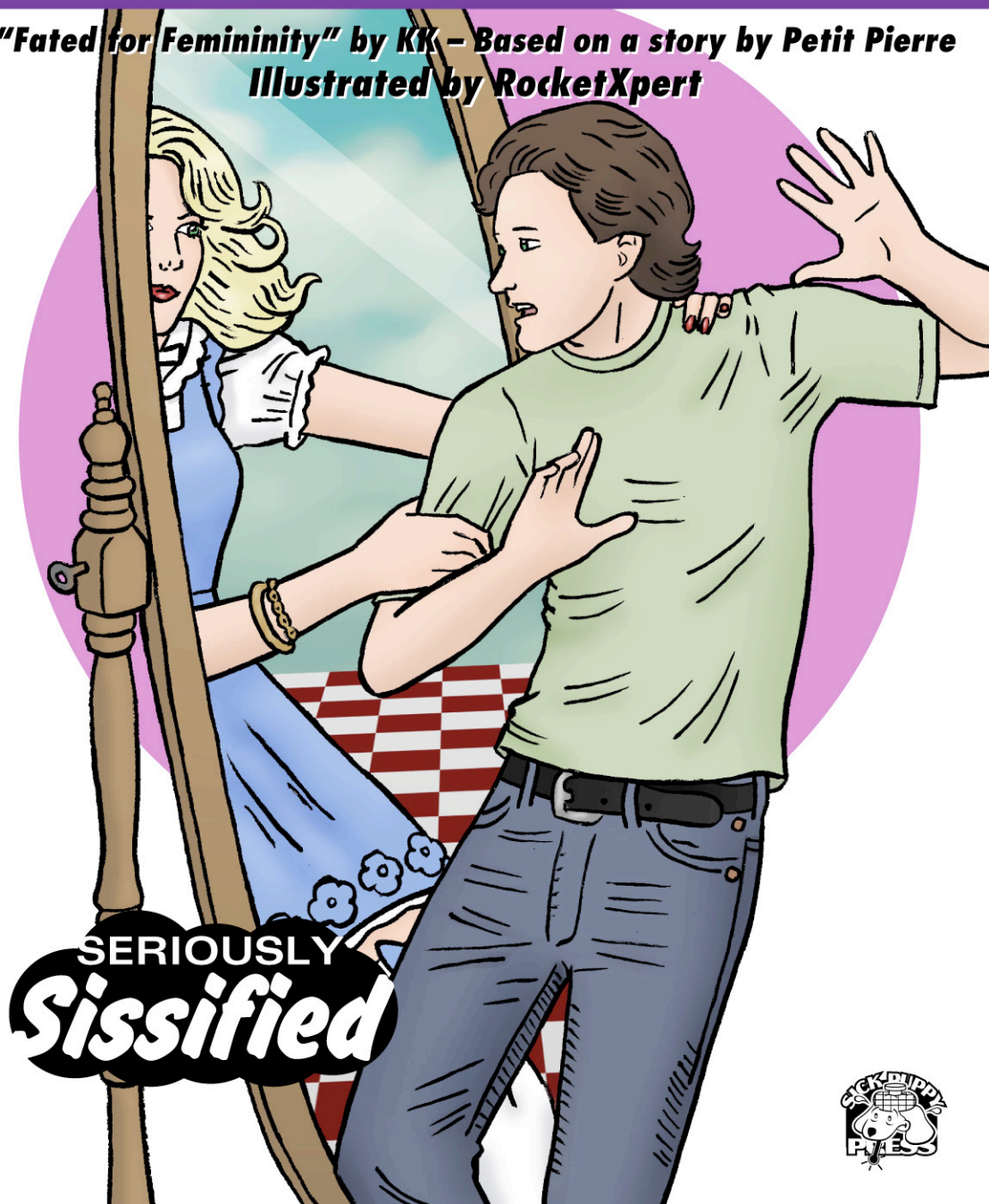


ADULTS ONLY

70 pages 15 illustrations

SIGNED, SEALED AND SISSIED

"Fated for Femininity" by KK – Based on a story by Petit Pierre
Illustrated by RocketXpert



SERIOUSLY
Sissified



K K

SIGNED, SEALED AND SISSIED

**“Fated for Femininity” by KK
Based on “Un Destin Bouleversé” by Petit Pierre
Illustrations by RocketXpert
A Seriously Sissified Story**



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FATED FOR FEMININITY

What happened to me? Even now, months after the start of this whole sordid story, I still don't understand. Once again, I find myself thinking back to the start of this hell, to try to understand. I remember the first time I had to tell my story. My mother had taken me to see a professional woman. A psychologist. Her name was Doria. It was the first time I had met her, and as I sat in her office, I told her how it all began...



I saw the first signs during a weekend game of soccer. I'd noticed them staring strangely at me before the game, in the dressing room, and during warm-ups. Then, during the game, despite my efforts to get open and call for the ball, none of my teammates would pass it to me.

I was going to high school, graduating the very next year. On the weekends, I played soccer on a rec team. Ian, the coach, was practically a second father to me. Basically, everything was going great in my life, when, suddenly, everything changed.

About a half-hour into it, Ian pulled me off the field. He asked what was going on, why my teammates were angry with me. But I had no idea. So, after the game, I went up to Matthew, my best friend, to try to discuss it with him. He shoved me away.

“Get away from me, fag!” He said with, a repulsive, ugly hatred in his eyes.

Before I could respond, Ian intervened and took the two of us to his office. There, he ordered Matthew to explain himself, and Matthew said nobody on the team wanted to play with a pervert like me, and that all the explanation needed was on my Facebook page. I didn't understand — sure, I had a page on the social networking site, but I hardly used it, and only to put up photos of our games, or to chat with my girlfriend, Angie. I told them there wasn't anything on there to offend anyone.

Matthew insisted, furiously, and started going on about my “other page.” Now I was even more confused. I told him I didn't have any other accounts, and I didn't know what he was talking about. Seeing Matthew getting madder and madder, Ian finally told him to leave. Then, the coach told me not to come to practice until things were cleared up.



I still lived with my parents. My big sister Molly had left home to go to college, so, being the only kid left in the house, my parents spoiled me. They even paid for my driver's education courses so I would be ready to get my license. At home, I felt like a king.

Of course I searched for this “other page,” but no one would respond to my messages and calls about what it was or where I could find it. I was totally in the dark about what it could possibly be. I didn’t see any point in telling my parents about it, because all they would do is overreact. I just had to keep looking for it.

In the following days, things at school where things really got out of hand. At first, nobody would sit beside me in class. Everybody seemed to be avoiding me. Then it got worse.

One morning, as I entered the bathroom, I ran into Jerome, a guy I vaguely knew. He shoved me back.

“Faggot! You follow me in here trying to get lucky or something?”

“Huh?”

I didn’t have time to say anything else before he decked me right in the face. Once I got over my shock, I put my hands up to defend myself. The sound of our tussle drew more students to the bathroom, and we were soon pulled apart. But when they recognized me, the crowd was instantly on Jerome’s side, and some of them started throwing their own punches. I fell to the floor under the attack, and they started hitting even harder. I got a hard kick to the chest, a couple to the back, and it was only the arrival of a supervisor that saved me from worse.

I found myself whisked away to the principal’s office with Jerome. After the school nurse gave us both a quick inspection, he informed us, in a stern voice, that he was going to launch an investigation to find out exactly what had triggered such a display of violence — and that the consequence could very well be expulsion! I tried to defend myself, but he interrupted me, saying that in the meantime, we were suspended from school.

My father came to pick me up. From the look on his face, I knew better than to say anything, even though I knew I’d done nothing wrong. My father was an easily angered man, and he didn’t like being troubled with my problems. He especially didn’t like having to take time off work to be summoned to his son’s school and suffer the embarrassment. It was an anguished silence on the way home, and even as we entered the house.



The next morning, it was hard to get up. I was sore and aching everywhere. My parents were both working, so I was alone in the house. As soon as I could boot up my computer, I checked my messages and found nothing but hate mail. All of them called me “faggot” or “pansy” or “queer.” Some were threatening to break my face the next time they saw it. On my Facebook page,

it was the same. I was utterly shocked, unable to understand what had caused all this.

I kept running searches and sending messages, trying to figure out what was happening to my life. I had to know what was going on, but no one would tell me. My friends, the guys I had grown up with were treating me like garbage. My best friend had turned on me and wouldn't tell me why. My own girlfriend acted like I didn't even exist. It was a living nightmare.

My nerves were buzzing. I couldn't stop shaking. I was sweating buckets and the world was spinning in front of my eyes. I must have thrown up three times that day.

It wasn't until the next day that I understood. Ian came to the house that evening to speak with my parents. We all stood around the computer, and then Ian showed us the website that Matthew had shown him. At first glance, it seemed like a normal Facebook page of a certain "Ella." As I kept looking, though, I recognized photos — *of me!* — from last Halloween.

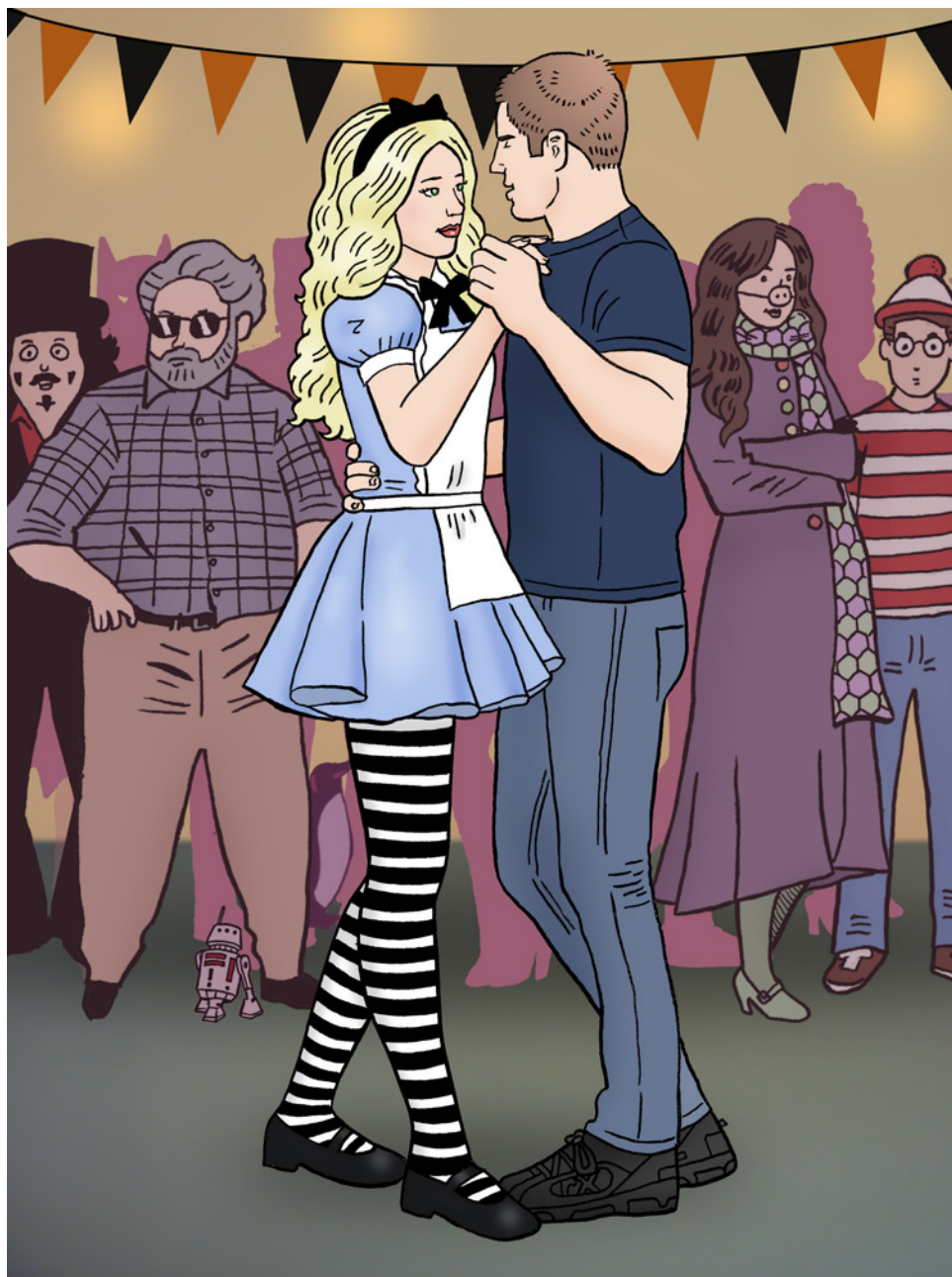
As a joke, my friends had persuaded me to go dressed as a girl. We had gotten me a frilly blue pinafore dress and a long blond wig. I was "Sexy Alice in Wonderland" for the night. Angie made my face up and taught me how to walk in the shoes. Then we spent the whole night seeing who we could fool. We probably ruined a few relationships that night. We got some guys in real trouble with their girlfriends. Guys would come up and flirt with me and I remembered it being a fun evening. An awesome night, actually.

There was a photo of me laughing as I accepted a dance from a big, burly friend of a friend — I think his name was Regis. I don't really know, he wasn't from our school. There was another of us actually dancing. Then another when we revealed who I really was, and his face when he figured it out. Priceless. I remembered the whole thing, but it had only been a joke, and Matthew had been laughing right along with us. Heck, he even bought me the wig. How did it give him any reason to call *me* a fag?

But as we scrolled further down the page, I saw things I absolutely did not remember. The next photos showed me, or at least someone in the same outfit and same wig as me, kissing Regis on the mouth. The next showed Regis slyly feeling up the bottom of this person who looked like me, and the one after that showed Regis leading 'me' away by the hand, and if the sign in the background was anything to go on, the couple was heading towards the bathrooms. After that photo, there was a caption that read:

"That's where I discovered my true self! My sissy cock-loving self!"

I was baffled. On this Facebook page, someone had used real photos of me, then some kind of staged photography or digital fakery, to make it look like I was some kind of... *Something*.



I braced myself as Ian scrolled further down. What showed up next was even worse. The next photos were clearly taken in the very room we were sitting in — my room. They were ‘selfies’ taken in the mirror hanging over my desk, and while the flash of the camera obscured the face, they had all been taken by someone wearing the same wig as I had on at the party.

Instead of my Halloween costume, there was a variety of girl's clothing, all of it skimpy and suggestive, and the poses the mystery photographer struck were equally so. Mixed in with the selfies were close-ups showing a hand masturbating another guy's manhood, another of a tongue licking a pair of mirror-black high heels, and one of a dildo being inserted into a smooth, puckered rectum. The whole montage was clearly of the same person, or at least it had been arranged to look that way. In between the photos, there were links to tranny porn and BDSM sites. Ian was scrolling through as quickly as he could, seeing the shock and disgust on my parents' faces, but I caught glimpses of captions talking about transsexuality. When he paused, the one at the end jumped out crystal clear:

"I'm a girl who was born a boy, but I'm going to become my true sissy self now, so call me Ella!"

There were even worse ones, saying that 'Ella' had been fantasizing about making love to guys for years, and there was a top ten list of names — names that I recognized, names of my classmates and my teammates. There, near the top, was the name of my best friend, Matthew!

I was stunned, unable to speak. The Halloween gag had turned into a horrible nightmare.

Because of the first photos, where I was easily recognizable, nobody would ever doubt that the rest of the site was me, as well... And that I was expressing my actual sick, perverted wishes. I swore aloud that I hadn't made this page, that I'd never seen it in my life, but Ian and my father didn't seem to hear me. They were still looking at the screen, dazed and incredulous at what they'd just seen.

