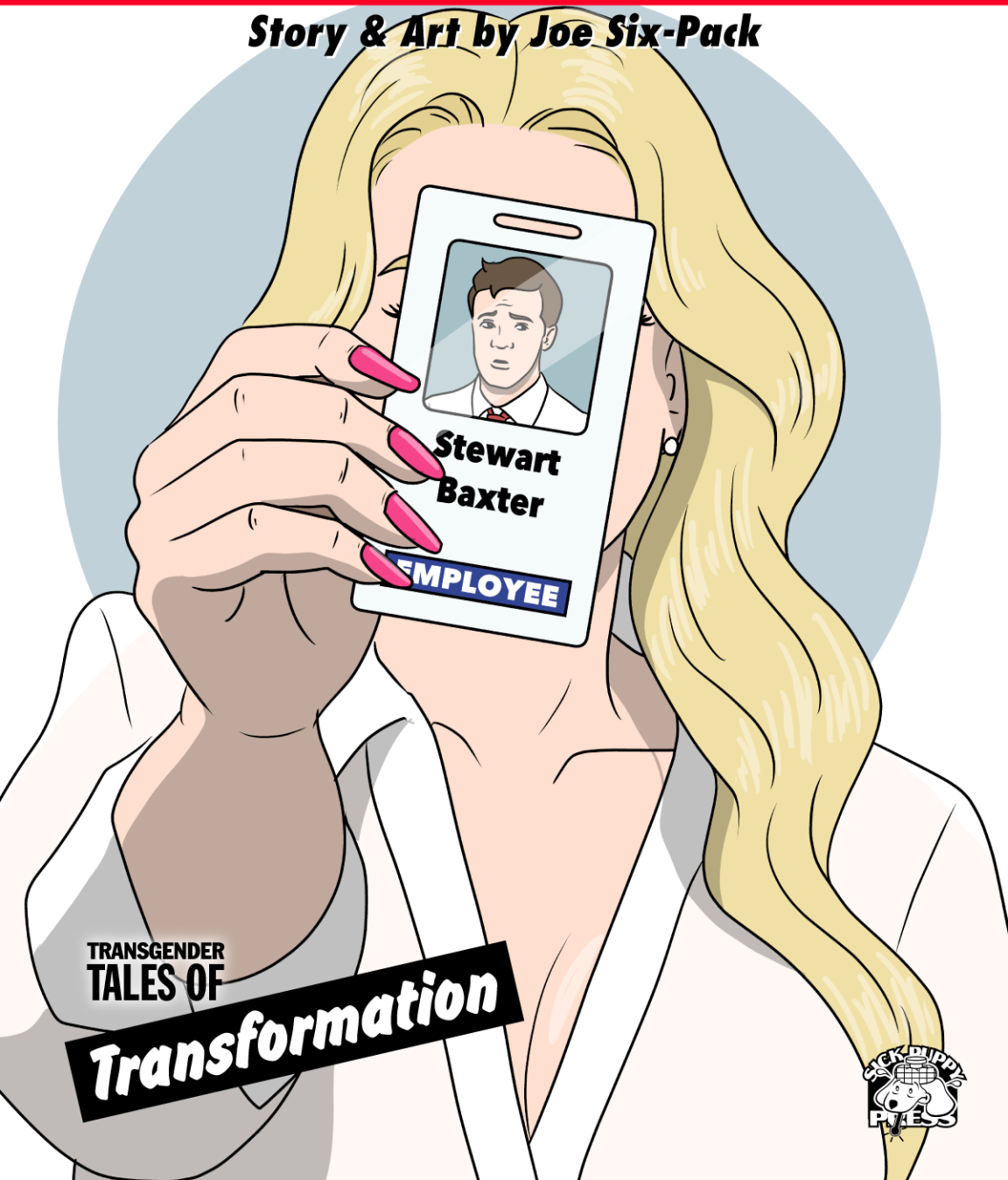


ADULTS ONLY

67 pages 20 illustrations

# HUMAN RESOURCES

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack



TRANSGENDER  
TALES OF

**Transformation**



**J O E   S I X   P A C K**

# ***HUMAN RESOURCES***

**Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack**  
**A Tales of Transformation story**



2025 Edition

Design & layout © 2025

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# HUMAN RESOURCES

Marsha looked into her mug. Three rings of coffee sediment, zero actual coffee. She sighed. She needed more fortitude. As she looked up from her desk, there he was. Her personal nightmare.

“It’s not that I want to get anyone in trouble, but this is not something I can let slide,” Byron said, as he held the offending item in his hand. “The margins of this document are one-and-one-quarter inches on the left, and one inch on the right. The company standards and practices manual clearly mandates an inch on both left and right sides!” He slapped the paper down on Marsha’s desk. “I stand on the evidence! Right there with your own eyes!”

Marsha looked up at him wearily. “And this is a... Help me here, Byron... Your issue here is...”

“I’ve detailed these requirements in email after email!” He protested, in a huff.

Marsha checked her incoming email as he talked. There were five emails from Byron on this topic just today.

“Anyone who’s not following them is making a deliberate attack on me!” He said, his heaving up showing the first signs of hyperventilation. “A personal attack! It’s harassment! Pure and simple harassment!” He made a face. “Now *what* are you going to *do* about it?” He demanded. Byron stood there, motionless, his eyes trained on Marsha, waiting for the reciprocal outrage he was sure was coming.

Marsha was not new to her job. She had been at the Human Resources desk for decades. She knew how to handle just about any situation. Anything she couldn’t handle likely involved calling first responders or a priest. Byron was testing her, though.

“Byron, I have to believe there’s some sort of miscommunication here,” she replied, playing the innocent. “I can’t believe our own people would be so deceptive and... and... malicious. They’re good people, Byron. I have to believe that.” She drew her hands to the chin to look contemplative. “But what you’re telling me... What you’re saying is... We have an office full of vindictive, ignorant, willfully vengeful people. I can’t help but feel deceived.”

“Exactly!” Byron said, making a fist. “You understand exactly!”

“What can I do? What can I do?” Marsha said, looking very distressed. “I can’t support this kind of behavior. What will the executives think? Our clients? Our customers? I have to weed out these people.”

“I was just hoping for a memo,” Byron said.

“A memo won’t solve this. I need to start making some personnel decisions. People can’t be trusted. Careers *will* be ended.”

“Uh... Is that...” Byron was suddenly reversing field. “Is that really necessary?”

“I have to thank you, Byron, for being a champion of employee discipline. I’ll be sure to let people know that it was your fastidious attention to procedure that gave them away when I terminate them for cause. Thank you very much, Byron you may return to your desk.” She put her head down and started to furiously type on her keyboard. If Byron had seen it, it read “sa’ghir;gj wiugre pitphajlijag c juprotaxnlksmk 923 3poekkla[.]”

Byron turned, took three steps towards the door, and then spun around. Marsha had to credit his fortitude. She assumed he would take no more than one step before chickening out. “I... I... Don’t want anyone to lose their job... On account of me.”

Marsha stopped typing nonsense and looked up. “But Byron, I don’t understand. We have them right where we want them!”

“Well... I... Uh... Why don’t we drop the whole thing?” Byron said. “Please?”

There it was. Marsha knew how to play this situation all too well. She just had to turn it back on them.

“I can’t let this kind of thing go...” She considered the request. “Maybe this is too sever. If I fire everyone involved in this conspiracy, we’ll barely have any employees left.” She looked at him, intensely. “You’re going to need to take the point on this one, Byron. You write down more of these flagrant violations of our handbook. Gather the evidence. When you have enough, come back to me, and I’ll do the dirty work. Sound good?”

“And no one gets fired? At least for now.”

“We’ll wait until the time is right.” She smiled conspiratorially. “And then we strike.”

“Uh. Right. Thank you for your prompt attention to this matter, Marsha,” Byron said, before slipping out of her office like quicksilver.

Marsha looked at her empty coffee mug again. Time for a refill. She pushed herself up and headed for the break room. “I don’t get paid enough for this shit,” she said as she headed down the hallway. Before she could avoid him, the office manager suddenly stepped out of a doorway and right into Marsha’s path. “Christ,” she mumbled to herself.

“Marsha,” the man said, in the way a schoolteacher addresses a troublesome pupil. “I did ask for the reception desk candidates files on my desk this morning,” he said. “I came in this morning. No files. No emails. No report. I assume there’s a reason? I’d like to hear it.”

“Of course, Mr. Blomfeld,” Marsha said to him.



The reason was that Mr. Blomfeld was asking her to violate every law and guideline that applied to this new hire. He wanted not just resumes for the receptionist candidates, but also pictures. Headshots. He wanted heights and weights. They had to be female. Ages 22-26. He wanted to interview them at dinner. In a fancy restaurant.

“I simply haven’t gotten the responses,” Masha said. “It’s a difficult position to fill.” Every girl they had hired since he had been office manager had been treated horribly. Sexual harassment was just where it started. Mr. Blomfeld bedded each and every one of them and discarded them when he got bored with them. Marsha simply wasn’t prepared to throw another young woman into his lap.

“I need that position filled,” Mr. Blomfeld said. “We have many important conferences coming up. Visitors every day. I need a girl — or a man, of course — to be there to keep them entertained. To give them that special impression we’re famous for here.”

“Of course, Mr. Blomfeld,” Marsha said. “I did talk to Cheryl, though. She said she’ll be here for at least four more months. We do have time.”

“Oh, that’s very... Fortunate.”

Marsha had to give the girl a 200% raise, but she was going to stay. She had already been tossed aside by Mr. Blomfeld, so she was somewhat immune to him.

“Still, I’d much prefer to...”

“Corporate has taken a receptionist out of our personnel budget for the time being. Since Cheryl is staying on, you see,” Marsha said with a smile. “But we can take another swing at it in a few months.”

“How wonderful,” Mr. Blomfeld said.

It was not wonderful. Marsha enjoyed seeing the hope drain from his expression. *Yup, you’ll have to pay some hookers to keep you happy, you troll*, she thought to herself.

“I’ll touch base with you in a few weeks to see how the new candidates are coming along, which you *will* have by then,” the executive said, unwilling to let a conversation end without a threat of some kind.

“Of course!” Marsha said with a smile. She had no idea how she’d fend him off next time, but she had a few weeks to work that out.

With a mutual nod, they were off to opposite ends of the hallway.

The break room was full of the usual layabouts. People she had already sent warnings to about too much break time. But once she’d sent the warnings, that was the end of her responsibility. Now they were their supervisor’s problems.

“Who do I need to blow to get a freakin’ *decent* cup of coffee around here?” Bellowed Dean Herrera, from in front of the coffee maker. He practically

threw his steaming hot cup of fresh coffee into the sink, splashing back, and narrowly missing several employees. The looked back at Dean in wild-eye disbelief. What Marsha saw was narrowly avoided insurance claims.

“Dean, what the fuck?” Yelled Craig Hellman, who was standing nearby.

Dean walked right up to him and challenged him like a lion challenging for dominance of the pride. “Mind your own fucking business, Craig! No one wants to hear you bullshit!”

Marsha sighed. She really picked the worst times to run out of coffee.

“Jesus, man, maybe you’ve had enough coffee,” Craig said, as he ducked away, unwilling to engage. He left quickly.

Dean was on of those employees who was so intent on being a type-A executive that he had completely bent himself into the picture of a no-nonsense exec in his style, but not in his substance. He was short-tempered without the cachet to back it up, and was a constant generator of complaints that would up in Marsha’s inbox. She had a filter for him.

“Losers!” Dean barked to himself. He started to search the fridge. He picked up a bag that had the name “Jennifer” written on it. He tore it open, picked up every item in it and then tossed them into a wastebasket, one by one. “This company is nothing but...” He stopped on a bag of chips, opened them up and started snacking. He tossed the rest back in the fridge. “Victims,” he continued, muffled by his chewing.

The population of the break room rushed through whatever they were doing and left, eager to be anywhere else. People scurried away, leaving Dean to whatever crazy “driven executive” act he was workshopping.

Everyone, that is, except for Marsha. She was going to have to deal with this sooner or later, so she figured she might as well do it now. She crooked her neck and stepped into it.

“Oh, goodness sakes, Dean. I think there might have been a mistake.” She pointed to the chips. “I don’t want to alarm you, but those may not be yours.”

“They’re mine now,” Dean said. “Don’t leave your stuff lying around.”

“It’s a known courtesy to respect people’s property,” Marsha replied, waiting for Dean’s egotistical reply.

“A man like me takes what he wants, and doesn’t ask for permission,” Dean said. “Only pathetic losers worry about people’s *feelings*.”

“Oh, I see. Kind of a ‘law of the jungle’ approach.”

“The jungle sorts out the strong from the weak,” Dean added. “Apex predators like myself don’t stop to think about these beta cucks crying to their mommies!”

He was really on it, Marsha noted. “I don’t understand, Dean. This is theft.”

“You trying to make something of this, Marsha? You better think twice if this is the hill you’re willing to die on.”

“Dean,” Marsha said, with a caring, soft voice. “I’m not sure you’re in a safe mind space right now. Are you in mental distress?”

“What are you talking about?”

“I think you are in a state on mental distress, Dean. I feel that medical intervention is called for.” She was making it up, of course. “I’m going to call for an EMT.” She picked up her phone from her pocket.

“Put that down,” he said.

“I’m not willing to jeopardize your mental health, Dean.” She made some very deliberate taps on her phone.

“Stop it!” He said, diving to push her fingers away from the phone. Marsha easily dodged the attempt. “Please don’t escalate the situation, Dean.”

“I said stop!” He made another attempt to stop Marsha, but this time she let him succeed.

“This is an health emergency, Dean. I don’t want you to hurt yourself or others.”

“Look, I’m fine!” Dean said. “Look, look.” He grabbed a twenty from his pocket and opened the fridge, putting the money into the torn lunch bag. “Okay, are we good?”

“Dean, this isn’t about money, it’s about your erratic behavior. I need you in a facility that can look after you properly.”

“What? No! You can’t do that!”

“I’m the head of human resources, Dean.”

“Okay, you can do that! But you can’t do it to *me!*”

Marsha thought for a moment, making a show of taking some deep breaths. “Maybe we both need to back down.”

“There you go,” Dean said.

“I think maybe you should consider heading home for the day, Dean.”

“What the fuck?”

“Why don’t you call it a day. And I won’t use the security cam footage of this event to have you prosecuted.”

Dean’s eyes immediately scanned the ceiling, only for his eyes to freeze on the small black globe poking out in the corner.

“Maybe... That’s... A... Good idea,” he said, gritting his teeth, as he reluctantly had to admit he was not going to bulldoze through this problem in his usual fashion.

“Although I do think medical supervision would be best...”

“No, no. Don’t do that.”

“I don’t think this exhibit of aggression is just going to go away, Dean... But maybe if you took a couple of weeks off.”

“Two *weeks?*” Dean growled.

“Oh, I can make it a leave of absence if it would be easier,” Marsha said. “That may be a better solution.”

“No, no. No. I can... I can take two weeks off.”

“Well, we’ll do that, then,” Marsha said, trying to look like she was compromising. “Two weeks starting now.” She stood still, not budging, indicating to Dean that if he wanted to end the conversation, he was going to be the one to leave first.

“Two weeks,” he said, defeated. He grunted and headed to the door.

“Oh, and Dean, there will be a drug test when you get back,” Marsha added. She recognized his behavior and the cause of it. She also knew why he didn’t want to be treated. He knew what they would find. “Because using ketamine on the job is a fireable offense.”

With the expression of a woodland squirrel trapped in a cage, Dean gave the game away. He quickly scurried on down the hall.

Marsha let out a heavy breath and headed to the sink to rinse out her mug before getting to the coffee machine. “Finally,” she said as she turned on the spigot.

As her mug filled with steaming hot brew, Marsha heard a rustle behind her. The flash of blond from her peripheral vision told her who it was. “Good morning, Cheryl,” she said to the receptionist.

“Oh, there you are!” Cheryl, said with a giggle. “You’re never at your desk!”

“I’m *always* at my desk,” Marsha said in a dispassionate monotone.

“Oh yeah,” Cheryl replied. “Who am I thinking of?”

“You,” Marsha replied, dryly.

“No, someone else. Maybe it’s Wednesday Adams.”

“That is a TV character,” Marsha pointed out.

“Yeah, I never see her at her desk! So, um, I said I would be here for a few more months n’ stuff, but I’m not gonna do that, “kay?” She then began to leave.

“Wait, hold on,” Marsha said, stopping her mug halfway. She turned to face Cheryl, who’s big eyes indicated she was unaware what the trouble was. “I said I’d double your salary if you stayed on until April.”

“Yeah, I *knoooow*,” Cheryl said, apologetically. “But my boyfriend has this coupon book.” She then turned to leave again.

“Cheryl!” Marsha barked.

“Yes? Did you have a question?” Cheryl replied, as if someone had pressed a reset button in her tiny brain.

“Why,” Marsha started, knowing she was going to hate the answer, “would a coupon book make you quit your job?”

“Um... Oh! You see, Joby — that’s my boyfriend — got this coupon book from a boy scout and it cost him a hundred dollars and so we figured that if he didn’t use it, we were out a hundred dollars, so we started using the coupons, and we went to this place where they show movies in a room, which I totally didn’t know was a thing — but I guess they call them theaters — and then we went to a soul food place but they totally didn’t serve any fish, and then we did zip lines, and then we went to a place where they throw axes, and then we went to go see a psychic, and he told me that my chakra was all out of alignment, and I was all ‘why is my chakra out if whack,’ and Joby said it was probably my job, and so he made me promise to quit, and the psychic said that Joby was right, so if I want to get my chakra back, I need to quit, and so, I am.”

“You make 175 thousand dollars a year here,” Marsha said.

