

**ADULTS ONLY**

**108** pages **28** illustrations

# **FOREVER FEMMED**

**"A FAMILY FEMMED" BOOK 2**

**"Dr. Angel's Clinic"**

**by James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn**

**Illustrations by Sortimid**



**J A M E S J C R A F T**  
**C H E R Y L L Y N N**

# ***FOREVER FEMMED***

**“Dr. Angel’s Clinic”**

**Story by James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn**

**Illustrations by Sortimid**

**A Seriously Sissified Story**



2016 Digital Edition

Design & layout © 2016 Sick Puppy Press.  
Story © 2016 James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn  
Illustrations © Sortimid  
All rights reserved.

The body text is printed in New Caledonia.

No part of this publication may be reproduced in whole or in part,  
or stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form  
or by any means without written permission.

Printed in the United States of America.

j6p@sixpacksite.com  
[www.sixpacksite.com](http://www.sixpacksite.com)

## DR. ANGEL'S CLINIC

For Aaron Winston, things had never come easy. Right from the very start, things for Aaron had been rough, born premature to a dirt-poor family in central California. From there, things only got worse for Aaron, when his parents were killed at a very young age in a tragic accident. The battered pickup truck carrying them into town blew a tire and crashed into a culvert. Aaron had been the only one wearing his safety belt in the truck and had walked away from the accident with only a cracked jaw and some minor cuts and bruises.

With no close family to care for him, he was placed in the temporary care of the County's Child Services Department. Without a caring adult to monitor his recovery, his injuries were never properly treated. Like the other cuts and bruises, his swollen jaw was just another bump. An ice pack shrunk the swelling, but nothing else was done. Within a week of the tragedy he was placed in the custody of his Godmother, Maria Elliana Hernandez. With no other immediate family members, the County had little they could do. It was either that or a foster home, and all agreed that such an arrangement would not be in the best interests of such an impressionable young boy such as Aaron.

Maria Elliana was in her mid-fifties, never married and lived just above the poverty line. She worked hard all her life and it showed. Maria was rotund, prematurely gray with a wrinkled prune-like face and squat nose. She was jovial and outgoing, but remained an adherent to her strict Catholic upbringing and old Spanish traditions.

Maria Elliana, from an early age, worked in one of the many pack-houses in the area, sorting and inspecting fruits and vegetables bound for northern cities. She had been Aaron's mother's dearest friend when they were growing up, Maria Elliana living just down the road. Upon becoming Aaron's guardian, Maria Elliana decided to move to the city to find employment. Taking Aaron in would strain her resources but it was an obligation she could not ignore. She owed it to her friend and her God child. So they moved into a two bedroom wood-framed house in the barrio.

Adapting to living in a barrio where Spanish was the primary language wasn't easy. Going to a barrio school even harder. The vast majority of Aaron's classmates were poor Latinos. His classmates were bigger, and some two years older. Being the runt of the class, having a gap between his front teeth and an Anglo made Aaron an easy target. Even some of the girls in his class gave him trouble. Throughout his schooling he was pushed, shoved, teased and often stuffed inside of lockers. In time Aaron learned how to avoid the worst of the

bullying. He submitted to his tormentors by pleading to do their homework or write their essays in exchange for a reprieve from their violence.

It didn't help that Maria Elliana had one of the tougher boys in the barrio constantly doing work at the house. Since Aaron wasn't much for hard labor, his Godmother had hired a kid named Marco to fix the roof, do yard work and any other heavy lifting. Marco gave Aaron a hard time whenever he saw him.

"Look out, it's trouble," Marco said to his best friend Emilio, as Aaron came home from school one day.

"Yeah, stand back, he's a baaaad man," Emilio replied, pretending to be scared.

"C'mon, guys," Aaron said, his shoulders and back clenching up, in a defensive position.

Marco liked to push it. "What's a matter, Aaron? Bolillo? Afraid you'll hurt us with your super strength?"

"He's going to teach us a lesson, Marco. You can tell he's just saving up his strength for one big punch."

"Yeah, that's it. He's just resting before he starts kicking our asses." Marco went to the fridge in the kitchen and took two beers. He tossed one to his friend.

"You can't take those!" Aaron said, alarmed. "Those are Maria Elliana's! Put 'em back! She'll be home soon!"

Marco just smiled as he popped the top. "Oh don't worry, you can tell her we took them. I'm sure she'll believe you."

Aaron knew she wouldn't. She trusted Marco, and treated him like a lost son. No matter what he did, he was always a good boy. Aaron had never gotten that kind of trust from his Godmother.

"Or you can just tell her you know nothing about it," Marco said. He took a long sip of the cheap booze. "Maybe she won't blame you. You never know!"

"But you know she will," Emilio teased.

Marco splashed some beer on Aaron's clothes. "Whoops. Now you're gonna smell like beer. That's not gonna go well for you when she smells it."

All Aaron could do was run from the house before Marco made it worse on him. He waited until Maria Elliana came home from work about an hour later before he returned. He was scared out of his mind, but he was hungry and had nowhere else to go. By that time, the old woman had already discovered the missing beers and despite Aaron's attempt to wash it off his shirt with a hose, the smell was obvious.

“Ay, dios mio!” She screamed. “To your room! And remove your pants!” She grabbed an old leather strap hanging off the door knob and followed Aaron, slowly.

That was just one of many sad and harrowing events in Aaron’s young life. He could have recited dozens of episodes like it, but he had also learned to keep his mouth shut and keep his head down as a matter of survival. That was what his life had been like growing up.

His social life wasn’t much better. He worked part time wherever he could to help with the finances. Maria Elliana wouldn’t let him date until he turned eighteen. That didn’t bother him too much as most of the girls he knew wouldn’t date him anyway. Besides, with after school jobs and then homework to complete, it left him with little leisure time. That didn’t keep him from fantasizing about being with a girl though. A steady supply of porn magazines hidden under his mattress helped him through his teenaged years.

After Aaron turned eighteen, he dated rarely. The only girls available were like him, outcasts. There was one girl he did want to go out with. Her name was Yolanda. She was short, dumpy and wore thick glasses — however, she had a reputation of being ‘easy.’ His few male friends said she would ‘go down’ on her dates if asked. Being naïve, Aaron wasn’t sure what that meant but did manage to get a date for his senior prom. As the prom was coming to an end, Aaron discovered what “going down” really meant. Yolanda took him into a deserted hallway off the gym and into a storage closet. Aaron left that closet with the largest smile he ever had.

Maria Elliana made sure he studied hard while at school. She insisted that good grades would get him out of a life of poverty. By the time he graduated Aaron was in the top percentile of his class. With the help of scholarships and his high grade point average, he enrolled in the local Community College. Again he was one of the smallest male co-eds but thankfully was no longer subject to bullying. He applied himself and graduated with a degree in accounting. However, Aaron didn’t have the money to pay for his CPA examination. That would have to wait until he found employment, and to his misfortune, the country was in the midst of economic downturn and jobs were hard to come by.

Aaron spent his twenty-first birthday putting the finishing touches on a revised resume. Sitting off to the left was the newspaper with a large red circle around a job advert. It wasn’t what he was looking for but he needed that opening. He was desperate and being a part time bookkeeper was better than nothing. The job was at a Doctor’s Clinic. Aaron was so desperate to get the job, that he had fudged his resume to enhance his chances. Under his recent job history, he had added that he worked in a nursing home. Aaron didn’t mention that it was a janitorial job during the summer. He hoped the Clinic would assume it was a bookkeeping job.

By nine o'clock the next morning, Aaron was examining his reflection in the full length mirror. What was staring back at him wasn't all that impressive. He was five foot seven, fair-skinned with thick brownish hair done in a 1980's Tom Cruise style. He was wearing his best polyester suit and his shoes polished into a luster.

*I guess this will have to do*, he thought, turning from the mirror.



Aaron arrived a few minutes early for his interview. The bus had been uncharacteristically efficient that morning, giving him an opportunity to look his potential future employer over. The clinic itself was in a modern multi-storied building located in a fairly good part of the city's downtown. He made his way into the elevator and up to the second floor offices of Dr. Anthony Angel, Plastic Surgeon. He paused at the entrance for a moment.

*I don't know anything about medicine, much less how a doctor's office functions, but bookkeeping is bookkeeping. I can do this*, he thought, opening the door.

He turned his head to look around the room, noticing a pretty auburn-haired woman sitting between two young black men. The woman smiled at him in an oddly-approving way, while the two youths gazed at their iPhones.

It was the receptionist, however, that caught his attention. She was wearing a very short white flare-skirted nylon nurse's dress. The low cut V-neckline revealed a large amount of cleavage. Her hair was honey blonde in a big-hair style and she wore lots of makeup. To Aaron's thinking she was way over the top for being a doctor's receptionist, but that didn't stop him from having an immediate erection. He blushed heavily as he pulled his briefcase to cover his front. From behind him, he failed to hear the soft giggle coming from the auburn-haired woman. She had noticed the swelling in his groin, and thought it quite amusing.

"May I help you?" the sexy receptionist said, in a soft lilting voice.

"I... I'm here... here for the bookkeeping job," he managed to respond.

"One moment honey," she smiled, "I'll see if the Doctor is available." With that, she turned and stood, wiggling her way into the back of the office.

Doctor Angel had been watching from his office on his security monitor, looking Aaron over. *He doesn't look much older than a teenager — and that gap tooth grin. Geez, why do I get all the oddballs? Best to send him on his way*, he thought rising from his chair.

The Doctor emerged from the back with a smile, “Just leave your resume with Dora here. We’ll let you know,” he said, in passing, as he turned his attention to the auburn haired woman.

“Ah, Deborah good to see you again. Please come on in,” he said going over to give her a kiss to the cheek.

With that, he disappeared into the back of the office with the smiling auburn-haired beauty and the two young men trailing behind. Before she entered the treatment area, Deborah turned and looked Aaron over a second time.

Aaron was devastated to hear what Doctor Angel said. The doctor didn’t even offer to interview him. *He just blew me off*, he thought as he left the clinic. *Now what am I going to do? I really needed to get this job.*

Back inside the office, Deborah Jackson was finished with the introductions of her two new charges. “My boys are both concerned that they’ve been aging prematurely,” she explained. “As I’ve pointed out to them, their skin is wrinkling and sagging, far too early for two strong, young men who have a lot of life to live. Isn’t that right, boys?”

“Yes... Mother,” they both said, in a sleepy, half-awake kind of state.

“Mother?” The Doctor asked.

“Yes, Shayne and I just had the formalities taken care of.”

“Congratulations,” Doctor Angel remarked with a smirk. “I should have recognized that radiant glow of a recent bride.”

Deborah and the Doctor were long-time associates. She brought in the business, he did the surgery, and they both reaped the rewards from her clients. “Don’t get cute, Anthony.”

“I wouldn’t think of it.” The doctor turned to his two new clients. “Premature aging. Oh yes, In today’s harsher climate, with more UV rays, environmental factors and whatnot, it does break down





the skin so much faster. Such a shame. But nothing we can't take care of."

Neither Dr. Angel nor Deborah could even tell if the two drugged boys could even comprehend what they were saying, but putting up this kind of ruse was necessary to the whole process. "Did you hear that, boys? There's hope!"

The two boys did seem to put very slight smiles on their nearly emotionless faces. Perhaps they could hear what the two adults were talking about. "So what say we get started on a plan to fight those wrinkles and sagging skin, and give you the look you've always deserved." The doctor, waved them on through to his examining rooms. "A nurse will be with you shortly."

As the two boys shuffled their way past, Deborah grabbed Doctor Angel's arm and pulled him aside, "Boys," she said to the two youths, "you go on ahead, I need a word with the doctor."

The two young men shrugged and went into the exam room, still unaware of most of the world around them.

Once the door closed, Deborah spoke. "You're always so busy around here, Anthony. You really should get some help," she said, once alone with the doctor.

The doctor grinned. "I've tried several nurses, Deborah. But it's hard to find someone like Dora. She's one of a kind."

"Surely there's someone who can fill her shoes."

"Not that I've ever found. They just don't make them like Dora."

"Yes, it's a shame. If only you could just copy her. By the way, that young man in the waiting room, what job did he say he was he applying for?" she asked.

"I need a part time bookkeeper. The old one was getting too nosey about our side business. I was hoping for a pretty young lady I could work my magic on. Why do you ask?" he replied.

"I've... Just received an inquiry for something and I think that young man could help me complete the deal. How would you like to help me out?"

"Deborah, darling, you know I'm always open to your ideas," the Doctor replied smiling back. "What would be the arrangement?"

"Your usual cut, plus twenty percent if you let the boy work here," she said with a big grin.

Doctor Angel extended his hand to hers. "Deal," he replied with a large grin, then turned his head to shout at his receptionist. "Dora? Where is that young man's resume?"



Aaron was sitting in his tiny bedroom when Maria Elliana entered. "You have a phone call, mi dios hijo," she said with a smile as she handed him the phone.

"Hello?" Aaron asked.

"Mr. Winston? This is Doctor Angel," the voice on the other end said. "You dropped off a resume earlier today and I looked it over like I said I would. I have decided that I could use someone like you. Can you start first thing Monday morning at say... Eight o'clock? We'll go over your hours and such then. Sound good?"

Aaron's mouth opened wide with surprise, "Yes, of course it does," he readily agreed, "I'll see you then!"

He hung up the phone, letting out a yell of triumph. "Yes!" he exclaimed punching the air with his fist.

"Oh Aaron," Maria Elliana said, "I am so proud of you!"

Monday morning, Aaron wore the same clothes he had worn for the interview. It was the only one he owned. He was feeling good as he entered the clinic, better than he had for a long time. When he showed up in the reception area, he found Dr. Angel talking to Dora. It was obvious to Aaron exactly where the doctor was looking. Dora's cantaloupe-sized breasts were on exotic display. Aaron gulped loudly catching the Doctor's attention.

"Ahhh, my boy, right on time. Come on into my office and we'll get your employment paperwork done," he said pointing at the side door in the office.

Doctor Anthony Angel was in his mid-fifties with thick near-white hair. He was average in height and build for his age with brilliant cobalt blue eyes that stood out from his face and pulled you into his conversation. As he came in, Aaron looked around the Doctor's office, noting the impressive display of diplomas and awards hanging on the walls behind the desk. The office was plush with a large mahogany executive desk filling most of the space. The rest of the room covered by shelves filled with books. The beige carpet felt like walking on pillows it was so plush. There were two chairs in front of the desk with green leather padded seats. Aaron was directed to sit in one.

"Aaron is it?" Anthony asked, extending his hand to shake. "Say, isn't that the same outfit you were wearing the other day?"

Aaron nodded, looking down at his feet with an embarrassed glance.

"We'll have to look into that," Doctor Angel said. "Even though you'll be working in the back where no-one can see you, I have very strict standards for my employees. We can take care of that later. First, I need you to sign these forms before we discuss your hours and pay. One is a confidentiality agreement. Can't have you discussing any of my business or patients with anyone else now, can we?"

The question was rhetorical, as the Doctor left little time between his words for Aaron to reply, “The other things are pretty standard employment forms. Once signed, I need to give you a physical examination. My insurance company is very strict about pre-existing health concerns.”

Aaron was slightly concerned over the doctor's comments about his clothes but he needed this job. He quickly signed all the forms then followed Dr. Angel to the exam room. The physical was a typical heart and lungs check-up. The only uncomfortable part was experiencing his first prostate exam.

“Other than having a slightly enlarged prostate and pending the lab results — you seem to be in good health. I'll prescribe some pills to help with the prostate problem along with some supplements. There's nothing to worry about your prostate. Your condition is common in men your age, easily corrected and the costs are covered under our health plan.”



Aaron nodded, feeling thankful that the Doctor had caught the issue. He was even more thankful that the costs would be covered by the clinic. He knew that healthcare insurance was seldom given to a part time employee. Having health insurance was a big plus, offsetting the low wage.

“Now, I know you are short on cash, but I demand that my staff always look their best. You need to get yourself a haircut and some better clothing. I’ll cover the initial costs as I really do need you to start right away. So I’ll have Dora make the arrangements.” The Doctor paused for a moment to let his words sink in, “Any questions?”

Aaron shook his head and smiled, “No Doctor.” *Gosh!* he thought. *I can’t believe my luck. Not only do I get health insurance but he’s going to pay for me to finally get a haircut and new clothes.*

“Then welcome to my staff and please, call me ‘Doc.’ Except when patients are present, of course. I run an informal office here,” the doctor stated.

Moments later, Dora was leading him down to the first floor and into a salon located there. “Hey Bev, I have a client for you. This is Aaron, our new bookkeeper. Doc said to get rid of his outdated hairstyle. I think something pixyish or modish would go nice with his facial features. Oh yeah, give him a manicure while you’re at it,” she turned to Aaron continued, “Now Aaron be a good boy and let Bev do what I said. Since the Doc is paying, don’t give her any trouble. When she’s finished call me. The boutique just down the hall will have some clothing you will need while at the office.”

Aaron nodded. *Does everyone in the office speak with a rapid-fire tongue?* He wondered as he was led to the back and Bev’s work station. He had never been in a salon before and definitely never had his hair shampooed before being styled. It was all a new experience for him including the manicure. The manicure bothered him a bit.

“Do men really get their nails filed and polished?” He asked Bev when the technician started her work. “I thought only women and girls did that Aaron wasn’t macho by any stretch but having grown up in a Latino household, held to certain customs — namely that boys didn’t get their nails done. The technician was only applying a clear coat, but to him, it was quite feminine.

“Next time you see Doc, just look at his nails, dearie,” Bev responded with a smile.

Aaron had really enjoyed the shampoo and scalp massage but wasn’t sure as Bev used a straight razor to style his hair. It seemed like she was removing way too much from the sides and back. He wanted to see what she was doing but was kept facing away from the mirror.

When he questioned what she was doing, Bev curtly replied, “Only what Dora requested.”

Aaron was shocked seeing the final result. His hair was parted high on the left side of his head. The sides had been cut short while the top left full. What got to him was the back. It had been cut into a sharp “V” as had been the sideburns.

“Wha... what have you done?” he gasped at what he considered a very feminine style.

“Nothing more, nor nothing less, than what Dora requested dearie,” she answered, smiling. “I think it came out beautifully and oh-so-mod. I have a lot of customers who just love this style. I think it’s very sophisticated and easy to care for. All you have to do is run a brush or comb through it and you’re good to go. Doc likes his staff looking great and this cut really fits your facial features.

Aaron wasn’t so sure about what she said. He didn’t know or see any men with their hair cut like this. He just hoped that no one would tease him about it. He had had his fill of bullies while at school and didn’t like the thought of more trouble over a stupid haircut. Accepting ‘what’s done is done,’ he called Dora.

When she arrived, Dora squealed in delight, gave him a big hug and kiss to the cheek. “Wow Bev! You outdid yourself,” she gushed as Aaron stood blushing brightly. “He looks fantastic. Doc certainly will be impressed when he sees him.”

The trip to the boutique was no less embarrassing. As he stood by idly and just watched, Dora picked out three pair of slacks and five shirts for him. The slacks were a spandex/cotton blend that fit tight across his backside and hugged the legs all the way down to his ankles. As his boxers bunched up under the new slacks he ‘had’ to have new underwear, according to his escort. Dora selected a dozen pair of nylon boy shorts in a variety of bright colors. Handed a pair of them to put on, Aaron protested. His objections were dismissed by the logic of not having his boxers making unsightly bulges in his slacks. The underwear had some stretch to them and pulled snugly against his groin, compressing his balls and penis. It was a weird feeling after having worn boxers for most of his life.

What bothered Aaron the most was that the slacks didn’t have any usable pockets. What pockets they had were too shallow to put anything in and were merely decoration. About the only good thing he could say about them was that they were in navy, black and gray. Most of what was on display was in various shades of pink, baby blue and lavender.

The shirts fit and looked different than those he was familiar with. The collar was cut in a deep V-shape and the material was soft and thin — almost translucent. While not tight, the shirts seemed to hug his frame. In addition to the slacks and shirts, Dora purchased a pair of shoes. The shoes were similar to loafers except the vamp had been cut away revealing most of the top of the foot. It all seemed quite bizarre, these clothes, but all his complaints went

unheeded. Dora insisted that it was what all modern males wore and Doc would like it. Plus, he wouldn't upset any patients if they saw him.

Aaron's machismo hated everything that had been done today. Between the haircut and clothing his male ego was severely threatened. A chill of fear ran up his spine just thinking how his Latino friends would react when they saw him. Seeing his image wearing the slacks with a bright soft cotton shirt didn't help. If he didn't need this job so badly, he would rip off the offending clothing and get a buzz cut.

*The guys in the barrio will have a field day with me if I get caught looking like this,* he thought, turning from the mirror. *I don't even want to think how my Godmother will react.*

When he arrived back at Maria Elliana's house wearing his blue suit, she gave him an odd look. The odd look changed to surprise when she saw all the bags he was carrying.

"What you got there Aaron? An... And what did you do to your hair?" she demanded to know.

"Mi madrina, it's just stuff I had to get for my new job, and I only got my hair cut. That's all," he replied, cringing. "I... I had to do it for my job, honest. My boss paid for it all even," he added, hoping that would satisfy her.

His old-fashioned legal guardian gave him a hard, stern glare. Then, sighing loudly, walked away. She was muttering something in Spanish that he didn't catch. *At least she didn't demand to see my new clothing,* he thought. *It's a good thing she goes to work before I leave and I get home before she does. I'd hate to think of what she would say seeing me in my new work clothes.*



That next morning, as he was leaving to catch the bus to work, Inez, the next door neighbor saw him. "Aaron? Is that *you*? By all the Saints why are you wearing? That... an... and your hair. Does Maria Elliana know that you're gay?"

Aaron froze in his tracks. Senora Inez was the biggest gossip in the neighborhood and she just asked him if he were gay.

"No Senora Inez! I'm most certainly not... *That way,*" He said. "I have a new job an...and these clothes are what I have to wear to work. Please, please don't tell Maria Elliana anything. She'd have a fit and I *really* need this job." He spoke as firmly and as earnestly as he could.

That night, his fears came true when Maria arrived home from her job. "Aaron is what I heard true... are... are you one of *those* people?" she demanded with an edge to her voice that scared him. "Show me what was in those bags you brought home."

He did his best to explain everything that had happened, including Dora's role. Aaron showed her the slacks and shirts but was smart enough not to bring out his new underwear. He kept telling her over and over that he wasn't gay. She left his room scowling and muttering, but seemed to believe him.

Over the next two weeks, Aaron spent the majority of his time split between getting acquainted with the Doctor's financial system and his style of record-keeping, and when he wasn't doing that, he was getting used to his new clothing. The doctor's compliments about it certainly helped him feel better. However he was still uncomfortable around other people especially Maria Elliana. Their once close relationship had turned decidedly cool. Maria Elliana was too set in her ways and could be as stubborn as a mule. He found some relief in his work, especially when he started to uncover some strange irregularities with the financial records.

"Doc," he finally brought his concerns forward to his employer, "I believe that I have found some discrepancies with your free clinic operations that could amount to a significant sum. I can investigate them further if you want me to," he said.

"Aaron, I hired you as my bookkeeper — not my accountant," the doctor firmly stated. "That's his job, not yours, and I'll thank you to keep yourself focused on your own work. Best leave those little problems for the accountant to investigate."

Aaron wanted to point out that he had a degree in accounting. That the only reason he wasn't a CPA was because he couldn't afford to take the test. Instead, the Doctor's reprimand silenced him.

*He sure put me in my place,* he said to himself as he went back to his desk. *Hell, he isn't paying me enough to dig into the matter anyway.*

Even though he was grateful to have a job, Aaron had further objections about working for Doctor Angel besides the clothing. His hours and pay were not good. He was hired to work from eight until noon weekdays at just above minimum wage.

He was thankful, for one fringe benefit: the opportunity to see Dora. She was both a delight to see... And a dilemma. He couldn't understand why the Doctor kept her. She was pure eye candy with little intelligence. She was always asking his help in finding some file or other. However, Aaron didn't mind the interruptions, as she always gave him a reward. A quick peck to the cheek, or better yet, a hug. Those hugs always left him with a raging hard on and her perfume seemed to linger for hours after.

Then there was one final thing that was starting to cause Aaron some concern — the doctor's strange patients. Most seemed to be undergoing some kind of transition from one sex to the other. Some he had seen while helping Dora were just down right kinky. Some he thought looked anxious and appeared

unwilling, but he dismissed the possibility. The doctor was a stern man, but not some kind of monster. Knowing the kind of oddball patients the doctor saw eased his mind about his own apparel. Dora had been right when she said that wearing these styles and colors of clothes meant that he wouldn't upset the clients.

*Hell, I look like some of them, he thought. I'm not one to judge, but why on earth would someone do such a thing? The very idea sends shivers up my spine. I don't even want to think about how Maria would react knowing the kind of people Doc sees.*

One day he was having lunch in the clinic's small coffee nook when the Doctor walked in. As Aaron bit down, let out a groan. *I should have known better than to eat Maria Elliana's crispy tongue tacos. The meat is tender but the hard shells make my jaw ache,* he thought, putting it down.

"Are you alright Aaron?" Doctor Angel asked hearing the moan.

"Yeah, I'm okay. It's just this jaw of mine. Every time I bite down on something it aches. I broke it a long time ago and have had trouble chewing most of my life. I'm kinda used to it now, I guess," he answered.

*He has jaw problems...* The doctor thought to himself. *I had concerns with Deborah's plan, but not anymore. This would make it so much easier.* Dr. Angel didn't quite understand everything that Deborah had in mind for this hopeless little whelp, but she usually knew what she was doing. In this case, she emphasized how important it was for Aaron to become a client of Dr. Hector, the resident dentist of the building. "You know I've been thinking about you and that gap between your teeth," he said to Aaron. "I know an excellent dentist who can fix that and probably your jaw as well. If your jaw hurts that much, you really have to see about getting it fixed."

"Thanks Doc, but I can manage. Right now I can't afford it," Aaron replied.

"Tell you what, I know you've been working hard and even helping out Dora at times. I'm quite grateful. Let me get you set up with Doctor Hector. He





works in this same building, three floors up. I'll take care of the payments for you. If things work out and you continue working hard for me for a year, then you won't have to pay me back. How's that sound?"

"Doc, that would be great, but I can't ask you to do that," Aaron replied shocked at the generosity. After his recent reprimand over the accounting irregularities, the doctor's offer pleasantly surprised him.

"Never mind that, I'll set up an appointment. You just continue to concentrate on your bookkeeping," Doctor Angel said smiling as he walked out the door, leaving Aaron no choice but to accept.



"Deborah?" the Doctor spoke into his handset, "It's Anthony, I've got some great news. It seems that our Aaron has jaw problems. Getting him to agree to see the dentist proved easier than we thought."

"That is fortuitous," Deborah replied on the other end of the call. "And you were worried. When does he see him?"

"Aaron has an appointment with Hector tomorrow afternoon. He told me it'll take a good long time to get what's needed done. Hector said he'll have to break the jaw then wire it."

"Closed?" Deborah asked, "How would that work?"

"No, not closed," Doctor Angel continued, "He'll set the bones over time to achieve the desired outcome. Aaron will be able to move it without too much difficulty so we can do what's next."

"Good," Deborah said calmly, "How has he been on his pills?"

"He's been taking them for over two weeks. If you get Hector and me the MP3 files then we can start that by the beginning of next week."

"Excellent" Deborah said, "I'll email them over to you both. Let me know how things go."

"I will," The Doctor replied. "Talk to you soon," he said, disconnecting the call.

*I hope Hector knows what he's doing. I don't want to wait forever to cash in on this project. At least I won't have to participate personally in this one other than programming the MP3. Hector and Angel will do all the work and I can concentrate on getting Deborah's boys ready,* Deborah thought after Anthony ended the call.



Doctor Hector Carmine's dental office wasn't just like any other. His employees were prettier and the décor was richer looking than those found in other clinics. There were antiques, fine oil paintings and the receptionist was an extremely perky blond with very large breasts. The black assistant with close cropped hair could only be described as hot, even in her baggy greens. The X-ray technician was a gorgeous Latina with flowing raven black hair and almond doe-shaped eyes.

