cuddle and kiss. If he can't be here, perhaps you could join me?"

Stephanie clenched her jaw for a second, not because she was mad, but to keep herself from giving herself away with how shocked she was that it ended up working. She pulled back the covers just a little, sliding one hand under his pillow, leaving behind the cock cage. "I think I could keep you company, you are one of my best friends after all, but only if you can promise you will always be a good girl for me."

Shifting in the bed Ari moved the panties he was hiding to the far side of the bed under the covers as he made it look like he was making room for Stephanie. She was hot, he could not deny that and if she was willing to give him a hand job, she might be willing to give him a blow job too. She hadn't even touched him yet, but his imagination caused his breathing to pick up its pace as he imagined her lips around his dick, drinking down his cum.

Stephanie started to give him a hand job, she could tell he was loving it, but as he reached for her, she stopped. "This is about you, not me. Hands to yourself Ariel, save that passion for your man." Then she went back to it, running the nail of her index finger just under the head of his dick, twisting her hand to cause friction in a different direction. His shaft and her hand was quickly covered by his precum. She had thought about spitting on it, but there was no need. Ariel was a virgin with little to no experience, he wasn't going to last long.

"Steph, Steph... oh god, ah...!"

"You like that huh Ariel?"

"Ye.....s! Oh god." At that second it didn't matter that he couldn't really see her without his glasses, it didn't matter he was wearing girl's clothes. His feet shifted around under the covers, he was unable to keep them still feeling what he was feeling at that second. "Do, do... do you think, oh god. Do you think you could... ahhh, use your mouth?"

"Ariel, are you asking for a blow job?" Stephanie stilled her hand as he leaned in close to the lust full man's ear. "Yes please, I mean.. Yes." He turned his head to look at her, it didn't matter that the room was dark, she would be nothing but a blurry person shape without his glasses. Glasses that were taken from him every night.

"I will wrap my lips around your dick, all you have to do is tell me loudly how you want to suck Erim's cock and how you can't wait to drink his cum. You do that for me and you will get what you want." He didn't want to admit any such thing, but he had already told her how he wanted to make out with the man and it was just the two of them in here. Lie

and get a blow job? That wasn't even something he had to really consider.

"If Erim was here right now I would suck his cock, I yearn to consume his cum!" Pulling the blanket back Stephanie leaned over taking his dick into her mouth. It wasn't the first blow job she really didn't want to do, but it was the first where her goal was to lock the dick away after. Stephanie pushed her tongue forward and pulled it back twice before twisting her head and applying suction. "Oh my god Steph, oh my god, god yes!"

She only had to bob her head three times when he blew his load. With stamina like that he wasn't going to be pleasing much of anyone. "Ahh... ah... oh Stephanie that was the best. You have no idea." She had no idea and he wasn't going to tell her that was the first blow job he ever had. He let out a few breaths, content really for the first time since he met the girl. Ari didn't think twice that she hadn't said a word as she sat up and leaned in to kiss him.

Kissing a girl who had just been giving him a blowjob sounded bad, but she did just give him a blow job. It wasn't like he could tell her no, but when the kiss turned into a deep one he tasted something in his mouth other than her tongue. Something warm and salty ran through his mouth and into his throat. He tried to buck her off him, but Stephanie held onto him tight so he couldn't break the kiss.

When she let him go Ari clawed at his throat and thought he was about to start dry heaving. She had not swallowed his seed at all, but gave it all to him. She had made him swallow his own cum. He couldn't even bring himself to yell at her; he just wanted to get out of bed and run to the bathroom to throw up, but as he struggled and she kept him in place he heard a metallic click and something cold around his member. She was touching him down there again and some part of his brain thought she was touching him for a round two a round two he didn't want after round one. His hand went down to his crotch, feeling something metallic around his dick.

"What did you just, uuhhhh do to me uuhhh oh god I'm going to be sick."

"I gave you what I think is your first taste of cum, some girls love the taste. To me, not so much, but I do enjoy feeling how my efforts physically affect a man. Feeling their member twitch and pulse. I wonder how much you will love doing this for Erim when the time comes."

Ignoring her words Ari moved past Stephanie soon as she stopped physically holding him on the bed and rushed to the bathroom. He slammed his shoulder into the door frame with his bad vision and his haste. Turning on the light Ari coughed into the sink and when nothing came out he filled his mouth with water from the faucet and forced himself to throw up. When that was done he tried to inspect what she had put on him, but at best he could tell it was metal and pink. "Stephanie, I can't see what you put on

me without my glasses!” He called out from the bathroom.

“You don’t need to see it for it to work Ariel. It is a cage for your dick, to keep it in check and hidden away. It will help with keeping it out of sight, stop unsightly bulges. No more getting hard while you wear that thing. In the morning all you have to do is press your balls up into your body where they belong, push yourself back and you will be flat as any girl. Isn’t that just great?”

“You locked my DICK away!?” He could hardly see her in the bathroom doorway, but still he lunged for her. His hands only found air, but he felt how her slap found the side of his face. The energy from it slammed his head into the cheap bathroom door and he slid to the floor.

“Such an unladylike way to act and talk Ariel. I will go get you an ice pack to put on your cheek to reduce the swelling. I didn’t hit you hard enough to cause any bruising I don’t think so you should be good as far as that goes. But here is the thing girly, that thing is locked away until I decide to free it. I mean you could get some bolt cutters, but I wouldn’t want to take that risk. Course if you are a good girl like you promised, maybe I will visit you in bed again. Give you some freedom and some relief. Act I like you just did again though and I swear I will find something small with spikes or the ability to shock you into compliance. Now tell me you will be a good girl, get back to bed and I will get you that ice pack.”

“I will be a good girl.” Ari held his hand to his face, he was no match for her in the best conditions. He just got so mad at what she had done, he let his ego and rage take over and it left him feeling even more humiliated. Sitting down on the bed, all alone in the dark he let out a sigh. “Least I got my first hand job and blow job, nothing after that is good, but at least I have that.”

## **Chapter 19**

Rolling over in his bed in the girl’s dorm, Ari wrapped his arm around a pillow and closed his eyes, letting sleep take his weary mind. The world around him quickly faded, his mind mid fantasy about future times with Stephanie as she took him in her mouth.

As the dream ran through his mind Ari found himself standing on a large stage, the entire audience were random students and he was afraid his parents and sister were out there seeing him perform in a play he wanted no part of. He roller skated across the stage in daisy duke shorts and a red bikini top that seemed to hardly contain his massive F cup breasts, fake but still swayed and pulled with every one of his movements. A song playing as he crossed the large stage so that everyone knew what he was.

“California girls, we’re unforgettable. Daisy dukes, Bikinis on top, Sun-kissed skin, so hot we’ll melt your popsicle. Oo oh ooh, Ooh oh ooh!”

Just as he rolled off the stage he came back on with the background now looking like the college campus. Ari wore a yellow dress with tall stiletto pink heels and a pink sweater draped over his shoulders that said the name of his university. Clutched in his hands were magazines on fashion and makeup and a book on fashion in the twentieth century. Again he went from one side of the stage to the other, this time with background characters wolf whistling. A magazine slipped from his fingers to fall to the floor. Planting his heeled feet together Ari bent over at the waist, shaking his butt a little in the air as he picked the book back up and giving the man that whistles at him a smile before continuing on.

The third time he moved across the stage Ari wore a dress that would have looked right at home on a fifties housewife wanting to look good for her husband. The green dress had white polka dots on it, his heels were white, matching the pearl earrings and necklace. In his hands was a fresh baked cherry pie and he swished across the stage to the man sitting at a table in the mock dining room. It was Erim and he looked happy to see both the pretty girl Ariel and the pie she had for him.

Ari was going to put down the pie and walk past, but instead he was pulled into the man's lap. Causing him to let out a squeal of laughter before he was kissed passionately and then set free to continue his trip to the other side of the stage.

At no point did Ari want to keep being Ariel the college co-ed in this place called life. This wasn't a part he had tried out for, he wanted to direct, but something he had done had forced him to take this role. He couldn't remember what, but he did know this was unfair. Strings seemed to be wrapped around his wrists and feet and even one connected to his head to make him perform, taking away his agency.

Then there was the feeling under his skirt, it felt like someone was giving him a hand job or even a blow job at times it was incredible. He had only ever the one and that was from Stephanie, he couldn't see her but he felt her and heard her in his ear whispering to be a good girl and it would continue. So while someone else seemed to control how he moved, he went about it with a smile on his face.

He was in the middle of the stage dressed for work, pimply faced Max was following behind, eyes glued to his rear end, watching it sway with every high heeled step. That was when it happened, all that pleasure... Stephanie's lips, the warmth of her mouth, the gentle sucking was too much and he felt cum shoot from his dick, coating his panties. No one could see what was happening under his skirt, but still somehow the audience knew and they gasped. All suddenly aware the pretty girl they had seen performing was actually a boy. Jeers filled the air as they booed and yelled out names. None of this was right, he was supposed to be a director not an actress.

The feeling of Stephanie's attention was gone, leaving Ari with soaked panties as he collapsed to his knees. The noise from the crowd making the feeling of being so small feel worse and worse. When they thought he was female they were all happy, but the truth turned the audience that came to watch the play of Ariel Serra's life into an angry mob.

Opening his eyes Ari could see the room was still dark, but without his glasses it was hard to make out the time on the alarm clock. Leaning over in the bed he gripped it, pulling it much closer to read the time. It was eleven minutes before the alarm was set to go off, not enough time to go back to sleep. With a heavy sigh Ari got up to get ready, with the extra few minutes he could take things slower before one of the girls came in to help or just give advice on what he was to wear for the day. He had an early shift at work today, the store was always so slow and boring in the mornings. Meaning the time would just drag on, he wished he could just curl up in a blanket to watch a good movie, or even a bad one. Ari smiled thinking about the time he set up a day to watch one bad Nicolas Cage film, then a good one and then just go back and forth. That was a good day... Those were good days, unlike his life now. Like his dream he was in a bad play, The Life of Ariel Serra. Where he had little to no control over any of the current scenes.

He didn't want to go to work, he had more than a few hours before that and no classes this morning. Thinking about it for a second he put on his glasses and texted his boss.

Ariel: Morning darlin, I know I'm up before the rooster, but I was wondering if I could come in to help open today?

David: I would love the company and I love the go getter attitude.

David: See you soon.

Pulling his glasses from his face Ari went into the bathroom to start washing up, surprised his boss had answered considering the current time. Work was going to be boring, and going in early would just add to that boredom, but Ari was also not sure what if any plans the girls had for him. He wasn't in the mood for a fashion shoot or whatever embarrassing thing. Going to work was something they insisted he had to do, and that made it a place where he could get away from them. Deciding to go in early was a tiny, tiny piece of control he could take in his life, and it was something he thought he needed right about now.

## **Chapter 20**

Shifting his weight from one foot to the other, to try and ease the pain that radiated from his foot up through his calf muscle. Ari really wished five inch heels hadn't become part of his work uniform, it wasn't fair. None of the other girls were even allowed to wear anything over three inches. Finishing folding the clothes that a customer messed up, he shook his head also wishing he didn't include himself when he thought of the girls who worked at the store.

“Looking good today Ariel.” Turning his head, Ari gave his boss a sweet smile. He wasn’t a fan of how David seemed to be constantly checking him out, but he was still better than Max. The teenager practically leered at him anytime they were in view of one another.

“Aww darlin, you always say the nicest things to brighten my day.” Ari said looking down at his outfit for the day. A navy blue blouse that hung off one shoulder, a tight black skirt that showed off much of his tan pantyhose covered legs that ended in a pair of pointed toe five inch single sole heels that pinched his feet. Ari made a mental note about needing to walk around more to break in the heels so they were more tolerable.

“I do like to see a happy workforce. Speaking of that, can you come into my office so we can talk?” Ari felt the blonde haired man’s hand touch the small of his back, immediately after the question was asked to guide him to the back office.

“Of course!” Ari said in a cheery voice that he didn’t feel, it wasn’t like the answer was going to be no when thanks to the hand both had started walking in that direction. The touch was not welcome, all of the touching men did to him without asking was unwelcome, but they just seemed to do it constantly.

When they went into the back room Ari took one of the seats in front of his boss’s desk, but instead of walking around behind it David took the seat next to him, shifting it so they would be facing one another. “I wanted to touch base with you to see how you were getting along with the other employees, if anyone was giving you trouble. Or if you needed anything else?”

The backroom was mostly dedicated to having stock, so the office space was limited. So that when David shifted his chair the two were almost touching, but then as he spoke Ari felt the man’s hand land and then stay on his knee.

“Trouble!?” His voice almost broke as his anxiety went through the roof, feeling the man’s hand on his leg, his thumb moving around in a slow circle.

“Yeah you know, anyone not making you feel welcome or giving you a hard time.” Ari looked away from his boss’s face and down to his hand.

“Honey, shugah...” Ari put his hand atop David’s as he slowly started to move up from his knee to his thigh. “You’re married.” Work place sexual assault, that was what this was... and Ari didn’t think he could do anything about it. It felt odd that David would look at him the way he did knowing he was actually a guy, why would he want to look at another guy that way, let alone touch them. It just didn’t make sense to Ari why David would treat him like a girl, when he knew the truth.

David moved his free hand and clasped it atop Ariel's. "I am happily married, but you are beautiful Ariel and I have been thinking ever since I found out you had a crush on me that it wasn't fair to you. Dressing up to look nice to get my attention and never receive it. This is me making sure you feel appreciated."

The world moved in slow motion, they were sitting so close yet it felt like forever as Ari watched in horror as David leaned in closer, knowing what was about to happen, but feeling powerless to stop it. When their lips touched Ari felt the man's hand grip his thigh just a little tighter. The one kiss lingered for a second and then turned into a second kiss, then a third, each light and gentle before he pulled away with the type of smile one might expect from a ten year old boy that had been given free candy.

"I don't want to lead you on Ariel, I see how you look at me and then look away. I am happy with my wife, but I want you to know your efforts are noticed and appreciated. And I was hoping you would understand." Ari opened his mouth just a few millimeters before closing it and opening it again and again as his mind tried to keep itself from freaking out that his boss had been feeling up his leg, something that was wrong but felt good. The warm hand running over the nylon encased smooth legs, before he had kissed him. Not once, but three times and he did it acting like he was doing him a favor.

David let out a long breath seeing the girl look sad enough that she was having trouble talking. He shouldn't have kissed her, but Ariel was so pretty, so much a sexual creature. The way she teased him by making eye contact and looking away, purposely bending over in a way to show her rear end to him when she knew he was watching. It was all he could do to not bend her over his desk and take her like she wanted. He knew he shouldn't even have these thoughts, he wasn't unhappy at home at all, but it was like having ice cream in the freezer. You know it is there, you know it will taste good and that you want it, but also know you shouldn't have it. "I can tell I said something to upset you and I'm sorry. How about if you tell me if there is anything I can do for you in the store to make your job easier?"

Upset! UPSET! OF COURSE I'M UPSET YOU JUST KISSED ME! Ari yelled in his mind. Still this was a chance to fix one problem he was having to deal with. Girls that had to wear heels to work did not have to wear five inch heels like he did and they definitely didn't have to spend their day standing in them. "Actually shugah, there is..." Ari said not wanting to mention the kiss or how David had felt up his leg.

"It is about being on my feet all day. It was truly a kind thing for you to think of me to get the dress code exception, but shoes like this are not made for working in all day. They may look nice, but honey they do a number on anyone's feet." David held up one hand to tell her to stop as he nodded.

“Stop, say no more. I want to make sure you feel as comfortable here at The Hanger as possible and I don’t want it interfering with you expressing who you are. So I will make sure you have an extra fifteen minute break, it isn’t like some of the others don’t do this already with their smoking habits and...” David leaned down and lifted both of Ariel’s feet up to his lap, and slipped off one of the shoes.

“You can come back here and I will help with feeling more comfortable. My wife says the price of beauty is pain and I do this for her.” David said as he started to massage his employees’ stocking covered foot. Ari was ready to pull his feet away and jump to his feet when the man’s thumb hit a spot between his toes that felt amazing. It was like there were little bubbles in there that he was freeing and it felt amazing enough that Ari really didn’t want him to stop. He disliked being touched by him, but if he had to endure this was something he could easily handle.

“I’m happy to do this for you anytime, but do make sure you lock the door when you want this done. I wouldn’t want anyone to come back here and get the wrong idea and before you even think about it. No you can’t use this to make others think we are in a relationship, it doesn’t matter what they think we can’t do that.”

Closing his eyes Ari relaxed the best he could in the little chair, the foot rub felt so good on his sore foot. It didn’t even matter to him at the second if this pervert was getting off on it. “Mmmm, okay shugah, okay. Mmmm” He said with a genuine smile on his face as some of the stiffness and pain melted away. He still thought how this was wrong, and how he shouldn’t be enjoying this, but of all the things he was being forced into this one was nice. Who would have thought over the course of a few weeks his boss would have given him a raise, plied him with free clothes and was offering up foot massages. Work at The Hanger sure had changed from the summer job he picked up to afford rent.

## **Chapter 21**

The week had gone by so quickly, every day it started with Stephanie or Bianca letting themselves into the room they had convinced the school he wanted to stay in. Everyday was a new outfit, always dresses, skirts and heels. The classes he had been forced to take required more work than he would have liked and while he would love to drop a class or.. Well all of them that wasn’t in the cards for him and failing the classes was out of the question. The girls were adamant he would be a spectacular student and thrive.

Not once at school or work had someone questioned his gender. It was confusing to Ari that no one seemed to notice he was still a boy, but also a relief to not be confronted. So he did his best to try and blend in and not be found out, and the girls made sure to correct little things about how he didn’t move his hands around enough when he talked, or how he needed to make sure he kept his elbows in as he walked.

It was Saturday, the first weekend of the school year and he had heard of more than a few parties to celebrate and been invited to a couple. Thankfully that never happened when Stephanie or Bianca were around or he was sure he would be attending and looking his best to impress. While Ari was happy to not have to attend a drunken frat party dressed like a girl, it felt a little nice to be invited. Just a little though and that was only because he never got invited to them his first year at school. Instead of a party, he was going out to a local park to have a picnic with Stephanie, Bianca, his new besties and his prospective boyfriend Erim.

The girls promised to mostly keep their distance, but a glance over at Bianca who had his camera around her neck told him they would be watching. "So Ariel we will be able to keep an eye on the two of you love birds to make sure you aren't doing something inappropriate out in public, but we also want to help make sure you woo your man. So I'm going to give you this!" Bianca held up a silver pin in the shape of a daisy, the leaves were silvery instead of white, but the center was yellow.

"Flowers to get my man? Shouldn't he be giving me something like this?" He did not in fact want Erim to give him anything, but over the week he learned more and more to stay in character.

"We will soooo tell him how much you love getting flowers and gifts, but no. This is something I borrowed from the drama department. It is a microphone so we can hear what is being said and with this." Bianca said holding up a tiny tan colored something in her fingers. "You can hear what we say and all you have to do is repeat. Isn't the flower so cute?"

It was like a bit out of a movie or tv show where he would have to repeat what they say and they end up getting into hijinks and he repeats the wrong thing. Except this was real life. "Girls, do you truly think something like this will pan out?"

Stephanie smirked, taking the pin from Bianca's hand and pinning it to Ariel's dress. "I think it will help you win your man. You still want to win Erim's heart right?" Looking at himself in the bright yellow sleeveless sundress that had fake buttons up the chest and a little tiny bow he really hoped he didn't win any man's heart. The dress came a few inches below his knees or would have, but with the petticoat making it flare out. On his feet was a pair of cork wedges that went from one and a half inches tall at his toes to five at his heels. Making them some of the most comfortable shoes he had worn all week. His toes were painted white to match the leather straps that held the shoes to his feet. His fingernails matched his toes and the thick white plastic bracelet on one of his wrists. "When I close my eyes at night I keep reliving our kiss." It was true enough, though it was much more of a nightmare than a dream.

"Aww how romantic." Bianca clasped her hands together next to her cheek while making

doe eyes at Ariel. "It sounds like this might have been love at first sight."

"I recall a certain someone going on about Erim this, Erim that after her first date." Stephanie said in a scolding tone of voice. Mover her hands to her Bianca leaned slightly forward to glare at her friend for her accusing tone.

"I have known Ariel for years and after dating Erim myself I say they are perfect for one another. Now we should get going, he doesn't like waiting around when he is given a time to show up. Ariel grab your sunhat and purse."

After a short car ride the trio got out of Stephanie's compact car, Erim already standing in the parking lot waiting for them. "Ladies, it's always nice to see you." He stepped closer to the beautiful redhead he very wanted to be alone with. Moving his hand up he gently touched it to her cheek, running his thumb across it while looking into her blue eyes hidden behind her glasses and thick lashes. "And it is a pleasure to see you Ariel. I have been looking forward to this date."

In the tall shoes Ari was a little taller than Erim, still with the man so close to him, touching him and looking into his eyes it made Ari feel small and for some reason he couldn't help, but blush as Erim looked at him with such intensity.

"Tell him you have been dreaming of seeing him again." The ear piece had been tested, but stil Ari wasn't ready for it to come to life and tell what to say. "Shugah, I have to confess I have been dreaming of seeing you once more."

