

ADULTS ONLY

17 illustrations

# HIDING IN HIGH HEELS

*"How Not To Be A Sissy"* by Joe Six-Pack



TRANSGENDER  
TALES OF

**Transformation**



J O E   S I X   P A C K

# HIDING IN HIGH HEELS

“How Not to be a Sissy”  
Story & Art by Joe Six Pack  
A Tales of Transformation story



2020Market Edition

Introduction, story text, design & cover © 2009, 2015.  
All rights reserved.

The body text is printed in New Caledonia.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in or introduced into a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means (electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise), without the prior written permission of the copyright owner. All characters and situations are fictional.

Printed in the United States of America.

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

# HOW NOT TO BE A SISSY

v j v

## Program 001: Calming Sensations

It was too soon to tell if anything had really happened, but he had hopes. High hopes. However, when Vince woke up, he scratched himself like he always did back when they were in college, yawned and stumbled to the kitchen where he swallowed half a pint of milk straight from the carton.

Certainly, if he were going by that, Howard would have discounted any hope of the message taking hold. He had been flooding Vince's mind with music, spiked with subliminal messages.

That was no big secret. Vince knew the music was spiked. That's why he was listening to what Howard had called "mega relaxing" messages. These messages had been playing as Vince slept, leaking into his mind. It took a while for them to really take effect, so Howard knew he would just have to wait a while longer to see if any changes were made. Still, he just wanted a sign.

Vince was his old college buddy, frat brother and long-time thorn in his side. He was just friendly enough to be called a friend, but so annoying and irritating that you wished he would just vanish or fall out of touch. He pushed the obligations of friendship to the breaking point faster than anyone Howard had ever known. Oh, Vince was a walking party, always up for anything that promised a good time – not surprisingly, that meant that he was always drunkenly balancing on the edge between having said good time and getting into big trouble. Now he had gone right over that line, in a rather spectacular way, and done himself in – big time.

He showed up late last night, desperate and pleading, claiming to be at the end of his rope. His suit looked like he had slept in it – for several days. A deal or some other such thing had blown up in his face, and now he had people after him. From the sound of it, Vince was fearing for his life this time.

He wouldn't discuss the specifics, but Vince was walking like a man under the gun in a very literal sense. Howard had never seen his friend like this before. Yeah, he got a little anxious from time to time because of the messes he'd get himself in, but now he was as nervous as a squirrel. His head was on a swivel, his panicked eyes darting left and right, and his whole body flinching at every little noise. Nervous sweat was pouring off his body. He appeared as frightened as a man could be.

Which gave Howard his opportunity.

When Howard graduated college three years ago, he had his diploma, and nothing else. He could find no work for his mixed majors of music theory and applied psychology. He hadn't exactly planned on those as majors, he just kinda wound up with them. At the time, he was pretty well convinced that he had just wasted five years of college and hundreds of thousands of dollars. Still, he had managed to put his odd skills to use by recording some subliminal message discs for his own personal use to help him sleep better at night and quit smoking. It dawned on him one day he could probably sell the discs and make some money. That's exactly what he would up doing, and now he made a tidy living from it.

The kicker was that his little subliminal discs actually seemed to work. He had testimonials from consumers to doctors that they did what they advertised. Which got his mind churning – what else could he do with them? How powerful were they?

Howard had always had that tiny corner of his mind that was been whispering wicked things to him – everyone does. There, in the night, alone with your thoughts, the strangest things can happen inside your head. Most ignore those voices. Unfortunately, Howard, for whatever reason, had started listening to the whispers. Listening very carefully. The things it said to him were so tempting. So tempting that he had even made plans. Detailed plans. Plans that wait-



ed patiently for execution. Waited for the opportunity.

He had never thought that he'd really, truly be able to follow through on them. In fact, the whole prospect did scare him quite a bit. He wasn't a man without common sense. Yet Howard was able to hang on to his strange little dream, and he had dispensed with his misgivings, and overcome his timidity. He just needed a subject.

So now, through unknown cosmic machinations, he had a subject. He was alone. Alone in his own small house, out here on the outskirts of the city, away from the rest of the world. Isolated. This person was afraid, vulnerable, he was willing to do what Howard asked, and he wasn't going to be missed.

Howard examined Vince, standing ungainly in his underwear and frayed shirt. He still didn't see anything really different about him. He looked the same as he did when he turned up on his doorstep. "Listen to the music a little more, Vince." Howard said, handing him a new CD. "It'll help calm you down."

"Yeah," Vince said, still shaking a little bit from fright. "Calm me down." He checked the CD. It was titled "Program 002: Open to New Ideas."

Howard watched him slip the headphones back on. His plan was just beginning.

Program 002: Open to New Ideas

Program 003: Silk and Lace

“Anything!” Vince insisted for the third time, “and I mean anything.”

Howard tried to make it look like he was trying to spontaneously brain-storm the idea he had already been planning for years now. “You’d do anything to hide?” He repeated what Vince had been saying zealously.

“Yes!” Vince declared again.

“So... How do you feel about a disguise?” He said.

“A disguise?” Vince said with interest.

“From what you’ve told me, Vince, these guys can get to you anywhere you go.”

“Right, right. These guys are... Connected,” Vince said, cautiously.

That meant the mob. Howard wasn’t stupid. “So if there’s nowhere you can go, you just need to disappear entirely.”

“Right. I’m following you.” Vince seemed ready for any suggestion, no matter how wild.

“The most reasonable thing to do would be to give you a new identity. A complete wash of the old Vincent Matinelli.”

“Yeah,” Vince’s expression brightened. He obviously liked the idea. “They can’t kill somebody that doesn’t exist.”

“Exactly. We’d need to give you a whole new name and identity. One that’s the farthest possible thing from who you are now.”

“Like a Mexican or an Italian guy or something.”

“You’re not Italian?” Howard asked. He could swear he was.

“Albanian.”

“Whatever.” Howard continued on his train of thought. “We’re going to need to do more than just change your backstory, Vince.” Howard hesitated for a moment knowing that this was going to be tricky. “I think for right now, we’ve got to take extreme measures until we can get you in the clear.”

“Extreme?” Vince said skeptically. “Well, extreme doesn’t bother me.”

“How do you feel about wearing a dress?”

Vince’s features were screwed up by the shock. His nose scrunched, an eye squinted, a corner of his mouth crinkled. “Uh, yeah. I don’t know, Howard. That’s...” He searched for the word. “That’s just... Dumb.”

“Not forever, of course, just a temporary disguise until we can get you someplace safe and set you up in a new life,” Howard said, reassuringly.

“But dressing as a woman is... is...” He was still hesitant. “Really... Bizarre”

Howard hadn’t won his argument, but the very fact that Vince was even debating the subject told him that his subliminal messages had taken root. No man would even stand for such a wild proposal as Howard had just made – but here Vince was, trying to think it through, as if it was realistic. All he needed to do was to keep it sounding reasonable enough. “Vince, the guy they are looking for can’t easily be disguised. We can have you grow a beard, but that takes time. We can dye your hair or shave your head, but that isn’t enough of a change. We need to do something extreme, and we need to do it now.”

Vince shook his head and got up from his seat to try and end the conversation. “I don’t know, Howard. I really don’t know.”

“Just think about it, Vince. You’ll see my point.” Howard said.

“I don’t like it, Howard. I can’t see myself doing that.” He looked around as he walked back to the guest room. “Have you seen my headphones?” He asked.

“There they are.” Howard pointed



out with a smile. "And a new disc." He handed him a CD titled "Program 004: Embrace a New You."

"That's kind of a suggestivetitle, Howard." Vince said with a smirk.

"They're just titles."

Program 004: Embrace a New You

Program 005: Never Hold Back!

“Are you sure this is gonna work?” Vince asked.

Howard wasterse in his response. “It’s not going to work unless you stop resisting it, Vince.”

They had been fussing for a while, trying to jam Vince’s body into some female clothing. Vince was a medium-sized man, about a hair under five eight, and in was in his late twenties. His body had been well maintained, and his muscles were big and noticeable. Howard was sure that was the way Vince liked it, being a ladies’ man and all.

“But I don’t think I can really look like a woman. I don’t care what kind of clothes you dress me in.” Vince said. He had a point, too, Howard admitted. His friend was quite recognizable as a man in a blouse. But time would change that.

“Do you want to get caught, Vince? Is that it?” Howard wasn’t going to let Vince think about it too much.

“No, of course not. But why do I have to wear a skirt? Not all women wear skirts you know.”

Howard had to be clear and deliberate with everything he said. “We need to make sure that no one recognizes you. We can only do that if we go all the way.”

Vince reluctantly nodded comprehension. Somewhere in his mind, it had seemed like a plausible explanation. The music was working well.



Program 006: Why Fight It? / Why Not Try It?

Program 007: Trust

Vince was lying on the couch, reading and listening to his headphones. His silky pink robe was the only thing that indicated he was trying to disguise himself at all. "What's this?"

Howard handed a large bottle of various pills. "These are some pills to help, Vince."

"Help how? What do they do?"

Howard acted as if it were nothing. "These are oral glucocorticosteroids and anti androgens."

"Glucocorticosteroids?" Vince asked, rightly puzzled.

"Never mind." Howard said. "Glucocorticosteroids is exactly what they were. He wasn't lying. They were a type of medication that had among its many 'side-effects' a decrease in bone mass. Of course these particular derivatives wouldn't leave the bones weak and brittle, but just cause them to soften and contract a bit. "I got them from my friend Dr. Earl Baumgartner. He works on experimental stuff down at the university. The point is that they will shrink your bones a little. About five percent. They'll give you a more female size."

Vince sat up, alarmed. "My bones? Shrink my bones!? That's going too far!"

Howard rolled his eyes. “It’s the perfect disguise— no one would look for someone smaller than they used to be. People think it’s impossible. It’s only temporary, Vince.”

“How can that be temporary?”

Howard scoffed at Vince’s dismay, making it sound so trivial. “Well, when you drink milk your bones grow, right? So when we’re done with your disguise, you can grow your bones back to normal. You know that.”

Vince wasn’t absolutely sure – but he seemed to be think it was a reasonable explanation. After all, he trusted Howard. “I guess that makes sense.”