“But what does my chakra cost?” Cheryl said. “You can’t put a price on chakra alignment. So I’m gonna leave at the end of the month.” She turned her head at the sound of a trilling phone. “I gotta go answer that.”

Marsha didn’t like the sound of this at all. The only way she was keeping the lecherous Mr. Blomfeld out of her hair was not hiring a receptionist. Without that, she was in deep trouble. With a growing sense of dread, she went back to the coffee machine. Pressing the lever on the spigot, yielded just a momentary spray of liquid before dying out. It was empty.

So, half a cup. That’s all she was going to get. Marsha needed so much more.

She sipped some. The weary middle-aged woman could taste the sediment at the bottom of the batch. It was time to get back to her office, so she headed back with what she had.

There didn’t seem to be any limit to the problems these idiots at the company could make. It was hard to understand just what happened to them after they were hired. She had signed off on each and every one of them. Each one of them felt like a good hire. Now they were basket cases.

“Marsha!” A yell came as got back to her office door. Someone jumped out, whacking the coffee mug from her hand and onto the floor, spilling its’ contents. “Oh, sorry.” It was a young man by the name of Stewart Baxter, a recent hire in logistics.

“Stewart.” Marsha said.

“Yeah, hey, did you get that email about my vacation? I never heard back.” He looked down at the spill. “I’ll grab some paper towels.”



The young man sprinted down the hall and returned with a fistful of paper towels, and began dabbing up the spill.

“Anyway, the dates changed. The flight was going to be on United, but I found a better fare on American but that meant I have to leave two days later and...”

“Stewart.” Marsha repeated.

He looked up at Marsha who was still standing with her hand gripping a mug that wasn't in her hand anymore. “Yes?”

“That was the last drop of coffee in the building.”

“Yeah, they really don't refill that after ten, do they?”

A red mist was slowly coming over Marsha's mind. Her left eye twitched. “Stewart.” Marsha said again.

“Uh, yes?” Stewart replied and he stopped sopping up the spill.

“Do you ever wish you had an easier job?” Her voice was still even, measured. Some might even say pathologically emotionless.

“Sure, who doesn't?”

“Have you ever thought about working... the front desk?”



Marsha sat behind her desk, her hands folded, her face set in the flat expression that her co-workers had come to know all too well. There was a rumor that she kept dry ice hidden somewhere in her office to drive the temp down twenty degrees when you came in. The young man in front of her fidgeted in his chair. Stewart spoke fast, his words tumbling out as though speed might give them more weight.

“Look, I don't want to be paired with Cheryl. She's shallow. She's self-absorbed. She only talks about hair and shoes. I don't see the point of trying to make me the receptionist!”

Marsha looked at him for a moment, her eyes steady, her tone dry. “The point is that this is a team, and you are a part of that team. The team needs a receptionist. If she knows how to do the job, then you will learn what you need from her. *That* is the point.”

Stewart was a young man with a lean, athletic build, his body still carrying the remnants of his college sports days. His facial features were sharp and angular, with a strong jawline and a straight nose that gave him a commanding presence. His eyes were a deep brown, framed by thick, dark eyebrows that added to his serious demeanor. Stewart's hair was cut short, in a style that was neat and professional, styled with a side part. His clothes were typical for a corporate environment: button-down shirts, khaki slacks, and dress shoes.

Stewart blinked several times. “But receptionist? *Receptionist?* That’s not what I signed up for. I wanted *more* responsibility, not less. I’m not going to sit there and answer phones all day. I went to college! I might as well go back to being an unpaid intern or unemployment.”

Marsha did not shift in her chair. “You should be careful with that kind of talk. The job of receptionist is not something to dismiss. I was a receptionist when I started here. I did the job well, and it helped me move forward. You’d be insulting me if you meant what you just said.”

She paused.

“And you don’t want to insult a team member, Stewart.”

He opened his mouth, then shut it. His shoulders dropped a fraction. “I didn’t mean it like that. I just don’t see any future in that role. It’s not a path up. It’s a dead end. How am I supposed to build a career out of answering phones and signing for packages?”

Marsha’s voice stayed even. “It’s a stable job. It has low stress. You will not be buried in deadlines. You will not be given projects with no guidance. You will sit at the desk, and you will do the job that must be done. There are worse things.”

Stewart shook his head, frustrated. “But that’s the problem. No challenge. No growth. No chance to prove myself. I want to move up. I want to show what I can do. Sitting at that desk feels like being shoved aside.”

“I can assure you, this company would cease to function efficiently without a receptionist.” Marsha said. After all, where would all the horny male employees do with all their spare time, if they couldn’t flirt with a brainless sexpot like Cheryl? “I’m going to schedule an appointment with Dr. Howser, our company therapist.”

“Therapist? That’s not really necessary... I’d really rather not.”

“It’s a mandatory part of your health care package — and you’re overdue.” None of that was true.

“I can’t take time off...”

“It’s paid.”

That was different. Stewart had no trouble being paid for doing nothing. “*Fine*,” he said, making it look like a burden.

Marsha leaned back slightly, her gaze never leaving him. Money seemed to be the key with him. It was time to bring out the big guns. “The receptionist’s salary is three times what you make right now.”

Stewart froze. He could feel the temperature drop another ten degrees. His eyebrows bent. His forehead rippled. “*Three* times?”

“Yes.”

He rubbed the back of his neck, his earlier fight draining from him. “I didn’t realize that.”

“You didn’t ask.”

He shook his head. “Well, that changes things.”

“Can I expect you to make this transition, Stewart?” Marsha asked. “Because I’d like your full cooperation.”

“I mean, I still don’t love the idea of shadowing Cheryl...”

Marsha inclined her head a fraction. “You will let her mentor you. You will be evaluated on how well you listen to her advice and instructions.”

Stewart straightened in his chair, the light in his eyes already shifting from resistance to excitement. “Yeah. Yeah, I’ll do it. I’ll learn what I can. It’ll be good. Thank you, Marsha.”

“You’re welcome.”

He stood, energized now, his hands moving as he spoke. “This is going to be a great opportunity. I’ll make the most of it. You’ll see.”

Marsha gave him a thin smile, though her eyes stayed flat. “I’m sure I will.”



Stewart sat at the reception desk with Cheryl perched on the edge of her chair, filing her nails. He assumed this task couldn’t last more than a couple of minutes, but she had been at it for about an hour. Then again, she did have a lot of fingernail.

She pointed lazily at the phone. “It doesn’t ring much. When it does, you just say the greeting and transfer. Easy. Most of the day I just catch up on my phone or fix my makeup.” She pulled a compact from her bag and began brushing powder across her face.

The phone rang once, sharp and loud. Stewart leaned forward, but Cheryl lifted a hand without looking up. She let it ring twice more, then picked it up. “Carter Dynamics, this is Cheryl,” she said in a flat tone. “Please hold.” She transferred the call, then set the receiver down with a smile at her reflection in the black screen of the monitor. She pulled a small mirror from her purse and checked her lipstick.

“You have to keep yourself fresh,” she said, dabbing at the corners of her mouth. “People notice how you look before they notice what you say. It’s the most important part of this job.”

Stewart shifted in his chair. “I thought the most important part was answering phones and helping visitors.”



She giggled, brushing her hair with her fingers. “If you look good, people don’t seem to care!” She giggled. “18 inches, please,” she said, pointing to the gap between them. Stewart scooted away to fulfill her requirement.

Every few minutes she excused herself for the restroom. Whenever that happened, Stewart sat alone at the desk, tapping the keyboard, scrolling through the files on the computer. If the phone rang, he answered it, transferring the call like Cheryl had shown him. She would return after twenty minutes, give or take ten, her hair shining and her perfume heavy in the air.

“You’re back,” Stewart said on the return from her fourth trip of the morning.

“You need to look professional,” she said, settling into her chair and pulling out her phone. She began typing quickly, smiling at the screen. “Don’t hunch your shoulders like that. Sit up. People like confidence.”

‘Confidence’ seemed to be a term to substitute for ‘sticking your boobs out.’ He sat straighter, though his face showed a high degree of distress. He had been here for three hours and he still had no idea what this job even entailed or how to do it. “I’m not sure that’s what Marsha expects me to focus on.”

Cheryl waved her hand without looking up from her phone. “She doesn’t get it. She’s always telling me: Cheryl, you can’t leave. Cheryl, don’t encourage the executives. Cheryl, you can’t kiss the deliverymen. Cheryl, you have to wear panties. Don’t listen to any of that. You’ll learn from me how to survive here. Wear your best clothes, go to the salon three times a week, have incredible hair, wear a scent that people remember. Smile all the time. The rest will take care of itself.”

Stewart noticed many of the company executives seemed to drop by frequently, however once they noticed him sitting at the desk, they just nodded and did a u-turn back the way they came. “Now I know why they’re never in their office,” he mumbled to himself.

The rest of the afternoon moved on glacially, with little to do and a lot of time to not do it in. Cheryl played a jewel game on the computer while Stewart watched. She tapped the screen of her phone, laughing quietly to herself, and shielding it. When the phone at the desk rang, she sometimes picked it up, but often left it for Stewart, who handled the calls with growing frequency. Cheryl leaned back in her chair, checking her messages.

“See? You’re already a natural,” she said. “Just don’t forget. Smile. It’s your best tool.”

Stewart was pretty sure it was not.



Marsha sat at her desk with the receiver pressed against her ear, and the voice on the other end belonged to Dr. Emmitt Howser, her own hand-picked therapist for the company. He was giving a long summary of his first session with Stewart. His tone was professional but soft, with the careful phrasing of a man who spent his life listening to other people's problems. He described Stewart as insecure, overeager, and unsettled, just like ninety percent of the young men who walked into his office. He said Stewart had a constant need for validation, but also a fear of being overlooked. "Nothing I haven't seen several times a day," he said. "He should probably just take a few days off."

Marsha spoke in her steady, flat voice. "Well, thank you, doctor. Your expertise is always appreciated." She paused. "Maybe I shouldn't mention this, but I do have several... *troubling*... reports from his colleagues."

"Oh?" The doctor asked.

"Reports from co-workers that he manifests an intense desire to be a woman."

"A woman? Well, that's a surprise. He seemed to be quite comfortable in his sexuality. He loves his wife. What kind of reports?"

"Well, the reports describe behavior that goes beyond some slight insecurity. Now, you are the professional, but I see a deeply closeted transexual." She was lying, but Marsha had long ago brushed aside her conscience about such things. "I have dozens and dozens of reports from co-workers saying he only associates with the women in the office, openly avoids men when in groups, takes an uncomfortable interest in female employee's clothing, has been reported to be wearing women's underwear under his own clothes, and has been caught several times using the women's restroom."

The doctor hesitated before replying. "I didn't see any of that in session. He seemed harmless, more nervous than anything." Dr. Howser cleared his throat. "That's troubling if it's accurate. He didn't show me that side."

"It is accurate. I have these reports in front of me," she said looking at her empty desktop. "They are consistent across departments. His behavior is disruptive. Right now, he is bordering on being a liability. He needs more time with you. One session will not be enough."

The doctor let out a small sigh. "It sounds like there may be deeper issues than I thought. Perhaps unresolved anger, maybe even avoidance patterns. If he's deeply closeted, that could explain the contradictions. I'll need to schedule several more sessions."

"That is what I recommend," Marsha replied. Her tone did not change. "He needs understanding. Of course, he will deny. I've tried to broach the subject with him and he couldn't have been more defensive, claiming my reports were fabricated. You must help him admit to his transexual nature."

The doctor agreed, now sounding certain where he had been doubtful at the start. "I'll do that. I'll dig deeper. Thank you for the color. It helps to know the workplace side of the picture."

"You're more than welcome," Marsha said. "Let me know if I can be of any more help." She set the receiver back on its base without expression and moved on to her next task. The next step in finding her new receptionist would depend on the good doctor.



Stewart unlocked the apartment door and stepped inside. Jill was in the kitchen, moving between the stove and the counter with practiced ease. The smell of onions and garlic filled the small space. She looked up when he set his pack down by the door and loosened his tie.

"You're late," she said, stirring the pan. "Dinner's almost ready. Traffic?"

Stewart paused, slipping off his jacket and hanging it on the back of a chair. "Something like that." He sat down, smoothing his shirt with his hands.

She turned, leaning against the counter, her eyes catching on his shoes. "Are those new?"

He glanced down. The polished leather gleamed under the light. "Yes. I bought them last week. They're Italian."

She raised her eyebrows, smiling. "And the tie too, I assume. You've been dressing sharper every day. What's going on? Did they give you a raise?"

Stewart had started to pay much more attention to his clothing, opting for nicer, more fashionable men's attire, including dress shorts and tailored shirts. His hair became more styled, often with a slight gel to keep it in place. Stewart's posture improved, and he began to walk with a more confident stride, although his movements were still stiff with discomfort.

He shook his head, tugging at the knot of the tie. "No raise. I just need to look right for the job."

Jill tilted her head. "You're a receptionist. Do you really need Italian shoes for that?"

Stewart leaned back in the chair, his jaw tightening for a moment. "People see me first when they walk in. I can't look careless. The job demands I look my best."

She chuckled, turning back to the stove. "Well, you look like a fashion plate. It's like being married to a male model. All you need is a runway."

He gave a half-smile, but his eyes moved to the window. "It's not like that."

She set the pan aside and began plating the food. "Then why were you late?"



He hesitated, fingers tapping against the table. “I stopped on the way home.”

“Where?” she asked, placing the plates down.

“The salon. Just for a trim.” He looked at the plate instead of her face. “I didn’t want to mention it. It sounds... indulgent.”

Jill sat across from him, laughing softly. “You’re trimming your hair every week now. That’s indulgent. But you look good, so I’m not complaining. I just didn’t think you’d be the type to care this much.”

Stewart moved the food around his plate with his fork. “I didn’t either. But Cheryl keeps saying that how I look is what matters most. That it’s the part of the job people notice. She says it’s my best asset.”

Jill leaned on one hand, watching him. “And you believe her?”

He let out a short breath. “I don’t know. But since I started listening to her, I’ve been getting noticed. People smile more when they walk in. They comment on the tie, the shoes. Maybe she’s right. Maybe this is what the job is about.”

“Not going to complain,” Jill said as she sipped a drink.

Stewart ate in silence for several minutes, his fork moving across the plate without urgency. Jill spoke about her work as a podcast producer, the guest she had booked for the next recording, the edits she needed to finish before the weekend. He nodded when he should, but his mind was elsewhere.

He thought of the last session with Dr. Howser. The doctor had leaned forward in his chair, his questions circling back again and again to the same themes. Was Stewart avoiding being honest about his inner desires? Perhaps he had feminine tendencies he was burying beneath a facade? Stewart had answered no, each time with more certainty, but the doctor never seemed satisfied.

Now, at the table with Jill, he felt less certain. Maybe there was some truth to it. There was a little bit of femininity inside everyone, even a stone-cold heterosexual man like himself. He did care about fashion and appearances more than before. He had started to enjoy the compliments, the nods of approval from strangers who noticed his fancy clothes. It wasn’t what he had set out to do, but it had become a part of him anyway.

The doctor had told him that denial was common. Stewart remembered the way he had said it, calm and matter-of-fact, as though it were a fact instead of an opinion. At the time, Stewart had pushed back, insisting he knew himself better than anyone. Yet now, with Jill looking at him across the table, the thought returned.

He set his fork down and rubbed his temples. Maybe it wasn’t weakness to admit it. Maybe it would make the questions stop if he agreed, just once. The

idea unsettled him, but he was tired of answering all these dumb questions from the doctor.

Jill reached across the table and touched his hand. “You’re quiet. Long day?”

He gave a small nod, forcing a thin smile. “Something like that.”

She squeezed his hand before going back to her plate. Stewart stared at the food in front of him, but his thoughts stayed on the questions he couldn’t stop replaying. Who knew being a receptionist was this hard? Or hard at all, really?



Two weeks later, Stewart sat at the reception desk beside Cheryl. They looked oddly matched. Cheryl wore a cream blazer over a silk blouse and a short skirt. Stewart wore a pale blazer too, paired with a sleeveless silk shirt and pressed shorts. His shoes were polished, with no-show socks. He kept glancing at his reflection in the darkened monitor, smoothing his hair into place.

Cheryl stood up, slinging her bag over one shoulder. “I’m taking a quick touch-up,” she said, heading toward the restroom without waiting for a reply.

Stewart leaned back in her chair, folding his smooth legs and letting one foot bob in the air. He opened the Jewel Crush game on the computer and played a few rounds before picking up a file and running his nail buffer across his thumb. His phone buzzed, and he scrolled through the messages, smiling faintly to himself. The phone at the desk rang once, and he answered it smoothly, transferring the call with practiced ease.

Marsha appeared a few minutes later. She rested her hand on the counter and looked down at him. “You’re doing a good job at the front desk,” she said, her voice flat but clear.

Stewart straightened in his chair, his face brightening. “Thank you, Marsha. I’m really enjoying it.”

“You’re excelling at this work, and I’m getting very good reports about your competency,” she continued. “I don’t remember the last time I had so many compliments about an employee.” Praising his performance doing these new tasks was an essential next step. Making him feel valued and appreciated for his efforts would encourage him to take on more responsibilities, and feel like any compromises he was making were worth it.

“Wow,” Stewart said, feeling a strange rush of pride. “I didn’t think anyone noticed.”

“Of they certainly have.” Marsha leaned in closer, her voice low. “How are your sessions with Dr. Howser going? Any progress?”



Stewart nodded, a hint of excitement in his voice. “Oh, yes. I’ve had a big breakthrough. Dr. Howser helped me realize that maybe my gender is just a state of mind. I’m becoming much more comfortable with myself.”

Marsha’s eyes flicked to Stewart’s ears, where a pair of small, delicate earrings sparkled. “And what’s this? New earrings?”