My mom was the first to move, and I realized, with a start, that she was searching my room. I wanted to tell her not to bother, because obviously none of that stuff was mine, but I was still too shocked by what had just happened. I wasn't even paying attention when she reached behind an old dusty shelf I never used, and pulled out a sports bag. She looked nearly as scared as I did as she threw it down on the bed and opened it. I had never seen the bag in my life, but I had seen its contents just a few seconds ago: there was lingerie, girl's clothes, mirror black high heels, the blonde wig... And a dildo!

I was trying to defend myself when suddenly my dad turned and slapped me across the face. I fell silent in disbelief — he had never hit me in my life! His face was red with anger and confusion, and he barely seemed able to speak.

"Until further notice, you're grounded," he said. "Don't you dare step foot outside this room, you hear me?" He stumbled out the door, and as he passed through I heard him mutter, in the same dazed voice, "My own kid is a fairy... When everyone at work finds out... Oh, God..."



Ian followed him, only pausing to say, without looking me in the eye, that it would be better not to come to soccer from now on.

After a moment that seemed an eternity, I turned to my mother. I went to open my mouth, but she shook her head, putting a finger to her lips, and turning away, seemingly too overwrought to speak. I could see tears in her eyes as she left without another word, taking the sports bag and its contents with her.

I couldn't help it. As soon as the door swung shut, I burst into sobs. Someone — some evil, horrible person — had just ruined my life. But who? And why?



I spent a long time sitting on my bed, staring, dazed, at the screen of my computer, exploring the foul webpage and wondering who could have done such a thing. When the door to my room swung open, I nearly jumped in surprise. It was my mom. She'd never come in without knocking before.

And beside her...

My girlfriend Angie. I felt a flood of relief, hoping that she, at least, would listen to me. That she would believe me. But before I could even open my mouth, she shouted:

"Your mom showed me everything! The site, the bag... The dildo! I can't believe I was in love with a... A pervert! It wasn't enough just to cheat on me, you had to cheat on me with *guys*? And even worse, you, you, you..." I had never seen her so upset, and I wanted to comfort her somehow, but I was frozen in her fierce glare. "You took *my* things to act out *your* sick fantasies,"

she hissed. “I found my p-p-panties in that bag, and my favorite skirt I thought I lost a few weeks ago. You *pig!*”

“Let me explain!” I begged, standing up from the bed, but she was already halfway through the door. She only paused long enough to add, in a heartbroken sob:

“I never want to see you again.”

I tried to go after her, but my mom shut the door on me. I heard the key turn in the lock, and then I was all alone, trapped in my room, more miserable than I had ever felt in my life.



The doctor, Doria, lowered her round-rimmed glasses and put down her note pad. “I’m sorry you had to go through that,” she said. “I think we should take a break. Why don’t you send in your mother and take some time to gather your energy. If you’re up to it, we’ll talk some more in a little while.”

I was up to it. I had been dying to tell someone what had happened to me for days. I got up from the chair and headed for the lobby. My mother was already waiting to talk to the doctor.



“Are you comfortable?” The doctor asked Martha.

Laying on the plush, soft padded chair, Evan’s mother nodded back. “Yes, very.”

“Good, good...” The doctor sat down in her office chair, close by. She crossed her black-stockinged legs and placed her hands, folded, on her lap. “Now let’s start from the beginning,” she said, her wine-colored lips smiling.

Martha was completely at ease. Doria, as the doctor insisted on being called, had that way about her. With a sigh, Evan’s mother relaxed her body and opened up to the attractive middle-aged psychologist as the doctor idly bobbed one of her black pumps in the air.

“Well, I was shocked to find out my son’s secret, and even more shocked at how it had all come out. I would have tried to be understanding if he’d talked to me about his homosexual longings, or even his desire to cross-dress, but this... This was all just too much, too hard to wrap my head around, too perverse and disgusting.”

Doria smiled warmly. “Tell me about what happened after your discovery.”

“For the next few days, Evan was grounded,” Martha said. “He only left his room to go to the bathroom and to eat. Yes, it was partly to punish him, but it was also to protect him. I was frightened by some of the hate mail and threats he’d already received.”

“Did you try talking to him?”

“Yes. Certainly. But every time I did, Evan denied the whole thing, claiming someone else had made the Facebook page. The day after the discovery, Gil, my husband, had gone into Evan’s room to confiscate the computer, but before he did, he ordered Evan to erase his page. Evan had kept lying, claiming he didn’t know the password. Gil was so angry he went to hit Evan again, and I had to intervene before things got out of control.”

“But that wasn’t the end of it, obviously,” Doris said.

“A few days later, I went through Evan’s bag of transvestite... stuff. I threw the disgusting dildo in the garbage, and the well-worn wig, too. Then I

automatically started sorting the clothes and underwear, as I always do, to wash them. At the bottom of the bag, I found a crumpled piece of paper with a few words written on it. I showed it to Gil, and he realized it was the password — Sissyellaluvsheels — for our son’s Facebook page. At least we could finally delete that horrible page!”

“What happened then?”

“Unfortunately, things didn’t get any better in the following days. In our little town, where everyone knows everyone else, I felt like I had a big target painted on my back. Some of my neighbors and friends stopped talking to me, while others, trying to be charitable, came over to say how they were “so sad for me,” that it must be so hard to have a “child like that.” It was painful for me. We had a very tough time of it. Evan, with that *repulsive* website, had put a huge strain on our whole family.”

“How would you describe your husband’s reaction?”

“I’ve never seen Gil so angry. He was unapproachable. He didn’t even come to bed for a week, drinking himself to sleep in front of the TV. I don’t think he said more than a handful of words to me for days.”

“You must have felt very alone,” Doria observed.

Martha sighed once more. “I telephoned Molly, our oldest daughter, as often as I could to update her on the situation. Once the initial shock had passed, she’d been very understanding and very tolerant about her brother. She reminded me that he was just a dumb kid, and doubtless hadn’t thought through the consequences of his actions. The long talks with Molly really helped. After a few more days, I was calm enough to start doing a little research, to try to understand what was going on in my son’s mind.”

“That’s certainly the very first thing I would have suggested,” Doria said. “It’s the first step towards understanding. What did your research tell you?”

“Well, I found numerous websites with serious discussions on transvestism, transsexuality, homosexuality — everything I was so ignorant about. There was much more than I ever thought on the subject. It was all a little overwhelming. I wanted to involve Gil, but every time I tried to share a new bit of helpful information with my husband, he refused to talk about it. He acted like Evan no longer existed. Fortunately, my talks with Molly gave me support. She suggested we start looking for a psychiatrist who could help Evan.”

“And that’s where you found me?” Doria said, with a knowing grin.

Martha nodded. “A few days later, Molly told me about someone she’d met at the university who knew a psychiatrist specializing in gender identity. She gave

me your name. Even though we live so far away, in a small town, I decided to do it. Also, I thought a few days away would do Evan and I some good.”

“Well, I do think we have some work ahead of us,” said Doria, “but I will do everything I can to help you and your son.”

“Thank you doctor,” Helen replied.

“Doria. It’s just Doria.” She uncrossed her legs and stood up. “Now, I’d like to talk to your son once again.”



By the time my mother returned, I was practically climbing the walls, ready to tell the doctor the rest of my story. I was so focused that I almost missed the look in my mother's eyes, a mix of pain and distance I had never seen before. I wanted to say something, but I had run out of words to try and console her with. None of them seemed to work anyway.

I continued telling my story to Doria.



After Angie had left, I had spent all day hiding away in my room, still racking my brains trying to think of who could have played such a horrible joke on me. First I considered the group of friends who'd been with me at Halloween all those months ago. It hurt to think that one of them could have betrayed me so badly, so it was almost a relief to realize none of them could have taken the 'selfies' in my room — they were all too big and tall to fit into the girl's clothes without looking ridiculous. The more I thought about it, the more confused I was.

All alone, sitting on the foot of my bed, I often cried. In such a tiny span of time, my life had totally fallen apart. My parents thought I was a pervert and a liar. My soccer team hated me. I would no doubt be run out of school, and worst of all, Angie now wanted nothing to do with me!

The nights were exhausting. I hardly slept. Nightmares usually woke me up.

When I was most tired and depressed, I even started doubting my own self. Was I crazy? Had I done those things and then forgotten about them?

I wondered if I had schizophrenia, or multiple personalities, or something. Little by little, I started to believe that I really was this pervert, that I'd somehow suppressed all these disgusting fantasies...

I thought about just ending it. Killing myself seemed the only way out.

When mom came to bring me my meal that day, she was smiling. It was the first time I'd seen her smile since the beginning of this whole nightmare. She told me she'd found a psychiatrist who could help me, and we were going to be leaving for a few days — if I was ready to talk to a professional.

Only a week ago, I'd thought I was 'normal' and level-headed. I would have laughed at the proposition of seeing a psychiatrist. But now, I would do anything to get out of this hell.



“And that brings up to now?” Doria asked, tapping the end of her pen against her lips.

I shrugged. “That’s the whole story. Yesterday, we left town and after several hours on the train, my mom and I checked into a hotel a couple of blocks away. Then today, we came here.”

“I suppose I should ask you how this makes you feel,” Doria said.

“I don’t know what to feel,” I replied.

For the first time since it had all started, someone actually listened to me. She only interrupted a few times, for more specific details, but never gave me the impression she was judging me. When I talked about the most painful



moments, I felt tears in my eyes, but for some reason it felt safe to cry here. It felt good. With Doria listening to me, I finally felt hopeful again.

Doria gently halted our conversation and asked me to return the next day. We did, and had several more sessions after that, as well.

During one of these sessions, Doria focused a lot on the Halloween party. First she asked me how I felt when I was dressed as a girl. Then, she asked if I had drunk anything, or taken any kind of drugs. I did drink quite a bit that night, as I recall, but I didn't take any drugs... Unless someone had dropped something in my glass.

Over the course of the conversation, I started struggling to remember how that night had ended. My memory of it wasn't as clear as I'd thought it was. I started to wonder if maybe, just maybe, someone had slipped me a drug, and then, under the influence, I had done what the photos showed. Had I really kissed that guy, Regis? Had I really followed him to the bathroom for... For what? To seduce him? Give him a blowjob? Have sex with him?

I couldn't be sure of anything anymore, especially not my own recollection. I didn't remember the end of the night. Had I slept with that guy? And worse, had I loved it so much I made that Facebook page while still out of my mind from the drug, or from some kind of multiple personality?

I was getting more and more agitated, but Doria assured me that whatever may have happened, I had done nothing wrong. She suggested I might have suppressed the memories because of my overly-conservative upbringing. Doria explained that many people were homosexual, or transsexual, and of those, many didn't know it yet. They felt miserable playing the traditional gender role, but without knowing why. She told me that we would work together to discover who I really was underneath, and, if I found what she already suspected, she would help me in my transition.

Without really knowing what she meant by "transition," I agreed to follow her treatment plan, even if I was frightened by what I might discover. After all, I had nothing left to lose.



“Well, come on in, I’m sure you’re tired,” Martha said, holding the front door to their home open wide. “It’s a long trip.”

“Like I said, I just came from visiting another patient a few miles away,” Doria said, walking inside the house. “The least I could do was to drop by and see how things were going before heading back to the city.”

“My husband is at work, but Evan is out back in the yard. I can go get him.”

“In a minute. Let’s catch up a little.”

“You can sit down here. Would you like some tea?”

“I’d love some.”

Martha retreated to the kitchen where she put on a kettle. She prepared everything for the tea, and then, after taking a deep breath, returned to the living room.

Doria was making herself comfortable on the main sofa. “So last I saw you was... Three weeks ago? Does that sound right?”

“It seems longer,” Martha said. “I think we left things unfinished. But after nearly a week in the city, we had to return home. I needed to get back to my job.”

“Well, as I explained to you before you left, I did need more time with Evan to determine the scope of his problem, but I was already certain what it was. A case of repressed transsexuality.”

“You still believe that Evan is ‘a girl trapped in the body of a boy?’ ”

“Now that I’ve seen the town, yes more than ever. Because of this small town, and a conservative upbringing, he refused to recognize it.”

The tea kettle started to whistle in the kitchen. “I wasn’t sure I understood everything you were saying, and I’m still not sure I do.” She brought the kettle in and started to pour the steaming water out into two tiny teacups. “I know you are an expert in your subject, and I trust your judgment. But when you talk about Evan’s upbringing causing him so much anguish, I feel awful. Have I done him wrong?”

Doria blew some steam off her cup without responding. “Is Evan following his treatment regimen?” She asked. Doria had prescribed Evan a course of anti-androgen pills. She had explained that such a treatment would reduce his

masculine personality traits, his libido, his aggressiveness. It would help him be more calm, and reflective. She had emphasized that the young man would also need a lot of time to reflect calmly on his future, and the life he would choose.

“The weeks following our return home were hard,” Martha explained. “We had to go to the high school to speak to the principal, who decided it would be best for the other students if Evan was permanently expelled. After that, things between Evan and his father were even more strained. Gil wanted our son to leave home.”

“But what about you, Martha? What do you want?”

“I want to help Evan. You’ve given me hope again. I’ve spent as much time as I could with my son. I was relieved to see the treatment seemed to be taking effect, making him more calm. Before all this started, he was nearly hyperactive if he couldn’t burn off his energy by playing sports.”

“That’s good to know.”

“Unfortunately, Gil and I argue nearly every day. He’s going to lose it with Evan. I fear for my boy’s safety. I know my husband will do something we’ll all regret. I never thought I’d have to worry about violence in my own household.”

“Well, I have a suggestion,” Doria said. “I’m not sure it’s what you want to hear, but I think it might be for the best.”

“What do you have in mind? Honestly, I’ll try just about anything.”

“One of my friends, a woman named Sarah, could take Evan in temporarily. I would be able to see him often, to stay on top of my diagnosis and adjust his treatment. Even better, Sarah owns a clothing store where Evan would be able to work a little bit to earn his keep.”

“We should talk it over with Evan. But I don’t think he’ll like the idea.”



Leave home? For how long? Forever?

The idea frightened me, even if I was miserable in my own house. I avoided my dad as much as possible, and I had for weeks — I was scared he might hit me again. But I was even more scared of leaving home all on my own.

I told Doria I didn't want to leave home. She kept the invitation open, but she also said she understood how I felt. Mom promised her we'd visit her in a month or so to continue my sessions, and headed back to the city.

Then, the very next weekend when my dad was in the house, I left for a walk. I wanted to avoid another fight. My feet brought me to the soccer field, where I could see my old friends warming up. When they saw me, most of them ignored me. Some of them shouted at me:

“Piss off, you queer!”

I was hurrying away when I ran into Matthew, showing up late to practice. He was with Angie, and the two of them were holding hands! A few weeks ago, I would have socked him in the nose for daring to touch my girlfriend, but now, to my shame, I only gave a surprised sob with tears appearing in my eyes. Angie snorted.

“I guess you really were a pussy all along,” she said.

At those words, I walked toward her, furious, but I didn't have time to do whatever it was I was going to do. Matthew stepped between us and the last thing I remembered was his fist swinging towards me.

I woke up in a hospital bed with a broken nose and bruises all over. My mom, sitting beside me, explained that Ian had saved me after my former teammates had nearly beaten me to a pulp. Still fuzzy from the painkillers, I told my mom I wanted to leave. That I accepted Doria's offer.



Martha was relieved when Evan told her he was going to take the offer. Too many people hated him, and his own father could barely look at him. She called Doria immediately to ask if her friend was still open to the proposal. She said yes, but then hesitated.