“Sure it does.” He patted Vince on his shaved knee, reassuringly. “Sure it does.”

## Program D: The Stranger

It was a few nights later when Vince came into the living room, in his pink robe, looking very nervous. "I think I hear someone outside, Howard."

"You're imagining things," Howard replied. "We're in the middle of nowhere."

Vince backed away from the windows, behind the sofa. "No, I really think there's someone out there."

Howard sighed and put down the book he was reading. "I'll go check."

"No! It's too dangerous!"

Howard went to a desk and pulled out a pistol. "I'll take your gun, Vince."

"But be careful!" Vince was paralyzed with fear. Why didn't he just go out there and deal with it himself? He asked himself. What was wrong with him?

Howard went out the front door and wandered around for a minute before going to the window next to Vince's room and turning off the speaker that made the "bump in the night" noises Vince had heard. Taking a few steps away from the house, Howard pointed the gun in the air and fired off two shots. He then made sure to rub some dirt on his pants and on his shirt. He wanted to look like he had been in a bit of a scuffle. He then sprinted



back and forth, working up a good sweat.

He then returned to the house, breathless and flush. Vince was there, his eyes wild with fear. "Was that a shot!?"

"This big guy..." Howard paused to catch his breath. "This big guy. He was out there, and he tried to attack me."

"Did he have a mustache!?" Vince asked, with a clear notion who it might be.

"Yes," Howard replied, going with it. "Yes he did."

"That's one of the guys after me!"

Howard went to the kitchen and poured himself a drink, to make it look good. "That's what I figured." Howard drank his whole glass of whiskey on one dramatic gulp. "I shot him."

"Shot him!"

"I killed him, Vince. I carried his body into the dumpster and left it there. I don't think anyone saw me."

"We have to get the fuck outta here!"

"No!" Howard yelled. "We're not going anywhere, Vince. We stay right here. No one saw anything, and no one will suspect me. I'm a good citizen, I have no record."

"But what about me?"

"You're just a woman in my house. You have no connection to this."

"But what if they ask questions!?"

"We play it cool and take it easy. No one will even connect it to you or me."

Clearly panicking, Vince went for his room. "I'm getting out of here."

Howard blocked him with his body. "You stay put! I just shot and killed a man for you, and you owe it to me to keep your head and do what I tell you!"

The intensity on Howard's eyes seemed to have an effect on Vince. Never had he really thought of his old college friend as being so trustworthy and in command. But now, it just seemed obvious that Howard was the one in control of the situation. He backed away and calmed himself. "I guess you're right, Vince."

"Of course I am. Now take your pills and relax to your music." Howard said, putting his hand on Vince's shoulder. "Everything will be fine."

Vince nervously smiled back.

Program 009: Embrace A New Self

Program 010: French Lace

Program 011: Soft Surrender

“You said this was temporary, Howard,” Vince said, as he picked up the papers and cards on the table in front of him. He examined them all very carefully.

“Of course it is, Vince.”

Vince turned to Howard, clutching the documents he had been looking at. “Then why did you get all of these records changed?” Vince held certificates, identification cards, social security cards, tax records and even credit cards. All of them looked perfectly authentic.

Howard slowed down his speech to be clear. “Since we know those guys are looking for you, and I’ve already killed a man, I think we may have to do this a little while longer than we planned.”

Vince looked at Howard with anguish. His disbelieving eyes had a trace of mascara, making them look bigger. “How much longer?”

“Until the heat dies down,” Howard replied, hoping he wasn’t going to be asked what he meant by “heat.”

“But why did you go to all this trouble for a new name?” Vince examined a credit card closely. “I already look like a lot like a girl because of those pills you gave me.”

“Well, you’re a little smaller, a little shorter. But you don’t quite look like a real girl.”



“Smaller? Shorter?”

“I remember when those sweats just stopped at your ankles, now they almost cover your feet.”

Vince glanced down at his feet, the expression on his face making it obvious he hadn't realized that fact, yet. “How far do we have to go, Howard?”

“As far as we need to.”

Vince looked nervous, but restrained. He was a far cry from the loud and demonstrative man who came to his door not so long ago. “But I don't want to really look like a girl, Howard.”

Howard got serious. “Both of our lives depend on it now, Vince.” He then scratched the stubble on his chin. “Or should I call you Georgette?”

“Couldn't you have picked a better name? ‘Georgette le Criard?’ I don't even know how to pronounce that.” He read the name on the ID card again. “And why do I have to be from France?”

“It's harder to trace that way. If you're a French national, those people after you won't be able to trace your true identity.”

Vince tossed the documents on the table and got up. “This is nuts Howard. This will never work. I have to get out of here.”

“You stay right where you are! You lost your right to make your own decisions the moment you came through my door. This is my house, and these are my rules!”

“You can't tell me what to do!” Vince shouted.

Howard no longer had any fear in confronting Vince. “I can and I will! I've killed a man for you, Vince, and now I'm as deep in this mess as you are! I'm not going to let you do something stupid and put my life in jeopardy!”

“But what you're asking for is...”

“I'm not asking for anything anymore, Vince! I'm telling you! You'll do what I want, and do it without making trouble! Don't be so goddamned selfish! You've already messed up my life! Now you'll help me fix it!”

Just like he expected, Vince's resolve crumbled. “I'm sorry, Howard.”

“Sorry isn't enough! You need to stop thinking about yourself all the time, and think about others! You're ruining everyone's life you're touching! You're a curse!” He drove it all home. He wanted to push Vince as far as he could. Those messages should have removed any resistance by now.

“I... I... I'm sorry, Howard. I really am.” Vince said, his voice breaking. “Oh God, I'm so sorry!”

“You don’t care about anyonebut yourself!”

“Don’t saythat!” Vince said, sniffing.

“Are you crying?”

“No,” Vince warbled.

“Well, it soundslike you are. You’re nothing more than a sissyinside, Vince. You deserve to be wearing skirts.”

“You don’t have to be so... So cruel!” Vince said, wiping away a tear.

Howard wasdelighted with this reaction. It wasso feminine. “Are you really crying? You’re pathetic.”

Program 012: The Help of Friends

Program 013: Keep Reaching

Program 014: A Higher Authority

Howard made sure he sounded angry and impatient. "I'm not listening to it anymore, Vince. I've have enough of your endlesswhining. You do nothing but complain."

Vince wasalmost apologetic in his tone. "I just said that these shoespinch my toes, Howard."

They were in the guest bedroom, where Vince wasstaying. Vince sat upon the bed, asHoward stood above him, menacingly towering overhead. "Those are the only shoesyou get, Vince, so you might aswell wear them – they cost me a lot of money."

"But I don't want to wear high heels," Vince whined.

"What you want is irrelevant! You don't seem to even are about trying to perfect your disguise, Vince. Do you have a death wish? Do you want me to die aswell? Well, I'm not dying for you, Vince. If I have to force you to be just like a woman, I will."

"But look at me, Howard! I've lost so much weight and so much of my size. I'm not evenfive and half feet tall! How much more do I need to change!?"

"Until we could fool your own mother, Vince."

"The corset is killing me!"

"There you go complaining again, Vince. Do you want to give yourself away, do you want to be dead?"



“No, Howard – but...”

“There is no ‘but’ Vince, you obviously don’t want to save yourself. You’ll wear those dresses and the corset and those shoes and you’ll like it, is that clear?”

“If my fingernails weren’t so long, I’d punch you, Vince.”

Howard wasn’t just acting the part anymore. He really had taken enough of Vince’s protesting and whining. He raised his hand and slapped him right across the face. “You ungrateful little twerp! I’m doing everything I can to save our skins, and all you do is fight it!”

Howard waited for the fight he knew the old Vince would give him. Instead, Vince just turned away and clutched his stinging cheek. “What was that for?” Vince complained.

“To get you to wake up!”

“You didn’t have to slap me so hard!”

Howard turned Vince’s face back forward. “You made me slap you, Vince! You insist on fighting me!”

“I just don’t want to be a sissified man, dressing up like this!”

Howard raised his voice so it was booming off the walls. “You don’t have a choice, Vince! How many times do I have to tell you that!?”

“I’ll... I’ll come up with some other way, Howard.”

“If you don’t do what I tell you to do, and wear what I tell you to wear, and act how I tell you to act, I’ll hand you over to the police!”

Vince was stunned. “You’ll what?”

“They found that dead body in the dumpster, you know. I read it in the newspaper.” Howard knelt down to get right in Vince’s grill. “They’ll connect you, Vince. They’ll know you’re missing and that you’re connected with the mob. They will lock you up for life.”

“You wouldn’t!”

“Don’t make me do it, Vince! They may not convict you, but they’ll never believe you when you say you had nothing to do with the dead mobster shot with your gun!” Howard growled. “Even if they just put you in prison to wait trial, how long do you think you’d last before the mob gets to you?”

“Are you threatening me!?”

“Yes, Vince! I’m threatening you! Very observant!”

“But I thought you were my friend.”

“I can be your friend, Vince, but now I have to take charge. You either do what I tell you or go to jail and face whatever awaits you there. Your choice.”

“I hate you, Howard.” Vince said, his eyes downcast.

“I can live with that. Now put on your shoes—Georgette.”

Program 015: Strength of the Soul

Program 016: The Lights of Paris

Program 017: You Know He's Right

Howard walked into the living room, noting Vince standing in his new dress and heels. He was actually starting to look pretty in his clothes. But he had a frustrated look on his face. "Problem?" Vince asked.

Vince hesitated before answering. "I want to move this chair over to the table," he said, indicating the recliner he was standing next to.

"So move it," Howard replied.



"I can't budge it."

"I'll do it for you," Howard said, easily raising it slightly and moving it a couple of feet.

Howard was astonished. "But it's so heavy. How did you do that?"

"It's not heavy at all. It's just a bit too much for you that's all."

Vince involuntarily looked at his arms. "Why am I so weak?"

"Because you're trying to be a girl, remember? Girls can't lift heavy things."

"I'm pretending to be a girl. I'm not pretending to be as feeble as a girl." A pang of fear hit Vince. "What's happened to me?"