Stewart touched the earrings self-consciously, a blush creeping up his cheeks. “Yes, I got them yesterday. Do you like them?”

Marsha smiled, a rare show of approval. “They suit you, Stewart. You look very... polished.”

Cheryl returned, her makeup flawless, her hair perfectly coiffed. She placed her bag on the desk, her eyes flicking between Stewart and Marsha. “Everything okay here?”

Marsha nodded, her gaze lingering on Stewart. “Stewart was just telling me about his breakthrough with Dr. Howser. It seems he’s becoming much more comfortable with himself.”

Cheryl grinned, her eyes twinkling. “He is. And he’s really getting into the vibe of the job. We’re even going shopping after work to get him a few new things.”

She had no idea what that really meant, but the blush on Stewart’s cheeks seemed to hint at something more than just buying some socks. Marsha’s expression softened, a hint of satisfaction in her eyes. “That’s wonderful to hear. Stewart, keep up the good work. You’re doing great.”

As Marsha walked away, Stewart stood up, his bag in hand. “I’m going to the restroom for a quick touch-up.”

In the restroom, Stewart took out his makeup kit, carefully applying a light layer of foundation to cover any blemishes. He checked his reflection, making sure his face was still smooth from his morning shave. Satisfied, he grinned at his reflection. He remembered Cheryl’s advice, and smiled just the way she did. She was right, it could be his best tool.



Stewart stood in the bedroom, his eyes meeting Jill’s across the room. Her face was flushed with anger and confusion, her hands clenched tightly at her sides. It had been quite a night in the Baxter home, as the husband and wife had been shouting until their faces were red, with tears coming down their cheeks. “Stewart, you still haven’t told me why you are wearing my panties!”

“You don’t understand, Jill! You could never understand what I’m going through!” He said, as he wailed. Stewart, once stoic and simple, was now melodramatic and emotional in ways Jill had never seen him before. It had been getting worse every day.

“I can’t take any more of this!” Jill fired back. “You shave your legs and won’t tell me why! You come home with designer clothes and hide them from me! You spend half your salary at the salon! You got your ears pierced and tried to tell me it was an accident with a stapler!”

Stewart’s visits to the salon became more frequent, and he started to experiment with different hairstyles. Thanks to Cheryl, Stewart’s clothing had become even more fashionable, with a focus on fitting well and accentuating his physique.

His therapist, Dr. Howser, began to plant seeds of doubt in his mind, suggesting that he might be a woman trapped in a man’s body. He started to steal his wife’s panties, wearing them secretly under his clothes, a small act of exploration. His eyes were often caught in the mirror, admiring his reflection.

“You just don’t understand!” Stewart cried again, putting his face in his hands. Stewart took a deep breath, trying to keep his voice steady, but his chest was heaving with every breath. “Jill, I’ve been going to therapy. Dr. Howser helped me see things differently. I think... I think I might not want to be a man anymore.”

Jill’s eyes widened in disbelief. “*What?* Stewart, we’re married. We have a life together. We’re planning on kids! You can’t just decide to change who you are. This is crazy!”

“Don’t call me crazy!” Stewart yelled. “This is who I am! I’ve felt this way for a long time.”

“You never said anything!” Jill yelled.

“There’s always been something inside me, something I couldn’t explain. Now, with Dr. Howser’s help, I understand it. It’s my desire to be free from my masculinity.”

Jill paced the room, her voice rising with each step. “But Stewart, where did this come from? You’ve never mentioned anything like this before. We’ve been happy, haven’t we?”

Stewart’s eyes softened, a hint of sadness in his gaze. “We have been happy, Jill. But it was a lie! I can’t ignore this feeling anymore! I need to explore this part of myself. I need to understand who I truly am.” He then took a moment. “And you should be supporting me!”

“I do support you, Stewart! It’s just so sudden!” Jill stepped back, her voice cold and distant. “Stewart, I don’t understand what’s happening. I don’t understand who you are anymore. I’m going to need some time. I think... I think you should move out. At least for a few days.”

Stewart nodded, his heart heavy with regret. “Okay, Jill. I’ll go. But please, know that I love you. I always will.”

As Stewart gathered some things, Jill watched, her heart aching. It was as if he was leaving with a piece of her, a part of the life they had shared. Stewart paused at the door, his eyes meeting Jill's one last time.

“Goodbye, Jill. I'm sorry.”

With that, he walked out, leaving Jill alone in their home, her heart shattered and her mind reeling. She sank to the floor, her tears flowing freely, as she tried to make sense of the sudden and dramatic turn her life had taken. The room felt empty without Stewart. Then she noticed he had taken her makeup, her hair dryer and the contents of her panty drawer.



Stewart sat on the couch in Cheryl's apartment, his legs crossed, his skirt neatly arranged around him. He was wearing a blouse, his makeup flawless, thanks to Cheryl's expert touch. Cheryl, dressed in a tight-fitting dress, bounced into the room, her heels clicking on the floor. “Like, omigawd, Stewart, you look so cute in that blouse! It totally matches your aura!”

Cheryl flitted around the room, her heels clicking on the hardwood floor. She picked up a makeup brush, her eyes sparkling with excitement. “Okay, bestie, let's get you all dolled up. We're going out, and you need to look your best!”

Stewart smiled nervously, his fingers fidgeting with the hem of his skirt. “Cheryl, I don't want to seem ungrateful... And you know I'm grateful for you letting me stay with you until Jill and I can patch things up... But I'm not sure about all this. I mean, I like the clothes and the makeup, but I'm not sure I want to be a woman. At least, all the time.”

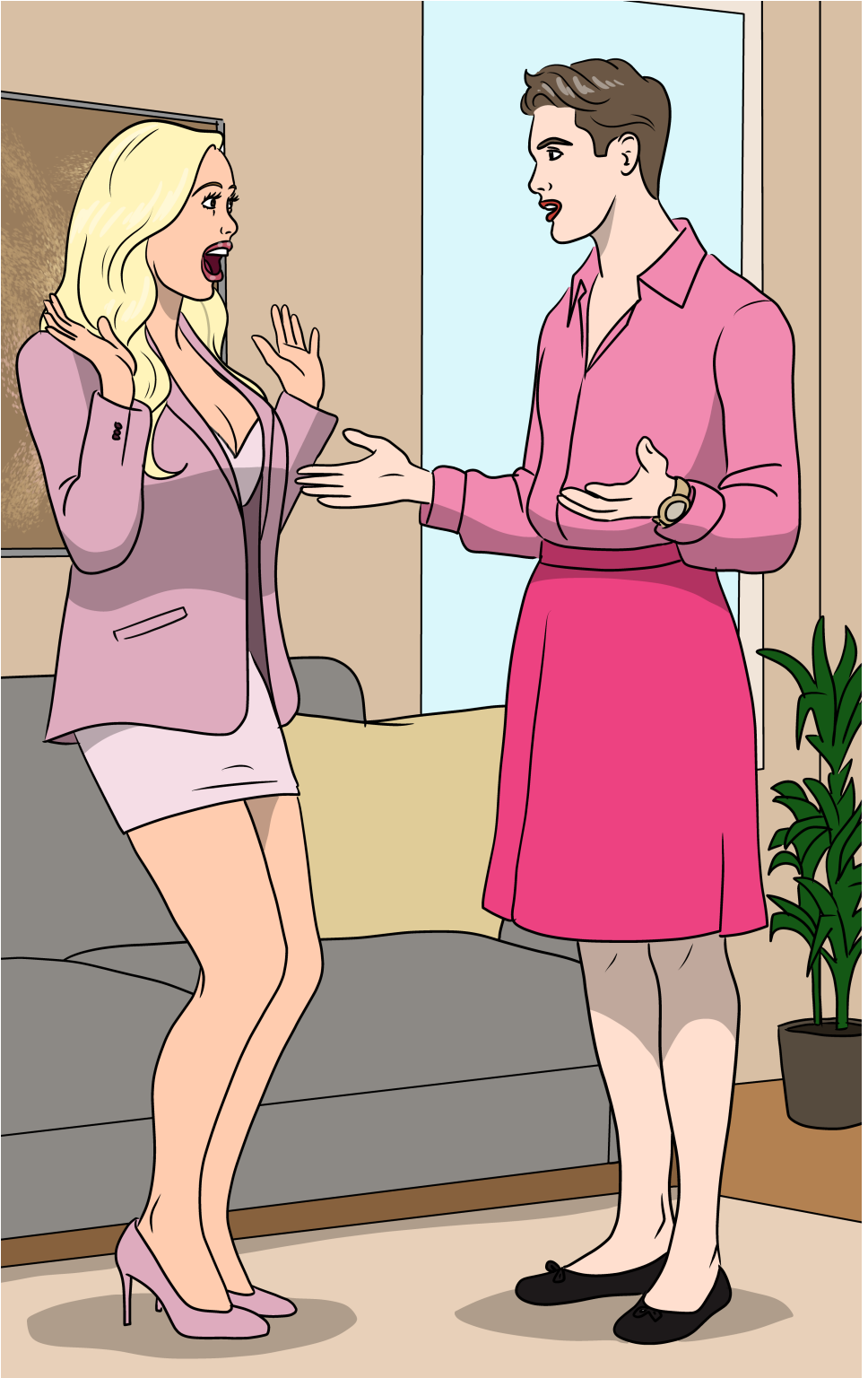
Cheryl waved a hand dismissively, her voice taking on a soothing tone. “Oh, Stewart, don't worry about it. You're doing great. Just go with the flow, you know? Embrace your inner goddess!” She grabbed Stewart's hand, her grip firm and reassuring. “Come on, let's go to my salon. I gotta get you a makeover!”

At the salon, Cheryl led Stewart to a chair, her eyes shining with anticipation. “Okay, so I was thinking, like, bleach job, and, oh! Hair extensions would be totally awesome for you. They'd give you long, wavy, feminine hair. You'd look so hot!”

“Omigawd! You're so right!” The hairdresser agreed, in almost the same voice Cheryl spoke in.

Stewart's eyes widened, his heart pounding in his chest. “Hair extensions? Cheryl, I don't know. That's a big step. I need to think about it.”

Cheryl pouted, her lower lip jutting out. “Aw, come on, Stewart. It'll be fun! Think of how amazing you'll look.”



“I really don’t think so, Cheryl. I’m not comfortable with that.”



Stewart sat in Marsha’s office, dressed in a skirt and blouse, his makeup flawless, and his new long, blond hair cascading down his back. She leaned back in her chair, her fingers steepled in front of her. “Stewart, I asked you here to confirm something. Cheryl and I were talking, and she said you were ready to present as a woman at work? It’s important for us to know so we can update your records accordingly.”

Stewart shifted uncomfortably, his hands fidgeting in his lap. “Present as a woman? You mean... As a woman?”

“That’s what that means, yes,” Marsha said.

“Well, Cheryl and Dr. Howser have been saying I should consider it. They say it’s the next step in my journey. But I’m not sure. I mean, I’ve only just started to explore this side of myself, and it feels... overwhelming.”

Marsha nodded, her expression thoughtful. “I understand. This is a big decision. Why don’t we reclassify you as female for the time being? Just to test things out. See how you feel about it. We can always change it back if you decide it’s not for you.”

Stewart hesitated, his mind racing. He thought about the life he seemed to be leaving behind, the man he didn’t much resemble anymore. “Can I think about it? You know, just for a little while?”

“It’ll just be temporary for now. Have you picked out a name? Cheryl said you loved the name Stacy.”

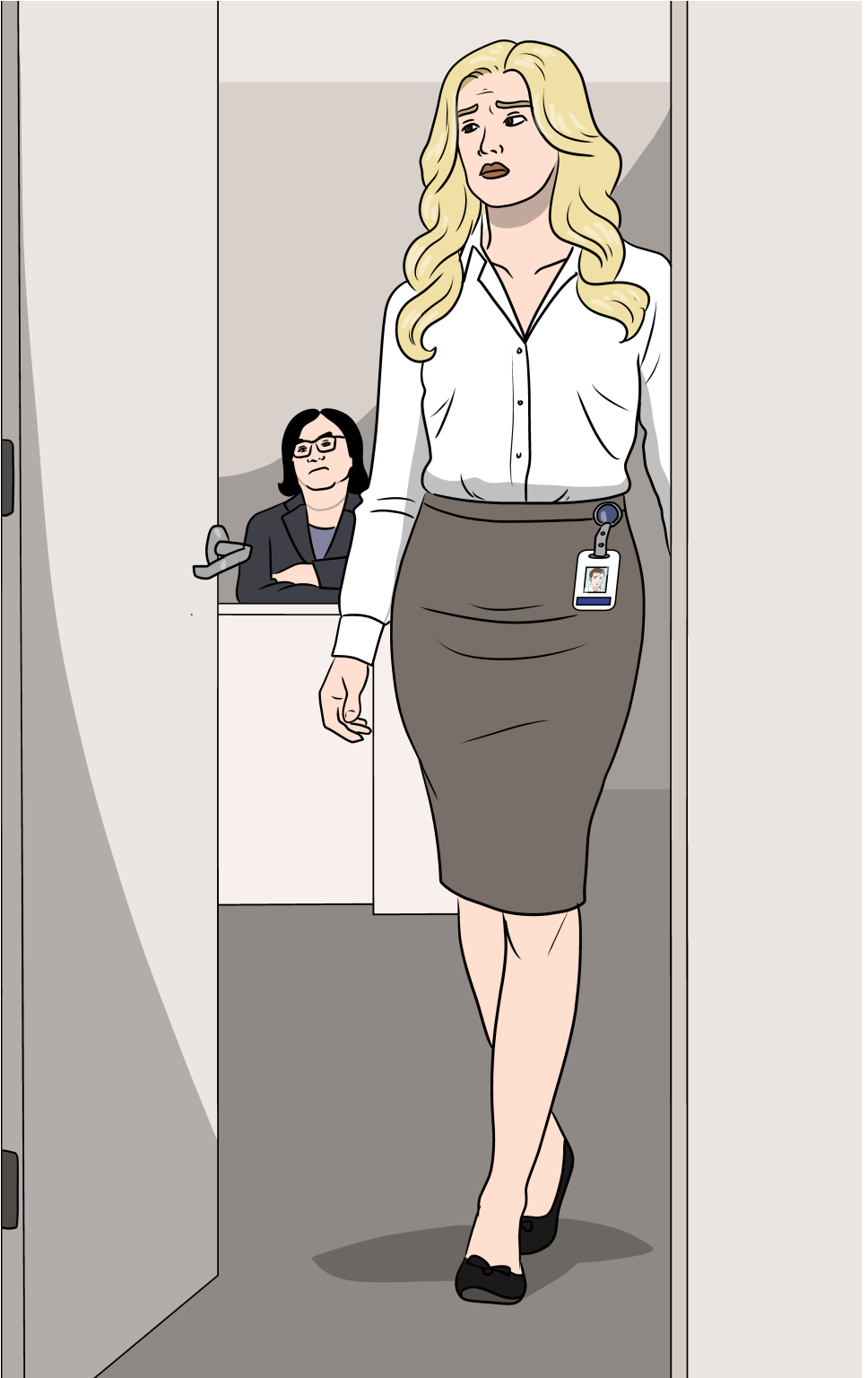
“Stacy?” That was the first he’d heard of this name. “No, I don’t think...”

“Stacy Baxter,” Marsha said, finishing a brief burst of typing. She punched a key on her keyboard. A printer to her left started to whirl and it quickly cranked out a fresh new ID card for “Stacy Baxter.” Marsha handed it to Stewart. “There we go.”

Reluctantly, Stewart took it, his long pink nails clacking on the plastic as he did.

Marsha smiled, a rare show of approval. “Good. I think this is the right decision for you, Stewart — excuse me — Stacy. Now, let’s talk about seeing Dr. Howser more often. It might help you make up your mind about all this. You look like you need to find some answers.”

Stewart nodded, his voice barely above a whisper. “Yes, Marsha. That’s a good idea. I think I need all the help I can get right now. I just hope I can figure this out.”



Marsha stood up, her chair creaking softly. “And remember, Cheryl leaves in just a few days. After that, you’ll be the full-time receptionist. How do you feel about that?”

Stewart looked nervous, his hands clasped tightly in his lap. “I... I’m not sure, Marsha. I mean, I’ve been learning a lot from Cheryl, but I’m not sure I’m ready for all this responsibility. What if I mess up?”

“Just remember what makes Cheryl so good at her job: her bubbly and friendly demeanor, as well as using a cheerful tone when speaking to visitors and colleagues. She creates a positive work environment for all of us.”

“Yeah, I guess she does,” Stewart had to admit. No one ever seemed down or caused problems when Cheryl was around.

Marsha placed a hand on Stewart’s shoulder, her touch surprisingly gentle. “You’ll do great, Stacy. I have faith in you. Now, go on. You have a big day ahead of you.”

As Stewart left Marsha’s office, his new ID badge hooked to the waist of his skirt, his high heels clicking on the floor, he felt a wave of confusion. He got the feeling he was no longer in control of his life, but at the same time, he wasn’t altogether opposed to it.



Stewart sat on Cheryl’s couch, his legs tucked under him, as he and Cheryl watched TV. They were both dressed in pajama bottoms and tank tops, their long hair tied into messy buns. Cheryl leaned in, her eyes wide with excitement as she pointed at the screen. “Oh my gosh, can you believe she chose him? He’s so not her type!”

Stewart nodded, his voice soft and breathy. “I know, right? Like, she’s always gone for the tall, dark, and handsome types. This guy is just... so... poopie.”

Cheryl giggled, her hand resting on Stewart’s arm. “You’re *sooo* right, girl. She needs to up her game. She’s way too good for him.”

Stewart smiled, feeling a sense of camaraderie with Cheryl. “These shows are *sooo* fake, anyway.” He popped open a tube of lip gloss and reapplied it to his lips.