Doctor Carmine was a bit of a surprise considering all the beauty in the office space. Hector was six feet tall and weighed one hundred forty-five pounds with salt and pepper hair. What surprised Aaron was the doctor's surprisingly large hands.

*You'd think from all the fine furnishings and beautiful employees, he'd look more like a movie star, Aaron thought. Such big hands too. I just hope he doesn't have to stick one of them into my mouth. That's just got to hurt.*

"Aaron, Doctor Angel said some very nice things about you," Doctor Hector said, as he talked to Aaron, who was reclined in a dental examination chair. "Today, I'm going to give you a general exam, take some x-rays then make some recommendations." He turned to his assistant, "We need to get a full mouth x-ray along with the complete jaw. I understand from Doctor Angel that it was broken some time ago, so we want to get a clear idea of what we are working with here."

Then he turned back to Aaron, "Okay, now just sit back and relax Aaron and we'll get started," the dentist said once the introductions were made.

The exam took about an hour and Aaron's jaw was aching from having to keep it open so long. The pain was obvious, so Hector gave him a pill to ease it. "I'm sorry the exam took so long Aaron, but it couldn't be helped. This will make the pain go away. Now for the results. Your jaw is impacted and unaligned. That's why it hurts to chew, so I recommend we go ahead and break it then reset it. It will be a long healing process. However if you go through with it, you will have no more pain. Plus, as another benefit, I think that we can work on closing up that gap between your two front teeth. What do you think?"

He paused to see if the young man was still following along. Aaron nodded his acceptance of what he had just been asked.

"Excellent, then I just need you to sign off on these consent forms before we begin. I guarantee that you'll love the results."

The doctor stood up to leave, "Oh, I almost forgot, you are way overdue for a professional cleaning. So I'm going to have Dena my hygienist do that before you leave today. Now, unless you have any questions, I'll leave you in her hands."

"Doctor you said you have to break my jaw and realign it. Won't that mean you have to wire my mouth shut? I don't think I can do that," Aaron said. Although he was happy to hear that the hated gap in his teeth would be corrected, the part about having his mouth wired shut bothered him.

"On the contrary dear boy," Hector informed him. "I'll be using the latest technology. You will have use of your jaw but adjustments will be needed weekly. Of course there will be some side effects. Like a feeling of stiffness — but nothing serious. Think about it while Dena cleans your teeth. Just let me know before you leave today. The sooner we get started the better. My schedule is tight, but I'll make sure you get weekly appointments... however you must decide today."

As the dentist left his field of vision, Dena the dental hygienist entered, and much to Aaron's pleasure, she was a feisty red head with a freckled face and large breasts. Aaron was aroused the whole time she cleaned his teeth. Working so closely to him, her breasts were constantly rubbing his cheek or shoulder. By the time she finished, his need to cum was near impossible to contain. He managed, but took great mental effort.

After he was done and in the outer office, Aaron was divided on what the dentist wanted him to do. *With all these beautiful women, I think coming here every week would be both heaven and hell,* he thought looking at the consent forms. *I've never had a woman rub her boobs on me like Dena did. My God, I almost creamed in my underwear. Maybe if the dentist can get rid of that damn gap in my teeth, I could have a decent chance to date a girl... Even one like Dena.* Finally, Aaron made his decision. *He did say he wasn't going to wire my mouth shut, so why not?*

Much later, Dr. Hector Carmine, DDS, was alone in the office. It was late evening, but he was studying Aaron's x-rays. *This will be a challenge but doable,* he thought. *Doable if I take my time and not rush it. Aaron is a perfect candidate. He's small, dainty even. Deborah's ideas at first seemed crazy, but now it made sense. Angel showed me some mock-ups of what he can do. I never would have guessed he could do all that,*" he mused as he let his mind wander. He picked up his phone and sent a text to Deborah, "It's a deal" was all it said.



A few days later, Aaron was helping Dora find a file when some familiar faces entered the waiting room. It was that auburn-haired woman Aaron had seen the day he had dropped off his resume, with the two African-American boys he had seen before. The woman still looked beautiful but the boys seemed a bit different. The taller boy had let his short afro grow out slightly while the other one had left his sock-hat behind with his now-straightened hair combed close

to his head. Their clothing was also quite different than Aaron remembered. He could have sworn the last time he saw them they were wearing baggy cargo pants and muscle shirts. Today, both their pants and tops seemed much more snug than before.

*I really didn't get a good look at them that last time*, he thought, shaking his head. *I'm probably imagining things.*

He watched as Dora sashayed over to the woman, his eyes not leaving her swinging behind. "Good morning, Miss Deborah. The doctor said for you to go right in," he heard her say.

*Yeah, that was her name, Deborah*, Aaron recalled. *Really nice looking for an older woman. I wonder what she has to do with those two boys?*

After work that day, Aaron had an appointment with the dentist. He was greeted warmly by the receptionist, Wendy. He didn't have a long wait until he was called into one of the rooms. The black assistant introduced herself as Jaylen, seated him and draped a green cloth around his neck.

"The doctor will be with you shortly. Today he's going to sedate you and set your jaw. Do you have someone who can see you safely home today?" Jaylen asked.

"Errr... Yes, Dora said she could, after work today," he answered wide-eyed. Jaylen's scoop necked surgical greens had opened as she bent to talk. He had a clear view of her red satin bra and two glorious chocolate mounds.

"Fine, I'll tell Hector that you're here. Now don't be nervous and try to relax. Let me fasten these earbuds and you can listen to some music," she added before leaving.

Aaron found the music very soothing and was in the early stages of drifting off into sleep when the dentist entered the room. "Aaron! I see that Jaylen has taken good care of you. All relaxed now. Good. Let me explain things before we begin. Jaw fractures are the most common broken bones in the face, right behind nose and cheek fractures. When treated promptly are fairly simple to fix, and normally treatment takes a couple of months. But in your case it might take much longer. The first fracture was near the left-middle, and the second more severe at the condyle." The dentist paused to see if Aaron was following him. He clearly wasn't.

"So a condyle is the rounded end of the jaw nearest the ear." He pointed at the approximate placement of the bone on his own face. "These kind of fractures are common in small children. Normally they are dealt with when they occur, unfortunately yours wasn't. Which leads us back to where we are today. Now for the options. I *could* wire your mouth closed which I know you don't want. I only mention it as doing so would shorten the healing process some. But since I know that won't work for you, I'll tell you what I plan to do." He paused again to see if Aaron had caught up to him yet.

He still hadn't.

*And I thought Dr. Angel was a fast talker*, Aaron thought to himself, barely understanding what the dentist was telling him.

"So then," Hector continued, "I am going to use a series of metal plates, springs and small screws to align your jaw. This method will take longer and will require more frequent visits for me to make constant adjustments to your jaw. However, it will allow you to keep your mouth moving in the meantime. Understand?"

All Aaron knew was that he wouldn't have to have his mouth wired shut — and that's all he needed to know. He nodded his acceptance to the dentist.

"Okay then, I'm going to start by administering a general anesthetic. When you are under, I will break the jaw, then realign the bone and insert the plates. There will be some pain and swelling, but I'll give you a prescription to ease you through the worst parts. Ready?"

"Ho... how long will I be unable to go to work doctor?" Aaron asked. "I really can't afford to lose much time."

"Shouldn't be more than the weekend," Hector replied. "Today is Friday, so I don't see why you can't go back Monday. Just understand that your face will be bruised and swollen, but all that will go away in a couple of weeks."

With that, he watched as the dentist hooked him to an IV bag, then injected it with a clear fluid from a syringe. He then asked Aaron to count backwards from one-hundred.

By the time Aaron got to ninety-four he was starting to drift off, and by ninety he was completely out.

Aaron awoke, what seemed to be only moments later, but when he felt his face, he knew much more time had passed. Everything felt numb. He looked over to see a grinning Dora waiting for him. He was still a bit out of it as she helped him down to her car. It wasn't until she led him up the steps to his house that he became fully aware.

*Shit! Maria will be home by now. He realized. She'll actually see me in my work clothes. It was bad enough when she saw them hanging in my closet. Damn, how am I going to explain this?* A sense of growing panic came over him as he thought about it. *She gave me more than enough grief before. If she sees me now, she'll have a fit. She'll think I'm totally gay!*

Unfortunately, Aaron totally underestimated his strict Catholic guardian's reaction. Dora didn't even have a chance to introduce herself. Maria Elliana virtually blew a gasket.

"*Madre Dios!* Aaron, is this how you respect me?" Maria Elliana exploded, in a harangue using a loud mixture of Spanish and English. "This... This *entranco estilo vida* I cannot abide! It goes against everything I believe in! Malo, muy

*perfidio!* After all I have done for you! This is how you repay me! I always wondered why you never had a woman or got married. Now I know!”

If that wasn't enough, Aaron could see Marco and his friend Emillio were sitting in the kitchen, helping themselves to Maria Elliana's fridge as they watched the scene. Emillio pointed to Aaron's hands. “Hey lookit his fingernails! They're so pretty!”

“Muy bonita!” Marco mocked.

Maria Elliana then noticed the pale pink polish on Aaron's fingernails. Aaron had them done before going to see the dentist, with the intent of hiding them in his pockets when he got home. He had complained when Bev painted them, but she had said no one would notice as the color was not that dark. The sight sent his guardian over the top. “No! Don't say nada! Get out of my house! Now!”

Aaron had to step back to avoid her swinging arms and the spittle flying from her lips. “You should kick him out for good!” Marco egged on. “You can't trust him!”

When all was said and done, Aaron was cast out into the street. Two battered suitcases containing all his meager possessions were inside them. Dora was beside him trying to console him.

“Look Aaron, it's not all that bad. Doc has an apartment above the clinic he sometime uses for special clients. Given the circumstances, I don't think he would mind you moving in. Come on, dry those tears and let's go,” Dora said, giving him a reassuring hug.

“Are you... you sure he... he wouldn't mind?” he replied. *Gosh, I'm crying like a baby. What must she think of me?* He spotted the neighbor woman, the local gossip, leaning on her fence. *Oh great, and there's Senora Inez taking all this in. I'm sure if I have any male friends left in the barrio when they hear about this there won't be any left. What Latino male would want to have anything to do with a cry baby fag?* All he could think about was that he had disappointed everyone, as fresh tears began to fall.

Once in Dora's car, and they had driven for a while, Aaron had composed himself enough to talk. “I didn't know they had any apartments in Dr. Angel's building. I thought it was all business related,” he said with some difficulty as Dora drove back to the office. Not only was he still distraught at being thrown out of the only home he had, the anesthetic was wearing off and while he could speak, it hurt.

“Oh they don't really, but Doc rented space and had in made into one,” Dora said, happy to make small talk. “Occasionally he has patients, special patients that need a place to stay. It's a convenience but seldom used. So I don't think he will mind you staying there.”

The apartment was sparsely furnished but more than adequate for Aaron's needs. It had a small kitchenette so he could prepare his own meals. The bedroom had two twin beds, side table and bureau. The bathroom was small but would do. He had to admit that as small and plain as it was, it was much nicer than what he had in Maria Elliana's house. His attitude was turning around. In fact, sleeping in a bed that wasn't a bowed and flattened mattress with clean sheets was a luxury he had only dreamt of before.

After Dora left, he settled in. Strangely, Aaron felt happier than he had since he got the job. In a way, the pain and anguish of having to be constantly fearful of his loving but overbearing Godmother was like a weight being lifted off his shoulders. *I thought taking this job as a bookkeeper for the doctor was beneath me,* He thought. *Now it's one of the best things that ever happened to me. I'm sure going to miss Maria Elliana. I do love her, but I can't quit my job because of a silly dress code. I only hope that I can patch things up with her later.* He felt a slight stab of pain in his face. *Ow! My jaw is starting to throb. Where did I put those pain pills?*



Aaron had spent the rest of the weekend in bed. His jaw was painful, but the pills eased most of it away. Dora brought him some food, mostly soups so he didn't have to go anywhere. By Monday he felt much better and got ready to go back to work. His face was bruised and swollen, but not horribly so. His only concern was that his jaw and lips felt funny, like they were being pulled back. He could speak fairly well, but had to do so more slowly.

"Not as bad as I thought it would be," he whispered gazing into the full length mirror on the back of the bathroom door. He was wearing his black slacks and pewter colored shirt. The black and blue bruising more was of a yellowish-brown color now.

He let out a sigh as he stepped out of the apartment. *Well, I won't be taking the bus anymore. I guess that's another good thing. The less public exposure I get dressed like this the better,* Aaron thought.

Dora met him with a big hug, but was alarmed at his appearance. "Oh dear! Your face is a mess, Aaron! Come, sit in the chair and let me do something." Before he could react, she was dotting his face with foundation.

"Hey, hey, what are you doing?" he gasped, rearing back.

"Just covering up those bruises, Aaron. You can't be seen like this. Just imagine how our patients would feel seeing you like this? They might think twice about using Doc as their surgeon. We can't have that." She got Aaron to bring his face back forward, where she could work on it. "So sit still and let me



do this. Later, I'll teach you how to do this yourself. I'm only applying concealer and foundation to even out your complexion."

"Bu... but I don't *want* to learn to do this myself," he replied.

"I can't do this every day," she said. "You'll have to do it. I don't know why you're complaining. It's just until the bruises go away. Later I'll take you to the



makeup counter in the boutique. You need a more natural skin toned color than this one.”

As he headed to his desk, he failed to notice that his penis barely twitched. He always got an erection when Dora hugged him. He had just opened his spreadsheet program when the doctor walked in.

“Well *there* he is,” Dr. Angel began, “My little houseguest. Dora told me what happened. Such a tragedy for your own godmother to treat you so poorly. It’s really quite shameful. Are you settled into the apartment?” he asked, not even waiting for Aaron’s reply. “Good,” the Doctor continued, “Now don’t worry about paying rent. It’s a write-off in any case. And the jaw? Let me have a look,” he commanded.

Aaron lifted his chin as Anthony looked over the lower half of his mouth, “Good, good... Hector does fine work,” Dr. Angel said. “One would see a longer recuperation time by a less accomplished dentist. Good thing you covered up the bruising too. Without it you’d scare my patients half to death. By the way, Dora told me how little clothing you brought. She’ll look into helping you out there, and she mentioned that you could use a trim too. I’ll have her take you back to the salon as well. Consider it my treat.”

Aaron wanted to argue, but knowing it was hopeless, he simply nodded his head. He had soon learned that arguing with Anthony Angel was pointless. Once the man’s mind was made up, it was unchangeable.



“I’m looking for a Deborah Jackson,” said a man who had just snuck his head in the front door. “Is this the right place?” He was dressed neatly in a business suit and polo shirt, and he looked like he was supposed to be on TV.

“Yes!” Said Dora in her typically perky way. “Come right in.”

“This is the spot, boys,” the man said, as he pushed open the door. He stepped aside as two young teens shuffled in, looking unimpressed and sullen. Once they had found seats, the man approached the front desk. “My name is Bradford. Rick Bradford.” He let it hang there in the air, hoping for recognition. “Rick Bradford Chevrolet? At the Auto Mall?”

All Dora could do was blink and smile blankly, which she was very good at.

“But you have heard of Deborah Jackson?” He asked.

“Oh yes, she’s on of our best... Patients?” Dora wasn’t quite sure what to call her.

"There you are, Rick," Deborah said, as she entered into the office. "You got here early." She immediately walked up to Bradford, and nestled into his side, taking his arm.

"A rare event," he said, kissing her temple.

Dora was sure that Deborah was married to someone, but maybe she was just mis-remembering things again. She did a lot of that kind of thing. Besides, Deborah and this Rick Bradford were definitely a couple. "The doctor will be with you in just a minute," she said, as she began to check her appointments and message Dr. Angel.

"Hello boys," Deborah said as she turned to the two teenagers Rick had brought with him. "Glad you could make it."

"Whatever," said one through a mop of dyed black hair.

"Of course, Ms. Jackson!" said the other as he adjusted his wire-rim glasses.

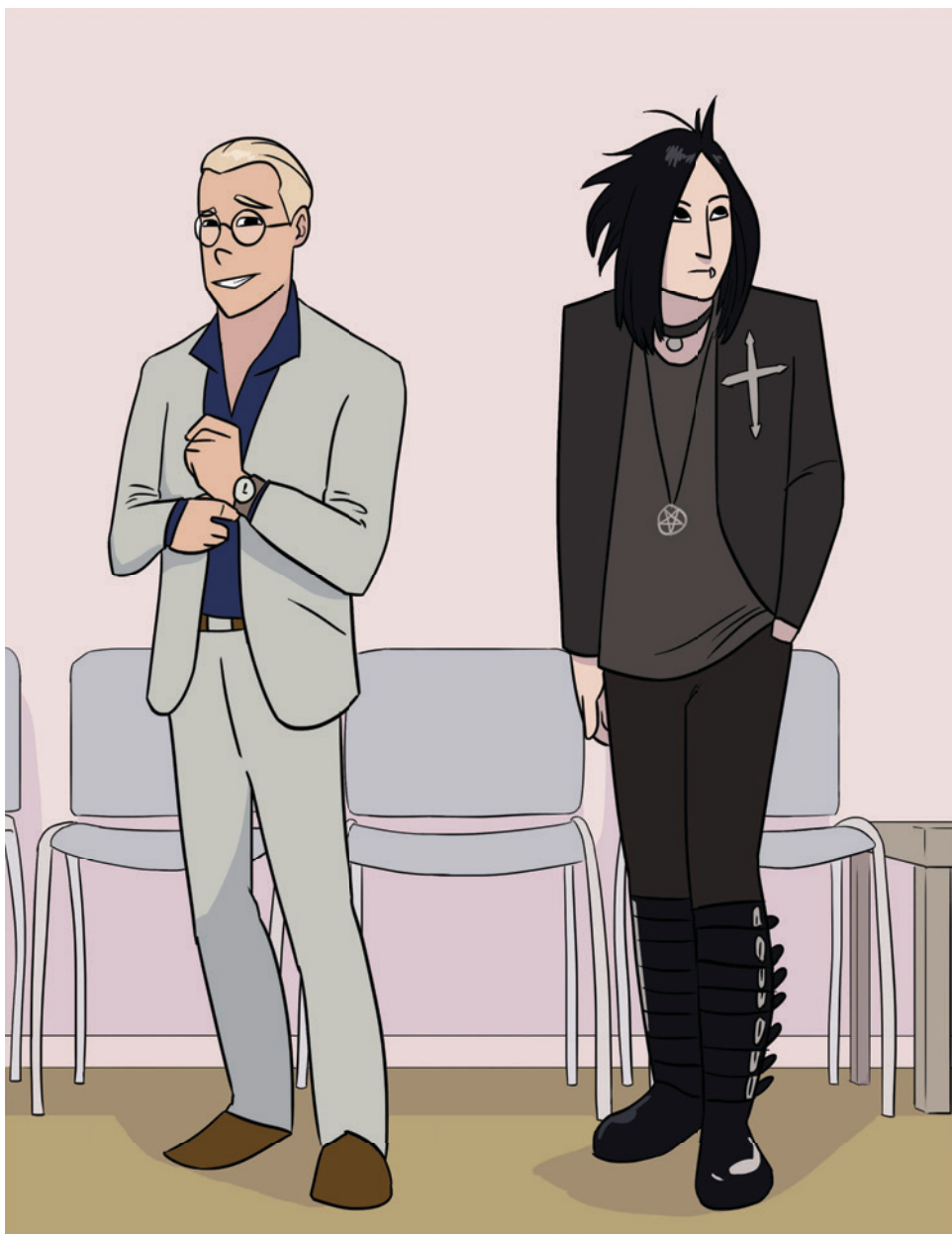
Mr. Bradford stood tall, and stuck out his chest. "Look alive, guys. This is for your benefit. Not a lot of interns get this kind of opportunity."

The young man who had the scraggly mop of black hair made a disapproving snort with his breath. He was leaning back in the waiting room chair, kicking out a leg. His name was Mandrake Holcombe, a senior in high school and every inch a disaffected youth. At 19, he was into a goth lifestyle, even if he was one of the few kids in his grade to still be into such a thing. Most were cleaning up their acts before they went off to college. Not Mandrake. If anything, he had doubled down.

He wore a heavy black jacket that was way too much to have on for the nice temperatures outside, black baggy cargo pants, and clomped around in black rubber snow boots. Mandrake's signature was his shoulder-length unkempt jet black hair, crudely dyed, which covered his eyes almost completely — but not quite — letting people see his black-lined eyes and brow piercing.

Mandrake wasn't sure exactly why he had even signed up for the student work exchange program in the first place, and since he had no choice about where he was assigned, working at Rick Bradford Chevrolet had turned out to be nothing less than a disaster. He was comedically mismatched for the job, a mumbling, unfocused and unmotivated goth helping out slick car salesmen in their suits and ties.

That was in direct contrast to Lane Whitman, the other student exchange participant, who was seated at attention next to Mandrake. Lane was a thin, gangly young man who was wearing the classic "student business leader of the future" ensemble of a blue dress shirt, grey blazer and slacks, with brown loafers. His sandy blond hair was oiled down and clung tightly to his skull, as did his wire-rimmed glasses.



Lane regarded himself as a go-getter and a business-minded eager beaver out to make his opportunities the business world. He had jumped at the intern opening and was excited to be able to apply his grand Wall Street high-finance ideas to regional car sales. Naturally, not a single person in the dealership could stand him, his incessant chatter or know-it-all attitude, except for Rick Bradford himself who was never a particularly good judge of character to begin with.

Both had come to the attention of their new image consultant, one Deborah Jackson, when Rick Bradford had hired her on to give his dealership a newer, hipper feel. Bradford wanted a younger customer base, and his stodgy old dealership, which he had inherited from his grandfather, was in dire need of catching up by a few decades. Deborah made a convincing pitch to him about “upgrading” the salespeople’s image, and in her opinion, the best place to start was with the youngest two on the staff, the high school interns.

How exactly a medical professional was going to assist with their “image upgrades” was a little bit of a mystery to all three of the men, but Deborah just had a way of convincing men to do things that they probably hadn’t given enough thought to.

“You guys as excited as I am?” Rick Bradford asked his interns. “I hear this Dr. Angel is one the best!”

“Best at what?” Mandrake asked in his monotone sort of way.

“Best at...” Rick Bradford had to search in his mind for an answer and realized he had none. Deborah hadn’t exactly given him a lot of detail. “Tops in his field.”

“Which is...?” Mandrake pressed.

“Deborah,” Rick said to the woman on his arm. “I can’t thank you enough for all



your hard work. If this Dr. Angel if half the doctor you say he is..."

"Oh, he is," Deborah said, patting her escort's arm. "I've worked with him for years. I owe him more than I could ever pay him."

"I still don't get why we're in a doctor's office," Mandrake said. "Unless he can extract the bug up Lane's ass."

"Hey!" Lane objected. "I do not have a bug up my ass. That's inappropriate!"

"That's inappropriate," Mandrake repeated in a mocking tone. "What a tool."

Quickly, the trio was shuffled into the exam rooms. They underwent a cursory examination, stripped down to their undies, and then blood pressure and height and weight measurements taken. Before long, they were dressed and sat in Dr. Angel's office in overstuffed leather chairs. Deborah sat on the corner of the doctor's desk, showing off her legs, which all three patients were gawking at.

As doctors tend to do, Anthony Angel was taking his time, silently running over the pages in his hands several times, testing the composure of the three men. In fact, as Lane looked over, he could see that Rick Bradford's head had slumped to the side and he was likely asleep.

The light muzak in the office was making it hard for the young man to keep his attention on the matters at hand. His mind kept drifting off and his eyes were beginning to feel so tired. Maybe if he just closed them for a moment, he might...

As soon as Lane's head went slack, Deborah tapped Dr. Angel on the shoulder. The doctor looked up and spoke softly. "Are they asleep?"

"What?" Deborah replied.

"Asleep?" Dr. Angel said, louder.

"Hold on," Deborah said. She pulled the concealed earplugs out of her ears, the ones that kept her from hearing the muzak. It was laced with messages to lull people to sleep.

The doctor pulled out his plugs. "They're asleep, right?" He asked again, back to whispering, as he flipped a switch to turn the music off.

"Two are, for sure," She whispered back. She had to bush the stringy black hair out of Mandrake's face to see if his eyes were closed. They were. "And gothy makes three."

She produced a small spray can from her purse and gave the three sleeping men a generous dose of it's medicinal mist. "That'll open up their minds," she said at normal volume.

"Do you always keep hypnotic gas in your purse?" Dr. Angel asked.

Deborah smiled. "In my line of work? Always." She fitted a pair of headphones over each of their ears and started playing their first set of messages for them to listen to.

Dr. Angel motioned to Bradford. "So tell me more about Mr. Slick here."

Deborah pointed to the man in the suit. "Rick Bradford owns three car dealerships in this town, but they're losing money. He inherited them from his family just a couple of years ago, and he's driving them into the ground, no pun intended."

"I've seen his TV ads."

"Aren't they the worst? Well, when he's not dreaming up the most hideous ads you can imagine, he's putting his dipstick into every gas tank in town."

"He sleeps around? Isn't he married?"

"Yes and yes."

"If we're going to do what you want to do to him, we'll need to start on the electrolysis early. He's quite hirsute. He'll need to drop about sixty pounds and I can give you some pills for that. Then you need to put him on skin softening lotions, hair and nail vitamins, hormones, the usual. You want him to go all the way?"

"No, just the tops. Not the bottoms."

"No SRS... for all... Three..." Dr. Angel said, making notes in his files. "I prefer the total changes."

"I know you do. But sissies make better money. I clear some serious profit on them when I don't have to pay for the surgery."

"What about Edward Scissorhands over here?"

"Mandrake Holcombe, 19, senior in high school. Parents divorced, lives with his aunt. Typical goth kid. Hates everyone and everything, can't keep a girlfriend and has no social life."

"No one will miss him?"

"Nope. And my client is only paying for Bradford. What we do with gothy and the other one is up to me. So I'm just looking for something I can sell for a high profit margin."

Dr. Angel reviewed his notes. "I don't see anything that unusual. Seems like a by-the-book job."

"Oh, he has his challenges. He needs to be perfect. Absolutely perfect. No blemishes, not a hair out of place."

The doctor scribbled down some further notes. "Understood. And what about Glasses?" He pointed to Lane.

"Lane Whitman, 17. Lives with his father, who can't stand his presence. Most of the work on this kid is up to me. You just need to make sure you have the parts on hand for the big surgery."

Dr. Angel checked the documents to see what Deborah was referring to. "I think they outlawed these things. They'll be hard to get. I'll have to check the Asian grey market. Now, back to Bradford. If we are going to carry this off, he really should have as much plastic surgery as we have time for."

"My client wants him to be feminine, but recognizable as his old self. So I want him to look like a woman, but the eyes, nose, face have to be the same."

"I'll do the jawline, the cheeks, the brow. That should do the trick."

"Sounds good, Anthony." Deborah walked over to Rick Bradford and began to fool with his jacket. The hypnotized man stirred and made a quiet mumbling noise. Deborah patted him on the head. "Poor thing is about to become a daddy, too."

"His wife, I hope."

"She's about three months pregnant."

"You sleeping with him?"

"Yes. Me and half the women in this town, apparently."

"I don't think that's going to be a problem much longer."

"No!" Deborah said with a hearty laugh. "It certainly won't!"



Later that afternoon, Aaron found himself relaxing as Bev finished trimming his hair. However, his serenity quickly ended when she stated what she had been instructed to do next, "Dora told me to give you a facial and neaten your brows a bit. So don't give me any grief. I'm only doing my job and besides, I think you'll enjoy the facial."

Had he not taken a pain pill before coming to the salon, he might have made more of a fuss. But in the loopy, agreeable, pain-free place he was in, he couldn't object, not even a little. Bev soon moved to the next phase of her treatment by applying a green facial mud mask to his face before beginning to wax and pluck his brows into thinned arched lines. His newly sculpted eyebrows would give him a permanently surprised look. When he saw them would make Aaron feel nearly faint — but Bev wouldn't stop there. Soon, she was pulling out her piercing gun and approaching the unsuspecting young man. Aaron couldn't see what she was doing as his eyes were covered with cooling cucumber eye pads. By the time he reacted, pink keepers had been inserted into each lobe.