Howard laughed for a moment. "Don't pout. The medications I got from Dr. Baumgartner that you're taking are melting away those manly muscles you used to have. You don't need them anymore."

"Don't need them anymore!? But that's..."

Howard interrupted. "I don't want to hear any more complaints, Georgette. When we have you safe and sound you can work out and get all your muscles back. Now doesn't that sound fair?"

"I guess so."

"You guess so?" Howard snarled.

Vince quickly corrected himself. "It's fair! It's fair!"

"Right." Satisfied he had made his point, Howard moved on by Vince and continued on towards the kitchen, where he was originally headed. "Now if you really are worried about your strength, maybe you should get on with your exercises."

"But it's just a lot of aerobics and flexing," Vince said.

"It's better than nothing." Returning from the kitchen with a beer, he pointed towards Vince's room. "Now change into your leotard and don't forget to play your music. You'll be feeling stronger in no time."

Vince rubbed one of his thin arms. "All right."

Before Vince could leave, Howard stopped him with another question. "How are your French lessons coming?"

"I finished the introductory course. Now I'm moving on to the intermediate stuff."

"Good. Those language learning CDs can be pretty effective." Howard said, knowing that he had made them even more effective. Vince was going to be

fluent in French before he even realized it. “You’ll need to know some phrases if someone asks you to speak in it.”

Vince’s shoulders slumped. He hated it, but he knew Howard was right. “I know.”

“It’s a good idea, isn’t it?”

“Yes. It’s a good idea,” Vince replied, with a half-hearted smile. He felt the need to keep Howard happy with positive responses. Why he felt like that, he couldn’t quite understand.

Program 018: What's in a Name?

Program 019: Home is Where the Heart Is

Program 020: True Beauty

Howard rose to find his roommate pouring two bowls of cereal. One for himself, and the other for Howard. He was responding very well to the new "domestic" messages he had him listening to. Making meals for the both of them was becoming a habit for Vince, and he didn't even seem to notice it.

He was responding even better to the medications he was taking. No longer did Vince look much like a man in a dress. He wasn't especially convincing as a woman, but the tiny little breasts that poked at the thin material of his robe were nothing a man would have. "You're looking so much better, Georgette."

"What do you mean?" Vince replied, tucking a stray strand of his long hair behind his ear.

Howard pointed at Vince's chest. "I mean, you're filling out like a real girl." He sat down at his usual seat.

Vince poured the milk into his cereal for him. "You said the breasts will go away when I stop taking the medication, right?"

"Are you calling me a liar, Georgette?"

"No. I'm just worried," Vince replied, apologetically.

"That's cute. But don't worry about it right now. What you need to worry about is making yourself beautiful."

"I thought I just needed to be convincing, why do I need to be... Beautiful?"

"All girls want to be beautiful, Georgette." Howard paused to eat a few spoonfuls. "The more beautiful you are, the more like a real girl you'll appear to be. And no one will ever believe you were once a man named Vince."

"But I look like I'm sick and withering away," Vince said, showing his even thinner arms to himself.

"Nonsense. Girls would kill to be able to lose weight like you can, Georgette. Why, you're not even the average girl's weight for height." Howard held his mostly-empty glass up. Vince immediately grabbed the pitcher of orange juice and refilled Howard's glass. As he did, Howard continued. "Now, look at that face of yours Georgette. See how your jaw is becoming so slim? See how your nose has become so small? Why, with the right cosmetics, your eyes would look seductive and your lips sensual. You could be very attractive."

"I never wanted to be attractive, Howard. Especially to other dudes."



“That’s why I’m here, Georgette. Someone needs to tell you these things. You’d never do them on your own.”

Vince stared at his cereal bowl. “Why do you have to call me ‘Georgette’ all the time?”

“Just so we don’t make mistakes later on. Practice makes perfect.”

“Can’t you call me by my real name when we’re in private?”

“No. As far as you should be concerned, Georgette is your real name. And don’t ask again.”

“I know you’re right.”

“Of course I am. Now go back to your room and practice your makeup again. This time I want you to practice an evening look.”

“But I’ve been doing makeup all week!”

“And that backtalk just earned you another week of makeup practice, Georgette.”

“But..”

“And another week. Want to try for a month?”

Vince wasn’t sure why he let Howard do this to him. He had free will. He could just leave. “Please. No.”

“Good.”

“Take about an hour, and then when you’re done, show me. I’ll then tell you what to fix. When you get it right we’ll have you work on your hair. Then some color co-ordination and fashion after you make dinner. Is that clear?”

“Yes.”

“In French, Georgette?”

“Oui.”

Program 021: Bashful & Beautiful

Program 022: Life is Compromise

Days later, Howard walked out of his recording studio to find his little experiment arranging some flowers in vase. He had just finished his latest set of discs for him, and they were burning in his computer. "You're doing much better, Georgette. You're stunningly beautiful."

Vince turned to face Howard, but his emerging, demure personality cause his eyes to dip and not make eye contact. "Please don't call me beautiful."

"But you are, Georgette," Howard teased. "You're adorable." In fact, Vince had been making fast progress. He was off the bone-shrinking treatment, settling at a petite five foot and four inches tall. The anti-androgens and estrogen had produced fatty hips and an ample bosom. The light body-shapers he now wore had replaced the corsets, because at a svelte twenty-inch waist, Vince simply didn't need them anymore. He still had weight to lose, but Vince held a pleasantly feminine shape.

"No I'm not. You know I'm not." Vince protested. He never made any movement to get away or threaten Howard anymore. He just stood and protested meekly. One might even get the impression that Vince was being a little bit bashful.

"You're being impolite Georgette. The correct response is to thank me for the compliment."

"But it's not a compliment!" Vince insisted.

"You're beautiful, Georgette. I think



you're even sexy."

"Please, Howard! You're making this so hard!"

Howard folded his arms in displeasure. "You have one more chance before I do something rash, Georgette. Once again, You're looking lovely tonight, Georgette."

"Thank you," Vince said, very quietly.

"Now that wasn't so hard, was it?"

"No," Vince lied.

"Good. Because people are going to look at you and think you make a lovely little sissy."

Suddenly Vince's eyes lit up with anger. "I am not a sissy!" The word seemed to make him ferociously angry.

"Well, when you look like that, I can't think of anything else to call you."

Just as quickly, his eyes dipped again, aware that if he continued to show such emotion, he'd make Howard angry. "You made me dress like this. You made me take all the pills."

"But you could have always stopped at any time, Georgette."

"No!" Vince protested. "You said I couldn't!"

"That's not true, Georgette. You said you thought this was a good idea. You begged me to help you disguise yourself. You wanted to be like this. You have to admit, that somewhere, inside, you want to be a sissy."

"No I don't! I'm not a sissy!" He said, his emotions bursting forth again. If there was one thing he was not going to stand for, it was being called a sissy. He didn't care what kind of punishment he would get.

"Look at yourself in the mirror, Georgette," Howard said, turning to a full length mirror. Howard kept a number of them around to make sure Vince would often see himself and what he'd become. "Look how you've become so small and delicate. Look how slim your arms and legs have become, and your waist is so tiny now. And those big breasts of yours and that wonderfully taught ass. Now, how can you say you're not a sissy?"

Now Vince was angry, and stamped a high-heeled foot into the carpet. "You told me to do this!"

"But did I tell you to wear that outfit tonight, Georgette? That was your idea."

Unable to defend himself, Vince's face went flush red. "I am not a sissy!"

"Believe what you want, Georgette."

“Go to Hell, Howard!” Vince yelled before storming away.

Howard tapped his fingers on the mirror. He was going to have to take a step backwards with his subject.

## Program X: Rebellion

Arriving home after a short shopping trip, Howard had dropped his purchases by the door and slammed the door behind him. "What do you think you're doing?"

"You said you'd be gone for two hours!" Georgette said, quickly getting to his feet. He had been slouched on the sofa, watching a basketball game and drinking a beer.

"I told you about this, Georgette! I strictly forbid you watching any television without my approval! And beer! From the can!" Howard advanced on the cowering Georgette and pointed to... The chair. "Georgette, you asked for this"

"No! Please!" Georgette replied, taking a tiny step away.

"This has been coming all week. I've been watching you lately, Georgette. You're deliberately not trying to make yourself beautiful."

"No!" Georgette replied, his slim hand with polished nails covering his lip-sticked mouth. "No I haven't!"

"Are you even using the hair inhibitor? I can see stubble on your legs and even on your face!"

"It stings!" Georgette protested.

"You're wearing drab clothes and not doing your hair and makeup like I told you to, Gigi!"

Georgette minced forward, his hands pressed together, begging. "No, please! I'll do better!"

"You have to accept it! You can't turn back the obvious now, Georgette. You're going to be a beautiful sissy no matter what you do."

Georgette balled up his fists and pounded Howard on the chest with all the vigor of a feather falling on a pillow. "I'm not a sissy!"

Howard gently grabbed her hands and tossed them aside. He took a seat on... The chair. "You never learn, do you? Bend over."

"Please, not the spanking again!" He said, covering his rear with his hands.

"Yes, Georgette. You need a good spanking to help you remember." He patted his knee.

"All right. I'll give you one last chance, Georgette. Tell me about yourself, like we practiced."

Georgette winced when Howard spoke the words. He hated this. Howard had made him practice this over and over again. But compared to a swatting of his tender tooshie, he had to do it. "My name is Georgette. Friends call me Gigi.

I'm a clothing addict. I act on impulse and I can't stop falling in love. I am pretty sissy. The prettiest sissy in the world."

"And in French."

"Mon nom est Georgette. Mes amis... m'appellent Gigi. C'est la fan de... shopping. Elle agit plus par... impulsion que réflexion et elle... ne peut pas... s'empêcher de tomber... um... amoureuse. Je suis jolie poule mouillée. Le plus..."

"No good enough, Georgette. Bend over my leg!"

"No!"

"Before I get really angry with you, Gigi! Bend over like a good sissy!"

There was no reaction from Georgette, as he stared at Howard's lap with dread.

"Georgette!" Howard bellowed.

"Yes, Sir," Georgette replied, positioning herself over Howard's knee.

"Georgette... I told you. Say it in French."

"Oui, Monsieur."