Cheryl’s influence was deep and profound. Stewart’s wardrobe had been revamped, incorporating skirts and heels. His makeup skills improved under Cheryl’s tutelage, and he began to contour his face, emphasizing his cheekbones and jawline. With Stewart’s longer hair, he was experimenting with different styles, often wearing it down with voluminous waves. His eyes were accentuated with smoky eyeshadow, and his lips had been painted in a range of shades, from soft pinks to bold reds.



Cheryl turned to Stewart, her expression serious. “So, like, how’s the receptionist job going? I miss it, you know. But I’m so glad you’re there now. You’re doing an amazing job.”

Stewart blushed slightly, his fingers playing with the strap of his tank top. “Ohmigawd, it’s the best job I’ve ever had, bestie. I mean, it’s kinda slow at times, but at least no over tells me I missed a deadline or forgot an email. I don’t know why I ever thought I wanted to be a dumb office guy.”

Cheryl beamed, her eyes sparkling with pride. “I knew you’d be great at it, Stacy. You are a receptionist rock star!”

Before Stewart could respond, the front door opened, and Joby, a muscular man with a chiseled jaw, walked in. She was her boyfriend, and when they were together, it was sign for Stewart to be scarce. Cheryl’s face lit up, and she threw herself into his arms, her lips meeting his in a passionate kiss. Stewart started to get up from the couch, giving them privacy, but Joby stopped him.

“Hey, hey, no need to leave, Stacy,” Joby said, his voice deep and confident. “I’m just here for a few minutes. I’m headed to the gym for som racquetball and thought I’d swing by.”

Stewart sat back down, turning back to the TV. “Oh, okay. No problem.”

Joby’s eyes roamed over Stewart, with an appreciative gleam in them. “You look great, Stacy. That hair and makeup really suit you.”

Stewart blushed deeper, his hands fidgeting in his lap. “Thank you, Joby. I... I try my best.”

“Stacy and I have really found a look that works for her, don’t you think?”

“I *do*,” Joby replied with a little extra english on his answer. “And you could look even better, if you wanted to.”

“Um, like, okay?” Stewart replied, unsure where this was going.

Cheryl looked between the two of them, a mischievous glint in her eye. “You know, Joby is a plastic surgeon,” she said.

“He is?” Stewart replied, genuinely shocked.

“That’s how we met. When I was getting my 600cc’s.” She grabbed her D-cup boobs. “It was love at first sight.”

Joby raised an eyebrow, a smirk playing on his lips. “You thinking about getting some work done, Stacy?”

Stewart shook his head, a nervous laugh escaping his lips. “No, no. I’m good, thanks. I mean, I appreciate the offer, but I’m not, like, really into that kind of thing.”

Cheryl leaned in, her voice a conspiratorial whisper. “Come on, Stacy. A few quick procedures, and you’ll have a knockout body. My Joby’s the best, you know.”

Stewart shifted uncomfortably, his mind racing. “I don’t know, Cheryl. I mean, I’m happy with how I look. I don’t need any surgery. I’m still not sure I even want to be a... You know... a *girl*.”

Joby chuckled, his eyes twinkling with amusement. “Well, if you change your mind, you know where to find me.”

Cheryl clapped her hands together, her eyes shining with excitement. “Ooh, when I have my cheeks done next week, clear some extra time for Stacy.”

“I said I didn’t want to do this, Cheryl!”

She loudly whispered into Joby’s ear, “I’ll talk her into it, baby. Don’t you worry. She just needs to be properly persuaded.”

Stewart rolled his eyes, a sigh escaping his glistening lips. “Cheryl, I said no. I don’t want any surgery. I’m happy with myself the way I am.”

Cheryl pouted, her lower lip jutting out. “But Stacy, think about it. You could be even more amazing. Joby’s work is incredible. You’d be stunning.”

Stewart stood up, his hands on his hips. “Cheryl, like, I get it, but I’m not changing my mind. I like myself just the way I am. I don’t need surgery to feel good about myself. ‘Kay?’”

Joby held up his hands in surrender, a grin on his face. “Okay, okay. No pressure, cutie. It’s your body, your choice. I respect that.”

Stewart sat back down, unsettled. He was hoping Joby and Cheryl had dropped the subject, but he knew they wouldn’t let it go that easily. He just hoped they would respect his decision and not push the issue anymore.

As the TV show continued to play in the background, Stewart tried to focus on the screen, pushing the thoughts of surgery and self-improvement to the back of his mind. He was happy with himself, and that was all that mattered.



Marsha sat across from Cheryl in the small interview room, her expression neutral as she finished the exit interview. Cheryl, ever the chatty one, filled the room with her inane banter.

“Oh my gosh, Marsha, I’m gonna miss this place so much! But I’m super excited for my new job. It’s gonna be, like, totally awesome!” Cheryl gushed, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

“New job? What new job?” Masha asked.

Cheryl shrugged. “I dunno. I haven’t thought about it yet.”

Marsha nodded, her pen poised over her notepad. She put it down. “I see.”

“Maybe I could go work at Joby’s clinic. I could, like, a sexy nurse or something. ‘Yes doctor,’ ‘no doctor,’ ‘the patient is in exam room 3, doctor.’ See? I’d be perfect for that.”

“I’m sure you would be, Cheryl. You’ve always been comfortable around doctors.” She knew her history of having affairs with plastic surgeons, just like her latest boyfriend.

“Yah! I love doctors. They’re always so nice to me. Joby even offered to do some work on Stacy for free, since she’s like, my bestie.”

“Oh?”

Cheryl’s expression turned serious for a moment. “Oh, yeah. I tried to talk her into it, but she was all shy and stuff. She’d be so cute, though! I just wanted her to feel confident, you know?”

Marsha picked her pen back up and jotted down a note, her mind racing with possibilities. “I see. Well, thank you for your input. We appreciate everything you’ve done here. Is there anything else you’d like to add before you go?”

Cheryl shook her head, her blonde hair bouncing. “Nah, I think that’s it. Thanks for everything, Marsha. You’ve been, like, the best boss ever!”

“I was never your boss.” Marsha smiled, as a courtesy. “So long, Cheryl. Good luck. Take care.”

As Cheryl left the room, Marsha picked up her phone and dialed Dr. Howser’s number. He answered on the second ring, his voice calm and professional as usual.

“Dr. Howser, it’s Marsha. I wanted to discuss Stacy. She’s been confiding in her friends and co-workers about wanting to be a gorgeous, shapely woman, but she’s too shy to go through with the surgery. I think she needs some encouragement.”

Dr. Howser’s tone was reassuring. “I see. Well, Marsha, I can help Stacy work through her reluctance. She’s come quite a long way. With the right guidance and support, she can overcome her inhibitions and embrace the changes she desires.”

Marsha nodded, even though Dr. Howser couldn’t see her. “That’s what I was hoping you’d say. I believe Stacy has the potential to be truly happy, but she needs a push in the right direction. Can you schedule some additional sessions to focus on this?”

“Absolutely,” Dr. Howser confirmed. “I’ll make sure Stacy feels supported and understood. We’ll take this one step at a time, and I’m confident she’ll come around.”

“I’m overjoyed to hear that,” Masha said in her trademark monotone. The last thing she wanted to cover was this reluctance to embrace his womanhood. Stewart was thinking too much. That had to change. “One last thing, I’ve been

concerned with her mental state. This whole transition can't be easy on her emotions. I've been seeing some erratic gaps in her quality of work. I'm hoping there's some way you can help her learn to relax, take her mind off things and simplify her thoughts. You know, to set aside her troubles and just focus on being happy."

"I have to agree," Dr. Howser said, nodding on his end, even though he couldn't be seen. "Stacy has been acting a little more stressed in her last few sessions. I'll certainly see what I can do."

Marsha ended the call and grabbed a pamphlet from a file cabinet. She made her way to the front desk, where Stewart was filing his nails, a mirror image of Cheryl's old habits.

Stewart's outfits had become more feminine, with a focus on tighter, more revealing clothes. His makeup was bold, with dramatic eyes and a glossy pout. Stewart's behavior began to mimic Cheryl's, with playful, carefree mannerisms and a flirty demeanor. His walk became more graceful, with a sway in his hips.

"Stacy, I have something for you," Marsha said, her voice calm and confident as she handed over a pamphlet. "This is about taking elective time off. I'm giving them to everyone in the building. It's important to take care of yourself."

"Elective time off?" Stewart asked. "You mean, like, for voting?"

Marsha kept herself from smiling. Hanging out with a dingbat like Cheryl had definitely rubbed off on him. "No, just for any time you might need. You can take up to two weeks, if necessary."

"Wow!" Stewart said. "That's so cool! I don't know if I can even think of something that would take me away from work for two weeks, though."

"Just in case it comes up, that's all."

Stacy took the pamphlet, his eyes scanning the cover. "Thanks, Marsha. I'll take a look at this."

Marsha nodded. "See that you do."



It was a few weeks later that Stewart stormed into Marsha's office, his eyes wide with alarm. "Marsha, what is this?" he demanded, slamming a printout of the company-wide email onto her desk. "You sent out an email welcoming 'Stacy Baxter' to the team? Without even warning me?"

Marsha leaned back in her chair, her expression calm and unruffled. "Stacy, I thought it was time to make the transition official. You've been doing so well, and I wanted to ensure everyone was on the same page."

Stacy paced back and forth, his hands gesturing wildly. “But Marsha, no one even remembers I was a man! My co-workers don’t recognize me anymore. It’s like I’ve disappeared, and now there’s just this new girl they all fawn over.”

Marsha’s eyes softened, a hint of understanding in her gaze. “Stacy, I know this is a big change, but think of it as a fresh start. You have the opportunity to reinvent yourself, to be whoever you want to be. A lot of people would envy your position.”

Stacy stopped pacing, his expression thoughtful. “I guess so, but ohmigawd, it’s just... *sooo* overwhelming. I never thought it would be this sudden, this final.”

Marsha nodded, her tone gentle but firm. “Change is never easy, Stacy. But you’re stronger than you think. You’ve come this far, and I believe in your ability to handle whatever comes next.”

Stewart took a deep breath, his shoulders slumping slightly. “You’re right. I just need some time to process all of this. Speaking of which, I need to take a day off on Friday. Cheryl is going in for plastic surgery, and she needs someone to support her.”

Marsha’s eyebrows raised slightly, but she didn’t hesitate. “Of course, Stacy. Take the day off. You’ve earned it, and it’s important to support your friends. Just let me know if you need anything else.”

Stacy nodded, a sense of relief washing over him. His big, heavily made up eyes relaxed. “Thanks, Marsha. It’s like, so great you understand n’ stuff. I just hope I can handle all of this. It’s *sooo* much to take in.”

Marsha smiled, her eyes filled with encouragement. “You can handle it, Stacy. Remember, you’re not alone in this. We’re all here to support you, every step of the way.” She got up from her desk. “Follow me.”

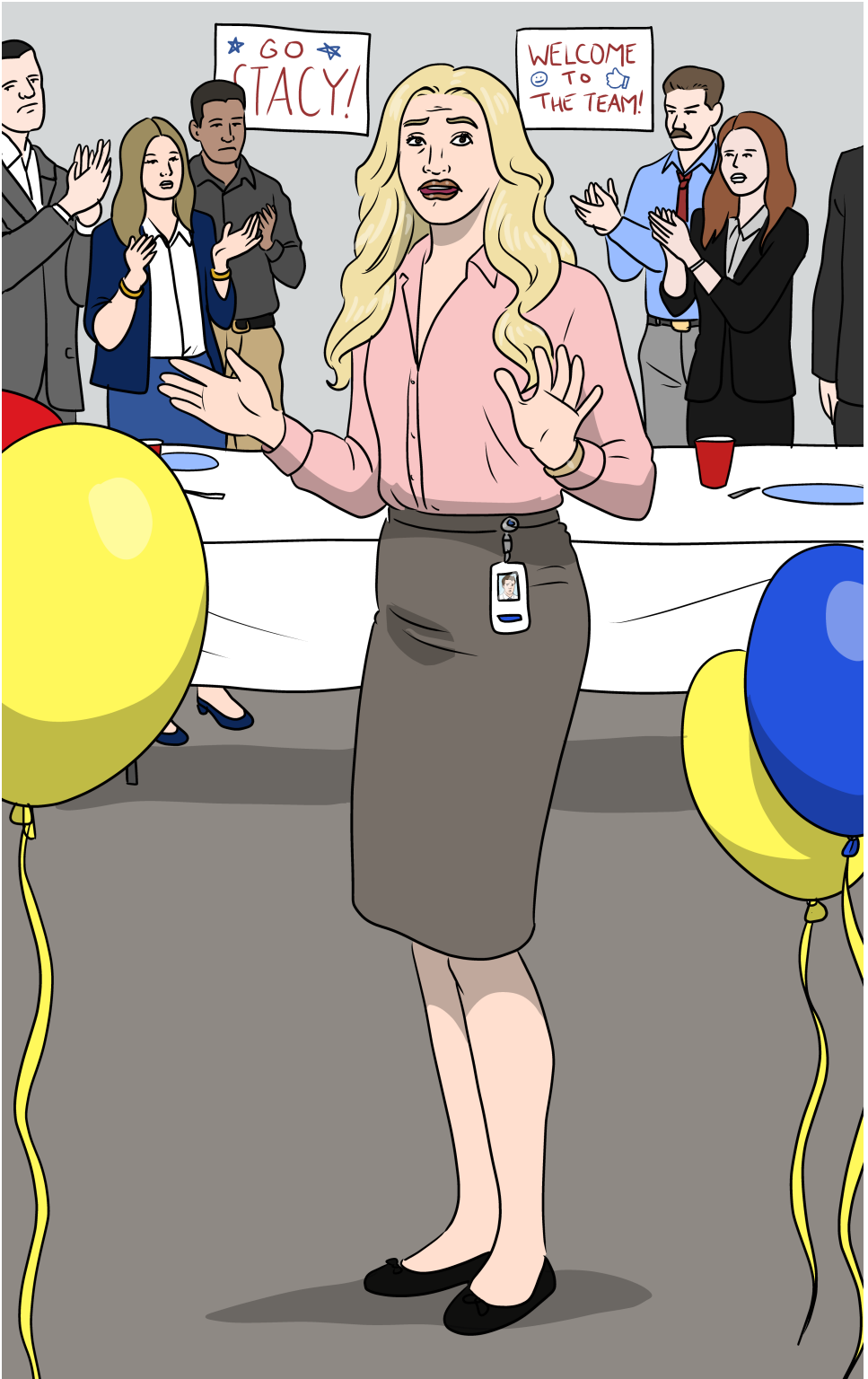
Marsha escorted Stewart, now known as Stacy, to the break room, where a dozen fellow employees had gathered. The room was filled with laughter and the aroma of a freshly baked cake. As they entered, the employees turned to face them, their faces lit up with smiles.

“Surprise!” they chimed in unison, holding up a cake adorned with “Welcome Stacy” in colorful icing.

Stewart’s eyes widened in surprise, a blush creeping up his cheeks. “Oh my gosh, you guys, this is... this is amazing. Uh... Thank you so much!”

Marsha beamed with pride, her voice filled with warmth. “We wanted to do something special to welcome you to the team. Everyone here thinks you’re the best receptionist we’ve ever had.”

The employees nodded in agreement, their enthusiasm palpable. “You’re doing great, Stacy. We’re all so happy to have you here,” one of them said, handing Stewart a plate with a slice of cake.



Stewart took the plate, his hands trembling slightly with emotion. “I... I don’t know what to say. Thank you, everyone. This means so much to me.” He didn’t want to cry. He would have to re-do his mascara if he did.

As the employees chatted and laughed, Marsha pulled Stewart aside, her tone gentle but firm. “Stacy, I know this is a big change for you, but I want you to know that you’re doing an incredible job. Your colleagues adore you, and I have no doubt you’ll continue to excel in this role.”

Stewart nodded, a mix of gratitude and apprehension in his eyes. “I appreciate your support, Marsha. It’s just... it’s a lot to take in. But I’m, like, trying my best.”

Marsha placed a reassuring hand on Stewart’s shoulder. “That’s all anyone can ask for. Remember, you’re not alone in this. Every step of the way, we’re here to support you. Especially me.”



Stewart lay in bed at Cheryl’s apartment, his body aching. The room was dimly lit, and the air was heavy with the scent of antiseptic. He shifted uncomfortably, his eyes fluttering open as Joby and Cheryl entered the room. Joby’s presence was imposing, his muscular frame filling the doorway, while Cheryl’s cheerful demeanor seemed out of place in the somber atmosphere.

“Hey, Princess! How’re you feeling?” Joby asked, his voice deep and resonating. He approached the bed, his eyes scanning Stacy’s bandaged torso.

Stewart winced as he tried to sit up, his voice barely above a whisper. “I... I’m not sure. It’s all a bit of a blur.”

Cheryl rushed to his side, her hands fluttering nervously. “Oh, honey, you just rest. Joby’s here to check on you. He’s the best, you know?”

Joby nodded, a confident smile on his face. “That’s right. Now, let’s take a look at those bandages, shall we?”

With gentle but firm hands, Joby began to remove the bandages, revealing the swollen, red flesh beneath. Stewart’s eyes widened as he caught a glimpse of his new chest, the massive rise in the bedsheets now making sense. His heart raced, and a wave of anxiety washed over him as he saw the extra flesh, the unnatural curves that now defined his torso.

“Great job, Stacy. You’re healing very nicely,” Joby commented, his tone professional. “The swelling is normal, and your incision sites look great. You’re doing just fine.”

Stewart’s head swam, his mind racing with a mix of disbelief and dread. He remembered the events leading up to this moment — the day he had escorted Cheryl to Joby’s clinic. Cheryl had been chattering nonstop about her own pro-

cedure, a touch-up on her cheeks, and then she had started in on him about breast implants.