"Ow!" he cried out, as she and her assistant pierced both of his ears at the same time, "What the hell was that?"

"Calm down, Aaron," Bev admonished him. "Most men have both ears pierced today. It was a little extra something from Dora. She thought it might cheer you up after all you have been through."

Aaron sighed, feeling slightly ashamed for his outburst, "Well you should have at least warned me first. And don't you have something other than pink?" he gasped looking into the hand mirror. Then he noticed the arched brows, "Holy crap! My eyebrows! I can't go anywhere looking like this. Put them back like they were," he demanded.

"I don't know why you're upset, I just neatened them up," Bev said. "Nothing extreme. If you don't like what I did, just let them grow back. And as for the keepers, they'll only be in until the holes heal," she replied, putting the mirror down. "Then you can pick whatever you like. Now sit still while we do your manicure." She and another salon technician began to file and clean his nails.

By the time Dora showed up about an hour later, Aaron was feeling much calmer. Bev had insisted that he listen to his earbuds while she worked on his nails. Dora's obvious delight in seeing what Bev had done took some of the sting out of Aaron's injured ego. The trip that followed the salon visit was to the nearby boutique, and it wasn't as traumatic as he had thought. Still, the trip was outside his comfort zone. The first stop was the





cosmetics counter where the clinician gave him the correct color-toned foundation and concealer for his skin and taught him how to apply it.

From cosmetics they went over to the clothing section. Like before, Dora made all the selections. The pants were similar to the others in blue and another in black. What made these different was the material. Dora said that the snug fitting materials and shorter pant leg would be nicer to wear in the warming weather. The tops were totally different in that they were off the shoulder with wide round necklines. They had half-length sleeves and were cut with hems reaching just below his groin. Aaron complained that the sleeves were too short as they barely reached his elbow.

"No Aaron, they're perfect. You need something casual to wear when you go out. Sometimes I can't believe how much you complain when all I'm trying to do is improve your image." Dora has a frown on her face. "You look dashing in those blue stretch pants and sand-colored top. The least you could do is say thank you." She check her watch, scowling. "I've got to get back to the office," she angrily said. "Come on, you need another pair of shoes."

The shoes were again something Aaron would never get for himself. They were called ballet flats and were certainly comfortable, but completely emasculating.

For the remainder of the week, Aaron worked only half days, as the pain pills made him quite loopy. The remainder of his time was spent resting, often with his music player playing the soothing songs that the dentist had produced for him.

On Friday, Aaron had his first follow-up appointment with Dr. Hector. As Jaylen prepped him, bending low, exposing her blue satin bra, she mentioned how much she liked his complexion.

"Aaron, that was a great idea of yours to use concealer and foundation to cover up those bruises. It makes your skin look so clean and smooth. It wouldn't be a bad idea for you to continue using it after the bruising goes away," she said into his ear, sending thrills up and down his spine.

When the adjustment to his jaw was done, he complained that it felt stretched out.

"Is it normal that it feels like it is being pulled apart?" he asked.

"Absolutely normal," Hector replied, "There's nothing to worry about, that's exactly how it *should* feel. We are shaping it into a new form — your jaw just isn't used to it. But don't worry, it will. Pretty soon it will feel right-as-rain."

Aaron sighed. He hoped this was all worth it. "I hope so," he lamented, "It's just really uncomfortable right now."

"I can give you a little something extra for that if you wish," the dentist said, as he reached into his drawer and rummaged to find a small pill bottle, "Once a

day — twice on the first day — and we'll see how you are feeling next Friday, okay?"

Aaron took the little pill bottle and tried to remember what the fast-talking doctor had just told him: *One pill, twice a day for the first few days?* he wondered.



The following Monday, Aaron was surprised not seeing Dora in the office when he arrived. He heard Doc call out from behind her desk. "Great! You're here. Dora had a family emergency and will be away for some time. I don't want to hire someone new to take her place but I need a receptionist. So I've decided I want you to take her post. You'll get a slight raise and full time employment this way," the doctor informed him.

Aaron stood staring blankly for a moment letting what Doc had said sink in. His new supplemental drug regime had left him feeling exceptionally dazed. He blinked his eyes several times before finally replying "Bu... but what about my bookkeeping?"

"Oh that. Don't worry, my accountant can handle it for a few weeks. Hell, I pay him more than enough. He could probably do it all from now on if I wanted him to. I guess we'll see after Dora returns."

Aaron shrugged. He wasn't sure what he had just agreed to, but it didn't sound like he had been given much of an option.

"So we're good?" the doctor asked.

"I guess," Aaron replied.

"Excellent. I'm glad we got this settled. We have patients coming in shortly and I need to check their medical records," Doc said getting up. "I know you won't have any problems as I've seen you helping out Dora."

"Bu... but..." Aaron sputtered, once he realized what he had agreed to.

"No 'buts' my boy. I know you can handle things. Put Dora's smock on and get to it. That is of course, unless you want to wear one of her nurses' dresses. I think she left one in her locker," Doc stated waving his hand toward the pink smock.

Aaron grudgingly picked up the smock. It was made of nylon, had round puff short sleeves and a low rounded neckline. *I can't believe he actually wants me to wear this*, he thought. *I'll look the damn fool — but I guess it's better than one of her uniforms.*

After the clinic closed for the day, Doc called Aaron into his office. "Aaron with your promotion, I need you to sign off on these new employment forms.

Pretty much the same as the others but they reflect your new status. Your new salary will include an allowance for uniform and associated expenses, things like the salon and such. As the receptionist, I require either a proper nurses' uniform or the smock." Aaron felt a kind of shiver go through him. He couldn't believe this was the choice he had. "Also," the doctor continued, "you will have to look your best and I expect you to continue using concealer and foundation. I contacted the uniform shop. They will be delivering some options to you tomorrow. Now I have a lot to do, so sign here and I don't want to hear any arguments." He placed a pen in the young man's hand and pointed at the paper on his desk.

Aaron was going to make the obvious point that he was a guy and shouldn't have to wear a stupid girly smock. However upon seeing his new salary — it was far more than a 'slight' raise — he quit thinking about his complaints and signed the paper without any further thought. *I don't like it, but what the heck. I could really use the money*, he thought.

The next day, shortly after the clinic opened, Lily's Uniforms, the people who were contracted to provide uniforms for the office, delivered several boxes. Opening one, Aaron found five scrub tops. Two pink ones, one in lavender, another in baby blue and a third in purple. The next box contained a white starched nurses' styled top with flare-legged pants. The double-breasted blouse had short winged sleeves, wide lapels and buttoned with two large white buttons. Two smaller boxes contained shoes. Both were white leather but one had a three inch block heel the other a three inch gum-wedged heel.

"Oh my God!" he gasped. "This has to be a mistake. All this is for girls!"

When he showed Doc what Lily's sent, he was left flabbergasted by Dr. Angel's response. "Aaron, get over it," Doctor Angel sternly told him. "They sent exactly what I ordered. You know the kind of patients I serve. I can't have my receptionist looking all macho. So you will wear what I have ordered and that's that."

Aaron knew that if he didn't cooperate and was fired as a result, he would be homeless and practically destitute. He had nowhere to go. There was very little 'fight' left in him. "Yes Doc," he said, reluctantly.

"Why don't you nip up to your apartment and get changed into one of the new items, okay?" the doctor suggested.

Aaron agreed, heading straight to his bedroom to start trying things on. The scrubs were fairly standard, but it was the white uniform that he found to be most disconcerting. The top was fitted to his torso, snug around the waist, and flared a bit at the hips. The pants were slightly elastic and clung to his butt and upper legs before flaring out. Looking into the bathroom mirror he saw the pants' back seam digging into and separating his ass cheeks.

*This uniform makes me look like a flat-chested girl, he thought in dismay. Like I'm ever going to wear this. Those smocks look great compared to this uniform.*

A few moments later, Aaron returned to the office wearing a purple scrub top and stretchy black Capri pants with the gum soled shoes. He was far from happy, feeling instead like a total fruitcake in the outfit. But at least the purple one had to be better than the pink or lavender ones, he reasoned. *These shoes are just as bad and I feel like I'm going to do a face plant at any second. If I*



*went around in the barrio looking like this I wouldn't last five minutes. I hope when Doc sees me, he'll let me go back to my normal clothes,* he thought, wishfully.

If he thought Doc would change his mind, Aaron was sadly mistaken. "Ahh my boy, you look fantastic. I'm glad you saw things my way. Look, I know you're uncomfortable dressed like that, but I appreciate the effort," Doctor Angel said, "It's a bit against the rules, but I know Dora would sometimes listen to her music player in between clients, so if it helps, feel free to enjoy the music."

Aaron nodded. Lately, music seemed to make him feel better about things, and with its help, the week seemed to fly by effortlessly.

Soon it was Friday, and time for another visit to the dentist. Today, for some unexplainable reason, he had worn the white uniform and block heels. Why, he wasn't quite sure. The outfit just seemed to be the one to wear on this particular day. He was a bit anxious as he stood in front of the dentist's office. Pulling the earbuds out, he tugged at the hem of his top before reaching for the door knob. He was surprised when Wendy jumped up from behind the partition and rushed to give him a big hug.

"Ohhh Aaron! You look simply amazing!" she screeched, pulling him in tight. "So much more professional. Like a real nurse! Come on, Jaylen is waiting to get you prepped. She's going to *love* how you look."

His reception in the exam room was no different. Jaylen gave him a big hug before pushing him away then eyed him up and down. "Aaron you look splendid. Here, turn around for me," she said, making a twirling motion with her finger. "That uniform does wonders for you... and the shoes. I was wondering why you looked so much taller. They really become you," she gushed.

"You don't think these pants make my butt look big?" he asked, blushing.

"Oh no sweetie, you have a cute tush," she replied, giving his bottom a pat.

Doctor Hector was no less enthusiastic over Aaron's appearance — although he didn't give him a hug.

"Doctor," Aaron began, "before you start, my jaw has been feeling really stretched out lately and now I can't seem to fully close it," Aaron said as he was about to put his earbuds back in.

"I told you that was to be expected, but I'll double check," Hector explained as he lowered Aaron back in the big dentist chair. "We won't be here long today. I'm just going to do a minor adjustment. Tighten a bit here, loosen a bit there, that kind of thing. I understand that it can get frustrating, but this is a long-term healing process. Initially, you will have discomfort but in the end you'll thank me. Just have patience."



That same evening, Doctor Angel was meeting with Deborah. He updated her on the new meds that Hector has prescribed to Aaron, and the excessive use of the MP3 player that he had seen the young man listening to.

"That's great Anthony!" she replied, "By now his mind is ready to accept the more advanced commands. By the end of next week you should have no trouble getting him to agree with your suggestions. I think he'd even be ready to agree to have some minor surgery. Something like a lip enhancement and getting a cute button nose... but I'll leave that up to you."

"I'll see how the week progresses," Doctor Angel said, "I don't want to rush things and have them work against us."

"Good thinking," Deborah agreed. "Now, as for his further feminization, obviously *you* can't go shopping with him or teach what he needs to know. So I think Dora has to come back into the picture. Aaron already trusts her and listening to his subliminal suggestions will have him accepting her advice. Perhaps she could spend a long weekend with him. You know, to teach him hygiene, deportment, that sort of thing. You can arrange that, can't you?" she continued.

"I was wondering how we were going to do that," Angel replied. "Yes, most certainly. I can get her to do that. After what you did, Dora will do whatever I say without question. Have we given any thought to breast augmentation?"

"I'm thinking at least a D. Preferably firm, nicely shaped ones with thick nipples. However, that will have to wait a while longer. We need to advance his programming before we get to that stage."

"I'm curious to see who your client is this time," the doctor said with a wily smirk.

"All in due time. This one is a bit of a surprise," Deborah answered. "Any more questions? I need to get back to my boys."

"No, I have all I require now. Deborah, as always, you impress me with your capabilities. I'm looking forward to seeing the boys next week. Until next time," Angel said, kissing her hand.



Aaron sat behind the receptionist's desk, filing his ever-pinker nails and listening to his newest playlist from Dr. Angel, when Dora entered the office. It was early afternoon and no other patients were expected until later. As soon as

he saw her, Aaron excitedly jumped up, rushed over and gave her a big hug and air kiss.

"Dora, I can't tell you how happy I am to see you. I missed you terribly," he gushed. "Please tell me you're back."

"I'm glad to see you too, Aaron. No, I hate to disappoint but I'm only here to see Doc. He has some a special prescription for my sick mother and I have to get back... but... you know, I could use a break. Would you mind having a house guest over the holiday weekend?" she replied, smiling broadly.

"No of course not. I would be thrilled to do that," he said, giving her another girly hug.

"Great then," she grinned, "I'll see you later today!"

For Aaron, the rest of the day seemed to drag on. Dora was really the only person left he felt close to, and not having her around made him terribly lonely.



"It's just in here," Deborah said, coming in the front door of the office. "Don't worry, just a few more steps."

"Just hold the door open..." Rick Bradford, leaning heavily on Deborah for assistance, returned to Dr. Angel's office for his first check-up. By the looks of it, he was in desperate need of it, too. He was sweating profusely, barely able to keep himself on his feet, and looking like a shadow of his former self. "Thanks, babe," he said as he shuffled over to a chair and then lowered himself carefully down into it.

"Hi, Ms. Jackson!" Aaron said, putting his nail file away.

"Good afternoon, Aaron. You look very nice today."

"Thanks, that's a nice necklace."

"This? My eighth husband gave it to me. Is the doctor in?"

"He's on the phone. He'll be ready in just a minute."

"All right then." Deborah walked over to the door and stuck her head out into the hallway. "Boys? Come on, don't be late."

In came Mandrake and Lane, both looking extremely self-conscious. Lane had his arms crossed as he held them tight to his body, and Mandrake was hunched over, using his hair as way to hide his whole face. They nervously approached the front desk, ready to be told what to do.

"The doctor wants to see Mr. Bradford first. Mandrake, you and Lane will go second," Aaron said. "And I love your bracelet!"

Mandrake was confused. "My... What?" He said as he looked down at his wrist. Holding it up, he could just see through his charcoal hair that there was a pink bracelet hanging from the end of his arm. "Huh?" He snatched the item off and stashed it in his pocket. "It's not mine," he said and scurried off away from prying eyes.

It was far from the weirdest thing Aaron had seen today, so he just turned his attention to Lane. "Have a seat and we'll be with you shortly!"

"All righty then!" Lane responded. He unfolded a copy of *The Economist* he had stashed under his arm and found a chair.

"Mr. Bradford? The doctor is ready to see you," Aaron announced.

Patiently, Deborah had helped Rick Bradford into Dr. Angel's exam room, where he was partially disrobed and seated on an examination bench. When the basic exam work was done, the doctor came in to see him.

"Mr. Bradford. Welcome back. How do feel?"

"Feel?" Rick Bradford said, incredulously. "Feel? I lost 55 pounds since I saw you last, and I feel like I'm about to die!"

"55 pounds? Are you sure?"

"Check your records!" Bradford demanded.

The doctor checked his clipboard. "I don't think we recorded that bit of data, but I'll take your word for it."

"You didn't write down my weight? Jesus." Rick Bradford still had a lot of anger in him, even if he lacked energy. "Those pills you prescribed for me are killing me! So what are you going to do about it?"

"Mr. Bradford, I can assure you that the pills I prescribed for you are nothing more than every-day supplements and vitamins prescribed to thousands of people every day." The doctor left out the minor detail that those people were transitioning transsexuals. "The problem is not with the medications. If anything, you need to *increase* your dosage to compensate for what you've lost." He scribbled that down on his clipboard.

"I'm losing weight somehow, you quack!"

"Yes, doctor," Deborah said, trying to appear like she was on Rick's side. "There has to be *something* you can do."

"Well... Let me think." Dr. Angel said. In truth, it was Rick Bradford himself that was responsible for his weight loss. The hypnotic messages he had been fed though Deborah's devious little music player had caused him to virtually starve himself, and he wasn't even aware of it. "First thing I would suggest is changing your diet. I'd ask your wife, or whoever does the cooking to to..."

"You leave my wife out of this!" Bradford snapped.

"You seem tense and angry, Mr. Bradford."



"Of course I'm angry! Look at me!"

Deborah spoke up again. "You'll have to forgive Rick, Dr. Angel. It's been a rough time for him." She patted Rick on the shoulder for reassurance.

"I'm sorry," the patient said. "My wife filed for divorce. She's kicked me out of the house."

Dr. Angel nodded acknowledgement. "My sympathies, Mr. Bradford."

"I don't care about her — good riddance! It's that she's pregnant."

The doctor probed. "You're worried she..."

"She knows how much having a son means to me. He's the heir to the Bradford legacy. The fourth generation of my family! Richard Q. Bradford the fourth!"

"He'd still be your son, even if divorced."

"A son that only knows *her* as a parent. She could steal everything! The one thing I wanted out of my marriage was a son. A man to carry on the Bradford name and run the family business. That's all I ever wanted. Now, she's taking that away from me."

"You know she's having a boy?"

"She told me. Probably just to rub it in. I won't be there to see the birth of my own son! She already took out a restraining order. I can't get within five hundred feet of her. How did she ever find out about my affairs?" He looked to Deborah who shrugged in innocence.

The doctor took a moment to think. He pulled over a stool and propped up a leg on it. "Well, there is a way... A way you could see your son."

"Sure," Bradford said. "I could break the law and get myself thrown in jail. Then the judge will give her everything. The house, the cars, the boat, the dealerships... I can't risk that."

"What if I told you," Dr. Angel said, "I could get you in to spend quality time with your son, no matter what a judge does."

Rick Bradford gritted his teeth and clenched his fists. "I'd do anything to see my boy. He's *my* son. Not hers!"

"Very admirable," the doctor said. "Though, it might involve some *minor* medical procedures."

At first Rick Bradford didn't follow. Then the light went on. "A disguise? Well, I'm willing to do whatever it takes."

"Good, good. Now, leave everything up to the doctor and me," Deborah said.

Rick was skeptical. "Why you?"

"You don't trust me?" Deborah asked, appearing to be hurt by that statement.

"Of course, I do, darling."

A few minutes later, Lane and Mandrake found themselves sitting opposite the doctor's desk nervously awaiting his arrival. Lane was still reading his magazine, while Mandrake was fussing with his clothes.

Mandrake popped the music player headphones out of his ears. "Do you have any idea what we're even doing here?" He asked. "I think this is some kinda scam."

"It's an opportunity," Lane responded. "Never pass up an opportunity. Especially when you can learn something. Learn today, earn tomorrow, that's what I say."

"Yeah, okay." Mandrake said. "I don't know why I even bother talking to you."

"Well boys, how are we feeling today," Dr. Angel said, sweeping his way into the room. Like most doctors, he did not apologize for keeping the boys waiting.

"Good, I guess," Lane said, putting his magazine in his lap. Mandrake just shrugged.

"I like the necklace," the doctor said to Mandrake.

The boy immediately felt around his neck and found he was, indeed, wearing a necklace. A pink plastic necklace. He quickly removed it. "Must be a prank," he explained, and stuffed it in his pocket.

"Well, I do have something going on with my skin," Lane said. "Those supplements you gave us seem to have the effect of drying my skin out. Nothing to worry about, though just..."

"Oh, yes?" The doctor looked concerned. "I see. I see. What about you, Mandrake?"

Mandrake nodded. "Yeah, a little, sure."

"Oh, this is serious," the doctor said, rubbing his chin. "What about your throat? Has it been dry?"

"Maybe," Lane said. "Is there a problem?"

"Hmmm..." The doctor replied, cryptically. "Feeling tired at night? Sometimes drowsy in the middle of the day? Want to sleep in?"

Dr. Angel's questions were met with affirming nods. The two teens glanced back and forth at each other, growing nervous. For every second of silence, the tension grew and grew.

After tapping his pen against his pursed lips for a good minute, Dr. Angel was ready to speak. "I don't want to alarm you boys, but I think you may be coming down with... *Hydromitosis*."

Lane spoke first. "Hydro..."

"...Mitosis?" Mandrake finished. "What is it?"



“The inability of the body to retain moisture.” The doctor whipped out his prescription pad. “When we’re done here, give these to the attendant at the front desk, and they’ll give you what you need.”

“Uh... What *do* we need?” Lane asked.

“To deal with the chapped skin, a medical body wash. With the chapped skin comes chapped lips. So a lip gel.”

"Really?" Mandrake asked.

"Yes. I'm dead serious," the doctor replied. "Now you'll also want to avoid cutting your hair. One of the most troublesome symptoms of Hydromitosis is people who cut their hair and then suffer irreparable follicular damage that leaves them bald or even worse, requiring a skin graft to the scalp."

"We can't cut our hair?" Mandrake questioned.

"I would advise against it," Dr. Angel said. "The opposite goes for body hair, however. If you value your health, you'll shave your body bare and keep it that way."

"Seriously?" Mandrake asked.

"I know this is kind of personal, but do you dye your hair, Mandrake?"

"Yeah, actually, I do," the boy responded, as if it weren't the most obvious hair coloring in the world.

"That coloring could be doing real harm. I'd recommend washing it out. Use detergent, baking soda or vinegar. But I wouldn't want that hair color to be further irritating your follicles."

"Aw, c'mon," Mandrake said. "That's not fair!"

The doctor got serious and put down his clipboard. "Now, the dry throat will require a little more work on your part. Using the lower ranges of your voice will certainly put you in danger permanent throat damage. Under no circumstances can you speak in a low vocal range." He pointed to Mandrake. "Make an 'Ah' sound, if you will, Mandrake. And then hold it."

Mandrake replied with a droning "Aaaaaaah..."

"Now raise the pitch."

"Aaaaaah..." Mandrake rose his voice just slightly.

"Much more than that."

Mandrake took a breath. "Aaaaaaah..." He sang, almost an octave higher.

"Higher."

He went as high as his voice could go. "Aaaaaah..."

"That's about right. Keep your voice up there."

Lane raised his hand. "Doctor... Is that..."

"Voice!" Dr. Angel interrupted. "You can't risk possible rupture of your vocal cords!"

"You have to be kidding me," Mandrake said, in a ridiculous squeaky voice. "We're going to get laughed out of school."

"I implore you young men. Please keep your voices at the highest possible pitch. If you value your ability to speak, you will do what I say!" The doctor was

emphatic. "And if anyone has a problem with they way you're speaking, you just tell them you're under doctor's orders."

"How long do we have to do this?" Lane squeaked.

"As long as it takes. I'm here to make sure my patients live long lives. Until I am 100 percent assured that you are out of danger, your health and well-being are in mortal jeopardy."

There was something about the way Dr. Angel spoke that was authoritative and compelling. Neither of the two boys wanted to do what he asked, but they felt they had to. The music players they had been listening to fro the past several weeks were also tenderizing their young minds to accept whatever the doctor said as gospel.

The doctor got up to shake his patient's hands. "Now, if there's nothing else, I'll see you for your next appointment." Mandrake turned and left, just leaving Lane behind.

With Mandrake gone, Lane leaned forward. "Actually... I had..."

"Voice," the doctor reminded.

"I had a question, doctor," Lane replied in a chipmunk-like tone. "I've been experiencing these headaches." he pointed to parts of his skull. "Here and here."

"Headaches? How severe?"

"Pretty bad. But I've never had them before, so I don't know what's causing them." What had been causing them was Deborah's hypnotic messages, convincing Lane he was in pain.

"You say here and here?" The doctor replied, pointing to the spots Lane had complained about. "That's a very specific condition. It's from stress involved with an overstimulation of the brain. Have you been studying?"

"As hard as I can, whenever I can," Lane chirped with pride.

"That's the problem. I'd study no more than ten or fifteen minutes day until the headaches go away. Avoid reading, avoid thinking and above all, clear your mind." The doctor noted the copy of *The Economist* under Lane's arm. He plucked it out. "This is exactly what I'm talking about."

The doctor tossed the magazine in the trash and then took a copy of *Highlights for Children* he had taken off his stack of waiting room magazines had gave it to Lane. "What?" Lane questioned.

"It's just for a while. Until you feel better. Have you ever read comic books? My patients tell me that copies of *Betty and Veronica* can be very therapeutic."

Over at the front desk of Dr. Angel's office, Mandrake was getting his prescription filled. "That's a great top," Aaron said, pointing to what Mandrake was wearing.

Mandrake looked down and saw he was wearing a pastel pink t-shirt. "How does this keep happening?" He cried.

"That goes so well with your necklace," Aaron said with a smile and headed to the back room. "I'll get your prescriptions."

Mandrake reached for his neck, finding that the necklace he had just removed was back again. "The hell is going on?" He said, as he struggled to take it off.

He couldn't have known that Deborah's hypnotic messages, delivered through his mp3 player, were telling him to buy and wear jewelry, and not to remember doing so. He didn't even notice that he had pulled the necklace out of his pocket and put it back on in the short walk from the doctor's desk to the front desk. He didn't recall buying the pink shirt and putting it on when he dressed in the morning, either.

With the necklace in Mandrake's pocket again, Aaron returned with a large bottle of body wash and a small tube of lip gel.

"It's pink," Mandrake said, as he opened the lip gel.

"It's *medicinal* pink," Aaron said.

Medicinal pink looked a lot like lipstick, if you asked Mandrake.

With the three men reassembled in the waiting room and Deborah joining them, it was time for them to leave. Every one of them looked phased, disconcerted and in a daze. They all felt like their lives had just taken a bit of a turn. If only they had know this was just the beginning.

Deborah was holding the arm of Rick Bradford, helping him walk. "You'll promise me that you'll stick with the diet the doctor gave you?"

"It looks awfully fatty," Bradford said. "I might turn to flab."

"Promise me."

"Sure. I promise."

Deborah gave him an appreciative peck on his bare cheek. The emaciated man was reminded that he had had his beard hair recently removed. "Maybe I shouldn't have had all that electrolysis," Rick said.

"That's harmless," Deborah said. "You know that I like my men smooth. Everywhere."

"Yeah," Bradford replied, "I know."



Eventually the day ended and Aaron found himself in his apartment, ready to relax. He already thought of this as home. He had a towel draped around his waist as he came out of the bathroom from cleaning himself up. At the bureau,

he pulled out a pair of frosted pink boy shorts. He had hated them at one point, and was profoundly embarrassed when Dora had him buy them. Today, though, he liked both the color and how they felt. Aaron was about to put them on when Dora walked into the bedroom.

"Oh sorry. I didn't mean to interrupt," she said. "Aaron why haven't you shaved yet?"

"Shaved? Well I don't really have any beard growth," he replied.

"No, silly," she said with a giggle. "I'm talking about all that ugly hair on your body. You'd look so much better if you got rid of it."

"Errr... I... I don't know really," he said, looking confused. *Shave my body? Seeing all this hair has bothered me so much lately... So why didn't I think of doing that?* he thought. "That's not a bad idea."

"I have an appointment at the salon downstairs for tomorrow," Dora told him. "Why don't you come with me and get a body wax?"

"A wax?" Aaron said, as he finished dressing. He joined Dora on the bed, where she was laying back on her elbows. "Doesn't that hurt?"

"It hurts a little but it's well worth the effort." She grabbed Aaron's hand and ran it along her smooth legs to demonstrate. "You won't have to shave for weeks that way. Compared with all the razor burns and nicks you get from those razors, you'll wish you hadn't done it sooner!"

Aaron was impressed by the smoothness of her skin. "Okay, I'll try anything once," he said. "I'd love to have skin like yours."

"Oh, and while we're at it, we can go shopping in the boutique. It looks like you need some new underthings."

As he tried to sleep that night, Dora's words stayed with Aaron. His mind was so occupied with what she had said, he didn't think about her sleeping in the other bed. Was he *really* going to get a full body wax tomorrow? Was she *really* taking him shopping for new underthings? Did he really want to *do* that? Worse, did he really *not* want to do that? Even as these questions swirled in his head, the fact that his penis didn't twitch with a beautiful woman wearing a scarlet baby doll sleeping in the nearby bed also didn't register.

