

**J A M E S J C R A F T**

***HE'S GOT  
HIS MIND  
MAID UP***

by James J. Craft  
A Seriously Sissified Book

illustrations by kinkyrocket



2012 First Edition

Design © 2012  
Story & illustrations © 2012 James J Craft  
Illustrations by kinkyrocket  
All rights reserved.

The body text is printed in New Caledonia.

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

Printed in the United States of America.

joe@sixpacksite.com  
www.sixpacksite.com

# HE'S GOT HIS MIND MAID UP

Marianna Hespeller.

The name seemed weird to Corey.

Sure, Hespeller was in-and-of-itself a weird last name, one that he'd spent a good deal of his life wishing he could change... But to couple it to his new stepmother's given name seemed to make it sound even worse. It sounded like a debilitating disease. Like Aspergers Syndrome, or Lou Gehrig's Disease. Corey wondered if he could convince some of his father's scientist-friends to develop a cure for Marianna Hespeller's Disease.

Not that she was a disease... But she was certainly a big pain.

A high maintenance pain.

Corey chuckled to himself. He thought he was pretty witty.

He remembered when his Father – Danny – had first introduced her to him after his return from a conference in Newark, where he and the New Jersey 'Princess' had first met. What a girl like *that* was doing at conference for the top minds in the country, Corey would never know – and his Father would never tell. All he knew at the time was that his Father and his 'Princess' Marianna were together and that was that.

The term 'Princess' was one that Corey's father used often when speaking to and about his new girlfriend-turned-fiancé-and-soon-turned wife. He used it as a somewhat endearing, somewhat sarcastic term, but Corey's take on it differed.

From the moment he first met her, it was Daniel *this* and Daniel *that*, all spoken in her whiny Jersey accent. To say she was *needy* was like saying Mother Theresa was *nice*. To say she was annoying was another gross understatement.

She was the most demanding, needy, and entitled individual he had ever met.

Corey's father was a well-respected research scientist whose talents made him an in-demand individual around the world. Corey wasn't sure exactly what it was he researched – he had never cared to ask – and he was *sure* his father had never cared to tell him – which is why Corey could never figure out how a South-Shore debutant like Marianna would have fallen into his father's arrogant circle of high-paid nerds.

Corey had grown up without a mother-figure then. His father had never fully explained how or why it happened – leaving the poor boy to fill in blanks himself. All he knew for certain was that Mom had died, and Dad never talked about it.

Since meeting Marianna, Corey's Dad had been much happier. But he was still a fairly miserable man. So much so that when Danny finally came to his

son to tell him that he was to be married, Corey was shocked. "You've only known her for a few months Dad!" Corey exclaimed.

"You'd do well to pay more attention to your studies and less to worrying of my affairs, Son," Daniel replied, in his typical Scientist way. It was Corey's final year of school and his father had 'pulled some strings' to get him into Werthstrom College, the University where he had attended. He knew that Corey's grades weren't that good – something that he and Danny fought about quite often – but as long as he could maintain a minimal GPA, the school would continue to let him attend.

"When it comes to your education," Daniel would often lecture his son, "I'll do *whatever it takes* to get you into a proper school." He would often then pause and roll his eyes, knowing that his words were likely going in one ear and promptly out the other, so he raised his voice and added, "*And so should you!*"

"Yeah Dad..." Corey would sigh and roll his eyes, "I know ... I got it ... you don't have to yell."

Daniel would furrow his brow and lower his voice, "If I got the sense that you were taking me seriously, I wouldn't feel the need to raise my voice..."

One day, he paused thoughtfully and added, "I haven't even heard you say that you want to go to university, you know that?"

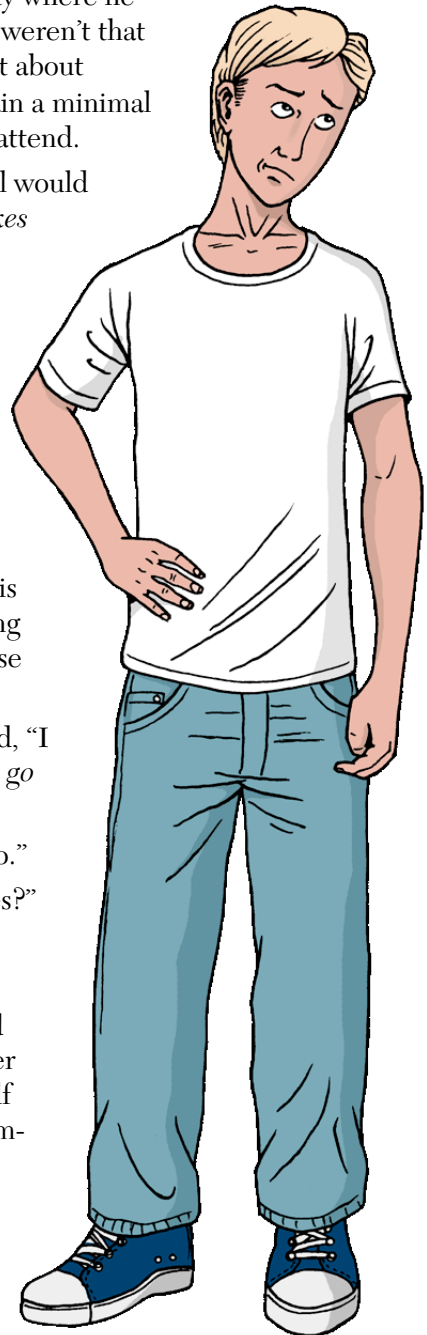
Corey paused then replied, "Of course I do."

"And are you willing to do whatever it takes?" his father continued.

"Sure I am." He shrugged.

Those words were important. Corey would have been better served if he had paid closer attention to what he was committing himself to, for as events would play out, he'd ask himself this question over and over again. His fate was now forever tied to the promise he had just given.

"*Sure you are?*" his father repeated his words back to him.



Corey sighed, "Yes Dad..." He paused, realizing that Daniel wanted to *hear* him say it out loud, "I want to go to University... And I'm willing to do whatever it takes."

"Well," Daniel looked skeptical, "That remains to be seen," he scoffed, "You're going to have to prove it – because one way or another – you're *leaving* this house come next September. Either off to school or off... Somewhere else." He spoke with a stern tone. "So you better make sure that your mind is made up... And get to it, or get to finding an apartment and job in the real world."

Corey looked shocked. Though it was common for his father to be overbearing and make outrageous demands of his son, he was stunned that his father had gone so far as to threaten him. To make matters worse, Marianna was standing nearby and heard every word of it, and was smiling devilishly.

He was pretty sure she wanted him out. With Corey out of the way, she would be able to do whatever she wanted... Especially when it came to spending money. In some ways, it would be to her *benefit* if he *didn't* go to school – that way she'd have *even more* money of his father's to spend.

Corey was reasonably sure his grades were enough to squeak him through, so over the weeks that followed, his slacker routine changed very little, which only served to add more tension to his already tense relationship with his Dad. The addition of the New Jersey princess just added another complex dimension to the situation.

Things began to go from bad to worse in late spring, shortly after the wedding was over. Daniel's new bride started demanding that they hire some domestic help around the house. Danny immediately said no. He was far too practical a man for that, and didn't see the need for such an extravagance.

"Marianna dear," he began, "Why on earth would we ever need to hire a maid there's just the three of us?" He pointed at her and Corey and himself before continuing, "There's no reason why we can't get everything done that needs to be done."

"But *Dannnniel*!" she whined, "You're going back to Munich for the summer, it'll just be the two of us..." she pointed at Corey and then back at her, "it's too muuuuuuch, the house is too big."

Corey's ears were ringing. Her whining was incredibly annoying.

"Corey is perfectly good at cutting the grass, and I'm sure you can do a little cleaning here and there my dear," Danny replied.

Marianna stuck her nose up, even further than it was already stuck up. "You can't be serious. What would the other wives on the street say if they saw me cleaning a toilet?"

Danny chuckled, "I'm not sure dear, but I'm sure you can handle it."

Marianna scoffed and stormed off.

Corey just rolled his eyes and walked away.



At the end of June, school finally let out. The final marks were in, and they weren't that good – but the Corey was sure that they were good enough. Admission letters wouldn't be sent out for a few more weeks, or possibly even a month. So there was no sense in worrying about it, especially since Corey's Dad was soon heading off to Germany to continue on a research project he had started earlier that year. That meant it would just be Corey and his newly acquired stepmother, under the same roof, without Daniel to act as a referee.

And Marianna wasn't about to let Corey get away with *anything*.

To say that things got off to a rocky start was yet another gross understatement.

Things got off to a *horrible* start.

Marianna refused to do any housework, and so did Corey, which started to leave their once-well-kept home looking increasingly shabby. Eventually, during a video phone chat with her new husband, Marianna convinced Danny to allow her to hire a gardener to maintain their property, but only on the condition that she would personally take care of the *inside*.

“Fine!” she lied, “I'll clean the inside if they clean the outside.”

But Marianna had no intention of actually doing it.

Instead of cleaning, she simply avoided using any rooms in the house but her own. Instead of cooking she opted instead for takeout. Instead of doing laundry, she took her clothes to be dry-cleaned every week.

If anything *did* require attention, she would whine at Corey to do it until he finally couldn't take it anymore. It was usually little things here and there, like taking out the garbage and occasionally washing her car. Doing the work was far more preferable to listening to Mariana whine about it, in that chalkboard-scraping tone of hers.

It was during one of those seemingly routine car washes that something happened that would change the course of Corey's summer. And possibly more...

At seventeen, Corey was of the appropriate age to have already had his driver's license for a full year. However, because his father had never been home for more than a few weeks at a time, the topic had never come up – or if it did, Corey's Dad would say, “We'll talk about that later. For now, focus on your studies.”

Corey never did. He would go skateboarding or play videogames instead. He had managed to obtain his learner's permit, but that was as far as he got.

One afternoon, whilst he was cleaning his Father's luxurious Mercedes, Corey saw an opportunity to finally take the test drive that he had been yearning for.

Marianna had instructed him to clean the car, after he had finished cleaning hers. She had left the sedan in the driveway, as she had always done, for Corey to vacuum and wash. It was something that his father had made him commit to, as the acting 'man of the house.' Corey proceeded to wash the exterior of the car, as usual, but when he opened the door to vacuum the inside, a bell went off – literally.

Marianna had mistakenly left the keys in the ignition.

Corey looked around the quiet street. He knew that his evil stepmother was sunning herself in the backyard, and would likely never hear him if he were to start the car's performance engine. He looked around a second time, then leaned sat in the driver's seat, closing the door behind him.

He checked a third time for passers-by, then turned the ignition.

The German sedan roared to life as a huge grin formed on the boy's face. He determined that he could slip the car into reverse gear, gently back out, make his way to the end of their quiet cul-de-sac, and be back in the driveway before anyone knew any better.

He looked around again, then slowly pulled the car's seatbelt over his shoulder, before pulling the gear shifter into 'R' for reverse. Seeing no one, he slowly released the brake and placed his foot on the accelerator pedal.

It was there that things went horribly wrong. Marianna was making her way around the garage to check on her stepson's progress when she saw her husband's silver Benz inching down the driveway. Without knowing it was Corey inside of it, she threw her arms in the air and yelled in her Jersey 'twang, "Heeeeeeeeyyy!" She assumed that someone was trying to steal it.

The sound of his Stepmother shouting caught the inexperienced young driver by surprise, and instead of hitting the brake, his foot pressed down firmly on the gas. The car shot across the road like bullet – directly into the lamppost opposite their home.

By then, Corey had realized that his foot had hit the wrong pedal and he'd applied the brakes – but not before hitting the unmoving pole with such force that the car's bumper had bent nearly in half.

"Oh my gawd!" Marianna cried as she scurried across the road in her trademark stiletto heels, "Oh my gawd!"

She threw open the driver's door, only to find that the person who had tried to steal Daniel's sedan was none other than her bratty teenaged stepson.

"Corey?" she gasped, "What... What the hell are you doing?"

"I... I..." Corey stammered, "I just..."

"Get out!" she growled, "And go inside! You are in a *world* of trouble!"

He lowered his head, knowing he was in deep doo-doo, and slumped over as he headed into the house.

Moments later, Marianna came storming in after him, "What the *hell* were you thinking?" she scolded.

"I... I just..." Corey tried to find the words, "I just wanted to get some practice..."

"Practice?" she nearly screamed at him, "Practice? You wanted to *practice* driving using your father's seventy-thousand dollar car?"

Corey didn't know what to say. He was pretty certain that his Dad was going to *kill* him when he found out what had happened. He stood in the hallway, shuffling his feet nervously as his new stepmother continued to reprimand him.

"Your father warned me to keep an eye on you," she growled, "he said that you needed to be kept busy or you'd get into trouble – but I never thought I'd have to watch you constantly! What does expect me to do? Have you follow me around all summer? It's ridiculous!"

Corey shuffled again, looking down and shrugging, but saying nothing. He figured that she would call his father the first moment she could, and that his dad would probably lose his mind.

He'd cut off his allowance, or worse, kick him out of the house like his father had threatened to do if Corey wasn't attending school next year.

Suddenly, Corey was starting to realize that he might be thrown out of his house. Maybe he should have taken his last year of school a little more seriously.

"Well, I don't know what I'm going to do with you, but I'm pretty sure you're going to spend the *rest* of the summer locked in this house until your father can figure it out," she shook her head in disgust. "And even *then* I don't know how you're ever going to have the money to pay for what you've done to his car!"

Corey sighed and looked down. It was going to cost a *fortune* to fix the car, and he didn't have a job, which meant he was probably going to end up *owing* his Father a *lot* of money for *very* long time – and that was something that Corey was not looking forward to.

"To begin with," she said after a small pause, "You're going straight to your room." She pointed down the hall to where his bedroom was located.

"Really?" Corey whined, "Come on..." He objected to the idea of being sent to his room like a child, especially by some bimbo his father had chosen as the bride-of-the-week, "You're not my mother!" he finally blurted.

"Oh?" she glared at him, "We'll see what your father has to say about that!" She narrowed her eyes and pointed her slender finger at him. Corey took note

at how long her blood-red fingernails extended past her fingertips like talons. “You get up to your room and clean it from top to bottom, right now, or...” she paused for a second, as if she hadn’t fully figured out the second part of her rant, “Or... I’ll text your father *right now* that you tried to steal his car and go for a joy ride.”

“What?” Corey gasped, “But I *told* you,” he whined, “I only wanted to...” He sighed. He could tell by her firm expression and a *crazy* glint in her eye that she was

serious. He had seen her text his father all the time over silly things like ‘the pool filter is clogged,’ or ‘the landscaper didn’t weed the garden beds,’ – silly things – so it wasn’t a far stretch to expect that she wouldn’t hesitate to let his dad know that he had tried to ‘steal’ his car and crashed it into a light pole.

He felt his shoulders slump forward as the realization hit him that he would be better off to simply go to his room and do as she asked.

He knew that she would probably use any angle she could to get him out of the house, so he resigned himself to following his father’s words and doing ‘whatever it took’ to stay in his father’s house, no matter how crazy his debutant stepmother got.

He simply had nowhere else to go.



Marianna inhaled from her slim cigarette and took a sip of her wine. That *stupid* teenaged stepson of hers had certainly made a mess. Of all the things he could have done, crashing Daniel's prized Mercedes Benz was about the worst.

Worse still, he'd probably blame *her* for it.

She shook her head. *He'd make a fuss over a stupid car but won't pay for a maid*, she scoffed to herself. She thought it was ridiculous that she had to do her own cleaning and laundry. A woman of *her* status certainly shouldn't have to do such a thing. Clearly her husband's priorities were confused.

She raised her glass again, then paused.

*He won't pay for a maid... But he will pay for his son...* She raised an eyebrow. Daniel, knowing his new wife's lavish tastes, had put her on a tightly controlled 'allowance' in his absence. Her stipend was enough for her to maintain her life-style, but gave her little for 'discretionary' spending, on things like new clothes, vacations... Or a maid.

However... Daniel had also set up an allowance for Corey. Though it wasn't as large Marianna's was, it was still a sizable amount of monthly income – and Marianna was in charge of it. What's more, Daniel had kept the allowance a secret from Corey, thinking he wasn't responsible enough to handle the freedom of 'free money.' So being in charge of it, she reasoned, *she* could choose how it was to be spent. With the boy clearly fearing his father's punishment, *now* was the time for her to make her move.

Marianna grinned and took a long drag off her cigarette. She would punish Corey by making him do the maid stuff, while siphoning his allowance to pay for damage to her car.

It was a win-win situation.

Her smile quickly faded. Having him in debt to her to fix the car was good. but she still felt that she needed more 'leverage' on the boy. She needed to catch him in the act of something and hang it over him. She needed to catch him doing something embarrassing enough to blackmail him with.

"Too bad he isn't a closet cross-dresser," she said aloud with a chuckle as she finished her wine. It would be so much easier to blackmail him if were.

She paused for a moment and mused to herself, *I wonder if I can make him into one?*

Later that day, Marianna was rummaging through her closet, trying to free up some room for a few dozen pairs of new shoes she had recently purchased. Marianna, like all good Jersey princesses, adored pretty high heeled shoes, and the new ones she just bought were absolutely wonderful.

Sadly however, it meant that some of her lesser-used pieces would have to go.

One particular pair of ankle boots caught her attention. They looked like a pair of military-style boots with a slight platform sole and ramped wedge heel.

They were monochromatic, all in black, which served to camouflage the wedge heel and platform slightly.

Her earlier thought returned to her head. She wondered if Corey's impishly small feet (for a boy) would fit into the wedge heeled boots?

Could she somehow trick him into trying them on?

And if 'tricking' him didn't work... Could she flat-out force him? And if she could force him, could she then capture him on camera wearing them – and threaten to embarrass him unless he did the housework around the house?

An evil smile crossed her mouth as she carried the booties out of her room and down the hall to where her stepson resided.

Corey's room – though he had been ordered to clean it up the other day after having crashed Marianna's car – was still a complete disaster. Or as some would say, a typical teenaged boy's room. She walked through open the door, to find him on the floor, surrounded by dirty laundry, listening to blaring headphones while playing video games.

She stood silently for a few moments, thinking that he might eventually 'sense' her presence.

He didn't.

Finally, she cleared her throat loudly. But nothing happened. Frowning broadly, Marianna tried again, this time with a very pronounced 'A-hem!'