In a tone Martha hadn't heard before, Doria asked if she would agree to try an experiment. Martha didn't know how to respond, but then Doria asked a different question: if Martha had ever wished to have another daughter. She started to cry. The beleaguered mother had to admit the truth, that yes, she would have loved to have another daughter. She had never been close enough with Molly, her oldest.

Was this my fault? Martha thought to herself. *Had I subconsciously made Evan feel as if I wanted him to be my daughter instead of my son?* Upset and worried, she listened to what Doria was proposing... And she gave her permission.

Two days later, Evan left the hospital. Martha brought him to the station so he could take his train to Doria, Sarah, and a new life, one she hoped he would be happy in. She held him in her arms, reluctantly let him go, and handed him his travel bag.

It was the same bag she had found in his room that terrible day. Martha had put his girl's clothes back inside, and added a few of his sister's old things, too.



When I got off the train and stepped onto the train platform, Doria was waiting for me with another woman beside her. I approached them, and Doria flinched when she saw me. With my bandaged nose and black eyes, I knew I looked hideous. Doria introduced me to her companion, whose name was Sarah. She was over fifty, I found out later, but didn't look a day over forty.

She also looked more or less how I'd imagined the owner of a high-class clothing boutique to look, wearing only designer labels and impeccably tailored. Everything she wore appeared to be expensive, from her outfit to her jewelry to the purse on her arm. I couldn't help but be impressed. Her tightly-tressed bun might have given her a severe air, but it was softened by a loose strand on the side of her face. When she moved to shake my hand, I was impressed again by how easily she moved in her excessively high heels.

I still had my eyes fixed on her slingback pumps, and her unending legs, when she took me gently by the chin to look at my face.

"God, they really made a mess of you. Does it hurt?"

"Just a little, ma'am."

"Has anyone explained to you how things will go from here?"

"Uh, sort of..."

"You have to understand that we want to help you, but you have to help us do that, understand?"

"Yeah, I..."

"Over the next few months, you'll be living at my place. I have a spare room for girls from the work experience program. You'll be working in the same capacity, in the back of the store, naturally. We can't have customers seeing you like this, can we?"

"I guess not."

"Good. You'll learn how to handle stock, and maintenance, and learn about our clothing lines. Then later on, if you prove yourself capable, and if you want to stay on with us, I'll train you in sales."

Doria stepped forward to take her turn examining my face.

“I’m going to contact a friend of mine, he’s a plastic surgeon. He’ll be able to fix your nose. Your job at the boutique should cover whatever insurance doesn’t.”

“Thanks, Doria.”

“So, we’re all on the same page, now, right? You’ve been taking the prescription I gave you?”



I nodded.

“Well, now I’m adding a new medication.”

She handed me a small bottle with a note attached that said, “two pills with each meal.” She continued:

“We’ll see each other in session twice a week. You have to be patient, but believe me, within two or three months, everything is going to be much, much better.”

“I hope so. I... I trust you, Doria.”

“I’m glad! The most important thing is that you take these regularly, and don’t worry over the eventual side effects that pop up. I’m going to be checking you in with a hormone specialist to make sure everything is progressing properly, in case we have to change treatments.”

“Side effects?”

“You trust me — you just said it yourself!”

“Of course! I mean... Thank you for everything, Doria.”

But I wasn’t feeling completely sure of that as she waved goodbye, leaving me alone with Sarah.



Sarah drove us to her place in a new Mercedes. The apartment was equally impressive: the bottom floor housed the clothing boutique, while Sarah and her house servants lived above it, taking up an entire floor. We entered through the back and took an elevator up. A very pretty brunette in a maid’s uniform welcomed us. Sarah left me in her care as she went to check up on the store.

The brunette beauty told me to call her Celia as she led me to my new room. It was twice the size of my old room at home, with a private bathroom, to boot. I was very impressed, even if the furniture, décor, and pastel colors of the walls were all very feminine. If the spare room was this luxurious, what would the master bedroom look like?

Celia took my bag and placed it on the bed, then led me toward the bathroom. I couldn’t help but admire her long, slender legs and swaying buttocks as I followed her. I thought she was going to show me where to find towels or something, so I was floored when she told me to take my clothes off! Seeing my hesitation, she reached forward and started casually unbuttoning my jeans, leaning forward to whisper in my ear:

“Let me get that for you, cutie.”

Totally under her spell, I let her undress me, only trying to stop her when she went to lower my briefs. She yanked them down anyways, leaving me naked as

the day I was born, and in front of a total stranger. I covered my crotch as well as I could with my hands — since starting the anti-androgens, I hadn't had a lot of erections, but right now, after being stripped naked by a sexy girl around my age, I felt like I was about to explode. Celia pointed me toward the bathtub, and, noticing my problem, giggled.

“If you're a good boy, we'll deal with that after.”

It was all I could do not to come right then and there! I was too embarrassed and titillated to speak as she covered my body with a foul-smelling cream, telling me I would have to leave it on for ten minutes before rinsing. She left with my clothes, then came back a few minutes later to help me with the shower. I had the surprise of my life when all of my body hair disappeared under the jet of water, swirling down the drain and leaving me smooth from the neck down. Celia took my hand to help me out of the tub, leaving me in front of the mirror, faced with my hairless body. I suddenly felt twice as naked! Celia helped me dry off with a towel, as if I couldn't do it on my own, then rubbed a lotion into my skin — *that* I would never complain about. Every time I tried to say something, she put a finger to my lips and whispered:

“Shh, you promised to be good, remember?”

I could have sworn I was in love. This girl was something else. Every touch made me tremble, every word made me flush. After she was finally done applying the lotion, we stood face-to-face, with me trying to think of something to say. She just smiled.

“You *were* a good boy,” she said, licking her lips.

She reached forward and grabbed my throbbing hard-on. I'd been getting more and more excited this whole time, and just her touch made me come, harder than I'd ever managed before on my own or with Angie!



After cleaning me up, Celia took me back into my bedroom and told me it was time to get dressed. When I opened my travel bag, though, I found nothing but lingerie and girl clothes!

“But I can't wear these!” I protested.

Celia picked a pair of skimpy panties out of the bag and approached me with a teasing grin.

“No way!” I said again. “I'm not wearing those.”

“Come on, be a good boy,” she said saucily, winking. “You've already seen what happens when you're good.”

I gulped. Thinking this must all be some kind of foreplay for her, I let her pull the panties up my legs and settle them snugly against my bottom, hardly able to believe what was happening.

At that exact moment, Sarah walked in. She exchanged a knowing smile with Celia and asked if I'd packed enough clothes.

"These aren't mine," I said, blushing as she inspected the garments. "I'm not going to wear them, I..."

"Oh, calm down," Sarah said sternly. "You can, and you will. Doria made it perfectly clear you're to give your best effort. How else will we find out if you're meant to be a girl, or meant to be a boy? That's why you're here! You're going to try wearing girls' clothes for now, and if in a few weeks you don't feel better, Doria will adjust her diagnosis and we'll try something else."

"But..."

"You have to trust her judgment — I know I do. Unless you want to go back home?"

Overwhelmed by everything, by Celia's flirtations, and the girls' clothes I was meant to wear, and the way my whole life had been turned upside-down, I broke out into sobs. "No, I can't go back, my father hates me and I don't have any friends anymore..."

"Of course you do. You have friends right here in this very room. Right, Celia?"

Celia gave me a big smile and another wink, as if to say maybe 'friend' wasn't the right word. I swallowed. Then, giving in at last, I looked inside the bag. I couldn't find any pants, only three skirts and a dress.

"I can't wear a skirt," I pleaded. "I'll wear a pair of women's trousers, but a skirt?"

"I know this is all happening very fast, dear," Sarah said. "But sometimes it's better to jump right in and get the shock over with, isn't it? That reminds me, I suppose we should call you Ella from here on in. That's the name you've chosen, isn't it?"

"No, I... I don't know anymore."

My tears were starting to flow again — why did I cry so easily lately? Sure, my life was a mess, but I had never been one to weep at the drop of a hat like this.

I decided maybe weeping had its benefits, however, when Celia drew me into her arms. She smelled incredible, and the sensation of her soft body posed a serious danger of giving me another erection to deal with. But her touch was comforting, too, and I regained some control over myself.

"What about my old jeans?" I asked, embarrassed at having broken down in tears in front of two females. "Just for now."

“Okay, Ella,” Sarah said. “You can wear them. Just for now. Celia, dear, go find his jeans.”

This time it was Celia who seemed embarrassed. I didn’t know why until she hurried away and returned a few moments later with my jeans... Or what was left of them.

“I thought I could use them for cut-offs,” she said sheepishly. “I didn’t think he’d need them anymore! He’s really slim, so we’re about the same waist, and...” She had cut them into a pair of shorts — and extremely short ones at that, as I realized once I had them on. They were practically Daisy Dukes now! And with my newly-epilated legs, they looked every bit as girly as a skirt. At least they were mine, though. Celia helped me find a unisex-looking T-shirt and a pair of white socks to complete the outfit.

Sarah gave me a long look up and down. “Hmmm,” she said. “We have a lot of work to do, but it’s a start. Well, time for dinner! Let’s eat.”



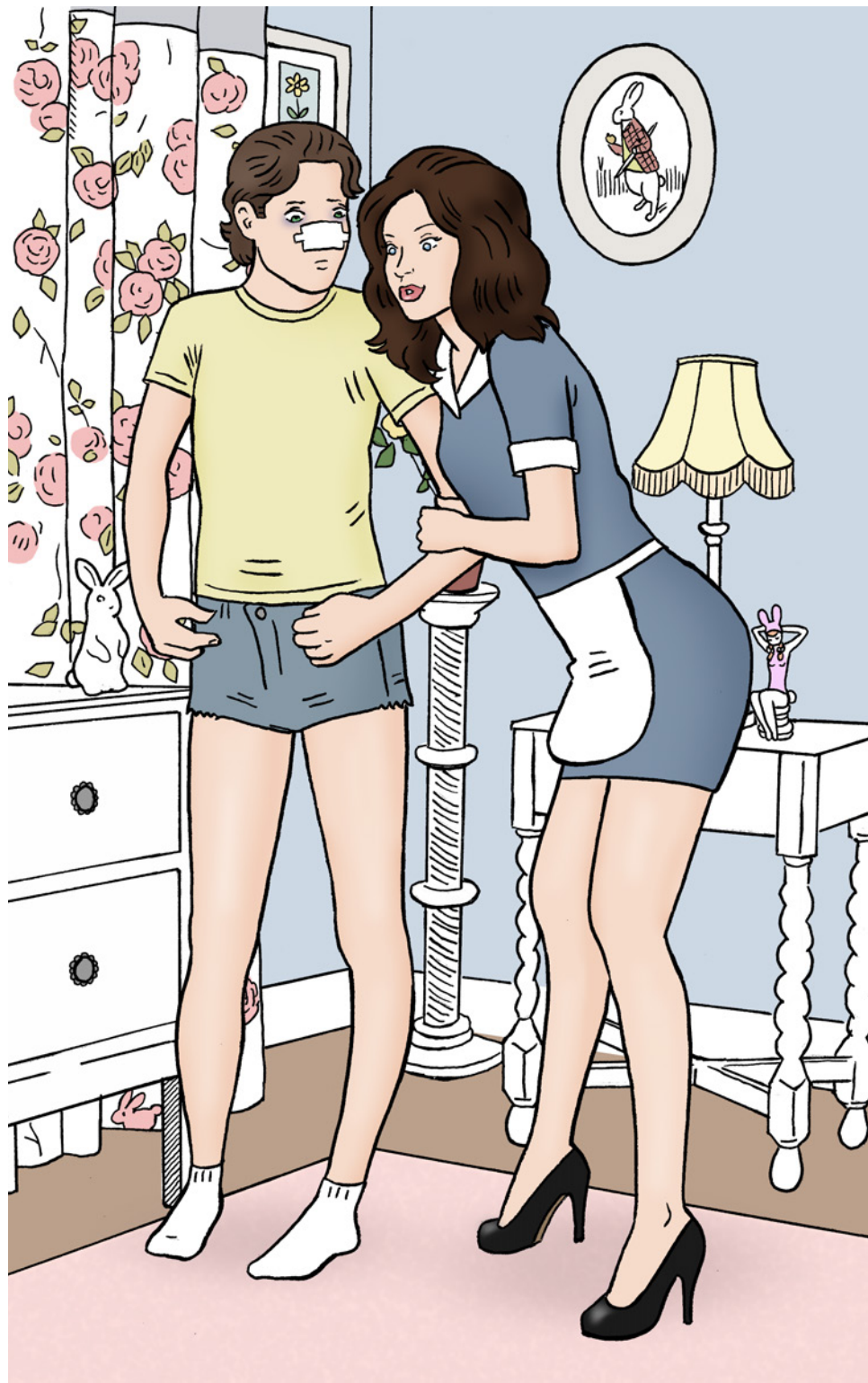
Over dinner, I met the other people who lived in this luxurious apartment. Celia was the maid, but there was an older woman named Genevieve who served as the cook. Sarah informed me that once I had settled in, I would be expected to pitch in and help both of them around the house. I also met Rose, Sarah’s daughter, who was twenty-three, blonde, and absolutely gorgeous. Apparently she worked in the boutique, too, and despite myself I was eager to start my new job just to see her there.

I was surrounded by women, and not a single one of them seemed annoyed to have me living with them for the foreseeable future. As soon as I was seated, Sarah gave me my pills, and, seeing the curious looks from around the table, decided to explain then and there.

“Ella is here with us because Doria is treating her for gender identity disorder. To help her find herself, and to find happiness, Ella is going to experience the life of a young woman for these next few months. That’s why I’m asking all of you, from this moment on, to treat her at all times like a normal young woman!”

It seemed like Sarah was explaining for everyone else’s benefit, but I could tell from her tone that the message was, above all, for me. I thought about protesting, telling everybody I was a man and that Doria’s theory was just that, a theory... But not a word came out of my mouth. What other choice did I have but to go along with it? Go back to my parents? Live in the street?

I thought back to my conversations with Doria. I did trust her, even though this seemed like an extreme measure. Sometimes I trusted her more than I



trusted myself. She had warned me this would be difficult, but that we would find our way through it as a team. And furthermore, everyone here had been kind to me. I hadn't experienced such kindness for weeks. I lowered my head, resigned.

Rose, sitting across from me, saw the traces of doubt that were still on my face.

"You know," she said, smiling. "You're not the first work experience student we've had. We're going to make you feel right at home."

"Thanks. I guess usually you have girls working in the boutique, right?"

"Yes, I employ women in my boutique," Sarah said. "Clients prefer that. But as a famous philosopher once said, one is not born a woman, one becomes one!"

I didn't respond, trying to figure out why she and Rose were giving each other conspiratorial smiles.

"You're the third boy to live here," Sarah said. "Following Doria's treatment plan."

"Four, if you count my ex!" Rose added.

"And what happened with all of them?" I asked, shocked.

Sarah gave me an enigmatic smile. "All three are blossoming into lovely young women," she said. "The first is currently working at a friend of mine's store. The second is... A domestic worker."

Rose added, "As for Thomas, my ex, he, or rather she, goes by Anna now, and married a very wealthy businessman!"

I looked from Rose to her mother, still unsure if they were pulling my leg, but in the end I only nodded and returned my attention to my plate.