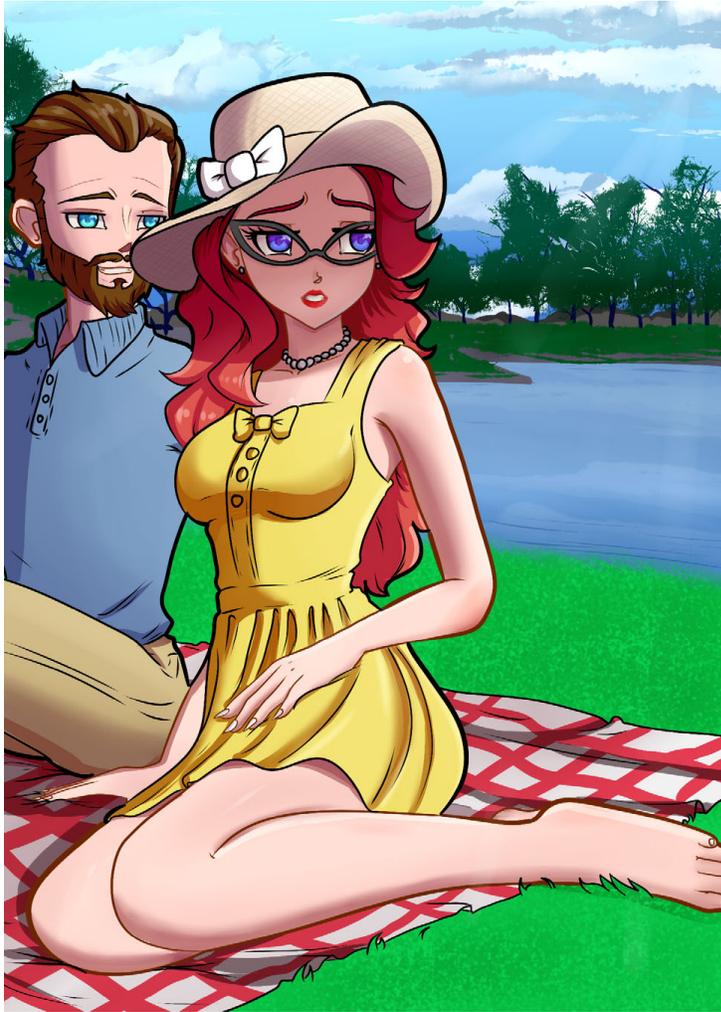
"Ahem." Stephanie said coming around from the other side of the car holding out a red and white checkered picnic blanket and basket. "You two can go make kissy faces off by yourselves."

"Just forget we are here. It isn't like we don't trust Ariel, but I'm still not sure I can trust you around one of my best friends, Erim." Banca said, lowering the camera from her face after snapping a picture of the two looking so intimate.

"Of course, of course, I promise to be on my best behavior." Erim said inclining his head to his ex-girlfriend.

Soon Ariel was sitting down on the blanket, her skirt out around her, her smooth legs coming out from under the skirt and held together. Her heels sitting on the corner of the blanket to help hold it down from the wind. The wicker picnic basket sat open in front and between her and Erim who sat cross legged. "Honey you are just too funny, I do love your stories of your home. I would truly love to see it for myself one day." Long ago back in junior high Ari remembered having to be part of a school play and the teacher would call out parts of the lines to remind the students what to say. With the girls telling

him what to say and then him saying it in character reminded him of those days.



“When school is on break I will take you away to Istanbul, I am sure you will fall in love.” A small pang of sadness went through Erim, thinking about how if he didn’t find a position in his field here in America to sponsor his visa, the only real hope of staying with Ariel would be if she fell in love and wished to stay.

“You speak of love, is the only thing you hope I fall in love with is your home?” Ari watched the man’s smile brighten by several degrees, it felt so cheesy and honestly desperate to him. “Umarim beni seversin.”

Arim looked at him confused at what he just said and what language it was in, but he very much understood what was about to happen when the man’s lips touched his. It was a light kiss, but then there was another and another. Each short, but each longer than the last. “Umarim beni seversin, it means I hope you love me.”

A good distance away Stephanie and Bianca were watching and listening, along with taking a few photos here and there. Hearing what Erim said Stephanie raised the transmitter to her lips. "Don't say anything, just kiss him. Wrap your arms around him and kiss him!" As Arim complied with his instructions Bianca snapped photo after photo, capturing the budding romance between the two.

Glancing over at her friend Bianca gave her a wicked grin. "If this keeps up Erim is going to try and marry that girl." With just a hint of a smile Stephanie spoke without her eyes leaving the couple in the distance. "If he is open minded enough Ariel would make a pretty bride."

"Erim shugah, your kisses are divine, but I was enthralled with the yarn you spun about back home. Now how about we eat a little while we get to know one another, I am feeling peckish." The voice of Ariel was clear through the receiver the girls were listening to.

"It sounds like Ariel already knows the way to a man's heart is through his stomach." Bianca said, giving both girls a fit of laughter as they watched their redheaded model start removing things from their basket.

Ari was well aware what was in the basket, but he didn't care much for it. They had strawberries, a small tub of homemade whipped cream, green grapes, chopped up watermelon, slices of cantaloupe and four pieces of fried chicken legs. Everything was bought at the store before they came over here and transplanted into tupperware, except for the whipped cream. He wasn't sure who made that, but the presentation was to be made that he had prepared it all for Erim. Thinking about the fried chicken made his own mouth water, but he was under strict instructions to stay away from all fried food, heck they had made him stay away from meat all together. The closest thing he got was tofu and that did not count at all.

"All this for just us?" Ari gave the man a smile and nodded as he opened the lid for the chicken and passed it to him. "Shugah, this is for you. Now you tell me if you like my fried chicken, and consider saying anything from it is good, all the way up to this is the best I have ever had."

"This smells wonderful, but what about you?" Ari looked at all the fruit options, eating them would still be a treat from his yogurt, almonds, tofu diet. They let him have vegetables and some fruit, but this much at once was a treat. A sad one, but still might be a better tasting meal then he had been having. "Oh I am just going to nibble a little here and there."

"Hmm I like my women to not be afraid to eat." Ari heard the girls chirping what he reply

would be in his ear. So he gave him a smile and picked up the man's hand between his, taking note how much bigger and rougher Erim's hands were compared to his.

"I was thinking you liked little ol me." Ari batted his eyelashes as his stomach felt like it was turning. The way Erim opened his mouth and closed it without speaking before nodding showed Ari how effective his flirting was on the man. Come on man, don't fall for that! Ari mentally screamed at the man. "Then you also like women who like to watch what they eat."

Closing his eyes Ari waited for the kiss he saw coming, the worst part of the flirting was it encouraged the man to kiss him. He hated feeling Erim's beard on his skin and he really hated the fact that he was pretty sure with this last kiss he had kissed a man, this particular one more than he had kissed any girls combined. When the kiss broke Erim opened up the the container of strawberries and the whipped cream. Selecting the largest of the berries he swirled it around the top of the cream before bringing his hand to his date's mouth.

"Mmmm" Ari said, hating how he was being fed again like some infant, while trying to do his best to focus on the flavors. When he was done with his bite he was about to reach for his own when Stephanie's voice spoke to him again. "He seems to like feeding you, just smile at him and open your mouth." In addition to the command he could hear Bianca next to her laughing hysterically.

"Another?" Erim asked as Ari scooted himself just slightly closer and opened his lipstick covered lips wider.

"Today is a magical day, we have much time to talk, but I am already looking forward to seeing you again. With a name like yours, surely your parents named you after the mermaid and because of that I think I have a surprise for you that you would like, no. You will love!"

Finish chewing on his bite of cream and strawberry Ari was ready to correct him, but his puppeteers had other ideas. "Darlin I just love that movie. Tell me what surprise do you have for me?" IT MEANS LION OF GOD! I'm not named after some stupid mermaid! He shouted in his head. He loved movies but he grew to despise that one after so many people would find out his full name and say hey yeah just the mermaid and he hated it and his full name so much.

"The surprise will remain a surprise and maybe by then we can have some privacy." Erim got closer and closer as he spoke till his lips were almost touching his own, so it was no surprise when he kissed him again. The anger from the mermaid talk made Ari forget himself and he pushed on Erim's chest to get him to back off.

“We can’t leave you two alone for a second, but I think your man would like it if you opened your mouth and tried to put your tongue in his.” The push did get Erim slightly away from him, the breathing space was greatly needed. Without looking in the direction of the girls Ari looked at the bearded man in front of him and shook his head. “Do it girly, unless you aren’t afraid of the consequences.”

Reaching his hands out Ari grabbed onto the front of Erim’s shirt and pulled him closer, forcing their lips together, before sliding his hands up to wrap around his shoulders. One moving up to the back of the man’s head and gripping his hair while increasing the passion of the kiss several times. As their lips pressed together he could taste his own lipstick along with the lingering flavors of the cream and strawberries. It felt wrong, but it also felt good. Ari wished he could deny it, but the man was a good kisser.

When this kiss broke Ari found his sunhat had fallen from his head and his breathing had increased. He said a silent prayer that his dick hadn’t gotten hard, it felt good but that was just animal instinct. All this girly stuff hadn’t changed who he was and no matter how many times he had to kiss Erim on this date at least that wasn’t a concern.

They ended up staying at the park for a few hours, at one point Ari found himself sitting between the man’s legs as he held him from behind. He was sure Bianca was just loving this and snapping away photo after photo with his own camera, but he endured.

He felt he had to maintain the act as Stephanie had threatened him earlier and he wasn’t sure what she had in store for him that was worse than putting a pink metal cage around his dick...but he didn’t want to find out.

He had found a lock picking channel on youtube and he was sure given time he could get the thing off himself, but he would need to buy a set of lockpicks first and he needed to do it somehow without the girls noticing. He hoped one of the shops at the mall had something like that, it was one of the few times he was without their supervision.

Picking the lock would be the first step towards his freedom. He just needed to buy some picks, practice and somehow keep the girls from making things worse.

## **Chapter 22**

“Bianca sweet heart, what do you mean my parents will be getting a letter congratulating me on my scholarship?” School had been in session for three weeks and Ari had felt life getting into a rhythm, not a good rhythm, but it was becoming much more normal than he ever would have thought. Currently he sat next to Stephanie on her bed, both of them

leaning against the headboard, school books and notepads in their laps.

In three weeks not one of his old friends had even bothered to text him, not that he could see them looking the way he did. Currently in a yellow short skirt and white clingy top, looking very much like a coed. When the girls weren't trying to torture him they acted like he had always been a girl and one of their friends. It had become easier and easier to ask them for little things, like help with his homework. He made sure to remember they were his enemies, easy enough to do when his dick was locked away and he was forced to flirt and date a man. Luckily between school and work he hadn't had the free time for another date, but one was coming up.

"Well you filled out the paperwork to apply for those grants and scholarships with that councilor the dean gave you the information for. What did you expect to happen?" Bianca was sitting on Stephanie's computer, laptop in her lap and feet up on the bed. Ari's mind whirled, so much of his life had changed and they made him do a lot, but he didn't recall reaching out to anyone, but the way Bianca replied to him without even looking up made it seem like it was something he should already know.

"Bia, I don't think we told Ariel we spoke to the councilor for her, well as her." Bianca looked up from her laptop looking between the two, nodded once before letting out a small giggle.

"I'm sorry Ariel, it completely slipped my mind. Here let me show you." Bianca looked back to her computer screen and started browsing to the email account that was set up for Ariel. Fashion Mermaid at mail dot com. "Here you go." Bianca said, passing her laptop over to Ariel.

Holding the laptop in his hands Ari saw an email from Mr Cannaday who he assumed was the counselor they were talking about, the email had a few things attached. "Miss Serra it has been a pleasure corresponding with you and getting the chance to get to know you. You seem to me to be a remarkable young woman, if not in body, then in spirit and mind. I wanted to congratulate you because my opinion isn't alone there. The paper you wrote about yourself was wonderful and I'm happy to say you have been approved for a partial scholarship and two grants!"

"Attached you will find the particulars, but it comes down to a few important things. With your first semester already being paid for you will get a deposit into your parents bank account to reimburse them for half of your tuition. I know you will need funds to get more settled in your life, but the funds had to be routed to them with the payment already being made. Your situation with not having come out to your parents is nothing new, the letter for scholarship does not mention your transgender status. To maintain your scholarship in addition to needing to maintain a 3.0 GPA you will be needing to come to one on one therapy sessions. Again congratulations, I'm glad I could help you along in

your journey. If you need anything feel free to reach out.”

Ari’s hands shook as he passed the laptop back to Bianca, it felt like the walls were closing in on him. He wasn’t angry, he should be, he knew that, but he wasn’t. He felt more scared knowing his parents were going to call him the second they got that letter asking questions. “Ahh.. umm.. Darlins I know you are looking out for me, but dontcha think maybe that scholarship should go to someone that actually needs it and is transgender?”

Reaching over to put her arm around Ariel, Stephanie pressed her head against Ariel’s. “You wear skirts and heels to classes and work. You live your life as a woman and have yourself a man. Seems like that scholarship was meant for someone like you Ariel.” Stephanie could hear the tiny little whimper that was almost non-audible. “And I know for a fact your parents will be thrilled that you got a partial scholarship, it isn’t like we come from money.”

“What am I going to tell my parents... or this therapist. What are they going to do when they find out the truth?” Bianca closed her laptop and smiled at Ariel. “If you want me to come with you to go home so you can come out to your parents I would be happy to go with you.”

“Come out?! No, no, no... My dad.” Ari felt a squeeze to his shoulder as Steph cut him off. “Daddy, a girl like you should call him daddy.” He grimaced for a second before continuing. “Daddy would not understand all of this!” He motioned toward his yellow skirt and smooth legs.

“He is such a nice man, I bet he would welcome having a second daughter and oh wow. I forgot about your little sister Aliza. I bet the two of you would have so much fun going shopping together and so long as you wear heels two inches taller than any she wears, the two of you could be the same height!” Bianca got more and more excited the more she thought about Ariel going home in a flowing skirt to show her family how she was living life now.

“Delightful as that sounds, I just do not have the gumption to show my family let alone... daddy what I look like.” Stephanie was still holding him to her and spoke in a soft calming voice as she gently rocked the feminized man in her arm. “No one is going to make you go to your parents, calm down girl. Everything is going to be alright, the letter your parents received can easily be explained. You are a smart girl, you can come up with something. Far as the therapist, well with the money from the scholarship sent and the grants on the way I would advise you to be as honest as you can with them. Tell them how you have struggled all your life and have finally found the real you. Once you read the letter you sent for the scholarship it will be easier.”

"I didn't write or send anything..." Putting the laptop to the side Bianca moved her feet to the ground and stood up. "Sure you, we just helped a little with the writing of the essay, creating an email account for you... oh and we set up an instagram account for you!"

"Maybe to celebrate we should do a photoshoot. Maybe use the backgrounds in class to make it look like Ariel was in Paris for the photo, or leaning up against a tree in the woods." Stephanie pulled a little away from Ariel to look into the disguised man's eyes. Even going for a casual look today Ariel had used eyeliner and mascara, but no eyeshadow. "Doesn't that sound like fun!?"

For the rest of the afternoon Ari found himself in one outfit after the next, the girls asking him questions along the way. The first one was a deep blue sweater dress, it was incredibly short. He had on sheer pantyhose that made his legs look just a touch darker, a wide leather belt and heeled brown leather boots with two buckles. The boots were much more comfortable compared to his regular footwear with the blocky two and a half inch heel. For the pose they had him lean on a table so his but was just sitting on the edge, one foot on the ground and the other kicked back pressing into the table leg. The finished photo made it look like he was leaning on a fence post on some old wooden bridge in a forest thanks to the basic special effects kit the photography lab had access to. "Tell me Ariel, are you a boy or a girl?" came the first question from Bianca, then Stephanie followed up. "What are your pronouns?"

"She, her and of course I'm a girl." He answered the smile still on his face as he pretended to be happy in the photo. He didn't know how many more outfits or questions there were, but he wished he was done already. Moving just perfectly and holding a pose left him little time to process his own thoughts with what the girls had done to him. His parents really were going to be ecstatic, his grades had never been enough to earn a scholarship, but now part of the financial burden was going to be gone. If the scholarship paid for the classes he actually wanted to take he thought he could put up with a fraction of this mess, but right now he didn't know how to get out of it.

The second outfit was a black dress, just as short as the last one, this one had long sheer sleeves. He wore dark opaque twenty denier pantyhose and his feet were stuck into some single sole six inch black heels with a little box by his scrunched up toes. The pose the girls chose was for him to sit down in a chair, something he was incredibly happy to do instead of killing his feet in the heels they had him check out from the fashion classes wardrobe. Not only did he not want to wear the things, he really didn't want to break the heel and have to pay for the thirteen hundred dollar pair of shoes. It was insane any girl would pay that much for shoes, but looking at himself in the mirror he had admit it made his legs look incredible. In the end the photo looked like he had his heeled feet kicked up on a railing on a balcony that had an easy view of the Eiffel Tower.

"I bet you have a dream of going to Paris with your degree, it is one of the fashion

capitals.” It wasn’t a question, but Ari knew he needed to react to it like it was. “I truly yearn to one day make it on my own out in Paris. Can you just imagine little ol me writing articles on the newest fashions. It is a dream, unfortunately I know my pocketbook could never sustain me there.”

“You are already living part of your dream, becoming the woman we all knew you could be. Don’t sell yourself short Ariel, who knows what the future holds for you. It might even be a good idea to get yourself a French tutor just in case.” There was a nightmare, the idea of trying to talk in French while maintaining a southern drawl. Stephanie gave Ariel a wink, trying to think if she knew any cute boys that spoke French she could get to tutor Ariel.

“I see that look in your eye Steph, maybe next semester. Ariel already has a lot going on with starting therapy soon. Now I think it is time for an outfit change.” Ari looked over and saw the next outfit and was happy with the change. A white short sleeved blouse, a great pleated skirt that looked like it would be worn up to his stomach and even with that would come down further than his current dress and lastly the heels were only four inches. Still stilettos, but he could actually move around in those.

Putting on the outfit he left on his current pantyhose and felt a little relief moving down from six inch heels to four. The heels were another pair borrowed, crazy expensive and pinched his toes. For the image they had him stand holding a red purse and kicking back one of his feet. He held his mouth open with a smile like he was about to call out to a friend. Ari felt the least exposed in this outfit and was truly happy the girls were keeping to their promise of not making him do any provocative shots if he behaved. The question that came with the outfit did the opposite, making him feel exposed and humiliated.

“So Ariel, let’s say you have the chance to have a three way.” Stephanie said, smiling as she moved over to adjust his skirt. Ari’s eyes went a little wider thinking about when Steph had sucked on his dick and wondered if she was talking about Bianca getting in on that. The immediate swelling of his manhood brought discomfort from the pink metal cage. “Would you rather it be two men you could have all to yourself, or would you invite another woman to our bed? No wrong answers, just want to see what kind of sexual fantasies you think about.”

Two girls was the true answer, but that was not one of the options and he didn’t believe for a second there was no wrong answer. “What girl truly doesn’t dream of having two hunky men all to herself.” He answered inverting what he would truly love to happen.

Stephanie stepped out of the way of Bianca so she could take some more shots of Ariel in the outfit. “I never would have guessed and don’t project your own fantasies of being spit roasted by a pair of cocks on everyone. Myself, I have enjoyed sharing a bed with another girl, you wouldn’t believe how much it turns a man on for a girl to be on either

side of him, each of us touching and rubbing his dick while we make out over him.”

Moving the camera away from her face Bianca smiles at Ariel in the girly pose. “Too bad, I thought once you and Erim became steady I might be able to join you in the bedroom. He definitely has the lasting power for the two of us.”

“What!?” Ari felt like his brain was about to explode, Bianca was talking about sleeping with him. Sure Erim would be there, but so would Bianca, the girl he had pined after for years. “I was saying it is too bad, but just a little advice when you are with your man. Erim has a lot of stamina and more often than not can go again right away after he cums and oh wow... can he keep himself hard after that first orgasm. I often gave him a blow job first and then moved on to other things. I will miss that, but at least one of my best friends gets to experience it.”

The conversation made Ari feel numb as they moved him to another and thankfully final outfit. His hose were changed out for a more opaque sixty denier, his dress was a short sleeved white and black small checkered dress that went down almost to his knees. They added a hairband to his hair and his own black five inch pumps. They had him lay down on his stomach on a couch, feet bent up and resting his chin on the bridge of his fingers as he interlaced them. “I just love this pose! It is cute yet sexy! Stephanie send this picture to Erim, he is going to love this.”

“We umm don’t need to do that, I’m sure he is busy.” Ari wanted to jump off the couch and stop Stephanie from grabbing his phone, but he already knew how well that would work with trying to do anything physical to Stephanie, but he also knew he wouldn’t make it in time if she wanted to send it quickly with how he moved in the five inch heels. They were becoming more normal with how he had to wear them for work, but he couldn’t exactly sprint in them. Though he was sure if the girls had their way he would enter a race wearing them.

“Too busy to look at his girl being all sexy for him, I doubt that.” Stephanie said as she finished typing up the message and hitting send. “I sent the photo asking him how he would like coming home to see you like this everyday.”

“Oh my god he is going to love that Steph! The man is always talking about the future when we were dating, like it was already a foregone conclusion we were going to get married.”

“Did he respond?” Ari asked with trepidation, afraid at what he was going to say.

“Not yet, but maybe he is busy like you said.” Stephanie handed the phone over to Bianca as she walked over, allowing Ariel to move to a sitting position on the couch. “He might respond with a dick pic if we...” Bianca trailed off as she typed on the phone. “You

are so naughty Ariel, sending that photo and asking that question before telling him you know exactly what you would like to do to him so that he knew exactly how much you appreciated him taking care of you.”