The young man remained oblivious.

Not wanting to waste any more time, the hot-headed stepmother marched around his room in her five-inch heels, and stood in front of the gaming boy. Corey looked up at her with a scowl, "What?" he said, pausing the game behind her.

"I thought I told you to clean this place up!" Marianna boomed.

"I did!" he said, removing his headphones and looking around.

"*This* is what you call cleaned up??" she growled, "It's a frickin pig-sty! You're grounded until further notice!"

"What?" Corey whined, "You can't do that... you're *not* my mother!"

Marianna gasped. She had been expecting such a response. "How dare you!" she recoiled, "I've been as fair as I can be, Corey." She glared at him. "I wasn't *going* to tell your Father about the car, but apparently you leave me with no other option if you're going to pull this kind of crap!"

She turned to leave the room. Corey blinked his eyes for a second, letting her sermon set in. *She hadn't told his dad.* Yet.

"Wait!" he said, "I thought you told Dad yesterday?"

Marianna shook her head, "I'm a good Christian woman Corey," she lied, "I believe in second chances. But I don't see any cooperation coming from you – so never mind!"

"Wait!" he said again, "I'll... I'll clean my room... *Better*. Just give me a second... Er, *third* chance." His voice softened to a far less combative tone. "I promise I'll do better, really Marianna. Just give me another chance."

Marianna smiled. "You promise to do better?" she said in her Jersey 'twang,' with the word 'better' sounding more like 'bedda.'

"*I promise!*" he said.

"Fine," she smiled. Corey thought he had won, and was about to go back to his game console. But Marianna wasn't done with him yet.

"If you want a second chance you'll have to wear these," she said holding out the wedge booties.

Corey looked at her, then at the odd-looking boots, then back at her. "Seriously? But these are like..." He saw her familiar looking scowl returning to her face and changed his mind. "Fine, whatever," he mumbled as he took one of the ankle-boots from her hand.

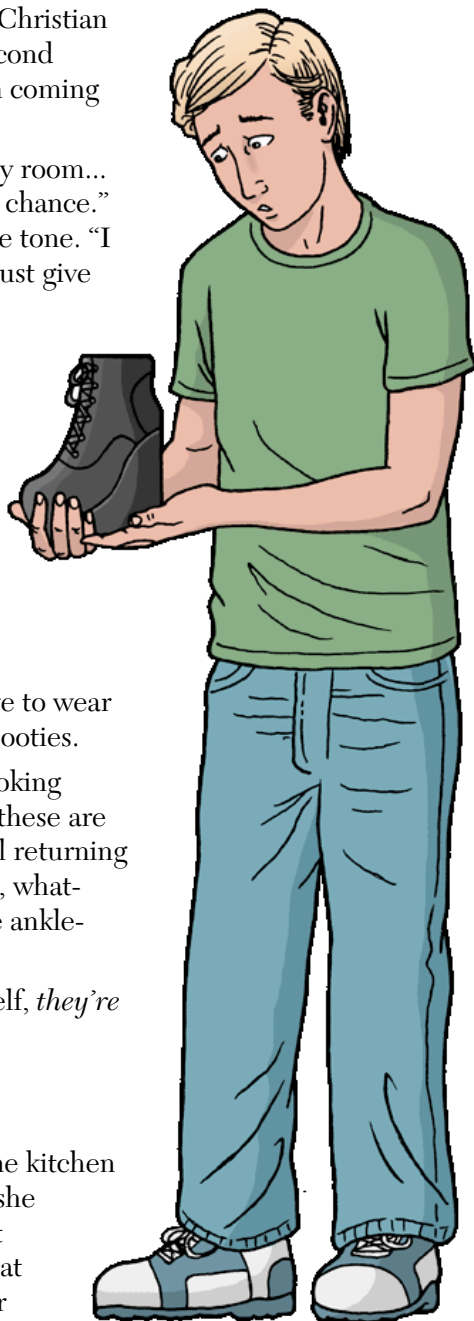
*I can't wear these!* He thought to himself, *they're ridiculous!*



A day later, Corey was cleaning up in the kitchen – at his Stepmother's insistence – when she came storming into the room. In her left hand, she held the pair of ankle boots that she had instructed him to wear the other day.

"You think I'm joking?" She exclaimed, as she slammed the boots on the counter with a 'thud.' "You think this is a joke?"

Corey shrugged. "No... I..."



But before he could finish, she had grabbed him by the ear with one hand, and grabbed the boots with the other, and was dragging him to his room to supervise him putting them on.

After she had twisted his ear a few more times to get him out of his shoes and into the new boots, he gave up. "They won't fit," he mumbled. He had pulled the laces as loose as they would go, and was tugging at the lip of the ankle-high tops with all his strength.

"Well of course they won't!" She cried, "You're wearing your socks!"

"I can't wear boots without socks..." he whined, "I'll get blisters..."

"Ugh!" she threw her hands in the air in frustration, then began to stomp out of his room, "Wait right here," she muttered loudly, "I have to do *everything* around here!" She continued to complain as she made her way down the hall.

Corey sighed and rolled his eyes as his stepmother stormed off. Surely she didn't honestly expect him to put these damned stupid things on... *Did she?*

The loud clicking of Marinna's sharp heels in the hall signaled her impending return. Corey thought about the clicking noise, how he could always tell where she was in the house because of it – and how he had never *ever* seen her without her heels on... Ever. He wondered if they were as easy to walk in as she made them look.

"Hello?" She interrupted his thought as she stood in his room holding out a pair of thin pink... Something-or-others towards him. Corey snapped to a looked at the pieces of thin pink fabric.

"Try these," she said, fluttering them around like they were some kind of flag.

"What are they?" he said, as he took them from her hand and looked them over further. The material was ultra-thin and super stretchy. They looked to be a pair of very long socks, though he couldn't be sure.

"Just shut up and try them on," she ordered, "They're thinner than your other socks, they'll help you to fit into your new boots."

*My new boots?* He thought to himself as he slipped out of his old white cotton sports socks. He picked up one of the new pink 'socks' and sighed, then proceeded to try and pull them over his feet and ankles like he would have any other pair of tough boy's socks.

"What're you doin'?" Marianna cried, reaching forward with her slender nails to snatch the tiny socks away from him like a bird of prey uses their talons to snatch up rodents. "You're gonna ruin them if you do that!"

Corey looked at her like the wounded rodent that had been snatched up and then released. "But... I..." he cried.

"Roll them up like this," Marianna commanded, rolling the outside of the thin pink 'sock' over itself until it formed a pink fabric 'donut.' "Then point your toe

and gently roll it over your foot,” she pressed the inside of the ‘donut’ against his pointed toe and began the process of unrolling it.

“Now you do it,” she said tossing pointing at the other sock.

Corey sighed and began to copy Marianna’s actions, rolling the sock into a donut shape, pointing his toe, then pressing his feet through the middle, effectively coating his foot, ankle and lower calf in smooth pink nylon. He paused for a moment, looking up at her as if to plead not to have to put on the boots, but Marianna Hespeller would not be dissuaded.

“Go ahead and put them on,” she said, pointing at the matte-finished black boots.

The effect of the thinner sock paid off, and the boots both slipped completely over his feet. He sighed, and began to slowly tie them up. Once they were firmly fastened, he carefully stood and turned towards his stepmother as if for inspection.

“Wonderful!” she chirped, “now take a step...”

Corey obeyed, taking a tentative step forward. The raised wedge heel, forced him to reposition his center of gravity. At the same time, his buttocks were now being forced slightly outwards and his back was forced slightly straight. He felt his ankle start to wobble and grabbed onto the bed frame in anticipation of his balance leaving him altogether.

“Heel first, then toe,” Marianna said, “Heel first... You’ll kill yourself otherwise... Trust me.”

Corey sighed quietly then tried again, letting his heel connect first before rolling his foot forward to let his toe come down.

He didn’t fall.

He turned proudly to his stepmother, but she wasn’t overly impressed.

“You’ve got a long way to go,” she muttered. “You’re gonna need to practice in those *every* day... And I mean e-v-e-r-y day. If I see you outta those boots for even a second during the day...” She paused for a second for dramatic effect, narrowing her eyes. “You’re dead meat! So you better have your *mind made up* by tomorrow,” she used her husband’s classic phrase about having his ‘mind made up’ – only it was spoken with her classic New Jersey accent. “Cuz tomorrow you’re going to start tidying up the *rest* of the house.”

With that, she turned and left Corey in his four-inch wedge-heeled platform-soled ankle boots, standing haphazardly in his room, dreading the thought of what she had in store for him tomorrow.



The next day, Corey began by vacuuming the lower part of the house. He tripped several times, and was pretty sure that he would break his ankle by the end of the day. But he wasn't in a position to argue with Marianna about it – he really didn't have a choice.

He needed to do as she told him and put his mind to it, or, like she put it the day before, he would be dead meat.

Around ten that morning Marianna went out to 'run some errands,' which actually meant going to her friends house for cocktails, leaving Corey alone in the house to work. Which he did, begrudgingly, until the doorbell rang.

Corey clip-clopped over the big front door of the house in his wedge boots and peeped out the peephole to see if he knew who it was.

The person on the other side was a man, short in stature, on in years, but kindly looking. Corey figured he was a salesman of some kind, so he ignored him and began to walk away when the bell rang again, followed by a knock. Corey remained perfectly still, not wanting the man on the other side to see or hear any movement. He waited a moment, then heard the doorbell ring again.

Corey rolled his eyes and was about the slowly tiptoe back to his room, when he heard a most surprising thing. The man called out to him, "Corey!" he said, "I know you're in there... Open up please!"

*How did he know my name?* He wondered, as he slowly opened the door a quarter way. He wanted to , so he could keep his feet hidden from view, "Hello?" he said in a curious tone.

"Well hello there," the old man began, "You must be Corey."

Corey nodded, still looking confused, "And you are?"

"Percival Payne." He extended his wrinkled old hand for Corey to shake, "I'm a friend of your stepmother's. She told me to drop in and check up on you while she's out. She wanted me to make sure you weren't getting into any trouble."

Corey looked indignant, "I'm fine," he grumbled.

"Well that might be the case from what I can see from standing here... In the sweltering heat I might add... And I'm almost seventy-five you know..." He seemed to pause to collect his thoughts. "But the real reason for my being here is make sure that you are keeping up on your chores," he said, smiling, "And I can only do that from inside the house."

"Well... Now is not a good time, Mr. Payne." Corey blushed, not wanting the old man to see his odd-looking footwear. "Maybe you can come back in a little while..."

"My dear boy," the kindly elderly gentleman interrupted, "If it's an issue with the little black ankle booties that your dear stepmother has put you in to, I can

assure you that I have already been informed of the situation and I am not in a position to be judgmental on the subject.”

Corey looked confused, but it sounded to him as if there was no longer a good reason *not* to let him into the house. He sighed and opened the door. Percival entered without hesitation, looking down at Corey's new footwear. “A fine choice for a beginner indeed,” he said, rubbing his hands together.

Corey had no idea what he meant, but he was sure it wasn't good.

“Let me see you walk in them,” he commanded.

Corey was now fairly certain that this was all part of his stepmother's punishment of his for crashing up the back of the car, and decided it would be best if he played along.

He proceeded to walk, in an awkward, boyish kind of way, around the room while the old man watched.

“Small steps, boy,” Mr. Payne offered, “let the heel of your foot touch the floor first, then the toe. Heel, then toe.” He echoed Marianna's comments from the other night.

Corey tried to modify his step but it soon become very apparent that this would be a *very* slow process of learning.

“Better,” Mr. Payne motioned with this hand, “But keep going... You're starting to get the hang of it.”

*The hang of it?* Corey wondered to himself, *How much walking these shoes does he expect me to do?*

But after half an hour of the old man parading him around the room, exclaiming, ‘heel-toe, heel-toe’, Corey was actually starting to ‘get the hang of it.’

“You need to relax your hips a little,” Percival exclaimed, “And wiggle your buttocks like the girls do...”

Corey looked at him with an undignified expression, then sighed, letting his hips relax as he took a step. He let his weight shift from one side to the other, which inadvertently caused his butt to wiggle slightly as he walked.

“You've got it!” Mr. Sims cried out, clapping his hands excitedly. “And with practice, you'll be a natural in those in no time.” The old man cupped his hands together and smiled proudly at Corey's feet, while Corey stood in an uncomfortable pose, waiting nervously for something to happen.

“But... Mr. Payne,” Corey sighed, “I don't understand why I have to wear these things... I'm a guy and these are *clearly* not guys shoes.”

Percival's wrinkled face turned from jovial to serious. “My boy, it's only in the last few hundred years that the ‘myth...’” He paused and raised his fingers in the sign of quotations when he said ‘myth.’ “...About men wearing such pieces of footwear has come into being. Look back to the 15 and 1600's and history sug-

gests that men of esteem wore such shoes to 'elevate' themselves above common people. It's only in the past few centuries that we have allowed the feminists to pervert this reality and take that power from us by making us believe that only *they* can wear such things so as to make them seem and feel taller and more important."

Corey sighed. He really had no idea what the old man was saying – other than *too bad for you kid, you're stuck in them*. He decided that he wasn't going to let his whiny stepmother and her geriatric friend force him into these faggy shoes any longer, and was about to reach down and undo the laces, when his eyes were blinded by a brilliant flash of light.

"What the?" he exclaimed as he waited for his vision to return.

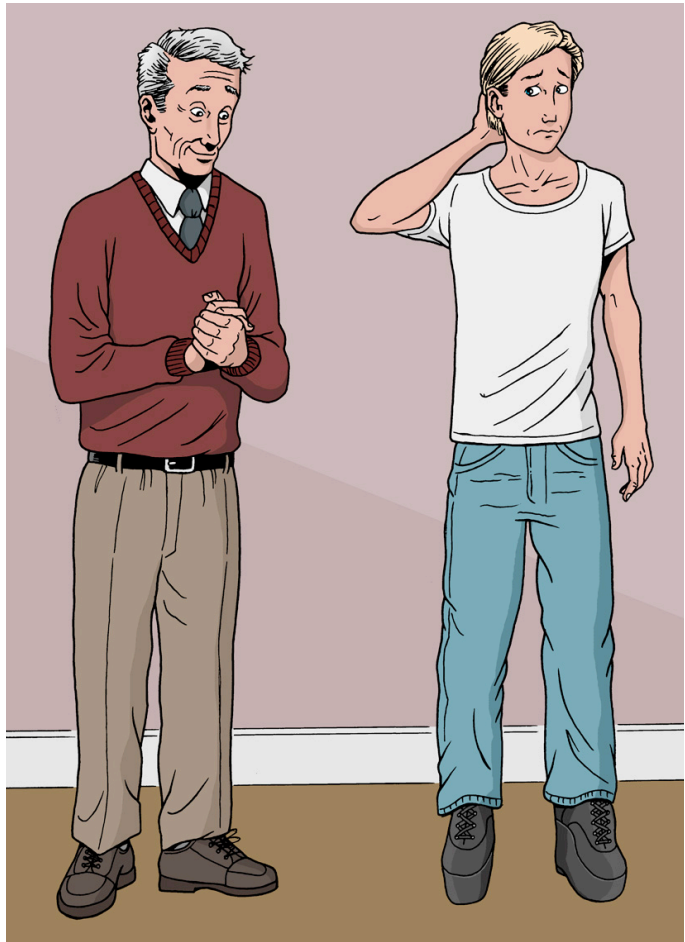
He glanced over at Mr. Payne, who was holding his phone in his hands and a smile on his face, "There we are," the man said, "A little progress update for your loving stepmother."

"A progress report?" he repeated.

"Well, of course – she wants to know how you're making out." The old man smiled.

Corey sighed and realized that there might be no better time than *now* to rebel against Marianna, otherwise she might take this silliness too far. He determined that he would do that just as soon as she got home that night.

"Well, I must be off to my next appointment," Percival finally said, "No rest for the wicked you know!" He smiled and patted Corey on the back. "We'll continue again next



week. Just remember what I've taught you so far... Heel-toe, heel-toe and wiggle that tush of yours a little bit – and you'll be fine."

With that, Percival headed for the door, and Corey was left to stand alone in his black platform wedge-heeled ankle boots. These shoes were not only uncomfortable and bizarre, but they were definitely the first he had ever worn that required an in-home support specialist, just to show him how to wear them!



"Oh. My. God!" Marianna blurted with excitement as she entered the house. It was much later that night, having spent the entire day drinking and shopping. "You did such a good job, Corey honey... The house looks amazing!" Corey, still in his wedge-heeled ankle boots, was clapping down the hall to confront her. "Look at windows, they're so clean!" she continued.

Corey scrunched up his face. He hadn't cleaned the windows. What the heck was wrong with her?

Marianna could see that he was clearly confused. She had read online about behavior modification techniques, and one of the things that they suggested was to give an over-abundance of praise – even if it wasn't warranted – that way they would eventually start actually completing the tasks they were being praised for out of a sense of fairness.

After all, who wants to be praised for something that they didn't do? It would seem disingenuous.

Corey, approached her, looking quite upset. "Listen..." he began with a stern expression on his face.

"Oh you look so cute in those boots!" She turned and smiled at him.

Corey blushed and stopped talking.

"I can tell that you've been practicing. You were 'strutting' down the hall a moment ago. I can spot Percival's handiwork anywhere." Marianna grinned. "You know he used to be the most sought-after catwalk trainer in the country when I was younger? He's still the best in the business."

She paused to reminisce about her time as a young woman with Percival Payne, professional supermodel trainer extraordinaire, and how he would repeatedly make her sashay around in her spike heels until she had the strut of a streetwalker.

The training that he had given her early in life had stayed with her from that point on. She had never been able to walk in flat-soled shoes again – and she knew that soon, her stepson wouldn't be able to either.

"But why do you need him to come here?" Corey asked, "It's embarrassing... What if one of my friends..."

"My dear boy," she interrupted him abruptly, "you're being punished for the damage you've done to your father's car... It isn't supposed to be enjoyable. And furthermore, from what I've seen, you aren't exactly the most popular boy around. Besides, I'd be surprised if anyone actually cared what kind of boots you were wearing... This is the twenty-first century you know... Anything goes!"

"It's not just the boots," he sighed, "it's the walking and the..." He blushed and looked down, "The..."

"Wiggling?" Marianna smiled.