After dinner, I spent the rest of the evening alone in my room. I was exploring what was to be my world for the next several weeks, if not months. Everything in the place was so... *Girly*. There was a makeup table across from the big bed, and a door leading to large walk-in closet full of female clothing, some of it with the tags still on. Later I would learn that most of them were from the boutique, items that had been returned or were no longer sold for whatever reason. There was also a shelf with dozens of pairs of ladies' shoes.

More directly, they were high heels. Ever since I learned that 'Ella's' password was 'sissyllaluvsheels,' the notion of women's heels had been on my mind. If I were to believe that 'Ella' was the real me, a personality and desire I was

repressing, then maybe I should explore what attraction there was to a pair of these things.

Sure, there's something undeniably alluring and compelling about heels, I guess. I decided that touching them wouldn't hurt, so I ran my fingers tentatively over a pair of red pumps. Before I knew it I was holding one of them to my cheek, feeling the slick surface against my skin and smelling the leather. Maybe 'Ella' was on to something.

I was lost in my exploration, and my thoughts, when Celia came back. I got the shoe back on the shelf just as I heard the door open.

"Ella, you need to get to sleep. Tomorrow you have to wake up early and get to work — you'll be helping Genevieve make breakfast for everyone in the morning."

She pointed me towards the bed, and I saw that she'd left a lacy nightgown there for me. I was reluctant, but only until Celia started stroking my chest and undressing me.

"Be good," she giggled.

Soon enough I was stark naked, and then Celia helped me pull the nightgown over my head. She pushed me down onto the bed, making the smooth satin of the nightgown slide against my freshly-epilated legs. She gave me a toe-curling kiss, then turned out the lights and left.

In the darkness, all of my doubts and fears came rushing back. Thinking about Angie, and everything else I had lost, made me start to cry again. It took several long hours before I could fall asleep.

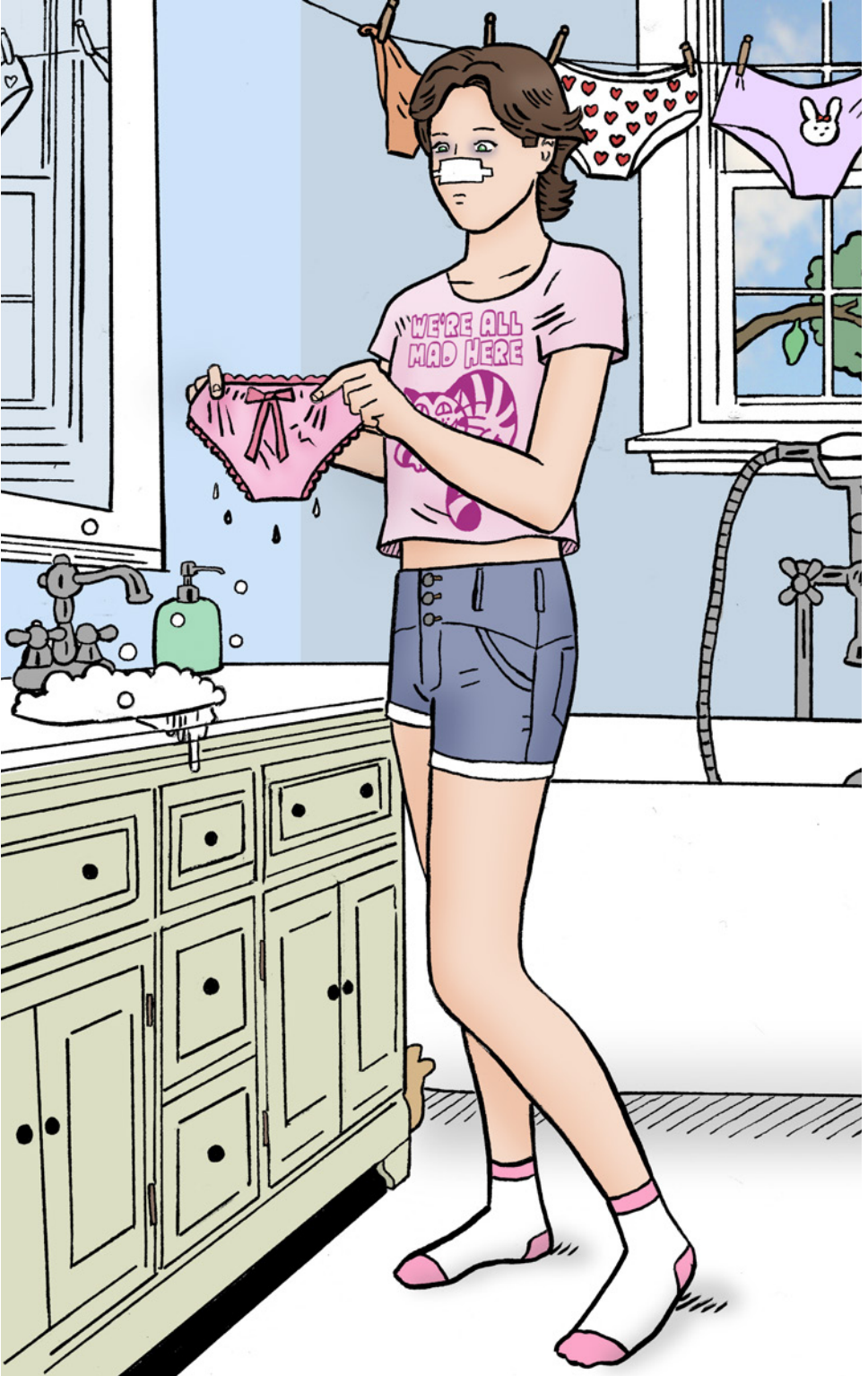


Over the following days, though, I had very little time to feel sorry for myself. Celia and Genevieve made sure I was busy at all times. In the morning I helped in the kitchen preparing breakfast, and then after I was finished washing the dishes, I had to help Celia with her work. We made the beds, dusted the furniture, and did the laundry.

Celia made me wash all the delicates by hand. I was embarrassed to be handling everyone's underwear, but it didn't seem to bother them. Celia taught me how to iron, too.

Every time I thought I might get a break, a new job was waiting for me. When Celia let me go, Genevieve needed me back in the kitchen, and so on and so forth.

I continued taking my 'treatment' with every meal, still unsure exactly what it was. I did know it was having some kind of effect — I was nauseous almost every morning.



As for my wardrobe, things were changing quite quickly. One morning, my sneakers disappeared, replaced by a pair of very strappy, girly sandals. The next day, after a night of rain, it was a bit chillier than usual and I asked if I could wear a pair of trousers instead of my shorts. Celia point-blank refused, instead giving me a pair of flesh-tone stockings to wear underneath my shorts. I was all but shaking with embarrassment as I rolled them up my denuded legs. Since I couldn't wear my sandals, Celia found me a pair of ballerina flats in the closet.

The day after that, I had to give up my shorts. Even I could tell they needed a wash! That gave Celia all the excuse she needed to get me into a skirt. She pulled Angie's old skirt out of my travel bag. It was a little black scrap of fabric that barely reached mid-thigh on me. My girlfriend had always looked sexy in it, but now I was to wear it for myself. I couldn't help letting a single tear escape as I pulled it up my body, missing Angie yet again, but Celia didn't give me long to feel sorry for myself. She had me put on a jacket and then wrapped a scarf around my neck to partially hide my face, which was still swollen.

"Not bad," she said. "Let's see what Doria thinks of you."



Doria complimented by outfit, asking me how I felt in my skirt and pantyhose. I admitted that the pantyhose felt kind of nice, but told her I felt a little ridiculous, too. Doria replied that once my face had finished healing up, I wouldn't look ridiculous at all... In fact, she said, I'd look quite pretty!

I was less than comfortable with the idea of being "pretty," but Doria seemed convinced at this point that I truly was a girl in the body of a boy, and that my actions so far proved it. She pointed out a number of cases of amnesia and suppressed memories. She supposed that in my case, my true feminine nature had been suppressed by my traditional upbringing in a very traditional town. She was so convinced it was hard not to believe her. Maybe it was all true, and really I had enjoyed dressing myself up in girls' clothes, but just didn't remember.

She next asked if I was taking my pills regularly. I told her I was, but that my morning nausea was bothering me. Doria explained it was a normal side effect of hormone treatment. She told me that my body would adjust to it, that I would feel a lot better, and that, within a few more weeks, my body would be more "in line" with my mind. She explained that my skin would soften and I would develop feminine curves, as well.

Disturbed, I asked her if the effects would be permanent. She assured me that if I were to stop the treatment, the effects would fade in a few short weeks.

After the appointment, Doria took me with her to visit a friend of hers, the surgeon she had mentioned earlier. He took an X-ray, examined my nose, and

explained that it wasn't setting properly and would require surgery. He offered to fit me in the following week, and the costs were covered. Doria was a good friend of his, he said, and she brought him lots of new clientele, to boot.

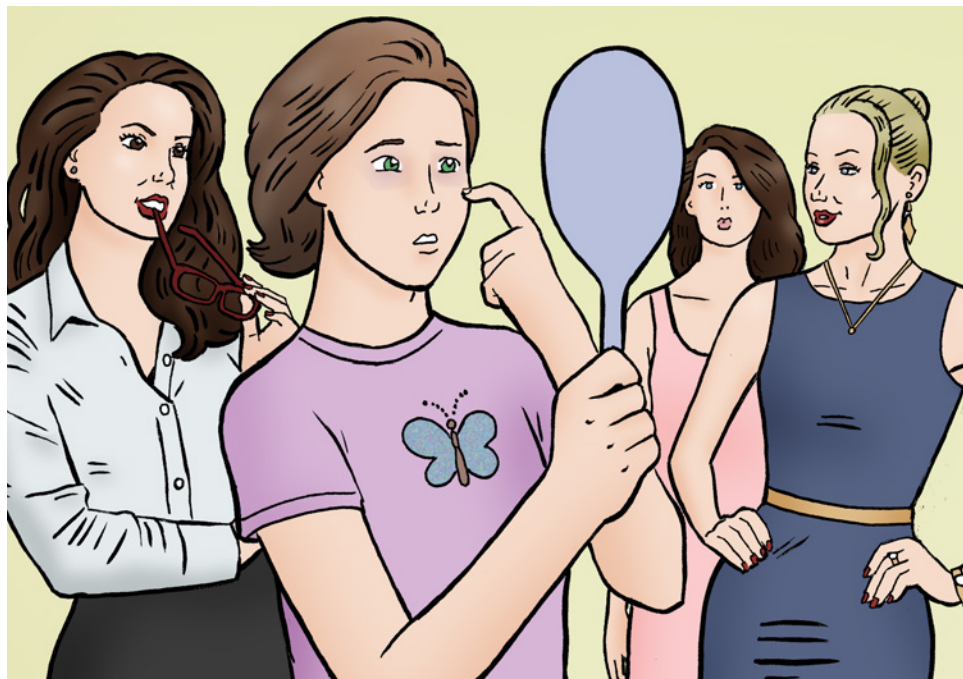


The days and weeks that followed were taxing. Between Genevieve and Celia working me to the bone, my meetings with Doria and the endocrinologist, the surgery to fix my nose and the recovery process that followed, I was completely worn out. I didn't have the time, or energy, to worry or reflect on what was happening.

At last, the day of my “unveiling” arrived. Doria, Sarah, and Celia were all in the room to watch the surgeon remove the last of the bandages from my face. Looking at myself in the mirror, I got a terrible shock. My eyes were still a bit dark and swollen, but my nose was perfectly straight and much differently shaped from before the break. It was more dainty-looking... More feminine.

Celia, who was always nice to me, ruffled my hair and suggested I needed a new hairstyle to celebrate my new nose. Sarah agreed, and told me that with a bit of makeup I would look quite presentable — enough that I could finally get out of the apartment and start working in the boutique.

Later in the day, in my room, Celia sat me down at the makeup table and powdered foundation over my face. She showed me how to hide the last bit of



bruising around my eyes with concealer, as well. It looked a lot better, but it also looked almost like a different person. I hardly recognized my own reflection. Everyone else seemed to like the result, though, as they all complimented me that evening over dinner.



The next morning, Sarah brought me to a hair salon. My hair, which I hadn't had cut in quite some time, was long enough to cover my ears. I left with a hairstyle that was still short, but with waves permed into it, very androgynous... Or on a boy, very feminine.

No sooner had we left the hair salon than Sarah took me to a cosmetics studio. Before we went inside, she made me promise not to argue or make an embarrassing scene. I gave her my word, and when all was said and done I found myself looking at a reflection of a young woman with a short, trendy hairstyle, impeccable eyebrows plucked into two perfect arches, and full makeup. I'd even consented to a manicure, having my nails trimmed, shaped, and painted with a pink polish that matched the color on my lips. I was struck speechless by the gorgeous girl in the mirror. She was kind of girl I could easily fall in love with, but she was me!

Sarah came up behind me to observe the finished result.

"Beautiful! I knew you had potential, but I had no idea you would turn out this well!"

"I... I don't know..."

"You're right, Ella. A few things are still missing. That outfit needs work, for one, and you'd look very pretty with a nice pair of earrings, too."

I left with pierced ears and small gold studs in them, almost overwhelmed by everything that had been done to me.



That same afternoon, Sarah brought me to her boutique and introduced me to the staff as "Ella, the new girl from the work experience program." I was immediately surrounded by eight women cheerfully welcoming me to the team. There were Sarah and her beautiful blonde daughter Rose, who I'd already met, but also Anne, Nora, Laura, Valerie, Agnes, and Julie. They were of all different ages, but all of had impeccable hair, makeup, and clothing.

I couldn't help but be impressed by how sophisticated they all seemed, and how easily and gracefully they moved, even though all of them were wearing

very high heels. I caught sight of myself in the store window and realized I looked like a dumb little kid surrounded by fine ladies. My T-shirt and little black skirt seemed juvenile compared to their immaculate outfits, and wearing ballerina flats I might have been the shortest of any of them.

Nora, the youngest, was charged with taking me to the back to show me my new job. For now I wouldn't have to meet any clients, instead staying busy unloading stock, making displays, pressing some of the more delicate items... Working with Nora wasn't so bad, and over the next few days she also gave me a crash course on fashion, coordinating outfits, and which clothes simply could



not be worn with others. I did my best to listen, though I found it all a bit boring.

Before long, I was adjusted to the routine of my new job, lost in a totally feminine world. Little by little, I was adjusting to my new life, too.



The only time I had my troubling doubts was in the evenings, when I was alone in my room, but Celia was often there to keep me company. She was always making me try on new outfits, and she'd started giving me makeup lessons, too. Any time I got frustrated with all the little brushes and powders and the fact that I was a boy applying makeup in front of the mirror like some kind of sissy, she would just remind me to "be good" and sneak her hand past the elastic of my panties. I still wasn't sure what we were — if we were friends, or lovers, or just two lonely young adolescents — but it distracted me from my worries and from thinking too often of Angie.

One day as Celia was undressing me, she ran her hands over my chest. It had seemed puffier in the past little while, and my nipples were oddly sensitive. She seemed to notice, because she ran one manicured fingernail lightly over my left nipple. I recoiled, tripped on my discarded skirt, and ended up falling backward onto my bed. Celia pushed me down the rest of the way, straddling me and caressing my nipples. It felt so wrong as she squeezed my little handfuls of breast and sucked on my nipples, but at the same time it sent thrills down my spine. I had never known a pleasure quite like this one existed!

As she stroked my nipples, she whispered in my ear:

"You're becoming a woman, now. You'll see. It's even better than you can imagine!"

At those words, my whole body trembled. For the first time in my life, I had an orgasm without anyone touching my penis. Flushed and happily confused, I tried to do the same for Celia, and get hard again so we could make love, but after a few minutes of futile effort, she shook her head with a sweet smile and left me alone in my room.