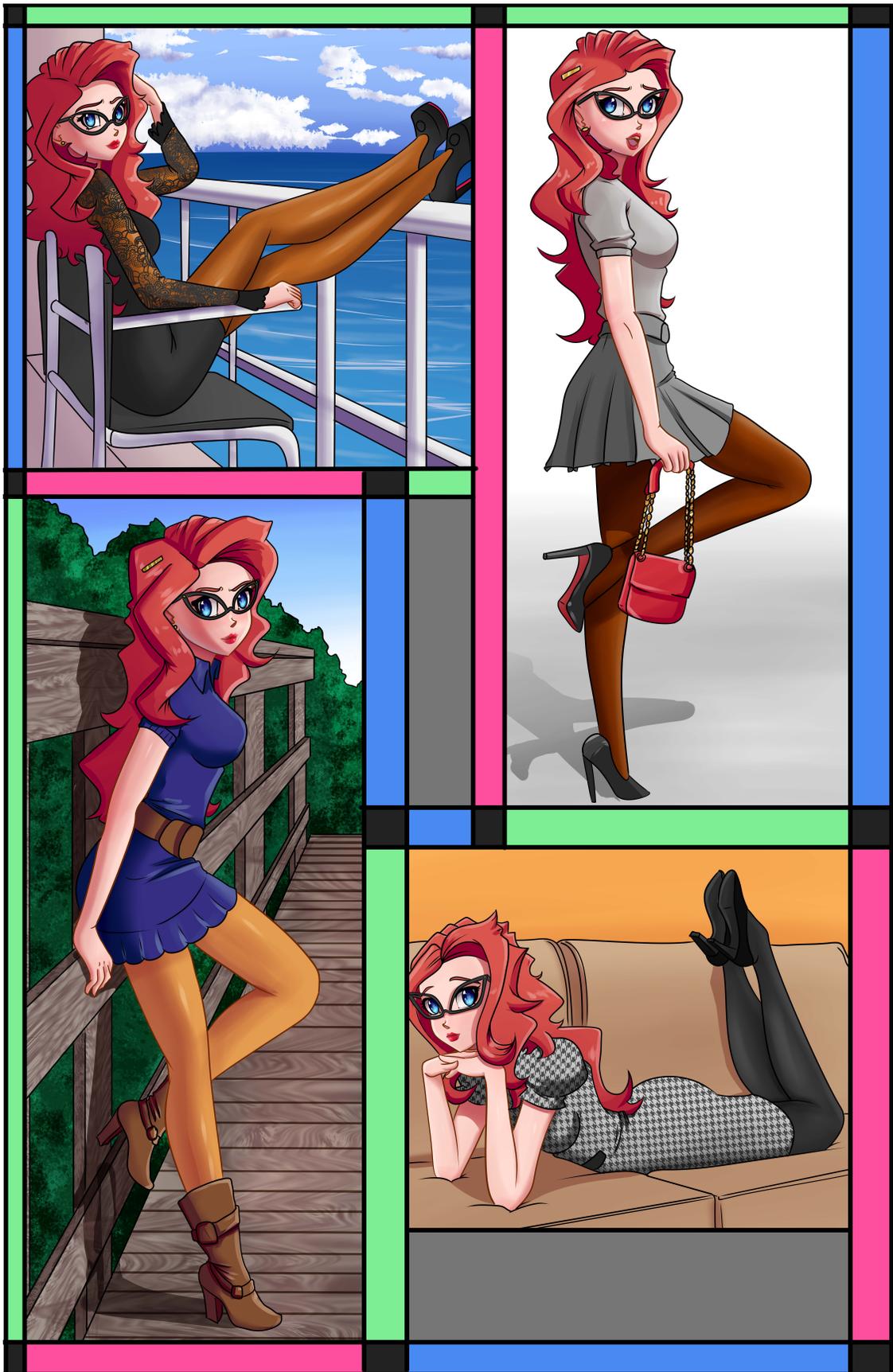
“You didn’t...?” He asked pleading, hoping she was just pulling his leg with what she wrote to him. “I did not, you did. See?” Bianca said, walking over and handing the phone over to Ari where he could clearly see what the girls wrote to Erim.

“Is he really going to send me a picture of his dick?” He really hoped the answer was no, from what he understood a lot of guys just sent them to girls all the time, or at least so they said. “I hope so, it will give you something to look at while you practice with a dildo later.” Stephanie said coming over to sit next to him on the couch.

“Please.. Darlins, I have been ever so good haven’t I?”

Stephanie shook her head, placing her hand to Ariel’s nylon covered leg. “This isn’t a punishment, it is just practice so you can please your man. You do want to please your man don’t you?” The question was said almost rhetorically, in a much more serious tone, but before he could answer she leaned in to whisper in his ear. “And...if you do a good job practicing with the dildo...I might take the time to practice too...the same thing...with what is between your legs.”

“Shugah, you have no idea how much I yearn for that.” Not hearing the whisper, but still seeing it Bianca giggled hearing Ariel say how much she wanted to please Erim. Bianca was starting to believe that maybe they were doing Ari a favor, maybe there was a repressed girl within just needing a convenient excuse to get out. She was glad the counseling appointment was still a few days away, Ari would need time to get ready for it, as that would need to be done on her own.



## Chapter 23

Over the next few days, Stephanie saw to it that the feminized man would practice teasing and sucking on the dildo in both the morning and night, for at least half an hour each time. During these sessions, Stephanie would often play with Ari's caged member, it made his dick swell in anticipation. She was sure the cage was less comfortable or even painful, but she didn't care. It was obviously turning Ariel on to have some female attention, any attention, and this was all he was going to get under the situation.

During most sessions, Stephanie would talk about how much prettier Ariel was becoming, or about how hard Erim would be for her and enjoy his girlfriend's attention. Occasionally, Stephanie would even comment about how turned on Ari was becoming thinking of her man, even as she kissed the sides of his chastity cage, and her hair tickling his waist. Ari was going crazy and needed release, he no longer cared that it was a phallic shaped lollipop, the lie he told himself to get through the sessions, but was troubled by her comments that inferred his reactions were attributed to thinking of Erim and not her.

After practicing three or four times, Stephanie had handcuffed him to the bed frame, before unlocking his cage to release him. He had instantly gotten hard for her, as she played with his cock, sucking on it to completion. Ari didn't even mind the comments she made about how good of a wife he would someday make, and instead just got lost in the euphoria of climaxing.

Last night, things were different. He had not expected to receive his blow job from Stephanie. Though she offered it under some conditions. He had to wear a condom. Stephanie lied saying she wanted him to last longer, and Ari wasn't about to object. She also had the condition that while she blew him, he would need to regurgitate, convincingly, the life story that Bianca and her had been prepping him for the counselor.

Ari agreed quickly to her demands. He understood now why guys loved getting blowjobs, it didn't matter he was being restrained to the bed, he was ecstatic that he would be able to get a blow job without having the dildo in his mouth for a change.

"My name is Ariel Serra, and I came to university not only to get educated but also to find myself, as my parents are very domineering and even controlling..." Stephanie was reaching under his skirt, her cool hands were sliding his thong to the side to release his caged and hairless cock. Ari breathed harder, trying to keep his concentration. He had listened to their story, and knew he could retell it. It was like a coming of age story he might see at a film festival but he had no plans of actually following their instructions. Without them being able to attend with him, he could just tell the counselor he was experimenting with cross dressing and searching out whether he was transgender and

thank the Dean and school for the chance to try it out, this was his out for the mess they got him in. It wasn't like he could really lie about a story like this, a trained psychologist would see right through him.

"When I was young and shopping with my mom, I remember always being fascinated with women's clothing, even at 8 or 9, I'd notice my curiosity at the wide variety of colors and fabrics...ah!" His cock had been freed and Stephanie began kissing it.

"Good go on sweetie," Stephanie said, knowing full well what plan was doing to him to seal his fate, the silly boy didn't even see it coming. Grabbing the condom, she began unwrapping it as Ari got harder with anticipation.

"In school I was jealous that girls could wear pants or a skirt, but guys couldn't. I would stare at cheerleaders, but not at their bodies, but instead their uniforms and wish I could be one too." Ari continued as he swelled in the condom. "In my dreams, I often find myself playing silly games with girls at pool parties and the like, it feels great to be surrounded by non-threatening people who share my joys in life...Mmmmm that feels good."

Stephanie was pleased this was working. Ari's loose skirt was not an impediment to her work, and she insisted Ari stay femininely dressed during any allowed orgasm. She ran her hands over his smooth legs, trying to further link sexual gratification in the boy's mind to enjoying the touching of his feminized body. Much like Pavlov's dog would, she imagined.

Yes, he was getting closer, and trailing off in the story he was reciting. "Mmmmm," this will work. Stephanie smiled to herself wickedly in between a pause to kiss his balls. After she was finished, she would hide the condom and threaten to report that Ari had tried to rape her in the women's dormitory, and that his dressing was only to defraud the school and get access to women in compromising situations. The boy would freak out, and then?

Be told he needed to attend the appointment, like a GOOD GIRL would. Or else. Just another nail in his coffin to make sure he stuck to her list.

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Ariel didn't sleep well the night before. Only falling asleep around Six thirty, but his counselor's appointment was at ten. The bait and switch pulled by Stephanie the night before really freaked him out. He was trapped, and they both knew it. The old evidence they had would put him in jail by itself and now she made up more that would do the same all on its own.

With less than an hour of sleep, he got up, did his make up, and went to the bus stop. He felt nauseous, and this time it was not because he had been forced to swallow his own load. It was that he was out on the town, seemingly alone and willingly, as a young woman. And the simple natural nature of it all was scaring him deeply.

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Ari could only barely remember the walk from the bus station to the drab looking building. Everything was sort of part of a sleep deprived blur. But Ari's fog was distinctly broken upon walking through the glass door of the counseling suite. "Dr. Carson, Ph.D." Ari didn't know if it would be a man or woman, but he suspected it might be better if it were a man, as he didn't want the added confusion of talking to a woman and wondering who's panties were sexier, his or hers.

"Good morning and welcome to Doctor Carson's office. How can I help you today?"

"I'm here for a t-ten o'clock..ah..pointment," Ari said with a nervous stammer. He was clearly nervous coming into the therapist's office. Not only did he have to worry about Stephanie's threat, but the terms of the scholarship said he had to come and the referral from the Dean's office would mean they already knew his background. Yet, he still didn't think a professionally trained therapist would really believe he wanted to be a woman.

"You must be Ariel.." the receptionist said with a cheerful smile, her hazel eyes sparkling in the light.

With how uptight he was feeling, the cheerful and open demeanor of the receptionist, Kimmy according to the name tag, did little to put him at ease.

"I ahh." Ari looked back towards the door wondering if it was too late to run out.

"It is okay to be nervous, take your time. Everyone is here to help." Kimmy said soothingly and compassionately. "...you just let me know how I can do that. Would you like to sit down and collect yourself first? Or maybe I can get you a bottle of water, tea, or coffee?"

"Coffee..." Ari nodded his head a few times rapidly, taking a few steps over to one of the chairs in front of Kimmy's dark wood reception desk.

Ari took notice of Kimmy's charcoal skirt and black stockings. As she walked away, he couldn't help look at her rounded bottom with a little bit of lust. She was probably five foot eight and about one hundred and forty pounds, but they gave her curves in all the right places. It embarrassed him deeply to be in front of her, and to be dressed as he

was.

Today had been a difficult day, it took him several tries to get the makeup just right around his eyes with none of the girls willing to do more than watch as he tried and tried again to get it to look just right.

Using his hands to sweep behind and smooth his brown suede skirt, he sat down and let out a deep breath, looking towards the door once again. This was insane, Stephanie and Bianca were insane and he was insane for going along with any of it. This was going to fail and he would still end up going to prison...all because they signed him up for a scholarship...a scholarship that he didn't want.

"Here you go, coffee, creamer and some sugar packets. I wasn't sure how you liked it." Kimmy said, placing the objects on the small table in front of the chairs in the waiting area. She had gotten the girl decaf, it didn't look like she should really be having the caffeine with how jittery and nervous she was.

"Tha.. thank you darlin, but I think I should just go..." An attractive girl in her mid twenties was talking to him and considering what he was here for he was sure she could see right through him. She had to know his "secret," and likely was judging him as less than a man...but rather some sort of freak...and all because of those two were manipulating him.

"I just love your skirt, is that suede?" Kimmy said, sitting down next to the girl and leaning forward to invite some conversation to calm the patient.

"I'm sorry what?" He was just about to tell her how he was leaving and she asked him about... Ari looked down at the brown suede skirt and his legs tightly pressed together, it was just clothing to him, but he was stunned he was being asked about it now

"Your skirt, I just love it...Where did you find it?"

"Oh umm, where I work...A store in the mall...it's called The Hanger." He had talked about clothes with people, he had to at work, but no one had ever started a conversation with him like this. Definitely not an attractive girl, one he would have loved to take on a date.

"You work there!?! Oh I just love that place. Next time I come by we have to plan it so we can go get coffee together. Oh, and where are my manners? I'm Kimmy." She said, holding out her hand.

"Ariel, I mean I'm Ariel." He said with a smile on his face, a girl openly asking him out for coffee was not the turn of events he thought would happen that day. As he shook her

hand though and she asked more about the skirt he realized she wasn't thinking of him as a potential sexual partner. She didn't see him as a man to be with at all, nor did she see him something less than that...something that should be discarded or pitied. Kimmy saw him as just another girl she could talk about clothes with.

Still talking Kimmy got up and strode over to her desk, hitting a few keys on her keyboard to let her boss know his next appointment was here. "So you guys always have a summer sale, and I just have to know, do you get an employee discount on top of that?"

"Yes" Ari replied confused at how the girl's demeanor had been so different than girls normally were to him. Usually women were always standoffish in conversation, knowing they would need to establish the boundaries whenever talking with a man. But this was different. He was not a sexual threat to Kimmy, he was just another girl. It was like Ari had been given a passport into girl world, and the relations there were different between girls.

Before Ari could continue, the door that had the nameplate Dr. Carson opened and a well dressed man that looked to be in his mid fifties with an easy smile stepped out and over to the two. "Ariel, it is a pleasure to meet you."

Without thinking about it Ari took the man's hand as she shook it and then helped him to his feet. "I ahh."

"She is a little nervous." Kimmy said, standing up and delicately touching the nervous girl's shoulder to reassure her. "We can talk more when you get out okay?"

Soon Ari found himself sitting in the therapist's office, unsure how he went from making up his mind to leave, to sitting talking with the therapist all because Kimmy wanted to talk about his skirt and shopping. And suddenly, seeing a man...professional one nevertheless...made Ari more nervous, as a guy would know his secret, and likely see him as sort of a traitor to the male gender.

"Come on in," Dr. Carson said with a smile. A smile that scared Ari, because it was almost like he would be taking joy in helping Ari lose his make privilege card. Maybe preferring it be a male counselor was the wrong thought after all.

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"I can understand the stress you must have been under to live in a strict Jewish household. Your parents always wanted you to find a nice Jewish girl, while you wanted nothing more than to be that girl. You wished they could accept you for who you are." Ari sat on the cool cream colored leather couch, sitting one leg crossed over the other while

keeping his hands folded in his lap.

The girls told him to try and act as calm as he can and stick to the story they had told the counselor and the board for the scholarship. He thought how easy it would be to get out of this now, he just had to tell this man the full truth and it could be over. Yet that had a higher chance of blowing up in his face. There was no proof he hadn't done all of this on his own and if he said he wasn't really transgender, then he could be brought up on fraud charges.

The only real way he saw of getting out of this mess was to ride the semester out and make sure the girls didn't enroll him in any more of these classes and he could turn down the next scholarship payment before it happens. If the girls insisted on pushing this at that point he would just drop out. His parents would be pissed, but it would be so much better to try again at another school before they ruined his entire life.

"That does bring us to the end of this session, and after meeting you Ariel I have no problem helping you schedule your medical appointments to start your transition." Dr. Carson stated matter of factly.

Ari blinked in surprise, not only was he not found out, but the therapist wanted to make referrals to other doctors. He must have been very convincing indeed, but he couldn't let this go any further. "That's ok, I can..." Ari tried to interrupt to stop the train before it left this station.

"Unfortunately while I know in your introduction letter you wrote that you wanted to see about getting breast implants as quickly as possible..." Dr Carson stopped talking seeing Ariel's body go rigid, he hated telling patients like her that they had to be patient and shouldn't jump to get surgery, no matter how much they thought they needed it to be who they really were. "But I can't clear you for surgeries just yet," he said, not telling her yet that her preferred transition plan would want Ari to see what growth she might achieve with hormones first. "So these things take time and if you want to go do it on your own, I can't stop you. I do however control the money from your grant, so you will not be able to use that money till I give you the all clear. Are you okay waiting?"

"I can wait." Ari said relieved. This was perfect actually, as that meant he could just do a few conversations like this, and stay out of trouble with Stephanie and Bianca. And also out of trouble with the university scholarship. It was already a huge waste that it paid for these therapy sessions and now a doctor appointment that he was sure he would never go to.

Dr Carson wrote in his journal how Ariel replied quickly, and sounded like she was upset and maybe a little scared at the idea of having to wait. He knew it was an important surgery and thought maybe he could throw her a bone. "I can hear in your voice how you

do not want to wait, but I promise you it is for the best. What I can do for you is schedule you with a good reputable surgeon I know for a consultation in a few weeks. It would have to be done anyways, do you think that is a fair compromise?"

"Honey, life is just full of compromise. Don't you fret honey, I can tell you I feel like I'm living in high cotton." Ari saw the therapist writing again in his book and wondered if he was going to ask about the saying or just wait till he left to look it up. Where he would find it meaning feeling successful. It was far from the truth, but so was the whole southern thing anyhow. The other day he tried talking in a lower register and dropping the drawl. Being so long talking only like the character his voice sounded strange to him and he wasn't even sure if it sounded like his real voice. It had already been just over three weeks of this and he was losing his real voice, he had twelve weeks to in the semester and he hoped he could hold onto more than he lost through it.

The counselor took another good look at what appeared to be a pretty young woman in front of him. He thought Ariel was extremely lucky, so few of his patients could live their lives like she did. No one would know she was born a man unless she told them. Heck he would imagine some wouldn't believe her without proof. The girl wore a tight forest green turtleneck shirt that looked to just about cling to her body, a brown suede skirt that came down to mid thigh, dark hose and a pair of heels with an half inch platform in front and a five or five and a half inch heel in a brown that matched her skirt. She looked to have no problem doing her makeup or hair like he might expect someone who is just starting out. With her taking fashion courses he believed she must have practiced a lot growing up, but having to hide it. He would pursue questions in that direction in the next season, he wanted to make sure she knew she was safe here and didn't have to hide anything.

"Alright, I have to say again it was a pleasure to meet you Ariel, and I look forward to our next session. My assistant will set up the appointments for you and send it to the email address we have on file. Until we meet again, I hope you stay happy and healthy." Standing up Ari stepped closer to the man and gave him a quick hug, per the girl's instructions. He rather had taken his hand, but they said it was what a girl in his position would do and he didn't want to risk anything. "Thank you Doctor Carson, you are a bona-fide gentleman." Ari gave him a quick kiss to his cheek and a large smile as he pulled away and left the man's office.

Putting his hand to his cheek he looked to the now closed door. Hoping the girl wasn't falling for him just because he was kind to her. He thought about how she wrapped her arms around him and kissed his cheek and he wondered just for a second what it would have been like if she kissed him for real, but pushed the thought away. She was pretty, but she was a client and he would never take advantage of a girl in need.

Closing the door behind him after leaving the therapist's office, Ari let out a long sigh of

relief. At no point did he jump out of his seat yelling and pointing at him about how he knew the truth. The man had also given him some good and bad news. He wanted him to go see a doctor about breast implants and transitioning, but he was putting a hold on any surgeries for the time being. Ari hadn't even considered either of these things. He really needed to sit down tonight and figure out what he could do to take control of his life back.

"See that wasn't so bad, was it?" Ari looked over at Kimmy, forgetting she was just on the other side of the door.

"No, he is nothing but a gentleman." He was also a good listener too, Ari honestly felt like he should have opened up more just about his controlling parents so he at least got something out of the session that he could use.

"He is a good man and I have you here on the calendar to see him again one week from now. If you need to move the date that week we can so long as he has an opening in his schedule, otherwise we will have to cancel. After a few weeks, these become bi-weekly, as you'll have classes and other appointments, and we don't want you to get overwhelmed," Kimmy said organizing several forms for signature

Ari looked at the forms and one was a bill, another had the name of the university with the scholarship program name at the top.

"This is the compliance form...Because of how this is being billed, I will remind you that all missed appointments will cause notifications being sent out. Not a big deal, but when dealing with scholarships like this...they like to keep track of everything. So long as you don't miss more than three appointments you will be golden."

"What happens if I miss three?" Ari wanted to skip all of them if he could.

He watched Kimmy make a sad expression. "They will cancel your scholarship. But that never happens, so relax..." Ari started to look scared, and Kimmy continued with a smile "I know things can feel tough sometimes, but I promise Dr. Carson is the person to talk to so you can get through things...this is your medical referral, like this they will do your intake information."

Ari looked down at the referral, it was the day before his next session with the counselor here. And he would be here weekly for at least the next 4 weeks. He felt a little numb, but signed the compliance form for the scholarship that he would be attending these appointments.

"This is the consent to share information and your informed consent for the medical treatment plan, which the doctors will want when they proceed with you on your

transition goals,” Kimmy said, handing more forms to be signed to Ari. Ari didn’t realize that by signing, not only would the doctor have access to the counseling records, but the counselor would have access to the medical treatment plan. As would the scholarship compliance updates include reports on every step of progress.

Ari looked for a moment on the informed consent, it contained information on the effects of hormonal therapy. That it can lead to chemical castration, breast growth, and sterilization. That some transition with surgery, and others hormones, and others still both. Ari hadn’t considered making any of these permanent changes, but was happy the letter the girls wrote for him indicated he wanted surgery, and thus he could hide behind the counselor’s instructions to hold off to not proceed. He signed the informed consent form, and handed it back to Kimmy. That was the end of the forms, but as he turned to leave...

Kimmy held up one finger, telling him to hold on a second before she opened her desk drawer to reveal her purse. Reaching inside she pulled out her cell phone and sent him a text message.

“There, now you also have my phone number so we can go shopping sometime. Or if you just need to vent about your day. We all need it from time to time and if it is too heavy we can just go out and get a drink.” She said with a large smile.

Leaving the office Ari started walking to the bus stop just a few yards from the building. He had just gotten away with lying to a professional psychologist and he was pretty sure he just made his first friend as a girl. It felt good to be so openly accepted, and sad that she so easily thought of him as a her instead of a him. Pulling out his phone as he walked Ari saw a few missed messages from Erim wishing him a good day and sending him a poem.

Erim: When I met you, I looked into your eyes and forgot everything else. I do not know of love at first sight, it is shown in movies, but maybe it was one of those things you have to experience to understand. Yet I find myself unable to put my feelings to words, after being with you I can only imagine a life without seeing your smile would be a life where I could no longer see the sun. Ariel, you bring me joy and I cannot wait to see you again.

“I would rather you bring Aliza, her name means joy and the two of you could leave me out of it.” Ari said, moving the phone to his purse. Before he put it in he opened the message backup and read it again. It was sweet and he doubted most men would take the time to write something like that to someone they had only been on one date with... well kind of two and a lot of flirting over text messages, but still. He wasn’t sure how many of the boys at school would write something like that to a girl. He just wished he could be Erim’s wing man, or Erim his wingman instead of what they currently were.

Ari put the phone away and stepped onto the bus as it arrived, sitting down in the back of the bus, that way he could limit the number of men who would openly stare at him and maybe avoid getting his ass pinched like he did this morning coming here. The therapist was just the start of the day, now he had to go to work and do his best to sell clothes. With today being payday it meant another trip for shoe shopping, the shelf Bianca had bought him to put away his shoes and display them was already starting to get full and he knew in another two weeks she would be setting up a second one.

Pulling out his phone again Ari pulled up some photos of heels, he was looking at different single sole six inch pumps. He didn't want them, but Steph had promised him a night without the cage if he bought a pair and wore them for a full day. Despite what happened the night before Steph said she was done giving him a blow job when he practiced with the dildo. "You are not trying hard enough, Erim deserves more than that, Ariel. You are not being unlocked tonight and definitely not getting another blow job. I will leave the dildo here with you and when you can show me how much you really want a dick in your mouth we can revisit talking about taking off your cage."