"Yeah," Corey whispered softly, looking humiliated. He knew he was being punished... But this was a little much. Still – what choice did he have?

"Don't worry, dear," his Stepmother smiled widely, "I'm sure once your mind is made up that you need to get used to it, you *will* get used to it." She winked.

Corey sighed and shrugged, then turned to go off to his room. Marianna watched his developing catwalk strut and chuckled. *He'll get used to it... Even he doesn't want to*, she said to herself.

And he would.



A day later, Marianna was going through her closet again, making room for new items in her wardrobe. She stopped and paused when she came across an old pair of flared hip-hugging jeans she had purchased some time ago, but rarely worn. She stopped and stared at the jeans, then smiled widely.

"These will go *perfectly* with those boots!" She said aloud as she grabbed the denim-wear and headed off to find her stepson.

Moments later, a very unhappy looking Corey was shaking his head. "No way!" he shouted. He knew he shouldn't raise his voice, but she wasn't taking 'no' for an answer. "I'm *not* wearing those stupid looking jeans!"

Marianna sighed. "Fine," she said with an exasperated tone, pulling out her phone. "You know," she continued, "I never *did* get around to getting your father's car fixed... I wonder if he knows a good body shop that I can take it to..." She let her voice trail off as she started to type on the phone's keypad.

"Wait!" Corey cried, "Fine! I'll wear the stupid jeans..." He grabbed them out of her hand and turned towards the closet.

"And I'm going to give you a manicure too," Marianna added, sensing that she had him at a moment of weakness. "Just a little polish and cleaning."

"What?" He turned back around to face her. "No way! I'm not..."

Marianna picked the phone back up and began to type again, looking over to Corey with a 'challenging' expression, as if to say, 'Oh?'

"Aaaack!" he exhaled loudly. "Fine!" He knew he wasn't going to be able to win this hand. Marianna had all the cards.

His stepmother smiled. "Meet me in the lounge in ten minutes, and be sure to wear your boots." She turned and left the room.

"Whatever," Corey mumbled as he slipped out of his pants and began to tug the slim-fitting flared jeans over his legs. *Good God*, he thought to himself, *how do people wear these?*

A few minutes later he quietly tiptoed, barefoot, into the lounge, where his stepmother was waiting.

"Um... Marianna?" he quietly whispered, as he peeked his head around the corner. It left his body hidden. "I have a little problem."

She looked at him with a curious expression, "What?"

He sighed and let his body follow his head around the wall, exposing his situation. The jeans were so tight, that they had bunched up his boxers and made it impossible to get the jeans done up. Corey looked quite forlorn.

Marianna smiled. "Well, silly," she began, "You can't wear boxers with jeans like *those*... Everyone knows *that*."

"Well *I* didn't!" He exclaimed. "So I guess I'll have to go back to my old jeans then..."

"Oh no you don't!" Marianna replied. "We just need to get you some new underwear... Wait here."

A moment later, she returned with a package containing a pair of new, skimpy, bikini-cut briefs.

"These should fit you." She smiled as she handed him the unopened package of lace-trimmed, and very feminine panties. He looked at the package. One white pair, one pink pair and one black pair were contained inside.

"I can't wear *these*!" He cried, as he pointed at the pack of skimpy skivvies.

"Oh yes you *can*," she decreed, "and oh yes you *will*!" She pulled out her phone as a visual reminder to him that he had better do as he was told – or else his father would be brought into the fray. That was the last thing that he wanted.

"Fine!" He shouted, grabbing the bikini briefs from her.

Moments later, he emerged from his room, jeans successfully fastened at the top, boots successfully laced at the bottom, and headed back to lounge.

There, Marianna quietly inspected his new pants, noting out loud how nice his bottom looked in the tight denim. "I think I'll need to get you a few more pairs of these," she said with a smile. "Oh, and new panties too."

Corey sighed and rolled his eyes. He hoped the summer would end soon... His father would be back, and he would be off to college – and with any luck, he'd never have to see Marianna again.

But today, there was no such luck.

"Sit down please, dear," she said, in an overly-sweet tone.

Corey obliged, and sat quietly as his step-mother began to work – cleaning, filing and polishing his nails. Corey paid little attention to what she was doing. That is, until she had finished.

He held his fingers outwards with a fearful expression on his face.

"You said just a little polish!" he whined.

Marianna smiled. "It *is* just a little," she replied, "I only used two coats."

"But I can't go out in public with *these*," he held them out for her to see. Somehow, while he wasn't paying attention, she had attached quarter-inch, *or longer*, extensions to each fingernail, and carefully filed and shaped them into lovely tapered feminine pink talons.

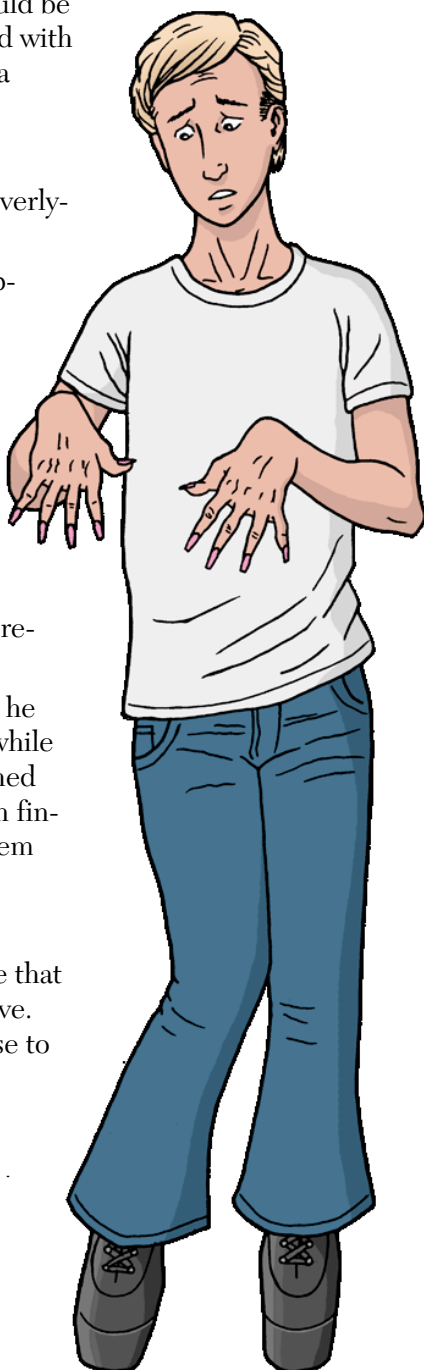
"I look ridiculous!" He cried.

"Well then," Marianna huffed, "I can see that *some* people are completely unappreciative. And besides, you don't have anywhere else to go."

Corey looked shocked, but he was starting to realize what she was up to.

"I'm not gay!" He shouted out of frustration. "Quit trying to turn me into a girl!"

"Oh my goodness, Corey," she scoffed.



“Really now... Such words. This...” she motioned at his pants and boots and nails, “...is about being punished for smashing your father’s car, and that is something that *you* brought upon yourself. But if you’d rather I just call him and tell him what happened...” She held up the phone again.

Corey sighed. He and his father didn’t exactly have the best of relationships to begin with. Adding a damaged Mercedes Benz into the mix wouldn’t exactly improve that.

“Fine,” Corey sighed. He was feeling defeated, feeling humiliated, and feeling helpless against his evil stepmother.

“I think you’ve got some chores to do in the kitchen,” she smiled wickedly, “Best get at it...”

He sighed again and slumped forward, heading off to the kitchen to do the dishes and mop the floor.

Later that night, he would collapse on his bed, exhausted from housework, and from the emotional trauma of Marianna’s ‘bullying.’ All he had to do was survive until his dad was home. Then all of this would change... Or so he hoped.

But in reality, he knew it would just get worse.



The next day began with Marianna instructing him to shave his legs. She said it was all part of his ‘punishment’.

“What the hell does shaving my legs have to do with smashing Dad’s car?” he whined.

“Nothing!” Marianna decried. “Nothing at all – this isn’t *about* the stupid car anymore, Corey!” She continued in a highly agitated voice. “It’s about a spoiled little mouthy rich kid who thinks the rules don’t apply to him!” She scoffed loudly. “Well guess what bub? *They do!* And *my* rules say that *you* have to shave your f-ing legs... So get to it!”

Corey stood in shock. His stepmother was on a total power trip. There was no way that he was going to do what she asked. He didn’t care *what* punishment his father would dish out... Enough was enough.

“No,” he said in an even tone, “I’m not doing it.”

Corey could see her eyes fill with rage, but instead of shouting or yelling, she whipped out her phone and began to text his father. “Dear Daniel,” she said in a mocking voice as she typed with her ultra-long nails... Ultra-long nails that Corey *also* now possessed.

“Why?” he whined, “Why are you doing this to me?”

"I regret to inform you that your son Corey (which she pronounced 'Quarry') has been involved in a collision while driving your..." She paused to look at him before continuing. "...Car," she continued to type her text, pronouncing car as 'core.' "There is extensive damage to the..."

"Fine!" he finally shouted, "Fine! I'll do it... I'll shave them..." He sighed, feeling completely defeated. "Just leave Dad out of it!"

"Good," Marianna smiled, "Let's go... I'll show you how to do it."

"What?" Corey recoiled, "You're not going to watch me in the bathroom!"

"I most certainly am!" She proclaimed, "Unless you want me to continue this little text message?" She held up her phone for him to see. He couldn't make out the exact words, but was certain that she *had* in fact written *something* there.

"Ack!" he cried, "Fine. You want to watch me bath like some sicko... Fine..." With that, he stormed off to the bathroom, where his Stepmother helped him shave off his leg hair – from his toes, up to his groin – for the first time.

Once they were finished, Marianna handed him a new pair of 'socks' to wear under his jeans. They were the same color and texture as the ones he had been wearing, for what seemed to him like forever, but higher.

Much higher.

These new socks came almost the whole way up his legs, ending in a lacy elasticized cuff at the top, very high on his thighs.

As he examined himself in the mirror in his room, he wondered if they were really socks at all.

Marianna barged into his room before he had had a chance to put his jeans on, leaving a mortified Corey, standing in his panties and new pink thigh-high 'socks' before her.

"Cute!" She grinned. "You've got *great* legs for tights... Especially now that they're all smooth and soft, and they don't have any more of that *icky* body hair on them."

She paused for a moment then skipped out of his room. Corey sighed a breath of relief. But it was short-lived. Marianna returned only a moment later with a pair of scissors in her hand, and proceeded to locate one of Corey's favorite pairs of jeans. She retrieved it from the closet and began to cut through the heavy denim, just below the knee.

"*What the hell?*" Corey screamed.

Marianna paid him no mind and continued to destroy the other pant leg, then smiled as she rolled the newly shortened bottoms into thick cuffs. "I think you should start showing them off." She handed him a pair of knee-length jeans.

"What the hell have you done?" he cried angrily, "These were my best jeans!"

“Well I bought you a few more pairs of the jeans that *I* like... So you won't be needing those *other* ones anymore...” She smiled. “So either you throw these ones out, or get a little more use out of them by turning them into shorts!”

*You evil woman!* He said to himself, as she clip-clopped back to his room and threw open his drawers. He sighed relief when he found his other jeans still there.

“Try them on,” she commanded.

Corey lowered his head and pulled the shorts up over his new pink socks... Tights... Whatever they were. He looked down in horror at the sight of his legs in smooth pink nylon, peeking out from under his ruined jeans.

“Wonderful!” Marianna smiled as she handed Corey the scissors. She then went back to his closet and retrieved the remaining pairs of jeans – that weren't new flared hip-huggers she had purchased for him – and handed them to him. “Now do the same with these.”

Corey's mouth fell open and his blood boiled. But he knew that there was nothing he could do. If he refused, she would call his dad, who would *not* be pleased to hear that Corey was wearing faggy pink tights and wedge-heeled

booties... Not to mention the whole crashed-up car thing.

“Click.”

Marianna had pulled out her phone and taken a picture of him as she stood. He realized he had no choice.

Slowly, Corey sat at a little table that Marianna had added to his room a day or so ago, and began cut the legs off all of his beloved jeans.

Soon, there would be nothing



left of them.

Every pair was cut from pants into shorts. Shorts intended to be worn with pink socks and black wedge-heeled boots.

He sighed. But there was nothing that he could do.

Marianna was grinning from ear to ear as she looked on. Very soon her step-son wouldn't have a manly pair of pants to his name, *and* he was going to be wearing his newly-cut shorts with silky-smooth pink stockings, too.

It was too delicious for her stand.

When his father returned to their home and found his son prancing around in denim shorts, pink tights, and wedge heeled shoes... He'd have a conniption. He'd throw Corey to the curb, without a doubt.

Or would he?

Maybe it wasn't enough?

She began to doubt her plan. Maybe she still needed to do more to the poor boy to convince his father that he was a closet cross-dresser? She decided to call Percival Payne to come back in for another session. He would know what to do.



A few days later, the silver-haired supermodel-trainer would return to the Hespeller home. Marianna was out with her friends again and the old man was once more putting Corey through the drill of walking and turning with grace. He had instructed Corey to wear his newly-cut denim shorts and pink stockings, much to the boy's chagrin.

"I think they ought to be shorter, Corey," he said, "To show off more of those nice looking legs of yours."

Corey's face scrunched up, "But Mr. Payne... I..."

Mr. Payne cut him off. "And you really should just use a little blusher and lip gloss, dear boy. It will give you a rosy glow." The old man smiled and nodded.

Corey stared blankly at him. He wasn't sure that the old man was serious. The extended silence indicated he was.

"I am *not* wearing that," he whined, "I'm a boy, and boys don't *need*..."

Percival chuckled at Corey, cutting him off again, "Well my dear boy... Far be it for *me* to tell *you* what you *need*..." He paused for a moment as his face became very serious. "But I think that you already know what you *need* to do... Don't you?"

Corey looked confused. His eyes were blinking randomly. He had lost track of what Percival was saying.

"Are you okay Corey?" Mr. Payne asked.

Corey shuddered, "Um... Yeah... I..."

"Why don't you go shorten those shorts," the old man said with a smirk, "then come see me in the main room, and we'll go from there."

Corey nodded, and headed back to his room. Upon entering it, he noticed the vanity in the corner had something on it. He walked over in his clunking boots and sat before the mirror with a sigh, looking up at his reflection.

Corey sighed, *Oh my, he thought... Mr. Payne is right... I do look dreadful.*

He slipped out of his jeans and began to cut an extra six inches from them when a voice sounded behind him. "Oh more than that, dear boy."

Corey looked up to see Percival standing over him, reaching for the scissors and shorts. Corey watched as he proceeded to cut them to almost to the top of the pant leg, then rolled the bottom into a thin cuff.

"There!" He beamed, handing the shorts back to Corey. The young man sighed and slipped the shorts over his legs. They were just barely long enough to be called short-shorts, bordering dangerously on daisy dukes or hot pants. He was about to reach for the wedge-heeled boots that were next to his stool when Percival interjected.

"Why don't we try these instead?" He suggested.

Corey looked down at the new footwear that Mr. Payne was holding in his hand and gasped.

The shoes he was suggesting were black in color, and completely open on the top, except for a wide jeweled band across the area where his toes would rest, and two straps in a v-shape from the center of the strap out to the vamp of the shoes. The soles were likely two inches thick, with solid platforms, and the stiletto heels were proportionally tall – probably six-inches – and dangerous looking as hell.

"This is the part where you refuse," Percival grinned, reading Corey's expression. "And then I'll remind you of your father's damaged car, and the pictures of you shaving your legs and prancing about in booty-shorts and wedge heeled booties, and you'll say... *Fine.*" He let out an exaggerated huff. "And then you'll put them on anyway..." He handed the shoes to the trembling boy, who knew he had no choice.

Corey had a fearful expression as he slipped into them. Much to his surprise, they weren't as painful to wear as he thought they would be... That is, until he tried to take a step, and tumbled forward.

"Whoops!" Percival chuckled as he helped Corey back up, "Looks like someone needs some practice!"

Corey sighed again, and was about to try to take another step, when Mr. Payne sat him back down at the vanity.

“Let’s do something about that hair... And that grey-looking face of yours.” He smirked as he turned to the items laying on the top of the vanity. Percival grabbed a container of lip gloss and a compact of rose-colored blusher, along with a spray bottle, a brush and a can of hairspray, then turned Corey away from the mirror.

He began with Corey’s hair, spraying it down with the squirt bottle until it was damp, then brushing it, before locking it in place with the hairspray. After that, he opened the blusher compact and rubbed a makeup brush onto it, until it had a healthy quantity of pink dust on it. He then turned away from the mirror and towards Corey and began to gently apply it to the unhappy boy’s cheeks.

When finished, Percival stood back and checked his work.

He smiled and reached for a tube of gloss, cracking open the seal and smoothing the applicator over Corey’s dry lips. In addition to adding shine, the gloss had a slight pink tint to it that made the boy’s mouth look moist and full.

“There!” Percival exclaimed, “All done!” He turned the stool back towards the mirror and Corey’s eyes grew wide with disgust.

*What the hell has he done?* He wondered to himself, as he looked in the mirror. Percival had switched the part on Corey’s head from right to left and styled his dusty blonde hair in a less-than-masculine way. The lip-gloss and blush only served to accentuate the fact. He was pretty sure that if anyone ever saw him like this, he would have to change his name and leave the state.

He sighed... Then realized that Percival was oddly quiet... *And what was that ‘cutting’ sound?* Corey looked around his room and spotted Percival cutting his remaining shorts *and* the new jeans that Marianna had just purchased into the same super-short *almost* daisy-dukes that he was currently wearing.

“Short-shorts from now on...” The old man ordered, “And the hair and makeup stays too... Got it?”

Corey felt his stomach tighten, as he nodded his compliance.