It was about two o'clock in the morning when I heard my phone make a sound. Someone had sent me mail. I sat up in bed and checked it, disappointed to find it was from Facebook. I was almost ready to delete it, but I decided to check it out anyway.

“Your friends on Facebook miss you!” said the email. “Click here to reactivate your page, SissyElla!”



The next morning, Sarah came herself to wake me up. She wasted no time lifting my nightgown and examining my chest.

“Celia was right. The hormone treatment is having a real effect now. It’s time you had some new underwear — and most importantly, your first bra!”

I had known for some time now what was happening to me. I’d noticed my hips getting rounder and the little mounds on my chest growing. But the fact that I was going to need to wear a bra from now on hit me quite hard — I broke down in tears for what felt like the hundredth time. Sarah left my room, I supposed to give me some privacy, but I heard her call for Celia and soon after the brunette maid was holding me in her arms. She hugged me and comforted me until I calmed down. The strangest thing was, I hardly felt embarrassed to cry in front of her anymore. I simply felt grateful to have her there to comfort me.



After breakfast, Sarah took me to a lingerie shop. She first had me try on a snug pair of powder blue panties and a matching training bra, helping me figure out the clasps. Then, looking critically over my barely-clad body, she had the bright idea to have me try on a corset. A few useless protests later, I found myself strapped into a lacy basque that sucked in my waist and pushed out my bottom. It also made my breasts look double their previous size!

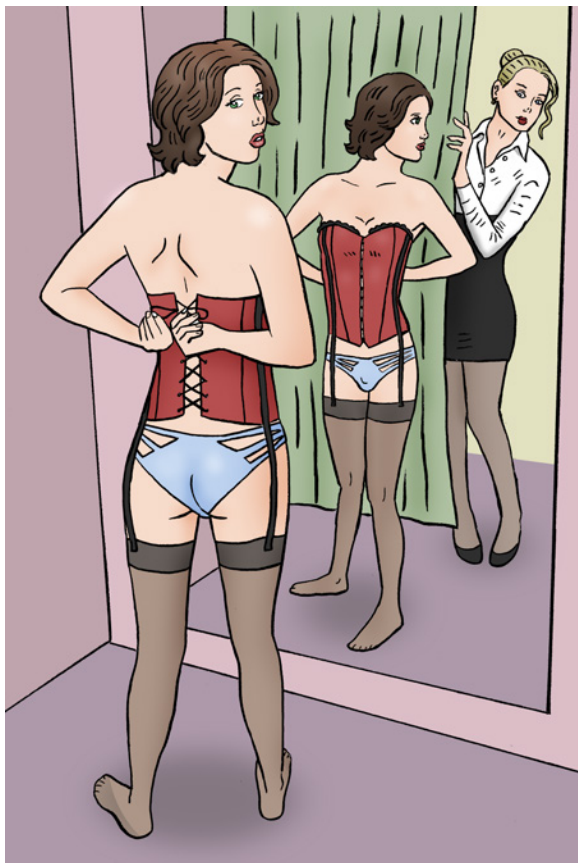
The saleswoman didn’t seem surprised by the obvious lump tenting the front of the matching panties. She found me a pair of black nylons and helped me roll them up my hairless legs before fastening them to the basque’s garter belt. In the mirror, I saw a sexy pin-up girl the likes of which I had only ever seen in pictures... And she was me!

Sarah made me try on other ensembles, most of them including a corset to take in my waist. I had no idea there were so many kinds of lingerie in the world, and it felt like I had to try on every single one of them. By the time we left the boutique, I had several matching bra-and-panty sets, the basque and the skimpy bottoms that went with it, three pairs of nylons, and even a figure-hugging lace bodysuit. Once we’d arranged all the new purchases in the backseat of the car, Sarah turned to me and smiled.

“Great! Now that you have a real lady’s underthings, it’s time for some more mature shoes, as well.”

Soon after, I was in an upscale shoe store trying on what seemed like an endless succession of pumps, sandals, and tight-fitting boots. On Sarah’s request, everything had a very thin heel of at least three inches. She bought me a pair of classic black pumps, followed by strappy white sandals. I was sure I would never be able to walk in either of them, but she was deaf to my pleading for a shorter heel.

Once we were back at the apartment, she told me I didn’t have to go to work at the boutique today — my new job was learning how to walk in high heels. Once more, Celia was put in charge of helping me.



As soon as she laid eyes on my shopping bags full of lingerie, Celia insisted I model my new underwear for her. I reluctantly put on the basque again, letting her tighten it for me, then my new nylons. This time, with my feet encased in stiletto pumps, I was even more flustered by what I saw in the mirror.

Celia was delighted, hurrying to the walk-in closet and returning with a little black dress to go with the luxurious lingerie. I’d felt ridiculous wearing dresses before, but now I had curves in the right places and really did look like a young woman — and a beautiful one, that that!

Celia wasted no time giving me my first lesson on how to walk in heels. The next few hours were spent marching up and down the length of my room until I adjusted to how the shoes changed my posture and my gait. She showed me how to place one foot in front of the next, placing the toe down before the heel

to ensure a graceful, gliding walk. My feet were already sore and aching when she made things even more complicated by having me go up and down the stairs, and then, when I thought things were finally finished, Celia put some music on and informed me I was going to learn to dance in heels, too.

I moaned and groaned, but she insisted, and after a few minutes of clumsy dancing I ended up tripping us both up. We fell onto the bed, laughing. Then our gazes met, and we both stopped laughing at the same time, looking at each other with desire instead. After an awkward hesitation, I leaned in and kissed Celia full on the mouth.

Celia kissed me back even harder, and took the liberty of peeling my dress up over my head and throwing it to the floor. She started kneading my chest — my breasts, I really did have breasts now, there was no denying it — and stroking my nylon-clad thighs. I tried to sit up, to take the more masculine role, but she pushed me back down onto the bed, got down on her knees, and pulled my panties down.

She looked me in the eye for a brief moment, giving me a coquettish smile that nearly made me come right then and there, before lowering her head and beginning to suck me off. Her expert ministrations had me moaning in no time. I noticed her hands moving underneath my buttocks, cupping them and squeezing tightly, but I was more concerned with her mouth around my penis. I was nearly exploding from the pleasure when she slipped a finger into my ass. My shock only lasted a second, and then I was blown away by an unbelievable orgasm. I lay back on the bed, exhausted by its intensity, then sat up. Eager to repay her in kind, I took Celia by the shoulder, exchanging our positions, and pushed her down onto the bed. I was hardly experienced with eating a girl out, but I was going to do my best. I wanted to make her feel as good as I just had. As I stroked her thighs and lifted up her dress, she shook her head weakly.

“No, no, you don’t have to...”

But she was flushed with arousal, and this time I kept a hold of her, gently but firmly. It felt good to take the initiative again, to take the man’s role even if I was dressed in sexy lingerie. Even as she tried to tug her dress back down, I slipped my hands underneath and pulled down her lacy little panties... Only to find a stiff little cock underneath!



I was still in a state of shock, sitting on the bed while Celia readjusted her clothes and straightened her stockings.

“I’m sorry,” she blurted. “I didn’t want you to see me like that, I...”

She hid her face, but I could see she was in tears as she hurried towards the door. I managed to reach out and grab her hand, then I sat her down on the bed, holding both her hands in mine. She laid her head on my shoulder, sniffing.

“I’m sorry. You must be... Disappointed.”

“Uh... Just surprised, that’s all.”

“Now you know why Sarah wanted me helping you. I know what it’s like... I did it all before you. She told me to be careful when I was seducing you, and now...”

I was stunned by this second revelation. “You mean... Everything you did was only because Sarah told you to seduce me?”

“Yes... No... At the start, I guess. Then I really started wanting to be with you.”

I knew I should have been angry, or confused, by both deceptions. But I couldn’t — because I had started to really care for her, too. “Me, too,” I said. “I like spending time with you. Ever since Angie left me, I’ve felt lost... Except for when you’re there. I’m... I’m sorry, I just wanted to return the favor, to make you feel good, I didn’t know...”

“I know,” Celia said softly.

“Celia... Please, can you just explain a few things? I mean, who were you... Before? How did you end up here?”

“It’s a long story... Miss Sarah saved my life, really. It’s all thanks to her that I’m finally happy...”

Even as she said it, though, her tears started to flow again. She looked anything but happy, and I couldn’t help but feel there was something she wasn’t telling me. Putting the picture of her erect penis out of my mind, I leaned and kissed her gently on the lips. Slowly, timidly, we started holding each other again, and soon we were side by side on my bed, kissing and fondling. Trembling slightly, I slid slowly between her legs. Even if the idea repulsed me a little bit, I wanted to show Celia that I cared more about her as a person than about what she had between her legs. I bunched up her dress, helped her remove her panties, and after a last moment of hesitation, trying to hide my distaste, I took her into my mouth. Clumsily, I started sucking her member, feeling it grow and harden under my lips, then, encouraged by her moans, I started moving my mouth up and down. After a long moment, a warm salty jet shot into my mouth and I swallowed instinctively before I realized what it must be. Celia’s moans subsided, and, in silence, I wiped my mouth with one trembling finger and lay back beside her on the bed. She had the biggest smile I’d ever seen on her face.

“Thank you,” she whispered. “That was... Nice. You won’t believe this, but I’ve never had anyone do that for me before.”

“You won’t believe this,” I said, still dazed. “But that was the first time I’ve ever, uh, done it.”

Celia started to laugh, and before I knew it I was laughing too, and when the laughter finally subsided we lay there together in each other’s arms for a long time.



However, Celia hadn't told Evan everything. She didn't know all the specifics of why 'Ella' was here, but she could tell it wasn't completely voluntary, and that Miss Sarah and Doctor Doria hadn't left her any other choice than to go along with the treatment. Celia knew it was better for her that they were doing this gently, like had been done to Celia the moment she finally accepted her fate.

As she laid in bed alongside Evan, she remembered back to her childhood; her father going to prison, her mother falling ill, and the home she had been sent to with twenty other adolescents. Of course, back then, she had been Cecil — a boy.

She remembered her first meeting with Doctor Doria. That day, the director of the home had selected her and three other boys to meet a group of six women, Doctor Doria amongst them. They asked her dozens of questions and examined their physiques, and Celia had just assumed it was for health purposes. It was a long time later that she realized they were the four smallest and least "developed" boys in the home.

The next day, three of the four were taken to a big house owned by a woman named Amelia, and there, they spent the next two years of their lives. Amelia made it clear to the boys that they weren't only guests — they would be expected to work around the house, as well, eventually training to housekeepers. At first, even though Celia and the other boys were less than enthusiastic about all the chores, they did what they were told. Celia figured that at least they would leave with some kind of skill to help them get a real job, even if it was as menial as housekeeping.

It was only when Celia and the boys began to notice the changes to their bodies that they realized something was very wrong. When one of Celia's friends broached the subject to Amelia, she called them all together and then revealed their fate: they had been selected to be feminized.

Furthermore, the boys had been selected to become maids for certain high-society ladies in need of domestic help. Celia was too stunned by the revelation to do anything, thinking it had to be some kind of sick joke. One of them, Cyril, was so scared that he escaped during the night. Celia remembered when the police brought him back two days later, and he told them their names and faces were on a list of wanted juvenile delinquents — even though they

had done nothing wrong! That meant it was the word of a budding young criminal against that of Amelia, and of the high society women, many of them directors, doctors, and lawyers, who made up her clientele.

They rarely saw Doctor Doria, but the boys understood that she was one of the main players in the scheme. As a specialist in gender identity, she had treated hundreds of transsexual patients, and she used her credentials to “diagnose” the boys as transgender, as well as giving her access to the hormone treatments that were changing their bodies.

When Celia finally gathered the courage to try to escape, she was caught and locked in her room for several days with nothing but bread and water. It still sent chills up and down her spine as Celia recalled the moment Amelia threatened that if she wasn’t a “good girl,” she would sell her to a brothel!



Defeated, she learned to live her new life. She was Celia from then on, a girl and a maid, at that. She had to have an impeccable feminine appearance at all times, both in her dress and her makeup, and always had to be ready to serve her employers. After some months more of training, she was declared “fit for service,” and found herself working for Miss Sarah.

It wasn’t a life she would have ever wished for, but she knew it could be much worse. She found Miss Sarah was a generous employer, and she gave her days off like any other housekeeper might receive. She sometimes got to see Judith, formerly Jacob, one of her companions who’d been feminized with her at Amelia’s house. Celia was happy; she even had a boyfriend. She didn’t know what had become of Cyril, though. He had refused, until the very last, to be a “good girl.” She could only hope that he, or she, was okay, wherever she was...



The next morning, we – Celia and I, still intertwined in bed — were woken by none other than Sarah herself. I had never seen her so angry, and she was holding a riding crop in her hand.

“My God, Celia, I’ve been spent the last hour searching for you!” she snapped. “We had no idea where you were! Get out, get dressed, and get to work immediately!”

Celia, head bowed, grabbed her things and hurried out of the room, giving me one last backward glance but not a word.

I tried to take the blame.

“Miss Sarah, please, don’t be hard on Celia, it’s all my fault, I...”

Sarah interrupted me by tearing the remaining covers off me, gesturing curtly for me to stand. I was still wearing my basque, but my panties... I was horrified to feel my limp manhood dangling between my nylon-clad thighs, and quickly covered myself with my hands. Swallowing nervously, I didn’t say a word as Sarah walked a circle around me, still playing with the riding crop. When she finally spoke, her voice was sterner than I’d ever heard it.

“I welcome you under my roof, I feed you, I give you training, a job... I even clothe you, and look how you repay me! You know Celia’s barely done a lick of work this past week, and now I see why — she’s too tired from your little escapades together.”

I blushed furiously, but couldn’t bring myself to tell her this was the first night we’d spent together. I kept my mouth shut as she prodded my hands away with the handle of her riding crop, then shivered as she used it to lift up my penis.

“Obviously it was a mistake to give you these pretty little underthings, if it means you can no longer control your little... Thing.”

She circled me again, and as I opened my mouth in indignation, she swatted me across the buttocks with her riding crop. I gasped, more from surprise than pain. She pointed to the open doorway.

“I won’t have this kind of behavior in my house, but you’re free to take it elsewhere,” she said angrily. “There’s the door.”

I didn’t move, tears of frustration trickling down my cheeks. Maybe I should leave. But if I were to leave, where would I go?

“I’m sorry,” I finally murmured.

“We’ll talk about this again tonight,” Sarah said. “For now, there’s work to do. You’d best not test my patience today if you want to stay in this house! I’ll expect you in the boutique in half an hour, and your appearance had better be...” Her face worked as she searched for a fitting word. “Irreproachable!”



Seeing Sarah so angry with me made it clear I now had a very thin margin for error. I showered quickly, then focused as hard as I could on applying the basic makeup Celia had taught me. I put on my nicest underwear, with sheer nylons, and found a cream-color blouse with black trim in my closet to go with a tight skirt that ended just above the knee. I slipped on my high-heeled pumps, then barely had time to swallow my pills before hurrying down to the boutique.

I entered the store and said a few quick hellos to my co-workers before heading towards the back, but Sarah stopped me.

“My, my, Ella, aren’t we pretty today! It seems a little bit of the stick does you good. There’s nothing urgent to do back there, and looking like that it would be a shame to hide you away. You’ll stay up front with Rose, today, and she’ll show you the basics when it comes to sales.”

Not sure if I was being rewarded or punished, I nodded my head meekly. “Yes, ma’am.”