Those words made him feel miserable, he didn't get what he wanted and she basically told him he had to act thrilled to have the dildo in his mouth up for anything to happen, but before he came to the therapist she showed him the light at the end of the tunnel. It wasn't going to earn him a blowjob, but having his dick free for just wearing heels a little taller than he wore to work was worth the price. So during the trip he looked at one pair of heels after another, to try and get an idea of what he was going to get after work.

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Stepping into The Hanger Ari halted in his tracks seeing something he truly wasn't expecting to see. Bianca was standing behind a low table refolding clothes that were on display. She was wearing a sleeveless button up white blouse with ruffles, a brown skirt the same color as his heels and some black flats with a little bow in the front. The thing that really got his attention was she was wearing a name tag with her name on it. "Bianca, honey what are you doing here?"

Putting down the shirt she was folding Bianca gave Ariel a large smile, stepped forward and gave her a quick hug. "Money has been really tight at home, you know... you saw me having to give the school another check after the first one bounced. It turns out my mom lost her job."

"Aww I'm so sorry, are they okay? Did they tell you that you have to get a job to stay in school?" That was terrible news, he knew her mother had been at the same company for as long as he had known them.

Bianca shook her head and gave Ariel a small smile. "No, they say everything will be

okay. My father specifically told me not to worry about it and to not get a job when I told him I could help out." She gave a small shrug, her smile slipping. "But I can't be a burden to them, so at least I can do is get myself a job so I don't have to ask them for money for everyday things. I figured if I had to get a job, why not with one of my best friends."

"Best friends?" Ari was more than shocked to hear her say that, she teased him, both of the girls did about being girlfriends, but it didn't sound like she was trying to mess with him. "Of course silly. We have known each other for years, you kept my secret about my parents check and I was hoping you wouldn't mention this to Steph. She knows I got a job, but I told her it was so I could have some spending money and keep an eye on you."

He was ready to ask what he would get out of it, or more specifically what he could get out of to keep her secret, but when she touched his arm and looked him in the eye he felt himself melt a little. In that second thoughts of her being an enemy were gone, and just the thoughts of the pretty girl he had a crush on for years. "Honey, I would never tattle on you. I would do anything for you." Erim's poem came to mind as he saw Bianca's smile and no matter what she did he knew he had the experience to say what really was love at first sight. It was plain for him to see the first time he saw her walking down the sidewalk by his house, in a short skirt, books held to her chest and her hair flowing in the breeze that it was love at first sight.

It was also the first time he thought about how he screwed up his chances with her with what he did with the cameras. It wasn't a deep thought or a lingering one, but for a second he thought of that action as his fault. The thought was gone as Bianca took him by the hand to lead him over to the cash register to clock in for his shift. "I hope working with me will make work a little less boring, but we need to make sure we clock in and out on time or we might get put on separate shifts."

When his heart stopped fluttering and logic took hold of his brain he wondered how much truth was in her taking this job to keep an eye on him. He lived in the room next to Stephanie, had had a class or two with each of them and now Bianca worked with him. He had just lost another place where he could be himself... well a place where he wasn't watched like a hawk to stay in character. The idea of spending extra time gossiping with Bianca instead of working, or missing some punch times so they got separated by shifts might not be such a bad idea.

## **Chapter 24**

When the day came for Ari's doctor's appointment he hadn't remembered at all. Life was busy with the classes he was taking, the girls making sure he was a studious student. It took a great deal of mental effort to stay focused on subject matter he found no interest in, but his time at work had actually become more pleasant with the addition of Bia as a coworker. The annoyance of dealing with customers hadn't changed, or how David leered at him. It was always so creepy to feel like he was being watched and then to find

his manager was nearby. Having Bia there gave him someone to talk to, even if most of what she wanted to talk about was gossip. Gossip about people at school, celebrities or even the latest news on what the royal family in England were up to, but slipped in with all of that he got to find out more about her and her home life.

Growing up near the Russo household allowed him to be around Bianca before, but now it was like looking behind the veil. She was two years older than him and one year ahead of him at the university working on a degree for Fashion Photography and seemed to miss home way more than he did. Though living under his parents roof would beat walking around in heels everyday. With all of that going on Ari tried to take things one day at a time. He had already bought a lockpick set at the mall, and while he hadn't learned how to use it well enough to get the chastity cage off yet, it was only a matter of time.

This morning when his alarm went off, playing the familiar song Here Comes the Sun by the Beatles, Ari did what he always did for a morning routine. Stretched, used the bathroom, brushed his teeth, took a shower and then did his moisturizing routine that had expanded since he started to wear panties every day.. Slipping on a pair of yellow panties with black ruffles he adjusted himself, hardly even thinking about the activity anymore, then he selected a bra, not every girl tried to match their bra to their panties, but he was a student of fashion and could never be caught dead not matching or so the girls told him. Unless the matching item he wore was on purpose for a pop of color, or to make a statement, he mentally added.

He had his mirrored closet door open deciding what to wear that day when his bedroom door opened and Stephanie walked right in like she owned the place, something she did every morning. "Good morning Ariel!" Stephanie said happily.

"Well you sure are chipper this morning, I sure hope that mood is contagious. Sharing is caring, you know. I was just about to select an outfit for the day." Ari looked away from his closet that was now brimming with different girly outfits. Stephanie looked like she just came from the gym, wearing gray and white tight yoga pants, a red cotton T-shirt that left her stomach exposed, minimal, but still there makeup and her red hair up in a high ponytail.

"You should wear something bright, it is a nice day out. After our errands it could be a great day for the beach. Can't live this close to the water and not plan a beach day or two, but first we need to do your morning workout."

"Darlin, I have a wonderful idea. How about we call up Bia and make an early day of it. No crowds, easy parking and we can skedaddle when the crowds show up. We can just skip right on past errands and what not to save time. Early bird and all that." Ari really didn't want to wear any of the bikinis he had in his drawer, but if she was going to make

him, perhaps he could convince her to go when there were less people and get out of what she wanted him to do right now.

“Ariel we have a schedule to keep, and we are not skipping things on today's list or anyday if I have my way. Now come on, the sooner you do this the sooner you will be a pro” Stephanie walked over to the nightstand next to the bed, removing a lifelike dildo with a suction up at the end, before bending over and smacking it to the bottom of the bedframe suction cup first. “Go on then girl, it isn't going to suck itself.”

Moving away from the closet Ari looked at the dildo that he had become way too familiar with recently. “Must we?”

“You must, but if you like we can swap this for the real thing. Maybe call Erim over, you tell him you woke up with a craving that only his cock can solve. Or maybe we can adjust the schedule and see about getting you some extra practice over at one of the Frat houses. It will be like an all you can eat buffet where you can swallow as much cum as you want so long as you wear the rest.” Stephanie moved away, her fingers trailing across Ariel's back as she went to pick out what the feminized man was going to wear to his doctor's appointment, already knowing the outcome of the current situation. Pulling out a tweed yellow and black wrap skirt she smiled. She thought Ariel looked best in greens or yellows, today was a yellow day.

Reluctantly Ari got down on his knees, the bed was decently close to the floor so when he lined his body up with the phallic object he made sure to raise his ass in the air. This act was bad enough, but he didn't want Stephanie to start slapping his ass because he didn't look enough like a wanton slut like she liked. He was sure it was only a matter of time before she shoved something in his ass while he was doing this and he needed to figure something out before it escalated. He had been getting closer to Bianca lately, and he hoped she might see reason soon.

“Remember to moan.” Stephanie said without turning around as she pulled out a white blouse with thin billowy sleeves to go with the skirt. She could see Ariel out of the corner of her eye in the mirrored closet door, on her hands and knees. Moving her body like a piston, the dildo disappeared into her mouth every time she moved closer to the bed.

“Mmmm, mmmm, MMMM!” Ari made the sounds he knew Stephanie wanted to hear, he had no plans to ever do this for real, but had a feeling this girl would make good on her threat about a frat house if he resisted. It wasn't like she hadn't been making him do this every day, well twice a day. She had the dildo in this exact spot the night before, but she had been sitting on the bed over him, legs spread, just looking down, telling him how important eye contact was.

“Oh wow, what is going on here?” The pretend cock slipped free of Ari's mouth before he

could turn his head to see Bianca standing just on the inside of a thankfully closed bedroom door. He didn't even hear her come. His cheeks burned red as a solid blush from embarrassment came over him.

"Good morning Bia, she was a little horny this morning and wanted to practice for her man, so she is doing that while I pick out something cute for her to wear today. Are you still good for the beach this afternoon?"

"Oh yes, I already have my beach bag in the trunk." Bianca pulled out her phone to double check the time. They had plenty of time to get Ariel to her first doctors appointment and while she would rather be sleeping in before the beach trip getting Ariel there or more importantly making sure Ariel went to this appointment was much more important. "Are you almost done Ariel or do you need more time?" She knew Steph was making Ariel do what she was doing, but she had distinctly heard what sounded like her enjoying herself.

Taking another look at the dildo now slick with saliva, Ari's lip curled in disgust at the object that had just been touching the back of his throat. "Honey, I think this can wait for another time. Y'all are here so I think it is about time I got ready for the day. Where are we going before the beach?" Ari was more than happy to be done with that morning task, extra happy it ended before his jaw started to grow tired.

"I have a late morning lab to take care of for a test, while the two of you are headed off to your appointment with the doctor. You didn't remember?"

While Ariel got ready, zipping up his skirt to adding his eyeliner he just kept thinking about how he was about to see another professional that thought he was there because he was transitioning to be female. He had fooled the psychologist somehow and the receptionist Kimmy. The appointment was terrifying, but after talking with the girl over text messages he found she was a delight. She didn't push him to be extra girly, or call him on looking at a man's crotch when he was specifically told that was a place to look and was punished if he didn't. He had to talk about topics he didn't care to, but he also got to talk to her about movies and tv shows. It was like getting a little breath of fresh air while you were still drowning.

At one point he started to ask her about dating, but veered away remembering he had a boyfriend and as friendly as Kimmy was, she didn't see him that way. It made him wonder if all men were hard coded to want to be with every pretty girl that paid them any attention or if it was just because he was so desperate. He pushed thoughts of his friend out of his mind as Bianca drove him to his appointment. Today was going to be a consultation or something, an introduction he guessed to see if the doctor was willing to set him down the path to changing him to a her. Ari was justy happy the therapist was pushing things off and with as nice as the man was he figured he could confide in the

man how he was not ready just yet for things to change. With it just being between the therapist and him the girls couldn't interfere and he could start taking control.

Inside the doctor's office things were different from the therapist's office. No happy receptionist there to greet him, just a set of chairs, two computer pads on either side of the room, closed doors and a window covered in glass separating him from what Ari assumed was a nurse who seemed to pay him no mind when he and Bianca came in.

Fifteen minutes after checking in on one of the computer pads the nurse behind the window called him over. "Serra, Ariel Serra, can you please come to the window." She called out like he wasn't one of the only two people in the room. "Fill out these forms in triplicate and then we can take you back to see the doctor." She didn't have a name plate or a name tag so he wasn't sure of her name, but he was sure with the monotone speech that she did not want to be here, probably only a little less than how much he wanted to be here.

"I'm sorry shugah, did you say triplicate?" Ari said looking at the not so small stack of paperwork she had handed him, wondering if they had never heard of a copy machine before.

"Copy for the office, copy to send off to a Doctor Carson and to the group we are billing for your visit."

"Could I fill them out once and then we just make copies?" He smiled at the lady hoping she would be willing to use the copy machine that he could clearly see behind her on the far wall.

"I could make all the copies you want, but we have to send originals with signatures, they won't accept copies. Could be worse, I once had a patient tell me about how they had to deal with the paperwork for a federal workers compensation claim." She said with a shrug before going back to whatever she was doing on her computer.

With a heavy sigh and heavier heart Ari minced his way back to his chair in the bright yellow four inch pencil heels and began filling out the paperwork. It was mostly just filling out personal information, but the third page was something he had to read. It talked about consent for the doctor to see him, consent for the office to share files with other caregivers. The next page he thought was just repetitive with another consent form about treatment. Ari glanced over it, saw it had some specifics like about hormones and other treatments. All of that was a can he was going to kick down the road as far as his heeled feet would let him, but still he signed because he knew he had to.

The girls had filled out so much in his name, pretending to be him on the forms that he wished he could just hand this over to Bianca to do, but didn't want to have to start over

if the nurse said something. So he let her be as she looked at an article on her phone, something about a park from the glance he took of her screen. With the red tape out of the way Ari was happy to be called back instead of being handed another set of paperwork, a loop of paperwork he imagined would be a type of hell.

“Ariel Serra, Ariel Serra to see Doctor Fields.” By the time Ari was done with the paperwork the room had a few more people in it, but he doubted the nurse didn’t know exactly what patient was supposed to come back.

“Would you like me to come with you?” Ari felt Bianca’s hand land on top of his and give a light squeeze.

“Appreciate the offer darlin, but this is something I should be handling on my own.” Last thing he needed was Bianca talking to the doctor like a concerned friend pushing for the very things the therapist said would be put off. He didn’t know if the doctors needed to agree on the treatments or if his Doctor Fields could just go ahead, but he wasn’t going to take chances or at least that was the plan. If Bianca insisted on coming back to be ‘supportive’ he wasn’t sure if he could tell her no.

“I will be right here when you are done, and then we can spend the rest of the day having fun.” She said, giving his hand another squeeze like he needed reassurance. Feeling her hand on his did make him smile and make him wonder if she was starting to feel bad for him. If that was the case he might be able to leverage that for freedom if he worked it right.

The waiting room was cold enough that after ten minutes Ari wished he had chosen to wear pantyhose or stockings today. After not being allowed to wear pants for long enough he didn’t even consider that an option for warmer attire. He was running one hand over his legs to try and warm them up when a single knock came to the door and a tall man walked in wearing a white coat, indicating he was the doctor he had been waiting on.

“Lets see, lets see. Ariel, ah yes.” The man said looking up from the file and to see is patient. He knew this was a transgender patient, but looking at the young woman sitting on the table he wouldn’t have guessed she was pre everything like her file indicated.

“I’m Doctor Fields, but you can call me Alan or Doctor Alan if you like. The first thing I wanted to check was that you are not currently on any medication prescribed by another doctor or maybe not prescribed at all that you might be on for your transition. People self medicate all the time, I just need to know so we can make sure you are as healthy as possible.”

Ari shook his head, the most drugs he had in his system were caffeine that he needed to

stay alive and the vitamins the girls had been giving him to help supplement his lack of real food diet that had shrunk away his waist and wasted away what little muscle he had to begin with. “No shugah, most I have is vitamins and my coffee with plenty of well.. Shugah.” He let out a girly giggle, regretting it instantly. No one was around to see his performance, but he had been in character for so long he wasn’t looking forward to the next time his phone rang and saw his family calling.

Nodding, Alan made a note in the chart about how Ariel probably already had a hormonal imbalance that made him appear more feminine. Looking over the rest of the notes from the counselor he made small talk before it was time to start what she came here for. “Go ahead and hop down for me and be careful, don’t want you to trip your shoes. They look great on you by the way.” He said knowing his wife always loved to be complimented on her shoes.

“Why thank you.” Ariel said smiling as he got down and turned one of his feet to the side to show the heels profile. He had chosen this pair over two of the black pairs he considered or one of the white pairs he had considered. Stephanie had mentioned being bright today so he chose them to make the yellow of the skirt be the highlight of his outfit.

“If you could just turn around, lean forward on the table and pull up your skirt please, we can get started.”

“Walt... WHAT!?” Ari started to comply turning around and leaning forward on the table, ass in the air much like it had been this morning and every time Stephanie had told him to bend over, but he started to move much slower when the doctor mentioned lifting his skirt.

“Yes, turn around and lift your skirt for me dearie.” The doctor said taking ahold of one of the syringes that had been prepared for the visit. When he looked at her she had her ass pointed at him like she wanted something more than the shots for the appointment. With his free hand he lifted her skirt, when she hadn’t. Something that made alarm bells go off in Ari’s mind.

The cold hand on his waist, making Ari bite his bottom lip, afraid that the doctor was about to violate him. He was sure he had heard of doctors sexually assaulting patients before on the news, he could.. He could... Ari’s mind raced trying to get into gear, to think of something, to physically do something... to move and flee. Then he felt something wet, the smell of alcohol filled the room and he felt something sharp bite into his rear end for just a second. The familiar burning of something being injected into him told him he was not in fact about to be sexually assaulted, he was just getting a booster shot or something.

“This is the start of your semi weekly injection series for your hormonal regimen.” Ari looked back at the man, eyes wide at the word hormonal. Then he felt another needle stab into the meat of his ass cheek. The doctor carried on his speech like he hadn’t just stabbed him.

“The first shot is your anti-androgen. It mostly blocks things like testosterone in your body. It can help calm your moods, but it really is there to help the estrogen do its thing. You wont need it once you have your orchiectomy.”

“Orchi.. What now?”Ari didn’t give permission for what the man just did, let alone what ever he was talking about.

“Orchiectomy is castration, when you see a surgeon to remove your testicles. At that point you won’t need this shot anymore, but prolonged effects of the treatment can also chemically castrate you.

“And that is ahhh what you just put in me now?” Oh no, oh dear oh my, its okay Ariel, calm down breath. Ari thought to himself feeling like he was about to start hyperventilate, focusing on the key things the man said. The key word was prolonged, he felt madder than a wet hen.

“That was the first shot, yes. The second shot was of course your estrogen. It will help feminize your body just like you want. Over say three to six months you will notice fat growth in your hips, butt and of course start growing your own breasts. Plus, your panties will fit better.” He said pulling down the skirt over the already pert ass.

“I know you went over all of this in the paperwork before you saw me, but I always find it better to explain things just in case people gloss over what they are signing. We of course will have you come in for the bi weekly appointments not just for your shot, but this level of hormones can cause other physical issues that could lead to long term problems if not addressed quickly.”

Ari did what he could to breathe calmer, telling himself that he had over ninety days from now, plenty of time to figure out how to escape castration. If the doctor had just given him pills he could have just not taken them... but instead he had signed a consent form for the treatment and if he didn’t come in for the doctor to look at him he could have real health issues because of what was already pumping through his body. This guy didn’t even say what he was about to do to him to potentially mess up his body before he did it... Ariel needed to talk to the therapist, at least Dr. Carson listened to him unlike Dr. Alan.

When Ari came out into the waiting room he was immediately given a hug that really did help his nerves, but he still had a hard time moving his mind away from the idea of being

chemically castrated.

“All done? You ready to go have some fun and blow off steam?” He loved this girl's smile and wished he felt better for a day out seeing her and Steph in bikinis, but that sight could really do a lot for his current mood.

“Darlin, you have no idea how much I need that.” He said giving the girl a hug back before the two headed off to pickup Stephanie for a day out in the sun.

## **Chapter 25**

Standing outside the apartment door Ari felt incredibly nervous about tonight's date. Looking back the way he came he could see Steph behind the wheel of her car giving him a thumbs up. The date couldn't be put off any longer, it was put off longer than he thought though. Both Stephanie and Bianca let him postpone the date for another week when he said he needed to focus on his school work. That of course earned him multiple study nights, but pouring himself into the course work was better than what he was about to endure. “You can do this Ariel, you spent two hours making yourself flawless for Erim. Just remember to smile, and make yourself look as happy as a dead pig in sunshine.”

When he heard the light knocking on the door Erim quickly took a few paces from the kitchen, bringing him to the living room in his small apartment. He was about to open the door, when he stopped to take another glance around the room. He hesitated for a second before flipping a pillow that was on his couch and then took a deep breath. He needed to calm himself so he didn't scare off the girl. Opening the door a smile automatically came to his face as he saw the beautiful young woman on the other side. Ariel had her hair up, with part of it braided around the back of her hair. Her hair was often a little wild, but the fact she took the time to try and tame it for him told how much she cared.

Her makeup was simple, just enough to enhance her features tonight. He noticed two of the colors she often wore were yellow and green and it made him wonder which was her favorite. Tonight she had on this bright yellow mini dress that had lace above her bust and came down for short sleeves. The bottom of the dress was short and the last few inches was the see through lace. The outfit hugged her wonderful figure, she wasn't big chested or have a big ass like many men liked, but he loved what he saw. On her feet tonight were a pair of blue gladiator style heels high enough that his ex would have complained about after a few hours, but he had seen Ariel at work. He didn't go, she was working and he wasn't sure he could contain himself not to pull her away, but even there she looked to be wearing four or five inch heels. This was a girl that knew how she wanted to look and was willing to put the effort in and he loved that about her.

“Good evening beautiful, how is my southern belle this evening?” He wanted to just pull

her into the apartment and hold her in his arms, kiss her fiercely, press her up against the door and have her right there. That was not what he was going to do, she was the type of girl who deserved to be wooed.

“Darlin, the sun may be setting, but seeing you has brightened my day.” Just keep smiling, just keep smiling, he told himself. “Though I would be a touch better if I was invited in.” Tonight was the night Steph had told him he had to at least give him a hand job and how he couldn’t keep teasing Erim. He didn’t want to tease the man, at least a quarter of the texts he sent were actually from one of the girls and unfortunately he knew exactly what Erim’s dick looked like after getting a photo.

“Oh, oh, yeah. Please, please, come in.” Erim stepped to the side to let the beautiful redhead in, mentally kicking himself for standing there gazing at her while she stood in the doorway. Stepping into the apartment Ari was surprised to find it was maybe only a little bigger than his own room in the dorms, though he at least had a working kitchen, small but working. It was a tiny kitchen, a small table pushed into the corner, a living room that consisted of a faded red couch and a small tv on the wall and then a closed door that Ari had to assume went to both a bedroom and the bathroom.

“I do like your place, it is adorable, but it could use a woman’s touch.” Erim looked around his small place, nodding a little. After finishing school he was living on money sent by his parents from back home till he found a job that could sponsor him to stay in the states. One of the first things he planned to do was get a proper place to live, some place farther from the college campus where he could get more from his money. “It... it is okay. Soon enough I move to bigger place, a place that you could add a woman’s touch.”