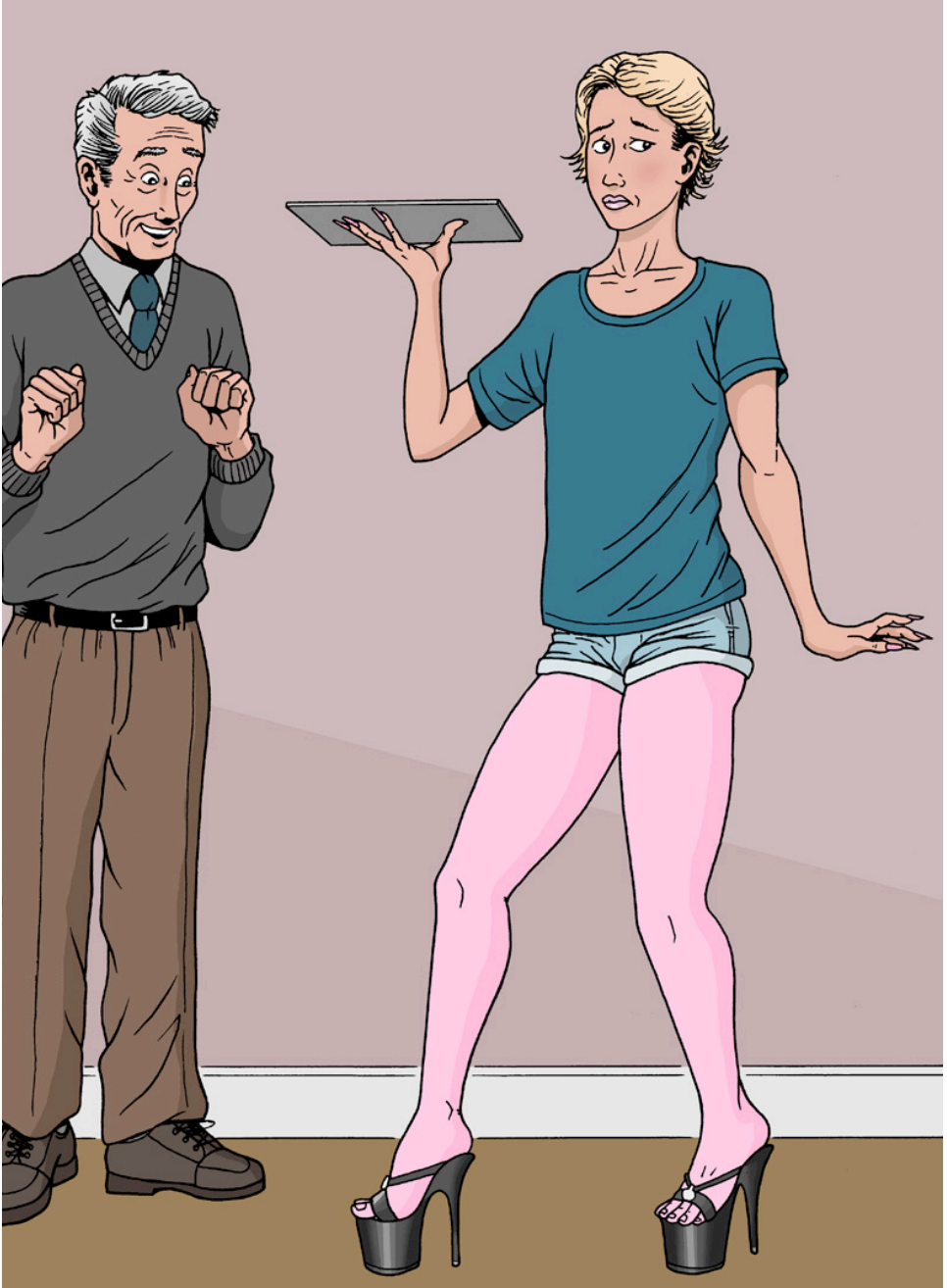
“Now,” Percival said, his tone of voice changing to sound much happier, “Let’s go try those new puppies out, shall we?” He was gesturing towards the shoes in Corey’s feet. He helped Corey to his feet and then coached him on how to properly walk in them.

“Heel-toe,” he said, “Heel-toe.”

After a half hour, Corey’s calves were aching – but Mr. Payne wasn’t through. Corey was certainly a lot more stable than when he had started, but Percival needed more from the boy.

“Here,” he said, handing him a sterling silver tray, “Balance this with one hand while you walk.”

Corey tried it, and immediately tripped, dropping the heavy tray on the floor. “Try this...” the old man suggested, “Walk with your opposite hand bent at a downward angle... Right at the wrist... Like so...” Percival modeled a very feminine pose. Corey looked mournful as he mimicked Percival’s pose, then began to take a step.



Again, the high-heeled boy lost his balance and tripped, sending the tray to the floor.

“My, my,” Percival chuckled, “the poor tray... What did it ever do to you?”

Corey tried to smile, but the odd wet feeling of the lip-gloss on his mouth, combined with his aching calves and the knowledge of how incredibly ridiculous he must look right now, prevented even the smallest of smiles from occurring.

Instead, he took the tray, held it slightly above chin-level, bent his other hand daintily away from his body and took a step...

“You should show off your great gams boy,” Mr. Payne said, “I’m sure you’ll love the way nylons shape your legs.”

“Success!” Percival exclaimed, as Corey began to prance around the room.

“And with a little more practice, you’ll be a natural at this!”

Corey sighed. He didn’t *want* to be a natural at balancing a tray while walking in towering high platform heels and pink tights. But after a quick ‘click’ from Percival’s camera, he knew that he was trapped, and it was very likely that he would become a natural.

And he would.

After of hours of practicing walking slowly; heel-to-to, heel-to-toe, and giving a subtle shake of his hip and twist of his tush, wrists bent daintily outwards, sometimes balancing the heavy silver tray (sometimes not), Corey found that he had become quite adept at walking with a sassy supermodel stride.

Percival even went so far as to compliment him in a most unusual fashion.

“If only I had been a few years younger,” the old man grimaced, “I could have trained you into one heck of a model.”

Corey just stared blankly at him. “But I’m a guy, Mr. Payne...” he groaned, “I couldn’t do this for a living.”

Percival chuckled, “True... Your genetics are such that you’re better equipped to pee standing up, but everything else... Your stance, your attitude... Even your voice, can be trained and modified. Your stepmother told me that once your mind is made up about something, you will do whatever it takes to accomplish it.”

Corey sighed, “Well that’s just something that my father would say...”

Then a metaphorical light bulb came on over the top of the old-man’s head, and an idea formed inside of it. “Let’s try something,” he began with an excited tone. “Repeat after me... Care for some coffee?” he said in an exaggerated high pitch.

It sounded so completely ridiculous that Corey chuckled at first, thinking that his instructor might be joking.

He wasn't.

"Boy!" Percival commanded in a loud voice, "Repeat after me... *Care for ssssome coffee?*" This time, in addition to the higher tone, Percival added a softened 's' sound to the word 'some', as if trying to speak with a lisp.

Corey remained silent. *This* was going too far. It was one thing to dress him up girly clothing, but now to force him to speak with a sissy's voice... *It wasn't going to happen.*

Percival's eyes darkened and his smile dissolved. Corey could clearly see, for the first time, a wave of anger washing over the older man. But he remained steadfast in his resolve.

"No," he simply said.

"No?" Percival growled. "No? Boy, you think that this is some kind of a democracy whereby you are afforded the luxury of choice or 'input?'" he stopped to make a quotation sign with his fingers. "Do you believe that this training is 'optional?'" He made the quote signs again. "Do you think that by simply refusing my instruction that I will simply go away? That I'll somehow modify my program around your individual needs... And by *needs* I more accurately mean *wants*..." He let his voice trail off. His tone was terse with anger, and each word was being spoken with tremendous force, as a drill-sergeant would address a delinquent cadet.

It surprised Corey to the point of slinking back against the wall behind him as Percival's face moved closer and closer. Even though Corey, in his five-inch heels, was at least an inch or two taller than the old man, he found himself feeling as though he was shrinking.

"I know that your stepmother..." Percival continued, "...who I might add was one of my finest students...will be eager to inform your father of all of the debauchery that you've been up...upon her return this afternoon...and in fact I have a good mind to call him myself, to let him know what kind of disrespectful, insolent young person you've become in his absence...and I'm fairly sure that with minimal coercion on either the part of your Stepmother or myself, he will decide against sending you to University for the year...but instead see fit that you attend a strict and regimented Military academy in the calling fall season..."

Percival paused to glance back and forth from Corey's left eye to his right. Corey had backed against the wall and shrunk to what felt like half his size.

Then Percival's face relaxed, and his smile returned. "Now then," he said in a far-more reconciling tone, "Care for ssssome coffee or tea?"

Corey coughed, whimpered, then tried to repeat the phrase as best he could. "Care... Care, for some, uh, coffee or, uh, tea?" He stammered.

“Not bad,” Percival’s creepy smirk widened. “Now try again, and remember to speak with ssssoft and ssssoothing tone.”

Corey sighed. His face was flush-red from embarrassment. He didn’t want to say anything of the sssort. Since military school was not even remotely close to what his aspirations were, he decided to give in.

He cleared his throat, and repeated the phrase in a high, soft... And somewhat girly tone. “Care for some... Coffee... Or sssome tea?” He lisped.

“Wonderful!” Percival clapped. “See... What did I tell you? Voice? Poise? Attitude? All things that can be trained... If you have the right instructor and a willing student...” He chuckled. “Or in your case, a student without any other option.” He grinned, then instructed Corey to continue his practice prancing around the room, but this time after each return trip, he was instructed to ask Percival if he ‘Cared for some coffee or some tea’ – over and over and over again.

By the time Marianna returned home, a very exhausted Corey was waiting in the main hall, dressed in his new short-shorts and tight, high platform heels, newly brushed hair and moderate makeup.

“Care for sssome coffee or sssome tea Misss Marianna?” He half-whispered the words as she stood before him.

Marianna’s eyes lit up. “Oh my!” she exclaimed, “I cccertainly would!” she replied, lisping the ‘s’ sound in ‘certainly’ in a half-mocking, half-praising tone. “I can see that Percival has had a very successful day with you... I knew that once your mind was made up you’d be a terrific student for him. I can’t wait to hear all about it, dear.”

And with that, Corey escorted his stepmother to kitchen, where he poured her a cup of coffee, and in a soft and humiliated voice, explained how Mr. Payne had shown him how to walk and talk like simpering sissy – while Marianna smiled widely.

She couldn’t believe how quickly Corey was falling into her trap. Soon he would be the housemaid, and upon the return of his father in a few short weeks, would likely either be sent packing or hired on in that official capacity.

Either way, it would be a ‘win’ for her... And a ‘lose’ for Corey.



From that point-on, Corey’s days would be spent in towering spike heels, smooth pink nylon stockings, super-short denim shorts, lip gloss and blush, and androgynously styled hair. He’d be prancing about, vacuuming carpets, cleaning windows, sweeping floors, and most importantly – to Marianna – dotting on her. He was now required to fix her coffee in the morning, a snack for the af-

ternoon, and further, was to do it all while using a soft, lisping voice that sounded more and more feminine with each passing day.

It wasn't by choice, but Marianna's mind was 'made up'... And Corey didn't really have a choice in the matter but to 'make up his mind' as well.

Corey couldn't imagine a more perfect hell – until Marina instructed him to start taking strange pills one morning.

“Uh,” Corey looked at the nondescript white caplets in his hand, then back up at his Stepmother, “What are these for?”

Marianna smiled. “A variety of things. It's what all the top girls in the modeling industry use now-a-days. Percival still has connections in the industry... They supplied them.” She grinned wickedly, handing Corey a glass of water.

“But...” he bemoaned.

“But nothing!” Marianna scolded. “They'll help you with your weight, and balance your hormones... Not mention they'll make your hair and skin smooth and soft.”

Corey still wasn't sure. “Are you sure it's safe?”

Marinna was losing her patience. “Well, it's hardly FDA approved... Yet... I'm sure they're working it. All I know is that Percival says it produce results in next to no-time-flat... So...” She motioned for him to take the glass from her. “Get going!”

Corey sighed, then tossed the pills into his mouth and washed them down with water.

He really didn't have a choice.

The next two of three days were hell. Corey's stomach was upside down. He couldn't eat a thing without throwing up. He told Marianna that it was the pills, and that he thought he shouldn't take any more, but she wouldn't listen. He became so weak after just two days, that he had to be kept in his bed.

“It's just short term.” Marianna grinned when she came to check on him from time to time. “Another day or so and you'll be all better.”

Corey sighed and went back to sleep.

The next morning when he awoke, the nausea that had afflicted him for the past half week had passed. Not wanting to risk his stepmother's wrath, he quickly jumped out of bed and headed for the shower. He used the depilatory cream that Marianna had given him a few weeks ago, to remove any body hair that may have grown in during his bed-rest, then shampooed his hair. He noticed that his 'package' seemed slightly less responsive, and dare say, *smaller* than usual that morning. He hoped it was a temporary side effect of his being sick for so long.

Once out of the shower, he dried and styled his hair into the messy page-boy look that Percival had first shown him, in what seemed like weeks ago, then applied his customary lip gloss and blush, and then an application of thick black mascara to his eyelashes. Marianna had taken the time to show him how while he was laid-up in bed.

He didn't like the way the new eye makeup put more emphasis on his eyes – and made him tip the scale from androgynous to girly. It was also shocking to see silver stud earrings in each lobe that up until a few days ago, had not been there.

“What the...?” Corey gasped aloud, *how did she do that?*

He went back to his room and pulled on a pair of his now-standard pink high-cut panties, his thigh-high pink stockings, an old blue t-shirt (thank God she still let him wear *something* boyish, he thought) then went to the drawer that contained his jean shorts.

Inside, it looked much the same as ever. Short denim garments folded neatly over one another.

But once he picked them up and went to put them on, he realized that Marianna had done something *else* to his stuff while he was sick in bed.

Corey slipped into his shoes, which were also new, then turned towards his floor length mirror, gasping as he looked himself over. The new shoes were much like the old ones, but much less ornate. The heel and platform sole however, were just as tall – if not taller. The most substantial difference was new denim that had been placed in his drawers. They were not the short denim shorts like he'd been wearing – but instead, a very short pleated denim miniskirt.



"Marianna!" Corey called, "Marianna!"

His stepmother appeared, seemingly out of nowhere. "Oh my... I see we're feeling better now, aren't we?" she smiled.

"What happened to my shorts?" he whined, "What happened to my ears?"

The woman chuckled. "Isn't it obvious?"

Corey could feel his stomach churning again. He looked at his stepmother and wanted to scream. He wanted to run away and never look back... But he knew he wouldn't get far... Especially in *this* outfit. Instead, he resolved that he would simply have to ride out her insanity and appeal to his logically-thinking father upon his return.

Once his dad saw that she had forced his son, his *only* son, into skirts and heels, Corey was *certain* there was no way he would let her stay. He might have fallen for the New Jersey Princess's good looks and sexy appeal, but Corey was *blood*, and blood was always thicker than water... Whatever *that* meant.

"But..." Corey lamented, "but how...?"

"I may have slipped a little something extra into your water while you were sick," she said. "It was initially just to help you rest... But then I couldn't resist the thought of you in earrings..." She had a twinkle in her eye. "So I admit I took full advantage of the situation."

Corey feigned a disgusted expression. The truth was, the silver studs didn't really bother him too much. He had been trying to convince his dad to let him get an earring for *years*. So in a way, she had done him a favor.

The *skirt*, however, was not as impressive. He looked down at it and fluffed it out, then looked back at her.

"You'll get used to it," Marianna said. "In fact, I'm pretty sure you'll learn to love wearing them. I'll bet that you never go back to pants after wearing that. They're *much* more comfortable."

Corey sighed and shrugged. He knew there was no point in trying to argue. All she would do is pull out her phone and threaten to call his dad again... And he'd buckle under the pressure. He needed to act more like the victim in all this if he was going to win the favor of his father upon his return in the fall.

"Fine!" he said, and sighed.

"What's that, Corey?" Marianna asked in an angry tone. "Surely you meant to thank me for buying you such nice new pretty things... And further, I would expect that you would use your highest, sweetest voice while you did... Am I right?"

Corey took a deep, long breath, then sighed again. In a soft, lispng tone, he said "Thank you sssso much Missss Marianna for thissss wonderful ssskirt."

Marianna smiled. "Now that's better" She turned to walk away, then stopped and turned back to Corey, "Well don't just stand there...you've got work to do!" she barked.

Corey sighed and went off to find his duster. He was numb with anger. How could he have let her go this far? If he had just taken his lumps back when he first crashed his father's car... He was *certain* it wouldn't have been *this* bad. Now, not only had his dad's sedan been smashed, but nearly all vestige of Corey's masculinity. He was certain that his father was going to be more upset with Corey's new 'look' than he was with his ruined vehicle.

But what could he do?

Maybe, just maybe, Marianna would allow him to return to his old self once her little 'game' was through. Surely she didn't intend to keep him as a maid for the rest of his life? He sighed and continued to clean. Until she proved to him otherwise, he had to assume that this was all just a temporary situation.

But for being temporary, things seemed awfully permanent. From that day on, the situation progressed much the same from day to day. Corey's pants had all been cut to shorts, then made shorter again, then replaced entirely with an inventory of denim skirts. Marianna then began to replace his t-shirts – the last remaining vestige of masculinity that the poor boy had – with girly tops. She also augmented his shoe collection with different kinds of black platform heels in a variety of styles.

'His' shoe collection now contained nothing shorter than a four-inch heel, and nothing without a thick platform sole.

Each morning, he would shower, then dress in one of his newly acquired tops, one of his many denim skirts and pairs of pink stockings, and a different pair of high-heeled platform shoes. He would then carefully brush and style his hair, exactly as Marianna had instructed, and finally do the one thing he absolutely detested... Put on his makeup.

Corey didn't know if it was the feel of it, or the smell... Or the fact that, once applied, it seemed to completely remove any trace of his being a male. But one thing he *did* know – he couldn't stand wearing it.

Marianna had instructed him, more than once, to start with concealer, then he was to sponge on liquid base, followed by a light dusting of loose powder. The result was a slightly paler version of his face, devoid of any blemishes or imperfections... Or color. That is, until he had added his pinkish blush, eyeliner and mascara, including eyebrow pencil on his refined eyebrows.

His pale pink lip-gloss would finish his new look. With a feather duster in one hand... And vacuum in the other... It was the look of the family maid.



The days progressed slowly, with little change. Every day was spent dressing in Marianna's ridiculous clothes, dusting and cleaning, then resting up for the next day. He also had to cope with occasional oversight for by an overzealous Percival Payne.

Corey – much to his dismay – was beginning to become quite proficient at walking in heels and putting on makeup. So much so, that both Percival and Marianna often commented about how convincing he was becoming as girl.

Corey didn't see it as a compliment. In fact, he was rather put-off by it.