The morning was exhausting. I was starving from not eating breakfast, but I did my best to act professional and follow Rose’s directions. I even made a sale, and not to just anyone! Two attractive young women came into the boutique around ten o’clock, and Rose greeted both of them with a kiss on the cheek before introducing me.

“Ella, Agatha here is one of Doria’s girls, and Nicole is her fiancée. Go show them the maternity wear — Agatha is expecting soon! I’ll just finish up with this client and then I’ll join you.”

I led them towards the appropriate section, uncertain if I had heard correctly. These two gorgeous women were engaged to be married to each other? I had never met a lesbian couple before, but I supposed I was in no position to judge someone based on their sexuality!

“You’re the new girl, isn’t that right?” Agatha asked as we walked. “My mother mentioned you.”

I understood right away that these young women knew everything about me, at least where my true gender was concerned. I could only hope they wouldn't bring it up.

"Yes, I'm quite new, I hope you don't mind if I make a mistake or two," I said, blushing.

"Oh, I'm sure you'll do just fine! What a darling outfit, too! Did you pick it out yourself? I know Sarah is always trying to dress people."

"I picked it myself, ma'am. Thank you, ma'am."

"How long have you been working in the boutique?"

"Only a few days, really... And this is my first time with clients!"

"Well, I think you have a lot of promise, don't you think, Nicole?" She turned to her fiancée with a wink. "She's quite pretty, isn't she?"

"Yes, very pretty," Nicole said stiffly, giving me a quick glance.

"If only I knew you before I met Nicole," Agatha said, with a dramatic shake of her head.

"Agatha, please!" Nicole whined.

Agatha nudged my arm playfully. "I just love making her jealous," she whispered.

We arrived at the maternity wear, and I started showing Agatha the latest dresses we had in. Luckily, I knew where they were — I had stocked them myself three days ago.

"What month are you?" I asked, trying to be professional. "You're really barely, um, showing at all."

"It's my third month, isn't that right, darling?" Agatha said, leaning over to give Nicole a kiss. As I showed her another dress, I couldn't help but wonder who on Earth the father of the baby might be. My thoughts must have been clear on my face, because Agatha lowered her voice slightly.

"I know quite a bit about you, thanks to mother," she said, with a mischievous twinkle in her eye. "You and my fiancée have a few things in common... If you know what I mean?"

I shook my head, totally baffled.

"Well, Nicole's the father," she giggled.

My mouth was still open in shock when Rose rejoined us to take Agatha to the dressing room with the three she'd chosen. I was left along with Nicole, who gave me a pained smile.

"I hate it when she does that."

"You mean...?"

“When she shares things that are very, you know, intimate... With the whole world!”

“I can, um, understand that,” I said awkwardly. “Nicole, can I ask... Was she serious? Are you... Like me?”

“In short, yes!”

“Um, can I ask you another question?”

“Yes.”

“Are you happy?”

Nicole only gave me an enigmatic smile in response before going to join Agatha at the till. I followed, and Agatha thanked me profusely as she left with her purchases, saying I'd been a great help and I had a great future ahead of me.



In the evening, after a quick dinner, Sarah called me to her room. As soon as I opened the door, though, I slammed it shut! Sarah had been in her underthings.

“Don't be silly, Ella,” she called. “Come in. It's only us girls here.”

Swallowing nervously, I opened the door and entered once more. Not only was she wearing black lingerie, but also a pair of incredibly high heels, and she had her riding crop in her hand again.

“Ella, I don't know if it was beginner's luck or if you really have the gift... Or maybe you were particularly motivated today? In any case, congratulations on your first sale. I heard two clients were quite taken with you.”

“Thank you, ma'am.”

“So I'm not sure,” she said, with a wicked smile, “if I should punish you for last night or reward you for today's work.”

She turned to me with the riding crop. I didn't dare move. She gently slipped my little jacket off my shoulders, then began unbuttoning my blouse.

“Doria advised me to be extra patient with you, extra gentle.”

She pulled off my blouse and ran one hand over my chest, cupping my breasts held snug by my bra. I shivered, in fear or anticipation, or perhaps both. Unzipping my skirt, she leaned close to my ear.

“To me, though, it seems being a little strict worked wonders.”

My skirt fell in a pool around my feet, and Sarah stroked my panty-clad bottom with the end of her crop. I gulped as she instructed me to take off my panties, but I followed her order. I heard her open a drawer behind me and close it



again. After a long moment, she walked back around so I could see her.

“After a bit of reflection, I’ve decided to reward you,” she smiled.

My mouth fell open in horror as I realized what she’d taken out of the drawer — it was a strap-on! She casually fit it around her hips as I stared, transfixed, hardly daring to imagine what would come next. I felt scared, but also, to my shame, a little bit curious as to what it might feel like inside me. Wasn’t this what I had already done as my alter-ego Ella, after all?

Sarah gently pushed me onto the bed and positioned me on all fours. I was trembling as she slipped two fingers, coated with something cold, inside my anus. I could barely murmur a “Please, go slowly,” as I felt the tip of the dildo press against my sphincter.

“It’ll be easier if you work with me,” she breathed in my ear. “Just relax, Ella.”

I felt an intense pain as she penetrated me, accompanied by a wave of shame and confusion. I was a boy, not a girl, not a sissy. I shouldn’t be doing this. I couldn’t be doing this. But I was!

Sarah started moving the strap-on in and out, slowly at first, so I could get accustomed to the pain, then faster and faster. It started to hurt less, and instead of the pain I felt a sensation completely unlike anything I had ever felt before. I’d be lying if I said it wasn’t pleasurable, in its own way, especially as she thrust faster and harder. I couldn’t help but moan as the feeling intensified, and found myself pushing back against her, wiggling to get it even deeper inside as the pleasure flooded through my entire body. I cried out in the same moment I came.

Sarah slowly pulled out of me and I collapsed forward onto the bed, spent. I had been taken like a girl, and worse, I had enjoyed it. I had never felt so confused.

“Celia!” Sarah called.

I looked up, shocked. Surely she wasn’t going to call Celia in here after what had just happened? Before I could even try to cover myself, Celia appeared in the doorway. Her expression of surprise turned into one of sadness, and I felt guilty immediately.

“Celia, dear, I need you to change these sheets,” Sarah said, smiling coldly. “You see? Your little girlfriend soiled them.”

“Y-yes, ma’am,” Celia stammered.

“As for you, Ella, pick up your things and go back to your bedroom.”

Without another word, and without looking Celia in the eye, I gathered up my fallen clothes and hurried back to my room.



After a long shower, I lay down in my bed naked, still trying to come to grips with the events of the past two nights. Dozens of images swirled around in my head, the hated photos from the Facebook page that had started all this. Those obscene images that showed me trying on my lingerie, pleasuring myself with a dildo... I remembered the intense pleasure when Sarah took me from behind and shuddered.

Pleasure, hate, desire, fear, all of them mixed inside of me until I didn't know what I was feeling. Deep down, was I really that "submissive sissy" that the page had described? It certainly looked that way now.

I had, after all, reactivated my SissyElla Facebook page. It was mine now, and I read through it every night, and lingered over the photos. When I looked at the shots of sex with Regis, I could feel it. I could really feel it — did I want more? I think I did. I wasn't imagining things. It was all true. This had to be me.

Trembling, I curled up in the fetal position on my bed and couldn't hold back my sobs. After a long while, I heard the sound of my door opening.

It was Celia! At first I thought she was going to shout at me the way my girlfriend had, be disgusted with me and angry. But instead, seeing me in tears, she lay down beside me without a sound and wrapped me in her arms. We didn't dare speak, for fear of Sarah hearing us, but eventually I drifted off to sleep with the warmth of her body pressed against mine.



The next morning, Celia was gone when I woke up, but I wasn't alone. Sarah was sitting there on my bed. At first I was scared that she'd caught Celia again, but judging from her smile, that wasn't the case. She stroked my cheek gently.

"Time to get up, Ella. Get yourself ready and then come down for breakfast. It's another big day ahead of you."

Despite my fears, the day passed more or less normally — as normal as I had grown accustomed to, at least! Sarah acted like nothing had happened between us, and that night Celia slept in my bed again without any consequences.

For the days that followed, I tried my best to stay on Sarah's good side, both for my sake and for Celia's. Sometimes she made disparaging remarks about my appearance, if I had rushed a little with my makeup or if my stocking seams weren't quite straight, but overall she seemed satisfied with how I looked and with my work in the boutique, as well.

Whether she regretted her former strictness, or whether she saw the budding romance between Celia and I as unavoidable and had resigned herself to it,

Sarah let us spend most of our free time together. I don't know if it was love, or if it was merely two very lonely souls, but my intimate moments with Celia were my happiest of the day.

It wasn't merely sexual, either. We were still learning about girlhood, and we often helped each other with hair, and makeup, and other such feminine arts. We went shopping together, shared clothes, and even had "pajama parties" some nights. In many ways, I suppose we were like young teenaged girls discovering our womanhood for the first time.

And finally, I was starting to actually think of myself as a girl.



Mostly, my new life was agreeable. When I had the time to reflect on things, on how bizarre it was that I was now living and working as a girl, I felt ill at ease. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, I didn't have much time to sit around thinking. I was kept busy with my job, and with Celia.

"I got you another pair," Celia said when she got home from a shopping trip.

"Another?" I replied. I pointed to the closet. "I already have five pairs of high heels!"

"Now you have six!" Celia said with a smile. "Look! Italian leather!" She placed them down on the bed beside me. I kicked off my work shoes and slipped the new heels on, so she could see them. "Do you like them?" I asked.

"Do *you* like them?"

Wearing heels made me feel awkward and uncomfortable. "I guess," I replied. I knew that was too weak an answer and didn't want to hurt Celia's feelings. "I mean, sure, I love them. I can't wait to try them out."

"I'm so glad!" Celia said. "I saw them in the window and said, these are Ella heels for sure."

"But why do you keep buying heels for me? Don't I have enough?"

"Girls love heels, and you, dear Ella, are a girl now."

I remembered back to my Facebook password for Ella: 'sissyellaluvsheels.' There was no escaping it. Heels were in my future.

"Now come here and show me how much you appreciate them," Celia said, jumping on our bed and unbuttoning her maids' blouse.

As the weeks passed, I accepted my new appearance more and more. My hair was getting longer, and my breasts were still growing, almost before my eyes... I had to go back to the lingerie store to buy new bras, but this time, it was on my own dime.



One morning, as I arrived for my consultation with Doria, she had a strange smile on her face as she welcomed me and beckoned me into her office... and to my total shock, standing there waiting was none other than my mother!

Mom looked at me for a long moment, totally silent, seemingly in shock herself.

“My God, my little Evan!”

Doria interrupted to correct her: “It’s Ella, now!”

“Yes... yes, you’re right, my apologies. Ella suits you far better than Evan, now! I’ll have to get used to it.”

Crying, she swept me into her arms and embraced me as she hadn’t done for what seemed like an eternity. I found I was crying, as well. Finally, with my hands in hers, she stepped back to look me thoroughly up and down.

“My darling... daughter! You’re beautiful! I had news about you, but I never expected such a... a spectacular transformation! How are you doing? Are you happy?”

“I’m fine, mom. I still have a lot to learn, but I’m... I’m happy.”

I wouldn’t tell her about the doubts that still haunted me, about my uncertainty as to whether or not I was really meant to be a girl and not a boy. I tried to change the subject.

“What about dad? How is he?”

“He’s working in a different town. He asked for the transfer himself, he couldn’t take the stares or the jokes anymore, not from our neighbors or from his co-workers...” My mother took a breath. “I think we’re going to separate.”

“Oh, no, mom, I... I’m sorry. This is because of me!”

“No, no. It isn’t. I’ve known for a long time that your father isn’t the man I married anymore. You can’t blame yourself. It’s really worked out for the best. I get to see your sister Molly more often, now. She’s started coming home for the weekends.”

She looked at me for a long moment, then added:

“Now, I have two beautiful grown-up girls... And it makes me so happy to see you happy at last.” She took me in her arms. “Ella, I miss you so much. It’s time you came home. At least for the weekends. At least once in a while?”

I gulped. “I don’t know. So many people still hate me...”

“Oh, they talk, but it can’t last forever... And you’ve changed quite a bit! We’d only have to say that you’re... I don’t know... My niece, maybe?”

“I don’t know, mom,” I stammered, trying to imagine myself going back to my hometown wearing heels and a skirt. “I’ll... I’ll think about it.”



A few days after my mom's brief visit, something happened in the boutique that helped make up my mind.

There were hardly ever any male customers in our store, unless they were there with their wife or girlfriend — and, naturally, their wallet. Whenever a man came alone to buy a dress as a gift for their significant other, we placed little bets on whether we would be seeing the dress again, returned for being the wrong size or style. More often than not, the lady would come in a few days later, sometimes with her sheepish-looking husband in tow, to exchange the garment.

But there was one young man who didn't fit the usual mold. We had noticed him coming in from time to time, always alone, making rounds and browsing the aisles but never buying anything. Any time a sales girl tried to help him, he stammered some excuse and left in a hurry, red-faced. One day I heard him claim to be looking for a dress "for his sister" but unable find the right color.

When he came back yet again the following week, running his finger-tips over the fabric of a stylish mini-dress, I went over to him, feeling a little exasperated.

"Hello, can I help you?"

Blushing, the young man told me wanted to give his sister a dress as a birthday gift. He said it in such a low whisper that I had to lean in to hear him properly. As I was asking him his sister's size, Rose walked up from behind us.

"I'd say the gentleman is looking for a size four," she said, quite loudly.

The young man's face suddenly grew panicked, and I could tell he wanted to hurry away again, but Rose casually blocked his path and started picking out two or three different dresses from the correct rack.

"I think your sister would really like this one," she said sweetly, lifting one of the dresses up for him to inspect.

"Oh, yes, er, definitely..."

The poor boy was blushing redder and redder. Rose took his hand slyly and had him caress the fabric of the dress.

"See how soft it is? Imagine what it's like to feel that all over your skin... Your sister is lucky you have such great taste!"

I could see the little game Rose was playing with him. I felt some sympathy for the poor boy, but at the same time, I couldn't help but feel curious as to how far he would let Rose push things. She continued, still in a sweet, kind voice:

“It’s too bad she didn’t come with you. It would be a lot simpler to make sure we have the right size!”

The young man wiped his forehead with his sleeve. With a conspiratorial smile in my direction, Rose sprang her trap.

“But you’re from the same family, and I have a hunch you’re the same size as her. You’d better try it on, don’t you think?”

The young man gulped and shook his head, trying to look affronted, but his eyes fixed on the dress gave him away.

“It’s okay, we do this all the time,” Rose said, with a knowing wink towards me. “Come on, follow me to the dressing rooms. Don’t worry! Nobody will know but us.”

Taking his hand, Rose led the young man towards the back of the boutique. Not knowing what else to do, I followed with the three dresses Rose had chosen from the clothing rack. Once the young man was wearing the first dress, it didn’t take long for him to confess to Rose that he didn’t have a sister. Rose acted very understanding and kind, and suggested he come back around closing time so they could get a coffee together and chat. And that was how she found, in her own words, her “new toy.”

It wasn’t long after that the young man was living with us, and I found I was expected to help his slow transformation into a pretty young woman named Cassandra.



Witnessing Cassandra’s metamorphosis made all my doubts and fears come back to me. Seeing this young man so easily entrapped into his new life of femininity, even if it seemed to be the one he’d fantasized about, forced me to rethink how I’d come to be in my own situation.