If this fiasco kept up that long Ari was going to need to start watching some shows on remodeling and decorating or he would be asked to do something he was as clueless about as Erim was. “Honey, anything I can do to help, but this place... Well you can’t make a silk purse out of a sow’s ear.” Ari saw the confused look on the man’s face and wasn’t sure if he didn’t understand the saying or it was the language barrier. “It is just a saying honey, a pig’s ear looks soft, but it wouldn’t fool anyone into thinking it is silk. Now I do suppose I could do a little, your place is a bit spartan.”

Taking a few steps more into the apartment Ari got a whiff of something from the kitchen. “What is that delightful smell, it smells divine.” Erim grinned and puffed his chest up a little as he walked past his date to the kitchen. “You smell our first course, I have made you a Turkish dish, eggplant salad. I have never made it before, so I hope it is good. I was on the phone with my Ana, erm mother. She told me to write it all down so you could have the recipe and show me what I did wrong after I made a mess of this.” The food in the small bowled dish Ari was handed looked and smelled great and immediately his stomach growled.

“Well it looks delish, you must tell me how you made it.” Erim moved the little table from the wall and pulled a chair out. He did his best to make it not so obvious he was checking out Ariel’s rear as she sat down. He loved watching her move, she was like a runway model, every moment perfect and calculated. When she sat, she smoothed out her skirt and crossed her legs at the knee, this was the type of girl he imagined would be a Miss America. The thought amused him, knowing if he shared it with his father that is what he would start calling her.

Getting Erim to talk was luckily easy, Ari wasn’t paying too much attention to the topic of how to make the dish. He was just happy he was talking instead of trying to touch him or kiss him. The food itself tasted incredible, the different flavors were dancing in his mouth across his tongue. “Mmmm, Erim honey.” Ari took a second to savor the flavors in his mouth. His diet had been mostly bland, so this felt less like an appetizer and more like an experience. “If you made a mess of this dish... no I couldn’t even say that. I could consume this every night and be a happy woman. I truly want to take my time enjoying this before I see what else you have in store for me tonight.”

When the small plate was finished Ari leaned a little closer to Erim to encourage a kiss on the cheek rather than going for his lips. “It is a relief you liked that so much, for our main course. I have made this...” Erim tilted his hand back and forth like a seesaw. “ A few times, first time not so good, I have gotten better I think.” Before the next round of food was served a bottle of red wine and glasses were brought to the table.

The dark sweet flavor of the wine went well with the lasting flavors in Ari’s mouth. While he came here nervous, the good food and wine had done wonders to calm him down. So far he had walked a good line between flirting and keeping things from turning into some necking session. Ari just wished he could keep it that way all night, the man was nice enough and from what he could tell a great cook. Not for the first time Ari wished he could just be pals with the man instead of the object of his desire. “Dinner tonight is Manti, is like ravioli with lamb inside. Has garlic tomato sauce, then a little yogurt over top.”

The food looked and smelled wonderful, but Ari did not like the fact he had only brought over one large plate with two forks. After what happened the first time he had dinner with the man, and at the park Ari knew what was coming. Erim picked up a fork and brought it forward to feed it to him. Seeing the steam rise from sauce-covered lamb dumpling, Ari blew on it gently to keep the sauce from going everywhere, then opened his mouth. The annoyance at being fed like a baby fled Ari for just a moment as the explosion of flavor swam through his mouth as he bit into the dumpling. It truly was delicious and something he could imagine being served at a restaurant, not something cooked in a tiny apartment kitchen.

“Shugah, this is exquisite.” Ari touched a finger to his lips as he looked down at the dish. The dumplings felt like they were steamed, but had this little crispness on the bottom. Like Erim fried them just a little after steaming them. The textures complimented the dish in an unexpected way. Ari was still caught up in how wonderful it tasted, not thinking about how the flavors impacted him more from the mostly bland food he had been allowed to eat, that he didn’t even think to protest as he was fed another bite. “I am truly glad you like it, perhaps you could come over again and I make you more. Or you could come and cook for me.”

“Mmmm, Shugah that is flawless. Did your, what was the word you used? Ana? Did your Ana give you this recipe too?” Putting down the fork Erim reached over and pulled his date a little closer as he kissed the side of her head and his other hand moved to rest on her thigh. This American girl was trying to pick up a few words in his language and it endeared him to her much more than he already was. “My Ana, yes she could easily make this. In truth I think she could make anything and I hope one day you could meet her. This dish, I learned it from my Baba, means father. He told me how he practiced this dish over and over again because he told his girlfriend at the time he could cook and when she took a bite she fell in love.”

“Aww darlin, that is just the sweetest story.” It wasn’t lost on Ari how Erim was looking at him now, or where his hand was as it rubbed the top of his exposed thigh. The apartment was a little cold and feeling the warm hand gave him goosebumps. The hand on his leg stayed put and while Ari wanted to push it away he decided to leave it alone. He told himself it wasn’t because the warmth felt good, it was that it was innocent enough so long as his hand didn’t go any higher. What he had to go through tonight was going to be much worse than a hand on his leg and if he couldn’t accept that, then there was no way he was going to pull off what he had to do.

Something he could control was the being fed. Picking up one of the forks Ari skewered one of the dumplings, rolled it around in the sauce before moving the fork up to feed Erim. Smiling sweetly at the man as he took a bite of the morsel provided. Lets see if you like being treated like a baby. Ari thought as he brought another dumpling up to feed his date. “Say awww shugah!”

“Mmmm, truly is good.” Erim said as he swallowed the second bite of food and rubbed his date’s thigh, enjoying how lovey dovey she was being with him. For the rest of the meal he let her feed him, the one time he reached for his fork she shook her head. Touched a napkin to the corner of his mouth and said. “Shugah, you just let me handle this.” This was a girl that enjoyed taking care of her man and he knew his feelings were true. He was in love with this Miss America.



They sat at the table finishing off the bottle of wine, he told her stories of back home and with how she seemed to hang on his every word he couldn't wait to take her there to introduce her to his family, but as the bottle ran dry he invited her over to the couch to enjoy a movie. As she walked in front of him his eyes were locked on her rear, the girl

walked like she wanted to be watched, and he was loving the view. "Hold on." He said taking one quicker step and wrapping an arm around her waist to rest on her stomach. Erim pulled Ariel closer, pressing her body into his own. She was a little taller in her sexy little blue heels, maybe two inches, but that just brought him closer to her neck.

He inhaled her perfume, then gently brought his lips to the base of her neck where it met the collar bone. "Ahhh!" Her sound of surprise and excitement filled his ears, encouraging him to continue. She shifted slightly to the left and then the right in his grip, not only was she enjoying his advances, but she was grinding into him. Ari felt himself being pulled into the man from behind, the hand holding him firmly at his stomach, the thin material of the dress offering little protection. The kiss to his neck brought a feeling of warmth, and surprisingly felt wonderful. The mental revulsion soon followed and even with that Ari couldn't deny how the kisses felt as they fell on his exposed flesh.

It didn't matter if it felt good, Ari knew it was wrong on an instinctual level and tried shifting to get out of the tight grip that was pressing his ass to the man's groin. His weak bid for freedom made things only worse as he felt it, Ari felt Erim's member come to life. Like a sleeping serpent, awakened and ready for its prey. Feeling another man's dick press into his rear, with a few layers of clothes between them or not sent his mind reeling. The kisses kept coming and Ari felt himself getting light headed as he breathed in shorter and shorter breaths, from the stress and his own arousal that he could not deny.

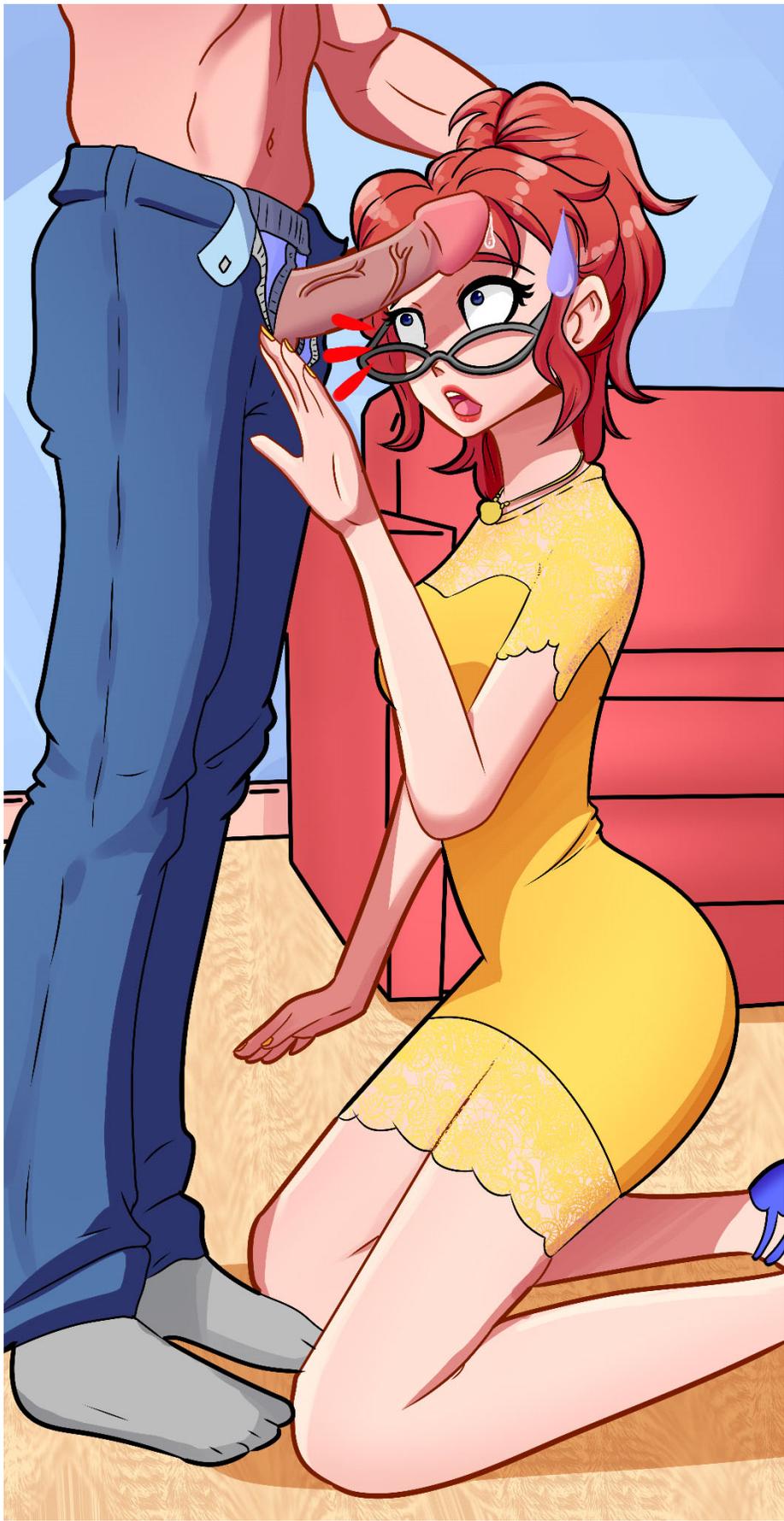
He never knew how sensitive his neck could be, how kisses to it could cause him to get turned on like this. Girls were the ones that got kissed like this, he shouldn't be turned on it. His vision swam from the lack of oxygen, he felt like he was going to have a panic attack as his mind seemed to be at war with himself. He needed to create space, he needed this to just slow down. Ari knew he couldn't really pull free, so he tried to spin in place, but as he shifted his feet the tall heels snagged on the carpet and he found himself falling to the floor.

The way Ariel was breathing told him how much she was turned on, he knew she could feel his dick through his pants, otherwise she wouldn't have kept grinding into him. Then she did something he wasn't expecting she spun in his arms, he thought she was falling and helped slow her decent. She landed on her knees right in front of him and he knew then she wasn't falling, she was in a hurry to get what she had been feeling. "Someone knows what she wants, what we both want."

Erim quickly unbuttoned his shirt, tossing it to the side and unzipping his pants. He wasn't fully erect, but he was close. When he pulled his dick free from his pants he smiled down at the beautiful Ariel. Her glasses had slid down to the end of her nose, her eyes were big in excitement and her mouth was open. It looked like she might have been in awe at what she saw and when her left hand moved up and almost touched his

dick before hesitating he knew he had the right of it. "This is what you do to me Ariel, it's okay."

Ari had just controlled his breathing when he noticed Erim had taken a half step closer to him. The man not wearing a shirt was not the first thing that caught his notice, it was the thick veiny cock sticking out from his pants. He had seen it before in a photo, but seeing it so close, way too close was different. He moved his hand up to push the thing away, but the surprise of the moment made his hand move much slower, not quicker. Ari's hand stopped just shy of touching it, he could see his feminine looking hands with the oval nails painted yellow to match his dress. A girl's hand, next to a thick cock, just a little thicker than the dildo Stephanie had gotten for him.



The thing was very much unlike the dildo, the heat coming off of it, the smell. It was familiar to him considering he had his own dick, but his wasn't nearly this long or thick. Erim's member was long enough that he could wrap both his hands around it, that was easy to see with his hand so close to it. "This is what you do to me Ariel, it's okay." Those words pulled him out of the mesmerized state, and he looked up past the cock to see the man smiling down at him. This was about to happen and Ari knew he really only had three options. Run away now and suffer the consequences, let Erim fuck his face and he will cum eventually or give him a blow job. Steph had warned how he could hold out a while and that meant that piece of meat would be in his mouth for who knows how long, but if he did his best to get the man off it would go much faster.

Taking the dick in hand Ariel brought it closer to his mouth, his mind played over various porn videos he had watched. He was going to give the best blow job he could, it gave him a sinking feeling, but a few minutes with it in him was sure as hell better than twenty minutes or however long it would take if he did a bad job.

Ariel pressed his lips to the tip of the dick, kissing it and looking up to make eye contact with the man over him. It made him feel so powerless and helpless to be in this position, but still he pushed forward. Tilting the dick up Ariel kissed down the length till he got to his balls. One memory reminded Ariel of a few girls who took one of the man's balls in her mouth, but he couldn't bring himself to do that. Instead he stuck his tongue out and ran it up along the shaft slowly, flicking his tongue at the base of the head where he knew it was sensitive. Then closing his eyes he took the entire head into his mouth, letting out a moan of pleasure like this was something he didn't just enjoy, but loved. A girl being loud and vocal always made him cum faster and that was his intention, this had to go as fast as possible before he had a brain aneurysm from the stress. "Mmmm"

Letting the fleshy member fall from his mouth Ari smiled up at Erim, before starting everything he just did over again. Then he did it a third time, then instead of repeating the pattern Ari put his hand over the tip of the cock, twisting his hand to continue to stimulate the warm cock in his hand. He was going to try and say something sexy, but his mind came up with no lines. With nothing coming to mind he wasn't able to give himself much of a reprieve before opening his mouth and taking in the dick once again. He sucked gently, while moving his tongue from side to side. That was when he got his first taste of Erim's cum, it wasn't a lot, it was just pre-cum. Soon as the taste filled his mouth Ari was ready to pull off, but it was then that Erim seemed to have decided to take a more active roll.

Ari could feel Erim's hand run through his hair, taking a firm grip as he pulled him a little deeper on to the cock. He didn't try and press his dick to the back of his throat, but the sudden loss of what little control Ari had frightened him. Erim was controlling the pace

and was moving his hips. Each thrust seemed to push more and more of the dick into his mouth, Ari knew he should be breathing through his nose, but in that second he had forgotten and needed air. Tapping Erim's leg gave him a seconds reprieve, a string of saliva mixed with a little cum ran from the dick to Ari's mouth as he took a few deep breaths. The feminized man didn't even bother to wipe it away before going back in, he needed this to be over. Redoubling his efforts Ari was able to get what he wanted and a lot of what he didn't. The blow job came to an end, but he learned not only what Erim's cum tasted like, but just how much could come out of him.

The dick free from his mouth Ari panted to catch his breath, looking up at the man he just blew. It felt like he swallowed a gallon of cum, he knew that wasn't true, but also knew a lot more cum was sitting inside his stomach than he wanted. He wanted to run off to the bathroom to throw up, but instead Erim helped him to his feet and provided him with another glass of wine. He tried to give Erim a smile, but the idea that he had good food, good wine and cum wasn't exactly what he would call a good evening.

Before the night was over and Erim gave him a ride home Ariel had found himself on his knees, bent over on the couch giving the man another blow job. The girls had been right, the first time he came much faster and was ready to go again for the second time much sooner than Erim would have liked. Though he really wished it hadn't come at all.

Being walked up to the door Erim's words while he had his dick in his mouth for a second time ran through his mind. "Ariel you are amazing, girls like you deserve a medal." A medal... Erim thought he deserved a trophy in cock sucking. That meant Erim either hadn't had that done often, or he was just a natural. Ari really hoped it was the former and not the latter. "Tonight was incredible and I want you to know, before tonight I had already decided. I will not be seeing any other women, you are the only one I wish to pursue. I want you to be my girlfriend."

Ari felt his stomach turning, hearing that raised his level of anxiety and he was either about to burp up some of that cum or throw up. So he didn't say a word, only nodded, leaned in and gave him a kiss on the cheek. He had seen Stephanie's door cacked open so she knew when he got home, and knew that meant she was probably watching now. So as he kissed the man on the cheek, Ari pressed his hands into his chest and raised one leg before jetting off into the relative safety of his dorm room.

## **Chapter 26**

"Are you positive you are not taking unprescribed hormones?" Ari pulled down his gray pleated skirt and stopped bending over so his ass was in the air. It was still awkward assisting the doctor with the injection in such a feminine manner, and made him blush at the thought. But it was better than allowing the doctor to do it with his own hands, like last time. Ari still wasn't comfortable with a man's hands on her ass yet, and hopefully never.

The injection the doctor gave him didn't hurt physically, but it was another blow to his will. He thought the doctor was just going to be giving him a bottle of pills he could ignore, just injecting him with the stuff himself. "Honey, I think I would know if I was imbibing something like that. So the answer to your question is still no, I am not taking any medication."

Doctor Boehner looked his patient up and down, no one would knowing looking at her that she was transgender. He knew the breasts were just padding and she was wearing a corset for her waist, but still seeing her move around in those four inch heels like she was born to them and the way she tended to just pose when she wasn't moving made the girl alluring. Some men were born more feminine then they wanted, but if Ariel Serra wasn't taking estrogen or testosterone blockers already then she was incredibly lucky as far as transitioning went. Still she wouldn't be the first person transitioning that self medicated. This was his second visit with the girl and already he was noticing fat starting to be stored in her chest and an increase to the size of her nipple-areolar complex. She was already on something or she was taking to the cocktail like a fish to water.

"Well then we are all set and I will see you in two weeks. Do you have any questions I can answer before your consultation with the surgeon today? I know it must have been difficult with them pushing the appointment back, but I promise that won't change when they can actually do the surgery." The doctor was trying to be kind, when Ari found out the visit to the surgeon was being pushed back he was thrilled, not upset. Last thing he wanted to do was talk to someone about adding tits to his chest and the extra time allowed him to do a little research.

He was going to tell the surgeon that he wanted to wait longer, much, much longer, pushing it off till never. Well he wasn't going to say that part, but tell the doctor how he wanted to give the hormones a chance to do their job and avoid the shortcut. The therapist would accept an answer like that and maybe he could let them use that grant money for someone else that wanted breasts.

"You have been a true gentleman, most men are hooligans pinching or slapping my rear when given the chance." Putting one hand on his hip, Ari cocked his hip to the side and stuck his ass out a little bit in the doctor's direction before he could consider what he was doing. The girls had him doing so many poses for photos, or just practicing poses he had been doing them without thinking about it. It was unnerving when he was checking his outfit out for the day and he started posing this way and that in front of the mirror. All this girly model stuff was unnerving, not as unnerving as what he ended up doing with Erim when he came over to his dorm the other night with the excuse of her... him needing a study break. He ended up having to take an aspirin his jaw hurt so much.

"I hope you give them what for, no one has the right to touch anyone if they don't want

them to.” Oh if it was only so easy doctor, if it was only that easy. Ari thought as he gave the man a nod of his head and a bright smile. “Shugah, I’m fixin to head out, I hope the rest of your day is delightful. I know mine will be after spending some time with a cute doctor.” Ari felt a little bit of pride seeing he made the doctor blush, but he wished he didn’t. He didn’t want to take pride in seeing a man’s reaction from flirting with him. Flirting with men with the sweet southern tawng in his voice had been drilled into him and at this point he knew it was going to take real effort and practice to not talk like that or throw in some southern saying.

As he left the patient room he tried to push out the doctor's question about him already taking medication. The girls could and would do something like that. Heck Steph and removed his cage last night as a reward for showing his man a good time, but had ended up squeezing and twisting his balls when he refused to touch himself while looking at a picture of Erim.

“You are his girlfriend now...and you obviously love sucking his dick. So why is this so difficult for you?” Steph demanded. “If you don’t want to do it this way then your dildo can find its way up your ass...as you look at him.” She said sternly. “I want your nipples to get hard just thinking of your man touching you.” If Steph wanted to give him hormones he was sure she would just hand them to him and make him take them himself.

Coming into the reception area Ari stopped briefly in front of a mirror to check his makeup. His eyeshadow matched his green blouse, his eyeliner went just a little bit past his eye, his mascara lashes that once he felt like they were always in the way, now he hardly noticed them as he blinked. His lips looked particularly pouty today with the plumping lipgloss he had picked up. Everything looked to be in place, so Ari went out onto the sidewalk and to the smoothie place in the same plaza. Bianca said she was going to meet him after his appointment to join him for the consultation. They had been getting along so much better lately, she always hugged him when they met up or left. She had fun teasing him as she asked for details about his love life with his boyfriend, but she wasn’t demanding about going further like Stephanie. It was feeling more and more like they were friends.

Sitting down at a table outside Ari smoothed his skirt out as he sat down in the metal chair, taking a sip of the strawberry orange smoothie. He was trying to put his thoughts in order for what to say to the surgeon as he absent mindedly dangled one of his heels from his toes. He felt the drink being taken from his hand as it rested on the table. Coming back to reality he saw Bianca wearing a white a frame dress, a tiny red leather belt that had a tiny cute bow on it. Her jewelry was a mix of whites and reds and she topped the outfit off with some three inch red heeled sandals. What people wore tended to be one of the first things he noticed now, between studying fashion and the girls asking him questions about what others were wearing when they were alone. “Mmm,

this is good. Orange and strawberry, I think this could be a full meal if they used yogurt instead of ice for filler.”