He prayed and hoped that his acceptance letter from the university where he had hoped to attend would arrive soon, and that it would be enough to convince his domineering stepmother that his punishment was done, and he could return to being an eighteen-year-old boy.

And then, one day, his dream came true – or at least he hoped it would. A letter from Werthstrom College, the University that Corey had hoped to attend, arrived in the mail. Checking the mail was part of Corey's chores, after he had swept the hall. He had volunteered for the task, as he wanted to be the first person to see the acceptance letter, or at least what he had *hoped* would be an acceptance letter.

When the letter finally arrived, he held it carefully in his hands. He knew that acceptance to the University would mean freedom from Marianna and her insanity. It would also, hopefully, bring forgiveness from his father.

Corey could picture his Dad saying, 'Well you crashed my car... *But* you got into a good school... So all is forgiven.' For Corey, it meant that the stakes were very, very high.

Corey held the letter in his hand, hesitating. Not being accepted would be disastrous. He would have to continue to endure countless demeaning tortures at the hands of this stepmother, not to mention his father's enduring disappointment.

He took a deep breath, then sighed, as he ripped into the envelope with his long pink painted nails.

*Maybe these things are useful for something*, he giggled to himself.

He was wearing a new v-neck sweater that Marianna had purchased for him, along with his now-standard denim skirt and pink stockings, along with a pair of wedge-heeled opened-toed heels with sturdy ankle straps.

For a second, he felt almost comfortable in his attire, but his cheerful demeanor quickly faded as he unfolded the letter and began to read.

"Dear Mr. Hespeller," he read aloud. Things took a terrible turn for the worst. The next five words conveyed all that he needed to read, 'we regret to inform you...'

He felt his bottom lip quiver and tears started to well up in his eyes. Marianna looked over at him curiously. "What is it?" she asked with a tone of semi-concern.

"It's from Dad's school," he sniffled, "I didn't get in."

Marianna could see the boy's effeminate hands shaking. For a moment she wondered if all of this – the skirts and the heels and the makeup – was a little 'much.' Maybe she had gone a little too far with him.

"Oh don't cry," she said, "You'll ruin your mascara." She dabbed under his eyes with a folded tissue. "And you were just starting to get good at doing your own eye makeup."

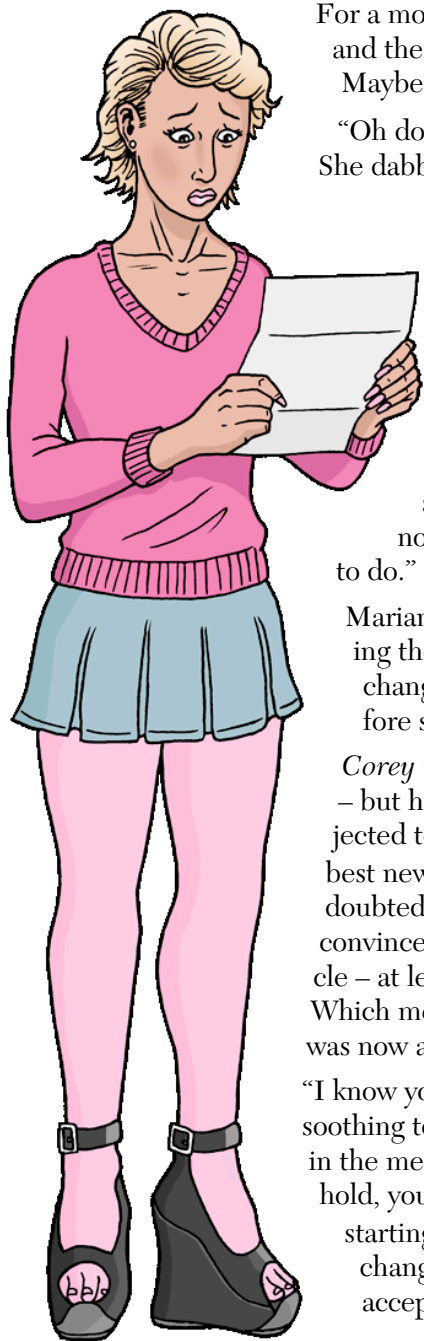
Corey chuckled, taking the tissue from her and continuing to blot his tears carefully so as to minimize any damage to his cosmetics.

"I just don't know what I'm going to do..." he whimpered, "You heard what Dad said... Come September, I'm out – school or no school. I just don't know what I'm supposed to do." He let out a withering sigh.

Marianna smiled as Corey stood silently, still holding the letter, staring at it, as if hoping it would change. He stayed there for several minutes before shuffling off back to his room, sniffing.

Corey may not have known what he was going to do – but his *stepmother* certainly did. His being rejected to an institution of higher learning was the best news she could have asked for. Although she doubted her husband would initially approve, she was convinced that she could persuade him that this debacle – at least a good portion of it – was Corey's doing. Which meant that, at least until Daniel's return, Corey was now all hers.

"I know you're disappointed, Dear," she said in a fakey soothing tone as she followed him into his room, "But in the meantime, if you are going to stay in this household, you are going to continue to *earn* your keep. So starting tomorrow, there are going to be some changes around here that you're going to have to accept..." She paused. "Unless you're planning on



moving out.”

Corey sighed again. “I have nowhere to go...” he whined.

“Well then,” she smiled, “I guess you won’t have any choice but to continue to follow my rules, now will you, Corey?”

Corey sighed a third time, “No... I guess not...”

“Is that the kind of respect that you plan on showing me, now that I am supporting you purely on the prospect of your father not kicking you to the curb?” she growled, “I would think that you should be *far* more appreciative of my kindness... And address me in a manner that shows proper respect... Don’t you, dear?”

Corey’s face dropped. He knew he was in a bad place. He lowered his head and sighed for a fourth, soul-crushing time. “Yes Miss Marianna,” he said.

Marianna let a smile work its way across her lips. “Very good dear... Now run along. We have a very busy day ahead of us tomorrow, and you have a lot to get done before then.”

With that, Corey nodded and went off to finish his chores. He didn’t exactly know what she meant... But he was absolutely sure it wasn’t good.



The next morning, Corey awakened to his stepmother standing over his bed. “Let’s go!” she shouted, “We’ve got a very busy day ahead... Maid Corey.”

Corey groaned and slowly awoke. He hadn’t slept well, knowing that Marianna was up to something, but it was inevitable that he had to face it, as he had nowhere else to go. So he quickly showered and brushed his hair, applied his makeup and dressed in his pink stockings, skirt, girly top and even girly-er shoes and obediently followed Marianna to the garage, so as not to further upset her.

As he stepped carefully into her car, he spotted his Dad’s car and the damage that he had caused on the back end. He sighed deeply, thinking back to that one bad decision and how it had dramatically changed his life for the worse.

Marianna took him to the salon where they lightened and straightened his hair. Then, after moving his part back to the side of his head where it had started, styled it into a dramatically feminine and even alluring hairdo, with long sweeping bangs that landed just below his lips.

Makeup followed next, and in a much heavier fashion than usual. They started with foundation – something he had never even *heard* of before. It smoothed out his face, and made it a tone or two paler than usual. Bright pink blush was added next, followed by thick black eyeliner and feathery, long fake eyelashes. His eyebrows were plucked and shaped into thin graceful arches, and pink-toned eye shadow was dusted onto his eyelids.

His usually pale, glossy lips were lined in darker pink, then filled with a brighter, more vibrant pink tone, before being carefully glossed.

Large hoop earrings were added to his ears, and matching hoop bracelets were placed on his wrists. His nails were done last, and seemed somehow even longer than before... Though Corey couldn't be sure.

He caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror on the way out, and had to do a double-take, as the reflection showed a beautiful young lady... Not a motley teenaged boy in makeup, as he had always seen there.

Marianna smiled approvingly, generously tipped the stylists, and then drove Corey home to present him with his new 'uniform'.

He stared at the outfit she had laid out for him. It was a pink strapless maid's uniform, with a super-short skirt and white ruffled trim. As was explained to him by his stepmother, he would be expected to wear his standard pink thigh-high stay-up stockings, though with a new pair of five-inch heeled pink platform pumps.

There was *no way* he was going to wear this, he told himself. His mind was made up that Marianna had gone too far, and she wasn't about to dress him up in some tarty pink maid's costume... But in the end, that's exactly what she did.

Corey eventually gave in to the fact that she had control of his monthly allowance... And without a job or money of his own, he had nowhere to go, and no control.

So his mind was made up – again – in a new direction. He formed yet another strategy to cope with this wild situation.

He would wait her out.

He would go along with her little scheme and pretend to be her maid, and when his father got home, he'd show him what she had done to his son, and stand back as he watched him kick her to the curb.

In the meantime, however, there were chores to do – and Marianna had invited Percival Payne over to watch Corey to them.

As Corey scampered around the house in his tiny, skimpy skirt and high-high heels, he could feel the eyes of both Percival and Marianna watching him, as they whispered back and forth, occasionally giggling.

Percival sipped his tea as Corey pranced around the room dusting while Marianna furrowed her brow and sipped her glass of champagne. Corey must have dusted everything in the room three times before someone bothered to speak to him.

"Well, my dear boy," Mr Payne spoke, "Your lovely stepmother did say that once your mind was made up, that you would do *whatever* it took... And it looks like she was *right!* If I didn't know any better, by the way you shake that pretty little bum of yours, I'd swear that you were a natural girl right from the



start!” He turned to Corey’s stepmother with a smile. “I can just imagine what the boys will think of his pretty little backside,” he chuckled.

Marianna raised an eyebrow, but didn’t smile. She had the look of someone deep in thought.

“I’m sure he’ll get the chance to some day see...” she finally said, in an unimpressed tone.

Corey blushed bright, then refocused his efforts into walking with a noticeable strut, shaking his pantied ass with each step. It was absolutely humiliating, but once his father returned and saw how his new bride had been treating his next of kin, Corey prayed the result would make it all worth it. The more he worked at becoming the effeminate maid of the house, the more treacherous Marianna’s action would look.

“You know,” Marianna said out of nowhere, “Now that I’ve got a pretty maid... I can finally have a proper dinner party Percival.”

The old man turned to his former student with a confused look. “Oh? Has this been something you’ve wanted to do for while?” he asked.

Marianna nodded. “Are you kidding me?” She scoffed arrogantly, “As soon as I saw this place I started begging Daniel to let me throw a party, but he was always too cheap to do it.”

“And now?” Percival inquired.

“Well, I’m certain he’s still cheap...” She took a moment to sip her champagne. “But now I’ve got the maid... You trained him on tray service...” She looked at Corey indignantly. “And I’ve been saving money from his stipend... So...” She paused, then grinned widely, “I’m going to do it! I’m going to have a dinner party Percival!” Her demeanor changed instantly from unimpressed to elated as she began to envision her friends gathered around the table while her skirted stepson brought them out food and drinks.

It would be a ‘dream come true’ for her.

But for Corey, it would be a nightmare.



Preparations began the following day for Marianna’s big event. She arranged for a caterer, a house cleaner and for cases of wine and champagne to be delivered. She also had Corey clean their home from top to bottom – all while fully dressed and made up in his new maid’s uniform (she had purchased him several identical ones).

Every carpet needed to be vacuumed and shampooed. Every inch of wood polished. Every mirror and window brought to a glistening shine. And when he was all done – she would have him do it – again!

Like a countdown to the apocalypse, Corey could only watch the clock tick down to the party. Finally, after hours and hours of hard, back-breaking work, the day of the party arrived.

Corey found himself taking trays of wine and food out to Marianna’s guests as they chatted in the great room. He kept his eyes low as he carried his tray carefully through the crowd, avoiding eye contact as much as possible. While he didn’t know anyone there, except his stepmother, he was pretty sure that they knew him. The smirky looks that they offered seemed to be saying ‘Yes. I know you’re really a boy.’

After hors d’oeuvres were served, the group, possibly as many twenty people, moved to the dining room for dinner. He had received extra training from Percival Payne on how to bring people their food, serve it from the correct side, and to courtesy after each plate was brought out.

He could hear Percival’s coaching in his head – ‘heel-toe, heel-toe, heel-toe’ – as he took every step around the table. Corey was afraid that if he botched this

performance up, Marianna would 'out' him in front of everyone. Some of the guests knew his father, and that would be a cataclysmic disaster. So he focused on his walk, his manners, and his speech. He had made up his mind that he would pull it off.

So he did.

The group moved into the dining room, and Corey was instructed to refresh everyone's wine glasses. He took deep breath and began to carefully sashay into the room, starting at the head of the table where his stepmother was seated. He kept his eyes low as he approached her, holding the tray of wine glasses outwards to offer it to them.

"Wine?" he asked softly, his face burning from the embarrassment of the situation.

"I don't think we've met?" a man said. He had a rustic-looking beard, and was seated two chairs down from Marianna, as he extended his hand to take a glass.

"Dean Alton." Marianna interrupted, as she had overheard the exchange, and began to introduce her skirted stepson. "This is Cor..."

She paused for a second, then grinned. "Courtney, this is my maid... Courtney."

Corey looked at her with a shocked expression, then remembered his training. Percival had told him that a proper maid should fade into the background, so he lowered his eyes again and glanced at the tray he held in front of him.

But even with his eyes low, he could still feel Mr. Alton's eyes on him.

"She's pretty," he turned to Marianna as he took a wine glass from the tray and took a sip, "but a little flat-chested..."

Marianna almost coughed into her wine glass, while the others at the table chuckled in amusement. Corey could feel his face burning with embarrassment. He shrunk away from the table to and returned to the kitchen to refill his tray.

He could feel tears welling up in his



eyes. The man's words had hurt – *they shouldn't have* – but they did. It wasn't *his* fault that his chest was small, he was, after all, still a boy, and boys don't have big chests. They didn't have chests at all, in fact. He dabbed his eyes with a tissue and picked up his tray. All he had to do was get through tonight, then maybe he would tell Marianna that he didn't care if she called his dad, he had had enough of playing her game.

The remainder of the evening was uneventful, though Corey could feel the bearded man's eyes on him whenever he was near.

It gave him the creeps.

He made up his mind that he would take his punishment like a man. No more wearing girls' clothes. No more maid work. If his father kicked him out, he kicked him out. Whatever the outcome, it had to be better than the torture that Marianna was inflicting on him.



The next day Corey awoke from his sleep with a new resolve. He was done being Marianna's little guinea pig dress-up doll. He was finished being afraid of her. He was determined that her little game of blackmail was at its end.

He started by pulling his hair back into a tiny ponytail, then dressed himself in a pair of denim shorts – a pair he had found in the laundry and hidden from his stepmother – and a plain t-shirt, another article of clothing that he had secreted away from Marianna's prying eyes.

He did not shower, he did not shave (not that there was any body hair left to worry about), and skipped his ritualistic application of morning makeup.

He slipped into whatever shoes he had that bore the shortest heel and headed downstairs.

Corey was going to take his life back.

He felt confidence growing inside of him as he pictured his drawers being refreshed with boxers and baggy jeans. He would cut his longish hair and have his hideous talon-like nails removed. Then he would promise his father he'd get a job and pay for the damage to his car... And to pay rent... And whatever else his father wanted of him, just to long as he didn't kick him out of the house.

He made his way into the kitchen where Marianna was seated by the counter, facing away from him, sipping coffee and reading a magazine.

"Well it's about time," she muttered angrily, "I had to make my own coffee! I ought to text your father and let him know what devious behavior you've been up to since..."

"Go ahead!" Corey interrupted her, "Go ahead and do it! I don't care anymore"

Marianna turned slowly around, glaring at the boy with furious eyes. "What's this?" she asked, motioning at Corey's lack of uniform and proper dress.

"I don't care anymore Marianna... I don't care if you call him, I don't care if he yells at swears at me... I just don't care anymore..." Corey said, with an angry tone, his voice beginning to waiver at the end. He could feel tears beginning to well up in his eyes. "Go ahead and call him... Just do it... I don't care anymore!"

Marianna looked shocked... And a little bit concerned. She knew that the only leverage she had over the boy was his fear of his father's disapproval. If that was gone – she had nothing else to use against him.

"But you know he'll kick you out Corey..." she tried to say in a frightening tone. "You'll be homeless... You'll be nothing..." She tried to think of terrifying things to say to get Corey back in line. "You'll *have* nothing."

Corey shook his head. "I don't care..." he repeated, "I'm not doing this anymore... I can't... You aren't going to bully me around anymore!"

"Bully you?" Marianna coughed, "Who said anything about bullying Corey... I'm trying to *help* you!"

Corey looked astonished. How dumb did she think he was? She had black-mailing him from the get-go, and now she's trying to tell him that it was done as a form of help?

"Help me?" Corey chuckled. "Are you kidding me? Look what you've done to me!" He pointed to himself. "You call this help?"

Marianna was trying to think of something to say, but Corey was apparently done listening. He lunged forward, reaching for his stepmother's phone. "Fine!" he shouted. "If you won't tell him than I will!"

"Wait!" Marianna shouted as she scooped the phone from his clutches.

Corey stopped and stared at her, as if to say... 'What?'

"Don't you still want to go to school?" She replied with a question.

"Of course I *did*," he replied, "But I got rejected... Remember?"

"But what if there was another way?"

Corey paused and lowered his hand. "What *other* way?"

Marianna smiled. "Remember that man I was sitting with last night? The one with the beard and glasses?"

Corey nodded. "The one that called me flat-chested?"

Marianna smiled. "Exactly..." She paused to take a breath as if about to tell a long story. "He's the Dean of Admissions at the university where you applied..." Marianna paused and smiled. Corey's eyes widened slightly, betraying his interest. "And he happens to like pretty blonde girls."

Corey gasped. He wasn't completely certain what Marianna was saying, but it was clear that she was up to *something*.

"But I'm n..." Corey began, then paused. "I'm not a... Girl."

Marianna chuckled, "Well technically, no... But with a little help, I think you could be very close to one..." She winked at him. "What do you say? How badly do you want to get into that school, Corey?" She grinned. "Or should I say... Courtney?"

Corey exhaled. When he awoke that morning he had fully anticipated facing his father's rage and possibly being excommunicated from the family... But *now* Marianna was offering a *different* scenario. One that would allow him to stay in his father's house. He could still save this.

*But at what cost?* He thought to himself.

It was true that he was already looking very feminine. The pills he was taking had begun to re-shape his body into an attractive hourglass shape. With his hair and makeup done, and dressed in his feminine finery and high heels, he was very passable as it was.