Feeling lost, I tried to find some trace of the old me whenever I looked at myself in the mirror, of the young man I had been not so long ago. It was hard to see anything but a pretty young woman, with wavy brown hair down to her shoulders, eyebrows plucked into elegant arches, big blue eyes accentuated by mascara and eye shadow. Looking downward, I saw a hint of cleavage, modest but certainly enough to leave no doubt as to the sizable breasts now cupped in my lacy bra. Even further down, my slender stocking-clad legs emerged from a short, stylish skirt, their curves accentuated and calves held taut by my stiletto heels.

I didn’t recognize my old self at all, but at the same time, I couldn’t help but find the girl in the mirror beautiful, even desirable.

I decided to ask Sarah for a few days off. I needed to go back home, to see my mother again... Most of all, I needed to know if my old life really was as distant and unreachable as it now seemed.



A few days later, my mother met me at the train station. My sister Molly was with her. It was over a year since I'd seen her last — back then I'd still been Evan, a boy, an athlete, proud of my pretty new girlfriend Angie and of my own masculinity. When Molly saw me as I was now, her eyes went as wide as dinner



plates. She hugged me.

“It’s crazy, mom told me everything, but I never imagined I’d have such a pretty little sister! Let me look at you...”

I was wearing a light little summer dress with a red floral print, accompanied by flimsy high-heeled sandals that made me a little taller than Molly. My hair was blowing in the breeze. I had done my makeup in a “natural” style, secretly hoping Molly wouldn’t notice it, but I knew my nails, painted a vibrant red that matched my dress, couldn’t escape notice. Celia had done them for me the night before I left, and I hadn’t had the heart to remove the polish.

“My God, you’re prettier than I am!” Molly said, shaking her head in amazement.

Once she had taken my bag, my mom kissed me on the cheek, then led the way to the car. Molly took me by the hand as we walked like she planned to never let go, chattering happily about her school and her latest boyfriend as if everything were normal. I was happy to see her again, and glad that she wasn’t treating me differently despite all the changes.

As soon as we were back at the house, I went up the stairs to see my old bedroom. It had been my own little universe since I was a little boy, and I had missed it dearly. When I stepped through the door, however, I had the shock of my life. Everything had changed. The furniture, the décor, the colors — everything now seemed to indicate that a young girl was living there!

Mom came and joined me on the doorstep with an anxious smile, hoping I liked what I saw.

“But where’s all my stuff?” I asked tremulously. “My furniture, my clothes?”

“You didn’t need it anymore, honey, so I... Well, I gave everything to Salvation Army.”

I wanted to cry, but I held in my tears. She had obviously done this to try to give me a fresh start, and for that I couldn’t blame her.

“You did the right thing,” I said softly. “Thanks, mom.”

Even as I said it, I wanted desperately to see my old things. I wanted to know what it would feel like to see all the sports equipment and magazines and posters that symbolized my previous life. I’d been hoping to rediscover some kind of connection to my life as a boy, some proof that it wasn’t entirely gone, that I might be able to reclaim it some day. But now it looked as if the boy who’d lived in this room was long gone!

And maybe there really was no going back...



It was a long, difficult day for me. Honestly, I hadn't seen my mother so happy in a very long time. If I was going to go 'back' to being Evan, it was going to break her heart.

I knew it was difficult for her, finding out about "Ella." It must have been truly difficult to understand, and she had lost her husband in the process, when my dad had taken it so badly.

I had worked so hard to appear to be the girl she wanted me to be. When I stepped off the train at the station, I hoped I appeared to be the daughter she had always wanted, to let her know that all the pain had been worth it. To show her that Ella had found herself.

She just wanted me to be happy, finally, and now that she was closer than ever before with Molly, Mom could finally be happy, too. She was going to spend the weekend with her two daughters, and I wanted her to think that this was the way it always should have been.

My mission was make it look like her child Ella had found fulfillment. What could make a mother happier?



Mother took Molly and I out for lunch, and both of them had questions for me. They wanted to know how I was doing at work, how much better I must feel now that I was "finally living as a woman." My mother kept repeating how bad she felt over never having noticed my unhappiness as a boy. They were so happy for me that I didn't want to disappoint them by revealing all my doubts that still haunted me, all the times I regretted agreeing to Doria's treatment. I lied, pretending to be overjoyed with my new life. After all, they weren't responsible for what had happened to me. My mom and my sister only wanted the best for me, and now they believed I had it.

After lunch, we went downtown to do some shopping — "just us girls" as my mom said, delightedly. I did need a few new bras, and to my embarrassment my mom insisted on buying them for me.

"Normally, I would have been there for your very first fitting, like I was for your sister," she said. "So this is the least I can do!"

In a little jewelry shop, Molly found a pair of dangly earrings she thought would look beautiful on me, and, getting into the spirit of things, she insisted on buying them for me as a gift, to start making up for "seventeen years of boy presents."

That evening, my big sister suggested the two of us go out together for a drink — I was still underage, but Molly knew all of the bartenders in our little town and insisted it would be easy to get me in. More surprising was that she asked

me to help her pick an outfit! It was bizarre. Here I was, her little brother, helping my sister get ready for a night out and even showing her a few makeup tricks for a “luminous” evening look. I had certainly learned a lot during my stay with Sarah.

As for me, I wore a simple little black dress, sleeveless, with a short coat, the earrings Molly had bought for me, and a pair of classic black high-heeled pumps Celia had bought for me. I put on a pair of black stockings, too, since it was supposed to be a cool night.

I was nervous as a cat when we entered the little bar Molly had chosen, but nobody recognized me and the bartender was too distracted flirting with my sister to ID me. We found a little booth and spent an enjoyable evening with cocktails in hand, talking with an ease I’d never had before talking to Molly. We now had a lot more in common, I suppose! We were nearing the end of the night when a tall young man walked into the bar, looking around.

I felt my blood run cold. It was Phillip, the goalkeeper from my old soccer team.

He caught sight of Molly right away and came right over, giving her a friendly hug. I tried to hide my face as he turned to me to introduce himself, but that only made him peer at me more closely. His jaw dropped open.

“Wait,” he said. “Evan?”

I put a finger to my lips pleadingly.

“Sorry, sorry...” Phillip still looked shocked. “What should I call you?”

“Ella.”

“Pleasure to, uh, meet you, Ella,” he said, looking around to be sure nobody had caught his previous slip-up. I felt my sister give my hand a comforting squeeze. I was trembling all over. How was Phillip going to react? To my surprise, he looked down at his feet almost sheepishly.

“Uh, Ella, I’m sorry about everything that happened. Especially you getting, uh...” He mimed a punch in the nose. “I couldn’t believe how the guys went berserk like that. Bunch of assholes.”

“Thanks, Phillip,” I said, not knowing what else to say.

“I mean, I’ll be honest, I was weirded out, too. It’s just... It’s weird, you know? But I guess it’s a free country, and it’s your life to live how you want... So, if you want to be a woman, all power to you!”

“Uh, thanks...”

He held out his hand. “Friends again?”

Breathing a sigh of relief mixed with happiness, I put my hand in his and shook. Finally, I had found one of my old friends who didn’t think I was some kind of horrible pervert.

After a moment of awkward silence, Phillip asked if we could get together “one of these days” to talk. I told him the truth, that I was only staying for the weekend and had to get back to work on Monday. But Phillip seemed genuinely saddened to hear I wasn’t staying longer, and since I so badly wanted to talk to one of my old friends, I suggested we get coffee the following afternoon.



The next day, I spent all morning trying to decide what to wear for coffee with Phillip. I didn’t want to wear anything that looked too sexy — I knew, with a mixture of pride and shame, that I was now a very attractive young lady for all intents and purposes. And even in the bar last night, I had noticed Phillip trying hard not to look at my nylon-clad legs. I didn’t want to give him the impression that we were on a date, and I definitely didn’t want him to think I was trying to look “hot” for him.

I asked Molly if I could borrow a pair of her jeans, but that didn’t solve my problem at all. I could barely fit into them — the hormones had filled me out down below, as well, giving me a “bubble butt” that would only look too tempting in Molly’s too-tight jeans.

Finally I decided on a sensible skirt that ended just above the knee — nothing scandalous — and a T-shirt. I did my makeup as discretely as possible, just enough to accentuate my more feminine features, and finished off my outfit with a pair of flesh-colored pantyhose and a sensible pair of ballerina flats.

Phillip came to pick me up around noon. He went to clasp my hand first, like we had on the soccer team, then, correcting himself, gave me a small hug instead as if I were Molly. We walked to a nearby café. At first it was awkward sitting across from each other with little to say, but eventually we both warmed up to the conversation. He told me about our team’s latest victories and defeats, and we started reminiscing together about the previous season. It seemed like I was getting a tiny glimpse of my old life.

We were laughing together over one of Phillip’s funny stories when I realized he had put his arm around my shoulders. That was nothing too out of the ordinary, but, as our laughter subsided, he leaned in and gave me a peck on the cheek. Confused, I started to pull back, but before I could he kissed me again, this time full on the mouth.

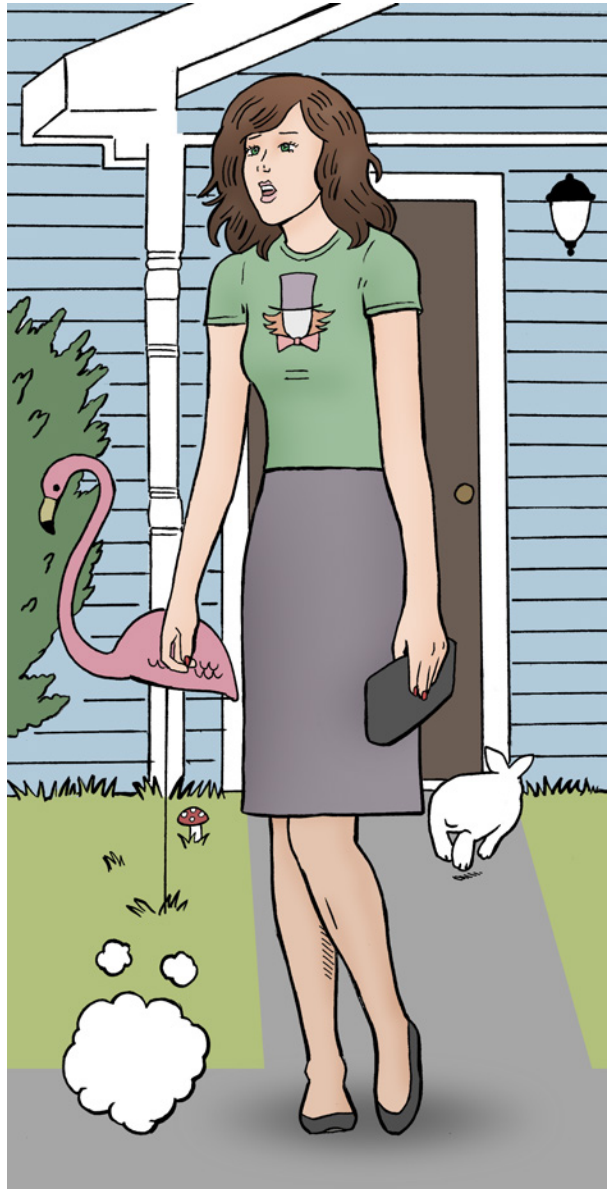
I got up right away, but since I didn’t want to make a scene in the middle of the café, I stammered something about using the bathroom and made a break for it. I was alone in the ladies’ room, trying to think of what to say to Phillip, when the door opened behind me. He’d followed me in! I turned, thinking maybe he’d come to apologize, but the lustful look in his eyes made it clear he

had something else on his mind entirely. I tried to push him away, but he was much bigger and stronger than me. He kissed me again, and this time his tongue forced its way between my lips. He lifted me up and sat me on the bathroom counter, between two sinks, still kissing me as I struggled against him.

“I know you’ve done this before,” he said between kisses. “Don’t make a big deal out of it. I’ve always wanted to fuck a tranny...”

I tried to fight him off, but he yanked my skirt down to my knees, trapping my legs, then tore my panties away. He told me not to move... Terrified, I watched as he rolled a condom onto his exposed prick. He lifted my legs, spat on his fingers, lubricated and then penetrated me. I screamed from the pain, but he put his mouth over mine as he entered me, muffling the sound.

After what seemed like an eternity, he grunted and pulled out of me. He tossed the used condom into the garbage and zipped up his pants, then helped me down from the counter. Still under shock, I straightened my clothes and retrieved my torn panties. It had all happened so fast, and Phillip was acting like nothing had happened at all, taking my hand and leading me back into the café. He left a generous tip on our table on the way outside. I was still too stunned and frightened to do anything but accept when he offered to walk



me home. Neither of said a word until we arrived back at my house.

“I had a really good time, and I hope it was good for you, too,” he said at last with a smile. “Can I see you again?”

I couldn't believe it. This asshole thought that I had enjoyed being violated by him in a bathroom? Still too shocked to speak, I only shook my head. He shrugged, leaned in and gave me one final kiss, looking confused and annoyed, then walked away, leaving me alone in front of my house.

Not long after, Molly, who had seen the kiss through the window, looked me over and asked if everything had gone okay. I couldn't hold back my sobs as I collapsed into her arms.

I hadn't fought back. I let him take me. My Facebook page was right. I had truly found myself. My sissy cock-loving self.



I had intended to stay one more day, but the next morning, I left my mom and my sister to go back to Sarah's boutique. Even worse than what Phillip had done to me at the café was the knowledge that my last hope of returning to my old life, my old friends, was shattered. There was no way I could ever look Phillip in the eye again, and no way I could trust him to keep what had happened a secret.

As soon as I was back at the apartment, I asked Sarah if I could keep working for her on a permanent basis, and keep my room there until I had enough money to rent a place of my own. I had tears in my eyes, and she could tell immediately that something had happened. I told her that one of my old friends had recognized me and asked me to coffee with him, and that he'd gotten aggressive with me, but I couldn't bring myself to actually say the words. I think she could guess. She took me in her arms and told me I could stay with her as long as I wanted, and that she would give me the next two days off from work. She even gave Celia some time off to spend with me.

That night, my phone chimed. It was a message from Phillip. He had taken pictures of the whole thing. Pulling my skirt up, pushing my pantyhose and panties out of the way, his dick in my ass, kissing me, and the discarded condom on the floor of the bathroom. I couldn't fight with it anymore. I took the pictures and posted them to my Facebook page. That was me, SissyElla, doing what sissies are made for.

Later on, as I got back into the routine of working at the boutique, I slowly started to put the experience behind me. Before long I was settled back into my new life. The job was alright, and Sarah was kinder with me now, and of course I had Celia, though I was no closer to deciding what exactly our

relationship was. Maybe we were a couple. Maybe we were just ‘friends with benefits.’

I still didn’t know if I was going to one day wake up happy to be a girl, but at least I wasn’t unhappy. Maybe that’s all one can hope for.



From the moment she saw the vision of femininity that had once been her brother, Molly had wanted to meet the person who had made such a miraculous transformation possible. Without telling Ella, or their mother, she arranged to meet Doria at her office. During the hours spent on the train ride into the city, Molly had a hundred questions flying through her head.

At first Doria seemed very kind, very welcoming, but for the sake of “doctor patient confidentiality” she refused to speak at length about Ella’s metamorphosis. Finally, Molly could take no more.

“How could you have done such a thing?” she demanded. “Turning him into a girl against his will?”

Doria responded with a disconcerting calmness: “I specialize in cases like these. I’ve treated dozens of transsexuals. I can assure you, your brother clearly showed a deep-seated desire to become a woman, even if he didn’t understand it himself.”

“How can you be sure if he didn’t tell you himself?”