“Are you ready to go?” Bianca said, handing the drink back to Ariel.

It had been over a month since Steph and her had taken Ariel under their wing and as time went on it got easier to forget who Ariel really was. Though it was easy to think of Ariel as a she, when he pulled stunts things always came back into focus. The previous week she was helping Ariel out by cleaning her dorm, just as a little thank you for everything when she found a plastic bag full of women's panties.

Some were clean, some were dirty and it told a story with how some of the girls had been complaining about the washing machines or dryers eating some of their clothes. Everyone joked about dryers eating socks, but it seemed when Ariel was doing laundry in the basement he was taking some souvenirs. He couldn't jerk off to them, so other than some perverted act she couldn't think of, the only other option was Ariel was up to his old ways or planned to be up to his old ways by selling things that were not his. If Ariel had noticed his stash was gone, then he hadn't said a word, but today she thought it would be a good time to remind Ariel that he had to stay in line.

When they got in the car Bianca turned down the music as she drove. “So do you know what you are going to tell the **surgeon** what you want to get?”

Ari was about to tell her the truth, what his plan was, well most of the truth. He still understood his position to a point and if he was really lucky she would tell him he didn't have to go at all. That didn't happen just yet as she went into options. “You have options on the type of implants, like saline, or gummy. Those are suppose to feel completely real, but then you have breast size, how round you want to be on top. Because it isn't just about size you also have to think about shape.”

“That is truly a lot to think about, but shugah I was more hoping to go in another direction.” He saw her raise an eyebrow and give him a glance, but she let him continue. “I was contemplating just letting the hormones do their job. Shouldn't I see what mother nature has in store for me before I'm letting someone cut me open?”

“Ariel, what were you planning on doing with that bag of panties under your sink?”

A chill ran down Ariel's spine at the mention of the small collection he had. The first time he got his hands on another girl's panties they must have just left them in the dryer because they were in his basket when he pulled everything from the dryer. He had used them to jerk off into it. Then he thought of how many frat boys liked to go on panty raids and how there could be a quick buck to be made there. He hadn't done anything with them, not yet, but it seemed like he had even less privacy than he had thought. “Ahh,

umm nothing?"

"Nothing is the correct answer, so we will move on from that and back to the topic of what you are going to tell the surgeons. Nothing, is not the correct answer. You don't need to be big in the chest like me. Steph is happy with a B cup, so you can start there, but if the doctors think you would be okay with a C then we should go with their professional opinion. No need to make you top heavy with a D or double D. Unless of course you would like to talk about the bag of panties?"

"Umm ahh, yes having a C cup would be just divine." Some sweat ran down Ari's back. He should not have even attempted something like that. I feel like a sinner in church, Ari thought to himself as he fanned his hand to his face to try and cool off.

"Going to go for a C cup, okay, okay. I was thinking you would go with a B cup, but I think that could work for you." Bianca said, glancing at the poor boy and then back at the road.

"Oh, um." He realized his mistake and he hadn't really thought through his response...just replied quickly to stop the conversation about the panties...with her saying they could go up to a C. "That was just a slip of the tongue, we should really see if the surgeons are okay with something a little smaller."

"In psychology class they would call that a Freudian slip, you didn't mean to say C cup, but it was what you actually wanted. I can't wait to see what the doctor says about you being as busty as me!" Bianca said with a smile.

## **Chapter 27**

It was a Saturday morning, Ari had already done all of his morning routine, even the dildo practice. It wasn't anything close to good, but it was just an object, a toy... so long as it wasn't the real thing his stomach had stopped turning itself into knots. Still he would have preferred skipping it with both Stephanie and Bianca not being around this morning. If it wasn't for the camera or cameras, he wasn't sure how many they had installed in his room. It almost felt worse doing it unsupervised, as it felt like he was doing it on his own volition. But Bianca had let it slip the other day how they used his own cameras he had saved up for to spy on him. When he told her how that was an invasion of his privacy she just responded saying "Exactly." and giving him a hard stare.

It was still just the first semester of the year, but Steph had done well so far this year and the years leading up to her senior year that her teacher had gotten the domineering girl an interview for an internship that she was off at today. Bianca had been picking up extra shifts at The Hanger, leaving Ari free to do whatever he wanted for the first time in a while.

The first thing he did was slink off to the bathroom and pull out the lockpick set that he had been practicing with, he hadn't gotten this thing off yet, but today was the day he was going to set his dick free. The memory of Mel Gibson yelling freedom came to mind. Sitting down on the floor Ari pulled down his panties before getting to work on the built in lock on the metal contraption. The videos always said it was about feel, feel the inside of the lock with the picks. When you are able to push one tumbler up you know you are on the right path, but this lock was a lot smaller than the things he saw videos of, and no one had a how to guide on picking a chastity cage for a dick.

He spent an hour on the floor, getting one piece of the lock at a time. The videos he had watched tended to be no longer than fifteen minutes, with only five minutes or so dedicated to actually picking the lock, but they knew what they were doing, unlike Ari. When he thought he was getting close the worst thing happened, one of the two picks inside the lock snapped. They were metal, but thin metal and when he pulled the small thing out Ari felt like crying. Something he often felt like doing since the doctor injected him with hormones without his consent. Well with his consent, but not his knowledge that he consented. He sat there on the floor pouting as he looked at the broken piece of metal in his hands. Then as something popped in his mind his eyes went wide and he dropped the broken pick so he could lean forward and shake the metal cage. The broken piece of metal was still inside the lock, and if it stayed there it could keep the key from working.

It took another ten minutes, but when the piece of the broken pick came free Ari had been jumping up and down in the bathroom shaking himself in desperation. Breathing heavily he looked in the mirror trying to think what he was going to do now. "Get it together girl, this is just a tiny setback. You can buy another lockpick set, or maybe I should skip that." Ari said finally looking down at the ground at the broken piece and what it would have meant if it didn't come free. "No, I just need to buy some practice locks first, it was my mistake for thinking I could do that one first. I don't want to be like the rooster who thinks the sun rises because he crows.

Slipping his panties back on Ari went about getting dressed for the day, with the intention to use his unsupervised time to head up to the mall to buy some practice locks and another pick set. He really didn't have much in his account, but it would be a lot less if David didn't let him use the manager discount instead of just the employee one. That and if he didn't have the credit card to Happy Heels, at the rate he had been buying them doing minimum payments would have them paid off by the time he graduated college,... maybe.

With all the time he spent in the bathroom Ari checked his phone, just in case Bia was getting off early or Steph was on the way back way earlier than planned. He had two messages, one from Erim, because there was always a message from that man and he had also left a voicemail. The other was from Kimmy.

Erim: Good morning!

Ari checked his voicemail before responding to the text. It seemed like he waited a whole ten minutes before being impatient enough to call after the next message. Sitting down on his bed Ari reached down and pulled the dildo off the base of it, putting it away before hitting play on the message.

“Good morning, good morning, good morning to you!” He said in something close to a melody. I wanted to hear you voice, the voice of my Miss America. I found out last night I passed another interview, but the company declined to sponsor me. Telling me to let them know if something changes, as they would love to have me... just not enough to help me stay to work for them I suppose. Call me when you can my love, I miss the sound of your voice, the sparkle in your beautiful blue eyes. I miss you...”

Pulling the phone away from his ear, Ari fell backwards on the bed he was sitting on. The start of the message sounded like Erim, but the rest made the man sound miserable. He had job interview after job interview and it wasn't all that said they would love to hire him, but they wouldn't sponsor him. Ari knew it was easier on Erim when the job said they were going with someone else than to say we want you, but won't help you. He would call him up on the way to the bus stop, while he didn't feel romantically inclined to be a supportive girlfriend. The guy really was nice and lending him an ear or a shoulder was much easier than other girlfriend-like ways to cheer him up.

Picking his phone back up he clicked over to the message from Kimmy, who had messaged him about the time he had finished jumping up and down in the bathroom.

Kimmy: Hey girl, I had plans fall through and I wanted to...

Kimmy: It was more of someone breaking plans, but still it means I'm free.

Kimmy: Was wondering if you were too, because I got these passes I bought.

Kimmy: How do you feel about VR? New place has a few options and I got passes to Toon Adventure. You get to... you ever seen that movie Space Jam? Its like that and looked fun.

Kimmy: Then thought you might want to do a little shopping and lunch.

Kimmy: I am filling up your screen and you aren't responding, I will stop now.

Sitting up Ari smiled, Space Jam was a fun movie and getting to go interact with cartoons like you are with them sounded like a truly fun way to spend some time. He was sure Steph would not agree it was an appropriate way for him to spend his time, but she wasn't around.

Ariel: Kimmy that sounds like a lot of fun!

Ariel: Just let me finish getting ready and I can meet you there, but it might take a little bit

by bus. Is that okay?

Kimmy: Yes! I really didn't want to go by myself, it is marketed for kids, but looked so fun.

Kimmy: The bus? I can come pick you up, send over your details.

After typing out his address, Ariel dropped the phone on the bed and proceeded to get dressed, actually happy about his destination for the first time in a while. Today's outfit was a jean miniskirt, a white off the shoulder peasant blouse, a brown leather braided belt and some five inch cork and brown leather wedge heels. Ari added some light makeup, his large but fake diamond stud earrings and braided his long red hair into a french braid. When his phone went off, Kimmy saying she had arrived he told her he was on the way down, he just had to move things to the right purse. One of the more girly things he had sent over text message he was sure.

As he was about to head out he stopped in the mirror, posing the second he stopped moving like he tended to do without thinking about it anymore to double check his appearance, despite just sitting in front of a mirror. "Today is going to be a good day, I am going to have fun." He said smiling to himself before heading out the door to meet up with his friend.

## **Chapter 28**

Raising his hand over his head Ari waved to his friend with a large smile on his face as she got out of the car to greet him. It wasn't that he was close with her, it was just really nice to see someone that was kind to him without expecting anything other than kindness in return. Bia would forever be in his heart, even as she did this to him, Steph was Hot with a capital H, but was a controlling bitch. While Kimmy was pretty and had this refreshing kindness. She was like a cool breeze on a hot day, someone everyone would always find welcome.

Coming up to her, Ari couldn't help looking over the outfit she had chosen. Looking over people's outfits seemed to be one of the first things he did lately, that and taking a glance at men's crotches... not a habit he enjoyed, but the girls insisted he check out men and when you do something enough habits form. Kimmy herself today wore a simple light blue sundress with wide shoulder straps, silver kitten heeled sandals and just a few accessories like a white bangle bracelet and white daisy button earrings, while she let her hair hang loose.

"Look at you, you look fantastic today Ariel." Kimmy said, pulling away from the quick hug.

"Darlin, I reckon everyone would say the same lookin at you. Kimmy you are just cute as a button today." His instincts told him he should try to kiss the girl when they hugged. A female being so nice to him and embracing, but he resisted the urge. She didn't and

would never see him like that and he needed to try and cool his libido. We are just two girls going out for a fun afternoon, not a couple, not a date, he told himself.

The car ride didn't take long, but it was full of conversation between the two. "Have you done anything fun lately?" Kimmy asked, trying to see if Ariel has kept her spirits up with all the changes she knew was happening to her body chemistry from the hormone treatment she was going to get when she went to the doctors recently.

"Hmm..." What was on the forefront of Ari's mind was the lockpick incident, and that wasn't exactly fun. "Well, I did try and learn a new skill, but sure as the rooster crows I went and made a mess of things like I tend to do."

"I seriously doubt you go and make a mess of things, you are so well put together Ariel and I don't appreciate you talking ill of my friend that way." Kimmy said in a serious tone. "But I did ask if you had done anything fun." Kimmy gave a small smile of reassurance to Ariel.

"Fun, fun. Since I last saw you I have bought a new pair of shoes, they are brick red with a thick leather strap dyed the same color across the ankle. When I tried them on I was surprised at how comfortable they were. I don't have too many heels I can say that about, so I just had to get them!" Considering how many pairs he now had Ari really did think the shoes were a great find. Not something he ever would have been excited about before he was wearing shoes like that every day.

"What else, what else oh I watched the old Mummy movie with Brendan Fraser with Erim. He hadn't seen it before so we are watching each of the movies. The first one is the only one that is really good, but he needs to see them all for the full effect."

"Erim.... your boyfriend?" Kimmy asked and glanced over at Ariel before looking back towards the road.

"That's the one." Ari said wishing it wasn't true, but sitting with him watching a tv show or a movie wasn't bad. He hardly ever interrupted what was on to ask him a question, but he did yell at the characters on the screen if he thought they were doing something stupid from time to time.

"I don't want to pry, but does he know about you?" Ari pressed his lips together in a line, not wanting to talk about the topic of a boyfriend or that Kimmy thought he was transgendered. When Ariel didn't answer, the silence told Kimmy what the answer was.

"I'm not telling you what to do, but you should tell him before things get too serious. I don't want to see you get hurt. There are stories about some men getting violent when they find that out. It is stupid, because they think it makes them gay for being attracted to

someone like us.”

“Darlin, hold on and back that truck up. Did you say us?” If he had heard the pretty girl right she was saying she was transgender as in she was born a male and Ari didn’t see any sign of a boy in a dress, just a cute girl he wished he was actually out on a date with.

“I did say us and I take it as a compliment that you didn’t know. I have been living fully like this for a few years, but still I get a little nervous if someone is going to see through it all. It is a silly worry, but we all have our insecurities.”

“From what you were saying, does that you date men?” Ari regretted saying it soon as the words came out of his mouth. He was surprised at himself that now knowing that aspect about Kimmy and that he still found himself attracted to her. Nothing had changed with how he felt, and that made him question his own feelings. It suddenly made sense about David treating him the way he did, even though he knew the truth.

“You told me a little about your and Erim, so it is only fair I tell you a little more about me I guess. I don’t currently have a boyfriend, but there are a few men I spend time with from time to time. Nothing romantic, just something physical till I can find someone to have something deeper with, but they know who and what I am. That is something important Ariel, you have to protect yourself.”

Ariel wasn’t really sure how Erim would react to the truth, Bia told him to keep it a secret and she knew him better than anyone. He couldn’t see the man getting violent, but when he did find out the truth Ari really hoped it just ended in a breakup to be free of having a boyfriend. Being found out after everything he had done with the man scared him a little, and from what Kimmy was saying it probably should scare him more. Maybe he could get Bia to agree to letting him tell Erim the truth, or the version of the truth he was living and do it in a public place to be safe.

Considering what he was told for the rest of the car ride, Ari was a little out of it till it was time to vacate the vehicle. The office had completely blacked out windows, and two signs, one over the door reading “VR World” and the other on the door reading “Open”. Opening the door there was a small white washed room with a single counter and two employees behind it. The wall behind them was covered in thick blocky metal printers for souvenirs of the VR experience.

“Welcome to virtual reality world, where you get to experience a new reality.” Said one of the employees obviously following a script.

Moving up the counter Kimmy pulled out her phone and showed both the people behind the counter her pre-purchased tickets for the toon experience. “Great, I have your reservation here Kimberly. If you will just follow me through the back curtain we will see

about getting you into the toon world and your friend can go with James to do the same.”

The overweight man, James from the name tag Ari was reading, James gave the pretty girl in front of him a large smile that gave Ari the creeps. “If you will follow me ma’lady.” He said with a little bow and pulled the curtain to the side. Ari sighed and followed him, hoping he wasn’t about to be hit on.

It turned out Ari had nothing to worry about, other than calling him ma’lady a few more times, James seemed to be on his best behavior. He started by having Ari stand up against a green painted wall and took a few photos, but only after running a wide beamed laser over him a few times. Ari knew the laser was nothing but theatrics, but he did enjoy theatrics. If he was going to be turned into a toon character, of course it had to involve a laser of some sort.

After that Ari got fitted with a pair of gloves that had thick wired cords running to a black vest that was fitted and velcroed to him, before the headset was placed over Ari’s head and blocked his vision. The entire process of getting things on Ari knew James had plenty of chances to cop a feel, but he never felt anything of the sort. Though to be fair if he crapped or rubbed his chest there was a good chance he wouldn’t have noticed.

When the headset came to life one of the first things Ari saw was James, but also not James. It was a toon version of him, and last Ari saw of him he wasn’t wearing any gear so he wasn’t sure how the headset was doing that. The toon version of James wasn’t some macho buff version or even a skinny version of him. Toon James was shorter and more round, like if he wanted to he could just bounce away.

“Welcome to toon world Ma’lady if you turn to your left you will see the entrance to your adventure today, and to your right you will find a mirror. Why not take a moment to see the new you.”

The mirror showed himself and what he chose to wear for the day, but his french braided hair was longer, the braid coming down further than it should, his eyes were much larger and as he looked at them he saw a sparkly in his eyes every so often. His nose was smaller, just a little button nose now and on top of that he seemed much taller, with most of the new height coming from impressively sexy and long legs that came out of a tiny and tight jean skirt. Ari wasn’t sure how much of this was the system doing the job after the photos were put in and how much was James, but the overall impression Ari got was the cartoons that had Jessica Rabbit appearing as a guest role. “I’m not bad, I’m just drawn that way.” Ari said with a light hearted laugh that he just couldn’t contain.

When Ari saw Kimmy he brought his gloved hands to cover his mouth. Toon Kimmy seemed to get a similar treatment, the light blue sundress changed to be closer to floor length, but with a long slit up the side to expose a shapely leg that ended in a much

higher heel than he knew she was wearing. The bodice of the dress looked like it was training to contain her large chest, and much like Jessica Rabbit a tuft of hair now blocked one of her eyes.

“Kimmy, Darlin wow. You umm...”

“And here I thought this was only for kids.” Kimmy said laughing as she looked at her friend looking like a cartoon vixen.

“Honey, people say you are an adult when you go off to college, but I still like cartoons. So adults I guess get to have their own experience.”

The first thing they did was walk through Toon Town, the gloves and vest allowed them to feel like they were touching something, but with what he was wearing allowing him to feel resistance Ari wasn't really able to tell what was physically there in whatever room he was in or if it was what he was wearing telling him it was real.

At one point the two had to run from a hippo man that was out to destroy all the toons, starting with the newest ones. He had hit them with a giant mallet, that made the vest press to Ari's chest and then his vision changed to something close to an accordion for a few seconds before Kimmy and himself could get to safety, thanks to do brown coyote man painting a door on a wall and opening it for them.

As the gear was removed Ari could see how incredibly happy Kimmy was, seeing her smile made him wish he could open up to her. Tell the girl what was really happening, the full truth so that she could help him get free of the high heeled torment, It was a fleeting thought. She was a friend, but she worked for the therapist and had told him herself what would happen if he missed appointments. The scholarship would go away, and that would mean a bill coming to his parents and that was if Kimmy didn't turn him in. If that happened he would be the instrument of his own destruction. No... it was better to enjoy her company for what it was, than risk it all. He would just have to find another way.

“That was so much fun!” Kimmy said with a large smile showing teeth.

“There are a few more scenarios for Toon World, you both are more than welcome to come back and try them anytime, but first let me show you some photos of your visit to Toon World.” The photos they were shown had them putting on their gear, and then images of when they looked in the mirror, not them wearing the gear, but the actual toon versions of them. With as much fun as Ari had he bought two photos. One with just himself as toon vixen Ariel and one with Kimmy as they went through a field of sunflowers, each singing a song.

“So what do you think, want to maybe do this again sometime?” It looked like Ariel had fun, but Kimmy didn’t want to assume anything.

“Darlin it’s a date!” Ari said without thinking his words through.

“Oh, a date now. Sounds like this relationship is getting serious.” Kimmy said joking as she bumped her shoulder to Ariel’s missing the deep blush on her friends face.

“I ahh didn’t mean it like that.” He said trying to recover, not wanting to ruin the friendship by trying to ask her out when he already knew that wasn’t going to happen and had to keep reminding himself of that fact.

“Don’t be silly, I know you were. Now how about we go grab a bite to eat and then see about a little shopping?”

“That sounds like a world of fun darlin.”

#### **End of Part 4**

#### **Part 5**

#### **Chapter 29**

“It is so exciting that the boob fairy finally came for you Ariel!” Her excitement was more than annoying for Ari this early in the morning. He was holding the new breast forms the surgeon had provided him after he confessed how much he wanted to be a C cup, with insistence from Bianca. They provided for the breast forms to help him get used to the weight and feel for what they would be doing to him. It took Bianca reminding him about his original problem, that they still had the evidence for. If the girls turned him in now he would have fraud on top of the charges for the photos, the biggest problem being the one he accidentally had of the minor.

Stephanie saw Ariel looking down at the giggling masses in his hands and shook her head. “Not those silly, I just noticed how you have blossomed.” When he turned to look at her confused she pointed to his chest. “Your breasts, silly girl.” He was standing in his dorm room wearing only a yellow pair of boyshort panties after getting clean when he picked up the forms to see about getting them put on. Not that he wanted to, but he had learned to go along to get alone.

“Steph, darlin. I don’t have... oh... ahh.” Stephanie stepped closer and cupped Ariel’s small chest before running her thumb over his nipple. The feeling that ran through his chest and town to his toes cut off anything he was about to say.

“Not much here yet, just an A cup, but that is just one more thing I can check off the list.”

Stepping back from her Ari covered his chest for a second.

“What list? You have a list?” A look of pure excitement came to Stephanie’s face. “Let me show you!” She said before bolting from the room and moving in such a rush she didn’t close the door to his room. Quickly as he could Ari went over and pushed the door shut with his foot. It was much more like Bianca to get excited like that than Stephanie, but he really did want to know what she was talking about. Taking a few steps to move over to the mirror on his closet door he examined his chest.

The doctor the other day said things were coming in nicely, but his mind was somewhere else, mostly on the thoughts of going to prison and having a huge set of tits. There in the mirror he could see what Steph and the doctor were talking about. His nipple itself was bigger, the area around it was wider and there was definitely some fatty growth under the surface. His plan to tell the surgeon to let the hormones do its job was supposed to be a stalling tactic, yet it looked like they were doing just that. “Calm down Ariel, no sense in being madder than a puffed up toad.”

On instinct he covered his chest again when Stephanie came barging back into the room. “See I made a list.” Ari took the piece of paper that must have come from a binder with the orange tab taped to its side. “Honey you sure do like your lists.”

“No, I love making lists, almost as much as I love checking things off those lists.” Ari looked at what the paper said, seeing little check marks next to different lines.