The next morning, bright and early, Dora took him downstairs to the salon. There, Aaron had his first full body wax. It was the kind of experience he hadn't quite planned on. It hurt far more than he thought it would, but not seriously. What he didn't expect was to not only having his torso denuded but his pubic hairs as well. When the technician had finished, the only body hair left was a small inverted triangle above his penis.

But that was something he could conceal. What he could not hide was having his hair dyed platinum blond and restyled. Yes, it was in a very androgynous fashion, but the color, or lack of it, was a shocking change in his

appearance. It had grown long over the course of working for Dr. Angel, and it looked cute pulled back behind his ears, exposing the new small hoop earrings that Dora had given him.

They finished his new look with concealer, foundation, a hint of eyeliner and lip gloss. Aaron tugged at the hem of his oversized shirt nervously as Dora complimented him on his new appearance. "You look sooo good, Aaron!" She gushed.

Dora was so enthusiastic that she practically dragged Aaron out of the salon. "People are gonna see me!" Aaron said, trying to fight Dora's grip.

"That's what the whole point of a day at the salon is, silly!"

Looking at himself, or what he could see of himself Aaron just wanted to curl up and hide. "Dora, I didn't say anything in the salon but..."

"Aaron you did *so* good at the salon I think a reward is in order," Dora said taking his arm and leading him to the parking garage. "What's say we head out to the mall instead of the boutique here? I'll drive. You will have a much better selection to choose from there.

"Dora... I can't go there. No not dressed like this," he said pulling back.

"What's wrong with the way you're dressed?" she replied, sounding annoyed. "I think you look fantastic. That aqua shirt and gray tights — or rather, tight grey pants — are just fine. Besides, that's all the more reason to go to the mall. Your clothing selection needs some serious upgrading."

The poor boy was practically helpless to fight the demands of a pretty woman like Dora, and found himself buckled into her car as they pulled out of the garage. It was Saturday, and the mall was packed, but no one paid any special attention to them as they walked along in the crowd. No one pointed at him or said anything.

His relief was short-lived as Dora took him into an upscale lingerie shop. By this time in his adventure, there wasn't much of a macho streak left in Aaron's body, but he stopped short at the entrance.

"What's the matter, Aaron?" she asked.

"I... I can't go in there. It's a woman's underwear store," he replied blushing.

"Don't be ridiculous *darling*," she said stressing the word 'darling' — that word was a hypnotic trigger that would make Aaron very suggestible. "It's just a specialty shop for getting nice underwear. Both men and women buy things here. Now come on, and forget all that male macho business. You're a modern urban sophisticate not some Neanderthal. Besides, with those new uniforms you need more appropriate underwear." She hugged him close. "You know I wouldn't do anything to hurt you, *darling*."

"Me?" he began, "A modern urban sophisticate? I never thought of it that way," he said. "I guess it makes sense."



He followed her into the store, only to emerge some time later carrying three bright lavender bags with the store's logo, his face blushing a dark shade of pink. The bags were not that embarrassing, but the contents definitely were.

Inside them were over a dozen pairs of nylon panties in various styles and colors. There were also two nylon-and-chiffon baby-doll nighties with matching ruffled bloomer-styled panties. One nightie had a cream chiffon outer layer with a bright pinkish-orange nylon inner layer and short, puffed sleeves. The other was similar but with a dark chocolate inner skirt and white chiffon overlay. Seven lace-frilled pastel-colored nylon camisoles were also included in the well-filled shopping bags. Dora finished off his lingerie purchases with several embroidered and beribboned waist-cinching garter belts and stockings. What really embarrassed him were the seven gel-padded satin B-cup bras she picked out for him.

It wasn't just what was in the bags, either. Aaron was wearing a forest green padded bra with small white polka dots under his shirt. He had protested when Dora said he needed them. Not that it did him any good to object. For some reason, he just couldn't refuse her. When she said, "*Darling*, see how your flesh fills out the cups. That proves you really need the support," she said.

"Support? For my chest?"

"For your gynecomastia, Aaron!" Dora said. "The way the fat makes it look like you have breasts."

"There's a name for it?" All he knew was that his chest had been getting bigger and bigger over the past months. The same could be said for his growing bubble butt.

"I am a medical professional, I'll have you know," Dora said, with a smile. "With gynecomastia like yours, you need constant support. Don't worry, it's probably a temporary thing, but without a bra your breasts will sag and stretch like water balloons."

"The last thing I need now is for them to do that," he said.

She led him into the large anchor store of the mall and straight to the women's wear department. When they left, he was just happy that she didn't make him get any dresses or skirts. However, he did have several pairs of capri's, yoga pants, tights, blouses and two long-sleeved cashmere sweaters. They left that department with him wearing a pair of white capri's with a red Gardena print running up the outer seam and new red cap-sleeved tee. Again, Aaron was upset how the fitted tee showed off the two swelling bumps on his chest. Dora's exclamation that he looked *darling* eased most of his reservations.

*I can't figure out how I let her talk me into all this*, he thought as they headed to the shoe store. *I thought I was a manly-man, but what kind of man wears clothing like this?*

Moments later, Aaron was walking out of the store in a pair of red leather ankle boots with a four-inch cork wedge heel, or rather, he was *trying* his best to walk out of the store. The two inch difference in heel height compared to his regular shoes didn't sound like much, but he almost did a face plant once they were firmly fastened in place.

"Dora, I can't walk in these," he groused.

"Darling, sure you can. All you need is a bit of practice. Besides, you really could use the additional height. Why, they make you as tall as me darling," she explained.

Aaron was too exhausted to argue, and seemed unable to disagree every time she called him 'darling.' As a consequence, he proceeded to attempt to walk, taking tiny mincing steps as his body adjusted to striding in the wedge-heeled shoes. By the time they reached their last stop — a drug store — Aaron had figured out how to comfortably navigate in the shoes. Inside the store, he was pushing the shopping cart behind Dora as she filled it with shampoo, conditioner, bath oils, skin and nail care items. Additionally, Dora had purchased several fashion and gossip magazines for him to read.

"Darling, you need to be reading these all the time. It's the only way you can keep up with fashion and hair trends. I know you spend a lot of time at the dentist's office, and knowing the latest idol gossip will give you something to talk about with the girls and make friends with them. Don't you agree, darling?" she insisted.

Aaron nodded, half in obedient agreement, half in confusion.

When they got back to the apartment, Dora took him into the bathroom and showed him how to prepare a bubble bath. She filled the tub with hot water



and floral scented bath beads. Then Dora placed vanilla-scented candles on the tub's corners and lit them.

"Darling, you need to relax and this is the best way I know how. Nothing relieves the stress better than a nice bubble bath and sweet smelling candles. Darling, you need to bathe like this all the time. You're going to love how soft and smooth it leaves your skin. Now, just chill and I will make us supper," she instructed.

"Oh my gosh, this does feel heavenly," Aaron said as he slipped under the bubbly suds and the scent of vanilla and Jasmin filled his lungs.

He was washing his hair with his new lavender scented shampoo when Dora walked back in. "Here, I brought you something to wear when you finish up in here. Make sure you use plenty of body lotion and dust with the talc when you get out darling," she said, putting some clothing on the commode lid and then leaving again.

*I smell like a flower bed, Aaron thought when he he picked up the clothing. I shouldn't like the smell, but I do. That, and how smooth my skin feels. I never would have thought to light scented candles either. Their aroma is so soothing. Dora was so right, I'm going to keep doing this.*

"Wha..." he gasped, holding up a chocolate-colored padded satin B-cup bra with white lace detailing.

"Hurry and finish up in there darling," Dora shouted from the kitchen. "Supper is ready. I can't wait to see how you look darling. Make sure you put on everything I left for you."

*I didn't think I would need a bra all the time, but it is pretty,* he thought slipping his arms through the straps. *And it does support me.*

The matching garter belt and chocolate brown stockings confused him, but he quickly put them on. He instinctively rolled them into donuts, then up over his smooth legs. The chocolate-colored nightie felt absolutely delicious as it settled around his torso. He looked around for slippers, finding only a pair of brown leather strappy sandals with a four-inch wedged heel. Knowing they were for him, he slipped them onto his feet before wobbling his way into the kitchen.

Supper was green salads with broiled chicken strips and vinaigrette dressing. Normally, Aaron wouldn't eat what the guys in the barrio called 'conejo alimento' or rabbit food, but lately, didn't have much of an appetite. Plus, he was concerned that his bottom seemed to be expanding along with the size of his boy boobs. Laying off on calories was probably a good idea.

He was also distracted by Dora. She was wearing a scarlet satin sleep shirt with a scooped neckline. It was obvious that she wasn't wearing a bra as her nipples could be seen moving under the material. Aaron's latent manhood twitched but didn't get erect.

“Darling!” she exclaimed, “You look fabulous! You’ll never wear frumpy old pajamas again, now will you?”

Aaron shrugged, though the shrug looked to both him and Dora like a nod.

After supper, Dora put Aaron through almost three hours of walking, sitting and stooping lessons. He learned that walking wasn’t just about putting one foot in front of the other. The elbows had to be held close to the sides, wrists had to be loose but not limp. Sitting required smoothing out the skirt of the nightie, then lowering oneself while keeping their knees together. When sitting the ankles could be crossed and tucked back or one leg can cross the other but the upper thighs had to be kept closed at all times.

One just didn’t bend to pick something up. Keeping the feet together, you would slowly stoop, keeping the back straight.

Aaron was completely worn out by the time Dora called a halt to the lessons. He was so tired that Dora had to remind him to put in his earbuds before getting into bed.

The next morning was spent rehashing what Aaron had learned the night before. Dora fixed them a light lunch of tuna salad and unsweetened iced tea. Then they spent the next four hours seated at the small vanity he had previously ignored. Dora did her best to teach him the basics of skincare and makeup application.

“Darling, you’ve been using concealer and foundation for ages now. It’s time to move on and add a bit more color,” Dora explained.

“Color?” Aaron cried, “Like lipstick and stuff? I can’t do that Dora, people will talk. It’s such a girly thing to do!”

“No, darling, it’s not just a girl thing. A lot of modern urban sophisticates use a bit of color to enhance their features. You read about it all the time in the better fashion magazines. Here, let me put just a bit of eyeliner, mascara and lip gloss on. Trust me darling, you will positively love the results.”

Aaron stared at his reflection for what seemed like hours. The image in the mirror didn’t look that much different, but it was. The eyes were so much more expressive, they were almond-shaped and the lips glistened in a pouty pink glow.

“Oh wow Dora!” he exclaimed, “You were totally right. A bit of makeup really has made my face pop.”

“You know darling, that’s a good daytime look for you. Promise me you will keep it up. Once you get used to it, I bet you will want to wear even more. Even, you know, for night time when you go out,” she commented.

“Oh, I don’t know about that Dora. I... I never go out. Well at least not at night. Besides, you’re my only friend,” he replied.

"What?" She replied, as if she were surprised. "Well, that'll change now that you have a decent wardrobe and are wearing a bit of color. I bet someone will ask you out before you know it. Darling, just make sure you remember your mannerism lessons, wear a bit of color and everything should be fine," she answered giving him a hug.

"I guess I can do that. I never met any men that wore this much makeup, but I kinda like it. You don't think it's weird for me to wear this much?" he said looking back into the mirror.

"No darling! It's not weird if it makes you happy about the way you look. I think — no I *know* — you look absolutely darling wearing makeup. Look, it's still early, so why don't we go out? I could use a drink and you need to get out. You spend entirely too much time cooped up in this apartment. Besides, didn't I tell you someone would ask you out before you knew it," she said, giggling.

Dora took Aaron to an upscale piano lounge in mid-downtown. The lighting was subdued and they were led to a red leather booth by the hostess. Dora had given him pants and white nylon translucent top to wear. The shirt had long billowing sleeves and padded shoulders.

Underneath, he wore his new white bra, scallop-edged white camisole and black nylon hip-hugger panties. For the first time he was wearing black knee-high nylons and his new red ankle boots. Aaron was nervous, but the dim lighting and secluded booth had a calming effect. He did jump a bit when the waitress came over to take their order. He hadn't seen her approach.



The fact that she called him “Miss,” both eased his mind and bothered him. *She called me Miss. I’m a guy but looking the way I do I guess I can understand*, he thought. *I really shouldn’t like the way I’m dressed, but for some crazy reason I like... no... I love it!*

Once he got over his nervousness and noticed that no one was paying him any particular attention, Aaron had a great time. Having four glasses of white wine definitely helped. Of course, it wasn’t just conversation that took place. Dora used the opportunity to force some more feminine habits into him. Things like how to move and hold his hands, use words such as “love” and “adore” instead of the word, “like.” Dora continued his feminine education throughout the night and into the next morning.

Sunday morning, she had him briefly demonstrate what she had taught previously. Satisfied with his progress, Dora focused on instructing Aaron how to speak in a feminine voice. “Darling, the pitch of your voice just doesn’t go with how you look and move now,” she instructed. “That macho mumbling you learned in the barrio has got to go. So pay attention, darling. The pitch really isn’t as important as the resonance. The trick is to squeeze the vocal cords to successfully get a higher register and tone. Now get one of your new magazines and read to me using a softer voice.”

Aaron read the articles in higher and higher registers every time. He was scarcely aware of how drastically his voice was changing, thanks to the suggestions fed to him by Dr. Angel’s laced music playlists. When he finally reached a tone and inflection of voice that was unmistakably feminine, Dora proclaimed him a “real sophisticate,” and Aaron beamed with pride.

“Darling, you promise you’ll do your best to remember everything I have taught and showed you,” Dora said just before leaving that afternoon. “I want you to really practice your voice lessons. I’ll try to come back to see you soon, but next time I don’t want to have to spend so much time rehashing all this. So promise! Now I really need to be going. Momma needs her prescription. Give me a hug and kiss darling.”



A few weeks later, seated at his seemingly permanent spot as the receptionist at the clinic, Aaron was admiring his glamour-length nails and humming along with the song coming from his earbuds. It was a new MP3 playlist Doc had given him a week ago. Dora had gotten him the nail extensions at the drugstore and helped him put them on when she last visited. “Darling, these are just temporary, but you can get acrylic extensions at the salon. You are going to love having beautiful long nails,” she had told him.

As he held his fingers spread out before him glistening a vibrant pink, he couldn't help but agree, "*These really do make my fingers look great. Maybe acrylic extensions will look even better?*" he thought.

His thoughts were broken when Deborah and the two boys she had been bringing with her entered the office. As she approached him, Aaron did a double take.

*Gosh they have really changed*, he thought, staring at them as they took their seats. *I can't believe how different they look. Why would they let her do that to them?* he wondered.

The eldest, whom Deborah referred to as Kenyon, was wearing a pair of tight black mid-length shorts under a white button-down top with a purple colored cardigan scarf tied loosely around his neck. On his feet were a pair of black wedge heeled shoes with cork soles. His Afro styled hair had been dyed a ginger color and seemed fuller than before. The younger, Trent, wore black skin-tight yoga pants with an aqua-colored cowl-necked angora sweater and five-inch spike-heeled aqua pumps with a two-inch platform sole. His hair was straight, lacquered close to his head in a page boy style that reached down to his shoulders. The way that he was stumbling in the shoes suggested that he hadn't spent much time wearing them before, nor did the questionable amount of makeup they were wearing. Even though Aaron had just learned it was acceptable for young men to wear cosmetics of that sort, theirs seemed quite dramatic, even for boys.

Aaron watched them in the waiting room, marveling at how unhappy they appeared; yet, every time Deborah spoke to them, they would force a smile. He wondered if they had much input into their changing appearances.

*I'd never let that happen to me*, Aaron mused. He admitted that he had allowed some pretty substantial changes to occur in his appearance, however, as long as he maintained some degree of masculinity, he reasoned, he wouldn't be as bad as them.

At least until later that day when Lily's Uniform Shop delivered some boxes of new apparel, that is.

The boxes contained five new uniforms similar to the white one he had, except these all had short flared skirts. Plus there were two new pairs of shoes.

"Doc," Aaron whined as the Doctor entered the office. "I can't wear these!" he said in frustration. "These uniforms are for girls."

"Aaron," the Doctor replied in a stern tone, "I've decided that I can't have you looking out of place from the rest of my clients. You'll notice that the majority of the boys that come through these doors are in various stages of becoming more and more modern and urban in their appearance, just like Dora has explained to you. Right now, the hottest trend in modern urban wear is something with a feminine twist. Hence the skirts that I've ordered for you.

There really isn't anything to ponder here my *darling* boy. This is what I've selected for you, so this is what you shall wear."

Aaron nodded. Upon hearing the 'darling' keyword, his resolve was diminished.

The Doctor continued. "Besides, you'll be seated behind the desk most of the day. No one but Dora, myself and a few select patients will get to see your lovely, lean, long legs. Now please get yourself dressed and ready before another patient arrives."

He could not refuse the Doctor's order, and thusly, went into the bathroom to get changed. Standing in his orange satin high-thigh panties, matching bra, embroidered high-waist garter belt and white nylon stockings, he held out the new uniform before him.

*I really don't think I should be wearing this, he thought. As modern and urban as it might be, it still looks like a dress, and guys shouldn't be wearing dresses. But it's Doc's clinic, and if he said I needed to look more current and modern and patient-friendly, then I can't argue with that. Besides, he said that I have lean long legs, which means that I should be showing them off more!*

With that last thought still in his head, Aaron stepped into the dress and zipped it up the back. The skirt's hem didn't quite reach mid-thigh, which would mean he would have to be extremely careful when sitting. The top was cut differently as well, exposing more cleavage of his swelling padded chest than he would have liked. He then turned to open the shoe box, and was shocked to see a pair of white patent leather pumps with a two inch platform and five inch spike heel inside.

*"Oh my God!" he thought. "How does Doc expect me to wear these all day, much less walk in them?"* He then recalled that Dora wore similar heels when she was at the office every day, and somehow managed. He gasped loudly as he took them out of the box. *Well if she can do it, I'm sure that I can.*

Moments later, he wobbled uncertainly back to the office as he learned to steady himself on the new high-heeled shoes. He briefly paused before Doctor Angel, as if seeking the Doctor's approval.

"My darling boy, you look delightful. Yes, quite professional now except for those thin lips," The Doctor paused to look Aaron over. "Among a few other slight imperfections that you seem to have."

Aaron touched his lips insecurely, unsure of what the Doctor meant.

"My darling boy," Anthony Angel exclaimed excitedly, "let's finish off your look and make you the centerpiece of my clinic! If you agree, that is, I'll correct your minor flaws and make you the envy of every person that walks in here. No charge of course. It would be my pleasure to give you that gift," he said.



Aaron initially hesitated. All his instincts said no. Not only to the new uniforms, but to the offered plastic surgery. Still there was an overpowering need to agree.

*Everyone has been so kind and generous since I started working here. How can I say no? Besides, I love my job and being the showpiece for the clinic is great honor,* he thought, before he signed the consent forms.



Not long after, Dora was at the desk of Dr. Angel's clinic to cover for Aaron while he was recuperating. She knew the job well and stepped right back in to her role as if she had never been away.

One afternoon, Deborah came in, nervously assisting a frail and skittish man in a track suit. "Hi Deborah!" Dora said with her usual charm. "Who do we have here?"

"This is... Smith," Deborah said, after pausing to contemplate her answer. "We have an appointment."

Sure enough, when Dora checked, there was an appointment for



Deborah Jackson. "I'll tell the doctor the you and..." Mister? Misses? Dora wasn't sure. But that was life working for Doctor Angel. "...Smith are here."

Of course, Smith wasn't the real name of Deborah's companion. It was Rick Bradford. But he didn't want anyone to know that. After all, he was in disguise. He had the hood over his head and wore sunglasses.

Dora opened the door to the doctor's office. "Go right in, won't you? The doctor is expecting you." Bradford quickly shuffled his way inside and Deborah trailed after him.

"Well! How are we doing today, Mr. Bradford?" Dr. Angel said loudly.

"Shh!" Rick Bradford replied. "It's a disguise, remember?"

"I think you're safe here in my office."

Bradford immediately surveyed the room. "I suppose."

"Rick is doing very well, doctor," Deborah said, in her role as Rick's image consultant and lover on-the-side. "He practically has the job already."

"Well, that's mostly due to your help, darling," Rick said to her. "I haven't done that much."

"What job is that?" The doctor asked.

"He's going to meet with... His ex-wife to get a job as his son's nanny."

"I see. That was what you wanted, wasn't it?"

"Yes. Well, in a way. I mean, that's what the surgery was for, wasn't it? Anything to spend time with my boy, when that witch gives birth to him. Even this."

"Yes! So let's take a look," Dr. Angel said.

Rick Bradford removed the sunglasses he was wearing and pulled off his hood. His jawline was bruised, still recovering from his recent operation. The doctor had created a slimmer facial profile and more pronounced cheeks to give him a feminine look. He had removed the vocal fold in his throat, commonly known as an 'Adam's Apple,' and in the process, raised Bradford's voice slightly.

After his astonishing weight loss, he had hoped that his "fatty diet" would put the pounds back on, but instead it filled out his body in strange new ways. He had an expanding butt, his thighs were getting thicker and he seemed to be growing a set of man-boobs. Which, as one could guess, was exactly what the doctor and Deborah had designed the diet to do.

All in all, he was developing the fetching shape of a woman.

"I think this is fine," the doctor said, upon getting a better look. "What do you think, Deborah?"

"Deborah?" Rick interrupted. "What about me? Why don't you ask what I think?"



“He’s shaping up very nicely,” Deborah said, ignoring Rick. “I think he’s ready for the training.”

Bradford was not following. “What training?”

“Rick, honey,” Deborah said, “You’ve spent your entire life as a rich man. If you’re going to get a job as a nanny, you’re going to need to learn how to respond like one of the hired help.”

"Darling, that's preposterous," Rick Bradford replied, his hands on his broadening hips. "How difficult could such a thing be?"

"First of all, you couldn't possibly know until you've walked a mile in someone else's shoes." Deborah suddenly remembered something. "That reminds me. I have some shoes for you. And a uniform."

"Deborah, what in creation are you up to?"

"That's Mrs. Jackson to you. Until we get you that job with your wife, you are *my* maid."

"Please," Rick replied, rolling his eyes.

"I don't take attitude from my servant! I'll allow it because you're new!" Deborah unpacked a plain looking skirt and blouse uniform with a pair of black pumps, and handed them to Rick. "Now get dressed. Understood, girl?"

Richard Q. Bradford the third laughed and took the clothes. "Fine, I'll play along."

"You can use Exam Room 2 here," Dr. Angel said, gesturing to a side entrance.

"Maybe we can play a little master and servant tonight?" Rick said, winking at Deborah.

"I don't have all day!" Deborah barked. "We have an appointment down at the salon and I don't want to be late!"

"All right, all right," Rick said, as he left to change.

"He thinks it's a joke," Dr. Angel said.

"That won't last for long," the grinning woman said. "When he's had his makeover down at the salon, he won't be laughing."

"That's when his world will start to crash in on him."

"I love watching it in their eyes when they finally understand they're truly screwed," Deborah said. "I'm going to go chat with Dora if you need me."

"You've been spending a lot of time with her lately. I'm beginning to get suspicious."

"Of me? Anthony, don't you trust me?" She said with a smile as she left.

A few minutes later, Mandrake and Lane had arrived for their appointments, and were seated in the lobby. "Get a move on, girl!" Deborah said, spanking Rick on his skirted behind.

"Yes, Ma'am," Rick replied with a smile. They closed the door behind them when they left.

"Who was that with Mrs. Jackson?" Lane asked Mandrake, seated a few chairs away.

"Looked like Mr. Bradford's sister or something," he replied.

"Lane?" Dora said from her desk. "The doctor will see you now."

Lane put his comic book away and stood up. With his glossy pink lips and lengthening hair, one would have been forgiven if they would have mistaken him for a tomboy-ish girl. His polo shirt and khakis were doing little to disguise his curvier figure, and his developing breasts were very visible depending on how Lane stood. The hypnotic messages he had been listening to non-stop for so long had rendered him unable to see what was happening to him.

"How are we feeling, Lane?" The doctor said when he came in. "How are your headaches?"

"Oh, uh... Sometimes they come back. But all I have to do is stop thinking and everything is okay..." Lane felt his head. "Oh, my head."

The doctor couldn't help but smile. Deborah's messages had done amazing things in the past, and this was no exception. Whenever Lane felt he was using his brain, he thought he was getting intense pain. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have asked you such a tough question."

"It's okay, doctor." Lane sighed. "Problem is my grades have tanked and it's so hard for me to concentrate."

"But you have been taking every precaution to sure that you don't think too hard, haven't you?"

"Yes... But sometimes even that doesn't work."

"Have you tried to counter-act the symptoms?"

"How do you mean?"

"Smile. Laugh. Giggling is especially effective. The endorphins released when you smile act as a natural painkiller."

"Really?"

"*I am* the doctor, after all," Dr. Angel said. "Now going over some of the results on your chart..." He flipped through some pages on his clipboard. "I'm seeing very low levels of Vitamin D. In fact, I'd medically classify it as a Vitamin D deficiency."

"Is that serious?"

"Quite. It can lead to a number of complications. Such as the horrible scourge of Rickets."

Lane gasped. "What can I do?"

"What I'd prescribe is UV exposure. The skin naturally produces Vitamin D with sun or UV light. I'm going to give you the number of a spa that specializes in tanning."

"Tanning? Isn't that bad for my skin?"

"In some cases, yes. But in your case, vital to avoiding serious complications." The doctor put his clipboard down. "Now, I am pleased to see that you're using the lip gel and the skin lotion. And your speaking voice is well out of the low-pitch danger zone."

"People make fun of the way I talk," Lane said, sounding like a pouty little girl. With his pink lips, he looked a little bit like one, too.

"They don't know that you're in a struggle for your well-being, Lane. You must persevere." Anthony Angel stuck his jaw out, and in his best doctor voice said, "You can't let yourself down in a fight for your health."

"Yes, doctor!" Lane said sitting up straighter in his chair. "I'll do my very best!"

"Glad to hear it. Now, one last thing," the doctor said as he reached for something behind his desk.

A few minutes later, back out in the lobby, a buzzer rang on Dora's intercom. That was from Dr. Angel. She peered over the edge of the counter. "Mandrake? You're next."

Mandrake Holcombe uncrossed his legs and got up. His formerly stringy black hair had been cleaned of dye, and was now a pleasingly deep brown. Without the dye color, it had also lost its frazzled quality and was healthy and thick.

He adjusted his bracelets and necklace before meeting the doctor. Mandrake still didn't understand why he was always finding himself wearing necklaces or bracelets, and more recently matching earrings, but in order to quash other people's questions about it, he just proclaimed it a "look" he was trying out. He had pretty much convinced himself that was the truth, as well.

How he explained the rose-colored jacket, pink scoop-neck shirt and pink tights under his black cargo shorts was something he was still working on.

As the door to the doctor's office opened, out stumbled Lane, sporting a pair of white four-inch pumps. Seeing Mandrake standing directly in front of him, Lane steadied himself, pulled some stray hair out of his face and stood tall and proud. "They're therapeutic," he said, and proceeded to stagger on past. "For my spinal health."

Mandrake stood in disbelief for several seconds. "Not gonna get me to wear those," Mandrake said to himself as he went in.

"Good to see you, Mandrake!" The doctor said with a smile. "Have a seat. You look bright and cheerful this morning!"

Mandrake recoiled like he had just discovered a snake under a rock. "I do?" Nothing could have distressed him and his Goth sensibilities more. He then looked down at himself, as if for the first time, and realized just how much pink he was wearing.

"So, has your skin rehydrated?" Dr. Angel asked, reviewing his notes. "It looks healthy."

"My skin? What?" The young man was still collecting himself from this most recent shock. "Uh... Yeah. Skin's okay." He was picking at the pink tights, unable to understand what had possessed him to wear them.

"Now that you've adjusted to the first round of skin nutrients, I have a second, stronger medication for you to use. Something that coats the whole face, and an appliqué to make sure your eyelashes don't start to fall out."

The doctor handed over something that looked suspiciously like a jar of foundation makeup and a tube of mascara.

"What am I supposed to do with this?"

"The instructions are included. Nothing difficult. Apply every morning and wash it off before bedtime," the doctor said. "And the throat?"