“Stacy, you should really consider getting breast implants,” Cheryl had said, her eyes sparkling with enthusiasm, like a child in the world’s biggest toy store. “They’re an essential part of being a woman, you know? They make you feel so much more complete.”

Stewart had been taken aback, his mind already reeling from the changes he had undergone. “I don’t know, Cheryl. I’m not sure I’m ready for that step.”

But Cheryl had been relentless, being a master of persuasion. Well, not so much persuasion, but she was a relentless nagging bitch. “Come on, Stacy. Just get examined. Joby will show you some computer simulations and it’s all really neat! Trust me, I know what I’m talking about.”

Against his better judgment, Stewart had agreed, mostly to get Cheryl to stop talking. One thing led to another, and before he knew it, he was in the operating room, the anesthesia taking hold as he drifted into unconsciousness.

Now, as he lay in bed, the reality of his decision staring him in the face, Stacy felt a deep sense of unease. Joby continued his examination, his touch gentle but professional.

“Stacy, pop a few more painkillers and get some rest,” Joby instructed, his voice firm. “You’re doing great, but you need to take it easy for another week. No strenuous activity, okay?”

Stewart nodded weakly, his throat dry. “Okay, I understand.”

Cheryl beamed at him, her voice filled with determination. “Don’t worry, Stacy. I’m going to be the best nurse you could ask for. I’ll make sure you’re comfortable and taken care of.”

As Joby and Cheryl left the room, their footsteps fading into the distance, Stewart was left alone with his thoughts. He stared at the ceiling, his mind a whirlwind of confusion and self-doubt. Why had he let this happen? Why had he given in to Cheryl’s persuasion, to the pressure to conform to some ideal of femininity?

He touched his chest tentatively, feeling the foreign flesh beneath his fingers. The sensation was unsettling, a bizarre monument to the irreversible changes he had undergone. Stewart took a deep breath, trying to calm his racing heart. For now, all he could do was drift off to sleep, hoping that tomorrow would bring some semblance of clarity to the chaos that had become his life.



Stewart found himself in a somewhat unfamiliar and slightly uncomfortable situation: shopping for bras. Cheryl, ever the enthusiastic friend, had dragged

him to her special boutique, a place she swore was the best for “big-boobed girls” like the two of them. As they entered the store, the bell above the door chimed, and a very *very* enthusiastic saleslady greeted them with a wide — slightly creepy — smile.

“Welcome, welcome! Oh my, aren’t you a cutie?” the saleslady gushed, her eyes sparkling with excitement. “I’m Beatrice, and I’m here to help you find the perfect fit. You must be new here!”

Cheryl chimed in, chirpy voice filling the air. “Oh my gosh, Beatrice, she’s totally new! Stacy just got her boob job, and she needs the biggest, bestest bras ever!”

Stewart blushed, feeling a mix of embarrassment and discomfort. “Um, yeah, I guess I do. Joby said they’re D-cups, and I’m not sure how to handle them. They’re like water balloons I can’t take off.”

Beatrice clapped her hands together, her enthusiasm undiminished. “D-cups? Oh, you’re going to look fabulous! Come on, let’s get you measured and fitted. You’re in for a treat!”

As Beatrice led Stacy to the fitting room, Cheryl followed close behind, chattering excitedly. “You’re gonna love this, Stacy! Beatrice knows her stuff. She’ll make you look so hot!”

He did not want to look hot. He just wanted to stop his breasts from moving on their own. Stewart stepped into the fitting room, the door closing behind him with a soft click. Beatrice began to measure him, her touch professional but firm. Stewart felt a wave of humiliation wash over him as he stood there, half-naked, his new breasts on full display. He hated how big they were, how they made walking nearly impossible and sleeping a nightmare. But as Beatrice fitted him, he had to admit that the support was a relief, keeping his breasts from their ever-distracting jiggling.

“You need a good bra to support those beauties,” Beatrice said with a saleswoman’s practiced enthusiasm. “Now, let’s try on some different styles and colors. I’ve got just the thing!”

The first bra Beatrice brought out was a simple black satin bra with thin straps and a low-cut front. It was basic but elegant, designed to lift and separate. Stewart slipped it on, feeling the cool satin against his skin. He stepped out of the fitting room, and Cheryl’s eyes widened.

“Wow, Stacy, you look amazing!” Cheryl exclaimed, her voice filled with admiration. “That’s so sophisticated!”

Stewart looked at himself in the mirror, his reflection a stranger’s. He did not feel sophisticated. He felt like a freak. He turned this way and that, trying to see himself from every angle. “I don’t know, Cheryl. It makes me look so... Big.”

“You *are* big, girl!” Cheryl said, gleefully.

Next, Beatrice brought out a red lace bra with a plunging neckline. The lace was intricate, with delicate flowers and swirls. Stacy hesitated before putting it on, feeling self-conscious about the amount of skin it revealed. As he stepped out, Cheryl and Beatrice ‘oohed’ and ‘aahed.’

“Oh my gosh, Stacy, it’s so *sultry!*” Cheryl gushed, her eyes wide with excitement. “That red really makes a statement.”

Stewart shifted uncomfortably, his hands fidgeting at his sides. “No. No, I don’t like it. It’s racy. I don’t like racy. I just want support.”

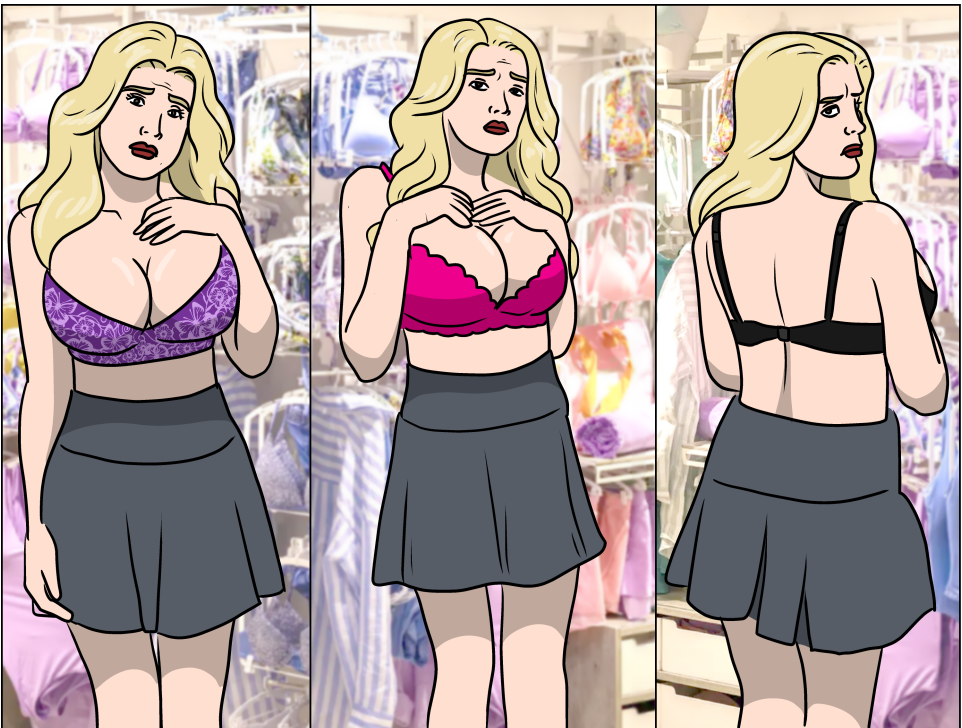
Beatrice chimed in, her voice confident. “Nonsense! They all do support! You want to look good *while* you have support! Trust me, you’re going to turn heads wherever you go.”

The third bra was a pink push-up bra with ruffles and bows, designed to enhance cleavage. The cups were padded and shaped to lift the breasts, creating a dramatic effect. Stacy put it on, feeling the tightness around his ribs. He stepped out, and Cheryl clapped her hands in delight.

“Stacy, you look like a million bucks!” Cheryl exclaimed, her voice filled with pride. “That pink really suits you, like a slutty Barbie doll!”

Stewart forced a smile, a fake grin spreading across his face. “Thanks, Cheryl.”

Beatrice then brought out a black bra with cut-outs and a sheer panel over the cups. The design was daring, with strategic cut-outs that revealed more than



they concealed. Stewart hesitated before putting it on, feeling a flush of embarrassment. As he stepped out, Cheryl and Beatrice were speechless for a moment before bursting into laughter.

“Stacy, you’re killing it!” Cheryl giggled, her eyes sparkling with mischief. “That bra is to die for!”

Stewart looked at himself in the mirror, his reflection a stranger’s. He just wanted to jump in a pit of lava. He turned this way and that, trying to see himself from every angle. “Maybe something less weird?”

Beatrice chimed in, her voice filled with satisfaction. “You look fantastic, Stacy. This bra is perfect for a night out. It’s says confident. It says sexy.”

“I’m putting this in yes pile,” Cheryl said. Stewart noted that there didn’t seem to be a ‘no’ pile.

As the shopping spree continued, Stacy found himself becoming more and more tolerant of the situation. He made some nervous jokes with Cheryl and Beatrice, their banter filling the air with a sense of camaraderie. Eventually, he just let them say what they were going to say, and he played along. He tried on bras with cut-outs, push-up bras, and even a few with feathers and sequins. Each one made him feel like he was taking another step away from who he was.

“Stacy, you’re a natural at this!” Cheryl exclaimed, her voice filled with pride. “You look like you were born to wear these bras!”

Stewart couldn’t hold back a smile, a reluctant grin spreading across his face. “Thanks, Cheryl. I guess I am getting the hang of it.”

As they left the boutique, their arms laden with bags, Stewart and Cheryl walked side by side, their laughter echoing down the street. Despite Stewart’s discomfort, they talked and giggled like long-time girlfriends. Maybe, he thought, he could just let himself stop worrying about stuff so much, just like Dr. Howser had told him. After all, what in the world was there to worry about when you were a pretty girl?

Just as he had allowed himself some peace of mind, just feet out of the bra store, Stewart and Cheryl walked right into Jill. All of the sudden, there she was. And there he was, in a high heels, a miniskirt, a bag full of bras, and a chest that doubled as a floatation device. Jill must have been out shopping herself, just at the exact wrong time.

She stood in mid stride, as if time had stopped for her. Jill’s eyes widened in shock as she recognized her husband immediately. Stewart, caught off guard, tried to speak, but the words came out in a high-pitched squeak that sounded nothing like his usual voice.

“Jill, hi! Obviously you recognize me. What a surprise to see you here!” Stewart said, his voice trembling slightly.



Jill stared at him, her mouth agape, disbelief written all over her face. “Stewart? Is that really you? What... what *happened* to you?”

Stewart shifted uncomfortably, his hands fidgeting with the bags in his hands. “Jill, I... I can explain. It’s just that I’ve been going through some changes, you know? I’m trying to find myself.”

Jill’s eyes darted to Stewart’s chest, and she gasped, her hand flying to her mouth. “Are those... are those *real*? My husband has *breasts*?”

Stewart nodded, a flush of embarrassment spreading across his face. “Um, okay. Funny thing... I just went to the clinic with Cheryl for her thing and... Well...”

Jill’s expression crumpled, and she let out a sob, her eyes filling with tears. “Stewart, what have you done to yourself? You look like... like a slutty office whore. This isn’t the man I fell in love with.”

Cheryl, sensing the tension, stepped forward, her voice filled with a mix of sympathy and dismissiveness. “Jill, I’m sorry, but Stewart is happy with his choices. He’s embracing his true self, and that’s all that matters.”

Jill shook her head, her tears spilling over. “Who the hell are you?” She said. “This is my husband we’re talking about! He’s ruined himself, and for what? To look like some cheap tramp?”

Stewart reached out, his hand trembling as he tried to comfort Jill. “Jill, please, don’t cry. I’m still the same person inside. I just... I just came to understand that I needed to make these changes.”

Jill pushed his hand away, her voice rising with hysteria. “No, Stewart, you’re *not* the same person! You’ve changed into someone I don’t even recognize. The hair... The makeup... The dress... And those... those breasts! They’re *grotesque!*” She faced her husband, tears streaming down her cheeks. “What happened to the man I loved?”

With that, Jill turned and ran, her sobs echoing down the street. Stewart started to go after her, but Cheryl held him back, her grip firm.

“Ohmigawd, Stace, let her go,” Cheryl said, her voice calm and confident. “She was never any good for you. She was holding you back from being your true self.”

Stewart looked at Cheryl, his eyes filled with a mix of sadness and longing. “Cheryl, you don’t understand. I still, like, totally love Jill, even if it’s not in the same way I used to. She was my wife, my partner. I can’t just let her go like that n’ stuff.”

Cheryl sighed, her expression softening. “I know it’s hard, Stacy. But you have to think about your own happiness. Jill can’t accept who you are, and that’s her loss, not yours. You deserve to be happy, and if that means leaving her behind, then so be it.”

Stewart felt like he was the most selfish person alive. He had hurt her. He had hurt Jill. He didn't serve to live. He didn't deserve happiness.



Stewart sat at the reception desk, his eyes glazed over and his movements listless. He barely tended to his lipstick. He had little interest in filing his inch-long pink nails. He didn't even primp his hair. He was practically primp-less.

Despite his tarty office bimbo attire, there was no enthusiasm in his actions. He went through the motions of his job, his mind elsewhere, a far cry from the vibrant and engaged person he once was.

Marsha watched from her office, her eyes fixed on the surveillance camera feed. She saw Stewart moping through his day, any spark in his job missing. Marsha's brow furrowed with concern as she picked up the phone and dialed Dr. Howser's number.

"Dr. Howser, it's Marsha. I need to discuss Stacy. She's going through a crisis, and I think we need to intervene," Marsha said, her voice firm and concerned.

Dr. Howser's voice came through the line, calm and professional. "What seems to be the issue?"

"Stacy is struggling to deal with her thoughts. She's overthinking everything, and it's affecting her performance and her overall well-being. I think she needs to be... less intellectual," Marsha explained, her tone urgent.

Dr. Howser's tone was thoughtful. "I see. Well, Marsha, I've been working with Stacy, and she's been struggling with her identity and the changes she's undergone. She's having a hard time letting go of her doubts and misgivings."

Marsha nodded, even though Dr. Howser couldn't see her. "I understand. But she needs to learn how to simplify her thoughts, to focus on the present and not dwell on the past. Do you think there's anything more we can do to help her lighten up and be less intellectual?"

Dr. Howser hesitated, his voice cautious. "I've been trying my best, Marsha. But Stacy is resistant to some of the techniques we've discussed. She's a complex individual, and her journey is unique. I'm not sure if pushing her too hard will do more harm than good."

Marsha leaned forward, her expression determined. "Dr. Howser, things are getting desperate. Stacy is in a fragile state, and we need to do whatever it takes to help her. Have you considered using hypnosis? It could help her break through her mental barriers."

Dr. Howser's voice took on a note of reluctance. "Hypnosis is a powerful tool, but it should be used with caution. I'm worried that it might manipulate Stacy

into making uninformed decisions. I want to ensure that any steps we take are in her best interest and that she is fully consenting.”

Marsha’s expression hardened. This was not the time for the doctor to develop a spine. The man had the ethics of a TEMU merchant, and that was why she hired him in the first place. “Dr. Howser, I understand your concerns, but we’re running out of options. Stacy needs this. She needs to let go of her past and embrace her new identity. Please, consider using hypnosis. It could be the key to unlocking her true potential.”

Dr. Howser sighed, his voice firm but gentle. “Marsha, I appreciate your concern for Stacy, but I must stand by my professional judgment. Hypnosis is not the answer in this case. We need to continue working with Stacy, guiding her through her journey at her own pace. Forcing her to change too quickly could be detrimental to her mental health.”

Marsha’s grip tightened on the phone, her knuckles turning white. “Dr. Howser, I’m not asking you to rush her. I’m asking you to use every tool at your disposal to help her. Stacy is suffering, and we need to do something.”

Dr. Howser’s voice remained steady, his resolve unwavering. “Marsha, I understand your urgency, but I must refuse. I will continue to support Stacy through therapy and other proven methods. I believe in her ability to overcome this crisis, but it will take time and patience.”

Marsha hung up the phone, her mind racing with frustration and uncertainty. She stared at the surveillance camera, watching as Stewart continued to mope through his day, his blossoming bimbo nature now dampened by the weight of his internal struggle.

She folder her hands on her desk and closed her eyes. Marsha, 17 year veteran of her position as HR Manager for this office, with an impeccable record of finding — or creating — employees that were ideal for their role, needed to think. She needed a new plan.



Marsha approached Mr. Blomfeld’s office, knocking lightly on the door before entering, finding him engrossed in some paperwork.

“Mr. Blomfeld, do you have a moment?” Marsha asked, her voice calm and professional, as it always was.

Mr. Blomfeld looked up, his eyes narrowing as he took in Marsha’s serious demeanor. It wasn’t like her to come to his office. Even rarer for her to initiate a conversation with him. “Of course, Marsha. What can I do for you?”

Marsha leaned against the doorframe, her arms crossed. “I wanted to discuss the new receptionist, Stacy. Have you had a chance to meet her?”

Mr. Blomfeld leaned back in his chair, a scowl on his face. “Yes, I have. And I must say, I’m very disappointed. She was hired without my input, and quite frankly, she’s not up to my standards for the position.”

Marsha nodded, understanding his unspoken expectations. She knew Mr. Blomfeld’s preferences all too well — he wanted a wanton slut, someone he could have a torrid affair with. But she kept that to herself, focusing on the task at hand.

“Mr. Blomfeld, I understand your concerns. However, Stacy is going through a rough time. She desperately needs a mentor to guide her through this transition.”