"That's better. By the way, sweetie. Have you figured out what your last name means yet?"

"Criard means... S... Screamer."

"Scream for me, sissy," Howard said, as he raised his hand.

## Repeating Program 020: True Beauty

Program 025: Sharing Your Light

Program 026: Polite & Pretty

Program 027: A Perfect Evening

Program 028: Fun & Flirty

“But I’m not ready!” Georgette said, trying to distance himself from Howard.

Very slowly, Howard was approaching Georgette, noting that his sissy was maneuvering himself into the corner of the room. “Of course you’re ready, Gigi. You’re ready when I say you are.”

“But I can’t go out in public! They’ll spot me instantly!”

“Look at yourself, Gigi!”

Again using one of the tall mirrors in the room, he directed Georgette’s attention to his reflection. “You’re not just passable for a woman, you’re a stunning young lady.” He walked up behind Georgette and looked at the reflection as he whispered in Georgette’s ear. “Look at that body of yours. You’re virtually perfect. Slender, long legs, a trim tummy and tiny waist. Big, bountiful breasts and soft, slender shoulders.” He blew into Georgette’s ear, causing him to flinch. “If a man can drag his eyes off that amazing body of yours, he’ll see that shiny hair, deep eyes and red lips of yours, Georgette.”

Georgette turned away from his reflection in shame. “I know what I look like. I just know people will be able to see that I don’t act like a girl.”

“Not if you do your best, Gigi. Not if



you really try.”

“But...”

“You can only blow this if you don’t try as hard as you can, Gigi. Remember all the lessons and everything we’ve practiced.”

Georgette began to tear up. “I.. I can’t..”

“Yes you can!” Howard commanded. “And you will if you don’t want another spanking! Now come with me!”

“Yes sir.”

“And the first thing you better do is to start using your accent— unless you want to be caught.”

“I feel silly when I talk like that.”

“Get used to it. You’re Gigi le Criard, a girl from the French countryside, and people are going to expect you to have a French accent. Do it or I’ll make you go in a tube top.”

“Yes... I mean ‘Oui.’”

As Howard led his sissy out to his car, he treated her like a lady. He opened the door for Georgette, and he swept himself into the passenger seat, careful to smooth his skirt. Georgette sat quietly as he held his small clutch purse in his lap, with his hands folded primly. It was his first time out of the house since he had arrived, and he watched the scenery pass by with interest.

Occasionally, every minute or two, he would check his hair and makeup in the rear view mirror and return to staring out the window.

Harold’s car pulled up to a restaurant, a modestly fancy Italian place that had a valet. It was the first test of the evening. The helpful and courteous valet opened the door and helped Georgette out of the car by holding his hand. They were seated quickly, Howard holding out the chair for Georgette.

“Was that so hard?” Howard asked, as he examined the menu.

“Everyone is looking at me!” Georgette yelped, hiding his face with the menu.

“Of course they are, Gigi. You’re the best looking girl in this place,” Howard replied.

“This is so embarrassing...”

“What, Gigi? I couldn’t understand you with that accent of yours.” Howard interrupted.

Georgette sighed. “Zis ees so embar-azing.”

“Good. Now why don’t you order something from the waiter, hmm?”

"I don' wan'..."

"Too late, Gigi. Here he is."

Georgette was so preoccupied, he failed to notice a waiter standing by to take their order. "Are you ready to order, miss?" he politely asked.

"Oui." Georgette said, once again hiding behind the menu.

"What will you be having today?" The waiter asked.

"I would like zee spaghetti wiz zee meetballs, and..."

"She'll have the green salad." Howard said.

Georgette was shocked. "But..."

"The green salad. We don't want you ruining your pretty figure, do we?"

"Very good." The waiter replied.

"And I'll have the spaghetti and meatballs," Howard smiled. "Georgette can watch me as I eat them. That's almost as good as having them yourself, isn't it?"

"I'll be back with your order." The waiter took the menus, even as Georgette tried to hand on to his, and left.

"What are you trying to do, Gigi? Are you trying to ruin everything?"

"But..."

"Pretty young things like you only eat tiny amounts of healthy food."

"I'm so hungry."

"Get used to it, Gigi, or I'll put you back in corsets and you'll be too sick to eat. Now, I want you to go use the restroom."

"But I'm not..."

"Don't talk back to me, Gigi. You know what will happen."

"Yes sir."

"Gigi." Howard glared. "Language."

"Oui, Monsieur."

"Now go to the bathroom, and I want to see you shaking your sissy ass all the way to there. Is that clear?"

"Oui."

"Get going then."

"Why are you dooing zis? When ees eet going to be enough?"

"We have to cover every angle. That's why we're visiting the bank tomorrow. We need you to sign over your accounts to me."

“Ees zhat a good idea?”

“It’s the best we can do to keep the money safe. With all that money you stole in those accounts, it’s a matter of time before people start getting curious about them... How much money did you say?”

“Five million dollars.”

“Well, you were a busy little two-timer, weren’t you? But don’t worry, once I have the money in my account, I can spend it on both of us.”

“I’m still not sure about it.”

“Accent.”

“I am still not zhure about eet.”

“That’s so cute,” he took a sip of wine, “Now scuttle off the the ladies’ room and fix your face.”

v j v

After eating, it only seemed natural to take Gigi for a drink to top off the evening. Howard made sure the sissified man was hanging off his arm, clutching it for strength. He looked adorable that way.

“Everyone’s looking at me!” Georgette whispered loudly.

“Of course they are, Gigi.”

“Can they tell! I think they know!”

Howard laughed out loud. “The only thing they see is how pretty you are.”

“This is awful!”

“No it isn’t – it’s just what we wanted.”

“It’s not what I wanted.”

Howard pinched Georgette’s cheek. “You’ll get used to it. Or maybe not. It doesn’t really matter.”

They took a seat at one of the stools, and Howard ordered for the both of them again. He had a glass of whiskey and ordered a Shirley Temple for Gigi.

Georgette had his head on a swivel, looking nervously around the bar, and suddenly he gripped Howard’s arm hard. “That man is coming over here! What will I do?”

“You’ll be nice to him, Gigi. He just wants to talk. And maybe flirt.” Howard replied, enjoying Gigi’s anxiety.

As the man came closer, it was very clear he intended to talk to Georgette. "But I can't!" He yelled.

Sensing that he might stop this little meeting if her were to stay nearby, Howard got up to leave. "What have we been practicing for, Gigi? Now you be a nice little sissy for the man and if he wants to see you, you say yes."

"I am not a sissy!"

"You keep saying that, Gigi. But look how nervous you are around men! You really enjoy this, don't you?"

"No!"

"Well, here comes Mr. Wonderful. He's a handsome one, isn't he? Maybe you should be the one to ask him on a date."

"I don't want to go out with men!"

"Well, I want you to, and that's all you need to know. So do your best, Gigi, and seduce the man – and make sure you get a date with him."

"I'm not going to!"

Howard was frustrated. He could see that this man has stopped some feet away, unsure of what to make of the little conversation happening between Howard and Georgette. "Oh yes you will, unless you want more spankings. Is that what you want?"

Georgette squirmed in his seat. "No."

"Then go talk to the man. He's waiting. Go on."

"Okay."

"What was that, Gigi?"

"Oui."

"Good. Now smile, sissy! Make sure you touch him. And I want to hear some giggling!" Howard turned back to his drink, as he positioned himself to get a good view of the action.

Program 029: Dream Date

Program 030: Finding Your Place

“What the!?! Is this your boyfriend?” Gigi’s date said, as he was escorted through the front door of Howard’s house. Howard had opened the door for them and was grinning at the sight of his sissy holding hands with a man.

“No!” Gigi replied, insistently. “Zis iz not my boyfriend!”

Howard didn’t want to make this complicated, but he did want Gigi to sweat. “My name is Howard Reilly, and I’m glad to meet you,” he said, extending a handshake. The man had a firm grip.

“Good to meet you Howard, I’m Rick and I’m just dropping Gigi off after our date.”

“Would you like a drink, Rick?” Howard offered.

“Nah. I gotta blow.” Rick replied. He watched as Gigi quickly scooted on into the kitchen.

“But you had a nice date tonight? Did Gigi show you a good time?”

“Yeah, sure.” Rick replied, unsure about these strange questions. “Um, if I can ask...”

Gigi had reappeared with a glass of whiskey and handed it to Howard. “Go ahead, Rick.”

“Is there something between you two? I mean, you live here together...”

“No!” Gigi blurted.

Startled, Howard turned to address him. “Gigi? Is there something you’d like to say?”

“Just zhat I am not hees girlfriend,” Gigi replied, his face flush red.

Howard took a sip of his drink. “I love that cute accent of hers. No, we’re not together, I suppose.”

“So, just roommates? That seems pretty cozy.” Rick smirked. “Hard to believe.”

Gigi was demonstrative in making his denial. “No! Please! There ees nothing going on.”

“You live together and you’re just sharing rent? Roommates? Because if you didn’t say anything, I’d have to assume that you two were...”

“We are not roommates!” Gigi said, categorically. It then seemed to dawn on him that he needed to come up with some sort of explanation. After a brief hesi-

tation, he offered a panicked response. "I werk for heem!" Gigi said, pointing to Howard.

"Work for him? Oh?"

"Yes! I werk for heem."

Howard tried not to smile at that response. Those subliminal messages did wonders. That was exactly what he was trying to make Gigi think, and here he was suddenly insisting on it. "That's right, Rick. She's in my employ. I need someone to look after my house."

"I see..." Rick said, folding his arms.

"Yes! I werk for Howard." Gigi smiled, appearing to be very proud of the excuse he'd just "invented."

Rick wanted more info. "As a..."

"She's my maid." Howard explained. "Isn't that right, Gigi?"

Gigi suddenly looked pale. "Um... I don't know eef I would zay..."

"She cooks, she cleans. She's my maid."

Rick seemed satisfied. "I see. Well, It was great meeting you Howard, take it easy on my little French flower here, okay? We're going out again tomorrow night."

"Is that right?" Howard turned to smile wickedly at Gigi. "Well, I'll have to make sure she's ready for tomorrow then – have a nice night!"