- 1: Teach Ariel how to walk in heels. Check
- 2: Teach Ariel how to present herself like a lady. Check
- 3: Teach Ariel how to pose and move like a model. Check

With that last one Ari noticed he was standing there posing as he held the paper and moved his stance. Seemed like every time he stopped moving he posed one way or another, and the list just went on.

- 4: Enroll Ariel in her new courses. Check
- 5: Create social media accounts for Ariel. Check
6. Get Ariel employed as a full time woman. Check
7. Create a dating profile for Ariel.

Ari started shaking reading this, at least the last one wasn’t checked off yet. But only because he was stalling with Erim. Sure enough, that was on the list too.

8. Get Ariel a boyfriend. Check
9. Get Ariel real breasts. Check

If that wasn't bad enough, the last three really scared Ariel...

10. Ensure Ariel loses her virginity.
11. Have Ariel come out to her family.
12. Get Ariel married.

"Sweetie, you made a list of changing my life... you even have get Ariel married here on the bottom. Bless your heart." Stephanie snatched her list away from Ariel.

"Don't be saying bless your heart to me missy, unless you want to be wearing a micro mini skirt for your date with your boyfriend today, and check off number ten tonight"

That gave Ari pause, ever since he had given that man a blow job it was like a damn was broken. He wanted to get off every single time they met and he did not want to give him any more signs to encourage him. "I meant nothing by it, I merely wanted to thank you for laying out a plan to help me."

"You know I always like making lists and plans, besides what are friends for. Now let's get you dressed for your date. I hear Erim is finally going to give you that surprise he has been promising."

For the first time in what felt like forever Ariel was allowed to wear shorts, they weren't his, but Steph had brought them over. That fact could have made the morning better, but the fact he had it paired with the heeled boots from the first day he got dressed up, a larger bra than he was used to, so he could wear the glued on breast C cup breast forms under the white cami top that showed off cleavage he wished wasn't his own. It was from the prosthetics, but these were bigger than the last, more weight, more jiggle and he knew if the surgeon was allowed to do his job this would become real.

"You look beautiful today, perhaps more beautiful than the last time I saw you." Worse than being dressed like he was, Ari sat in the passenger seat next to Erim, holding his hand as they drove to some secret destination.

"Shugah, you tell me that every time you see me." If Erim was good at one thing it was compliments, he gave them freely and always seemed sincere.

As the car stopped at a red light Erim pulled their entwined hands up, letting go with one hand to kiss the underside of Ariel's wrist. "What you say maybe true, but the day I do not take the time to admire you. The woman I love is the day you know I am going blind." Feeling the kiss to his wrist gave Ari goosebumps, but what he said froze him in place, while his heart picked up its rhythm.

"Love? You think you love me?"

“Ariel, my little Miss America. At home I would say seni cok seviyorum, here you say I love you so much. I knew this from when we met.”

“Shugah, Erim. Look, you are nice. Truly...” Ari’s words stopped when he felt Erim’s hand on his cheek, and saw him leaning in for a kiss. “I am looking, I do see and what I see is my love reflected back, say like a mirror. We both know this. Seni cok seviyorum. The kiss was slow, lingering and full of what Ari would call steamy passion if he was filming it for a scene.

Ari did not like kissing a man, but still it felt physically good. His mind told him it shouldn’t like the contact, somehow his lips could tell the difference in the gender and it only made moments like this worse for him. He had never had much luck with the ladies, but now he not only had a steady boyfriend. And that boyfriend just told him he was in love with him! HONK!

HONK! A car’s horn blared behind them, ending the kiss. Ari let out a little whimper, thankful for the person behind them. “No need for that my love, plenty of time for more of that later.” Shugah, that is what I’m afraid of. Ari said mentally as he averted his eyes from his boyfriend, and looked out the window at the world as they drove on mostly in silence.

Soon Ari saw their destination, a rocky fountain on the side of the road with a sign reading Secret Sands Mermaid Grotto. Mermaids... he hated mermaids and yet he was going to have to act contrary to his very desires... something of a constant in his life lately. “It took longer than I would have liked, they were... how do you say? They were booked, but today I did something extra.”

“Shugah, you sure did. You just know how I feel about the little mermaid and you went and brought me to see mermaids in real life. You are something special, bless your heart.” Grim nodded happily as he pulled into a parking space.

Getting out of the car Ari noticed most of the parking lot was empty, and thought it strange for a place Erim claimed had been booked up till now, but he supposed it could have just been a line. Maybe he didn’t have the money for this till now. “Not a lot of folks here yet.”

“Early, we are here early because I did something extra. Come I show you!” Ari found himself being pulled along and having to take three of his small steps in rapid succession to keep up with each of Erim’s long strides. When they got up to the entrance gate a petite girl who was maybe an inch or two over five foot waved to greet them.

"There you are, it is nice to put a face to the name Erim, and this must be your lovely girlfriend Ariel. In the movies Ariel gets her legs to find her man, today your man is giving you your fins. I just love this!"

"Honey, sorry could you repeat that. I am getting my what?" The bubbly tiny blonde girl gave him the biggest smile and motioned to Erim.

"She just can't believe what is happening, why don't you tell her in your own words." Ari felt Erim take one of his hands in his own much larger hand, and cup his cheek with the other as he looked into his eyes through his glasses.

"You grew up loving that movie, today Ariel I did something extra. You get to be a mermaid, you get to be in the show." Ari had little time to react, and no time to respond before he was being kissed again by the affectionate man.

"Awww, you two make the cutest couple, but I'm afraid we don't have time for that... well go ahead you two can kiss one more time before we have to get Ariel ready." The second kiss brought Erim's tongue into the mix like the girl's words were the permission he was waiting for for this to heat up. Ari had hardly enough time to take a breath before he was led away, into a back room. "I will see you on stage my love!" Ari heard the words as the door closed behind him.

The transformation was terrifying for Ari, they had him strip down. He thought they would notice his breasts were fake or someone would spot his caged dick, but none of it happened. He was given some bikini bottoms, a purple bikini top that was designed to look like scales. One of the girls he saw put on a glittery sea shell bra and the moments before she put it on he felt like he was about to start drooling. She had a massive chest that the sea shell top hardly contained. That was one of the last things he saw as the blonde girl that he hadn't caught the name of removed his glasses, making the world around him fuzzy.

"You wont need these out in the grotto, but I do need to take them off to amp up your mascara a little with the waterproof stuff. No one wants to see a mermaid with running makeup. Say, by chance, do you know how to sing Ariel?"

Ari shook his head to the question before he felt his makeup being cleaned off his face. "Shugah I have many talents, but I'm no rooster."

"Too bad, we had someone quit last week and it would just be a gas to have Ariel the mermaid as part of the staff. Oh.. wow I can't believe I haven't introduced myself yet. I'm Kylie, over there is Sarah and the star of our show over there is also named Kylie. The difference between us is she is a drama queen."

“With the drama you bring I would say the difference between us is four inches in height and a cup size.” Ari could hear the voice and see the vague shape of the person across the tiny room where the large breasted girl had been sitting before he lost his sight.

“I umm, sorry I can’t see a darn thing without my glasses, perhaps you could hand them back to me?”

“I put them in your purse, they are safe with the rest of your clothes. Its okay, today you mostly have to sit in the grotto and look pretty for the guests. For you I have no doubt it will be easy as breathing, you have the tiniest waist, makes me just hate you. Other than that, just wave at the guests and remember to smile, smile, smile. No one wants to see a sad mermaid.”

Lack of food, constant use of a corset that seemed to always be getting tighter had an effect on his body, just one more thing he would have to work on when this was all over. “Shugah, how long is the show?” He asked like one would ask in prison what someone is in for.

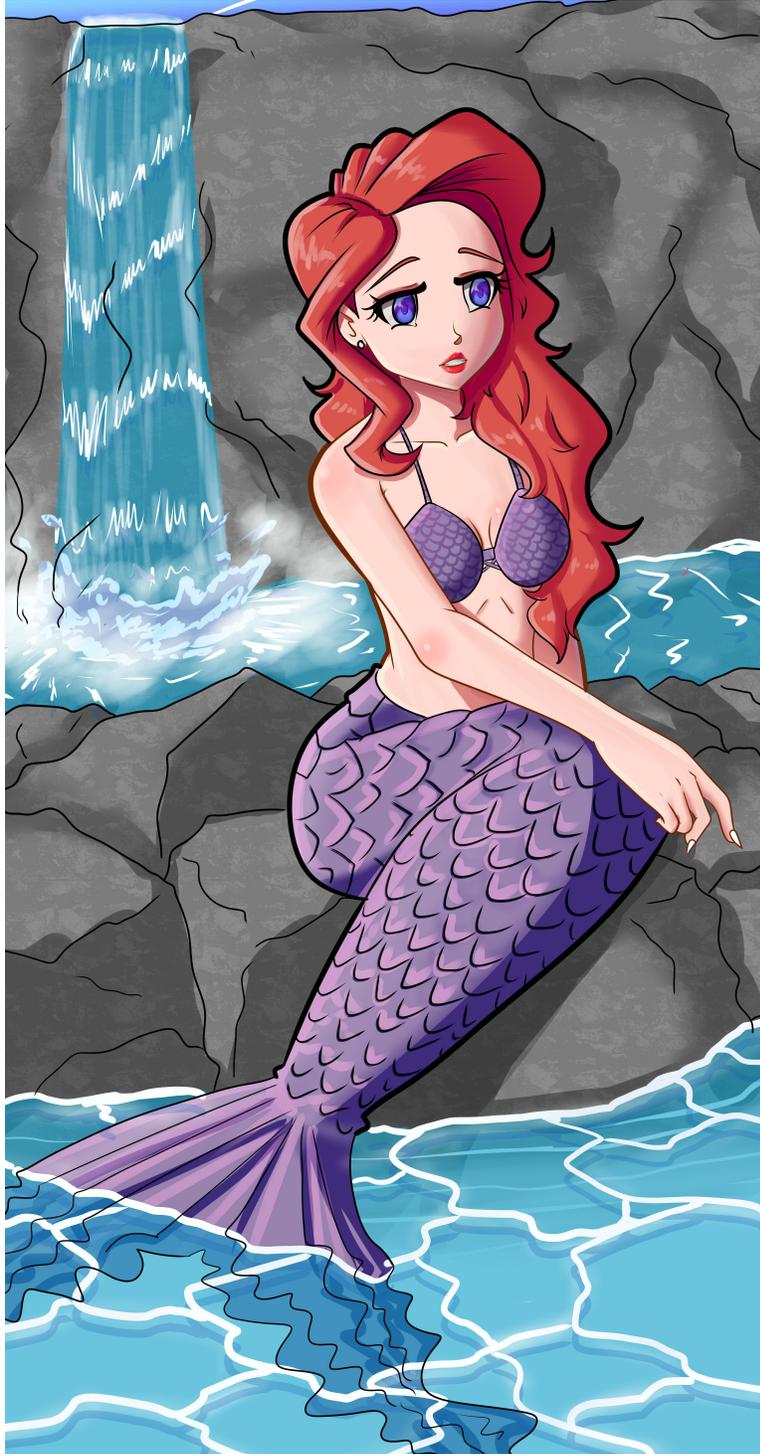
“Your boyfriend pulled some strings and I’m not sure how he did it, but you are on shift all day today. Each show is fifteen minutes long, then we have a half hour break between then and an hour to yourself midday. Though really it is more like forty minutes, it takes time to get you back into your fins. Speaking of fins, I think it is time for you to become a mermaid Ariel! You are just going to love this!”

Soon Ari found himself being brought to the grotto in a wheelchair by one of the production assistants to the back area of the grotto. Ari was put on a rock formation in the middle of the pool, a waterfall behind him. The mermaid fin trapped his feet together, he wasn’t sure how the girls swam in something like this, but they said if he wanted to fill out an application they would love to take the time to teach Ariel how to become a mermaid.

He thought he would be cold, but the water was heated, not steamy, but like bath water. Moving his bound feet caused the fin to splash in the water, that along with the sound of the waterfall made everything feel more relaxing than it really was for him. He was sitting on a rock surrounded by water when he couldn’t swim and without his glasses he couldn’t see. “Almost time for your first show Ariel, break a leg.” The voice came along with some splashing in the water, and he wondered which girl that was and how she was moving about, mostly so he could do the same to get out of here.

The tinted glass separating the grotto from the public soon lowered and while Ari couldn’t make out anyone he could see a large group of people come into view. He had no idea what the other mermaids were doing, but he smiled and waved at them. The voice of more than one child cried out. “Momma look, she looks like like Ariel!” “ARIEL

OVER HERE!” “ARIEL WHERE IS FLOUNDER!?” It felt worse than walking through campus with the frat boys wolf whistling. There was nowhere for him to go and he couldn’t tell anyone to shove off. The entire day was that over and over again, the girls working there fawned over him obviously hoping he would sign up to be part of their act.



During the lunch break he hadn't even been able to get out of the purple scaled fin, Erim was allowed in the break area. That meant Ari found himself sitting and stuck in his lap as he held him, but at least he didn't really have to look at the man's face. Though it also meant he wasn't able to prepare himself for when he wanted to kiss him, though that seemed more like a constant. "So Erim is it? Does seeing your girlfriend as a mermaid turn you on?"

"Little personal, but yes." Ari couldn't see the looks the other girls gave one another at that answer. "Well I bet she wants to thank him for helping her dream come true. Ladies, how about we head over to the snack bar and give the couple some time to themselves." Ari wanted to call out to them to stay, but he couldn't think of any of their names as panic started to set in. When he heard the sound of the door closing, he knew it was too late.

"Does my little mermaid want a snack too?" Ari let out a breath of relief, he couldn't go anywhere with the fin still holding his legs together, but Erim was the type of guy that liked his girls to eat. That meant he was going to go pick him something up to tide him over till this day was over. "Honey, that would be divine. I am a bit peckish."

"Good, good I know what you like." Ari felt himself being picked up and lowered to the floor and it made him wonder why he didn't put him in one of the many cheap folding chairs in the break room. That was until he heard the unmistakable sound of his zipper being opened. When he said snack and referred to what he liked, the man was referring to his cum. Ari ended up kneeling on the floor in a mermaid costume, unable to properly see sucking on his boyfriend's cock so that he could have an afternoon snack. Life was a nightmare, he was living a nightmare, a nightmare where he knew the taste of a man's cum. It wasn't just a blow job, it was some kinky blow job where the cum at the end was his only lunch.

Everyone was saying how this day was a dream come true, but none of them had any idea the truth and he couldn't tell them. He could only smile and play along as Ariel the mermaid, with her boyfriend that apparently loved him.

### **Chapter 30**

"I still can't believe it has been over a week and you haven't told your boyfriend you love him back. What does Erim say when you don't say it back?" Bianca and Ari were sitting in the food court, both on their lunch breaks. Ari's salad bowl was mostly empty and he had one of his five inch heels off, while he rubbed his foot. Wearing them all day had gotten much easier, but still has painful complications along with the benefits of how they made his legs look. He mentally groaned at himself for even thinking the thought.

"Bia honey, I must say things like I know you do and that is why I keep coming back. Or something about how sweet he is and if I reckon I need to use the L word I tell him how important love is to me."

“Are you saying that when he sent you that drawing he had commissioned for you as a mermaid wearing that cute yellow dress that your heart didn’t just melt? You should just tell him the truth.” Bianca put down her plastic fork and picked up a napkin to clean her hands.” The fact that she told him to tell the truth made Ari look up from rubbing his sore foot.

“Darlin, as handsome and charming as Erim is, I reckon he might get madder than a puffed toad if I told him how not only didn’t I love him, but I didn’t even like him. Let alone tell him how I embellished the truth with being a lady.”



“Madder than a puffed toad, I like that.” Bianca giggled, giving Ariel a large smile. “You hardly are embellishing Ariel, you are more girl than most now that we got you past your tomboy phase. And I don’t want to hear how you don’t love Erim. I have seen you making out with him, and how you stayed over at his place after your day playing mermaid. You forget I dated him, so I know the two of you had to be up to some fun after a day like that.”

Ari felt a blush come to his cheeks thinking about being on the ground unable to see, his legs bound together in the mermaid fin and what he had to do. Though she was wrong about things happening back at his place, after a day in the sun Ari was exhausted and had passed out on the couch. Only to wake up the next morning being the little spoon to Erim in his bed. The big lug seemed to only have removed his shoes and glasses before

carrying him to bed. That situation could have been much worse. “We just slept.”

“You slept over at your boyfriend’s house in the same bed, admit Ariel you are in love.” Bianca smiled at her friend, she loved teasing her. She had seen Ariel kiss Erim on her own, light kisses when she got up to get him a drink or when one of them came back into the room. They were small things, but those casual kisses meant something. “You can’t tell me it is all him, I have seen you kiss him when he comes back into the room all on your own.”

Ari rolled his eyes, those small controlled kisses were intended to keep the man from jamming his tongue down his throat, but she was just going to tease him and tease him. He could imagine waiting till their boss was around before she brought it up again, only to draw David into the conversation about his dating life. Slipping his heel back on and buckling the tiny buckle, Ari leaned forward in his chair, plastering a large smile on his face and in his best excited yet sarcastic voice he replied to her teasing.

“Honey you have done worn me down, and I’m just delighted to be able to dish. I am so in love with that enchanting man. You have been with him, he can just... oh and ahhh.. You know what I mean don’t you sweetie?” Please take this as a gift and leave me alone about it Bia!

“I just knew it!” Bianca said, clapping her hands together rapidly. “Has he talked about proposing yet? He brought it up more than once with me. Oh and when he starts talking about children, and he will. He wants three children, but it doesn’t matter how many boys and girls he gets so long as he has at least one boy.”

“Proposals... three kids? Ahh.. no he hasn’t brought any of that up and it isn’t happening.” He was not going to let any of that happen, not like it could he had a dick, it wasn’t like he could get pregnant, nor would he say yes to getting engaged. The thought struck him that he now had a surgery scheduled for a week and a half from then all because he had dug himself into a hole. “Oh look at the time, we have to get back to the store before our break is over.”

Bianca watched Ariel get up in a hurry and move to throw away the remains on both of their trays. She looked at her phone, they should actually both already be clocked back in by now. She wondered if their boss would keep letting things like that slip or if she would have to get Ariel to flirt her way out of being in trouble. David wore a ring on his finger, but she had seen his eyes on Ariel more than once.

“Ariel, slow down girl. There is this cute clutch purse I saw on display that I think you need to get before we head back into work!”

## **Chapter 31**

Sitting down in his father's beat up, but comfortable recliner, Ari opened the can of soda and turned on the large old television that he was sure used to belong to his grandfather. It didn't seem out of place at all that he was back home instead of being off at college and wearing his regular clothes. His mind just accepted that things didn't have to make sense in a dream.

The show that started to play wasn't a show he liked, in fact the entire thing bothered him, but he knew he had no choice other than to watch. It was about a college girl with the same name as him, and she got to be friends with Bianca Russo.

The familiar opening song started to play as the screen turned a bright yellow with white words. "Ariel the Co-ed" The screen zoomed out, the title fading into a white circle surrounded by yellow, still the camera panned more out revealing a yellow polka dot dress that a red headed mermaid was wearing as she zipped around the screen, bubbles floating about till she breached the surface of the water and walked up on to land as her fin turned into legs. She tucked some of her hair behind her ear and slipped her feet into a pair of tall stiletto heels before turning back around to smile and wink at the camera. The screen froze on that moment, a name appearing below her "Ariel Serra".

The video picked back up with Ariel walking towards someone on a boardwalk waving down to Ariel as she started to walk up the stairs. The screen moved over showing the waving person, freezing on her just before she brought her camera up to her face to snap a picture, showing the name "Bianca Russo."

As Ariel got to the top of the stairs the two entwined arms showing how Ariel was a good four inches taller before you considered their heels and walked across the boardwalk heading towards a large college campus. Standing just outside the college was a dark haired man standing about six feet tall that Ariel ran up to, wrapping her arms around his neck and giving him a large kiss. As they pulled apart the screen stopped on his face showing his name "Erim Dal".

Letting go of the girl so she could head off to campus he gave a polite nod to Bianca who gave him a wicked glare in return as she walked passed onto the campus grounds. Sidewalks crisscrossed the large green grass covered campus, the two walked down one path, coming up to a fountain that had a pretty girl with light red hair. She was holding a clipboard and pointing to her watch as she glared at Ariel, who just smiled and shrugged. The name under the girl read "Stephanie Evers". Then she took Ariel's other arm and the three walked through the open doors for the main building of the college. All while a familiar theme song played that Ariel just couldn't place.

"Whatever happened to predictability. The milkman, the paperboy, evening tv? How did I get to living here?" He was sure another sitcom used the same song, it was all so odd,

but he tried not to let it bother him too much as the episode started.

The door to a small dorm room swung open quickly, the petite Bianca walked in without knocking or asking. Her heeled foot pushed the door close behind her, just before she strode into the room. "How is my favorite model doing today?" She said, pulling up the camera from her neck and snapping a few pictures of Ariel, who was standing in front of a closet with a mirrored door. She was posing in the same dress from the opening credits, but wearing two different pairs of shoes.

"Bia, shugah you know I'm not a model, I'm taking fashion journalism classes and only because you insisted." Ariel said as she moved to a different pose in the mirror that Bianca quickly took advantage of with her camera.

"I did that for your own good." Bianca said, looking directly at the camera and giving a knowing smile.

"Darlin, instead of taking photos, maybe you could help me decide what pair of heels to wear for my date with Erim today." Ariel said acting exasperated at her friend for taking photos of her.

"What heels to wear on a date, you have the most girly problems don't you Ariel?" Bianca's question was followed by a laugh track. Soon as the laughter died away the door to the room opened again, this time Stephanie walked in looking down at a clipboard.

"Ariel, you are behind schedule!" Again the laughter came through the speakers of Ari's television at the inside joke. Looking up from her clipboard Stephanie frowned looking at her friend who was getting ready.

"White after Labor day?" Stephanie said, pointing to the one white heel Ariel was wearing. "I just don't know where your head is at sometimes, girl."

Ariel's hands came up to cover her mouth, a blush coming to her cheeks to show how embarrassed she was to make the mistake.

The sitcom wasn't even that good, but Ari found himself unable to look away. The show's protagonist had a rather easy life as far as he was concerned. She had a scholarship that paid for most of her tuition, she was pretty, had a boyfriend and gorgeous friends. The most work she did was work at a clothing store in the mall and her boss practically fell over himself to help her. The show had some hidden secrets that it slowly teased out about how Stephanie and Bianca had blackmailed Ariel into dropping her classes and her tomboy ways and whatever that secret was she was afraid her parents would find out.