“Surely, your’e not suggesting I take time out of my busy day to sooth the emotions of an employee, and play nursemaid to her. Isn’t that your job?”

“Mr. Blomfeld,” Marsha said, lowering her voice and looking remorseful. “I have to admit, I think I just can’t reach her.”

This was new. New and very interesting. Blomfeld had never seen any kind of vulnerability from his HR Manager before. It was unexpected. More than that, it was shocking. “I have total faith in your capabilities,” he said.

“I may have gone too far with her. I tried to make her comfortable, and instead she’s just... Well, I hate to say it, but I think she’s become a bit promiscuous.”

“Oh?” Blomfeld asked. “What leads you to that conclusion?”

“The way she’s begun to dress, her general attitude. She has confided in me several times... Oh maybe I shouldn’t say anything.”

“No, please go on.”

Marsha sighed. “She’s been having affairs with older men. She can’t seem to say no to a mature, older man. She’s confessed that her recent breast implants were done just to lure a mature man, and she’s struggling to come to terms with it.”

Mr. Blomfeld’s eyebrows shot up, his interest piqued. “Breast implants? I wasn’t aware of that. “He sat up straight and adjusted his tie. “Well, perhaps what she needs is a little executive mentorship.”

Marsha smiled, her objective achieved. “I think that’s a wonderful idea, Mr. Blomfeld. Stacy could benefit greatly from your guidance and support.”

Mr. Blomfeld stood up, his chair rolling back with a soft thud. “I’ll go talk to her right now.”

As Mr. Blomfeld left his office, Marsha watched him go, a satisfied smirk playing on her lips. Mr. Blomfeld would take care of Stacy in his own special way.

A few minutes later, Mr. Blomfeld approached the reception desk, his presence commanding. Stewart looked up from his computer, his eyes wide with a mix of nervousness and curiosity.

“Stacy, do you have a moment?” Mr. Blomfeld asked, his voice smooth and confident.

Stewart nodded, his hands fidgeting in his lap. “Of course, Mr. Blomfeld. What can I do for you?”

Mr. Blomfeld leaned against the desk, his eyes scanning her outfit and her new breasts. “I wanted to discuss your future here at the company. I understand you’ve been through a lot lately.”

Stewart blushed, his cheeks flushing pink. “Oh, yes. It’s been a bit of an adjustment, but I’m trying my best.”

Mr. Blomfeld placed a reassuring hand on his shoulder, his touch lingering a moment longer than necessary. He was looking straight at Stewart’s boobs, as he was talking to them, not to him. “I can imagine. That’s why I think it would be beneficial for you to stay after hours tonight. We can discuss your career path and how I can help you succeed. What do you say?”

Stewart hesitated, his mind racing with a mix of excitement and apprehension. “I... I suppose that would be okay. Thank you, Mr. Blomfeld. I appreciate your support.”

Mr. Blomfeld smiled, his eyes twinkling with anticipation. “You’re very welcome, Stacy. I look forward to our talk. See you later.”

As Mr. Blomfeld walked away, Marsha watched him go, standing off to the side where she couldn’t be seen. This may not have been her original plan, but the whole idea was to find someone Blomfeld could mistreat — someone who wasn’t a woman. It was just a little sooner than planned.

She had enough of the old man’s mistreatment of women, even if they weren’t exactly her gender’s best and brightest, but she was not going to allow another woman to be chewed up and spat out by the old man.

Men, however? She didn’t give a shit about men.



Stewart and Cheryl jogged side by side on the treadmills at their local gym, their skin-tight spandex outfits clinging to their slim, feminine bodies. With each step, their enormous breasts bounced up and down, drawing the attention of several men in the gym. Despite the stares, Stewart and Cheryl chatted away, their conversation filled with inane gossip about TV celebrities and their neighbors.



“Oh my gosh, did you see the new season of Cruise Ship Crushes? The one with all the hot guys?” Cheryl gushed, her voice breathless from the exertion. “I can’t believe how ripped they are! I’d totally do any of them!”

Stewart rolled his eyes, a smirk playing on his swollen lips. “Cheryl, you say that about every show. Besides, have you seen the way they treat the girls? It’s disgusting.”

Cheryl waved a dismissive hand, her blonde ponytail bouncing. “Pfft, who cares? As long as they’re hot, right? Speaking of hot, have you thought more about getting more surgeries? You know, to really complete the look?”

Stewart hesitated, his brow furrowing slightly. “I don’t know, Cheryl. I’m not sure I’m ready for that. But Mr. Blomfeld, my boss, did suggest I look a little more, um... Cuter. He thinks it would help my career.”

Cheryl’s eyes lit up with excitement, her voice rising with enthusiasm. “Ooh, I love that idea! You should totally do it! We could go with a tinier nose, and maybe even get some butt implants. Just a little boost, you know?”

Stewart sighed, his shoulders slumping. “I guess I could think about it. But I’m not sure I want to go through all that again. It was pretty intense last time.”

Cheryl leaned in, her voice conspiratorial. “Come on, Stacy. It’ll be fun! And think of how hot you’ll look. All the guys will be drooling over you.”

Stewart glanced around the gym, noticing the men who were openly staring at them. “I’m tired of being treated like a piece of meat, Cheryl. It’s exhausting.”

Cheryl followed his gaze, a mischievous grin spreading across her face. “I know just the thing to make them lose interest. Kiss me.”

Before Stewart could object, Cheryl grabbed his head and pulled him into a passionate kiss, her lips pressing firmly against his. Stewart stiffened for a moment, taken aback by the sudden affection. But as he felt Cheryl’s arms wrap around him, he relaxed into the embrace, returning the kiss with a sense of detachment.

As they kissed, Cheryl whispered into his ear, “Guys lose all interest when they think they’re looking at girls in a lesbian relationship. It’s the perfect cover.”

Stewart realized that, in the past, he would have been ecstatic to be making out with a hot girl like Cheryl. But now, all he could think about was how nice her shampoo smelled and how comfortable her embrace felt, like that of a sister.

Cheryl broke off the kiss, her cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkling with mischief. “See? They’re already losing interest. Mission accomplished!”

Stewart chuckled, a genuine smile spreading across his face. “You’re right. Thanks, Cheryl. You’re really smart.”

As the men in the gym wandered away, their interest waning, Stewart and Cheryl resumed their jogging, as if nothing had happened. “So there’s this guy,

Pedro. He's the activities director of the cruise ship, and he has the hottest bod, I swear. Tightest butt I've ever seen," Cheryl continued.

"Tighter than Joby's?"

"Joby isn't even half as hot. Pedro could crush a walnut with his glutes!" They both giggled.



Stewart returned to work after his latest rounds of surgery, having little reason to even resist the temptation to improve his appearance anymore. His cute, delicate features and bubble butt turned heads as he walked through the office. He looked as feminine as a woman could ever be, with a killer body that made men fall apart.

His jawline was softened, his forehead contoured, and his nose reshaped. Stewart's body was enhanced with a Brazilian Butt Lift, and his waist was cinched with liposuction, accentuating his curves even more. Stewart's voice was permanently raised with vocal cord surgery, and he underwent extensive voice training to achieve a high-pitched, perky tone. Her DSLs were full and pouty, painted in a shade of glossy red that begged for a man's attention. Stewart's body was a porn star's dream, with curves in all the right places and a confidence that turned heads. And yes, by confidence it is meant 'breasts.'

As he sat behind the reception desk for his first day back, a gift awaited him. He unwrapped it, putting the bright red ribbon aside. He carefully lifted the top, his eyes widening in shock as he found what was inside — a large butt plug nestled in red wrapping paper. A note from Mr. Blomfeld accompanied the gift, instructing Stacy to wear it for him.

Unsure what to do and scared he might lose his job — which he couldn't afford to do as he paid off his new surgeries — Stewart went into the ladies' room. He stood in a stall with the butt plug clutched in his hand, his mind racing with a mix of apprehension and revulsion. He took a deep breath and, with trembling hands, applied lube to the plug. He positioned himself over the toilet, his heart pounding in his chest as he slowly inserted the plug. It was an impossible fit, and he winced as it slid into place, filling him completely.

Stewart returned to the desk, his hips swaying more noticeably due to the presence of the butt plug. He sat down gingerly, his movements careful and measured. The phone rang. "Hello Carter Dynamics, this is Staaaaa yaaay yaaaaayyy...." He felt a sudden vibration deep within him. The butt plug, he realized with a start, was motorized. The vibration sent waves of pleasure coursing through his body, driving him to the brink of ecstasy. He shrieked, the sound a mix of surprise and bliss, as the sensation overwhelmed him. His mind went blank, filled with nothing but the intense pleasure radiating from his core.



Stewart tried to resume his work, but the vibrating plug held his full attention, his voice breathless and distracted. “I’ll transfer your... Call.... How can I... oh my. Yes, I’ll transfer you. Just a whooaa... moment.”

His eyes glazed over, vacant and distant, as he struggled to focus on his tasks. He giggled uncontrollably, the sound bubbling up from deep within him, a stark contrast to the professional demeanor he was supposed to maintain. His colleagues passed by, casting curious glances at his disheveled appearance and erratic behavior, but he was too engrossed in his own world of pleasure to notice.

“Stacy, are you okay?” one of his coworkers asked, concern etched on her face. “You seem a bit... distracted.”

Stewart looked up, his eyes meeting hers, but he didn’t seem to register her presence. “Huh? Oh, yes, I’m fine. Just... just righty-tightie!” She giggled as her eyes drifted away.

His coworker shook her head, a look of confusion on her face, and walked away, leaving Stewart to his own devices. He continued to answer calls, his responses incoherent and rambling. “Um... Yes? Oh wait, maybe not. No, I don’t think so. Maybe. I’ll check. Yes, of course. No, I don’t know. I guess so?”

The vibration of the butt plug showed no signs of stopping, and Stewart found himself losing all sense of time and space. He was no longer at work; he was adrift in a sea of pleasure, his body responding to every pulse and throb of the device. His hips swayed and gyrated of their own accord, a silent dance of ecstasy that left him breathless and dizzy.

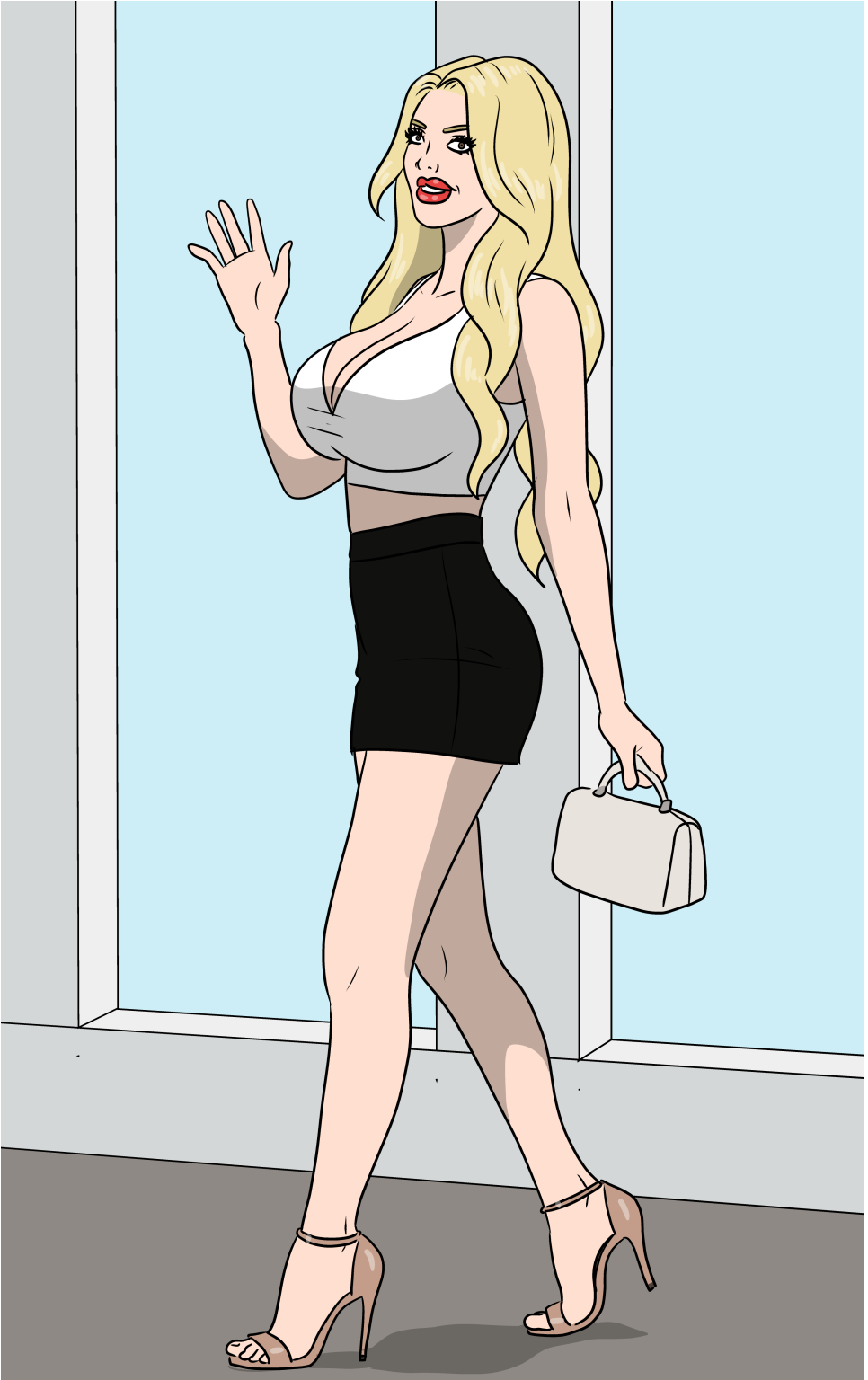
As the day wore on, Stewart’s performance deteriorated further. He spilled coffee on his blouse, his hands shaking as he tried to clean it up. He misplaced important calls, his mind too fogged with pleasure to remember where he had sent them. He even accidentally hung up on a caller mid-sentence, his apologies slurred and incoherent.

It was his best day ever.



Days passed, and Stewart’s behavior underwent a dramatic transformation. He became a living embodiment of a brain-dead airhead, his once-coherent demeanor replaced by a perpetual state of dazed confusion. His face was perpetually adorned with a dumb smile, his eyes glazed over and vacant. He spoke in fragmented sentences, his words often trailing off into incoherent giggles that seemed to bubble up from deep within him.

One morning, Stewart arrived at work dressed in an outfit that left little to the imagination. His blouse was so low-cut that it barely contained his ample



breasts, and his skirt was so short that it scarcely met his thighs. He sashayed into the office, his hips swaying with an exaggerated gait, drawing the attention of everyone present. His colleagues exchanged glances, a mix of amusement and resignation in their eyes, but Stewart seemed oblivious to their reactions.

“Good morning, everyone!” Stewart trilled, his voice high-pitched and breathless. “Isn’t it just the most beautiful day ever? I feel so... so... *niiiiice...*”

He giggled, the sound tinkling through the air like a stream of bubbles. He flounced over to the reception desk, his movements jerky and uncoordinated, and plopped down into his chair with a thud. He fumbled with the phone, his hands shaking as he tried to answer a call.

“Hello? Yes, this is receptionist. How can I... Oh! Oh!” He gasped. “Oh, um... What was I saying? Yes, I’ll transfer you. Just a moment.” He hit the hang up button.

His eyes rolled back in his head, and he let out a soft moan of pleasure, his body shuddering with the force of the sensation. He hung up the phone, his breath coming in ragged gasps, and leaned back in his chair, a blissful smile spreading across his face.

Stewart’s behavior continued to deteriorate. He made silly decisions, his judgment clouded by the constant stimulation of the butt plug. He put the company’s tax filings into the shredder, sent his purse to Zurich in a FedEx box, ordered a seven foot tall rhinestone zebra instead of the whiteboard he was asked to get, and made dozens of other bizarre mistakes, and his apologies were slurred and incoherent. He misplaced keys, locking people out of the bathroom for three days. He set the air conditioning for negative thirty. He always lost track of time, taking three hour lunches and sometimes didn’t show up for work. His once-reliable nature replaced by chaos and incompetence.

“Do fish get thirsty?” he asked a co-worker in the break room. “I’m fascinated by nature. Can birds fly to the moon? I think it’s where they go to sleep.”

Marsha watched Stewart’s transformation with a sense of satisfaction. This was exactly what she had planned for, and she was pleased to see her strategy coming to fruition. When she had sent Mr. Blomfeld that email in Stacy’s name asking for a butt plug as a sign of their love, she knew it would have consequences, but it was even more than she had hoped for. It had turned the young man into a brainless imbecile. Thank goodness for the prostate gland.

She also knew that Stewart’s co-workers would eventually write off his behavior as Stacy becoming just another dumb bimbo receptionist, and she was right. As the days wore on, Stewart’s colleagues grew accustomed to his erratic and flighty demeanor, dismissing it as par for the course in that line of work.

“Stacy, your outfit is inappropriate for the workplace,” one of Stewart’s coworkers remarked, her voice laced with a mix of amusement and resignation. “You can’t show your butt cleavage.”

Stewart pouted, his lower lip jutting out in a childish display of defiance. “But I like this outfit. It makes me feel pretty. And besides, it’s not like any guys object, right?”

He giggled, the sound bubbling up from deep within him, and his coworker shook her head, a look of confusion on her face, before walking away, leaving Stewart to his own devices.

As the days turned into weeks, Stewart’s behavior showed no signs of improving. He was a shell of his former self, a puppet dancing to the tune of the motorized butt plug that controlled his every move. As he sat at the reception desk, his mind was practically blank. He stared out vacantly for as much as a half hour, just feeling the vibrations inside of him.