If Marianna was offering, as he thought she was, to help him be even *more* girly, so that he might be able to get into the school he had been rejected from... Then Corey felt compelled to listen. He sighed, and slumped his shoulders, feeling as though he had broken his own morals. "Fine..." he whispered, "Let's do it."

"So your mind is made up?" Marianna asked. "You want my help to impress the Dean?"

Corey nodded in agreement, "Yes... My mind is made up."

Marianna smiled, "Good..." She smirked. "I knew you'd come around. Now go get properly dressed, we've got an appointment with an old friend of mine."

Corey nodded again. He was sure that whatever she had in mind wasn't going to be good... But it didn't matter anymore, he was going to do it anyway.



The pair arrived at a private medical clinic later that day. Corey was dressed in his usual girly pink top and denim skirt, with four and a half inch heels and pink stockings. He looked around the waiting room nervously as they waited for the appointment, hoping that no one would recognize him as a boy in a dress.

No one did.

They were all too involved with themselves to pay any mind to what appeared to be a flat-chested girl and her stepmother.

"I thought you said we were seeing a friend," Corey whispered to Marianna upon entering the clinic.

"We are, dear." Marianna patted Corey on the knee. "Doctor Gonzales is a very good friend. You don't get a body like this..." she paused to show off her obviously surgically altered physique, "without a friend like him."

"He's a plastic surgeon?" Corey gasped, "You never said anything about..."

"Shhhhh," she hushed him, "You said that your mind was made up, that you were prepared to do whatever was needed... So *this* is what is needed. You're a pretty girl Corey, but with the Doctor's help, you can be *fantastic!*"

"But I don't *want* to be a..." Corey started to say, but the nurse that had entered the room cut him off.

"Courtney Hespeller?" she called.

Corey groaned and followed the nurse to a small changing room where he would be required to strip from his feminine finery and don a green surgical gown. Soon after he was laid onto a gurney, and wheeled into a surgical suite. The Doctor breezed in with a wide smile on his face. "Well hello, *Courtney,*" he grinned knowingly, "Lets see if we can't give you some lovely breasts." He winked. "The boys will be all over you when I'm done with you."

He then turned away as a nurse injected Corey's arm with anesthesia. The Doctor began to count backwards from ten, as he was fitted with a fresh pair of gloves. Corey tried to protest, but all he could manage was a fainy whimper. "But..." he murmured as the Doctor reached the number four. Corey passed out, and remained unconscious for at least an hour while the Doctor worked his magic.



Marianna's smiling face was the first thing Corey saw when he finally awoke, days later.

"Good morning, sunshine!" She cooed as she slowly helped him up. "How do you feel?"

Corey's head felt like it was stuffed with cotton, bit it was the strange weight on his chest that worried him more. "I... I don't know..." he mumbled.

Marianna chuckled. "Well, let's get you all dressed and see if we can't solve that little problem," she said as she helped him out of the bed and into the clothes that she had set out for him in the room.

She started with undergarments, worked her way towards helping him with his hair and makeup, before pointing him towards a mirror, so he could fully appreciate what the doctor had done.

And what the doctor had done was drastic.

Corey's eyes bulged as he looked over his reflection. He was wearing his standard pink panties and pink thigh-high stay-up stockings, slipped into his black backless platform heels. His hair was fully styled and his face heavily made up with glossy, kissable pink lips, long feathery eyelashes and big hoop earrings. A new pink corset had been added to his foundation garments which served to accentuate what the doctor had done.

Corey gasped aloud... The Doctor had given him breasts.

Real ... full ... soft ... big ... luscious breasts. The idea was both terrifying, and yet strangely intriguing.

Marianna could see the boy's confused look, "They're lovely aren't they?" she smiled, "He does magnificent work, doesn't he?"

Corey was stunned. "But he gave me breasts Marianna!" he exclaimed, "Breasts... real, live, actual breasts!"

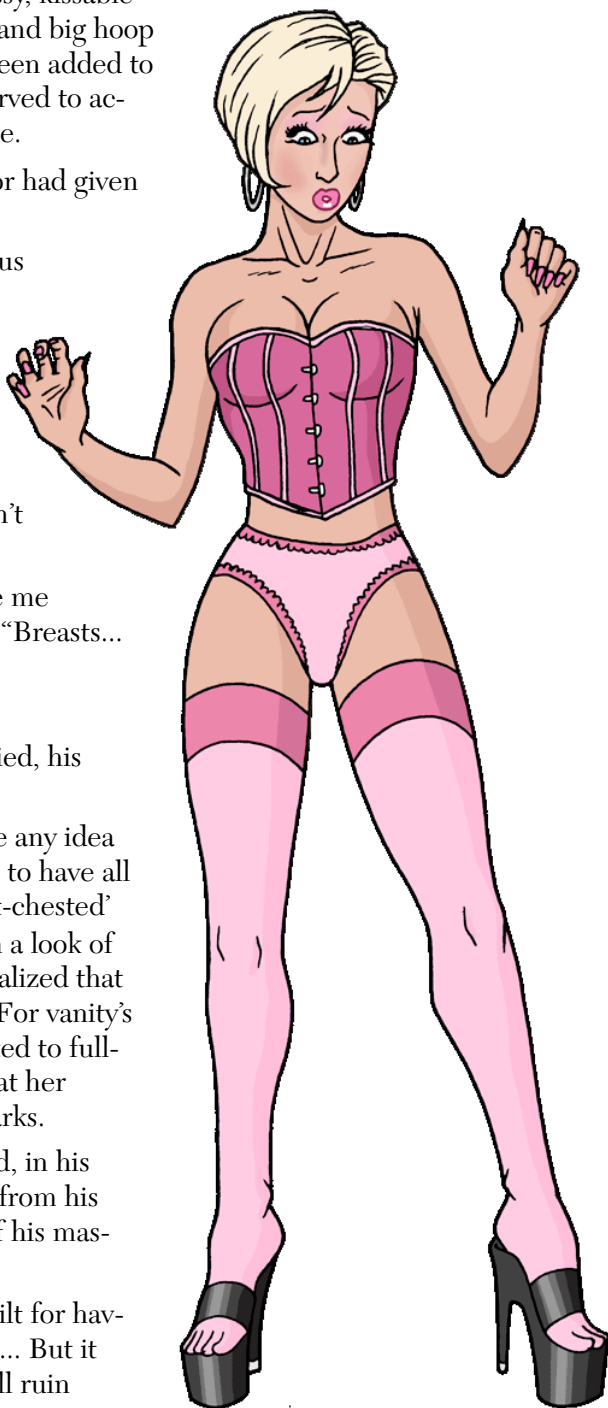
Marianna nodded.

"But I don't *want* breasts!" he cried, his eyes filling with tears.

Marianna frowned. "Do you have any idea how thoroughly embarrassing it is to have all my friends remark about how 'flat-chested' my maid is?" She paused to watch a look of horror cross Corey's face, as he realized that Marianna had done this to him... For vanity's sake. He had gone from flat-chested to full-chested in manner of days – so that her friends wouldn't make snide remarks.

"Are you kidding me?" he sobbed, in his high-pitched tone. Teardrops fell from his eyes, carrying the pigmentation of his mascara with them.

Marianna felt a tiny twinge of guilt for having forced the boy to have breasts... But it didn't last long. "Oh stop it... You'll ruin



your face again...” She scoffed dismissively. “Besides... You’ll be able to fill out your uniform better with now with a sizable chest.” She smiled and let out a tiny giggle. “And obviously, no boy would ever pay attention to you without a set of tits. A good pair of boobs is a ticket to ride. You’ll never have to buy a drink in a bar again. So I don’t know what you’re all worked up about.”

Corey’s tears turned to shock. “But I don’t *want* boys to pay attention to me!”

Marianna rolled her eyes and shook her head, “Courtney dear...” She grinned evilly while she said his feminized name, “You said you would do whatever it took to get into your father’s school...” she nodded her head for effect, “Don’t you remember?”

Corey sullenly nodded.

“And you remember that you agreed that the best way was to use your feminine charms to convince the Dean of Admissions to reconsider his decision... Right?”

Corey gasped as she spoke. “Feminine charms?” he whispered.

“Yes dear,” Marianna rolled her eyes, “You know... Flash a little smile... Bat your eyelashes... Show some curves... Flirt a little...”

Corey didn’t know what say. He knew that a pretty girl could get anything she wanted – Marianna was living proof of *that*. And it was true that she had given him the appearance of a pretty girl, which he *could* use to his advantage... If he knew how. But still, he was a boy, and the thought of flirting with an older man was, to say the least, off-putting.

“But I can’t do that!” he lamented.

“Oh yes you can,” his stepmother said, “And I’ll teach you how. All you need to know is what you want to get. Then we’ll work on how to get it.” She paused for a moment, as if expecting a response. “Well – what do you want?”

Corey sighed and slumped his shoulders forward. “I just want to go to College.”

A big smile formed across Marianna’s face, “Good... Now all we need to do is practice *how* to get it!”

He wasn’t sure it was what he wanted to do... Yet she was right when she said that he didn’t have many other options.

“Fine!” he groaned, “I’ll do it”

“You’ll do whatever it takes?” Marianna needed reassurance. “Because I need you to commit to this like you’ve never committed before. Once your mind is made up, it has to *stay* made up... Capisce?”

Corey looked at her funny. He didn’t understand her Italian slang.

“Capisce? You know... Ka-peesh?” she repeated the word phonetically. “It means ‘understand?’ ‘Got it?’” She shook her head in disgust.

"I got it. I understand. My mind is made up." Corey dried up his tears and nodded his commitment. "I will do whatever it takes Marianna," he said, "I *need* to get into that school."

"Well, just remember that while we're getting ready. This might be your last chance to get into a University," Marianna said with a stern face, "So you better be prepared to give it your all."

Corey took a heavy, labored breath. His stepmother was right. This *was* his last chance.



Corey's 'training' for his interview occurred every day for several days before Marianna thought he was even close to ready. She had begun the week by telling the boy to use his 'assets.'

"Well *Courtney*," she began with a sly smile, knowing that it must still make him a little crazy to here his feminized name, "You've already been trained by the very best on how to walk and talk and move like a supermodel – not to mention you've now got the body of one to match! So just use what you've got," Marianna cradled her chest and then shook her butt to dramatize her point, "to the best of your ability and remember that boys – of all ages – respond to a pretty-looking thing in a short skirt and high heels." She gave a snooty sniff. "Just like I'm sure you *used* to." She paused to let that sink in.

She could see the realization crossing Corey's face that he was going to have to flirt and flaunt with the Dean if he wanted to make a good impression. Marianna had already purchased him a set of skimpy new micro-miniskirts that would show off the maximum amount of leg, and had shown Corey how to make up his face to look sexy and seductive.

He had the walk and posture down already, thanks to Percival's relentless training, but it was the personal human interaction that scared him the most.

"I'm going to have to flirt and flaunt with him?" he exclaimed with a panicked look on his face.

"Only if you want to get into the school dear," Marianna grinned sardonically. "But don't worry – you've been doing such a good job as a maid that I'm sure you'll be able to land a job *somewhere* if you don't get accepted there."

Corey's eyes grew wide. Not getting accepted would be a disaster. He really didn't have a plan 'b' to go to. He had to make this one shot count... Even if it meant flirting with a dirty old man.

He exhaled like a leaky tire. "Fine... Just show me what to do and what to say and I'll make it happen."

Marianna's grin sparkled with self-satisfaction. "I knew you would dear – I *knew* you would. Time to see what you can do. Now I'll be the Dean, and you be the pretty girl... So flirt away."

Corey sighed and blushed. This was ridiculous. There was no way he could pull this off.

"Um... Hi... Uh..." He stammered as he pretended to approach the 'Dean.' "Hello Mr. Dean..." He smiled awkwardly.

Marianna rolled her eyes. "Here... Let me show you how I seduced your father..." She stood up and pushed Corey into the chair. As she moved around talking in an uncomfortably seductive tone, smiling and flaunting her body to try and get a rise out of him, all Corey could think about was how she had forced him to become her maid, then somehow been involved in his getting a set of beautiful breasts. He was pretty certain that she was trying to turn him into a girl. Yet, she was now offering to get him an interview with the Dean of Admissions at Werthstrom College, the university that had initially rejected him – the same university that his father had attended and had hoped that Corey would have attended too.

If Corey could pull the interview off, he could get enrolled, and his father would never know that he had been rejected. Marianna was finished showing her skills off, but Corey knew he had to get this right. Corey sighed, and asked her to do it one more time so that he could study it better.

He knew he had to do to make the interview go well. His mind was made up.



The day of interview arrived later that week. Marianna drove her stepson to the Dean's office in her recently repaired sedan. The office was located in the center of the campus – inaccessible by car – so Corey would have to walk, by himself, nearly a half mile from the parking lot to the Admissions building – in a skirt and heels.

And not just *any* skirt and heels. Marianna had selected for him a very special new outfit, just for this occasion.

It began with Corey's usual pink stockings and platform heeled pumps, pink panties and a brand-new pink waist cincher and matching low-cut bra. The new garments gave him a perfect hourglass figure and displayed his newly acquired breasts in a perfect fashion.

A new pink blouse – with the top three buttons left intentionally undone – and a tiny charcoal-colored pleated micro-miniskirt with a thin black belt finished his new look with a dangling earrings and hoop bracelets. With Marianna's help, his face had been made up pale, with lusciously kissable pink lips and rosy bold cheeks. His eyes had been carefully painted with pink and white tones over heavily lined eyes and thickly mascaraed feathery long lashes.

As he briskly walked through the campus, Corey was keenly aware that he was being watched and ogled by nearly every person he passed. He had been walking in towering heels for so long now, that he didn't know how *not* to strut with a sexy sashay. He knew that to everyone he passed, he appeared to be a sexy supermodel, which in some ways gave him relief from being spotted as a boy in a short skirt.

Corey smiled for a moment. *At least I'm good at something*, he mused to himself.

The Dean's office was located on the top floor of the University's oldest and tallest building. It was so old that no elevator had ever been installed, meaning a three-story climb in five-inch platform heels for the aspiring student.

By the time he reached the top floor, he was quite exhausted. He hoped that he would be asked to wait until the Dean was ready to see him, but no such luxury was offered.

"The Dean will see you right away Courtney," the secretary smiled.

"Oh..." Corey panted, "Okay..."

He did his best to regain his composure, then minced into the Dean's office with a forced feminine smile.

"Courtney!" the Dean exclaimed, "So nice to see you again!" He stood up from his desk to shake Corey's hand as he approached the older man with trepidation. Though Corey had practiced endlessly for this moment, but was still extremely nervous.

*What if he discovers that I'm a guy?* He kept thinking to himself.

The Dean sat back into his chair and looked Corey over with a smile. The Dean had first laid eyes on the young maid at Marianna's party, and liked what he saw. He had convinced Marianna to have Corey – or Courtney, as he knew him – come and reapply for a position at the school.

The Dean was a devious man, and had no intent of ever allow the boy to be enrolled. He just liked the company of pretty boys in dresses, and he thought that Corey was about as pretty a boy as he had ever seen. He hoped that he might be able to steal a kiss, or possibly something more from him, before he revealed that there was no chance of him being enrolled.

It was a cruel game, one the Dean had played before – but he didn't care. He was addicted to young cross-dressing men, especially those who had been put in such a position against their will, as Marianna had explained to him earlier.

"So," the Dean began, "I see you've had some *work* done since the party." He darted his eyes at Corey's prominently displayed cleavage. "Very nice."

Corey blushed and looked around. There were no chairs to be found, other than the one that the Dean was seated in, forcing him stand with his practiced supermodel stance before the bearded Dean.

“It was a mistake, actually,” Corey said softly. He was about to complete the story when the Dean interjected.

“Oh?” he smiled, “Were they supposed to be bigger?”



Corey blushed again, then remembered what Marianna had told him about flirting and flaunting. Clearly the Dean was impressed by his look, so Corey surmised that it would be wise to use this to his advantage. He took a breath and forced himself to relax, allowed his training to take over, and then looked over at the Dean with a sultry smile. "Why Sir? Don't you think they're big enough?" He turned his torso slowly from side to side as if modeling his bosom for the man.

The Dean's eyes lit up, "I think they're fantastic. But if given the option dear, I would always suggest going bigger."

Corey giggled. The Dean was clearly a pervert. Flaunting and flirting would easily get him what he wanted.

The Dean picked up his pencil and began to scribble some notes on a note pad in front of him. "So, then," he began, "Why do think you deserve a second chance to get into our school, my dear?"

Corey smiled. This was his big chance. He couldn't blow it. He needed to be on his A-game. He fell back on his 'training' and turned away from the Dean – but quickly turned back, as he cozied up to the man's desk, letting his pert bottom sit just above the desk, with the back of his stocking-covered thighs leaning against the front.

He sighed for dramatic effect, then turned to look down at the smiling dean, who was clearly enjoying his view of Corey's backside. "Well, Mr. Dean," he said in his best throaty, sexy, girly voice, "My Daddy wants me to go to this school... And if I don't get in..." He sighed again. "I just don't know what I'll do."

"Well, dear girl," the Dean said with an eager smile, "I can't guarantee anything, let me see what I can do to fit you in. I'd sure hate to lose out on finding a *position*... For a pretty girl like you."

Corey smiled.

It wasn't a done deal yet, but he was convinced that the Dean was impressed by him – Or her – and was happy to hear the man say he would do what he could.

But Corey's ordeal was far from over.



A few days later, Marianna burst into Corey's bedroom with a smile.

"The Dean of Admissions called..." she sang, merrily. Corey's eyes lit up.

"Yes?" he asked, "And?"

"He thinks you were too nervous at the University, and wants to get to know you better on a personal level, before he makes a decision." She grinned. "He'd

like you to visit his home for another interview – only this time...” she paused, “...You better be prepared to do *whatever it takes* to get it! This is your last chance!”

“What?” Corey gasped. “But I thought... I thought he... I mean, he said that I...”

“Hush up now, girl,” Marianna scolded, “The interview is this afternoon, so we’ve got to get you ready... There’s no time to waste!”

Corey looked down at the floor. He thought his problems were over, but apparently they hadn’t even really begun.

Marianna spent the morning dressing and prepping her stepson-turned-stepdaughter, then escorted him out to her car where she drove him out to Dean Alton’s manor.