"A little scratchy, sometimes... I guess." His voice was in the higher register the doctor had told him to use, although it wasn't quite as high as Lane's.

The doctor was pleased with his answer. "It's a good thing you're modifying your voice, or who knows how bad that could have gotten. Keep up the good work."

Mandrake had been able to get away with his raised pitch simply because most people didn't talk to him. His aunt didn't interact with him except to provide food and pocket money, and at school he was mostly a social outcast. Even when he had to talk, he'd just mumble. Now with his apparent voice trouble, he just made "yes" and "no" humming noises, which unsurprisingly, was more than enough for him to get by.

"Um," Mandrake said, unsure of how he was going to say what he needed to say. "This is killing me. People make fun of me, I can't go anywhere, I think I'm losing my mind. Seriously. As in crazy."

The doctor already had a response ready for that. "Such as that may be, your health..."

"My health is also not feeling like I'm some kind of freak!" Mandrake countered. "I swear I'm gonna get beat up any day now for looking like this, and talking like this. And so is that jerk Lane. Not that he would tell you, 'cause he doesn't like to cause problems, but I think he's already been dropped in the trash a few times by the jocks. This is gonna get us killed."

The doctor leaned back in his chair, giving his patented 'deep thought' expression. "Let me see... Let me see..." He said as he brought his hands together in a contemplative gesture. "Social issues. Well, there are ways to mitigate that."

"What does 'mitigate' mean?" Mandrake asked.

The doctor pushed a button on the intercom. "Dora, call up the school district and have Mandrake and Lane transferred out to Mrs. Mendolson's."

"Right away doctor," Dora replied.

"That should do it," Dr. Angel said.

Mandrake was puzzled. "Do what?"

"Remove you from that social awkwardness. You're no longer going to that high school of yours. You're now students of Mrs. Mendolson's Finishing School."

"Huh?"

"And it starts this afternoon. So don't waste another moment, or you two will be late for your first class."

"Wait, can you do that? No, you can't! You can't just transfer us away from school!"

"I am a fully accredited doctor with the state education system. I have every authority to do so if I believe it's vital to your health. And I *do* believe that." He pulled out a business card from his desk. "So this is the school address. You'll find Mrs. Mendolson charming. But don't get on her bad side."

"I'm not going to any new school!"

"I think it's a little too late for that. Now, be on your way." The doctor made a flicking motion with his fingers.

"But..."

"I'll see you for your next appointment," Dr. Angel said, picking up some papers to read.

"This..."

"Oh, there is one more thing," the doctor put a pair of pink pumps on his desk. "You'll want to wear these. It's essential to prevent spinal curvature."

"You're out of your mind!" Mandrake yelled. "You're crazy!" He turned around and left, stumbling as he stepped back into the waiting room. He looked down to see what he had tripped on, to find that same pair of pink pumps on his feet. Just like the bracelets, the necklaces and the pink clothes, he had no memory of putting them on.

"I heard we have a new school!" Lane said, waiting for him. "Isn't that exciting?"

"*Auuugh!*" Mandrake yelled into the air.



Aaron was sitting back behind his desk, listening to his latest MP3 while polishing his new acrylic nails with a bright fuchsia lacquer. While on sick leave, Aaron had gone to the salon, where Bev had trimmed and styled his hair into a





chin-length bob cut in addition to giving him three-quarter inch fingernail extensions. He wasn't sure exactly why he had let her do them in such a girly fashion, but had to admit that he loved how they turned out.

It was his first day back to work after Doctor Angel had performed surgery a little more than a week-and-a-half ago. Like the dental surgery before it, the Doctor's work had left his face bruised. And also like the dental surgery, Aaron had a heavy layer of concealer and foundation to hide the discoloration. Aside

from fuller lips, his nose had been shortened and given a slight upturned, pert look.

Dora, when she saw him, said his new nose was as cute as a button. Aaron was more than pleased with that result, but less so with how his lips now appeared. Once thin, they were now plump pillows that involuntarily formed into a surprised “O.” They were slicked with a shiny gloss that matched his nail polish.

He had just finished his nails when the first patients of the day entered the clinic. “Hello, Ms. Deborah,” Aaron said as she walked up to the desk.

“Aaron darling,” she said with a merry chime to her voice. “You look positively fantastic. So sophisticated now. Stand up and let me get a good look.”

Aaron obliged the request, coming out into main part of the room to strike a pose for the auburn-haired woman.

“Oh my, I just love that uniform you have on. Especially with that fuller bosom,” she motioned at the recently augmented breasts that filled out the top of Aaron’s outfit. “Anthony really is an artist,” she continued, “I mean just look at what he’s done with my two boys,” she pointed at the two boys that Aaron had learned were her stepsons.

Today however, one would have expected them to be referred to as step-daughters, based on their appearances. Kenyon was dressed in a pair of tight-fitting black hot pants with a white bodysuit top that was cut with a deep V-neck, exposing his plump breasts from the inside out. His makeup was heavy and pretty, playing to his African ethnicity like the large ginger afro that balanced



above his head. A pair of black ankle boots with a four inch stacked heel adorned his feet. Dangling bracelets and earrings finished off his 'modern' style.

His younger brother was attired in a body hugging pvc mini-dress in bright purple, with black fishnet nylons. He was wearing the same five inch spike heeled aqua pumps with a two inch platform soles that he had been wearing weeks ago. The difference was, he now walked with a pronounced and confident hip sway that said 'I own this.' His hair was straight, lacquered close to his head in a page boy style that reached down to his shoulders. Like his brother, Trent's makeup was thick and dramatic. What stood out was his newly augmented breasts and bootie. The breasts had to be at least a double-E and his backside looked like two small beach balls.

"So is the Doctor ready to see my darlings, Kaneesha and Deshondra?" she asked.

Aaron did a double take as he glanced at the boys, then down at the file. "Oh," he replied, "I'm sorry Miss. Deborah, I thought their names were Kenyon and Trent."

Deborah laughed, "Don't apologize darling," she said, "That is what their names *were*, but I recently had them changed to better reflect the boys' new positions."

*They certainly don't look like any boys I've ever seen. With those breasts and in those outfits, they look more like street walkers*, he thought, pausing to look down at his *own* outfit.

*Omigosh!* he panicked, *So do I!*

His thoughts were broken when Deborah coughed and asked, "Well is he ready to see them?"

"Oh, sorry, of course. Please go right in," he answered, blushing.



Later in the week, on his typical Friday afternoon, Aaron was back in Doctor Carmine's office for another adjustment. The entire office staff just adored how he looked, and their compliments made him blush. As he was given girlish hugs and air kisses Aaron didn't notice that his male organ was staying unusually limp. In fact, it wasn't until the dentist walked into the exam room and told him how beautiful he looked that Aaron's groin began to twitch.

"Dora!" he gushed, "Look at you, you are gorgeous," Hector said barely containing his enthusiasm as he eyed Aaron over.

"Doctor?" he asked confused by the dentist's slip of the tongue.

"Sorry dear boy, I was thinking of something else," he tried to recover his flub, "How are things?"

"Doctor you have to do something," he began in a panicked tone. "I can't close my mouth fully an... and the gap is still there. I'm getting really worried. When will all this get fixed?"

"Open up and let me take a look," Dr. Hector said.

Aaron obeyed, and soon the dentist was looking over the inside of his painfully modified mouth.

"Okay," he finally reported, "No need to panic. Everything is coming along just as we planned. I think in another month or so you will see very positive results. Just be patient and trust me Aaron," the Dentist paused, placing his hand gently on Aaron's shoulder. "I know what I'm doing."

Dr. Carmine waited for Aaron to nod his acceptance, then made a few more adjustments before continuing his lecture, "Take an extra dose of the pain pills I prescribed if it becomes too much for you to bear, pain-wise."

Aaron nodded again before heading back to his apartment.



That evening, Aaron was in his bathroom waiting for the tub to fill. He was wearing matching emerald green panties and bra looking into the mirror. *I hope what Dr. Hector said is true, but I swear I can close my mouth even less tonight. My jaw is throbbing and I can't even smile. All I have is the same dumb-looking expression on my face,* he mused. *I don't know how I can manage two more months of this. Well, I've gone this far, I guess I have to trust him.*

After his bath, Aaron massaged Dr. Angel's special moisturizing lotion into his skin. The lotion left his skin looking pale and smooth. It smelled delightful, and made his skin incredibly soft, so he had continued to use it diligently as instructed. Finished with that daily task, he shivered in pleasure as the nylon and chiffon nightie settled around his torso and stepped into his three inch spike heeled slippers. He briefly tried to remember when he had started wearing heeled shoes around the house — it just seemed so natural now, that he couldn't imagine *not* doing it.

The doorbell rang. He had ordered a burrito for dinner, because he had nothing in the apartment he could eat without chewing. A nice soft tortilla with rice and beans was about as much as his aching jaw could handle.

Aaron gave himself one last glance in the mirror before opening the door. In the short-hemmed nightie and heeled shoes, with his skin so soft and smooth and hair free, there wasn't much of the 'old' Aaron left — and he wasn't exactly

certain who this *new* Aaron was. Or if the new Aaron was even an 'Aaron' at all. Aaron put on a silk robe and was busy fastening it as he strode over to answer the bell. He had picked up the money for the order, opened the door, and was about to hand the cash over when he froze.

"Hijo de la *chingada*!" Marco said, Aaron's old friend from the barrio. He was wearing a tired and grease-stained delivery uniform from the restaurant Aaron had ordered from, but that didn't stop the most wicked grin from crossing his stupid face. "Aaron! Mi amigo! I recognize you! Hey, how's it going?"

"Marco!" Aaron blurted out loud. Of all the people in the world, it had to be Marco who had come to deliver his dinner. Desperately, Aaron tried to close the door, putting all his weight into it, but his tall heels failed him, and Marco easily kept it open.

"So I was right. You are Aaron. You really are a chocha after all!" Marco said, advancing on Aaron. "Nice place!" He tossed the burrito away and closed the door behind him.

"I'll call the police!" Aaron said, as he kept his distance.

"Nah, you ain't gonna call nobody, got it? Afeminado? Maricón?" Aaron recognized the slang terms for 'sissy.' "You a high-class bitch for some faggot? Wait until I tell your aunt about this!"

"No, stay away!" Aaron kept retreating, knowing he didn't stand a chance of fighting Marco off.

"Look at you, all dressed up. I bet you were waiting for your lover! Hey, guess what, I got some cock right here you can suck." He thrust his hands forward, showing Aaron over and he landed on the floor. Marco unzipped his pants and whipped out his dick. "What do you think, eh? I bet you ain't seen one as big as mine, have you?"

Aaron tried to keep moving, scrambling away, but Marco gave him a solid kick.

"I asked you a question, puto. My cock is the greatest thing you've ever seen, isn't it?" He kicked again. "Tell me!"

"Uh... Uh..." Aaron had to gather himself. "It's big. Very big."

"It's more than you can take!" Marco shouted. "Let's see you try! Go on, you know you want to suck it!" He kicked Aaron in the leg. "Suck it!"

Aaron just laid there, paralyzed. He looked back and forth between Marco's surging phallus and Marco's fierce and twisted face.

Marco didn't want to wait. He leaned over, grabbed Aaron by the hair and pulled him up to his crotch. "Now!" He yelled.

As Marco pulled Aaron in even closer, a chime rang out. Aaron was fighting the much stronger man's control, but could only trash so much before the pain

of his hair tearing out was going to overwhelm him. Then the chime ran out a second time.

Marco stopped trying to pull Aaron in and used his free hand to fish out his phone from his pocket. He read the display. "You fucking missed out on the biggest cock you ever gonna get to blow, puto." He threw Aaron's head away, sending the effeminate young man sprawling on the floor, gasping and panting for air. "I got another delivery. I need this job more than I need to get sucked off by a faggot."

With Aaron on the floor, his clothes torn half off his body and barely able to think, Marco whipped used his phone to take a few pictures. "Everybody is gonna want to see these," he said. "Won't Maria Elliana be proud of her ahijado?"

He tucked the phone away and headed for the door. "Don't worry. Maybe I'll be back, eh? If you're lucky, huh?"



Aaron spent the night curled up in his bed, sobbing to himself. He had never felt so powerless. His mind was a mess of horrific images, from the anger in Marco's face to imaging the horror on Maria Elliana's, if she ever did see those pictures.

All Aaron could do was to try and let his music player wash away his anguish, and try to fall asleep. It didn't help that his jawbone was throbbing in pain.

The next day, he timidly asked Doctor Angel if he knew anything about the healing process of his jawbone.

"It's not that I don't believe Dr. Hector," he began, "It's just that things seem to be getting worse instead of better. And every time I ask about it, he seems to blow me off. I'm just worried that my jaw will never get better and I'll be left with this stupid gap forever. What's worse, I can't even close my mouth anymore."

Doctor Angel nodded his head as the young former bookkeeper lamented the state of his mouth. He was trying not to smile, knowing full well that his jaw was being set to take the exact shape it was taking, and would never reset back to what Aaron had been hoping for.

"I'll tell you what, Aaron," Anthony said, finally. "I'll have a talk with Dr. Hector and see if he can come over and explain things better. I think with both of us in the room, we can better show you what you can expect in the future. Is that okay with you?" Doc replied with a leering smile.

"Okay," Aaron replied feeling relieved, but a little worried at the same time. "I really like Dr. Hector and hope this doesn't hurt his feelings," he thought.

Later that afternoon, Dr. Hector Carmine arrived at Dr. Angel's Clinic. Both men seemed uncharacteristically cheerful, smiling broadly as Aaron entered the room. "Beautiful," Hector said in a low voice as Aaron sashayed in on his tall platform heels.

He wasn't sure what the Dentist was talking about, but was certainly pleased to see him there. He had been feeling a little better since Doctor Angel had given him a new set of pain pills — and a new playlist for his MP3 player. He giggled as the two doctors asked him to turn and shut the door.

"Oh, okay." For some reason it seemed funny to him that he hadn't thought of shutting it when he entered.

"Now lock it," Dr. Angel commanded.

"Yes, Sir," Aaron complied, pressing the locking mechanism on the door handle. It was pretty standard for the doctor to lock the door of an exam room — especially when he was examining some of the boys that came into his clinic, so it didn't seem out of place.

"So I understand that you are having some issues with your jaw still?" Hector asked.

Aaron nodded, "Yes Sir, it's impossible to close, and that gap hasn't gone away, and it's so sore sometimes... I..." his voice trailed off as he lost his initiative.

"Did you take the extra pills like I instructed?" Hector asked.

"Yes Sir," Aaron replied. "They've made me a little..." he paused and giggled. "A little tipsy, but I still feel pain from time to time. I just want to know when the gap will be fixed like you promised," he finished with a whine.

"Whoa, there!" the dentist recoiled, "Nobody promised anybody anything. I simply said that it was a possibility."

Aaron looked confused, "But... but..." he stammered, "I thought you said th..."

"Well you thought wrong then, *darling*," Dr. Angel interjected. "In fact, there shouldn't be any thoughts floating around in that pretty little head of yours at all," he grinned. "The only thing that you should be *thinking* about is being a happy little receptionist, and by being happy — I mean you should be making my clients happy too."

Aaron nodded, as if in a trance-like-state, the keyword having been spoken, coupled with the imprinted messaging left by the new MP3 playlist *and* the dosing of specialty meds. Meds designed to modify Aaron's thinking from one of a young bookkeeper, to one of a young pleasure toy.

"That is what you want, isn't it?" Doctor Hector asked rhetorically.

Aaron nodded again.

“Good,” Hector said, turning to Anthony, “Then I think we should do a thorough exam to see how all of pretty Aaron’s treatments and surgeries have gone, and what we still have yet to do, yes?”

Dr. Angel nodded, and the two doctors donned their examination masks. Anthony then slowly slid his hand up under Aaron’s skirt, gently lowering his panties over the tops of his stockings. Hector peered over and inspected the work that had been done on Aaron’s buttocks, turning them into perfect, round, tight spheres.





“Wonderful!” he exclaimed as he took hold of Aaron’s head, and started to push it down to the point the young sissified bookkeeper was practically bent over.

“That’s quite the breast,” Anthony moaned as he wrapped his hand around the D-cups he had installed in Aaron. Aaron moaned as the Doc pinched and caressed his enlarged nipple. Then Aaron heard an unexpected sound — it was a zipper. Two of them, to be exact, simultaneously being lowered, followed by the sounds of the plastic surgeon’s belt being unbuckled. Seconds later, Aaron felt something pressing into him as the Doctor’s fingers applied a healthy dollop of lubricant to his rosebud.

Aaron’s focus returned to what was in front of him as Doctor Hector’s surgical greens lowered before him. Soon, Aaron learned why his jaw had taken on such a rounded O-inspired shape, as he happily accepted what the Doctor was ‘prescribing’ him. He felt his jaw muscles respond automatically as they contracted around the Dentist’s most important tool. His mind drifted off as warm comfort washed over and into him.

Sometime soon after that, things began to blur. Before too long, Aaron found himself in the room alone, laying on the recovery bed. His head was pounding and his mouth and throat were sore, as was his rear. He recalled what he thought had happened — the two Doctors using him sexually — but with his memory so hazy, he couldn’t be certain. He heard the door to the exam room open as Dora peeked her head in to check on him.

“How do you feel?” she asked.

He tried to smile but his lips stayed in their surprised “O” shape. “I... I don’t know,” he managed, “What happened?”

“The extra pain meds you were on made you a little extra loopy during your consultation with the two doctors,” Dora replied. “Doc called me in to cover for you when you passed out.”

Doc Angel popped his head into the doorway. “Oh good, you’re awake,” Doc said. “Those meds really messed around with your head my dear boy. Do you remember anything?”

Aaron’s head was swimming with images of Doc thrusting into him from behind — what was worse, in his memory it felt incredible. But surely, it hadn’t really happened, had it? It was some kind of pain-pill-induced hallucination, wasn’t it?

“Not really,” Aaron said finally, “It’s all kind of a blur.”

“Ahh,” he nodded, “Well, I know that Hector made a few adjustments on your mouth, so you might have a few sore spots there that you didn’t have before. But bottom line, you’re doing well, and he expects you to be in perfect condition shortly,” the doctor said.

Aaron nodded again. His memory of Doctor Hector's 'adjustment' of his jaw was so vivid, he could practically feel the Doctor's phallus sliding into his mouth. His eyes fluttered as his O-shaped jaw flexed wantonly.

"I think somebody might need a little more adjustment," Dora giggled to Doc Angel.

"Don't worry Dora," Anthony replied. "There will be *plenty* of time for our darling's mouth to be adjusted in the future," he said knowingly.

Aaron snapped out of his trance and blushed, realizing how odd he must have looked to the other two. "Sorry Doc," he whispered, "I must really be out of it. Thank you for having Doctor Hector come here to adjust me. I wish I could remember what he said."

"It was my pleasure," Angel replied. "As for Hector, he recommended that you exercise that jaw to build the muscles back up. He left some training tools with Dora," he said looking over at his long-time assistant. "He also suggested that I give a week off to finish your recovery. He thinks that maybe I pushed you too fast to return to work, and that it might have set back your recovery slightly. So take the week off and work on your exercises and on getting better." He delivered a patented reassuring doctor-like smile and then turned towards the door, "Now if you two will excuse me, I have other patients to attend too. I'll leave you in the good hands of Dora here. It was a good thing she was available to step in." Dora nodded. "Be sure to get more of your mother's special medicine before you leave dear." Dora nodded again.

Dora hovered over him as they were left alone. From her satchel purse she took a thick black rubber cylinder, approximately eight inches in length, which she handed to a very confused Aaron.

"What's this?" he asked.

"It's what you're going to use to exercise that jaw of yours," she replied with a gleeful smile. "Just place it in your mouth and close your lips around it."

Aaron reluctantly obliged, sliding the black sex object between his lips, not realizing what it actually was. His "O" shaped lips naturally wrapped around the thick shaft of the cylinder as he gave it a quick suck. Suddenly, the hazy memory of Dr. Hector's manhood in Aaron's mouth came rushing back to him. He moaned softly, his eyes fluttering. "Mmmmmph," Aaron said looking over at Dora. The woman smiled and giggled at his reaction.

"Sorry Dora," he said finally, removing the dong from his mouth, "I don't know what's getting into me."

"You're just not used to it yet," she said smiling, "I promise darling, that if you keep practicing on that thing, the next time you see Dr. Hector you'll be on your knees thanking him," Dora assured him.

Aaron nodded and popped the rubber phallus back into between his pouty lips while Dora watched intently. She knew that it was true, that the poor boy-turned-sissy would spend a lot of time on his knees in the future, 'thanking' plenty of men.



Later that day, whatever misgivings Aaron had about his exercises began to disappear. He was in the middle of taking his bubble bath when he cupped one of his new breasts. He let his thumb rub across the nipple. He was pleasantly surprised when it stiffly erected and sent a delicious sensation into his brain. The feeling was so good he grabbed the black dildo-shaped training tool and slipped it into his mouth.

"Oooohhhh myyyyy!" He cried out. *Dora was so right. This feels absolutely wonderful*, he thought as he began to writhe around in the tub. His head became cloudy as he touched his breast and suckled on the rubber toy. He slipped into a trance-like state. Reaching into the box from where the toy had come, he retrieved a second, smaller cone-shaped black rubber object. Dora had told him that when the moment was right, he would know what to do with it.

The moment was right — now. As the tip pressed against his rear, he shuddered, wiggling his cute tush as he pressed the object deeper and deeper. Aaron let out a long muffled moan as he caressed the nipples of both his expanded breasts, with both of his holes now stuffed with tender soft rubber.



Over the course of the week that followed, while Aaron was off, Dora would pop in to the apartment periodically to reinforce his growing feminine mannerisms and behavior. She convinced Aaron to only wear brightly colored, high gloss pink lipsticks by showing him how they drew attention to his face. Using a healthy helping of mascara, false lashes, thick eyeliner and extra eyeshadow was going to be of benefit to his skin because of the built-in moisturizers in those products, she had told him. "And besides," she had reasoned, "It's not like anyone is watching you here."

If only Aaron had known how incorrect a statement that was, as the micro cameras hidden throughout the living space were constantly monitoring Aaron, watched by both Dr. Angel and Deborah herself.

Dora had also introduced Aaron to the necessity of douching to keep his cute little bottom clean and fresh, and most importantly, Dora made sure he

listened to his music even while asleep.

The MP3 player had imbedded messages that over time had made him accept all the changes to his body and behavior. Now, the player was working on changing his intelligence level to one much lower. Within the week, Aaron's brain power would only be concerned with looking as beautiful as possible, the latest fashions and Hollywood gossip, and when that program had been completed, the player would be updated with a new playlist that would begin to make permanent shift in his sexual orientation.



So when Aaron entered the office that following Monday morning in his white nurse's uniform with the flirty skirt, he was exceedingly happy to get back to work. He had continued to wear the gaudy moisturizing makeup that Dora had instructed him to wear, as it seemed strange now to be without it. "Gee, I hope I'm not overdoing it," he mused aloud as he looked at his reflection. He bent forward slightly to expose a flash of his purple satin bra that held his surgically enhanced boobies in place.

"Overdoing it?" he giggled, "Hardly, it's like like Dora says, if you got it, flaunt it."

Sitting at his desk, Aaron placed his purse into the bottom drawer before he turned on his computer.

"Good morning Dora. I must say you are looking positively radiant this morning." Doctor Angel said, smiling. "Hector was right, that extra time off has done you wonders!"

Aaron looked confused, "Um, Doctor, I don't understand. I'm Aaron," the boy said.

"I... Oh dear me," Anthony Angel said, "My mistake. Pardon me."

Aaron shrugged, *Dora is kind of my role model, in a way. Being confused with her isn't such a bad thing, I guess*, he thought, as he opened the "Glamor" magazine he'd brought with him and stuck his earbuds into his ears.

*You love being a girlie girl and looking beautiful, came from his MP3 player. To be the best girlie-girl, all your thoughts must be on doing everything you can to be the most feminine kind of girl. Keeping up with the latest fashions and hairstyles is more important than silly accounting. There isn't anything you won't do to be a girlie girl. You become enthralled whenever a man touches you. You live to be loved. Your destiny is to be the girl the doctor wants you to be.*" All these messages went unheard by Aaron's ears but became deeply implanted in his thinking.



Over the following weeks, Aaron became more and more accustomed to being known as the cute secretary at the front desk. He loved wearing sexy lingerie and cute outfits, although as a receptionist, he really didn't have that much to do. He would spend his time at work perusing all the women's magazines in the office, doing his nails or repairing his makeup. His weekly visits to the dentist couldn't come soon enough. Yes, the way his mouth stayed in that "O" shape and wouldn't shut completely still bothered him a little. But thanks to his regular usage of the black 'exercise rod,' as he called it, the pain in his mouth was less and less with each passing day.

Aaron also found that being near Dr. Hector seemed to fill him with joy and banished any worries. On his last visit, he impulsively hugged and kissed him on the cheek before leaving.

"Oh I'm sorry doctor... I..I didn't mean to be so forward," Aaron said, blushing.

"My darling, that's quite alright," the dentist replied, pulling Aaron close in a tight embrace and kissing him full on the lips.

Aaron recoiled from the kiss, then smiled as wide as his rounded mouth would let him. He had never been kissed by a man before — and had expected to feel repulsed by what had happened — but he didn't. What he felt was like a thousand butterflies flitting around in his stomach making him giddy.

"Perhaps *that* was a little forward of *me*," Hector grinned, "But I suspect that you were fine with it."

Aaron nodded, giggling and feeling light as air.

Back at the clinic, Aaron was recounting his encounter with Hector, with Dora. "And then he kissed me! On the lips! And then he asked me to go out! I

can't believe it! Oh dear, what am I going to wear? He's taking me to a club for dinner tomorrow night, and I haven't got a thing to put on!" he chirped.

"That sounds like a shopping trip to me!" Dora exclaimed.

"Can you come with me?" Aaron asked exuberantly.

"Sorry hun," Dora replied, "I've got to meet the Doctor to get more of Mother's prescription. But don't worry darling, you'll be just fine! You've developed a great sense of style. Just be sure to listen to that little voice inside your head"

Later that day, in Macy's women's wear, Aaron was at a loss. That little voice inside his head was mute. In the past, whenever he had gone shopping, Dora had been there to help. He left the store in a funk, but paused as he passed a display of fashion magazines at the mall's newsstand. It jogged his memory sufficiently to remind him of an article he had read about the importance of having a 'little black dress to really impress.'

And thats when he heard his little voice for the first time, telling him in a sweet and confident voice that he needed to 'get back in there and pick the perfect little dress!'

So with the help of a few sales associates, Aaron took the next two hours to select the perfect 'LBD' — except instead of black, he settled on what that was more in his favorite color... pink. Hot pink. It was a cute low back mid-thigh dress, with capped short sleeves and a scooped neckline that revealed just the right amount of cleavage without being immodest. What he really liked about it was that depending on the light, the pink seemed to shine like it was liquid.

*That took longer than I thought, but oh, so worth it. Now for some lingerie and heels to go with it,* he thought heading to the intimates store.

It took Aaron almost as long to select the perfect set of lingerie. He just couldn't decide on what looked sexier. One set featured a European lace balconette uplift bra with wide-set straps in a bright pink fern pattern and white highlights. A satin balconette in baby pink and the third an unlined lace demi bra in a delicate rose motif. In the end he couldn't decide and purchased all three with the matching embroidered garter belts, panties and smooth thigh high stockings to go with them.

It didn't take nearly as long to find the required heels. White patent leather knee high boots with a pointed toe and four inch spike heel. They were a bit tight but he didn't care they made his legs look super-hot. While there he purchased a matching white sequined encrusted clutch purse that was super cute.

*Golly, I spent almost all of my savings on this but so worth it if Hector likes it,* he thought leaving the store.

Saturday couldn't arrive fast enough. After a leisurely bubble bath, he still wasn't sure what lingerie to wear. After changing his mind several times he decided on the baby-pink balconette set. His new breasts looked amazing nestled in the satin cups of the bra and the wide embroidered garter belt brought his thin waist in another inch. Carefully, he kneaded the sheer soft-pink stockings up his legs and attached them to the garter tabs. As he slid the hip hugger matching panties up his legs a shiver of delight ran up his spine.