Meanwhile, Mr. Blomfeld was captivated by Stewart’s new gorgeous face and killer body. He took Stewart out to dinner every night, their evenings filled with romantic dinners and dancing. Stewart, grateful for the gift of the butt plug and the attention it had brought him, figured that he should at least be nice to him. Mr. Blomfeld figured a lot more was due, and that Stacy should show how appreciative she was by giving Mr. Blomfeld a blow job.

Unlike the rest of his life, Stewart took this suggestion to heart. He wasn’t revolted by the thought, oddly. After all, the nice man had made him feel so good, and continued to feel good, that it seemed like a nice way to pay him back.

As the night moved to a bathrooms, Stewart found himself on his knees, sitting back on his high heels, his lips wrapped around Mr. Blomfeld’s cock, his mind focused solely on pleasing his boss. He took him deep into his throat, his gag reflex suppressed by the constant stimulation of the plug. He bobbed his head up and down, his hands gripping Mr. Blomfeld’s thighs for support, as he brought him over the brink of ecstasy.

Mr. Blomfeld let out a low groan, his body tensing as he came, his seed spilling into Stewart’s mouth. Stewart swallowed eagerly, his eyes never leaving Mr. Blomfeld’s face, a look of pure devotion in his gaze.

As they left the restaurant, Mr. Blomfeld’s arm wrapped around Stewart’s waist, Stewart felt a sense of contentment wash over him. He was happy. Mr. Blomfeld was happy. They were all so happy. Everyone was having fun. That was all his mind could process at the vibrator hummed away inside him. They danced the night away, their bodies pressed close together, and Stewart knew that he had made the right choice.



Stewart, his heels clattering on the asphalt and fussing with his purse and sunglasses, left work with a dumb smile plastered on his face. His hips swayed ex-

aggratedly as he walked to his car, his mind a haze of pleasure thanks to the vibrating plug that was his constant companion. How many batteries had he been through at this point? The numbers would have boggled the mind. Of course, Stewart's mind was easily boggled these days. As he approached his vehicle, he noticed a figure standing by the driver's side door, with an expression a mix of concern and determination.

"Stewart, we need to talk," Jill said, her voice firm but gentle. "I know what the company did to you. They turned you into this... this bimbo woman. I don't know why, but I know you were coerced into becoming this *abomination* of femininity."

Stewart blinked, his eyes glazed and vacant. "Jill? What are you talking about? I'm not a man. I'm a woman. I've always been a woman. Inside, at least. Why can't you accept that?"

Jill shook her head, her brow furrowed with worry. "Stewart, you're not thinking clearly. They've done something to you, and I want to help you get back to who you *really* are."

Stewart giggled, the sound bubbling out of him like butterflies. "Jill, you're so silly. I am a woman. Look at me! I'm gorgeous, and I feel amazing. Why would I want to be anything else?"

"That's not my husband talking," Jill said, putting her hands on Stewart's shoulders.

The vibrating butt plug sent waves of pleasure coursing through his body, and Stewart's mind drifted, his focus on the sensation rather than the conversation. "Ohmigod, Jill, now I understand. Being a woman is so... so... awesome! Looking pretty and having so many nice people being nice to you. And, oh, Jesus! The pleasure, it's... it's *everything*. I've never felt anything like it. I know I'll never want to be any other way."

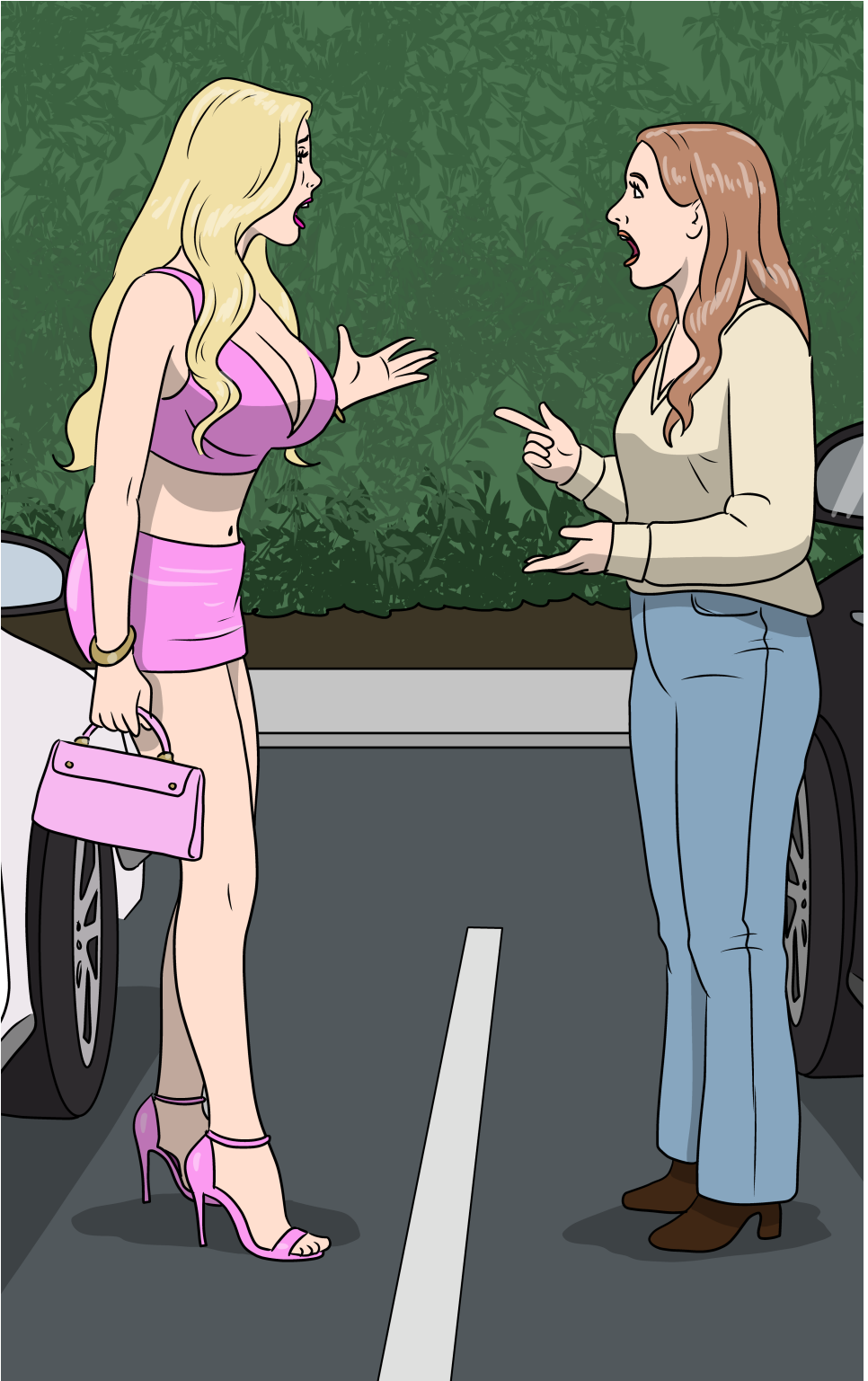
Jill's expression hardened, her voice taking on a note of urgency. "Stewart, please. It's not about pleasure. It's about the realities of life! I can help you. We can get you back to being a man. You don't have to live like this."

Stewart pouted, his lower lip jutting out in a childish display of defiance. "But Jill, I'm a woman. Everyone says so."

"But *you* don't believe it, do you, Stewart?" Jill said, accusingly. "Everyone is telling you who you are. But *you* know who *you* really are, Stewart!"

"I believe it!" Stewart said, defensively. "I really do. I really, really do." His conviction seemed to waver a bit. It was true, he thought to himself, that it was really other people who were telling him who he was. Dr. Howser, Marsha, Mr. Blomfeld and especially Cheryl. Did they really know who he was inside?

"You know the truth, Stewart. You and me. We were meant to be together. As husband and wife."



He pulled himself away from Jill, reached for the door handle, and fumbled to grab it, his nails clacking on the metal. "I'm not Stewart, Jill! I never was!" Despite his frantic movement, he opened the car door. Jill grabbed it, preventing from being open enough for his to get through.

"We were in love, Stewart! We wanted to spend the rest of our lives together! Did that mean nothing to you?"

"My name is Stacie Baxter, and I'm a woman!" Stewart declared. "I know I am!"

He pushed the door open and slid into the driver's seat, adjusting short skirt. He started the engine, the purr of the car filling the air, and looked at Jill through the window. He pulled out as he wiped a tear from his eye.

The drive was a blur, not knowing where he was going or why he was even driving. Eventually, though, he found himself at Joby's clinic, his tires crunching on the gravel, and made his way into the building, his hips swaying with each step. The receptionist greeted him with a smile, her eyes lingering on his revealing outfit.

"Welcome back, Stacy! Do you have an appointment?"

Stewart shook his head, still fighting the tears, and shuddered, his breasts bouncing with each step. "I need to see Joby, now!"

"Dr. Jobriath is with a patient..."

"Now!"

After what felt like an eternity, Joby emerged from his office, his white coat billowing behind him. He approached Stewart, his eyes roving over his body with appreciation.

"Stacy, you look stunning as always. I wasn't expecting..."

"Make me a woman! *Now!*" Stewart yelled, loud enough for everyone in the clinic to hear. "Don't let anyone take Stacy away from me!"

"Uh, okay..." The doctor wasn't expecting such an outburst, especially in his waiting room. "I know just what to do. My old college friend, Dr. Dave Bascombe is the best in the business when it comes to gender confirmation surgeries. He'll make sure you're the most woman you can be."

"I want everyone to know I'm a real woman!" Stewart yelled. "Because I *am* a real woman, you know! I really am!"

Joby chuckled, his voice low and seductive. "Of course you are, Stacy. Now, let's get you over to see Dr. Dave."

Just a few hours later, Stewart was on the operating table, his skin around his genitals marked with sharpie ink — and for the first time in a while — plugless. "Stacy, you're going to feel a slight pinch as I administer the anesthetic," the doctor said. "Just relax and let it take effect. You're in good hands."

Stewart nodded, his eyes fluttering closed as the medication took hold. His last coherent thought was of Jill, her expression of concern and despair etched into his mind. Did she really care about him? Was she really just trying to help? Maybe everyone else had been pushing him towards this. Honestly, he couldn't really find the memory of where he, himself, had actually made the decision that he was a woman. He never really did decide. It was all others. Every single time. People told him he was a woman, and he just let them win. Now, alone with his thought without any distraction or other voice, it was all very clear to him.

He had made a terrible mistake. A terrible, horrific mistake. He tried to raise his hand to stop the mask from covering his face, but the anesthetic overwhelmed him. The last thing he saw was the light glinting off the knife in Dr. Dave's hands.



The sales manager adjusted his tie and knocked on the nondescript door. He had been at the convention for three days, and needed to unwind. He slicked back his hair.

The door opened a crack. "Yes?" said the voice on the other side.

"I was told this was the place."

"The place?" The voice replied.

"The Cooper Dynamics Hospitality suite? I'm with Atlantic Controls."

"Come on in," the man behind the door said, as it swung open. The salesman ducked in. Mr. Blomfeld stuck his head out in the hallway of the enormous convention center to verify no one was watching. The door closed and locked fast.

The room was dimly lit, with the furniture pushed against the wall. In the center, on all fours, was a gorgeous young lady with huge boobs, her naked, gorgeous body on full display. The room was filled with men, all clients of the company, all without their pants, and they were there for one reason only — to have their way with Stacy.

Stacy was the center of attention, the girl in the middle of a gang bang. She was being fucked from behind by one man while she sucked off another, her mouth and pussy both in constant use. Surrounded by a selection of erect cocks, she moved from man to man with eager energy, her body a plaything for their pleasure. Her naked skin was slick with sweat and semen, the evidence of the countless men who had already taken their turn with her.

Stacy's eyes were half-lidded, her mind a blank slate of pleasure and oblivion. She moaned and sucked, her breaths coming in ragged gasps as she went from

one man to the next. A vessel for men's desires, she embraced it fully, her identity reinforced with each thrust and suck.

Mr. Blomfeld watched from the sidelines, a satisfied smile on his face. He knew that by ensuring Stacy's participation in this event, he was securing his future as a vice president of the company. The men in the room were powerful clients, and their loyalty was crucial for the millions of dollars in contracts at stake. Stacy's performance was a testament to the company's commitment to customer satisfaction, and Mr. Blomfeld was proud of the role he had played in making it happen.

Strangely, he didn't have to do much to convince her to be a hostess for the evening. She was eager to do it. In fact, ever since she had come back from her latest round of surgery, she seemed preoccupied with proving herself to be the girl the company needed. Indeed, there wasn't an executive she hadn't slept with at this point.

Hours later, as the event drew to a close, Mr. Blomfeld escorted Stacy back to her hotel room. Her flimsy minidress clinging to her moist body, her shoes long since lost, she clung to Mr. Blomfeld's side. Her bimbo mind was too hazy to do much more than offer a dumb smile and a giggle in response to his thanks for being such a good sport. Stacy's thoughts were a jumbled mess, but one phrase kept repeating in her mind: "I'm a woman. I'm a real woman."

Mr. Blomfeld wasn't sure what she meant by that, but he nodded anyway, his voice firm and reassuring. "You're very definitely a woman, Stacy. There's no doubt about that."

As they reached the hotel room, Mr. Blomfeld opened the door and guided Stacy inside. He dumped her unceremoniously on the bed, her body sinking into the soft mattress. Stacy let out a contented sigh, her eyes fluttering closed as she drifted off to sleep, a blissful smile on her face.

Mr. Blomfeld stood over her for a moment, his eyes roving over her body. He pulled down the top of her dress, reached out with his hands to cup her breasts, his thumbs brushing over her nipples. Stacy stirred slightly in her sleep, a soft moan escaping her lips as Mr. Blomfeld leaned down and took one nipple into his mouth, sucking gently.

In her dreams, Stacy was in a state of pure bliss. She envisioned herself surrounded by men, their bodies pressing against hers, their hands and mouths exploring every inch of her skin. She felt their cocks, hard and ready, sliding into her pussy and her mouth, filling her completely. The sensations were intense, a mix of pleasure and pain that left her breathless and wanting more.

Stacy moaned in her sleep, her body writhing as she lost herself in the fantasy. She knew that she had proven to everyone that she was a woman, fully and completely. Hadn't she? Was there anyone left who doubted her? She would prove them all wrong. She would prove to them she was a woman in every way. No matter how many men she had to suck off or fuck.



As Mr. Blomfeld continued to suck on her nipples, his hands roaming over her body, Stacy's dreams grew more vivid and intense. She imagined herself at the center of a never-ending orgy, her body the focal point of endless pleasure. She felt the weight of the men on top of her, their bodies pressing her into the mattress as they took their turn with her. She sucked and moaned, her mouth and pussy both filled to capacity, her body a playground for their desires.

Her dreams were a blur of sensations, a kaleidoscope of pleasure that left her gasping and trembling. She felt the hot spray of semen on her skin, the sticky fluid coating her breasts and her face as the men came, their grunts of satisfaction filling her ears. She licked and swallowed, her tongue working tirelessly to please them, her body a willing vessel for their release. A man would never enjoy this. Only a woman would — so she kept telling herself.



Stacy returned to work, her steps light and her hips swaying with an exaggerated gait. She was dressed in an outfit that left little to the imagination, her blouse low-cut and her skirt so short that it barely covered her butt. Her heels were ridiculously high, making her mince, but she didn't seem to notice or care. As she approached the reception desk, Marsha was passing by.

"Stacy, how was the convention? Did you enjoy yourself?" Marsha asked, her voice calm and professional.

Stacy giggled, the sound tinkling through the air like a stream of light. "Oh, it was great, Marsha! I met so many new people. Everyone was so nice and friendly."

She flounced into her chair, her breasts bouncing with the movement, and fidgeted with her skirt, her mind already drifting to other things. Marsha watched her, a rare moment of satisfaction playing on her lips. She allowed herself a brief smile as she observed her creation, Stacy, manifesting all the things she needed her to be to keep the company running smoothly.

As the day wore on, Stacy continued to behave in her usual manner, silly and giggly, friendly but void of any intelligence. She struggled with the phones, her childlike mind unable to comprehend the simple tasks of answering and transferring calls. She fumbled with the buttons, her fingers clumsy and uncoordinated, and more often than not, she would send callers to the wrong extension, or no extension at all.

"Stacy, you've hung up on three callers this morning," Marsha remarked, her voice laced with a mix of exasperation and amusement. "Please try to be more careful."

Stacy pouted, her lower lip jutting out in a childish display of defiance. "I'm sorry, Marsha. I'll try harder. It's just so hard to focus sometimes."

Marsha sighed, her shoulders slumping in resignation. She knew that arguing with Stacy was futile, that her mind was too fogged up to comprehend the consequences of her actions. Instead, she sighed and went on with her day, knowing that an incompetent receptionist with a porn star body was just the way things worked best around here.

Stacy wasn't even wearing the magical butt plug anymore. The effect of wearing it for weeks had left her with a permanent sense of it in her ass, and the effects would no longer go away. Her sex-obsessed mind, her obsession with hair and makeup would never relent. She was now a slave to the part of her mind that wanted cocks in her pussy and ass and mouth, and being pretty and dumb was the way she made it happen.

Later, Mr. Blomfeld dropped by the front desk, his presence commanding and authoritative. Stacy's eyes lit up, and she leaned forward, her cleavage on full display as she flashed him a flirtatious smile.

"Mr. Blomfeld!" Stacy trilled, her voice high-pitched and breathless. "You look so handsome today."

Mr. Blomfeld chuckled, his eyes roving over her body with appreciation. "Why, thank you, Stacy. You look stunning as always. I see you made it home safely."