The Dean lived on a large property near the University campus. The house was set back from the road and surrounded by old-growth forest and a sturdy cast iron fence. Even Marianna was impressed by the estate’s immense size and grandeur.

“Wow,” she chuckled as she maneuvered her Benz off the road and into the driveway, “Looks like I married the wrong guy!”

Corey rolled his eyes. The feel of his thick fake lashes and heavy mascara was still causing him to blink more often than usual, thus causing his rolling-of-eyes to resemble more of spastic fit than a simple reaction to his stepmother’s comments.

Marianna decided to stay in the car. “No reason for me to join yah,” she said in her course Jersey brogue, “It’s all about *you* today.” Her grin gave Corey some cause for concern, but he put it out of his head and excited the car.

“Good luck Honey!” Marianna called after him, “Don’t do anything that I wouldn’t do!”

Corey shuddered. There again, she was making a veiled reference to... *Something*. Something that Corey would just-as-soon not think about. The only reason he was here, was to appeal to the Dean to let him into the school, thus preventing his father from kicking him out of the house, cutting off the money and living under a bridge somewhere.

Corey paused before the gigantic oak door, and took a deep breath. He was about to reach out to knock... When it made a loud ‘clicking’ sound, then began to swing open.

Corey was shocked to see the Dean standing on the other side. “Courtney!” he exclaimed, “right on time... Please, come in!” He motioned for Corey to enter the home, then closed the door behind the fully feminized boy. “You must forgive me,” the Dean smiled as he motioned Corey to follow, “My maid just quit on me... After ten years...” He chuckled. “So I am forced to do *everything*

around here for the time being. If you know anyone who's looking for work in the domestic service industry..." He chuckled again.

Corey smiled politely as the he followed the Dean up a large curved staircase to a long hall. He hoped that this would only take a few moments, and that he'd be on his way shortly.

At the end of the hall was a large study, with a desk at one end framed by a huge window that looked over the estate's sprawling grounds. In the far background, Corey could see the Werthstrom College campus, specifically the admissions building where he had first met Dean Alton, rising above the trees.

"It's quite a view, isn't it?" the Dean smiled.

Corey nodded politely, but he was clearly nervous.

The Dean went to his cabinet and retrieved a bottle of some kind of whiskey, and two glasses. He opened a cupboard to reveal a hidden ice maker, from which he retrieved two handfuls of ice, which he promptly dumped into the glasses.

"Drink?" he offered, as he poured the amber liquid over the frozen cubes, clearly not waiting for an answer.

"No thanks," Corey said in as high and sweet a tone as he could muster.

"Oh come now," Dean Alton snickered, "One drink won't hurt... I can see you're obviously quite nervous. This will help to take the *edge* off," he handed Corey the glass. His eyes grew large at how much alcohol had been poured into it. He held it timidly in his hand, his slender painted nails on slender pale fingers in stark contrast to the thickly chiseled look of the crystal tumbler.

"Th... Thankssss," he lisped.

"To higher learning," the Dean toasted, raising his glass to tap Corey's with a 'tink.' He then took a deep sip of the whiskey, looking to Corey to do the same. Corey paused for a moment, then lifted the glass to his painted lips. Thankfully Marianna had suggested he use a long-wear lipstick today. He wondered if she somehow knew he would be drinking.

The cool liquor slipped into his mouth and slid down his throat with ease... Until the usual warm 'burn' that follows whiskey came behind. He gasped for a moment, his eyes fluttering as he coughed.

Dean Alton chuckled. "You need some practice, dear girl," he said, taking another sip. Corey forced a smile and brought the glass to his lips a second time. It was obvious that the Dean intended for him to drink, and since he was prepared to do *whatever it took*, he decided that he would do as he was required.

He essentially had to.

Living on the street was no longer an option. Especially with the kind of body that he now had.

The second sip went down easier, but also went straight to Corey's head. "Ooooo," he giggled, "That's strong stuff."

The Dean smiled, leaning over to top off the girlish boy's tumbler with amber fluid. "It is – and very wicked." He winked.

Corey could feel his face going flush. Partially from embarrassment – partially from the liquor. *Wicked indeed*, he thought to himself.

The Dean asked the skirted boy a few questions about his 'aspirations' and where he saw himself in three years. A month ago Corey would have been able to answer them with ease, even though the answers would have been fabricated. But today, he struggled with them.

What *were* his aspirations?

Where *did* he see himself in three years?

"I'm..." he hesitated, "I'm not..." he looked down at the floor, "not really sure"

The Dean chuckled. "Well dear," he said, "having a goal is important when you're going to attend a post-secondary institution, don't you agree?"

Corey looked confused. "Uh... I... Um..."

The Dean was a display of simpering smugness. "I'm sorry dear, I shouldn't use such big words... I know you're just a simple girl."

Corey's head was swimming. He was pretty sure that the Dean had just called him stupid. On top of being called a girl, of course. But if it would help him get into the school, then he simply smiled and nodded. "Yes Sir... I'm kind of simple," he giggled in an air-headed tone.

He knew he needed to do *whatever* it took to get into the school.

He took another sip and emptied the tumbler of whiskey, gasping as the cool liquid again flared to hot in his throat and stomach.

The Dean smiled and immediately refilled Corey's glass.

"So tell me Courtney," Dean Alton asked as Corey took another sip, "Do you have a boyfriend right now?"

Corey coughed, nearly spitting the whiskey out onto the floor. "I'm sorry Sir?" he replied.

"Well, a pretty girl like you must have no trouble attracting a boy's attention," he smiled, "I bet you don't go very long without a nice boy at your side..." He paused and sipped his drink. "Or a nice man."

Corey was blushing under his makeup. He was both flattered and terrified by the Dean's statement. It was nice to be thought of as attractive – he had never, in his previous life, been thought of as particularly handsome. He worried a little that the Dean's tone was a bit flirtatious, but he was committed to doing

*whatever* it took to get into the school. So if the older man wanted to flirt, then Corey decided he would flirt.

Besides, maybe it was the liquor, but he kind of thought the Dean wasn't that bad looking a man... For an older guy.

Corey blushed at his own thoughts. *What am I thinking?* He cursed himself and took another drink of whiskey.

The Dean had a pleased expression on his face and leaned against his desk, facing the now somewhat-intoxicated Corey/Courtney. "I bet, in fact, that you really *like* all the attention that you must get – having the boys all wide-eyed and crazy for you..." he said in a low tone, "Don't you?"

Corey's eyes fluttered. The Dean's words were doing something to him.

Was he getting turned on?

He took another drink.

Or was he just getting drunk?

"You know," the Dean continued, "I admire you Courtney..."

Corey looked confused. "You... You do, Sir?" he replied in his high sweet lisp.

"Oh yes," he said with a nod, "Most girls as pretty as you would have just walked right in here and tried to use their sex appeal to get what they want..." He grinned. "But you... You're different. You're playing a little bit harder to get than most..."

Corey giggled. He hadn't really had a game plan when arrived in the Dean's office. But now that he thought about it, with his alcohol-infused mind, the Dean was right. Most girls in his position would have walked right in and tried to seduce the older man. It's probably what the Dean had been expecting.

"Really, Sir?" Corey lisped.

"Oh yes..." Dean Alton continued, "They would have just walked right in here, in their sexy boots and tiny skirt and just...fell to the floor in front of me...you know, and practically thrown their selves at me. And it would have worked!"

Corey giggled. "It would have?"

Dean Alton grinned. "Oh yes. It *has* worked... More than once." He took a sip from his tumbler. "You aren't the first girl to try to get into my school, you know." He leaned back against the desk with a large bulge now clearly visible in the front of his pants.

"But those girls," the Dean continued, "They were prepared to do *whatever* it took to get in. And I'm not so sure you are, dear girl..." He raised his eyebrow inquisitively.

Corey looked shocked. Was the Dean questioning his commitment? Didn't he believe that he would do whatever it took to get into the school? Didn't he know how desperate he was?

"I'm prepared, Sir." Corey put on his most honest and pleasant smile he could, trying to return some of the flirtation that the Dean had given earlier.

The Dean raised his eyebrow and set his glass on the desktop. "Show me," he said, in a stern tone.

Corey took another drink and a deep breath. He knew what the Dean was looking for. If not for the whiskey-courage it would have never been possible – but the alternative was being kicked out on the street. He had to do whatever it took to get into the school, even if it meant... *This*.

He gave his head a shake. *He wants Courtney*, he told himself, *So I'll give him Courtney*. He slowly placed his glass on the desk next to the Dean's, then with his eyes seductively locked on the Dean's gaze, he began to kneel before the powerful man.

He closed his eyes for a moment, breathing in Courtney's soothing perfume, feeling the heavy lipstick and gloss on his lips, the heavy feathery fake eyelashes on his eyes, the heavy long talon-like nails on his fingers – *her* fingers. *Courtney's* fingers.

Courtney exhaled and opened her eyes. She had watched enough porn in her short life to know how this was supposed to work.

She began by leaning forward and caressing the Dean's bulge through his pants. He responded immediately by moaning aloud. "Mmmm..."

Courtney watched the Dean's eyes flutter closed, and continued to massage his front, until she knew she needed to go to the next step.

With her slender painted nails, she reached up and unbuckled the Dean's belt, and began to undo the buttons on his slacks, while pausing occasionally to caress the bump in his groin, to keep it content. His pants began to fall down to around his ankles, leaving only the Dean's boxer shorts between Courtney's lovely, girly hands and what was beneath it.

The Dean looked down. Arousal had obviously gripped him firmly. His eyes were wide and his breathing was deep. His 'little man' – now free of the confines of his pants - had tented his boxers. He nodded at Courtney, was starting to feel a small ting of arousal herself.

She smiled and began to massage his unit through his shorts, before slowly, seductively lowering them to join the man's slacks around his ankles.

Courtney looked up the boxer to stare directly at the Dean's throbbing piece. She gasped for a second as the realization hit her as to what she would be required to do. She was about to lose her nerve, when she remembered her alter-ego.

Corey needed her help to get into school, so Courtney needed to follow through. She had watched plenty of dirty movies. Only now, she was *in* one! She looked back up into the Dean's eyes and slowly leaned forward, taking the shaft of his pole in her small hands and gently, slowly, caressing it.

*Whatever it takes*, she told herself, *whatever it takes*.

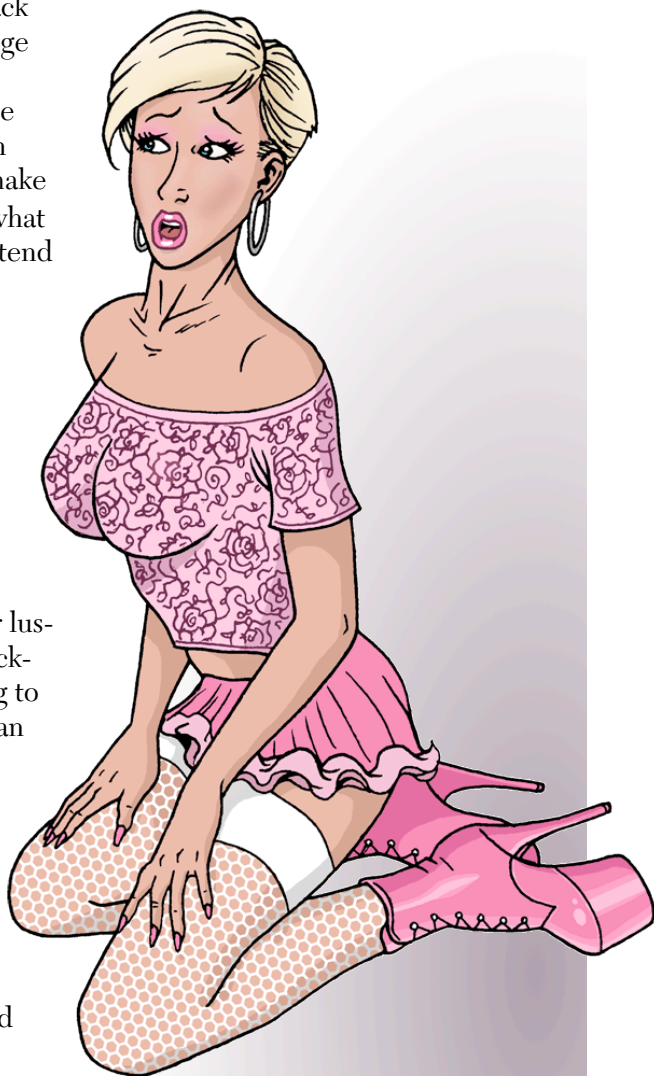
After a few moments of stroking, she slowly slid the Dean's sword between her slick painted lips. Another good reason to have painted them with long-wearing lipstick, she thought to herself. She kept her eyes focused on the Dean's eyes, as the realization came over her that this degrading experience – it wasn't as bad as she had thought it would be. It was kind of like sucking on a thumb. Only a thumb many times larger than normal.

Courtney looked up into the Dean's eyes. They were now rolling back with arousal, and in some strange way, it dawned on her that she now had a weird power over the Dean. She could control him in her own little way. She could make him do what she wanted, and what she wanted was for Corey to attend the Dean's school this fall.

The knowledge of her power made her smile as she slid her tongue up the length of the Dean's shaft. The Dean purred loudly. Courtney collapsed her cheeks and sucked with furious force as the Dean moaned even louder.

She moaned and fluttered her luscious long eyelashes as she quickened her pace. She was starting to love the idea of controlling Dean Alton – of getting him to do whatever she wanted. She was in control. She had taken over.

She began to bob up and down on the Dean's groin, pausing only for the occasional second to gasp for air and stroke the Dean's pole. She



worked him into a hot sweat of ecstasy before she felt his pressure build. Knowing what was coming – the Dean – she closed her eyes and prepared for him finish. But he didn't.

Instead the Dean removed himself from her mouth and pushed her to the ground.

Courtney cried out, "Wait!" but the Dean would not stop. He raised Courtney's pert bottom up onto her knees and lifted her tiny skirt, then lowered her pretty pink panties before pushing himself against her pert bottom.

Corey's eyes grew wide as he snapped out of his girlish trance, and the realization of what was about to happen washed over him.

The Dean was going to fuck him! He had to escape!

He quickly lifted a leg and kicked the Dean in the chest with the thick platform sole of his heeled boot, knocking the older man off of him and onto his back. He then jumped to his feet and ran for the door as best he could in the towering footwear.

Dean Alton called after him. "Wait! Wait you little bitch!" the older man screamed, "You get back here! You'll *never* get into *my* school if you go! You'll never get into *any* school if you go!"

It was the last sound that Corey heard as he slammed the Dean's manor door behind him.

He pulled up his panties as he scurried through the house to the front door where Marianna's car was waiting.

"Well?" Marianna turned with a grin on her face as a panicked Corey entered the vehicle. "How did it go?"

Corey had tears running down his face as he pulled the door shut. "Can we just go please?"

Marianna, thinking that the Dean had done his dirty deed, just smiled and put the car in drive.

But as they drove home, she would discover that the Dean had been denied. "He tried to fuck me!" Corey cried.

"Well of course he did dear," Marianna said in a matter-of-fact tone. "That's what it takes to..." She paused suddenly as Corey's specific choice of words hit her. "What do mean... Tried?"

"He bent me over and tried to... You know... *Enter* me," a still-panicked Corey replied.

"Yes..." Marianna said calmly. "And you let him – didn't you?"

"No! Oh God, no!" Corey spat, "I kicked him off me and ran for the car."

"You did what?" she cried. "Do you even *know* what that *does* to a man?"

“Do you even know what that man wanted to *do to me?*” Corey whimpered. Marianna shook her head, “It’s not like you have a lot of options, now *do you?*” Corey sighed and looked down.

“Good Lord, girl...” Marianna continued. “Did you at least let him go in your mouth?”

Corey sighed again, his head still down. “No.”

“Oh no...” Marianna scoffed. “You mean you got him all hot and bothered and didn’t give him any relief? You little scamp. I bet you must have enjoyed it little, to have taken that long, only to give him a little *falatio.*”

Corey blushed and looked away. He had to admit that the first part hadn’t been that bad. The way the Dean had gone into a trance-like state, all because of a little fondling... It brought a tiny smile to Corey’s painted lips.

For the rest of the ride home, neither spoke. Both were lost in their own worlds, trying to think through the events of the day. Marianna pulled up in the driveway, and they both entered the house together.

“This is part of being a grown-up Corey,” she growled, “Or should I say... *Courtney.*” She smiled sardonically. “You have to do some grown-up things to get ahead in the world, and the sooner you figure that out, the better you’ll be.”

Corey pouted, “But Marianna...” He whined.

“*But Marianna* nothing!” she scoffed, “You’re a pretty girl...” She paused, looking surprised at the word that came out of her mouth. “Er... Boy... You’re a pretty... Girly boy, Courtney... You can use that to get what you want in life... Just like I do... You don’t think I married your father for...” She stopped and covered her mouth. Corey covered his mouth too, as both of them realized what she was about to say.

Without saying another word, Marianna pivoted on one foot and left the room. The topic would never again be discussed.



It was no surprise to Corey that a second rejection letter arrived at his house, shortly after his ordeal. He looked at the calendar and realized it wouldn’t be long until his father arrived home from Europe. Then there would be a reckoning. He would have to fess up to his poor marks and his lackadaisical behavior, then beg his father to reconsider kicking him out. Knowing his Dad like he did, he knew it would be a long shot.

Then there was the whole issue of Corey being turned into a girl.

A pretty slutty girl at that. Just ask Dean Alton.

He had no idea how he would explain it, other than to blame it on Marianna.

But still there was a certain amount of responsibility that he would have to shoulder himself. After all, if he really *didn't* want to wear those silly boots, way back when, he could have just refused and called Marianna's bluff. Sure he would have likely had to endure a lengthy scolding on the phone from his Dad – and who-knows what the punishment would have been – but it certainly wouldn't have been as bad as having breast augmentation and wearing slutty miniskirts everyday.

He had to admit that he had taken the easy way out.

The girly way.

He took a deep breath of resignation as he sat before the mirror reapplying his lipstick and eyeliner before dinner. Marianna had insisted that the two of them go out tonight, and since Corey couldn't think of a good reason to refuse the invitation, he had shrugged his shoulders and said "Fine... Let's go."