Putting on the boots, Aaron sat down at the vanity in his room to apply a heavy evening makeup using a lustrous bubble-gum lipstick to finish it off.

He was humming happily as the little pink dress slid down his torso. A tug here and a pull there and the dress settled snugly against his body. Reaching up he cupped his breasts in his palms and jiggled them.

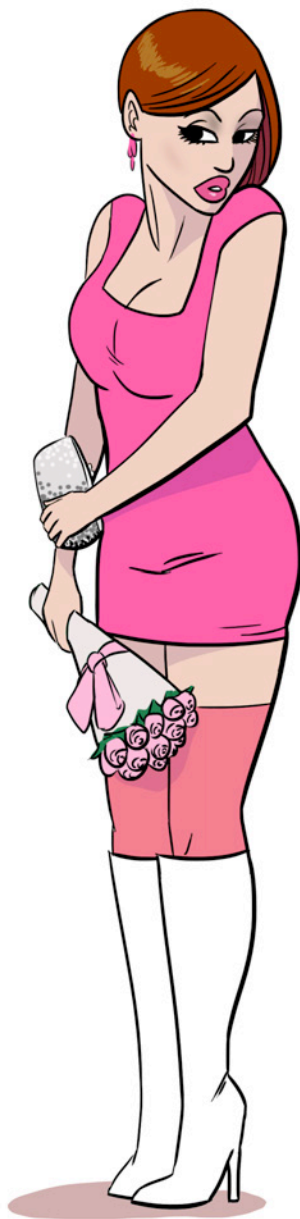
*Just like ripe cantaloupes waiting to be picked, he thought. I hope Hector feels the same way. Now all I need is that double strand of faux pearls, and matching earrings.*

When the doorbell rang it took all of Aaron's willpower not to rush to answer it. He took a deep breath, counting to twenty before flapping his wrists to calm his nerves. Then slowly, he exhaled before opening the door. Hector was all smiles as he viewed his Aaron. In his hand were a dozen hot pink roses.

Aaron gasped at the sight of the thoughtful gesture and accepted the bouquet, hugging them close as if he had just won a prize.

"Darling, you take my breath away," the dentist said smiling from ear to ear.

Aaron felt himself melting away, shifting into full girly-girl mode as he threw his hands around Hector's neck and kissed him deeply. Feeling Hector's tongue wiggling in his mouth made Aaron feel



like moaning, but instead he sucked at it greedily. There was just something about this man that made his toes curl.

The club turned out to be one of the city's more exclusive ones but Aaron didn't remember much. Yes, the lobster was a new experience and the band playing was nice, but all he could think about was Hector. Picking up the salad fork, he made sure to bend over the table exposing more of his mounds to Hector, as he stole a bite from the dentist's plate teasingly.

*I don't think his smile can get any bigger. It looks like he's enjoying the view,* Aaron thought happily.

From that point on, everything went by in a whirl of new experiences and pleasure. After dinner they danced between enjoyable glasses of champagne. Having Hector's hands pressing the bared flesh of his back and rubbing his bottom sent Aaron into a magical spin of happiness. Between the sensual touching as they danced and the golden bubbly, Aaron was on the biggest high of his life. Every time Hector said "darling," which he did often sent tingles of delight rushing up Aaron's spine.

*This must be what love feels like,* Aaron thought as they danced. *Gosh, how could I be in love with another man? Could Hector feel the same? How could he? Is he just being polite because he knows I'm a guy too? Oh, what am I going to do?"*

Aaron's question was answered once they arrived back at his apartment. The door was not shut more than two minutes when Aaron was on his knees, unbuttoning and unzipping Hector's pants. It was then that he realized that the episode earlier at Doc Angel's clinic hadn't been a hazy dream after all, as Doctor Hector's familiar manhood filled his rounded mouth in a perfect fit.



Aaron sat behind his desk chewing his bubble gum and humming along with the tune playing on his MP3. He was very content as he flipped through the pages of *The National Enquirer*. He was happy for many reasons.

Aaron was seeing Hector on a much more regular basis than their weekly 'adjustment' at his office upstairs. While nothing much happened at those appointments to improve Aaron's jaw structure, he did leave with his mouth feeling full and useful and his knees slightly sore. In addition, Hector would take the former young man on impromptu dates to different clubs and restaurants around the city, and while those dates weren't as fancy as the first one had been, each one seemed more romantic than the last.

The only thing bringing Aaron down was the absence of Dora. They had grown so close over the past several weeks and months, it was like they were



sisters. More and more, Aaron found himself patterning himself after Dora, and wanting to be just like her. It was a silly thought, but at times Aaron wished he could be Dora. Unfortunately, he hadn't seen her in a long time. She left a note that she would be working with Ms. Deborah on a surprise for Dr. Angel, and would be gone for a while, but that was Aaron knew.

He looked up from his tabloid to check the clock. Only a few more hours and his day would be done. Aaron's heart rate jumped a bit in anticipation.

"I... Uh..." A voice said.

Aaron looked to see a girl standing next to the desk, who had been quiet enough to not be seen until right now. She was dressed in a uniform jacket and skirt and hair pulled back in a bun. The two just looked at each other, expecting the other to do something.

"I have an appointment?" the girl said, finally — and nervously.

"Oh! Uh, name?" Aaron asked.

"Mandrake Holcombe," was the reply.

Aaron's eyes gave away his shock. He never would have guessed. The last time he had seen Mandrake, he was some kind of metal goth character. The person in front of him was in a schoolgirl uniform, a rose-colored jacket, pink tartan skirt and pastel pink blouse. He had pink lipstick, long lashes and dark auburn hair. He spoke with a sing-songy feminine tone. He also looked extremely insecure. "I didn't recognize you, Mandrake," Aaron said.

"Do I know you?" Mandrake replied.

*That was life at Dr. Angel's Clinic*, Aaron thought to himself. "It's not important. Let me see if the doctor is available. Why don't you have a seat?"

"Thank you," he said, tugging at the sides of his skirt, crossing his legs and curtseying. He stepped away and found a chair, folding his hands in his lap demurely.

"Mandy? Where'd you go?" Came a voice from the doorway, as a young woman in a similar outfit to Mandrake's came in. "There you are!" She said, in a playfully squeaky voice and a giggle. "You aren't ashamed to be seen with me, are you?"

The girl in the doorway was in the same kind of uniform as Mandrake. She was darkly tanned and blonde, wearing a thick layer of makeup, and had a goofy, vapid expression on her face.

"Can I help you?" Aaron asked.

"Yah!" The girl replied. "Um, like... I'm here for my thingy?"

Aaron figured that meant she had an appointment. "What's your name?"

"Lainey. Lainey Lainey Lainey." She twirled a strand of hair with her finger as her attention drifted away.

Aaron was about to ask her to spell it, because he couldn't find it in the schedule. Then he did what he should always do at the Clinic and typed in the male version of the name. "Here it is. You'll be after Mandrake."

"Awesome!" Lane replied. He sat right next to his friend. "Mrs. Mendolson was so, y'know, like, skeeved that you left without asking."

"I hate Mrs. Mendolson," Mandrake replied, sullenly. "She's horrible."

"Well, I like her!" Lane bubbled. "She never gives me any hard work, so I don't get headaches 'cuz I don't have to think or anything! And she has the best coloring books!"

"So happy for you."

"Thanks!"

"I hate wearing these uniforms. They're for girls! I don't care what she says, this isn't a kilt, it's a skirt!" Mandrake sighed.



"You finally shaved your legs!" Lane observed.

"Mrs. Mendolson made me," Mandrake said, still sulking. "Why can't we go back to our old school?"

"Oh, yeah! What was it called again?" Lane said, puzzled.

Mandrake was just as flummoxed. "I... Um... Forget..." The memories of their lives before going to Mrs. Mendolson's were quickly fading away.

"Mandy?" Aaron called out. "I mean... Mandrake? You can see the doctor now."

The young man stood and straightened his skirt. "Thank you, miss," he said as he left for the office, taking short, measured steps in his pink high heel mary-janes. He knocked on the door.

"Come in," Dr. Angel said.

Mandrake went in and curtsied for the doctor, and waited for the invitation to sit. His constant, never-ending lessons on decorum and manners that Mrs. Mendolson had put him through had clearly had an effect on him, and he was unable to behave in any other way than to be unfailingly polite.

"Please," the doctor said, offering Mandrake his usual chair. As Mandrake sat, careful to manage his skirt, he pressed his knees together and sighed.

"Doctor, please, you just have to help me!" Mandrake said, in a breathy, girlish voice. "I can't stand another minute of this!"

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"Look at me!" Mandrake said. Actually, it might be more accurately described as a whine. "I'm wearing girls' clothes! I look ridiculous!"

That wasn't really true. He looked and sounded like a perfectly normal young schoolgirl, not ridiculous at all. Understandably, that wasn't really the look he had been going for in his life.

"Ridiculous? How so?" The doctor asked.

"Wuh... I..." Mandrake frantically gestured to the various parts of his clothes as he blurted his words out. "This... The... And..." Finally he pointed to his face, with what appeared to be lipstick, foundation and mascara. "Everything!" He finally said.

"I see, I see," Dr. Angle replied, nodding and rubbing his chin. "I can certainly understand that the uniform at Mrs. Mendolson's could be interpreted as somewhat feminine. Especially the kilt."

"It's a skirt!" Mandrake repeated, gripping the arms of his chair to keep himself from jumping out of it. "And no matter what I do, she won't let me stop wearing it or even cut my hair... I hate her! I hate my life!"

"Well, this isn't really my specialty," the doctor said. "More of a matter for a qualified therapist, really."

"Mrs. Mendolson isn't a real teacher, anyway. All she does is drill me on how to 'comport myself' and telling me to learn 'proper manners.' Why can't she just let up? She's always on my case about something. The way I talk, the words I use, the way I walk, the way I dress, the way I do my hair, how I do my skin treatments... Can I just go back to my old school?"

"I am not going to be responsible for you being abused by the bullies at your former school. Professionally, it would be irresponsible of me. However, I can change your prescription, if you think that might help."

"Yes!" Mandrake replied, eagerly. "Anything!"

"You can stop using the skin treatments," the doctor said. That was because they had already done their medical magic, softening Mandrake's skin, growing and thickening his eyelashes and dying his lips a rose color. The 'prescription' cosmetics had been laced with hormones and drugs. "But I'm still very concerned about you, especially your skin. You show all the signs of a classic case of follicular rejection syndrome."

"Is it serious?"

"If left untreated, it could lead to spontaneous epidermic thrombosis. The skin could cause your blood to coagulate all over your body, unleashing clots that go to your brain and give you stroke after stroke after stroke."

"Oh, God!" Mandrake yelped. "Could it kill me?"

"Only if you're lucky."

"Is there any cure?"

"No cure, but the treatment is solid. First, you'll want to have all your body hair removed, as well as beard hair. That will minimize the chances of something unpredictable happening. I'll give you a reference for electrolysis technicians in the area."

"What about my head hair?"

"Let that grow as long as you can tolerate it. The less trauma caused by haircutting, the better. Now, you'll also need to wear a monitoring device to make sure your vital signs are steady. Follicular rejection syndrome can strike quickly, so you will need to carry this at all times." The doctor put a small cube on the desk, bursting with wires and blinking lights. It made a humming noise and vibrated. On one side, a gear was turning slowly. "Just keeping this near you will do the trick."

"That?" Mandrake was clearly apprehensive at carrying it around. It was big, obnoxious and obvious. "For how long?"

"For the foreseeable future. Ten years, tops."

“Ten years? Carrying that?”

“Ah, yes. Well, some of my patients have reported feeling awkward when carrying this vital, life-saving medical device around. That’s why we developed a carrying case that will make it less obtrusive.” The doctor picked a small mass of fur from his desk drawer and put the vibrating, blinking cube inside of it. “There you go.” He handed it over.

“It’s a teddy bear.” The carrying case was a brown classic teddy bear.

“You’ll want to clutch it close to you, so the sensors can detect your vital signs, and carry it at all times. Never let it go.”

“A teddy bear?” Mandrake questioned again.

“It’s name is Mr. Boodles.”

Mandrake took the bear and just stared at it. “For ten years?”

“In addition to that, you’ll also need constant medication. Keeping your blood sugar at the proper level will be vital to stop your blood from clotting.” The doctor took out a large plastic sleeve from his desk and held it, tearing the top off. “This will deliver a prescribed dosage of glucose that will keep your disaccharides and monosaccharides at nominal levels.” The doctor turned the envelope upside-down and a giant disk with a stick attached to it came spilling out. “You may need to use two hands to hold it.”

“A lollipop?” Mandrake questioned. Indeed, it was a giant lollipop, eight inches in diameter.

“It may look like a lollipop, but it is a state-of-the-art pharmaceutical tool of modern medicine.” He offered it to Mandrake, who had to tuck the teddy bear under his arm and hold the stick with both hands because it was so large. “You want to lick it every few seconds. One dosage a day, and finish it completely. Constant licking is vital. Once every ten to fifteen seconds, at least.”

“But doctor...”

“No need to thank me!” Dr. Angel said. “This is what makes my job worthwhile. I’ll see you next time,” the doctor said. “If you’ll excuse me.” He put his head down and started to scribble something on a pad of paper. He simultaneously picked up the phone and began to talk into it.

That left Mandrake with nothing else to do but get up and leave.

“He’s so cute!” Lane proclaimed as Mandrake returned to the waiting room. He patted the teddy bear on the head. “What’s his name?”

“Uh... Mr. Boodles.” Mandrake decided he had better get started, and gave his lolly a lick. He didn’t think it tasted like a medical lollipop, but he kept licking anyway. After all, he wasn’t a doctor, and didn’t want to risk his life. Besides, the subliminal messaging from his music wasn’t going to let him think straight anyway.

"You're next, Lainey," Aaron said.

"Okie-dokie!" Lane said, and left Mandrake standing there, licking his absurdly large lollipop and hugging his teddy bear.

"You look very healthy, Lainey," the doctor said upon seeing him for the first time. "Glowing, as a matter of fact."

Lane held up his arm and looked at it, expecting to see it radiating light. "Glowing?"

"It's just a saying," the doctor clarified. "Well, I'm glad to see that my advice of not thinking too hard has served you so well."

"My headaches are gone-y gone-gone!" Lane proclaimed with a big smile. "No more thinky-poo for me!"

"Well done. Keep it up," Dr. Angel said. "And the smiling helps too, I hope."

"I'm smiling because I'm happy!" Lane said.

"Yes. Yes indeed."

"And I'm happy because I'm smiling!"

"You should probably stop wearing those glasses as well. You can hand them to me."

Lane removed the english-rim glasses and haltingly gave them to the doctor. "But I won't be able to read!"

"Do you read now?"

"No, I guess not," Lane replied, with a giggle.

Dr. Angel nodded. He reflected that if every patient of his reacted as well as this one to Deborah's subliminals, his job would be so much easier. "Now, you are letting enough oxygen nourish the skin, aren't you?"

"Huh?"

"Keeping your skin in contact with the open air is vital."

"I don't remember if you told me to..."

"Regardless," the doctor cut Lane off, "You need to ensure exposure to the air at all times. Stand up for me, please."

Lane wobbled as he stood upright.

"Now," the said as the doctor used his pen to point at Lane, "Right there. Your shirt is covering up your entire torso. Tie that shirt off at the ribcage to expose your midriff."

Lane hurriedly untucked his shirt and tied the front tails into a knot that ended just under his chest. "Like this?"

"That's good. But your skir... er... *Kilt* is far too large. You need to expose as much as your legs as possible."

"What should I do?" Lane asked, worried.

"Hike that thing up."

"How high?"

"Just keep going. I'll tell you when to stop."

As Lane rolled up the top of his 'kilt' he kept glancing at the doctor to see when he was going to say something, but he just kept silent. "Now?" He asked.

"Turn around," the doctor instructed. "Now bend over." Lane did as told, and as he bent over, exposed his briefs. "That's about right," Dr. Angel said. "You can stand up. Now remember, always expose as much skin as decency will allow. It's for your health, you know."

As Lane stood up, the skirt he was wearing was so dangerously short that it threatened to expose his masculinity in the lightest breeze. But Lane was happy, because the doctor was happy. "Can I sit down?" Lane asked.

"Please do and..." Alarmed, the doctor jumped up right out of his chair. "Oh my dear God!" He exclaimed.

"What?" Lane answered, scared out of his mind.

"Your spinal alignment is in critical prolapse!"

"My spine again? But the shoes..." Lane looked down at the four-inch spiked white heels he had worn every day since his last appointment.

"The shoes have helped, but the situation is no longer correctable by heels alone! Your spine may just rupture at any moment, without the proper counter-balancing weight!"

Lane froze, too scared to move. "Can't I just lean forward or...?"

"This is a emergency situation! We can't wait another minute," Dr. Angel said. He hastily picked up his phone. "Aaron, prepare the operating theater for emergency surgery!"

"Oh no!" Lane gasped.

"Lainey, I don't want to alarm you, but if we don't counter-balance your weight immediately, your spine may twist, crumble or simply burst into dust and leave you paralyzed for life. We've got to operate right now!"

"What are you going to do?" Lane wailed.

"We'll insert these counter-balancing weights on your chest," the doctor explained. He placed two clear gel bags full of silicone, in some ridiculous size between double-D and triple-Z on his desk. Indeed, the Asian grey market was the only place he could find these particular items, as they had been outlawed in in US.

"Will it fix the problem?"

"It's your only chance!" Dr. Angel said. "We need to get you to the operating room right away!"

"These look like breasts," Lane said, looking at the clear blobs on the desk.

The doctor slammed his fist on the desk, jarring Lane. "There's no time for this!"

Back out at the desk, a woman in a simple low-cut white blouse, navy skirt and black stockings appeared, timidly walking into the office in her two-inch heels. She was pushing a baby carriage with a very young occupant in it.

"Ello?" The woman said in a voice that sounded like a very strained falsetto. "Eez anyone 'ere?" It was a thick French accent she used.

"There's some kind of emergency," Mandrake said, seated at the far wall, licking his lollipop. "They'll be back in a second."

"Oh," the woman replied. "I will wait, I guess." She sat at the other end of the waiting room, looking extremely nervous, and casually rocking the carriage back and forth.

Curious, Mandrake peered over the top of his lollipop to get a better look at her. He was sure he'd seen this woman before, somewhere. The French accent though, was throwing him.

The woman, for her part, was also looking back at Mandrake, although she was trying to disguise her interest in the girl across the way. Something about her was familiar. The lollipop and teddy bear was appropriate for a very young girl, but this person was much taller than that. She couldn't place her at all, though she knew the face from something.





"Welcome to Dr. Angel's Clinic," Aaron said, as he returned to the desk. He peeled off two rubber gloves and tossed them in the waste. "Do you have an appointment to see the doctor?"

"Oui," the woman replied, as she rose.

"Name?" Aaron asked.

"Eet eez..." She bent over and whispered. "Reek Brahdfeerd."

Aaron hadn't seen Mr. Bradford for a while, and the change was dramatic. He was half the size, by weight, and squeezed into a fetching, albeit very plain, feminine outfit. His hair had been styled into a pleasingly curly bob and he had a carefully made up face. He looked like a perfectly convincing normal woman in her mid-thirties, but at the same time, it was definitely Rick Bradford.

Just another client of Dr. Angel, in other words. Aaron had no explanation for the accent, though.

"The doctor is cleaning up from surgery," Aaron explained. "He'll be with you in just a moment."

"Merci," Mr. Bradford replied. "Oh, pardon moi, ees Madame Jackson 'ere yet?"

Aaron hook his head. "No, are you expecting her?"

Bradford nodded. "I theenk so, oui."

About twenty minutes later, Rick Bradford was shown in to Dr. Angel's office as a heavily drugged Lane was wheeled past in a wheelchair. Bradford didn't notice him though, as he was still looking around for Deborah Jackson, who was nowhere to be seen.

"Good to see you! How goes things?" Dr. Angel said. "No complications, I hope."

Cradling his baby in his arms, Rick Bradford stepped into the doctor's office. "As you see, I am the family nanny," Rick said, in his new accent. But as soon as the door closed behind him, he cleared his throat. "Sorry for the accent," he said in his natural voice. "It's part of the cover. Deborah could only get me the appropriate identification papers of a French woman: 'Bernadette Lemarie.' I have to keep up the act in public."

"Understood," the doctor said. "So all is well with the plan?"

"Well..." Rick looked down an the baby in his arms. "Things have changed. Have you seen Deborah lately? I haven't been able to get in touch with her. She changed her number and I can't get past the security in her building."

"Deborah? I saw her just recently. But I'm not able to help you with that. That's a personal issue. I'm here to focus on..."

"Seriously," Rick said, starting to get really nervous. "I do need to get into contact with her. Please, I'm desperate. Could I leave a message?"

"We can talk about that later. I'm here to be your doctor."

Rick Bradford was reluctant to drop the subject. "I just have to get her help. I gave her all my old IDs and trusted that I could get them back when I needed them."

"You want out? But I thought this was all about getting to be with your son, there."

"That's the problem. This isn't my son." Rick took a deep breath to center himself. "My wife gave birth to a girl."

"Oh, I see," the doctor said, trying to look like he didn't already know the truth. "That must have been a surprise, but she's still your daughter..."

"I don't think she is. She doesn't have my hair or eye color. But she does bear a resemblance to Manuel, my lead sales associate at the dealership. I think my wife was trying to trick me. But I don't know why."

"Oh, that's not good. I'm sorry to hear that."

The baby started to stir and made some fussy noises. A pudgy little hand reached for Rick's blouse. "Pardon me, doctor," Rick said. He peeled away the left side of his blouse and presented his left breast for the baby to suckle on. "It's feeding time." Rick Bradford had grown his own pair of plump B-cup breasts.

Dr. Angel did his very best to take the moment in stride, as if a man able to produce milk from his new breasts were some kind of everyday occurrence. Of course, he and Deborah had pumped the man full of the right mix of hormones to achieve this, and seeing it work was a tremendously satisfying result for the doctor.

"Yee-ouch!" Rick cried, as he flinched. "She's a biter."

"Well, I suppose I do see where this might be a problem for you," the doctor and to admit. "However, as I said, I'm a doctor, and my concern is medical."

"Oui, oui. Je comprends," Rick replied, his voice slipping back into his French. "Je dois juste entrer en contact avec Deborah."

"Um... Pardon? My French isn't what it used to be."

"Oh..." Rick cleared his throat again. "I'm sorry. Deborah had me practicing the language so much that I sometimes can't stop myself from speaking in it. I just seem to fall back into it."

"I understand," the doctor said. Dr. Angel was highly amused that Deborah's subliminals were as effective as they were. It wouldn't be long, he guessed, until Rick started to use French all the time, and only speaking broken English when he had to.

"But please let Deborah know I need to talk to her. S'il vous plaît? My wife... I think she... What is the word? Suspects. I think she suspects something... She's already hired a lawyer to steal away the dealership..."

"You could just leave the job," the doctor pointed out.

"But I can't!" Rick replied. "I only have papers that identify me as Bernadette Lemarie. She could even have me deported! She's already threatened it."

"Once again, that's something you'll have to work out with Mrs. Jackson. I'm sure she's just a little busy. Meanwhile, what say we run some tests on that new body of yours?"

"Oui, Docteur," Rick replied with a sigh. "When the baby est fini, yes?"

A little while later, the doctor escorted Mademoiselle Lemarie, A.K.A. Rick Bradford to the exit, reassuring him that he would let Deborah know he had been wanting to talk to her. It was just a few minutes later that Aaron wheeled a dazed Lane to a waiting ambulance for the ride home, his body bandaged heavily. Mandrake was already headed out, with his teddy bear friend and lollipop, still being licked. He probably wasn't aware that he was skipping as he proceeded down the sidewalk.

"Everything looks good?" Dr. Angel asked as he got back behind his desk.

"Better than good, it's going great," Deborah Jackson said, entering the room from the side office where she had been monitoring her visiting clients.

"Deborah Jackson, Image Consultant, is quite satisfied. I think I can get quite a price for those three. It's just a matter of time, now."



At his desk, Aaron's mind flashed through his memories. How he had started as an entry-level accounting clerk, desperate for work. How he had let his desperation guide him to allowing both Dr. Angel and Dr. Hector to change him — change him in ways he would have never imagined. He thought how they had made him into something beautiful, something useful — which was more than he could have said his previous life had amounted to.

He had a special date tonight with Hector. He didn't know what Hector had planned, but from the hints given, Aaron knew it would be special. Aaron spent almost the whole week looking for that "special" dress before finding it. As soon as he saw it, he knew it was the girlie-girl dress he needed. It was a purple rose floral collage on cream tea dress. A style straight from the 1950's with a flare skirt and fitted bodice. It came with a 25-inch length white net petticoat and the hem would hit just above the knee. A pair of six inch stiletto purple satin platform pumps was all he needed to complete his look. He already had the plum satin lingerie and cream leatherette clutch purse, and had taking

extra care with the longest false lashes he could find, along with a near-white foundation, purple toned blush, and frosted purple glossed lipstick on his rounded mouth.

Aaron was on pins and needles from the time Hector picked him up. He had had a sneaking suspicion that the dentist was up to something. "It's a lovely night," Aaron said to his date as he looked out the passenger side window of Hector's luxury car.

"That it is," Dr. Hector replied. "And a very *special* night."

Aaron's little toes curled. What did his lover have in mind? He was tingly just thinking about it. "This isn't the way to the restaurant district," Aaron observed by the streets they were taking.

"Oh, we're not going to a restaurant," Dr. Hector kept his eyes on the road. "We're going to the industrial part of town. I have an appointment with an old friend of mine."

That answer left Aaron a little confused. Excited, certainly, but still confused. The tone in his lover's voice dripped with innuendo. Maybe Hector had something a little naughty in mind?

They pulled into the parking lot of a small warehouse that had the light on inside. As Aaron got out, he was almost overcome by the smell of industrial chemicals that were thick in the air.

"There you are," Deborah Jackson said to the dentist, with a broad, toothy smile. "Right on time." She planted a quick kiss on Dr. Hector's cheek.

"Hello, Ms. Jackson," Aaron squeaked.

Deborah took Aaron's hand and led him to a small stool. "Oh, you are just perfect, aren't you? Now, let's get you undressed." As he looked around, Aaron couldn't quite make heads or tails of what was going on.

"Hector?" He asked, worry in his voice.

Dr. Hector waved Aaron away, and paid little attention to him or his concerns. "Go with Ms. Jackson. Do what she tells you to do." Aaron wanted a little more attention paid his way, but he wasn't going to get it.

"Now, strip," Ms. Jackson said. "And take your makeup off."

"But... I..."

"There's no time to waste, girl. Our special guest arrives soon." Deborah added a little slap on Aaron's bottom to get him going.

Aaron was disappointed to be removing his carefully selected outfit and his meticulously applied makeup, but if it was what Hector wanted, he was obliged to do it.

Once he was down to his panties, Deborah snapped her fingers. "Those too, sweet cheeks."

Aaron handed them over, and now perfectly nude, he held himself in his arms to protect against the drafty air.

“Aren’t you just adorable?” Deborah said. “Now put these on.”

Aaron was handed a pair of what looked to be shoes. They had a three-inch platform sole and a dizzying seven-inch heel. They were like boots, but made with an extremely tight stretchy fabric in a skin-tone color. He had to tug hard to get them on.

Deborah pulled at them. “You’re going to be wearing those for a while. Make sure they’re tight.” She then walked around to Aaron’s backside and started to gather up his hair into a ponytail. “Now stay still.”

Before he knew what was happening, Aaron heard and felt the loud buzz of electric shears behind him, and then had the sensation of his long, light locks of hair falling onto his bare shoulders.

“What!” Aaron shrieked.

Deborah steadied him with her hands on his shoulders. “Stay still, girl!” She commanded.

Aaron was trembling with fear. “But... But... You’re shaving my head!”

“Do what Ms. Jackson tells you!” Hector said, in a stern and threatening tone, from across the room. It forced Aaron to stop fighting and stay still in his seat.