"Good night, Howard. Gigi."

"Good night." Howard replied. Gigi was feeling a bit too sick to answer, and turned to the wall for support. Howard closed the door and watched through the front window as his car pulled away. "I think he's sweet on you, Gigi."



Gigi was looking very unwell, and sat on a chair. “Why did you have to say I was your maid!?”

“What other explanation could I give him?”

“But a maid!?”

“It’s as good a story as any. And you certainly wanted to make sure that he knew you weren’t my girlfriend. That only left one real option to explain it.”

“But now, he’s going to think I’m... Weak and... Submissive and... I like taking orders...”

“Yes, he will.” Howard said with certainty. “And you should have had a better story ready, so I wouldn’t have to make something up. But now, thanks to your stupidity, you’re stuck.” Howard took another sip of whiskey. “And use your accent.”

“We’re alone,” Gigi pointed out.

“You need the practice. I heard it slip twice when you were talking to him there. From now on, you only use the French accent. That’s final.”

Gigi looked up at Howard, his face full of misery. “All the time? I can’t use it all the time!”

“What did I just say!?”

“Y... You said that...” Gigi realized that Howard meant that he should have already been speaking with the accent.

Howard put down his glass. “Spanking time.”

“No! Please!”

“Bend over!”

“No!” Gigi shouted, getting up and trying to escape. “No!” He shouted even louder. The fear was driving him to become emotional. It was clear being spanked truly scared him.

“Gigi, I said bend over and take your punishment!”

His emotions boiling over, Gigi screeched at the top of his lungs. “No more! No more!” Begging for any mercy, he got even louder. “Non! Non! S’il vous plait! Je ne veux pas être donné une fessée!”

Howard was so happy. Gigi probably didn’t even realize he had slipped into French. He was just so panicked that he went to his primary language— his new primary language, thanks to his subliminals. “Well... As long as you promise to never let me catch you again, I won’t punish you.”

“Merci! Merci!” Gigi said, thankfully. “Ow!” He then yelped as Howard swatted his butt.

“Just one little swat—I can’t resist that tight ass of yours, Gigi. Now go to your room and get your beauty sleep.”

“Oui,” Gigi replied, thankful to leave.

Program 031: You Can't Run Away

Program 032: When the Dust Settles

Program 033: Give a Little, Take a Little

"Non!" Gigi objected. "I won' wear eet!"

"It's nothing you haven't worn before," Howard helpfully pointed out.

"Eet ez outrrageous!" Gigi objected, waving the feather duster he was using in the air.

"You've worn all sorts of sissy outfits like this! Besides, it's what we need to do to keep people from being suspicious!" Howard said, pounding his fist into his open palm as he spoke. "I'll not have everything jeopardized because you have 'problems' with wearing it!"

"Non!" Gigi repeated, as he tried to fold his arms across his chest. Of course, his generous bosom prohibited himself from doing so. It was an old habit he was going to need to break. Frustrated, Gigi threw the feather duster ineffectually a few feet in front of him. "I cannot!"

"All it is," Howard said, grabbing the coat hanger the dress was resting on, "is a pouffy top, some lace... You've worn that."

"Eet ez not the pouffy I do not like! Pouffy! Pouffy! I do not care about Pouffy!" Gigi said, using his hands—with French-tipped nails—to gesture wildly as he talked.

"The skirt, then?" Howard said, rustling the wide, petticoated skirt.

"Eet ez not ze skirt!" Gigi replied, staring Howard in the eyes. "You are mad!"

"If you don't wear this, I'll burn every other dress you own!" Howard said, pushing the outfit into Gigi's hands.

Suddenly Gigi's eyes became large and frightened. "You wood not dare!" He gained back some courage. "You are fibbing to Gigi!"

Howard stood his ground. "I'll do what I have to do!" He said, simply.

Gigi looked at Howard's intense stare and bit his lower lip. He stamped his feet like a little girl and carried the dress off to his room to change. "Ca me fait chier!" He screamed as stormed off.

"If you complain again, I'll have you work naked in the kitchen without an apron!" Howard shouted so he could be heard. "And I'll have you boil tomato sauce! Think how much that would sting if it splattered on to you."

"C'est des conneries!" Gigi yelled from his room.

Howard heartily chuckled to himself. The poor bastard probably didn't even realize that he had just submitted to another incredible humiliation – all to save his dresses. He truly thought of those dresses as his pride and joy now.

Howard also loved that Gigi was helpless to curse but in anything but French. He idly wondered if Gigi even understood or comprehended the profound changes in his language and behavior. That he had the quick, heated temperament of a stereotypical French girl now. He also just demonstrated a cute, girlish protest and then weakly submitted to wearing the outfit.

Stepping back into the living room, Gigi stood, trying to look unconcerned and casual, even as he wore the truly demeaning attire.

Howard immediately showered him with praise. "Incredible! You've never been so... No one would ever imagine you're anything but a beautiful girl, Gigi!"

Gigi, despite himself, blushed, but kept a stern look on his face. "I look like an emboosee!"

"Huh? Oh, 'imbecile'... You're doing what you have to do, Gigi." Howard said, standing close to him. He pulled a little item off a nearby table. "You just need to finish it off with your little cap. To cap it off, so to speak."

Howard then placed the little white maid's cap atop Gigi's head, and thus completed the French maid's outfit Gigi was wearing. He turned him towards a mirror. "No one would think this is someone hiding! You're not being chased anymore! You're practically home free!"

Looking at his reflection, Gigi shifted his weight from one leg to another. He couldn't help but be entranced by the vision he presented. Whether it was those subliminal messages softening his mind or his latent male libido reacting to seeing a living wet dream, it was hard to say. Maybe it was a little bit of both. Gigi started to twirl a strand of hair in contemplation.

"This is just about perfect. Almost no one would ever question who you are. It's nearly complete."

"Eet ez not fineeshed?" Gigi replied, confused.

"Yes... Somethings that need some adjustment. Little things here and there."

"What ees wrong weeth my deesguise?"

Howard picked up the feather duster from the floor and handed it back to Gigi. "Stop thinking of it as a disguise, Gigi. If there's one thing I've taught you, it's that you need to go all in!"

"I do not wan' to bee a maid!"



“Gigi le Criard is employed as my maid, a lovely simple girl from the south of France who loves making people happy.” Howard said, coolly and calmly. “Now, if you aren’t Gigi le Criard, you must be someone else. What will the police say about someone pretending to be a maid near a body was found? What will the people who are after you think when they find out?”

Howard stood face to face with Gigi, and grabbed her by the shoulders. Gigi didn’t look up.

“Now, I know there are people who don’t think they shouldn’t be maids. But I do know that Gigi is a maid, she loves being safe, she loves her home, and loves being someone who is not being hunted like a dog!” Howard said, growling the words.

Howard used a finger to tip up Gigi’s chin so he could see Gigi’s eyes.

“Now, someone can walk out that door right now. That someone can then spend whatever life they have left wondering when they will die, and how much will it hurt. Or that someone can stay here, knowing that they will never have to worry about anything.”

“Who wants to go? Do you want to go?”

Gigi shook her pretty little head back and forth, causing the ribbons and stray strands of hair to fly around. “Non.”

“Then does my little sissy Gigi want to stay?”

Gigi didn’t respond.

“All the sudden, I’m not sure who you are,” Howard taunted. “I almost thought you were Gigi, my maid but...”

“I am Gigi!” Gigi burst out.

“I know a Gigi. She’s a maid. Are you my maid?”

“I am your maid!”

“I don’t know. My maid is happy and grateful to be a maid. You don’t seem very happy.”

“Yes!” Gigi insisted. “Gigi ez verree happee.” With those words, something compelled Vincent Martinelli to smile wider and brighter than he ever had before. Gigi le Criard suddenly fixated on a vase nearby. “Oh! Thees ez filthee!” Gigi started to use the feather duster to clean. “I cannot stan’ ze dust! Eet ez ev’rywhar!”

“That’s why you’re so good at your job, sissy.” Howard said, satisfied.

“I am not a zissy,” Gigi replied, quietly.

### Program 034: There's No Need For Questions

Howard was leafing through a two-year old copy of Highlights for Children when he first noticed the patient was stirring. "Are you awake yet, Gigi?" He asked. Getting up from his seat, he moved over to where Gigi was resting. He was resting on a padded bench, bandaged from the head down to the navel.

"Ce... Qu... Qui?" Gigi burred, his mouth bandaged and swollen. His lazy eye tried to understand what was going on, and then it slowly dawned on him that he was in a recovery room of some sort, in a medical office.

"Welcome back to the land of the living. Dr. Baumgartner and his staff have been waiting for you to wake up so they can lock up the office for the night."

"So tiii-ard..." Gigi managed to say.

"And you can go back to sleep in a minute, Gigi. I just wanted to show you all the new things I've done for you. Look, see? See the bandages around your chest? It's got some new, lovely, double 'D' cups in there for your to enjoy, Gigi."

"No!" Gigi mumbled. Howard snickered at Gigi's subtle jerk of his head to take a look. The bandages were far too tight to allow it.

"Yes, but the Doc and I decided it would be better for your figure. You've also lost all that fat on your tummy, too. It's going to be nice and flat."

"Ah need zleep..."

"Not yet, Gigi. I also want you to see your face." Howard held up a mirror to let Gigi see his reflection. "See all those bandages? What do



you suppose we've done under all that? I'll let you wonder for now. Suffice it to say, your disguise is almost perfect now. No one will ever see anything but the world's biggest sissy now."

"Mmm nnot ze zissy."

"You are such a sissy. Now, get some sleep and dream about what a big sissy you are."

"Don' call me..."

"Shhh. Don't get excited. Close your eyes and get to sleep." Howard patted Gigi on the head. "That's a good sissy. I'll just slip your headphones on your head while you nod off. Nighty-night!" Howard then arranged for them to put his sissy in an ambulance for his trip back home.

## Program 035: Bedazzled

It was just a few days later as Howard escorted Gigi through the front doors of a country mansion. It was fifty miles away from Howard's quaint little house, and the drive had been draining for Gigi. He was still recovering from his surgeries.