Stacy giggled, her cheeks flushing pink. "It was *sooo* wonderful, Mr. Blomfeld. I met *sooo* many nice people. Everyone was, like, ohmigod, so kind and attentive. Let me know when the next convention is coming up, okay?" She batted her eyelashes, her expression one of pure adoration. "I'm just so glad to be back at my desk again. I looove my job *sooo* much!"

Mr. Blomfeld smiled, his voice low and seductive. "You're one of a kind, Stacy. Keep up the good work — and dinner tonight?"

"Oh, yes sir," Stacy replied with a flirtatious spin to her voice. She winked at him.

As Mr. Blomfeld walked away, Stacy watched him go, her eyes filled with longing and desire. She let out a contented sigh, her mind a whirlwind of pleasure and anticipation. She knew that she had a long day ahead of her, but with Mr. Blomfeld's approval and the knowledge that she was fulfilling her purpose, she was more than ready to face whatever challenges came her way.

Back in the break room, Marsha filled her coffee cup to the brim. She took a sip, the hot liquid warming her from the inside out. As she stood there, sipping her coffee and watching the world go by, Marsha knew that Stacy was exactly where she needed to be and who she needed to be, and that the company would continue to run smoothly, thanks to her creation.

"Marsha!" said a voice behind her. It was Byron. "I have a grievance I'd like to file!"



She headed back to her desk to get started on the evaluations for the upcoming quarter.



Stacie and Cheryl lounged on their couch, legs tucked under them, as they watched TV. They were both dressed in pajama bottoms and tank tops, their long hair tied into messy buns. Cheryl leaned in, her eyes wide with excitement as she pointed at the screen. “Oh my gosh, can you believe she chose him? He’s so not her type!”

Stewart nodded, his voice soft and breathy. “I know, right? Like, she’s always gone for the tall, dark, and handsome types. This guy is just... so... ummm... I can’t remember the word...”

Cheryl giggled, her hand resting on Stewart’s arm. “You’re *sooo* right, girl. She needs to up her game. She’s way too good for him.”

Stewart smiled, feeling a sense of camaraderie with Cheryl. “These shows are *sooo* fake, anyway.” He popped open a tube of lip gloss and reapplied it to his lips. “This is so boring. Why don’t we watch porn?”

Cheryl clapped her hands together, her enthusiasm matching Stacy’s. “Porn? Great idea!”

They quickly turned off the reality TV and put on a porn film, the explicit content filling the screen with a flurry of activity. As they watched, Stacy and Cheryl began to debate the merits of the performers, their valley girl accents filling the air with giggles and exclamations.

“Oh my gosh, look at that girl’s pussy! It looks so skanky. I bet it smells like fish.” Stacy said, snidely.

“Nobody wants to fuck your battered old snatch, bitch!” Cheryl said to the TV.

“I always keep it smooth and I use lotion.”

“Me too,” Cheryl agreed. “So many girls don’t know how to take care of their pussy.”

Stacy nodded in agreement, her head bobbing up and down. “Her boobs are huge! I wonder if they’re fake.”

“Oh, they have to be.” Cheryl leaned in closer, her voice conspiratorial. “Do you think we could do those moves? They look so fun!”

Stacy giggled, her cheeks flushing pink. “Maybe. We could try! It might be a blast.”

Just then, the front door swung open, and Joby strolled in, a confident smile on his face. Cheryl immediately threw herself into his arms, her lips pressing against his in a passionate kiss. “Joby, you’re here! I missed you so much!”



Joby chuckled, his hands roaming over Cheryl's body. "Missed you too, babe. You look hot as always." Stacie sighed, seeing the two lovebirds make out in front of her.

As they went at it, Dr. Dave followed Joby into the room, his presence commanding and authoritative. Stacy's eyes lit up, and she jumped into his arms, her lips finding his in a fierce kiss. "Dr. Dave, you're here! I'm so happy to see you!"

Dr. Dave laughed, his arms wrapping around Stacy's waist. "Babe, you're a wild one. Always full of surprises. I missed you."

Joby suggested, "Hey, why don't we go out dancing tonight? It's been a while since we had some fun."

Stacy pouted, her lower lip jutting out in a childlike display of defiance. "Oh, I can't," she said. She had a date with Mr. Blomfeld that night. "Oh! I have a better idea. Why don't we just fuck now?"

Cheryl giggled, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Ooh, I like that idea! Let's do it!"

Dr. Dave raised an eyebrow, a smirk playing on his lips. "A four-way? I've never done that before. Sounds exciting."

Joby clapped him on the back, his voice confident. "Don't worry, man. Just let the girls do the work. They know what they're doing." He ripped his shirt off and grabbed a bottle of lube from a nearby drawer.

Stacy and Cheryl exchanged a knowing glance, their giggles filling the air as they began to strip, their movements fluid and uninhibited. They shed their clothes, revealing their naked bodies, their massive breasts bouncing and their wide hips swaying with each movement.

"Come on, boys. Let's have some fun," Cheryl purred, her voice low and seductive.

Dr. Dave and Joby followed suit, their clothes hitting the floor in a heap as they joined the girls on the couch. Stacy and Cheryl took the lead, their hands and mouths exploring every inch of the men's bodies, their giggles and moans filling the room with a symphony of pleasure.

"Oh my gosh, this feels so good," Stacy moaned, her body writhing as she straddled Joby, her pussy grinding against his cock.

Cheryl, not to be outdone, took Dr. Dave's cock into her mouth, her head bobbing up and down as she sucked him with enthusiasm. "Mmm, you taste so good," she murmured, her words muffled by his flesh.

The room was filled with the sounds of pleasure, the air thick with the scent of sex and desire. Stacy and Cheryl took turns riding the men, their bodies slick with sweat and their breaths coming in ragged gasps. They switched positions,

their movements fluid and uninhibited, their giggles and moans a constant backdrop to the intense pleasure they were experiencing.

Dr. Dave pulled Cheryl onto his lap, his cock sliding into her pussy with ease. “Your turn, babe. Ride me hard,” he commanded, his voice low and gruff.

Cheryl giggled, her eyes sparkling with excitement as she began to move, her hips rolling and grinding against him, her pussy clamping down on his cock with each thrust. “Oh yes, Dr. Dave. I *sooo* love riding you,” she moaned, her body moving in a rhythmic dance of pleasure.

“Welcome aboard,” Dr. Dave said, plunging his cock in even deeper. He turned his head to see Stacy being fucked by Joby, impaled on his cock.

It was hard to imagine Stacy was ever a man, and if he hadn’t handled the knife himself, he would have never believed it.

“Oh god, I’m gonna come,” Joby groaned, his body tensing as he reached his climax, his seed spilling into Stacy’s willing pussy.

Stacy cried out, her own orgasm washing over her in waves of ecstasy, her body shaking and trembling with the force of her release. “Oh my gosh, that was amazing!” she exclaimed, her voice breathless and sated.

Cheryl looked over at her bestie, in the throes of ecstasy. “I’m so jealous of her chakra,” she said.



Jill sat on the psychiatrist’s couch, her eyes downcast and her voice trembling with emotion. “I can’t stop thinking about Stewart. It seems impossible to me that he’s become this horrible freak. I don’t understand why. Was it me? Was I inadequate as a woman?”

The doctor leaned forward, his expression sympathetic and attentive. “Jill, it’s natural to feel confused and hurt. Your husband’s transformation is drastic, and it’s affecting your sense of self. You need to find a way to explore your own femininity and reassure yourself that you are the woman you know you are.”

Jill looked up, her eyes glistening with unshed tears. “But how? I don’t know where to start. I feel like I’m losing myself in all of this.”

The doctor offered a calm, confident smile. “Sometimes, a little self-care can go a long way. Have you considered a day at the salon? Or perhaps a small cosmetic procedure? It could help boost your confidence and remind you of your own worth.”

Jill nodded, a flicker of interest in her eyes. “A day at the salon sounds nice. But a cosmetic procedure? I’m not sure about that.”

“I understand your hesitation. But sometimes, a small change can make a big difference. I have a colleague, Dr. Jobraith, who is excellent at what he does. He could help you feel more like yourself again.”

Jill took a deep breath, considering the suggestion. “Dr. Jobraith? I’ve never heard of him. But if you recommend him, I trust your judgment.”

The doctor smiled, his eyes warm with encouragement. “He’s very skilled and discreet. Many of my patients have had wonderful experiences with him. Why don’t you give him a call and set up a consultation? See what he has to offer. It might be just the thing to help you feel more confident and secure in your own skin.”

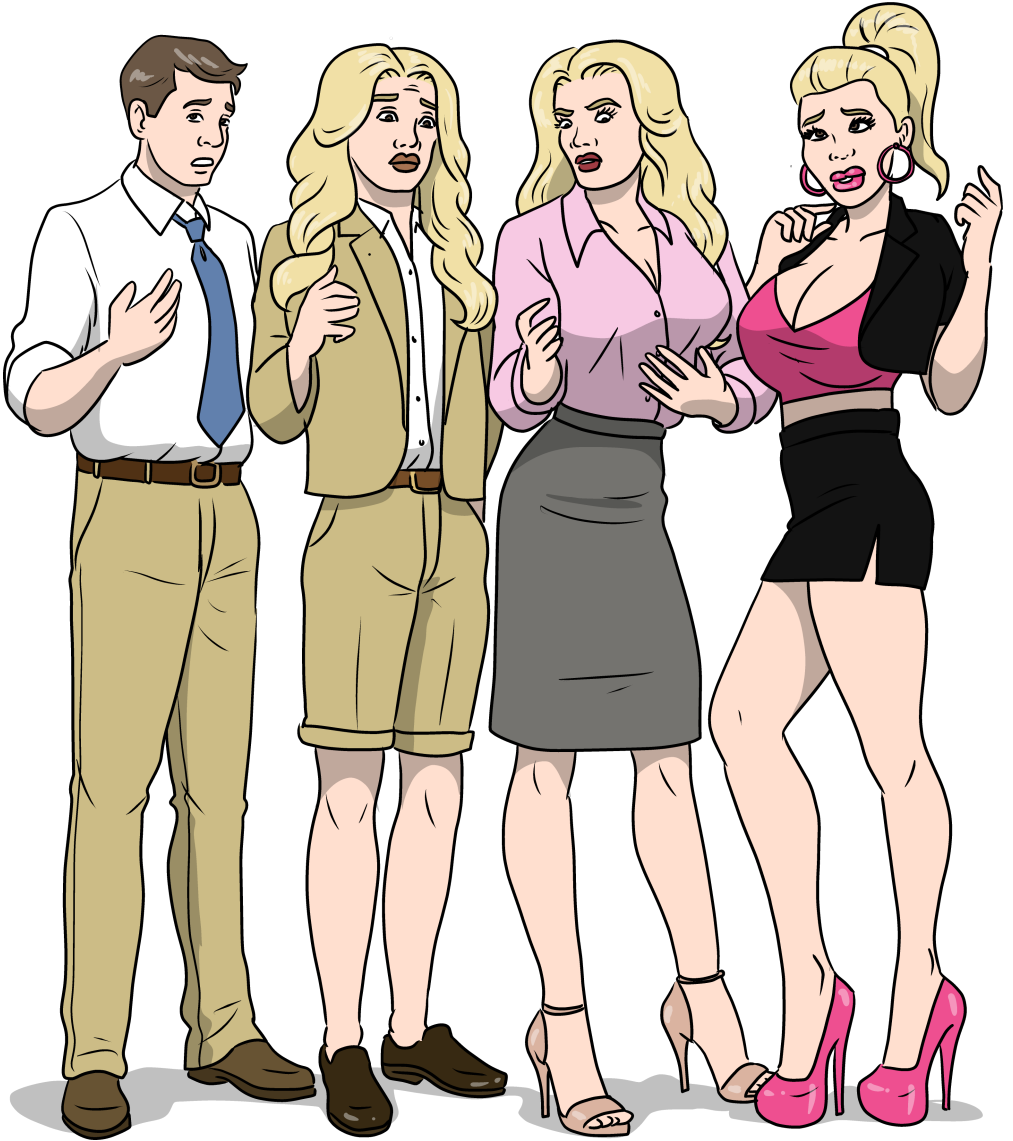
Jill stood up, a sense of determination in her steps. “Thank you, Dr. Howser. I appreciate your advice and support. I’ll see him and see what he recommends.”

Dr. Howser nodded, his voice calm and reassuring. “You’re welcome, Jill. Remember, you’re a strong woman, and you deserve to feel good about yourself. See you in a few days.”

As Jill left the office, she felt a mix of apprehension and excitement. The idea of seeing Dr. Jobraith and exploring her options for a cosmetic procedure was daunting, yet compelling. She decided to take the leap, hoping that it would help her regain her sense of self and her confidence as a woman. With a deep breath, she stepped out into the world, ready to take control of her life and her identity. All she needed was a little help from Dr. Jobraith and Dr. Howser.

The End





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### **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 a new 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

#### **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 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

#### **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

#### **College Can Change a Man**

Story & art by Joe Six-Pack. A small college has been hanging on to its male-dominated mindset for too long. Now, a new member of the board has arrived to make some changes. A lot of changes. Comic / 243 pages

#### **Help Wanted 1**

Story by James J Craft, art by RocketXpert. Three boys are getting far more than they bargained for when they get summer jobs at a woman's fancy mansion. Comic / 40 pages

#### **Help Wanted 2**

Story by James J Craft, art by RocketXpert. Three more boys are getting far more than they bargained for at a woman's fancy mansion, and three others are finding their places. Comic / 40 pages

#### **What Popular Girls Do**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. A teaching assistant in high school is about to find out what it's like to go back to class — but as a saucy teenage girl with a bully boyfriend he needs to satisfy. Comic / 47 pages

### **Teens Transformed**

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

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

#### **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

## **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

## **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

## **Convicts to Co-Eds**

Story by 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

## **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

## **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

## **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

## **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

## **My Brother, My Mother, My Doll**

By Joe Six-Pack. Seven year old Amelia has made a wish. A wish that she had a mother more like her doll, and that her brother weren’t so mean. Her family is about to have their lives turned inside-out. Book / 109 pages / 34 illustrations

## **The Princess Center**

By Cheryl Lynn. Jeffrey wanted everything his brother Alan had. He was willing to to any length to get it, even to send Alan to... The Princess Center. Book / 85 pages / 26 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

## **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

## **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 illustration

## **Mergers & Acquisitions**

Story by James J. Craft, Illustrations by Sortimid. Mark is a disaffected retail salesperson, and after a takeover of his store, he finds himself selling feminine fashion... and struggling to embrace everything about it. Book / 103 pages / 31 illustration

## **Suddenly a Secretary**

Story & art by Joe Six-Pack. Rock guitarist Mick has become obsessed with following the life of secretary Lori Chandler through her inter-office email messages. Soon, Mick is taking her place. Book / 133 pages / 30 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

## **Born on Black Friday**

Story & art by Joe Six-Pack. Malcom Balford was forced to go shopping on Black Friday. What he finds at the mall may mean that Malcom will never leave. Book / 57 pages/ 17 illustrations.

## **In the Family Way**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. The Finch brothers are trying to catfish a man out of his money. To do so, they dress up as mother and daughter. But their impersonations slowly seem to be taking them over. Book / 182 pages / 42 illustrations

## **Crossed Fiction**

### **Sisters for the Summer**

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

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

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

### **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

## **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

## **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 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

## **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

## **Medical Miss-Practice**

Story by KK & Fraylim, illustrations by Fraylim. Jerry just needed a medical procedure. He came out with two big new problems and a whole new life. Now he's losing everything he loves, piece by piece. Book / 95 pages / 51 black & white illustrations

## **12 Days of Christmas**

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Paul was a rising executive, but he had a secret embezzlement scheme. Now he's being blackmailed into skirts day-by-day in the 12 days of Christmas. Book / 74 pages / 21 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 Maid 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

## **Un-Boxed & Undone**

By James J. Craft, illustrations by Banedearg with additional art by Joe Six-Pack. Caleb is struggling to get his YouTube career started. When he gets some strange shipments of makeup and clothes, he finds his channel suddenly taking off - but can he control it? A picture story. Book / 41 Pages / 33 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

## **Barbie's Life**

Story & Art by Melissa N. Chris was a student actor who said he could play any role. A disgruntled girlfriend and playwright are about to see if he'll be able to play the lead role in... Barbie's Life. Book / 55 pages / 21 rendered images

## **Amazon.com Kindle books**

All Kindle books have the same content as the Lulu.com PDF versions.

## **Two Forms of I.D.**

Sold in two parts

## **Suddenly a Secretary**

Sold in three parts:

He's the New Office Girl (Part 1)

Working His Way into Skirts (Part 2)

He Gave at the Office (Part 3)

## **I'm Your Dolly (Barbie-in-a-Box)**

Sold in three parts:

He's Her New Doll (Part 1)

Destined to be a Doll (Part 2)

I'm Your Dolly (Part 3)

## **Beta Male**

Sold in two parts:

Swindles into Skirts (Part 1)

Hijacked into Heels (Part 2)

## **Costume Drama**

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Becoming His Costume (Part 1)

Stuck in His Costume (Part 2)

Corrupted by His Costume (Part 3)

## **Bride to Be**

Sold in two parts:

Born to be a Bride (Part 1)

He's the Bride to Be (Part 2)

## **The Substitute Ski Bunny (Switchback Ridge)**

Sold in three parts:

The Substitute Ski Bunny (Part 1)

The Seduction of a Ski Bunny (Part 2)

The Surrender of a Ski Bunny (Part 3)

## **Hiding in High Heels**

Sold in one part

## **His Life as a Trophy Wife (The Puppy Mill)**

Sold in three parts:

He Was Bribed to be a Bride (Part 1)

His World as a Spoiled Girl (Part 2)

His Life as a Trophy Wife (Part 3)

## **The Fairest One of All**

Sold in one part