As tears rolled down his smooth-skinned apple cheeks, he watched as his precious platinum blond hair fell all around him. It wasn’t long before his head was as bare as a baby’s bottom.

“Stop crying!” Deborah scolded. “This is what it’s all been building towards! Now come with me.”

She then took Aaron, who was still sniffing from the loss of his hair, into the next room. The chemical smell he had experienced earlier was even more intense.

“Is this our girl?” Said a man in a color-stained smock. He was old, in his sixties, with wild grey hair and thick glasses. He had on black rubber gloves and wore fisherman’s wading boots on his feet. “Of course it is. Don’t be scared. There’s nothing to be scared about.”

“Over here,” Deborah said, gently guiding Aaron from behind. She steered the shapely feminized boy to a vat of bubbling pink liquid.

“You want to put the mask on,” the old man said, producing an oval-shaped clear plastic shield with a hose attached. Cool air was coming from it. Aaron fought the placement of the shield on his face, but Deborah was holding him still, and before he knew it, it was affixed. It was held in place by glue, forming a seal around his face.

"What are you doing?" Aaron shouted, his voice muffled by the mask. "What's happening?"

"Shush!" Deborah answered. "Now get in!"

Aaron instinctively tried to scramble away, but his thin limbs and his weak muscles were no match for the old man. "There, there. It's actually quite relaxing, so I'm told."

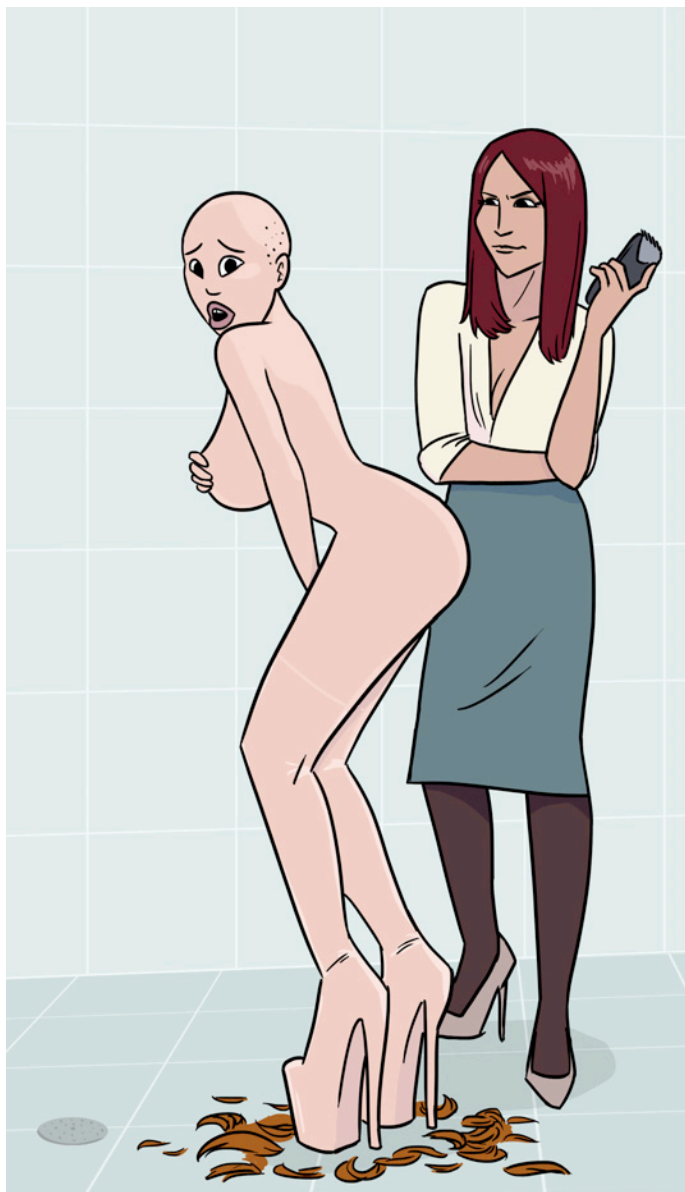
"No!" Aaron cried. "I won't let you kill me!"

"Tie her up," Deborah said. "I'm not fussing around with her."

The old man frowned. "Tsk. The other girl was so much easier to deal with." He grabbed Aaron's wrists and tied them together with a piece of fabric. Deborah did the same to his ankles.

Aaron was freaking out. There was another girl before him? What had happened to her? And why did the the nice Ms. Deborah want to hurt him like this? Where was his Hector?

The old man held Aaron by the arms and torso as Deborah lifted his bound legs up. They had obviously done this kind of thing before. They swept Aaron's body over the vat of hot pink liquid and lowered him in.



"Help!" Aaron shrieked in his high-pitched voice. "Please! Help me!" Then he looked around, to find that he was actually already neck-deep in the stuff — and it was all right. It was pleasantly warm.

"Now, is there any leakage?" The old man said, examining the mask around Aaron's face. "Looks good." He placed his rubber-gloved hand on Aaron's newly shaved head and dunked it into the pink goo.

When Aaron came back up, with the pink goo covering every inch of his body, he was instructed to hold his hands up. "There, see? It's not so bad." The bond was clipped from his wrists and then they did the same with his legs.

"Sorry. I had a call I needed to take," Dr. Hector said, arriving late. "How did it go?"

By this time, they were helping Aaron out of the vat, and he was carefully balancing himself. Aaron expected to feel the goo falling and dripping off of him, going everywhere. Instead, it stayed right where it was.

"Just as good as the other one," Deborah said. "Though this one was a fighter."

"Everything went just as planned," the old man said, as he peeled away the mask from Aaron's face. The glue was like rubber cement, coming off in gummy bits. "100% coverage."

"How do you feel?" Dr. Hector asked. It took a moment for Aaron to realize he was the one being spoken too, as he was a little preoccupied with the stuff that covered him from head to toe.

"Okay, I guess. What is this stuff?"

"It's a special material I've been perfecting for years," the old man said, showing his pride. "It's much like a liquid latex. It's molded itself to your body and acts like a second skin."

"It's..." Aaron chose his next word carefully. "Sexy."

"I'll say," Dr. Hector concurred.

"Will it stay on all night?" Aaron asked.

"Oh yes, quite." The doctor stepped closer to examine his work. It was absolutely smooth and perfect, glistening in the light as if it were wet, though the material was dry to the touch. "You won't be taking it off anytime soon."

"What?"

"It's good for at least six months," Deborah said. "More if we're lucky."

"Then we can clean you up and do it all over again," the old man said.

"Six... *Months?*" Aaron repeated.

"Let's get your makeup on," Deborah said. "We don't have a lot of time."

Aaron stumbled forward in his high heels, which now appeared to be integrated into his body, like his feet were naturally shaped that way. "Time for what?"

"It's a surprise!" Dr. Hector said.

Deborah led him back out into the first room where he was seated on the stool once more. "It's not that bad," Deborah said. "You're going to make someone very happy, after all."

She did Aaron's makeup, although he didn't pay much attention. He was transfixed by the feeling of the shiny pink rubber that covered his whole body. Every inch was covered except for the oval patch around his face. A series of slits had also been cut between his legs, to his relief, answering his questions about how he was going to do the many things he needed to do down there. They even poked tiny holes over his nipples.

It was a 'self-healing' material, he was told, and once they had made these minor alterations, it was going to be semi-permanent. Even his ears were totally covered, but the material was porous enough that it didn't affect his hearing in any way. He was also told his skin would 'breathe' naturally though it, and he could shower and bathe as normal.

Once Deborah was done with the makeup, she presented a wig. "That stuff should be dry enough for you to wear this," she explained. It was a bright acrylic hot pink wig, in the same color as his new artificial skin. It was styled into a high, bouncy ponytail with bangs.

When it was on, he was allowed to see himself in a mirror for the first time. He nearly fainted from the shock.

The plastic-like texture of his second skin was perfect and showed off his now natural ultra-feminine body. His curvy hips and saucy little butt looked all the more inviting, as did his lavishly generous breasts which floated and bounced in the air, the nipples as perky buds the size of gumdrops.

His face, the only part of his body left uncovered by the pink latex, was stark white, with his features painted on in bold strokes. His puffy, swollen lips, stuck in his now familiar rounded shape, were the same color as his body. His wig was an outrageously bold accent of artificial sexiness that made him look...

"I look like a toy," Aaron said. "A sex doll."

"A very *sexy* sex doll," said a voice from behind him.

Aaron turned to be faced with yet another mind-shattering sight. It was a girl made up just like him. The same hot pink rubber skin, the same body shape, the same breast size, the same wig, the same face. She was a twin to him, made from the same plastic mold.

"You turned out so perfect," she said, as she strode forward, just as confident in her high-heeled feet as Aaron was. She hugged him warmly.

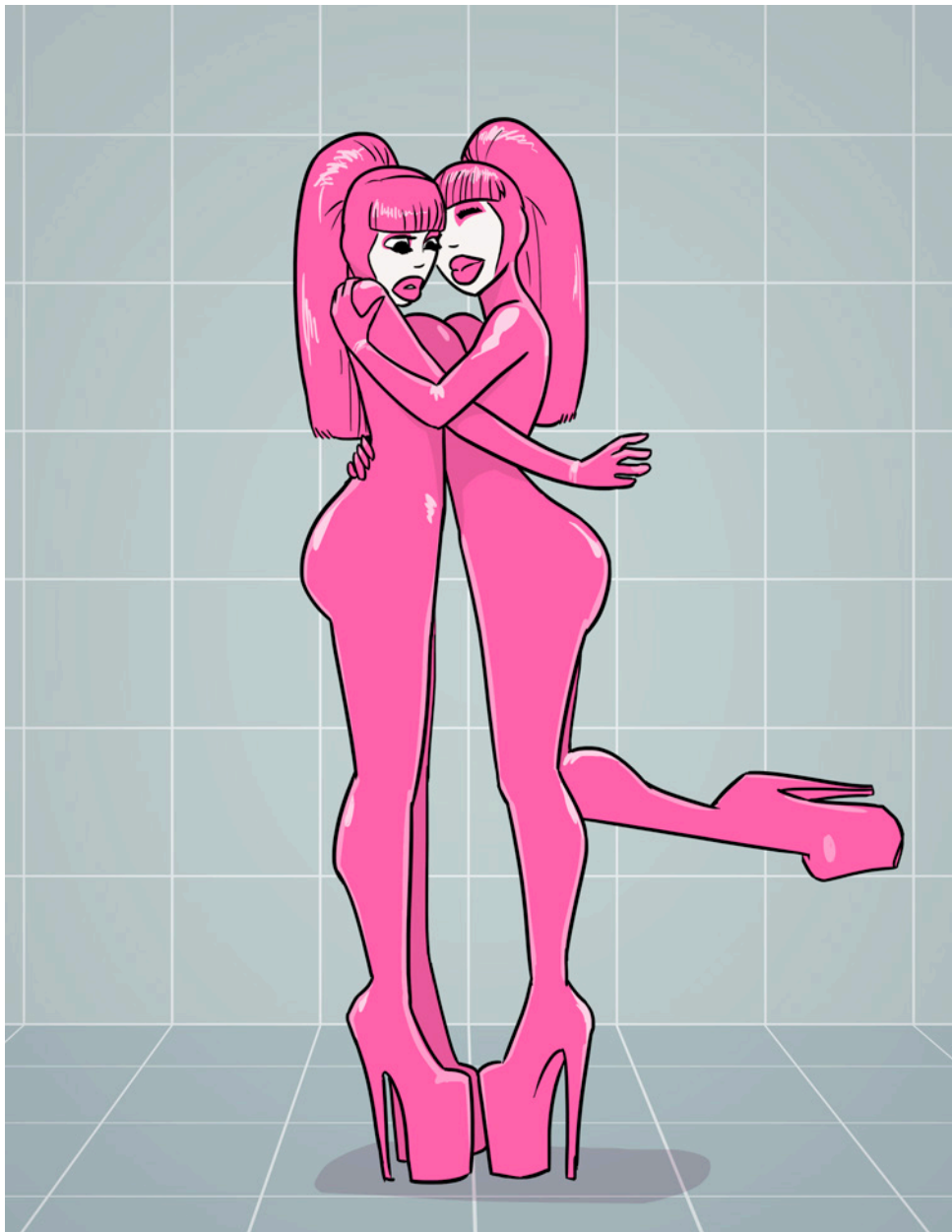


"Dora!" Aaron said, as soon as he realized who it was. He hugged her back. He had missed her. Then he held her apart. "What's happening? What is..."

"Shh!" Dora interrupted. "Don't you trust me?"

In her embrace, sharing themselves with one another like they were, Aaron nodded. "I do."

"I know you do. We're the same, now, you and I. Exactly the same."



Aaron felt it to be true. He was as close to Dora now than he had ever dreamed a person could be. "Sisters?" He asked.

"Even closer than sisters." Dora smiled. "You and I are both Dora."

"What?" Aaron said, not quite following. "It'll all be clear, soon. But for right now, there's a limo out front. It's time for us to get Mother's special medicine. Together."

Then it became clear to Aaron what that phrase meant. "Cock," he said.

"Yes. We're going to meet our new master."

Aaron looked over his shoulder to see Dr. Hector standing by, looking on. He nearly called out to him. "No," Aaron said, suddenly realizing who he truly had been made for. "Dr. Angel."

Dora nodded in agreement. "There you go. You already knew, didn't you?"

"You're his surprises," Deborah said, with a satisfied grin on her face. "For all the hard work he's done for me over the years. A gift from me to him. You two are his presents."

Being referred to as a present was demeaning, but that just made Aaron even more excited. He was going to be a man's toy! And the toy of the wonderful Dr. Angel.

Aaron looked one more time at Dr. Hector, but by that time, he was walking away, talking on his phone. He then understood that although he had loved the dentist, it was just a way of getting him ready for his true love. Dr. Angel.

"Come on," Dora said, taking Aaron by the hand. "We don't want to keep him waiting, Dora." He didn't understand everything, especially why he was being called Dora, but he trusted her completely. Besides, the love of his life was just beginning to grow in his heart. He was now the glorious pleasure toy of Dr. Anthony Angel.



"Good morning, Dr. Angel," Dora said with her typically up-beat and chipper attitude. "Did you have a nice flight?"

"Good morning, Dora!" Anthony Angel said. "Yes! I caught up on my sleep. Very relaxing."

Dora, who was wearing a very traditional nursing mini-dress uniform over her pink rubber body, checked the day's schedule. "We have appointments starting in just a few minutes, doctor."

"Very good. I trust everything went smoothly in my absence." The doctor headed towards his office.

"Yes doctor."

"Good work, Dora," he said, as he entered into his familiar office. Standing at the side of his desk was another Dora, dressed in an identical outfit. She held a clipboard, prepared with information on all the doctor's patients for the morning. "Aren't you going to say good morning, Dora?"

"But I already did, doctor," Dora said.

Dr. Angel smirked at his own mistake. He had been away at a conference for a few days, and he had already forgotten that Dora, despite there being two of them, were to be treated as just one person.

Both of his assistants shared the same mind, it seemed. They both wore a microphone and headphone setup so they could communicate no matter where they were in the office, but their connection had already gone to another level. They spent every moment together, sharing everything. Soon after they had moved in together, they started finishing each other's sentences and not long after that, they stopped having to even speak to each other. Somehow, they knew what each other were thinking, like maternal twins. More and more, the doctor came to understand that they now functioned as one person, and preferred to be treated as such.

"Dora, could you call the two o'clock and push it back until four?" The doctor asked.

"I'm calling right now," Dora replied. Despite the fact that she didn't move, the doctor knew that her twin at the desk was making the call. He had long ago lost track of which was which, and could only tell once he had them unclothed. The one that used to be Aaron still retained his boy part, and as far as Dr. Angel could tell, it was the sole difference between the two. "Our first patient of the day is in the waiting room, doctor," Dora said.

"Give me about five minutes, would you?" Dr. Angel said.

"Of course, doctor." Dora placed the clipboard on his desk and made her exit, gliding out the door in her slinky, feminine way, her pink legs strutting with confidence and grace as her generous hips swiveled.

Dora had just finished her call when the first patients arrived. It was Ms. Deborah, Kaneesha and Deshondra. Deborah was dressed in a pewter pants suit and burgundy silk blouse looking like most rich, successful women. However, the two coming in with her more like street walkers. Kaneesha was wearing tight gold lamb skin capris with a cream-colored top that left the valley between her EE-cup breasts on display, and her feet were perched on eight inch heels. Deshondra was showing off even more of her chocolate skin. She was wearing florescent pink ultra-short shorts with a purple tube top. On her feet were a pair of white cork wedged six inch heels. The two couldn't help but preen and primp as they examined their appearance in the waiting room's mirror.

"Good morning Ms. Deborah. Doctor Angel said you could go right in," Dora said.

"You look very perky this morning Dora. Why, you're practically beaming," she replied.

"Oh yes, Ms. Deborah, I am. My Dr. Angel is back from his trip. I miss him so much when he's gone," Dora gushed.

"That's wonderful, darling. I'm very happy for you," Deborah said smiling broadly then added, "Come along kids. We don't want to keep the doctor waiting."

*Yes, I'm very happy to hear that, Deborah thought. This week will*

*turn out to be very very profitable. After this visit, the 'boys' here will be sent off to complete my other obligations to that quirky hip-hop star who custom-ordered them.*



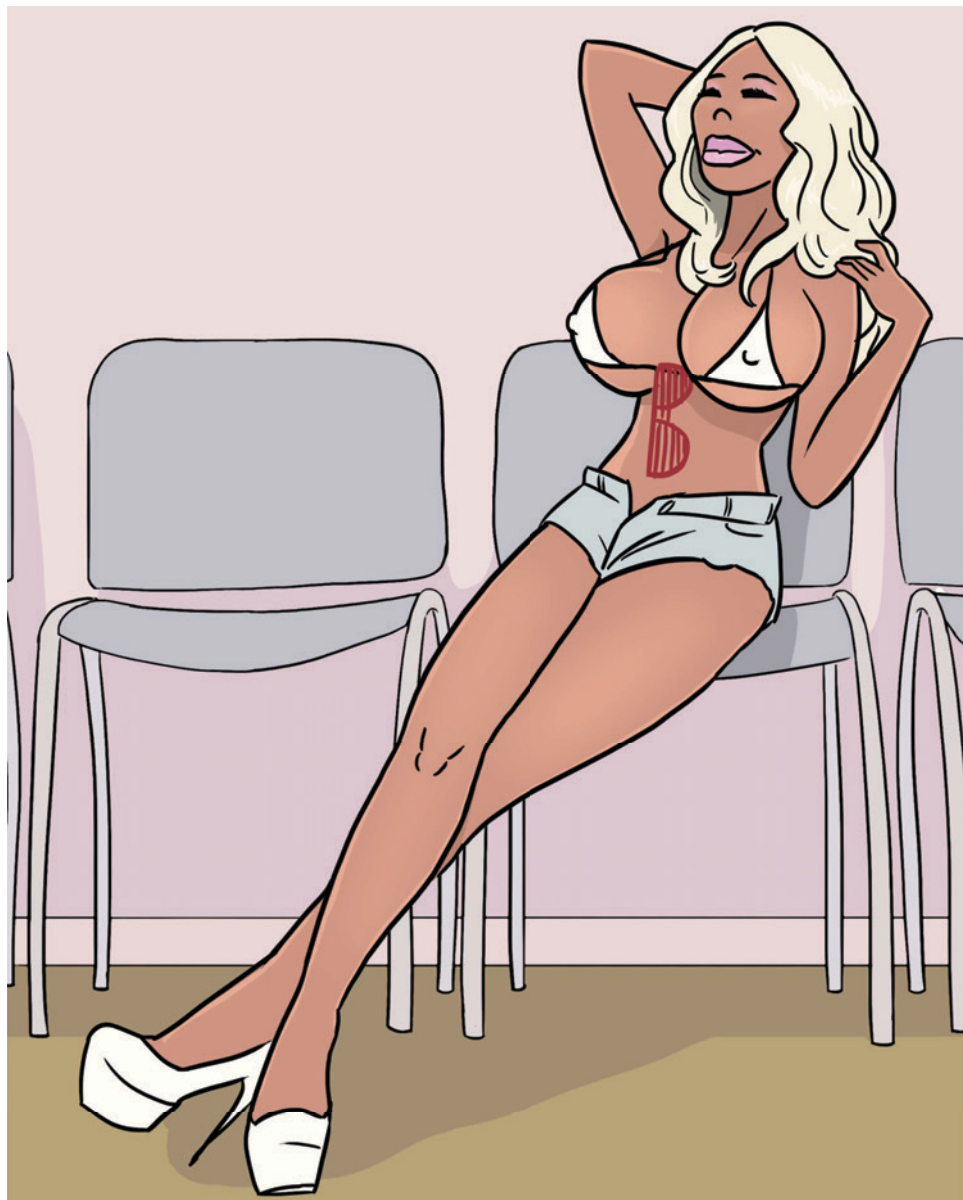
Deborah lead the way into the exam room. She paused for a moment as she felt her phone vibrate in her suit jacket. She retrieved the device and then smiled as she read the message. Another deposit to her bank account, tying things up for all her active clients. Speaking of which, her other group were due here at the clinic for their final check-ups this afternoon, if she remembered correctly.

Once Kaneesha and Deshondra had been given thorough exams and pronounced in good health, Deborah drove them to the airport for their flight out of town. Every neck craned as they walked by, trying to get a good look at the over-sexed duo as they sauntered to their gate. No man could tear his eyes away from them, either entranced by their outrageous erotic appearance, fazed by their excessively glamorous clothes or dazzled by their exploding femininity.

They gave Deborah girlish and fawning kisses on the cheek, then loudly shouted their goodbyes as they walked up the entryway to the plane. And as the door closed, Deborah's job was done. By the time they were an hour into the

flight, her final music messages would erase any memory of Deborah from the two new hip-hop cuties' minds. They would be under the spell of their owner from the moment they arrived in their new home town.

By the time Deborah returned to Dr. Angel's clinic, Lane was already there, sitting in a waiting room chair, staring off into the distance, intermittently giggling for no apparent reason. Lane had fully recovered from his surgery, and sported EE-cup breasts bursting forth from his slender torso. His skin was darkly tanned, contrasting nicely with his pale pink lipstick, fluttery black lashes and bleach blond hair.



He had worn a white bikini top with a pair of sunglasses hung on the strap trying to hold back his mountainous breasts. He also wore a pair of white four-inch heels and a pair of mini denim cut-offs, as if he were lounging at poolside rather than sitting in a waiting room.

"Hi, Miss Deborah!" Lane said, excitedly waving his hand back and forth. The light glistened off his inch-long fingernails with sparkling stones set in them. He had just spent the morning at the salon downstairs, his new favorite hang-out, and his hair was a wild mane of blond perfection.

"Hi, Lainey," Deborah replied. "You look great!"

"Everyone says that!" Lane said, with surprise. "Well at least guys do." He lowered his voice. "They keep mistaking me for a girl," he explained. "Why is that?"

"Who knows?" Deborah said, shrugging.

"Whatever. It's their problem," Lane said, sticking his cute little nose the the air. "I have too much pride to let other people try and define who I am." He tossed his long, wavy hair behind him.

"That's my boy," Deborah said. Her client for this one had been very specific. He wanted a blond bombshell, cute but dumb as a post. Breasts like The Grand Tetons and a squeaky voice that made him sound even dumber than he already was. But first and foremost, he had to believe that he was a man.

That was her client's big kink. Someone who was very obviously a girl to the outside world, but in their own mind, still believed they were just one of the guys. Lane had come out beautifully, and her client was going to be very pleased.

"Do you think Dr. Angel can help me with my butt? I think it's getting even more swollen!" Lane stood and turned around, displaying an ass that defied anatomical law. It was perfectly shaped yet lusciously curvy, the perfect fleshy counterpart to Lane's mind-melting boobs.

"He will certainly be interested in that," Debora said, trying not to smile.

"Oh, I hope so!" Lane whined. "It's so tender!" He poked it with his long nailed finger. "Ouch!"

"Yes, well... I'll see you later," Deborah said as she went into the doctor's office. It wouldn't be long now before his new owner was going to pick him up. Soon, Lane would be complete and ready to go. The fact that he was dressed in a bikini top, heels and tiny denim short-shorts without even realizing it was a very good sign. He was probably even wearing silky panties and believed it was just as masculine as a pair of boxer briefs.

Deborah just missed the appearance of an old man in a brown woolen suit who shuffled in through the door of the clinic. He approached Dora at the

front desk. "My granddaughter has an appointment," he said, as he adjusted his bow tie.

"Yes sir," Dora said. "Name?"

"Archibald Crane," the old man replied, his voice weak and breaking. He appeared to be in his seventies.

"Oh, uh, I'm sorry, sir," Dora apologized. "I meant the patient's name."

"Amanda Crane," he said. "Although you may have her under Mandrake Holcombe."

She searched for the appointment entry. "Oh yes, here she is!" Dora said with a happy smile. "It'll just be a few minutes. Please have a seat."

"Thank you," the old man said. He turned around to find that his granddaughter had just walked in the door and was waiting, standing pigeon-toed.

He had been, at one point, a troubled teenage goth by the name of Mandrake, but this person barely resembled the boy who had first come to visit Dr. Angel only five months ago.

Gone was his stringy dyed-black hair and in its place was wavy auburn hair tied in a pink ribbon at the back of his head. His rosy cheeks and smooth skin were youthful and naturally fresh. The small metal beads in his ears were the starter sets girls of eight or nine wore, fresh from their first piercing. His clothes were a classic catholic schoolgirl outfit, but not the type a schoolgirl would wear. This was more like the kind you see in a cheap adult film: a maroon blazer over a nearly translucent white blouse with a tartan red pleated skirt. His white knee socks and black mary-jane five-inch pumps finished the look.

Mandrake was licking on his giant lollipop and carried his teddy bear on his arm, just like the doctor had told him to.

"On my lap, Amanda," Archibald said, tapping his leg as he sat down. Obediently, Mandrake, though nearly six feet tall, carefully sat on his 'grandfather's' lap.

Archibald Crane was a multi-millionaire who came from old money. He had paid Deborah lucratively for his new toy, Amanda, and was quite happy with how he turned out. His wife, Penelope, strictly forbade her husband of fifty-five years from buying a real girl for his own twisted pleasure. But a grown man dressed like a girl? As long as she knew her Archibald couldn't really have sex with him, she approved, because that was all she was really worried about.

"How long do we have to wait, Gran'pa?" Mandrake asked in his child-like voice.

"It won't be long, child," the old man replied. "Just be patient and enjoy your lollipop."

"Yes, Gran'pa," the boy replied. He gave his massive sugar treat a big swipe of his tongue.

"That's right," Archibald said, getting excited. "Lick it. Lick it for Grandpa."

Mandrake Holcombe giggled and ducked his head, bashfully. "You're so silly, Gran'pa."

"Just keep licking," the man in the tweed suit said, clenching his fists. "Yes! Lick! Get it all!"

Mandrake obliged and kept licking, idly swinging his legs and giggling like the overgrown schoolgirl he had become. The goth in him surely would have screamed out in terror if he could see his new room at the Crane house filled with stuffed animals and ruffled curtains. The room was adorned in pastel pink and baby blue, with a four-poster canopy bed and giant dollhouse in the corner. There was not a speck of black to be seen.

"If you're a good girl, we'll go get ice cream after!" Archibald promised.