So now here he was, days before his father's arrival, dressing up in a girlish pink ruffled pleated mini skirt, with a white lacy form-fitting top, a deep V-neck, 7" pink platform ankle boots, white mesh stockings, and thick clown-like makeup – not to mention his trademark pale blonde hair, swept sexily to one side. He knew that he was a pretty thing... A pretty *girly* thing.

He smiled into the mirror and touched up his blusher.

He wasn't good at much, but at least he knew that he was pretty good... At being pretty.

Courtney chuckled at the realization that she *was* good at being a girl, and that was more than she could ever say about her past life. She grabbed her purse and headed for the door to head out for dinner with Marianna, knowing that he might as well enjoy it, because once his father returned, it would all very likely come to a crashing end.



Daniel Hespeller lifted his suitcase up the small stone staircase at the front of his home. The airport limo was turning around in the driveway as he turned to wave to the driver. He reached for the door handle and gave it a twist, gaining entry to his familiar abode.

The house was strangely quiet, and oddly scented. *That woman and her damn fragrances*, he thought to himself, *poor Corey must be in hell.*

"Marianna?" he called out as he shut the door behind him. He looked around the entryway and listened. He could hear a television on in a remote part of the house. He figured it was his wife watching her reality shows.

But where was his son? "Corey?" he called out. He was eager to hear of Corey's acceptance to his University. Either that, or his plan to get a job and pay his way around here. Daniel knew his son had potential to be a major

slacker. He also knew that his son needed some 'tough love' to put him on the right path. "Hello?" he called again, this time a little louder, "Is anyone here?"

Daniel heard rustling from the remote part of the house where the sound of the TV had come from. Then another, new sound began to emerge. It was the sound of clicking high heeled shoes. He knew that Marianna loved her damn high heels. He had to admit that she looked good in them, so it was a good fit. The clicking noise rang out from the other side of the house, getting closer and closer, louder and louder, until...

Daniel cocked his head to one side as he listened – *was that two pairs of clicking heels he heard?*

A familiar voice called out to him from somewhere in the house. "Daniel?" it said in a thick Jersey accent, "Daniel, is that you?"

Daniel smiled as his wife emerged into the foyer, scampering over to him and throwing her arms around him. "Oh Daniel, I missed you so much!" she cried, planting a big kiss on his lips. Daniel gave her a quick hug and even quicker kiss, then looked over her shoulder at the young woman who had followed Marianna from within the house. "Who is this?" he asked looking the shy-looking girl over.

The girl was dressed in a similar style to his wife, with a body-hugging tube-style pink minidress, low-cut neck to show off her rather large boobs, pale pink hosiery and hot pink high heeled platform shoes. Her hair was carefully coifed and makeup meticulous. She looked to be about Corey's age, maybe older. She held herself with the posture of a girl that wasn't fully aware of just how attractive she was. Daniel figured she must be a girlfriend of his son's or something like that.

Marianna paused. "Well honey... This... This is..." She began to speak, but she soon realized that introducing her husband's feminized son to him was far more difficult than she had thought it would be.

"This is Courtney," she forced a smile.

Daniel turned his head as the words entered his ears. There was something about the girl that looked familiar, but he couldn't quite tell what it was. "Courtney, huh?" he looked at the girl again. "Have we met?"

Marianna looked uncharacteristically unsettled. "Well, um... In a manner of speaking..."

Corey decided that it was now or never and reached out with an outstretched hand to shake his father's, who obviously slowly putting two and two together. "It's me, Father," he said, "It's Corey, but most people call me Courtney..."

Corey watched his father's face turn red as his mind caught up to what had just been said. He looked from Corey to Marianna then back to Corey, before turning back to his wife with an angry scowl. "What?"

He looked his 'son' over again as his blood began to boil. "What have done to my son?" he boomed.

"Danieeeeelll," Marianna whined in her Jersey accent, "It wasn't all me... I think he likes this better..."

Corey turned to his stepmother with his jaw hanging open at her statement. "What?" he gasped, "Are you crazy? This wasn't *my* idea... You *made* me do thisss," he lisped, not realizing that his soft girly tone had become his default speaking voice.

"It was the only thing I could do to control him!" Marianna declared, "He's completely out of control... I had to punish him, Daniel! He smashed up your car and it was downhill..."

"My car?" Daniel's eyes grew even wider with rage, "My car?" He turned to and stormed off to the garage, where a loud "*What the hell is this?*" was heard.

Corey looked down. He was pretty sure his Dad was going to kill him now.

Daniel came storming back into the house, slamming the door behind him. The door slammed with such force that it knocked the framed picture of Daniel and his bride at their wedding off the wall.

The frame fell to the floor and crashed into a pile of shattered glass at Daniel's feet. He glanced down at the destroyed picture than back up at his wife with an angry glare. "How could you do this to me? My only son and *this* is what you saw fit to do as a punishment?" He motioned at Corey's feminized state.

"But Danieeeeel," Marianna whined again, "I didn't..."

"Didn't what?" he interjected, "Didn't have any sense that I may not have wanted my only boy turned into a hussy?"

"But he went along with it... He enjoyed it all..." she continued. "Look at him... He's practically a natural! He couldn't have hated it *that* much to look *this* good... Could he?"

Daniel turned and focused his gaze upon his 'son,' "Is this true son? Did you *want* this to happen? Did you *want* to be a girl?"

"Daddy no!" Corey whined. He cleared his throat and tried to muster a masculine voice – but all that came out was Courtney's sweet lisping alto-tone, "This wasn't my fault, she *made* me do this!"

"Made you?" his father scoffed. "She *made* you dress like a tramp?" He looked at Corey's chest. "Are those *real*?" He pointed at Corey's ample breasts.

"Yes," Corey sighed, "But Marianna forced..."

Daniel's eyes grew wide with rage then he lifted his arm and pointed towards the door. "Get out," he said in a low tone.

"But Daddy!" Corey whined again.

Marianna smiled triumphantly and approached her husband. "See Daniel..." She grinned, "He wanted..."

"You too," he growled. "Get out... The both of you... Out..."

Marianna's smile evaporated. "But Daniel..." she said, "I was only trying to..." "Now!" He boomed again.

Both Marianna and Corey looked shocked, and then turned towards the door.

Marianna's face changed from shock to indignant. "Fine Daniel... You can keep me out, but this isn't over... *You* are the one who left me to look after your bratty immature son... And *he* is the one that crashed your car like maniac," she scolded him, "And I'm sure any judge will see that..."



Daniel narrowed his eyes and pointed at the door, gritting his teeth. "Get out," he muttered in a ferocious tone.

Corey had never heard his father like that. He realized that he was in very deep doo-doo.

"Fine," Marianna spat, "Courtney and I will be at the Four Seasons if you need us..." She scowled as the two miniskirted 'girls' left the house for Marianna's car. Marianna was clearly enraged that her husband would be so angry at her, when in her mind it was obviously *his* fault.

"How dare he kick *me* out!" She muttered, as she maneuvered the sedan out onto the street. Corey had buckled his seatbelt and was keeping very quiet.

"What did he expect me to do!" She continued, "Clearly you were just *waiting* for an excuse to come out of your closet..." She turned to Corey. "How is that *my* problem?"

Corey raised an eyebrow as he listened to his stepmother rant. *Is that really what happened?* He wondered to himself. It wasn't how *he* remembered it. Was she delusional?

Was he?

He looked down at his soft pale pink nylon covered legs. They were long and lean and looked amazing. There was no denying that he had become a very attractive girl... Well, an *almost* girl. As shrunken as it was, there was still *something* between his legs, though he suspected it wouldn't work very well anymore if he had to use it.

He recalled how the Dean had gone mental over his appearance a few days earlier. The man had lost all control. The idea of having that kind of power was comforting. *At least I'm good at something.*

It was true. He was good at what ever he had made is mind up to be good at, whether it was dressing in pretty clothes or trying to manipulate an older man into getting him into college.

Well *almost*. Corey scolded himself. *If I had let him have his way with me he would have let me into the school.* And if that had been the case, he wouldn't have been in this position now: his father enraged, him and his stepmother kicked out.

He had never been much of anything in his life. He had backed off of all responsibility, and avoided making any real decisions. Not that he was good enough at anything to really go anywhere. He had no gift for working nor learning. He had no talent or skill. Until now. Now he had one thing he was good at. He was good at attracting men. The question that nagged at him now was what was he going to do with it?

He looked up from his thoughts as the car was parking at the front entrance of the Four Seasons. A doorman opened the car door with a smile as Corey carefully pivoted from his seat so as not to show his underthings.

“Have a good day, Miss,” the man said. Corey followed his stepmother to the front desk. He was nervously looking around the hotel lobby while she began the process of checking into one of the hotel’s luxury suites. There were people everywhere, yet no one seemed to notice anything out of the ordinary with him.

*I must look perfectly normal to them,* he thought to himself.

Marianna’s loud voice broke his train of thought. “What do you mean there’s a problem with the card?” she shouted at the desk clerk, “try it again!”

Corey looked over at the desk agent, who was nervously punching the keypad of the credit card terminal while an irate Marianna watched.

“I’m sorry, Ma’am,” he finally said after the machine started beeping its rejection a second time, “Do you have another card?”

“Of course I don’t have another card!” she scoffed, “Get me a manager...”

The clerk sighed. “Ma’am... I *am* the manager,” he said, pointing at his name tag, “I’m afraid there’s nothing I can do... Perhaps you should call your credit card provider...”

“That bastard!” Marianna shouted as she turned away for the desk ‘manager’ mid-sentence and looked at Corey. “He’s cut us off,” she barked, “What are we going to do, Courtney?”

Corey looked shocked. His own father had kicked him out of his home, because of something his new wife had done, and now to add insult to injury, they were cut off financially.

“This is all *your* fault Courtney!” Marianna scoffed. “How are *you* going to *fix* this Courtney?”

Corey could see the veins in his stepmother’s head throbbing.

He didn’t know what to do. Where could they go? Who would help them? How would they survive? What in the world did she expect of him?

Then a thought popped into his head. “I think I know what to do...” Corey said, as he started walking back towards the hotel’s front door. Marianna looked at him with a disgusted expression, but followed him anyway.

This was all on him. He had to take responsibility.

His mind was made up. He knew what he had to do.



Months has passed since that dreadful encounter at the four seasons.

The sun was setting outside as Courtney looked up at the clock on the wall of the lounge. It was five-thirty and Daddy would be home soon. She scampered to her vanity to check her makeup and make sure that her revealing outfit was revealing enough.

Daddy liked it that way.

She smiled at Marianna as they passed each other in the hall. Marianna was so busy as of late, that she barely saw her anymore. Courtney chuckled, she recalled back to when Marianna had first forced her to wear those silly wedge heeled booties, *which she still wore* – on occasion anyway.

Oh how things had changed since then.

Courtney squealed with delight when she heard the front door open. Daddy was home.

She scampered quickly towards the door in her massive platforms. It had taken a while to get used to eight-inch heels, but that's what Daddy wanted.

And what Daddy wanted... *Daddy got.*

She saw him in the hallway and scurried up to him, wrapping her arms around him and planting a deep kiss on his lips, moaning softly as she slipped her tongue into his mouth. She fondled him with one hand while holding him close with the other. She gauged his reaction to see if she should drop to her knees and suck him off where he stood, or if she should wait for later. It was always hard to tell with him.

"Mmmmm," he moaned, "Somebody's feeling extra-feisty today, isn't she?"

*'Ding-ding!'* Courtney thought as she smiled widely and dropped to her knees before him. She wasted no time in unbuttoning his dress pants and fishing his hardening cock out of his boxers, slipping it into her wanton mouth with a satisfied moan.

Dean Alton smiled down at his sissy-girl and patted her on the head.

"Mmmmm," he moaned, his eyes rolling into the back of his head, "that's my good girl."

Courtney nodded, her eyes locked on her task. She paused for moment to acknowledge his compliment. "Thank you Daddy," she said quickly before returning to her falatio. She knew that the Dean *loved* to be called 'Daddy' while she was doing this... It made him lose control even faster than usual.

And Courtney loved to make him lose control. It was the only thing in the world that she was good at.

Sure, it had cost her her masculinity, as she had been castrated shortly after moving in with him, and the surgery to make her lips big and pouty and her throat smooth, and her breasts bigger, again, had all been a little much.

But really, what choice did she have? She needed to look out for herself – and Marianna.

She heard the clicking heels of her former stepmother behind her and turned to see her former tormentor-turned-mentor, dressed in a ridiculously scandalous pink maid's costume, quietly holding a tube of lubricant on a silver tray.

They both knew what *that* meant.

Daddy wanted to fuck.

Moments later, the Dean of the esteemed university that Corey had tried *somewhat* diligently to get into had bent the newly minted sissy over the side of the sofa as he plunged into Courtney's backside with a satisfied groan. Courtney was used to it now, though it had hurt a little at first. 'Daddy' liked to do it randomly, whenever he felt the urge, and it was Courtney's job to be ready for him when he wanted it.

So that's what she did.

It wasn't necessarily ideal, but she was prepared to do *whatever* it took to keep a roof over her head and pretty shoes on her feet. Even if it meant being the transgendered girlfriend of a very eccentric older man, who had a hankering for kink. She felt her dog-tags slap her bare chest as the Dean 'drove his point home.' Her pink leather collar had been a gift shortly before he proposed, and just after he had legally changed both her name and sex. The heart shaped cameo read 'Courtney – if found return to Dean Alton.'

She giggled when she first read it.

The Dean was so silly. How would anybody off campus know who Dean Alton was? Funnier still was the fact that he was worried about her getting lost out there in the real world. Like *that* would ever happen! Courtney had no need of ever leaving the estate, she had every thing she needed right here.

A girl like her could easily get whatever she wanted, just as long as she kept her Daddy happy.

The Dean finished his deed and cleaned himself up, then marched Courtney to the front hall where he announced to her and his 'maid' that he had spoken to Courtney's 'real' Daddy that day, who had given his blessing for him and Courtney to be married.

Daniel had washed his hands of Courtney after divorcing Marianna, selling his home, and moving off to Germany to continue his tenure in Munich. He re-wrote his will, leaving his estate to scientific research, which meant that the former-boy was now completely dependent on her new husband-to-be.

"Married?" Courtney exclaimed with a slight gasp, "But..." Her mind raced as the implications of the Dean's proposal flooded her tiny brain.

"Don't worry dear," the Dean chuckled, "I'll take care of everything. All you have to do is be my pretty sissy-bride," he grinned wickedly.



Courtney was still shocked. But inside her head she was already preparing how to make up her mind and do as she was asked.

Because once her mind was *made up*, then *that was that*.

The End

## Upcoming Books in James J. Craft's Stepmother Series:



### One Year in Tokyo

Mickey has a problem. Actually, a few problems. First his Mom went on an extended honeymoon around the world with her new husband after selling their house.

*Then* Mickey had to go live with his Dad, who he hasn't seen in years... in Japan. *Then* he found out that his Father had also remarried – without even telling him. And to make matters worse, his new stepmother seems to *hate* him! Why else would she be constantly making him do silly things like wearing silly clothes? To add to his stress, his Dad insists that he 'Just go with it and stop making waves.'

Mickey's Mom and Stepdad will be back in the States in only a few more months, and then he can go back to his regular normal life – that is, if he can survive... *One Year in Tokyo. Illustrated by Kwon Lee Tran*



### Hard Time or High Heels

Colby owes money to an organized crime boss from his out-of-control gambling addiction, and the only way out was to 'borrow' the money from his Stepmother's business. But when she finds out, she is less than impressed. But Colby's stepmother isn't the cruel kind of stepmother we've come to expect...she knows that prison won't suit her stepson, so she offers him an alternative to turning him in to the police. Instead, she'll be turning him into something else, her personal secretary.

But the longer the punishment goes, the more and more 'complicated' it gets. So much so that he begins to wonder if he would have been better off to choose the 'Hard Time' instead of the 'High Heels.' *Illustrated by rocketXpert*

## **Other books from James J. Craft at [lulu.com](http://lulu.com):**

### Pin Up Girl

Max, a college freshman, needs some extra cash. Eric, a successful photographer, convinces him that he can make money in his spare time as a model. There's one catch though...Max needs a female model. Reluctantly, Max goes along with the plan and soon realizes that he is spending more time as Maxine than he is as Max!

*Illustrated by mignon. Published by [tgstories.com](http://tgstories.com)*

### Dr. Smith's Office

Billy is a college freshman in a new drug study program. As part of the study, he needs to be constantly 'evaluated' by a psychologist. With every visit, Billy seems less and less interested in school and more and more interested looking pretty and meeting cute boys!

*Illustrated by blackshirtboy. Published by [tgstories.com](http://tgstories.com)*

### Aunt Anna's Attic

Sam is shipped off to live with his Aunt Anna. Things start off badly when Sam is forced to live in the Attic. Things only get worse as Sam realizes that he is going to be under the thumb his demanding Aunt. Things get worse-still, when his Aunt injects him with some sort of serum. But then things start to get better as his body and outlook begin to change, and Sam starts a journey into femininity with no idea if he will ever be able to turn back.

*Illustrated by thechesirelunatic. Published by [tgstories.com](http://tgstories.com)*

### My Neighbor's Secret Plan

Being out of a job is tough! Chris and Glen are neighbors, and both out of work, and out of favor with their wives. When Chris' wife starts to dress him as a maid, Glen is stunned; until his wife comes forth with a plan to do the same to him! Glen and Chris suddenly find that they are at the mercy of their wives' secret plan for them...but is something else at play here?

*Illustrated by avaro. Published by [tgstories.com](http://tgstories.com)*

# 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

## **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

### **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

## **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

### **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.

## **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 rock-etxpert. 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

## **Stories of the Supernatural**

### **Changed and Rearranged**

“Wrongs Make Wright” By Joe Six-Pack. Chris and Matt were rivals. Then, Matt decided to show everyone how smart he truly was by impersonating a teacher. But the disguise becomes more and more real, much to Chris’ dismay.

Book / 74 pages / 19 illustrations

### **From Pals to Gals**

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

Book / 45 pages / 16 illustrations

### **Crossed Fiction**

#### **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

### **Seriously Sissified**

#### **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

### **Web Classics Revisited**

#### **Two Forms of ID**

By Joe Six-Pack. Harvey had the unusual ability to convincingly imitate a teenage girl. In desperation, he has to use that talent to make some money. But when is enough enough?

Paperback / 194 pages / text only



**Reading is Fun de Mental!**