Although his chest and throat had healed, the bandages around his head were still there, packed with gauze, and wrapped tightly. He had not been able to get a glimpse of his face or what had been done to it. Gigi feared the worst, that he now had thicker lips and a new nose that would make him look almost feminine. But the unveiling was still a while away, and Howard was building it up to be a major event.

Fortunately, Gigi had recovered enough to walk, which was very important, as he needed to get used to his new center of gravity, now altered by the presence of the large breasts bouncing about on Gigi's chest. Balancing on the five and six inch heels he was limited to wassomething he needed to practice at every opportunity.

"How do you like your new home, Gigi?" Howard asked as they walked through the cavernous reception hall.

"New home? But how?" He gasped. "Eet ez zo beeg!"

"Yes, a nice big, new mansion." Howard led Gigi carefully up the long, winding marble staircase to the second floor. "Two million dollars, it



cost us.”

“Four mil-yon?!”

“Of course, Gigi. It’s a very expensive house, it almost cost me all of your money.”

“My monee!? You zpent my monee!?”

Howard patted Gigi on the shoulder. “It’s an investment. The perfect way to launder cash. Real estate. This way, the money can’t be traced, if it’s all in the investment.”

Gigi would have had a skeptical look on his face, if his face was visible. He paused and considered what Howard had said. “Are you zure?”

“I guarantee it. Property only goes up in value. It’ll be worth even more, in time. You can thank me later.”

As they walked along a hallway, the number of doors were dizzying. “How many rooms? Eet is incredible!”

“It’s enormous. It may be too big. Almost too much for me to take care of. Imagine all that dust.”

“Oo! I hate dust!” Gigi said with spite. “Non! I will not live in a house with dust!”

Howard smiled broadly. “Well, the solution is obvious, isn’t it? I need a maid to take care of the place, and to keep it nice and clean.”

“Not me?” Gigi said with a feminine gasp.

“Well, you are the one who’s calling themselves a maid.”

“You called me a maid! You made me pretend to...”

“That’s not true, Gigi. What is true is that you need to get going on cleaning. It’s a big job and you’re already behind.”

“But I just got out from ze hosiptal!”

“And Dr. Baumgartner said you were free to resume a full schedule.”

“You can’t make mee do thees!”

“I’m not going to make you do anything, Gigi. If you want to leave and walk out that door, you’re free to go. But you know what’s going to happen. And if the police ask questions I can’t help but tell them the truth about who you are. I won’t lie for you.”

Frustrated and angry, Gigi balled a fist and shook it in Howard’s face. “I will leave! Watch me!” He then proceeded to reverse course and head for the stairs.

“Good luck, Gigi! My advice to you is to head for the river! Go upstream to avoid leaving a scent for the dogs! That’s probably your best chance! That might delay those men after you from hunting you down!”

Gigi could only slow his pace, and didn’t even make it half way down the stairs before he had to stop. He hung his head for a moment, before snapping it up straight again, putting a defiant look on his face and walking back to where Howard was still standing.

“You don’t deserve to have Gigi around! Gigi is too good for you!” He said, putting his hand on his full, round hips. “Which one ees my room?”

“That’s right, this is the best thing for you. You’ll be safe here.”

“I hate you. I hate you, I hate you, I hate you!”

Howard pointed to a door nearby. “These are the servant’s quarters.”

“Bastard!” Gigi spat, before entering his new room.

Program 036: Clean, Safe & Warm

Program 037: Leaving It in the Past

Program 038: Whistle While You Work

Program 039: No Way Out

“And I’m telling you, that’s Vince,” Howard said for the third time.

“If you had told me that without the photos,” the large man seated on the leather couch said, “I’d never had believed you.”

“The pictures tell a nice story, don’t they? From tough guy to sissy. All in just a few months.”

“Fuckin’ Hell. He’s was such a hard ass when I knew him. He was always a little puny, but he could kick your ass from here and back when you got him angry.”

“Well, don’t worry about that. He doesn’t get that kind of angry anymore.” Howard sipped his drink. “In fact, even if he did, he’d never be able to even hurt a fly. He can’t punch anybody with those nails, and those muscles are wet noodles. The best he can do is give you a little feminine slap.”

The man on the couch uncrossed his legs. For some reason, his manhood was feeling threatened. His name was Big Tony, and he lived up to his name. He was a mountain of a human being, who obviously pushed the talents of his tailor to the limit. As far as Howard could remember, this was the biggest man he had ever seen in a suit. It was a nice suit, too. Italian. He had massive, hairy hands and thick black hair that resisted his attempt to slick it back. His black Ray-Bans were tucked into his pocket, and his gold jewelry sparkled in the light. He was definitely a man who had money, and definitely a man who had no problem with being identified as a mobster.

“He may have ripped us off of five million dollars, but I always respected him. He was a mover and a shaker. But, Jesus, he’s gone totally...”

“Sissy.” Howard suggested. “Call him a sissy. He hates that.”

“He’s exactly like a woman. No, a girl. He doesn’t look a day over nineteen. And those jugs on him. Fuckin’ A.”

As he put the pictures to the side, Tony looked once again at the little maid who was flittering about, dusting and arranging the nick-knacks on the mantlepiece, across the room. Fortunately, Gigi was well out of earshot. “Yeah. I will.” He turned back to Howard. “His face...”

“He just got the bandages off.” Howard smiled. “You should have seen it. We snipped the gauze off his face so he could see it for the very first time. The Doctor and I had made sure he wasn’t able to see the results at all until we

were ready. And we also made sure that all of the swelling and bruising was healed, so he'd get the full impact."

"You have a cruel streak in you, Howie." Big Tony said.

"He deserved it, putting me in that position. He might as well put a death warrant out for me, getting me mixed up with the Mob." Howard paused for a moment. "No offense."

"I'll look past it."

"When we first got him a mirror, you could see his mind practically crack in two. He just didn't seem to believe what had happened to him."

"That doc of yours really does amazing stuff. Not only does he look like a real woman, well hell – he's one hot chick."

"Okay, so do we have a deal?"

"Yeah, the boss will love this. Insurance covered our losses anyway. The five mil he took from us was a total write-off. To get most of it back will make him real happy. When he sees these pics, he'll really get a kick out of it."

"He doesn't have a problem with the mansion?"

"It's classy. The investment



will clean the money, and we'll get it back in a few years. As long as we hold the deed, it's fine."

"Deal, then?"

Tony shook Howard's hand with his big, meaty fist. "Deal."

"Well, good. Now, would you like to meet him?"

Big Tony got excited. "Fuck, yeah."

"Gigi, come here!" Howard yelled.

"Oui, oui, Monsieur." Came the chipper reply, as Gigi skittered over in his six inch heels. As he got closer, a look of recognition slowly washed over his face. He had been too far away to really get a good look at Howard's guest. Now, suddenly, sickeningly, Gigi realized who it was.

"I'd like you to meet Big Tony. Big Tony, meet Gigi, my maid."

"Charmed," Big Tony said, sanding up and making sure he appeared as imposing as he possibly could.

As he looked up into the huge man's eyes, Gigi dropped a curtsy, like he had been drilled to do.

Howard enjoyed the look of fear on Gigi's new features. "Don't be afraid, Gigi. Big Tony's not going to hurt you. He's just here looking for an old friend of mine."

"But... but... Monsieur!" Gigi stuttered in his high-pitched French accent. "Thees ees the... Thees ees..."

"Don't speak out of turn, Gigi."

"But Monsieur! Veuillez écouter moi! Je vous prie!"

Big Tony was ticked off that he couldn't understand Gigi. "Can't you speak American for god's sake?"

"Sorry, Tony. But Gigi doesn't have a very good understanding of English. Right, Gigi?"

"Oui." Gigi replied, reluctantly.

"In fact, what do you call one of these?" Howard said, pointing to his watch.

"Eet... Eet..." The stress of the question was wrinkling Gigi's forehead. "Eet iz a – how you say – Time... Montre... Bracelet? I... Eet..."

Howard playfully patted Gigi on the butt, which caused him to jump from reflex. "Very good, Gigi. Now could you get Big Tony his coat?"

Gigi was very grateful to escape, and ran off out of the room as quickly as his little feet could take him.

“That can’t be an act.” Big Tony said, as soon as Gigi was gone.

Howard smirked. “Gigi’s even forgetting English altogether. That’s what my subliminal discs can do after a while. All of his instincts now tell him to be feminine and to take care of the house. He’s not acting one bit.”

“Man, that’s freaky. Let me know if you take on private clients. The boss might have some projects for you.”

The two men finished what was left in their drinks and headed to the large entrance area, where Gigi was already waiting with Big Tony’s coat.

“Absolutely. You have my number.”

Gigi walked up to Big Tony, and held open his coat to put his arms into. As big as this huge man was, Gigi was stretching at far up as he could go, trying to keep his balance on the tippy toes of his high heels.

As soon as Tony had his coat on and was ready to go, he patted Gigi on the cheek, softly. “I’ll be seeing you, sissy,” he said, as he left.

“Do you know ’ou zhat was?” Gigi urgently asked Howard, as the door shut. “Zat was...” Then, suddenly, something occurred to Gigi. “Seesee!?” He yelped. “He knows!”

Gigi promptly fainted into Howard’s arms.

v j v

A minute later, when Gigi awoke, he was reclined on a love seat Howard had set him in.

Regaining his senses, Gigi looked up to see Howard hovering over him. “Monsieur... OÙ...” It all started to come back at once for the poor little maid. “He called me a seesee!”

Howard’s bemusement was obvious. “So he know one when he see one. You are the perfect sissy, aren’t you Gigi?”

“Non! I am not a seesee! I will never be a seesee!” He objected so strongly, he almost forgot his original line of thought. “He knows I am a man!”

“That’s what he came about, Gigi. He came looking for Vince.” Howard said.

It took a moment for the name to register with Gigi. “He came looking for moi!?”

Howard walked over to a nearby window to peer over the grounds of the estate. “He had discovered that Vince and I were friends, so he was stopping by to see if I knew anything.”

“Quoi! What deed you tell heem?”

“I told him you were just my little sissymaid.” Howard turned to examine Gigi’s sexy,feminine figure. “He seemed satisfied with that.”