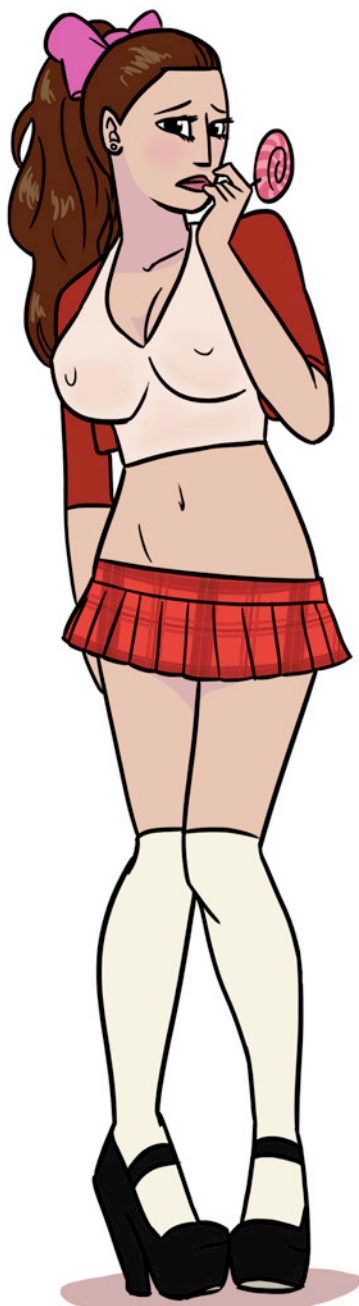
"Wif sprinkles?" the 18-year-old young man asked.

"All the sprinkles you want, my precious!"

Mandrake kissed him on the cheek, his flush lips coated with sugar. "Thank you, Gran'pa."

Archibald tapped Mandrake's nose, playfully. "Such a polite little girl..."

As he was speaking, the old man was interrupted by the sudden entrance of a woman who shut the door behind her and held it closed. "Elles ne peuvent me trouver!" She said.





"Uh... May I help you?" Dora said from the desk.

"S'il vous plaît!" The woman said. "Je dois voir Madame Jackson! Est-elle ici?"

Dora stood and looked around, to see if anyone understood French. There were only blank expressions. "I don't... Understand..."

"Non! Je parle Anglais... Je..." She was spinning her hands as she tried to think. "I... Look for... Madame Deborah Jackson." The doorknob then rattled as someone outside was trying to get in. The woman braced herself against the door to prevent it from being opened.

"If you could just calm down..." Dora said as she approached her. "Maybe take a seat and..."

"Non!" The woman shouted. "I must see Madame Jackson! Eet is me! Reek Brahdfeerd!" Yes, it certainly was Rick Bradford, formerly of Rick Bradford Chevrolet. Although, now, he was a thin and delicate woman, dressed in a typical domestic uniform of white blouse, black knee-length skirt, tan pantyhose and black heels. She wore her long hair up in a bun with some stray curly hairs framing her face. Hers was not a classically beautiful face, as Dr. Angel had been careful to keep Rick Bradford's features unaltered.

As Rick Bradford leaned against the door to keep it closed, he looked around for any acknowledgement of who he was. "Reek Brahdfeerd!" He shrieked, his heavy accent mauling his own name.

Rick looked to Lane, who just shrugged, causing her massive chest to bob. Mandrake just kept licking his lollipop and kicking his feet.

"Reek Brahdfeerd!" He repeated.

"What's going on out here?" Dr. Angel said, coming from his office. "What's all the commotion?"

Seeing the familiar sight of the doctor, Bradford left his spot and allowed the door to become unguarded. "Docteur!" He yelped. "Please help me!"

Dr. Angel just backed away. "Who are..."

Deborah joined in the fray, striding out into the lobby. "What in the world?"

"Deborah!" Rick called out, relieved to finally see her. "Eet is me, Reek!"

Deborah just gave the skirted man a confused look, and Rick nearly fell off his heels.

The office door burst open, and in came a wealthy woman wearing a fur stole. "Bernadette! What is the meaning of this?"

After looking over his shoulder to see her, Rick turned back to Deborah in desperation. "Please, Deborah! Je t'en prie! Tell her who I am! Who I really am!"

Deborah squinted her eyes, skeptically. She folded her arms. "Have we met?"

"Eet is me!" Rick insisted. "Reek! Reek Brahdferd!" He got no further reaction from Deborah, and he turned to the doctor. "Reek Brahdferd!"

"Didn't you used to clean the wastebaskets?" The doctor said.

"Non!" Rick shouted, unable to believe that no one here recognized him.

"Come along and stop bothering these people, Bernadette!" The woman in the stole said.

"Non! My name eez Reek Brahdferd!"

Deborah put her hands on her hips. "I don't know any 'Rick Bradford.' So if you don't mind..."

The wealthy woman in the stole, who was Rick's ex-wife, placed her hand on Rick's shoulder. "Do you see, Bernadette? Your silly stories about Rick Bradford are pure fiction."

"Non! This eez no true!" Rick said, stamping his heels on the floor. "I really am! I am Reek Brahdferd..."

"Dora! Please escort this... Stranger.. Out of the office, would you? I have clients to see." Dr. Angel turned and returned to his office.

"Non!" Rick cried, as the doctor, the only person he was sure would recognize him deserted him. "Why are you doing thees?" He turned to Deborah.

"I don't have any patience for this!" Deborah said, turning and following the doctor.

Rick's shoulders drooped, knowing his only hope of being rescued from his position as the French nanny of his ex-wife's new family was walking away. He didn't have a scrap of proof that he was the man who owned the area's most recognized car dealerships or that he had been worth millions. All he had now was a small room at his former mansion, a French passport and a closet full of drab women's clothing.

"That's what I get for letting you out of the house!" His ex-wife said. "From now on, you're confined to the estate!" She walked to the door. "Come, now! You've already made me late for tea at the club!"

In a final, futile appeal, Rick turned to his two former interns, Mandrake and Lane. "Reek Brahdferd!" He said again, gesturing to himself. Neither was even paying attention anymore.

"Don't think I won't have you deported, Bernadette!" Rick's ex said, testily. "I will do it, so help me! Now, come!" She said, adding a snap of her fingers. She pointed to the floor, at a spot behind her.

Rick, now resigned to the fact that no one was going to help him, shuffled to the spot his ex-wife, now employer, was pointing at.

"Vey good. Sorry to trouble you nice people," Rick's ex said, as she left with Bernadette Lemarie following closely and submissively behind her. Rick

Bradford would never be heard from again, and he knew it, as he sobbed to himself as he rode the elevator down.

“That was priceless!” Deborah said, safely back in Dr. Angel’s inner office, laughing hard enough to slap her thigh.

“You were like...” Dr. Angel said mimicking Deborah’s stone face. “And the he was like...” Anthony Angel made a sad hang-dog expression, then broke up laughing.

“Oh, that was precious!” Deborah cleared a tear of laughter from her eye. “That poor bastard! He’ll never realize his ex was the one who paid me to do this to him!”

Dr. Angel was chuckling hard enough to have to hold his belly. “What a schmuck! Oh, that’s what makes it all worth it!”

It took them a full five minutes to calm down and get a hold of themselves.



That night, as he always did, Dr. Angel returned to his palatial home. His Doras led the way, dressed in matching “Chauffeur” outfits of double-breasted black tops with polished brass buttons and black caps with shiny brims. They had driven him home in his long limousine, and liked to dress the part, even if it was a short twenty minute drive. Dr. Angel had no objections. One held his briefcase and the other went about the business of turning on the lights.

The rubberized girl with the briefcase faced him. “What’s your pleasure, Doctor? Dinner?” She undid his tie as she spoke.

“My pleasure is you in the activity suite,” the doctor said. “I’ve been driven wild by sexy girls all day, and you are going to help me work it out.”

The one Dora glanced at the other, and nodded. “I’ll see you upstairs, Doctor.” The both of them immediately and methodically undid every button of their uniforms and dropped their clothes on the spot. Hand-in-hand, they walked up the stairs, clad only in their shiny, gleaming pink plastic skin, their identical asses swaying in rhythm with each other. The doctor followed.

“Sit!” Anthony commanded one of the Doras, pointing at a stool in the middle of the activity room. The Dora who used to be Aaron sat as the doctor looked around. On the walls hung what appeared to be latex costumes, chains and various sex toys. A sense of panic set in, as they watched the doctor retrieve something from the wall.

“You... Over there.” The doctor instructed the other Dora to retrieve something from the cabinet. It was full of massive, intimidating strap-ons dildos. “Put it on,” he elaborated.

"Say aww," Anthony Angel commanded the one on the stool. The Dora obliged, opening his mouth, as he felt the doctor sliding something into it. The device held his mouth open, straining against the roof and his cheeks. Oddly, it didn't hurt like he had expected it to.

Even the next item to be inserted into their gaping mouths didn't cause him discomfort. It was smaller and made of soft plastic. It covered over his teeth and ribbed his cheeks, and when the doctor removed the first device, this new one remained, and keeping his mouth pried open into a perfect round 'O.'

"You are a genius, Hector," the doctor said, praising the man who had done the dental work on Aaron. He stood back and admired it. "Oh yes," he moaned, "You have turned out perfectly," he said, as he lowered his zipper and exposed his semi-hard penis.

Taking Aaron's plastic coated hand moved it towards his crotch. "Now be a darling girl and get me hard."

It didn't take long for Anthony to sprout the biggest erection he had ever had. His dreams of having a real life doll were coming true. He gazed at Dora's luscious pillow-like lips formed into a perfect "O." Her bright pink plastic fist pumping his dick was so stimulating that he had to recite baseball statistics to keep from cumming. "Finger me," he instructed the other Dora.

When he couldn't hold back anymore, he pulled Dora off the stool and onto her knees. When the doctor ejaculated, he almost fainted from the pure pleasure that filled his whole body. He rolled away and leaned against a wall for support.

"You," he said pointing to the other Dora with the strap-on. "Make her scream."

Dropping to her knees, grabbing the Dora in a bear hug, she began kissing her twin's plastic body fervently. She held him still so he couldn't squirm when she started to pound her ass with the strap-on.

As the doctor watched, she did, indeed, make the other Dora scream. Over and over.



After a late dinner had been served, the doctor had retired to the study as the Doras finished their clean up in the kitchen. The Dora who had been Aaron was changing out of her kitchen apron. She was humming along happily. Her night with the doctor had pushed her far beyond her comfort zone, but then again, the doctor always seemed to find a new way to thrill her every night. At least now she knew why she had all those excruciating sessions with Dr. Hector. She had the mouth of a sex doll. Maybe she didn't get the diamond

engagement ring she had expected from Hector, but Dr. Angel did ask her to move in with him. And that was a definite plus as far as Aaron was concerned.

*"He has some strange ideas but I do love him so," she thought, going through the closet. "Oh dear, what am I going to wear?"*

After some deliberation, the former-Aaron selected the black maid's uniform with its ruffled bodice and mini-flare ruffled skirt. The top left a large amount of cleavage on display, and didn't quite cover her ass. Showing off so much plastic flesh used to bother her, but now she was proud to display Dr. Angel's work off to others. In fact, she knew it was expected of her.

Walking over to the full length mirror her ass wiggling enticingly, Aaron checked out her reflection. Her makeup was so heavily that it gave her an almost artificial appearance. It was no doubt intentional, given her man's obsession with rubber dolls.

"I look like such a slut wearing so much makeup and showing off so much of my body, but I just love it. My Dr. Angel loves it too and that's what really matters. I don't know how I could have managed without all these changes. All I have to do now is look my very best which is much easier to do now since I became Dr. Angel's pretty toy, instead of that drab ugly loser I'm told I used to be," she thought lifting her boobs up with the palms of her slender, girly hands.

The other Dora returned from her room and was dressed identically. It used to be a mystery as to how they shared so many of the same thoughts, but now it just felt natural, and the memories and emotions of Aaron dissolved into his new life as Dora.

They headed out to the garage, and up into the unused attic above. Being one with another person was scary at first, but Aaron quickly learned that being a part of Dora was a joy unlike any he had ever known. As Dora, he never had to be alone.

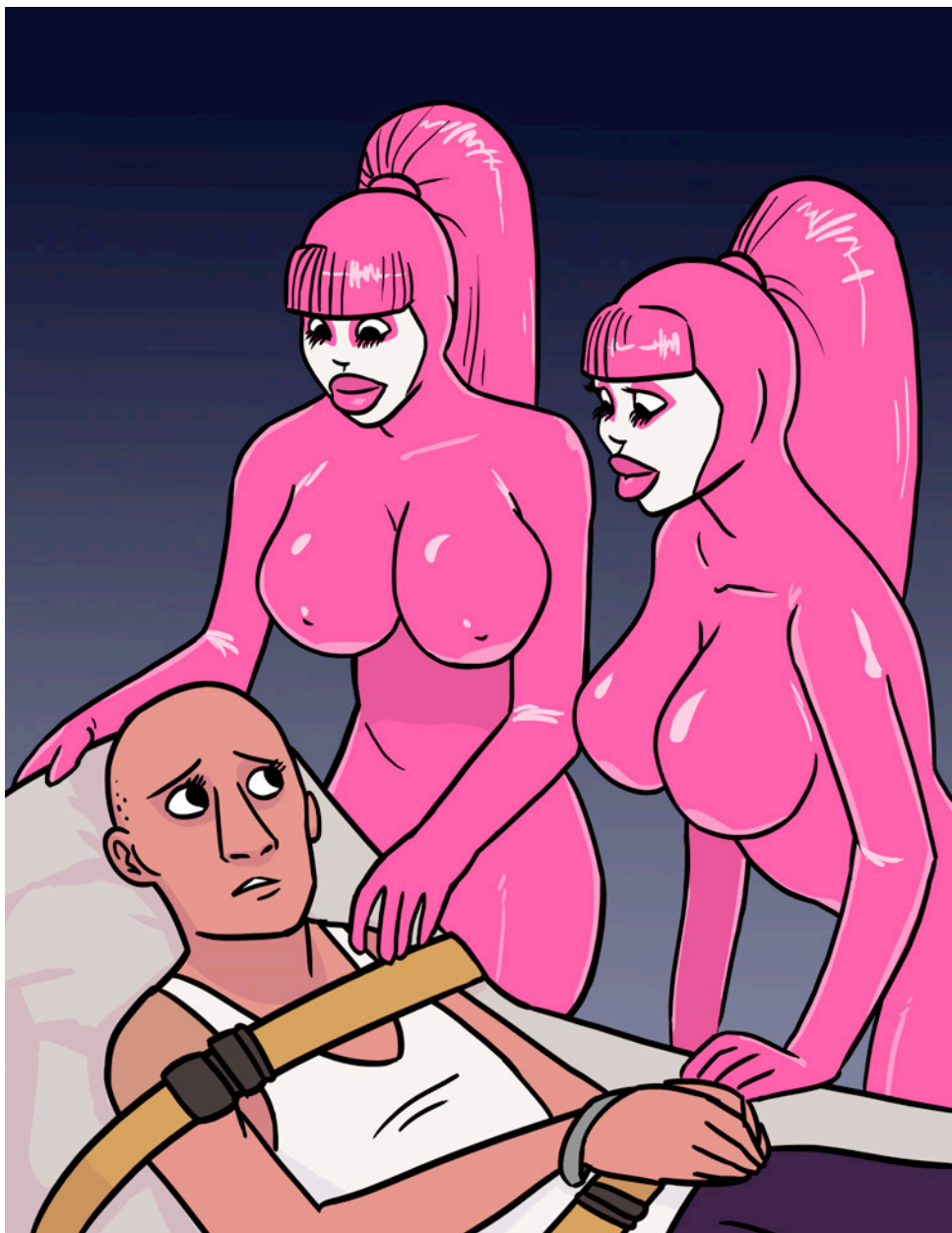
At the top of the ladder that led into the attic, the lights were flipped on, revealing the dimly-lit interior. A hospital bed and monitoring equipment had been set up, and there was a quiet regular beep coming from a florescent display. Other tiny lights blinked and twinkled.

One Dora checked the equipment while the other went over to the figure strapped to the bed. She removed the headphones from the patient's ears and then the VR display from their eyes.

"Hello, how are you feeling?" Dora asked.

"Please..." the young man said, his eyes darting about, like a scared animal. "Please... Por el amor de Dios... Stop this..." His voice was raspy and drained of any energy.

Dora just smiled. "It'll be over soon, Marco."



“Yes,” said the other Dora. “It won’t be long now.” It was two months ago that they had trapped the former Mexican delivery boy and brought him up here. Since then, he had been assaulted by a barrage of submissive messages in his headphones and hypnotic feminine images in his goggles.

His body had been pumped full of a mix of hormones and drugs, and his breasts were already starting to bud on his skinny chest. He had lost so much weight since he had first arrived, now weighing in at about 110 pounds. His

skin had been permanently rid of hair and softened, and his short black hair shaved clean off. In another month, he would be ready for his dip in the pink rubber.

“You’ve never known happiness like being Dora,” Dora said, gently grazing Marco’s cheek with her hand. The messages would eventually break him down and stop his resistance. Then he would start to become a part of being Dora. The surgeries would turn him into their clone, the dental work to make them perfect cock-sucking machines and the dip in the pink rubber would make him virtually a duplicate of the first two Doras. “Shush now,” she said, as she replaced the headphones. She lowered the goggles over Marco’s worried face and tightened the strap.

There would come a day when they would have to tell Dr. Angel about what they were doing, but for now, their plan to make another Dora was a secret. They figured they could switch off for a while, only letting Dr. Angel see two of them at a time and hiding their numbers, until there were at least five or six of them. Then, they would come clean to Dr. Angel. They were sure if they did it correctly, he would have no objections to a personal harem of his plastic sex dolls servicing him night and day.

Of course, by then, they were going to be working on the tenth or eleventh Dora, and Dr. Angel would be powerless to object, drowned in a sea of pink plastic pleasure. Soon, with the Doras self-replicating en masse, there would be a small army of living sex dolls for everyone to enjoy. For a price.

At least, that’s how Deborah Jackson planned it.

The End

# Titles by Sick Puppy Press

## **Sick Puppy Comics**

### ***Making Friends***

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Three college students sign up for a six-month isolation experiment. Things start to get a little strange, and they begin to lose their masculinity day by day. Yet, they don't seem to even notice... Full Color Comic Book / 38 pages

### ***The Pet Sitter***

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Asked to look after a supermodel's pet for a while, James finds himself thrust out of his own apartment and into hers. Day by day, it seems like circumstances adapt James to become the resident of a supermodel's lifestyle. Full Color Comic Book / 29 pages

### ***A Curious Curse***

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. When teen goth Brandyn gets his drivers' license, he thinks it's a ticket to adulthood. Unfortunately, he's already cashed a ticket in the opposite direction. Full Color Comic Book / 27 pages

### ***Boys Will Be Girls***

Story & Art by Fraylim, Script by KK, Ink & Color by Joe Six-Pack. The "Summer Blossom" camp welcomes another group of young men. But although it may be an all-boys camp when they arrive, it's girls-only when they leave. Full Color Comic Book / 100 pages

## **Teens Transformed**

### ***She Made Me Into My Sister***

"A Little Too Clever" by Joe Six-Pack. Wyatt wanted to help his girlfriend get revenge, but at what cost? As it turns out, a cost greater than any boy could have imagined. Book / 88 pages / 20 illustrations

### ***Gone Girly for Good***

"Big in Japan" by James J Craft. Mike and Ken were one-hit-wonder rock stars. Then they discovered they had fans in Japan, so they left to become famous. Then they discovered that the Japanese didn't know they were guys. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

### ***One Year in Tokyo***

By James J Craft, illustrations by Kwon Lee Tran. Mickey is forced to spend a year with his father in Japan. However things often get confused when words get translated from English to Japanese, as Mickey soon finds out... Book / 87 pages / 20 illustrations

### ***Students, Exchanged***

"French Dupe" by Joe Six-Pack. Kelley Sue's convinced a French exchange student to disguise himself as a girl. What happens when she realizes he has no intention of returning back home? Book / 57 pages / 15 illustrations

### ***He's a Valley Girl, Fer Sure***

From the files of TGStories.com: "Corey Taylor's Big Bodacious Adventure" by Joe Six-Pack. For Corey, the only way he can get into college is to pretend to be a girl. But when does it stop being pretend? When he's cheerleader? A girlfriend? A beauty queen? Book / 78 pages / 17 illustrations

### ***From Boys to Bridesmaids***

"Always a Bridesmaid, Never a Groom" by James J Craft. Two spoiled and privileged boys are about to be put in their place by their new step-mother. And their place is by her side as her bridesmaids and daughters. Book / 77 Pages / 16 illustrations

### ***Little Mis-ter Popular***

"My Two Moms" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Thanks to his aunt's "Confidence Club," Leon will find a way to become popular, and to get over all his hang-ups... Including his masculinity. Book / 77 Pages / 17 illustrations

### ***Bride to Be***

By Joe Six-Pack. Derek and Cole grew up together as kids. One year, though, Cole has to start pitching in at the family wedding business. His life will never be the same. Book / 63 pages / 25 illustrations

### ***Winning is Everything***

"Costume drama" by Joe Six-Pack. Seth made a funny little bet for Halloween. He needed to pull off the impersonation of a Cheerleader for a party. What's at stake? 100 million dollars and his manhood. Book / 215 pages / 37 illustrations

## **Tales of Transformation**

### ***He's the Wrong Girl***

"Office Chemistry" by Joe Six-Pack. James had to fill in at the reception desk. Problem is, the business is a bio-genetics company. And all of the sudden the coffee tastes funny. Book / 53 pages / 14 illustrations

### ***City Boy, Country Girl***

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



## **Thames Greene**

By James J Craft. Ira wanted something better for his family. A new start. But in Thames Greene, everyone's getting a new start, whether they want it or not. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

## **Hiding in High Heels**

"How Not to be a Sissy" By Joe Six-Pack. Vince was on the run from people who wanted their millions back. Howard was a friend with a funny little idea and a knack for making subliminal CDs. Mini-Pix / 48 pages / 15 illustrations

## **A Blessing in Disguise**

By KK, illustrations by Kannel. Jay was a witness to a murder, and now he's the target of a vicious criminal. Resorting to a female disguise, he becomes trapped with no way out. Book / 84 pages / 16 illustrations

## **I'm Your Dolly**

"Barbie-in-a-Box" By Joe Six-Pack. Tyler wasn't much of a boyfriend anymore. Jessica wanted to throw him out, but then a better idea came to her, in the form of the Barbie-in-a-Box service. Tyler better get used to pink. Book / 103 pages / 20 illustrations

## **His Life as a Trophy Wife**

"The Puppy Mill" by Joe Six-Pack. Nick had a great life, but then it evaporated. Now he's down on his luck. In steps a wealthy executive willing to pay him handsomely to pretend to be his wife. What can it hurt? Book / 210 pages / 16 illustrations

## **Male Monday, Girl Friday**

"Hey, Cutie!" by James J Craft. Daniel is going to be promoted from his average life to an exciting executive position. At least, that's what his bosses are telling him. They may not be telling him everything. Book / 58 pages / 20 illustrations

## **The Happiest Place on Earth**

From the files of TGStories.com: "The Fairest One of All" By Joe Six-Pack. Will is a kid looking for a job. He gets one, performing as Snow White at a theme park. For Will, he doesn't suspect that playing the role and wearing the costume is slowly changing him, day by day. Book / 51 pages / 21 illustrations

## **Hello, Nurse**

From the files of TGStories.com: "Quality Health Care" Dane is filling in as a nurse for his pal Jimmy at his new office. Although both are doctors, Dane begins to take to his new role as a nurse. Soon, he feels compelled to be the ideal nurse. Book / 44 pages / 15 illustrations

## **My Boss, The Bimbo**

"If I Were a Betting (Wo)Man" By James J Craft, illustrations by blackshirtboy. CEO Lucas has a superiority complex. When his long-suffering secretary is able to feed into Lucas' competitive nature, he'll make any bet to prove his dominance over women. Book / 38 pages / 10 illustrations

## **He's the Girl They Want**

"Rallies" by Joe Six-Pack. Spencer has a great new executive job in the food service industry, but first he's got to learn the ropes of the business by waiting on tables. He just doesn't quite fit in with the cheerleader theme. Yet. Book / 63 pages / 22 illustrations

## **Demoted and Degraded**

"Trixie the Secretary" by Angela J. Cindy didn't much like Tom Jones attitude and his advances, so when she has the opportunity to help take the wind out of his sails, she takes it. But she had no idea that it was all designed to make Tom into Trixie the secretary. Book / 87 pages / 17 illustrations

## **I, Candy**

"Sissy Sweets" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Inheriting his family's bakery requires this young man to become the new face of the business. A female face. Book / 45 pages / 15 illustrations

## **Boyz II Girlz**

"The Making of the Ballroom Brats" by Joe Six-Pack. The Ballroom Brats become the newest worldwide celebrity sensation. How did four unsuspecting guys at a fast food joint become the hottest girl group in music? Book / 113 pages / 34 illustrations

## **His Strangest Desire**

"Employee of the Month" by Joe Six-Pack. Mick is declared Employee of the Month, and he's going to find himself hurtling headlong into facing his weirdest inner desire. Book / 59 pages / 19 illustrations

## **Hard Time or High Heels**

"I'm Turning into My Mother" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Colby got deep into debt to a local gangster. Before long, he's on the arm of that very same gangster as his reluctant girlfriend. Book / 75 pages / 20 illustrations

## **Seriously Skirted**

"The Show Piece" by KK. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Mel finds work at a clinic as a secretary. He slowly begins to fit to role. Book / 75 pages / 19 illustrations

## **Stories of the Supernatural**

### **Changed and Rearranged**

"Wrongs Make Wright" By Joe Six-Pack. Chris and Matt were rivals. Then, Matt decided to show everyone how smart he truly was by impersonating a teacher. But the disguise becomes more and more real, much to Chris' dismay. Book / 74 pages / 19 illustrations

### **From Pals to Gals**

From the files of TGStories.com: "Mandate of the People" By Joe Six-Pack. Teens Jeremy and Stewart are good friends, but a bit thick in the noggin. When they jokingly nominate each other for Prom Queen, they slowly become the perfect candidates, thanks to some magic. Book / 45 pages / 16 illustrations

### **Crossed Fiction**

#### **If the Shoes Fit**

"Hand my Downs" By KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Sydney is a teen who is just trying to make it through the summer with no money. He finds himself wearing hand-me-downs from his sister, and that takes his life in a whole new direction. Book / 98 pages / 30 illustrations

#### **Sisters for the Summer**

"Camp Counseling" By Joe Six-Pack. Brock McCade always thought of himself as a real man, or at least he would be one, someday. After summer camp, he's no longer so sure. Book / 76 pages / 17 illustrations

#### **They're the Girls for the Job**

"Peace and Harmony" By James J Craft. Illustrations by blackshirtboy. Pete and Harmon need jobs bad. How far would they have to go to get them? Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

#### **Blondie's Lost Summer**

By KK. Illustrations by Fraylim. Carl's dream summer was about to become three months of dresses, heels and makeup. Book / 159 pages / 48 illustrations

#### **Blondie's Lost Year**

By KK. Illustrations by Fraylim. Book Two in the Blondie Series. Carl's trip to Florida has been horrible enough, trapped in dresses and makeup. Now, high school has presented a whole new level of humiliation for him. Book / 221 pages / 52 illustrations

#### **I Never Wanted to be a Woman**

"Politically Corrected" By Cheryl Lynn. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Michael's politically active mother has decided she's going to make

her hippie son over into the daughter she always wanted. Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

### **Seriously Sissified**

#### **Auntie's Girl Time**

By Cheryl Lynn. David was just a young teenage boy who wanted all the things in life a man could look forward to. His aunt, though, is going to make sure he never gets them. Book / 79 pages / 20 illustrations

#### **Auntie's Girl Time**

By Cheryl Lynn. David was just a young teenage boy who wanted all the things in life a man could look forward to. His aunt, though, is going to make sure he never gets them. Book / 79 pages / 20 illustrations

#### **Revenge of the Cheerleaders**

"Pansy Cheers" By Angela J. Patrick Sears was a football player trying to sleep with every cheerleader at his small college. He'd have to pay for his conquests. Book / 116 pages / 19 illustrations

#### **He's Got His Mind Made Up**

By James J. Craft. Illustrations by kinkyrocket. Corey has just a sliver of a chance to get into college, but that chance involves becoming his stepmother's maid. And she wants him to fit both the role and the dress. Book / 68 pages / 16 illustrations

### **Web Classics Revisited**

#### **Two Forms of ID**

By Joe Six-Pack. Harvey had the unusual ability to convincingly imitate a teenage girl. In desperation, he has to use that talent to make some money. But when is enough enough? Paperback / 194 pages / text only



**Reading is Fun de Mental!**