He went to college, his parents could barely afford to pay for his tuition. He wasn't living some easy life, he had friends but no one close like this girl who shared his name. He didn't have a girlfriend, heck he worked in a similar store, but his manager paid him little and ignored him most of the time. Her life had a familiarity to it, probably because he watched the sitcom enough that he felt he practically lived her life. It looked like a good life, something about it was wrong though and Ari couldn't put his finger on it.

That feeling grew and it caused Ari to lean forward in the recliner and as he did he felt a pull, like a force was pulling him towards the tv. Daner, he knew he was in danger as the force grew in strength. If he left the chair that he now clutched onto he would be pulled into the tv, but even clutching to the old chair his fate seemed to be sealed. The recliner slid on the floor closer to the tv for a second before Ari was yanked from it hard enough that the chair opened, a few seconds later Ari was sucked into the sitcom. Opening his eyes to see himself as the show's protagonist, the girl with the same name as him. Slipping on a yellow heel and smiling at the sight and to her friends.

"Can't believe I almost made that fashion mistake, silly me." Ari found himself saying before giggling.

"Why did I just say that?" The voice that came out of his mouth was still Ariel's, with that southern drawl, but the words this time were his own.

"Because fashion is one of the most important things in your life?" Bianca said, followed by laughter from unseen people. Causing Ari to look around for where they had come from and realizing he was now in the show. He was stuck as the boy and fashion crazy college girl with no way of escaping.

"No wait, this is a dream!" Things suddenly clicked for Ari and he dashed for the room's door, wanting to run through it to freedom.

"Dream on Ariel." Stephanie said as he ran past her, yanking open the door to only find Erim standing on the other side holding flowers. Ari froze for a second as the flowers would thrust into his hands and he was pulled into an embrace that ended in a long kiss, where Ari could feel Erim's tongue moving around in his mouth. Despite himself he kissed him back, one of his legs popping up as he melted into the man.

Ari sat up in bed breathing heavily, positive he could still taste Erim on his lips. "Get it together girl, it was just a dream." With his adrenaline pumping he knew he wasn't going to be able to get back to sleep, so he put on his glasses and booted up his laptop to watch a movie and calm his nerves. "Full House, that was the opening song to Full House." He said to himself, happy to have that nagging question gone and trying hard not to think too deeply about any meanings to the dream.

## Chapter 32

Looking in the mirror Ari turned slightly to the side and posed looking at Ariel in the mirror. He lifted his left arm a little, bent it at the elbow almost touching his shoulder, while he moved his other hand backwards and held his palm to the floor as he kicked back his right foot, the slender heel of his white pumps almost touching his hand. The forest green, almost knee length, shoulderless dress hung well on his body. It didn't show cleavage to be sexual, but the white heels with almost six inch heels and half an inch platform did up the sexual appeal.

He had to admit he looked attractive, his red hair had continued to grow at a much more rapid pace than he expected, it was longer than both Steph and Bia's hair now and with the care he had been giving his hair it shined. A big difference from the greasy uncontrolled head of hair he had before the school year started. Touching his chest the C cup breast forms that were to be replaced by something real was going to be the biggest change to him physically. But everything the girls had done had seemed to change every aspect of his life.

School was vastly different with the courses he was taking, work had started to pay him more once David found out he was transgender, though all of that extra money and then some went to increasing his shoe collection, that now took up a full bookshelf and half of another. Giving him much more options for outfit coordination, but making the choices more difficult with those extra options. A single pair of shoes wasn't on those shelves, a pair of gray and pink running shoes for the gym. The girls had started to take him to the school gym with them twice a week, doing aerobic exercise that ended up kicking his butt more than he expected. Then he would get changed in the locker room, the same locker room where he had set up cameras to get himself in this mess to begin with.

Then there was his parents, when they got the letter for the partial scholarship they had called him excited. Asking him why they didn't tell him about it and how proud they were, but then that faded to asking why he didn't qualify for a full scholarship and how he needed to work harder in school this year than last. Then his mother called again when they got the check in the mail, it had been a real effort to try and get his voice to sound normal on the first phone call and still he had to lie that he was fighting off a cold, but the second he wasn't thinking about his voice. He ended up having to give another lie about lines he had to do for one of his classes and how she knew how he loved getting into his movies. Her reaction was to tell him he will never find himself a nice Jewish girl if he sounds like a girl himself. It wasn't like he could tell her at that exact moment he was deciding between two different skirts and three different pairs of heels for work.

His entire life was different, and he was about to go on another big romantic dinner with the man who thought he was in love with him. He was a good enough man, Ari really hoped he found a girl who could love him back when he went back home to Istanbul. He

had found more than a few jobs willing to hire him, but none so far that were willing to sponsor him for a work visa. So he only had a few months left before someone from some government agency said it was time to go. If Ari played his cards right he could end up only having a few more dates with Erim, playing off being busy at work and with school work. It wouldn't be far off from the truth.

Leaning closer to the mirror Ari turned his face a little to double check how he did with his makeup. It was flawless, so he grabbed his recent purchase a little black clutch purse and headed out the door to let Steph know he was ready for her to drop him off at the restaurant. When he knocked on the door he heard a quick reply telling him to come in.

Opening the door Ari saw Stephanie standing up and leaning closer to her mirror as she applied mascara. It looked like she was getting ready for a date herself with the tight short white dress, with lace sleeves. She had added a thin little black patent leather belt, a black choker and four inch pointed toe black slingbacks. "Steph, wow darlin you look divine!" Turning from the mirror he saw her give him a large genuine smile.

"Me? Look at your Ariel. You are going to have to help your man pick his jaw up off the ground. It will be fun watching you two love birds tonight." Ari tilted his head to the side feeling his hair and large earrings move as he pondered what she just said like she was staying for the date.

"You look confused, did Erim not tell you? He wanted to take you, Bia and me out tonight. He said he wanted a special night with you and the women who brought you to him. It sounded incredibly sweet. Bia and Steph coming with him on the date sounded good, it would keep Erim on his best behavior.

"That does truly sound like a sweet gesture." Having Steph around would also mean he would have to act like the perfect date, but that could also earn him some special time with the gorgeous redhead or even just time out of the cage. "Shugah, do you think after the date tonight you umm could come over with a little key and perhaps stay?"

Finishing up her makeup Stephanie moved over to her phone to check her best friend's progress on coming over before giving Ariel a response. A night out of the cage and promises of a second blow job had worked keeping Ariel acting like she was supposed to and she hardly had to use force. "Tonight isn't going to work, I imagine your boyfriend is going to want to take you home." She stopped and thought about what that meant.

"Tell you what you do everything a perfect giggling girlfriend would do tonight, let your man order for you, maybe play footsie with him." Stephanie stopped for a second her grin getting a little more wicked. "Maybe slip your foot out of your heel and put it in his lap. Heck if he wants to run out to the car or bathroom for a quick blow job, you say yes. I

don't want to see you giving him a handjob under the table, but if he wants it you give it to him. He wont, but you get the idea. If you do that I will give you the key tomorrow night and you will earn yourself another blow job."

"I... I..." Ari frowned at the idea of going out to the car with Erim for some quick blow job before eating dinner. Though doing that would earn him what he really wanted and pay off in the long run if he really did end up coming home with Erim tonight. "Steph honey, you know I do my best to always be the perfect girlfriend for my man." The idea of Steph one her knees in that dress pleasing him caused his groin to swell, a reaction that made his member feel much more uncomfortable in its prison.

Stephanie was about to say more on the subject when a few light raps came to her door before Bianca strode in. The first thought Ari had was how Steph and her must have taken the time to coordinate outfits as he looked over what she wore. Bianca had her hair up in a coiling updo, while she wore a white and black dress. The two inch long sleeves were black, the color coming out onto the shoulders in an ink stain pattern, with all but the hem of the dress's skirt being white. While the dress was short, it went all the way up to her neck, not exposing any of her large breasts. Her feet were perched in a pair of heels exactly like his in style, though hers were black. She wasn't dressed like a girl trying to turn a man on, but more like she was reminding Erim of what he used to have.

"Girls I hope you are ready to party, because when the four of us get in bed with Erim tonight we are going to rock his world." The uncomfortable feeling in his groin increased dramatically at Bianca's comments. He just got a very important piece of information about tonight that made things sound so much better.

"What is with that look? Didn't Steph tell you to pack condoms for when we go to the hotel Ahuva Bahyeet tonight after dinner?" Bianca gave Ariel her best annoyed face as she put her hand on her hip.

"Isn't it you who tells me to stop messing with the girl?" Bianca rolled her eyes at her friend's comments.

"You are just mean to her sometimes, I'm being playful in my teasing. Fine ruin things for me. We aren't going with the two of you to the hotel after dinner, you will have to have all the fun without us. Also maybe steal a robe for me when you leave, the robes from there are so soft." It took a moment for Ari to recover, it wasn't just bad news it was horrible news. His hopes were sky high, getting to share a bed with Bianca and Stephanie. They had been more than cruel to him, but he couldn't help still wanting them. If that news wasn't bad enough, Bianca was saying the hotel was the final destination that evening, making Steph's request feel so much worse.

He had already told Erim no sex till marriage, he just wasn't that type of girl. Hearing that Ariel, his Miss America as he kept saying like it was a compliment was also a virgin had apparently turned him on more, but he respected the boundaries. It just meant he had to work harder using his mouth... and tonight was going to be another night like that. To be on the safe side he should also tell Erim it was his time of the month to keep his hands away from that area. "Do one of you girls have a tampon I can borrow?"

### **Chapter 33**

Stepping out of the car Ariel was put in the lead to walk up to her man as he waited for them out front of the restaurant. Seeing him caused Ari's heart to beat a little faster, not because of desire, but because he was thinking about being taken to a hotel after dinner. That meant something special, and promised little sleep and plenty of an activity he wanted a very different partner for. It wasn't lost on Ari that Erim glanced at his watch as he approached, the man did not like being late, but to get three girls dressed up like this for a fancier restaurant being on time was hardly an option. He had spent at least ten minutes alone picking out the shoes to go with this dress and thinking about if he should be wearing pantyhose, stockings, what color, if they should be patterned, what denier. Before deciding on the look he had now.

"There you are, my mermaid." Ari opened his arms to hug Erim around the shoulders, giving him a peck on the lips. When he pulled back Erim took his hand, bringing it up to his mouth to plant a kiss at the base of his ring finger. "Tonight you are beautiful, beautiful enough that I must ask. Would you run away with me? We could get married and have many beautiful children." Ari slapped him on the shoulder lightly giving him a wide toothed smile, even though it was the last thing he wanted to be doing.

"Oh darlin stop, you know I could never leave my friends or live more than two miles from a proper shoe store." Ari let out a playful giggle, wishing Bianca wasn't right about him asking those types of questions, but she also said it was a cultural thing.

"Seni Seviyorum." Erim said in a whisper as he leaned in close to steal another kiss from his date. "You always know what to say to charm a girl." Ari hadn't picked up much Turkish, but Erim saying how he loved him, that was something he had heard enough to know by heart.

Hearing the familiar flutter of clicking sounds Ari looked behind himself to find Bianca holding his old camera. He had asked her for it back once, but she just said friends of hers were not Indian givers, but if he wanted she could let him borrow her old camera and how she would teach him a thing or two about cameras and how to use them. Treating him like he didn't know her old camera was three generations older than his and that he knew just as much as her if not more about the subject. He didn't even recall her having that in her hand when they got into Steph's car to drive out here.

“Sorry, not sorry. The two of you are so cute together, I just can’t help myself.” He didn’t expect she would be getting much more use out of the camera now that they were going inside the restaurant and being led to a table for four. If they were sitting separately, yeah he could imagine her taking photo after photo, but not sitting so close.

The first thing Erim did was order a bottle of white wine for the table, something called coquilles st. jacques for an appetizer. Ari had to look at the menu to figure out what had been ordered, the name meant nothing to him. It was apparently a dish with scallop gratin in wine and cream sauce that is topped with cheese and crispy crumbs. It sounded rich and fantastic compared to the banana and greek yogurt he had for lunch.

“I just love French food, there is a place back home where my dad would take me on little dates as I grew up. Good choice of location, Erim.” Stephanie said as the waiter came by to fill their glasses with the first round of wine. Ari wasn’t twenty one yet, but the waiter didn’t even bother to ask to see their IDs.

“That seems like a fun topic, my father never take me out like that. No dates... but my anne, erm mother. When I was little, I mean” Erim held his hand up to indicate how tall he was when he was young. Where he held his hand made Ari think he was talking about grade school. “She would pick me up from school with my sister. It was not a place to eat like this she took us to, but a family friend. There we played with other kids and eat cookies, it is a good memory.”

“That is so cute that she picked you up! Both of my parents worked and I ended up in day care, but I always got these special moments alone with my mom when she was cooking in the kitchen. I would just climb onto the counter and watch her and tell her about my day or a story I made up. She called me her little dreamer... gosh I need to call her.” Erim smiled at his ex girlfriend and taking the time to admire her. She had done much more with her makeup tonight then she often did, making her eyes stand out. He always loved looking into those eyes, but her and him were not to be. The women for him sat across from him, he loved her and would make her his.

Ari felt a bead of sweat go down his back, landing on the band for his bra strap as everyone’s eyes turned to him. His brain stalled trying to think of something he had special with his parents, his memories just kept going to them nagging him. It took more than a few heartbeats, but the obvious thing came to his mind. “I recall every Saturday before lunch my daddy would take me and my little sister out. I imagine it was to give my momma a break before she gave him one. Well he would take us up to the movie theater that played older movies or things that the main theaters in the area no longer showed. The tickets were each a dollar, and I can remember him handing each of us one dollar and a quarter so we could pay for our own movie. I reckon that is where I got my love for movies.”

“Every time you say more about you Ariel, I find myself more in love with you. I enjoy movies too, the two of us could do that from now on. Every Saturday we can go and watch a movie together, and because you love them, I promise we will even watch them.”

The two girls at the table made the same noise at the same time. “Awww” Ari joined them a heartbeat late wanting to be the only female, supposed or otherwise not to think the gesture was cute. “That is awfully sweet and adorable of you, but I’m afraid I work every Saturday. Don’t worry, we will find another time.” Sitting down to watch a movie every week sounded fantastic, doubly so on someone else’s dime, and to top it off he wouldn’t have to make kissy faces with the man. Sitting in silence, not in his lap or cuddling up to him while their attention was on a movie, sounded like the perfect date.

The first course came starting with the coquilles st. jacques was fantastic and the wait brought a small taste of the lobster bisque to entice the group into ordering. Ari thought that was a smart decision, considering Erim ordered a cup for both of them. Stephanie ordered a bowl of the soup, while Bianca declined, thinking it tasted too fishy. Going out with Erim for food seemed to be always a good choice, he cooked well and knew where to get good food for restaurants. It was miles better than anything he was allowed to eat with the girls, though the white pizza they got once for a study night was a nice change of pace.

When it came time to order dinner, the waiter slow walking everything so the group had plenty of time to talk and digest their food before pressuring them for the next course. Ari’s mouth watered when Erim ordered himself lamb shank navarin, a stew according to the menu. “Miss what would you like this evening?” The waiter asked while Ari glanced down at the menu and then back up to Erim.

“Shugah, you seem to know your way around French cuisine, why don’t you pick for me.” He had been given instruction and he was going to try and knock some of it out right now. Soon as Erim looked down at his own menu Ari handed his to the waiter while running his heeled foot up and down his date’s calf. The act made Erim look back up with a hungry look in his eye and while Ari couldn’t look at him the same way, he could smile back.

“My love will have the salad landaise.” Erim wasn’t even looking at the waiter when he spoke or handed over the menu. Ari wasn’t able to pay much attention to what the girls ordered as Erim took his hand in his own, rubbing his thumb over it. Trying to center himself, Ari slipped left foot out of his heel and slowly ran his foot up Erim’s leg till it was sitting in his crotch. “Darlin, what did you order for me?”

It could have been almost comical how Erim practically had his eyes bugging out of his eye sockets as he moved his foot around on his crotch. The attention of his foot giving

the reaction any woman that was doing this would expect, but not one Ari actually wanted. He could feel the swell of his boyfriend's cock through his trousers.

"Is.." Erim had a false start as he felt his arousal grow as he was practically getting a foot job. "Is a salad with duck, confit, lettuce, bacon, walnuts... maybe more."

Sitting on Ariel's left side Stephanie could see the little minx had her foot raised, she could also see one of her heels left on the floor and considering the look on Erim's face she knew what was happening. It took some pushing, but it looked like Ariel knew exactly how to please her man. If she didn't have that context what Erim did next would have made little sense.

"Later." Erim said, reaching under the table to give his lover's foot a little squeeze. He had seen girls in videos using their feet in stockings or still wearing their heels to jerk their man off before, it hadn't appealed to him, but now feeling what the woman he loved was doing it all made sense. Ari was happy to pull his foot away and slip it back into his heeled shoe. Rubbing his foot into another man's crotch, feeling his manhood grow was not how he wanted to spend any of his time.

The date was going well, better than well really, still Erim's stomach was in a knot. Life was so uncertain, if it wasn't for Ariel he might feel lost with his lack of success. He hadn't stopped looking for a way to stay here in the states for a second, but without her he wasn't sure if he could have kept up his motivation. Already his father was asking him to come home where he could easily find a position, but he couldn't leave her. Things like what she just did made him love her more and more every time he saw her, along with his desire to have her.

Bianca smiled looking at the couple holding hands across the table from one another, Erim moving his thumb over Ariel's much smaller hand. He was always the type happy to sit in silence and it looked like Ariel wasn't interested in starting a conversation. Silence was not something she liked to endure for long. "How about a little game, you say one thing you would change about the person across from you to make them better. I will even go first." She said with a big smile giving her best friend a grin.

"Steph you are amazing, I love you, you know that, but... I wish you were a little less uptight."

"Uptight?" Stephanie knew her friend at the right of it, but she wasn't always uptight. Things were better when done in an orderly fashion and you had to do them right or you would just have to do it again. "I'm not that uptight."

Bianca waving her hand in the air in front of her face. "Please you eat one thing at a time on your plate, can't touch the peas still you finish your carrots. I just want to see you cut

loose, maybe we can go somewhere for spring break and not make an agenda.”

“Just one thing? Okay, okay. In the spirit of the game and growing as a person on our next trip I won't make schedule our time, but no promises on rough agenda.”

“I like it, that sounds like progress!” Bianca said with large smile, happy her friend didn't take that as a personal attack. “Now you do me!”

“Bia, you know I love you like a sister. So the one thing I would change about you is... nothing. I like you for who you are, all the thousands of faults in all.”

“That is not how you play the game, and what do you mean thousands?!” Stephanie gave a little shrug and a wink before looking to her side at Ariel. “How about you Ariel, what would you change about the love of your life?”

Ari looked away from Steph, glancing at Bianca before settling on Erim, the person she was talking about. He would change so much, like swapping Erim for Bianca... heck swapping him for her. Or just making the man into a female version of him, but none of those answers were going to fly. “Shugah, that might be the easiest question I have ever been asked. My charming beau here would stop wearing socks with his sandals.”

That brought a laugh from everyone at the table, except Erim. “Is it that bad?” He asked looking between all the females at the table with him.

“Don't play like I haven't told you before.” Bianca said pointing at her ex-boyfriend. Erim gave her a lopsided grin.

“I thought maybe you were just teasing, you like to tease.”

Whispering to Bianca across from her, Stephanie gave her friend a little jab. “Thousands of things.” The remark earned her a glare from her shorter friend.

“Fine.” Bianca said with mock annoyance in her voice as she looked to her side at Erim. “Your turn.”

Looking over at his date Erim, taking in everything about her. Her flawless makeup, her glasses, the long red hair. “If I could change one thing about you Ariel Serra, I believe it would be your name.” It was an odd thing to hear, but Ari found himself smiling, because before all of this he would have agreed. Now that everyone was treating him like a female he was definitely going to do just that.

Standing up from his seat Erim felt his heart beating faster and faster, this was not the plan, but opportunity was too much to pass up. He held his hand out for Ariel to take it,

when she did he helped her from her seat. “Ariel Serra, if I could change one thing it would be to change your name to Ariel Dal.”

“Oh my god!” Bianca said as she watched Erim get down on one knee as he reached into his pocket. He had told her if she was willing to come to bring her camera, and now she knew why. When they dated he had asked if she would marry him more than once, but he had never actually proposed. Picking up her camera she quickly stepped away from her seat to get just the right photo of this moment.

No, no, no, no! Ari chanted in his head seeing Erim, a man, his boyfriend of all things pull a small box from his pocket. It was like things were moving in slow motion and all eyes were on him as Erim opened the box to reveal a diamond ring of significant size. “Ariel, I told you time and time again how I love you and with each passing day since we met I have wanted you by my side. I want you, my mermaid, by my side for the rest of our lives. I love you Ariel Serra. Will you marry me?”

Eyes wide Ari couldn't believe this moment was evening happening, he was a man! No one should be trying to offer him an engagement ring! He shouldn't be wearing a dress, he shouldn't be dating a man... he shouldn't have done those things with him! The clicking of the camera made him look away from the man down on one knee to see Bianca snapping away with her camera to capture the moment. Then he looked to Steph who made eye contact right away, she was slowly nodding her head. Mouthing the words yes. If a surprise proposal stunned some girls into silence, it had literally left Ariel dumbstruck that something like this could happen.

Ari tried to speak, but no words came out of his mouth. He wasn't sure if the restaurant was actually completely silent or if it was just his imagination, but he did know it could feel his own heartbeat. This foolish man wanted to marry him, Stephanie was telling him to say yes. That meant there would be consequences for saying anything but that. He thought he might pass out from the stress, when it dawned on him. Erim still couldn't stay in the country for more than a few months from now. It wouldn't matter if he said yes or no to him, in close to sixty days he would be packing his bags and heading out of the country.

Looking down into Erim's eyes, then to the ring Ari nodded yes, words still difficult to form. “Is that a yes?” Ari nodded again wishing the one thing he could change about Erim was that he was not doing this.

“You have to say the words my love.” Erim said gently as he pulled the ring from the box, holding it in front of Ariel's slim fingers.



“Yes...” Ari was going to say more, but clapping started all around him as he felt the gold band with the impressive stone being slipped onto his finger. The clapping hadn’t ended when he was taken into Erim’s embrace, where he had no choice other than to kiss the man back in celebration of becoming engaged.