“He must have known! You stoo-peed fool! You told heem what I am!”

Howard turned his attention back to the window. “I told him I hand’t seen any sign of Vince in quite a while.”

“Eef he knew I am a man, he might figure eet out!” Gigi said, getting worked up. Creases of fear appeared on his smooth face. “He saw me close up! Eef he doesn’t figure eet out now, he will!”

“I hate to tell you this, Gigi, but you are by far the biggest, most convincing sissy you could possibly be.”

“Non! Eet ees not true!”

“Look at yourself, all feminized. You long hair and your big breasts, big round eyes and that innocent face. You’re just a sissy now. You could never be a man. You never were, and you never will be again.”

“Menteur! You Lie! I only look like zis for deesguise!” Gigi protested.

Howard turned and faced Gigi, slowly walking forward. “You are now, and for ever will be a sissy. You may have thought you were a man, but when it came down to it, you just let yourself become the sissy you are!”

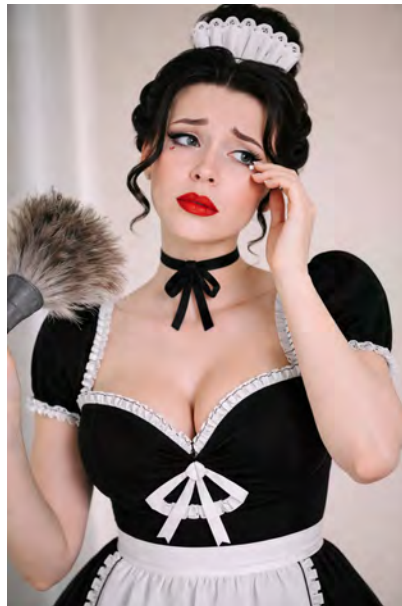
“Seesees are horrible faggots and homoze xulas! They are zkum! I weel never be a seese!”

“You are a sissy, Gigi!” Howard commanded.

“You let yourself become the sissy you were always destined to be! A man-serving, simpering, weak little sissy!”

“Ce n’est pas vrai! Je ne vous crois pas! I am not a sissy!”

“You say that, but here you are



in your pretty little French maid's outfit, the cinolines and ruffles caressing your little fairy ass. Your cute little maid's cap on your head, and your heaving bosom dying to get out of its ruffled prison. And it's all wrapped up in pretty little ribbons and bows."

"I am not a seesee!! am not! Non! I am not a seesee!"

"Why don't you mince over here in those six inch heels and say it to my face, Gigi! Blot your sissy tears with your little sissylaced handkerchief and say it with those pouty red lips! Face it! You are a sissy now and forever!" Howard was laying it on thick now. He had planned for this, and wanted to make sure it was going to happen just as he planned.

"Non! Je refuse! Quel mensonge! I will not be a seesee!"

"You are the sissy you always wanted to be, Gigi! This is your place in life! Accept it!"

"I never wanted thees! I just wanted a deesguise!"

"You say that now, Gigi, but you look so adorable in that outfit. The ribboned stockings are a nice touch. I believe you chose those that little choker, too. All I asked you to do was wear the uniform! You've gone along with everything I've asked you to do, and then some! You could have left any time!"

"Non! That eesa lie!"

"It was your choice, Gigi! And now you're the 'seesee' God meant you to be!"

"Non! I weel not leestento your lies!"

"Gigi the sissy French maid! That's what will be on your gravestone!"

That produced a look of terror in Gigi's eyes. "Non! I will not be a seesee!"

"What's that look on your face, Gigi? What's going through that sissy-crazed mind of yours?"

It was a look of determination. Gigi had made up his mind. He feebly pushed his way past Howard. "I will not be a seesee for you or anybody! I'll show you! I'll show you for good!" He said. Grabbing a set of keys from the stand beside the door, Gigi then ran outside.

"Gigi! Come back here!" Howard said, running after him. "You come back here right now before I have to spank you!"

Gigi didn't turn his head as he picked out one of the expensive cars in the driveway, got in, and sped off down the driveway.

Howard ran halfway out to the road yelling and gesturing wildly. "You come back here! I'm serious! Don't make me angry!" He said, repeating the phrases two or three times, each time losing enthusiasm for saying them.

He stopped and watched as the car pulled out and headed towards the city. He put his hands in his pockets and shuffled off back to the house.

“Well,” he said to himself, “nothing left to do but wait.” It was his last gamble with Vince, and he wouldn’t know for a while if it had worked.

## Program 040z: Reversal of Fortune

Humming along, Gigi dusted off the vases in the hallway, as she swiveled her hips saucily. She knew she was being watched. Because of her cleverness, she knew that she had reason to be a little bold.

From where he had been watching, Howard walked out and passed by. "Well, you've done a good job up here, Gigi. I'd like a fresh set of linens in the guest room. I expect company tonight."

"Oui, Monsieur!" Gigi said, smiling like the Cheshire cat, the smile causing her cheeks to dimple. "What would you do without me?"

"The house just wasn't the same with you gone."

"Well, Gigi is back now."

"Your charm lights up the place."

"Merci, Monsieur," Gigi replied impishly.

"Now, if you aren't too busy, I'd like you to take your sissy ass into the kitchen and make me a snack."

"Ah-ah-ah!" Gigi scolded, waving her slim little finger back and forth. "You may not call me a seese!"

Howard grinned and rolled his eyes. "My mistake, Gigi. Of course, you're not a sissy anymore. I apologize."

"And you may never call me a seese again!" Gigi turned her back on Howard, and took a few short steps over to a windowsill that she dusted. "You may only call me Gigi! Because I was too smart for you!"

"I have to admit, Gigi. You outwitted me completely." Howard replied, playing along. "You're such a clever little maid."

"Oui!"

Howard walked over to Gigi and put his hand in the small of Gigi's back and whispered in her ear. "Because you're not a sissy anymore, are you?"

"Non!" Gigi replied, beaming with pride.

"Dr. Baumgartner does good work. You'd never know. It's a perfect pink little pussy."

"Au poil! No seese am I? No?"

"No. No. You, Gigi are no longer a sissy." He wrapped his hand around her tight waist and pulled her to him closely. "You're just my sexy little maid."

Gigi closed her eyes and drank in her master's scent. She let out a little moan as he started to fondle her breasts. Carefully dropping her duster on the table,

she turned to face her master's strong and masculine face. "Say eet again," she asked.

"You're my sexy little maid."

The very words seemed to wash over Gigi in a wave of pleasure. She looked into the eyes of the man she loved to take orders from. It was so much easier to be the servant when she knew that she was just as clever as him. For the rest of her days as his maid, she would always find comfort that she had outsmarted him at least once.



*The author makes his apologies to the French and their language.*

The End

# Titles from Sick Puppy Press

## Sick Puppy Comics

### **Making Friends**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Three college students sign up for a six-month isolation experiment. Things start to get a little strange, and they begin to lose their masculinity day by day. Yet, they don't seem to even notice... Full Color Comic Book / 38 pages

### **The Pet Sitter**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Asked to look after a supermodel's pet for a while, James finds himself thrust out of his own apartment and into hers. Day by day, it seems like circumstances adapt James to become the resident of a supermodel's lifestyle. Full Color Comic Book / 29 pages

### **A Curious Curse**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. When teen goth Brandyn gets his drivers' license, he thinks it's a ticket to adulthood. Unfortunately, he's already cashed a ticket in the opposite direction. Full Color Comic Book / 27 pages

### **Boys Will Be Girls**

Story & Art by Fraylim, Script by KK, Ink & Color by Joe Six-Pack. The "Summer Blossom" camp welcomes anew group of young men. But although it may be an all-boys camp when they arrive, it's girls-only when they leave. Full Color Comic Book / 100 pages

### **The Step-Witch**

Story by Joe Six-Pack. Dillon has a new step-mother. Problem is that she and Dillon don't get along. More of a problem for Dillon is that she's a witch — and wants a daughter. Full Color Comic Book / 17 pages

### **Double-Crossed**

Story & Art by Joe-Six Pack. Jesse is on the run from justice. When he finds an old friend who can help him, that old friend seems more interested in helping Jesse become a woman. Comic / 24 pages

### **The Charm**

Story by Joe-Six Pack, art by Osoku WARUI. Gavin is a student who laments his boring life. Then he crosses paths with Krista. Things are about to change, and not necessarily for the better. Comic / 24 pages

## Candlewick Court Series

### **Welcome to Candlewick**

By Joe Six-Pack. Book 1 in a series. Candlewick Court is looking for new residents. Residents who will find new lives and new genders in a suburban paradise with a mysterious purpose. Book / 149 pages / 30 illustrations

### **Surrender to Candlewick**

By Joe Six-Pack. Book 2 in a series. Candlewick Court has found it's first homeowners, and the kids need a school to attend. What kind of bizarre transformations await them? Book / 152 pages / 38 illustrations

### **Brides of Candlewick**

By Joe Six-Pack. Book 3 in a series. The story of Colin and Elliot concludes as we welcome Candlewick Court's next homeowners. Book / 159 pages / 39 illustrations

## Teens Transformed

### **She Made Me Into My Sister**

"A Little Too Clever" by Joe Six-Pack. Wyatt wanted to help his girlfriend get revenge, but at what cost? As it turns out, a cost greater than any boy could have imagined. Book / 88 pages / 20 illustrations

### **Gone Girly for Good**

"Big in Japan" by James J Craft. Mike and Ken were one-hit-wonder rock stars. Then they discovered they had fans in Japan, so they left to become famous. Then they discovered that the Japanese didn't know they were guys. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

### **One Year in Tokyo**

By James J Craft, illustrations by Kwon Lee Tran. Mickey is forced to spend a year with his father in Japan. However things often get confused when words get translated from English to Japanese, as Mickey soon finds out... Book / 87 pages / 20 illustrations

### **Student Exchange**

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 / 77 pages / 22 illustrations

## ***He's a Valley Girl, Fer Sure***

From the files of TGStories.com: "Corey Taylor's Big Bodacious Adventure" by Joe Six-Pack. For Corey, the only way he can get into college is to pretend to be a girl. But when does it stop being pretend? When he's cheerleader? A girlfriend? A beauty queen? Book / 78 pages / 17 illustrations