“Well, for starters, his cross-dressing... And his infamous Facebook page, of course.” As she said it, a smile played around her lips and she looked directly at me.

“He still denies he made that page,” Molly said, carefully. “He denied it from the very start!”

“Either he’s either lying or he’s truly suppressed it.”

“No, that’s impossible,” Molly snapped.

“I understand you want to believe you can trust your sibling’s word, but I can assure you...”

“No!” She interrupted sharply. “He didn’t make that Facebook page! It’s not him in the photos.”

“Who is it, then?” Doria asked, with the same unnerving smile.

“It’s... It’s me.”

Doria’s smile only widened.

“I had my suspicions from the very first time you called me, to arrange a preliminary appointment for your brother. Now I see I was right.”

“You... You mean you knew that Evan didn’t make the Facebook page himself?”

“It was obvious.”

“Then, why? Why did you push my brother into... transitioning?”

“Why don’t you first tell me why you put your little brother into that situation in the first place?”

Molly sagged in her chair, overwhelmed with guilt. She started to cry, and through her sobs, told Doria the whole story. Her side of the story.

“I wanted to hurt him. I wanted to get back at him. Ever since the day he was born, my parents loved him more. My father always wanted a son. He never loved me at all! It was Evan who always got the best presents. It was Evan whose side they always took when we argued. I’ve hated him my whole life!”

Doria listened, expressionless. She gathered herself to continue.

“It started last summer. I was back home from college, and I was going to go out to a party to meet up with Paul — the boy I’d been obsessed with all through high-school. We’d been messaging each other while I was away, and I was finally going to have my shot with him. But my parents wouldn’t let me go! They accused me of driving their car without asking permission. There was a scratch on the door. And the next day, I found out Paul had hooked up with some other girl at the party, and a week after that, he was dating her. All because I couldn’t go to the party... All because of that stupid car! Of course, I found out it was Evan and his idiot friends who had taken it for a joyride while my parents were out. I wanted some way to get back at him... To make mom and dad have to take my side, for once, and not his. To mess up his ‘golden boy’ reputation a little bit.”

“And you found a way?”

“By accident, yes. One day Regis, a friend of mine, was telling me about some big Halloween party he’d gone to. Said he’d danced with a boy dressed up as a girl, and that he was pretty sure ‘she’ was my brother. He showed me a few photos of the party, and that’s when I got my idea. If my dad, who’s such a proud swaggering macho man, thought that my brother was a transvestite, and homosexual, to boot, I knew it would hurt his pride and destroy his trust in Evan, too. I started looking stuff up online, about transvestites and cross-dressing, and I used that to make the fake Facebook page. I even went through the attic to find the wig and costume Evan had worn. Then I asked Regis to help me play a joke on him. He put his Halloween costume back on, and I put on my brother’s, along with the long, Alice-in-Wonderland blonde wig. We took the photos I needed to complete the lie... Then I took more of myself, hiding my face, and I did them all in Evan’s bedroom. With a few more photos I found online, everything put together seemed to show the same person. Evan.”

Rather than look horrified, Doria seemed only intrigued.

“How Machiavellian of you! And what about the bag of clothes?”

“That was the easiest part. I hid the disguise and the wig inside, then added a dildo I bought myself that matched the photos I’d downloaded off the internet. Then one day, when our family was invited over to Angie’s parents’ house — that was his girlfriend’s name, Angie — I stole a few things from her room to add to the bag. Once I put the Facebook password inside on a scrap of paper, I hid it in his room. All that was left to do was wait for someone to find the page...”

“And once the page was discovered, it wouldn’t take long for the bag to be, too.”

“Yes. But it took longer than I thought. Weeks. I left for school again, and I nearly forgot about the whole thing... I never suspected it would get so out of hand! When my mom phoned me to tell me what she’d found, and the scandal it caused... I was scared. It had all gone too far. I tried to find a specialist, someone who would be able to tell it was all a prank, that my brother wasn’t transsexual or anything like that... But without me having to come clean.”

“And you found me.”

“Yes, I *thought* you were a professional. I *thought* you’d see immediately it was nothing but a bad joke, that Evan wasn’t a cross-dresser, or a homosexual...”

“I certainly did.”

Molly’s face fell hard. “But, but why? Why did you make my brother think he’s a transsexual? Help turn him into a girl?”

“Because it’s what I do, dear. Sometimes for money — you wouldn’t believe how many people pay for a sweet, submissive boy-turned-girl — and sometimes, just for the hell of it.”

“But that’s... Horrible!” Molly stood up. “I’m going to report you. I’m going to tell the police.”

“You could, but you won’t.” Doria had a strange smile on her face again.

“What makes you so sure?” The outraged sister demanded.

“Because you would have to admit to what you did to your brother out of sheer spite,” she said. “And also because I think you really enjoy what you’ve done to him. You like having a little sister. You like seeing your bratty brother swishing around in skirts and heels like a good little girl. Don’t you?”

Molly said nothing. Somehow, Doria had read her thoughts. After a long moment in which Molly swore Doria seemed to be staring right into her soul, all the time with the same smile, the doctor added:

“And there’s one more good reason for you to keep the secret.”

“What?” Molly asked, no longer feigning anger. More intrigued, than anything, if she were to be honest.

“Now that you know it can be done, you’ll want to do it again. You want to bend males to your will and make them into sweet, submissive girls... You want to feel that rush again, that you felt when you saw ‘Ella’ for the first time.”

Listening to Doria’s words, Molly was ashamed to admit that she was beginning to feel excited, more excited than she’d ever been before. Images were forming in her head; of all the boys she’d ever hated, all the boys who had ever been cruel to her, all of them transformed into dainty, helpless girls... Molly was growing red in the face, and even more telling, her panties were growing damp.

“I think you and I are going to get along very well, dear,” Doria said. “We’re so lucky that Evan, or should I say Ella, brought us together.” She smiled. “Perhaps it was fate?”

“No!” Molly yelled, and ran for the door.



Well, I was so shocked to see Molly at my front door, you could have knocked me over with a feather! We hadn't talked for a while, but the last I had heard was that she had moved back in permanently with Mom. "Hey, Sis!" I said, "What brings you to the city?"

There was a frazzled, distracted look in her eyes that didn't seem right to me, but I figured that if she wanted to say something, she'd tell me. "Hi, li'l sis!" She said, hugging me. "I was just in the city for a meeting and wanted to come by!" She backed away and took a second look at me. "Blonde!" She said.

I shook my long, wavy hair back and forth to show it off. "I took the plunge, finally. There was always a blonde inside of me, ready to show off. Or at least, that's what Doria tells me."

She stepped inside and looked around. "So this is your new place?"

"Yup!" I replied. I had moved in months ago, but this was the first time Molly had seen it. "You like?"

"It's very nice! How can you afford it, working at the Boutique?"

"Well, that's my day job. I have a second job... But that's no fun to talk about work! Come in and sit down!"

"Oh, I don't want to keep you... You look like you're headed out... To a costume party?"

I took a look down at myself. I was in an ivory blouse, a blue pinafore, white thigh-high stockings, with a pair of heels and some jewelry – in other words, my usual type of outfit. "No," I replied.

"Oh."

She looked confused. I don't know why. Then my phone rang. "Sorry," I said to Molly. "I gotta take this."

"No prob." She continued to look round and gaze out the windows of my 5th-floor loft.

"Hello?" I said to the phone.

"Is this Sissy Ella?" said a very masculine voice on the other end.

“Yes... Just a moment.”
I covered the mouthpiece and headed for my bedroom. “Sorry, Molly. Private call. I’ll be just a minute. Have something in the fridge if you want.”

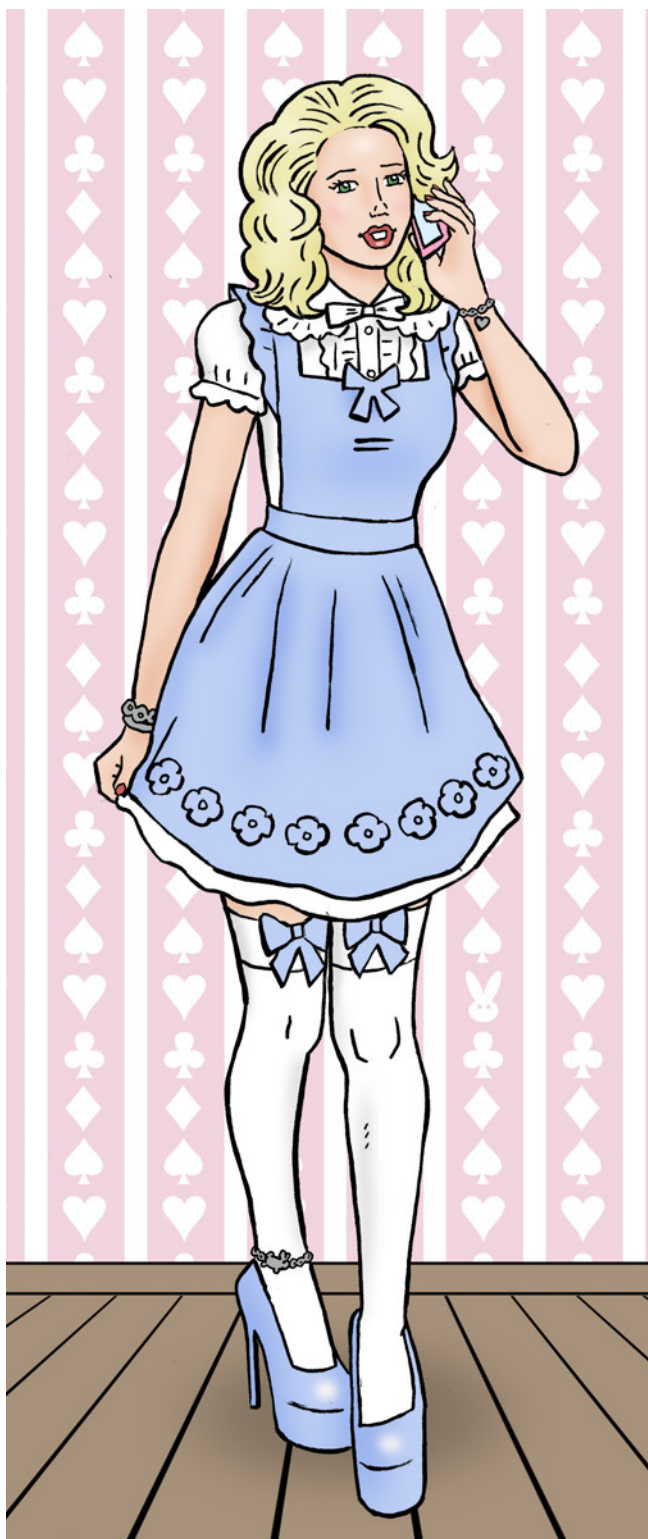
The call was a referral from one of my regular clients. The gentleman wanted an escort for a company party next week. I had the night free, so I gave him my usual spiel about prices, what I would do, and what I wouldn’t do. Unless he wanted to pay the bonus.

I earned a lot of bonuses.

I returned to the living room quickly, hoping that my departure didn’t look too suspicious. Molly didn’t need to know what I did at night. I was a grown sissy girl with my own life, after all.

“So you pay for all this yourself? I can’t believe it. What’s this second job of yours pay?”

“I have a roommate!” I said, trying to come with any excuse besides ‘because I’m a high-priced sissy call girl.’ “Her name is Cassandra. She’s not



here now. She works downtown.” Well, to be honest, Cassandra wasn’t really a roommate. She did live with me, as Doria and Sarah had asked me to give her the finishing touches before she stepped out into the big wide world on her own. She was going to be a headliner at the Men’s Club. She could really pole dance, that girl.

“Oh, I see,” Molly said with a suspicious look.

I needed to change the subject. “Say, I have the perfect pair of shoes for that outfit,” I said, looking at my sister’s long skirt and loose cotton blouse. She needed a bit of class to fight the frumpy look she was sporting. “Come with me,” I said, beckoning her with my finger.

As I walked into my bedroom, I suddenly realized I had left my big, black, rubber dildo on the bedside table. Before Molly saw it, I pushed it into a drawer. Keeping my composure, I opened the closet in my bedroom, and found the exact pair of heels I was looking for. Brown, with a chunky, but elegant, heel.

“How many pairs of heels do you have?” Molly teased.

“Um...” She had me there. “A few.” I pretended like I wasn’t aware that I had an entire closet full of over a hundred pairs of heels open before the both of us.

“Why?” She asked.

I turned to look at my collection. To be very honest, I wasn’t sure. Why *did* I keep buying heels? Then I remembered. Sissy Ella loves heels. Sissy Ella loves cock. The more cock I suck, the more heels I can buy. That was who I really was, wasn’t it? I was a sissy named Ella.

I looked at Molly, and I wanted just to throw myself at her. I wanted to beg her to take me home. To take me back to my room full of boy’s stuff. To take me back to soccer and play with my friends in the field. To feel the pat on my back from my Dad, congratulating me on another great game. I just wanted to go home, back to...

“I’m so happy for you, Ella,” Molly said. “You’ve found the person you were always meant to be.”

“Thanks, Sis!” I said with a bright, fake smile. “I’ve never been happier. I really haven’t.”

“You’ve made up my mind.” Molly smiled and seemed to relax.

“For what?”

“My future.”

And mine, too.

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 anew group of young men. But although it may be an all-boys camp when they arrive, it's girls-only when they leave. Full Color Comic Book / 100 pages

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 Girلز

"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

A Change for the Better

"Do-Overs" by Joe Six-Pack. Evan wants a chance to do over his biggest mistake. He gets the chance, but he keeps wanting his new life to be a little bit better than the last. Book / 59 pages / 18 color illustrations

Changed and Rearranged

"Wrongs Make Wright" By Joe Six-Pack. Chris and Matt were rivals. Then, Matt decided to show everyone how smart he truly was by impersonating a teacher. But the disguise becomes more and more real, much to Chris' dismay. Book / 74 pages / 19 illustrations

From Pals to Gals

From the files of TGStories.com: "Mandate of the People" By Joe Six-Pack. Teens Jeremy and Stewart are good friends, but a bit thick in the noggin. When they jokingly nominate each other for Prom Queen, they slowly become the perfect candidates, thanks to some magic. Book / 45 pages / 16 illustrations

Crossed Fiction

If the Shoes Fit

"Hand Me Downs" By KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Sydney is a teen who is just trying to make it through the summer with no money. He finds himself wearing hand-me-downs from his sister, and that takes his life in a whole new direction. Book / 98 pages / 30 illustrations

Sisters for the Summer

"Camp Counseling" By Joe Six-Pack. Brock McCade always thought of himself as a real man, or at least he would be one, someday. After summer camp, he's no longer so sure. Book / 76 pages / 17 illustrations

They're the Girls for the Job

"Peace and Harmony" By James J Craft. Illustrations by blackshirtboy. Pete and Harmon need jobs bad. How far would they have to go to get them? Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

Blondie's Lost Summer

By KK. Illustrations by Fraylim. Carl's dream summer was about to become three months of dresses, heels and makeup. Book / 159 pages / 48 illustrations

Blondie's Lost Year

By KK. Illustrations by Fraylim. Book Two in the Blondie Series. Carl's trip to Florida has been horrible enough, trapped in dresses and makeup. Now, high school has presented a whole new level of humiliation for him. Book / 221 pages / 52 illustrations

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

A Family Femmed

"The Femmed Family robinson" by James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by Sortimid. The Robinson boys all had dreams of their own, once. Now they have new ones, thanks to their stepmother. Book /96 pages / 29 color illustrations

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



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