## ***From Boys to Bridesmaids***

"Always a Bridesmaid, Never a Groom" by James J Craft. Two spoiled and privileged boys are about to be put in their place by their new step-mother. And their place is by her side as her bridesmaids and daughters. Book / 77 Pages / 16 illustrations

## ***Little Mis-ter Popular***

"My Two Moms" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Thanks to his aunt's "Confidence Club," Leon will find a way to become popular, and to get over all his hang-ups... Including his masculinity. Book / 77 Pages / 17 illustrations

## ***Bride to Be***

By Joe Six-Pack. Derek and Cole grew up together as kids. One year, though, Cole has to start pitching in at the family wedding business. His life will never be the same. Book / 63 pages / 25 illustrations

## ***Winning is Everything***

"Costume drama" by Joe Six-Pack. Seth made a funny little bet for Halloween. He needed to pull off the impersonation of a Cheerleader for a party. What's at stake? 100 million dollars and his manhood. Book / 215 pages / 37 illustrations

## ***Creating Samantha***

Story by Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by The Might Fenek. Samuel was under the tutelage of his legal guardian, only his guardian had no intentions of letting him grow up male. Book / 70 pages / 16 illustrations

## ***Convicts to Co-Eds***

Story by Courtney Captisa & Claire Bear, illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Three teen boys are sent to a reform school. What they can't know is that they are about to be "reformed" all the way into skirts... And beyond. Book / 154 pages / 31 illustrations

## ***Mall Makeover Madness***

"A Day at the Mall" by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Four boys are going to have one weird day at the mall. By the time the day is over, it's four girls who leave the mall to begin their new lives. Book / 109 pages / 25 illustrations

## ***Crosley High Chronicles***

By Joe Six-Pack. River is coming to a new school, and trying to fit in. The problem is the only way he's going to fit in is in skirts and heels. Book / 217 pages / 75 illustrations

## ***The Substitute Ski Bunny***

By Joe Six-Pack. Walker is a young man who's fallen in love with a girl. The only way he can get close to her is to dress up and become her roommate. It's not going to go according to plan, though. Book / 132 pages / 31 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 successful city life is interrupted when a sheep he wants to fleece needs urgent care out in the country. But instead of returning home, all Richard's wife hears are a series of suspicious excuses. Revised in 2019. Book / 92 pages / 34 illustrations

## ***Thames Greene***

By James J Craft. Ira wanted something better for his family. A new start. But in Thames Greene, everyone's getting a new start, whether they want it or not. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

## ***Hiding in High Heels***

"How Not to be a Sissy" By Joe Six-Pack. Vince was on the run from people who wanted their millions back. Howard was a friend with a funny little idea and a knack for making subliminal CDs. Mini-Pix / 48 pages / 15 illustrations

## ***A Blessing in Disguise***

By KK, illustrations by Kannel. Jay was a witness to a murder, and now he's the target of a vicious criminal. Resorting to a female disguise, he becomes trapped with no way out. Book / 84 pages / 16 illustrations

## ***I'm Your Dolly***

"Barbie-in-a-Box" By Joe Six-Pack. Tyler wasn't much of a boyfriend anymore. Jessica wanted to throw him out, but then a better idea came to her, in the form of the Barbie-in-a-Box service. Tyler better get used to pink. Book / 103 pages / 20 illustrations

## ***His Life as a Trophy Wife***

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? Revised in 2018. Book / 256 pages / 39 illustrations

## ***Male Monday, Girl Friday***

"Hey, Cutie!" by James J Craft. Daniel is going to be promoted from his average life to an exciting executive position. At least, that's what his bosses are telling him. They may not be telling him everything. Book / 58 pages / 20 illustrations

## ***The Happiest Place on Earth***

From the files of TGStories.com: "The Fairest One of All" By Joe Six-Pack. Will is a kid looking for a job. He gets one, performing as Snow White at a theme park. For Will, he doesn't suspect that playing the role and wearing the costume is slowly changing him, day by day. Book / 51 pages / 21 illustrations

## ***Hello, Nurse***

From the files of TGStories.com: "Quality Health Care". Dane is filling in as a nurse for his pal Jimmy at his new office. Although both are doctors, Dane begins to take to his new role as a nurse. Soon, he feels compelled to be the ideal nurse. Book / 44 pages / 15 illustrations

## ***My Boss, The Bimbo***

"If I Were a Betting (Wo)Man" By James J Craft, illustrations by blackshirtboy. CEO Lucas has a superiority complex. When his long-suffering secretary is able to feed into Lucas' competitive nature, he'll make any bet to prove his dominance over women. Book / 38 pages / 10 illustrations

## ***He's the Girl They Want***

"Rallies" by Joe Six-Pack. Spencer has a great new executive job in the food service industry, but first he's got to learn the ropes of the business by waiting on tables. He just doesn't quite fit in with the cheerleader theme. Yet. Book / 63 pages / 22 illustrations

## ***Demoted and Degraded***

"Trixie the Secretary" by Angela J. Cindy didn't much like Tom Jones attitude and his advances, so when she has the opportunity to help take the wind out of his sails, she takes it. But she had no idea that it was all designed to make Tom into Trixie the secretary. Book / 87 pages / 17 illustrations

## ***I, Candy***

"Sissy Sweets" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Inheriting his family's bakery requires this young man to become the new face of the business. A female face. Book / 45 pages / 15 illustrations

## ***Boyz II Girlz***

"The Making of the Ballroom Brats" by Joe Six-Pack. The Ballroom Brats become the newest worldwide celebrity sensation. How did four unsuspecting guys at a fast food joint become the hottest girl group in music? Book / 113 pages / 34 illustrations

## ***His Strangest Desire***

"Employee of the Month" by Joe Six-Pack. Mick is declared Employee of the Month, and he's going to find himself hurtling headlong into facing his weirdest inner desire. Book / 59 pages / 19 illustrations

## ***Hard Time or High Heels***

"I'm Turning into My Mother" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Colby got deep into debt to a local gangster. Before long, he's on the arm of that very same gangster as his reluctant girlfriend. Book / 75 pages / 20 illustrations

## ***Seriously Skirted***

"The Show Piece" by KK. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Mel finds work at a clinic as a secretary. He slowly begins to fit to role. Book / 75 pages / 19 illustrations

## ***From Mister to Sister***

Story by Melissa N., illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Dan just wanted to help guide his girlfriend's sister out of her depression. Instead, he's being guided out of his manhood. Book / 84 pages / 24 illustrations

## ***The Russian Girl***

Story by Melissa N., illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Casey's wife has had enough of watching him kill himself with work, so she forces him out of his comfort zone... Into the life of a female stripper. Book / 196 pages / 30 illustrations

## **Swindled into Skirts**

"Beta Male" by Joe Six-Pack. Kyle inherited a multi-million dollar mansion in southern California. He begins to adjust to the Cali lifestyle, but his adjustments seems to have a decidedly feminine flavor to them. Book / 78 pages / 23 illustrations

## **Stories of the Supernatural**

### **A Change for the Better**

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

### **Changed and Rearranged**

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

### **From Pals to Gals**

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

### **A High-Heeled Halloween**

Story & art by Joe Six-Pack. A costume shop has four spooky tales to tell this Halloween, where the price you pay for your costume is far more than money. Book / 128 pages / 34 illustrations

## **Crossed Fiction**

### **If the Shoes Fit**

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

### **Sisters for the Summer**

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

## **They're the Girls for the Job**

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

### **Blondie's Lost Summer**

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

### **Blondie's Lost Year**

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

### **Blondie He's Not**

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Mark got a job at a salon, and fell in love with one of the customers. Problem was that customer was Candi "Blondie" Wethers, and what happened to Candi was about to happen to Mark. Book / 151 pages / 40 illustrations

### **I Never Wanted to be a Woman**

"Politically Corrected" By Cheryl Lynn. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Michael's politically active mother has decided she's going to make her hippie son over into the daughter she always wanted. Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

### **The Boy's Guide to Girlhood**

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Dweeb Kenny and cool Rex find themselves trapped in a Principal's twisted scheme, and only one of them is going to get out in tact. Book / 109 pages / 32 illustrations

### **Fashion Victims**

Story by Lauren Bliss, illustrations by Fraylim. Teenage boy Jamie just needed clothes for school. Oh, he's going to get clothes for school. Just not male ones. Will he ever need male clothes again? Book / 67 pages / 26 illustrations

### **The Making of a Beach Bunny**

Story by KK & Fraylim, illustrations by Fraylim. Before heading off to college, John wanted to spend his last normal summer at the old rental summer house with his friend Stanley. There was nothing about this summer that would be normal. Book / 134 pages / 58 illustrations

## **Seriously Sissified**

### ***A Family Femmed***

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



### ***Forever Femmed***

Story by James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by Sortimid. "A Family Femmed's" Deborah is still hard at work, flipping men into sissies and selling them to the highest bidder. But this time, there's a new wrinkle. Book / 108 pages / 28 illustrations

### ***Auntie's Girl Time***

By Cheryl Lynn. David was just a young teenage boy who wanted all the things in life a man could look forward to. His aunt, though, is going to make sure he never gets them. Book / 79 pages / 20 illustrations

### ***Revenge of the Cheerleaders***

"Pansy Cheers" By Angela J. Patrick Sears was a football player trying to sleep with every cheerleader at his small college. He'd have to pay for his conquests. Book / 116 pages / 19 illustrations

### ***He's Got His Mind Made Up***

By James J. Craft. Illustrations by kinkyrocket. Corey has just a sliver of a chance to get into college, but that chance involves becoming his stepmother's maid. And she wants him to fit both the role and the dress. Book / 68 pages / 16 illustrations

### ***Fated for Femininity***

Story by KK, illustrations by RocketXpert. When a web page shows Evan having sex with another boy, the poor kid is chased out of town — right into the arms of a gender therapist who has her own agenda. Book / 70 pages / 15 illustrations

## **Web Classics Revisited**

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

By Joe Six-Pack. Harvey had the unusual ability to convincingly imitate a teenage girl. In desperation, he has to use that talent to make some money. But when is enough enough? Paperback / 194 pages / text only